

"WHAT A WONDROUS GOD IS OURS."

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good as to keep them for me. I have not slept a night since I had them; it is a great charge for an old woman like me."

Loest was only too glad to accept the money, and offered interest, which she declined. She hurried back, brought in her money, counted it on the table, and there were just three hundred thalers.

She had scarcely left the house with her receipt in her pocket ere the clerk of the creditor, with his bill in his hand, rushed into Loest's presence. He received his three hundred thalers.

Loest was lost in wonder at the marvelous way and exactness of time in which the Lord delivered him.

Thus in one short week, from a beginning of less than five thalers, God had so exactly supplied his business needs that he had paid all his obligations of twenty-six hundred thalers, saved him from failure, saved his honor and good name, and now all was peace.

This sketch illustrates the necessity of looking to God daily for help, and teaches the sublime lesson that money and prosperity are gifts from the Lord, and must be considered as such, acknowledged with thankfulness, and used to please the Giver.

"In God have I put my trust: I will not fear what man can do unto me."—The Christian.

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

A little flower by the wayside growing
Lifted its face to God,
And passersby smiled at the bit of brightness
Its beauty gave the sod.

A little word in thoughtful kindness spoken
Made glad a sorrowing heart,
And those who heard it went their ways forgetting
Life's bitterness and smart.

A little smile from one who was a stranger
Made glad a child's sad face,
And lo, it was as if a day of sunshine
Dawned in the market-place?

A little word that angry thoughts made bitter
Was spoken to a friend,
And a hurt heart ached on in grieved,
dumb silence
Until the long day's end.

A little frown from one of whom a comrade
Sought help in time of need
Crushed the last hope of one whose heart
was starving
For kindly word and deed.

These little things of life—but, oh! how mighty
They are for good or ill—
To bless or blight—to ease another's burden,
Or make it heavier still.

Oh, be it mine by deed or word of kindness
To strengthen for the strife

Weak hands and hearts that sorely lack
the courage

To make the most of life.

—Eben E. Rexford.

"It's great to be out where the fight is
strong,

To be where the bravest troops belong!

And to fight there for God and man.

Though it seams the face and tires the
brain,

And strains the arm till its strength is vain,

It's great to be out where the fight is
strong,

To be where the bravest troops belong,

And to fight there for God and man.

—Selected.

THE LORD'S MUSICIAN.

Thy own musician, Lord, inspire,

And may my consecrated lyre

Repeat the psalmist's part!

His Son and thine reveal in me,

And fill with sacred melody

The fibres of my heart.

So shall I charm the listening throng,

And draw the living stones along

By Jesus' tuneful name.

The living stones shall dance, shall rise

And form a city in the skies,

The New Jerusalem.

—Charles Wesley.

EATING HUMBLE PIE.

Long ago, in the British Isles, when men lived largely on the products of the chase, humble pie was a familiar dish. It was originally a meat or game pie, made for the servants of noblemen, and furnished a means of utilizing the less desirable parts of animals brought in from the chase. After a prolonged and successful hunt an enormous humble pie, sufficient for all the retainers on the state, was made and eaten in the great kitchen after the nobleman and his guests had enjoyed the choicer portions. That sort of pie is still met with in the rural districts of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Have you ever eaten any? Those who have tell us that it is a wholesome and savory dish. And if we never have even seen the kind of humble pie baked in an oven, another form of humble pie often is set before us. We are invited to eat a piece of humble pie every time we have made a blunder, every time our confident and loudly expressed opinions have proved mistaken opinions, every time we have been sure we were right and then have been shown that we are wrong. When any of these things happen to us, it is time to pass our plate and ask for a generous helping of humble pie.

It is a mark, not of weakness, but of strength of character, to be willing to confess one's mistakes and to shoulder the blame for them. The Bible tells us to be not "wise in your own conceits." It is splendid counsel for young people who are tempted to believe that they know it all.

Never turn up your nose at humble pie. It is wholesome, strengthening, and, though a little hard to swallow, leaves a good taste in the mouth.—King's Treasures.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

At Millville in honor of a brave young man who gave his life on the battlefield of France.

On Sunday 3 p. m., June 17th, the memorial service of Pte. John W. Hagerman was preached by Rev. I. F. Keirstead in the Union Church of Millville. The text chosen was from the 14th Chapter of St. John and the first clause of the third verse, "I go to prepare a place for you."

The hymns sung were: Some Day We'll Understand, Leave it With Jesus Alone and Jesus Understands.

Pte. Hagerman's life size photo hung by the altar under the royal colors of the Union Jack, which he sacrificed his life to save at Vimy Ridge on May 10th, 1917. The fatal shot which caused his death was fired while he was returning to the battle line after carrying his wounded sergeant from the field. Pte. Hagerman leaves to mourn their loss a wife and loving mother, also four sisters and Pte. James, at Valcartier, Raymond, at Fort Fairfield, Miles and Herbert, of N. H., and Byron, at home. Pte. Hagerman's many friends at Millville express their heartfelt sympathy to his mother and wife in their sad bereavement.

"Perfect love is a constant soul-feast."

"A direct answer to the danger of allowing drinks with a low percentage of alcohol in them are the men who work in breweries and the "beer heart" recognized by every text book of medicine."

Bibles for N. S. soldiers and sailors, given by the Scripture Gift Mission of Philadelphia bear a foreword by President Wilson as follows:

The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves—read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it.

You will find it full of real men and women not only, but also of things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have been always, and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not; what things make men happy—loyalty, right dealings, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the real approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy—selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean.

When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness and your own duty.

The true sign of a vocation is the impossibility of getting away from it.—Ernest Renan.

Prayer is one of the first things that discovers a man to be a Christian.—John Bunyan.

A fool is a man whose plans all end this side of eternity.—Bishop Berry.