

The Young People

"Master Jamie," said the housemaid "what's in your pocket?"

Jamie pushed both hands into the pockets of his short trousers, and drew forth the little painted wooden bird belonging to the clock.

There was a stillness in the room for a minute, and then Jamie's mother said sweetly: "I can trust you, my boy, you never told me a story in your life.

And so they did. When Charlie came home he owned at once that he had been playing with the clock and had broken it.

He had not meant to do it, and he was very sorry. "But why did you put it in Jamie's pocket?" asked his mother.

Charlie laughed and Jamie joined in merrily enough. "That's what comes of our being twins," said Charlie. "Jane never can tell us apart.

Charlie had to pay for mending the cuckoo clock out of the pocket of his own short trousers, as a punishment for meddling; but to Jamie's ears the little burring sound was always sweet—as sweet as his mother's voice when she said, 'I can trust you, my boy.'—(Christian Uplook.

Cutting it Fine.

You will hear men say that business is impossible without the temper they call "sharpness" or the habit they call "cutting it fine." But such character and conduct are the very decay of society.

Jesus Savior, Pilot Me.

Miss Gertrude sat by the window; her hands had dropped into her lap, while her sewing had fallen to the floor; she seemed lost in thought, her brow looked troubled and the tears came to her eyes.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea.

came from the kitchen where Martha was doing up the morning work. Martha's face was dark, but she had a beautiful white heart washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

Unknown waves above me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal.

As the song continued Gertrude leaned back in her chair and listened:

Chart and compass come from thee, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

"Ah, chart and compass have I none," she repeated as she began slowly to pace the floor.

As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild.

"My mother! how often has she prayed for her erring girl." The words of the song called up the face of one long departed.

Boisterous waves obey thy will, When thou say'st to them, 'Be still.'

From the depths of her heart Gertrude prayed "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

Martha, busily engaged in her work had paused in her song, but broke out again in tones more soft and sweet than before.

When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar, Twixt me and the peaceful rest, There while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, 'Fear not, I will pilot thee!'

Gertrude arose, the boisterous waves had been calmed. She went about her day's work with a rest of soul she had not known before.

Fear not, I will pilot thee!

— Endeavor.

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Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Conquest Meeting: The New Testament basis of missions.

Alternate Topic. An Old Time Missionary, Jonah 3: 1-10.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, October 30.—Genesis 31: 1-32: 2. Met by angels (32: 1). Compare Gen 19: 1.

Tuesday, October 31.—Genesis 32: 3-32. Wrestling with an angel (vs 24). Compare Hos 12: 4-5.

Wednesday, November 1.—Genesis 33 [and 34]. Brothers reconciled (vs 4). Compare Gen. 45: 14, 15.

Thursday, November 2.—Genesis 35: 1-20, [35: 21-36: 43]. Jacob's Bethel (vss 9-12). Compare Gen. 28: 12-14.

Friday, November 3.—Genesis 37 [and 38]. Envy's work (vs 28). Compare 2 Sam 3: 23-27.

Saturday, November 4.—Genesis 39: 1-6, [7-18], 19-23. Joseph's integrity (vs. 21). Compare 1 Sam. 18: 5.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—October 29.

An Old-Time Missionary, Book of Jonah.

In some respects Jonah as a missionary must be regarded as unique. His message was a peculiar one in that, instead of its being good tidings, it was simply the proclamation of doom. The purpose also of his mission is believed to have been to secure the safety of Israel from Assyria, and not primarily to effect the good of the Ninevites.

1. Jonah was divinely called to a specific work. When this special call came to him he was a busy man. He was an intense and comparatively successful "Home Missionary." He was the popular prophet under Jeroboam II, (2 Kings 14:25), and no small degree of the success of that king is attributable to the enthusiastic co-operation of Jonah.

2. Jonah tries to evade duty and gets into trouble. He attempts to flee from the Lord's presence by taking ship for Tarshish. But a foreign ship, manned by strangers on the trackless sea, will not give cover to the fugitive from duty.

3. Jonah's troubles bring him to repentance and submission. Read the second chapter again. The afflictions are recognized as the chastisements of the Lord. They were at first taken to indicate that the prophet was cast out of the Lord's sight.

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4. Jonah restored, and submissive, hears again the divine call and obeys. The Lord is Sovereign. "I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more." "Woe to him who contendeth with his Maker." The difficulties of the mission are no longer to be considered.

5. And behold the results of one man's obedience to God! Nineveh, a city full of wickedness and violence, probably intent on invading the borders of Israel, brought to respect Jehovah and his people, to renounce their schemes and deeds of violence, and to taste of the graciousness and mercy of Israel's God.

The Permanence of Christianity.

"It was the saying of Voltaire that Christianity would not survive the nineteenth century. But what has the nineteenth century not done for Christianity? It has sent the Gospel anew into all the world.

"I have now," says Thomas Paine, at the end of the first part of his 'Age of Reason,' written about a hundred years ago, 'gone through the Bible as a man would go through a wood, with an axe on his shoulder, and fell trees. Here they lie, and the priests may, if they can, replant them. They may, perhaps, stick them in the ground, but they will never make them grow.'

Begin at Once.

The Christian who is constantly waiting for great opportunities to do good will never be anything more than an unprofitable servant. J. Hudson Taylor tells of a young Christian, who had received Christ as his Saviour, but who said to the missionary that he would wait until he learned more about Him before making a public profession.

"Well," said Mr. Taylor, "I have a question to ask you. When you light a candle, do you light it to make the candle more comfortable?"

"Certainly not," said the other, "but in order that it may give more light."

"When it is half burnt down do you expect that it will first become useful?"

"No, as soon as I light it."

"Very well," said the missionary promptly; "go thou and do likewise; begin at once."

Beyond Price.

Lessons are done. The old room in the college boarding house is full of books, pencil whittlings, papers and tired boys.

"John, I tell you I can't stand this. I'm going down town, or over to the club, or hunt up some fellows. It's always lively down around Mack's lunch room in the evening."

"But," said Stephen "it's too far and too late; besides, I don't like Mack's crowd. Suppose we go over to the Pratts? They always invite us, and somehow they do seem to make a fellow feel so much at home."

Now, that was a long story told in a few golden words. The Pratts are typical home-makers—no better than thousands. They had moderate means—a Christian father and mother, in middle life, but young in spirit and the joys of doing good daily.

They had boys and girls of their own. They all sang beautifully. Father, mother and children joined around the piano, ever widening the circle with boys and girls whose homes were less inviting or far away.

"A very little thing?" Ah, yes; but John and Stephen found it better, sunnier, merrier and more beautiful than Mack's.

A little "mothering," a little comradeship, and the home ease and comfort going on with simple hospitality. Somehow the homeless get into the way of sitting in the Pratts' parlor, with the boys and girls, join in the songs and hymns of mothers and sisters in far-off praying homes, where every strain is a song of precious memory.

"A very little thing"—but beyond price.