

to death, shook himself and crept slowly toward the house, with Rover jumping up and down beside him, wagging his great tail and barking joyfully.

Rover and Punch are now the best friends it is possible for two dogs to be. The great black Newfoundland and the tiny spaniel are often seen walking and playing together, and any one in the neighborhood can tell you how the big one saved the little one from freezing to death in the snow bank.—Selected.

### The Dog That Went to School.

Nero was a large Newfoundland dog. He belonged to a boy who lived in a small village in Maine.

Nero was very fond of his young master. When the spring term of school began Nero always went with Gilbert to the school-house door. He would then lie down on the steps, or on the grass in the yard, and wait patiently for school to close at noon. He was nice and good-natured, and when the children came out to play at recess he would get up and join in their frolics, and he seemed to enjoy it all as much as any of them.

It was very pleasant to lie and sleep out in the soft grass in the shade of the apple trees, through the spring, and even through the first weeks of autumn. But when chilly winds began to blow, and the frost had withered the leaves, Nero found it rather cold work to wait at the school-house hour after hour.

He bore it quite well, however, until there came a blustering day, when the snow fell steadily. That day, about ten o'clock, Nero pushed open the entry door which was slightly ajar, walked in, and scratched gently at the inner door. The teacher heard the sound, and opened the door to see what made it. Nero wagged his tail, shivering, and gave a pleasing whine as if he would like to say: "Please let me come in and get warm."

"Yes, you may, if you will be a good dog," the teacher answered.

Nero walked in past her, and lay down near the big stove, giving a deep sigh of content.

After that day Nero always came in with the scholars when the bell rang, and took his place by the stove in a serious and dignified manner that might well have been copied by many of the pupils.

Just before the spring came, Gilbert went away to work in a big city. Nero was very, very lonely without him.

One morning in April, as Nero lay sunning himself on the piazza, he noticed the school-children passing, with their books and slates. He sprang up, ran into the house, sniffing and whining at Gilbert's school coat and cap, that still hung in the hall.

Then, as if he had a sudden wild idea that he might possibly find Gilbert at the school house, he bounded off down the street as fast as he could.

The same teacher was again teaching there, and she warmly welcomed Nero when he scratched as usual at the door. He came in and at once settled down quietly in his old place, after casting a glance around at the children's faces in vain.

Nero had, it seemed, made up his mind to be a regular attendant at school. He came every day, rain or shine. He soon knew the meaning of the bells, and when the children rose to march out at recess, he, too, was up in a moment, and stood waving his plummy tail until the last one had passed out. Then he rubbed out after them, much like any fun-loving school boy.

Nero was never known to make any noise in school excepting once. That was the time when some cattle broke through the fence to the school yard. Nero saw them through the window and sprang up, barking furiously. He would have broken the big panes of glass in his hurry to get at them, if the teacher had not quickly raised the window and let him jump out. He soon drove the cattle away into their own pasture, and came back with an air of pride in having done his duty.

For years Nero came to school. He never missed a day until he grew very old and feeble; and even when his poor old legs refused to carry him beyond the piazza, he would lie there, and wistfully gaze after the children as they passed by.

The boys and girls of that school have never forgotten their good and noble school-mate. They often speak of Nero, "the dog that went to school."—Annie Lewis Pinfold, in Little Folks.

### The Message.

I lie at ease in the valley,  
More blessed than song can say  
Beholding the skies bend over  
The beautiful hills of May.

They are pink where the orchards flower,  
They are white where the dogwoods sway,  
Or blue where the violets cover  
The beautiful hills of May.

They are low that the heart may love them,  
They are far that the thought may stray,  
They are near that the feet may climb them,  
The beautiful hills of May.

Though better than song be silence,  
Yet, ah! that song could convey  
To December news of the beauty  
That blooms on the hills of May.

—Fanny Kemble Johnson, in the Youth's Companion.

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.  
All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

### Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—A Promise and a Prophecy. Psalm 2.

### Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, May 27.—(2 Chron. 4); 2 Chron. 6:12-42. Solomon's great prayer. Compare Ex. 32:30-33.

Tuesday, May 28.—(1 Chron. 6:1-30); 2 Chron. 7. Dedicated to God (vs. 5). Compare 2 Chron. 26:16-19.

Wednesday, May 29.—(1 Chron. 6:31-53); 2 Chron. 8. "As the duty of every day required" (vs. 13). Compare John 9:14.

Thursday, May 30.—(1 Chron. 6:54-81); 2 Chron. 9. The Queen of Sheba's explanation (vs. 8). Compare 2 Chron. 2:12.

Friday, May 31.—(1 Chron. 7:1-19); 2 Chron. 10. Rehoboth stir up rebellion (vs. 8, 11). Compare Prov. 29:20.

Saturday, June 1.—(1 Chron. 7:20-40); 2 Chron. 11. Rehoboth's respect for God's prophet (vs. 2-4). Compare 2 Chron. 34:22.

### Prayer Meeting Topic—May 26.

A Promise and a Prophecy. Psalm 2.

As I am writing the Salvation Army is passing, with banner flying, and drum beating; They are only a small band of five. How insignificant and how small they appear among all the crowd thronging the streets of this wicked place. The first question that naturally arises, is this: Is this little band with all this human parade, the magnificent fulfilment of all the promises and prophecies of the Old and New Testament we are taught to believe that God is making? It is hard for human eyes to see and consent to this; and yet it is true. "For God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and God is in this Salvation Army. Every one of his great promises and prophecies were made for this little band, and it has cost the life of the peerless Son of God to manifest it to them; and kneeling there in that muddy street, they can claim every one of them; and instantly ten thousand legion of angels will be summoned to their relief. The same promises are made for all other Christian workers, of whatever kind or sort, so long as they are willingly walking in line with His great purposes. Jehova was in all Judaism, and Christ is in all Christianity.

In the first place note the amazed confidence of the Psalmist. He bursts into utterance bold and abrupt; it is the overflow of a full heart, moved by the license of sin. I like the faith of the singer. It is like the faith of Noah who preached one hundred and twenty years, without a convert; or like the faith of Enoch, who walked with God in an age when the only other true worshiper of Jehovah, Able had been slain by the hate of his own brother. What a black night of history that was, and how little there was to cheer the gloom of that awful darkness, compared with what we have to-day. Could the Psalmist but stand where we now stand, and see how abundantly his predictions have been fulfilled, he would be transported with delight; even as those who stand for the first time at the foot of the throne of God in his glory—"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." This Psalm gives the reason for the singer's confidence. (1) He saw God enthroned as king. He knew him by the declaration of all his acts, and by experience and faith which transcends knowledge. (2) He saw the impotent rage, and the accompanying persecution of the heathen; and he knew it was because they were heathen. (3) He breaks out into the exclamation "Why do the heathen rage," etc. We find they are raging to-day in India, in China, and even in these Maritime Provinces. Wherever you find a heathen there you will find him raging.

God's answer to all this is the reaffirming of the sovereignty of Christ; vs. 4-6. Here is revealed God's way of carrying out his great missionary enterprise. It is accomplished by declaring the authority of Christ's churches, and mission boards, "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance;" and "Thou shalt break them by the preaching of this Jesus as Saviour, because he is Lord and Christ." "In the name of the Lord will we set up our banner," and we expect to take the world for Christ.

In the last place note the admonitions of the Psalm. (1) Be wise kings; (2) Be instructed judges; (3) Serve the Lord with fear; (4) Rejoice with trembling; (5) Kiss the Son; (6) Trust for the blessing. God's warnings are intended to prepare the way for mercy.

HOWARD H. ROACHE.

Annapolis Royal, N. S., May 13.

## The Young People

North Brookfield, B. Y. P. U.

Some few months have passed since our Union reported through our B. Y. P. U. column. During these months, the blessing of God has rested upon us. Our Sunday night meetings are well attended, and as a rule are very interesting, made thus, by the members doing the part, whatever it may be, which they feel the Master would have them do. We had a "Roll-Call" on the evening of May 5th, at which about forty-five testimonies were given, several of these by letters from absent members.

We now number sixty-two active, and twelve associate members. Since the first of this year we have sent forty dollars away for benevolence. Thirty of this went to denominational work. It is but fair to say that part of this money was on hand at the beginning of the year. Hoping that God's richest blessing may rest upon all the Unions of our Convention. I am

Yours in common interests,

May 9th. NELLIE M. BARSS, Cor. Sec'y.

Isaac's Harbor, N. S., B. Y. P. U.

The Union of this church is growing spiritually and numerically. A few weeks ago we elected the following officers: President, Miss Rita Giffin; Vice President, Mrs. Aaron Hodgson; Secretary, Miss Bertha McMillan; Treasurer, Wm. Pride.

During the past month eleven of our young people have been baptized, and to them we look for valuable assistance.

Our pastor is keeping before us the needs of our denominational work. In order that we might become more deeply interested in distributed pledges, urging each one of us to contribute at least one cent a week toward the Convention Fund. Already quite a large amount has been pledged. This money will be collected each week by a committee from the Union.

On the last Tuesday of April we held a missionary meeting. This was largely attended. The following programme was carried out:

Devotional exercises: Paper, Our work in the North West, Rita Giffin; Chorus: Paper, The Grand Ligne Mission, Grace B. Sinclair; Recitation, Lillian McMillan; Duett; Address, Our Home Mission Work, Pastor; Chorus.

At the close, an offering amounting to six dollars, was taken. This money has been handed over to the church treasurer, to be forwarded to Rev. A. Cohoon for denominational work.

Preparations are now being made for our May meeting. Papers on our work amongst the Telugus are being prepared and we look forward to a helpful service.

We would like to see more Union news in our column in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, but we cannot find fault with other Unions, as we have neglected this matter ourselves. However this communication is long enough to cover a good many neglects of the past, and possibly our worthy editor may use his blue pencil, if he does we will forgive him. ASS'T. SEC'Y.

May 8.

### A Change of Heart.

BY MARY P. BUFTS.

"I care for nobody,  
And nobody cares for me,"  
Sang Tommy at play in the sweet new hay,  
Where nobody could see.

So his mother made the fire,  
And searched for the old hen's nest,  
While the sun from its place high overhead  
Went sliding into the west.

She filled the water-pail,  
And picked the berries for tea,  
And wondered down in her tender heart  
Where her little boy could be.

Alone in the dim old barn,  
Tommy grew tired of play,  
When the cows come home and the shadows fell  
Over the new-mown hay.

So into the kitchen he ran,  
With a noise, hi! yi! yi!  
His mother had made him a frosted cake;  
She had made him a saucer pie.

So he gave her a loving hug—  
"I will help next time," said he,  
"I care for somebody,  
And somebody cares for me."

—Our Boys and Girls.

### Gathered Thoughts.

In a calendar which Bishop John H. Vincent sends as a New Year's greeting to his friends, is found this helpful resolve of which he is himself the author. To those who appropriate it every day may be a fresh beginning—a new start. "I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust and a childlike trust in God. And as I cannot in my own strength attain this measure of wisdom and power, I make humble and firm resolve to seek all these things from my heavenly Father in the name of his Son, Jesus Christ, and through the mystic and mighty energy of his Holy Spirit."—Daily Witness, Montreal.