

were tossing and moaning, and the thunder growled ominously.

"I should think he would have come home when he saw the storm coming up," said Mrs. Thorp, a little anxiously. "Oh, don't worry," said the father, "Most likely he's over at Harris's. He'd be so busy looking after the bugs that he wouldn't notice the storm, until it was too late to come home."

So the professor was conducted to his room, and the family went to bed. Ralph fell into a doze, but was soon aroused by the fury of the storm. He lay there getting wider awake every moment. When there was a lull in the storm, he arose and dressed himself. He would not admit that he shared his mother's anxiety, and scorned the thought that Rob would not know enough to take care of himself. Nevertheless, he remembered that Rob made it an absolute rule never to stay away unless the family knew his whereabouts. Neither of the boys would willingly have caused their mother a moment's uneasiness.

The old orchard was at the other end of the farm, almost a quarter of a mile away. Ralph hurried across the wet meadows. He looked with misgivings at the brook, which the late rains had swollen into a river. It was within a foot of the bridge. How easy it would be for some one to slip on the crumbling bank, and fall into the raging torrent. He reflected with a shudder that Rob was but an indifferent swimmer. He went on across the ploughed ground, where he had seen Rob that afternoon. His half-defined fear taught him how dear his brother was.

He began to call aloud, but there was no answer until he reached the edge of the orchard. Then a faint cry turned him cold with fear.

"Where are you?" he shouted.

"Here, here," was the answer.

He found him a moment later. A fallen apple-tree was lying across his body.

"Oh, Rob, old fellow, are you hurt very much?" gasped Ralph, groping about to see where the tree had bruised him. He knew too well how fatal such accidents usually are.

"No, not much, I guess. But it's mighty uncomfortable. It fell when the wind came up just before the storm. You'd better run and get some one to help you. I can't stand it much longer."

His voice sounded faint and hollow, and Ralph arose, laying determinedly, "I'm going to lift it off myself."

And, straining his sturdy muscles to all their endurance, he did lift it off.

But Rob was too weak to rise, and Ralph had to run to the house for help.

"Keep up your courage, old fellow," he said, "you got the first prize."

"The first prize!" How did you know? Oh, it can't be the first. I didn't expect that."

"Can't stop to explain. Look for full particulars later," and he was off, running at the top of his speed. Rob, lying alone in the dark, almost forgot the pain and cold until Ralph returned with his father.

Rob had to stay in bed two weeks. Before the professor left it was agreed that Rob should go to college the next fall. Ralph was devoted under his brother's sickness, and Rob was overflowing with gratitude. In this new impulse of affection each found much to admire in the other. The old differences were forgotten, and were never raised again. Christian Standard.

### Why Johnny Wept.

Johnny and Jennie were having a tea-party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help at the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We-ell," repeated Jennie, doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mother had given them a large piece, which Johnnie cut into five smaller pieces, all of about the same size. He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out the tea, and the feast went merrily on. Presently arose a discussion; and then came a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mother.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish, too!" cried Johnnie. "We each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie took—she took it all."

Mother looked perplexed. "That does seem rather selfish of Jennie!"

"Yes, it was!" Johnnie wept; "cause I cut the cake that way, so's I could have the extra piece myself!"—Selected.

### Mistaken in the Boy.

An inspector visiting a Canadian school was annoyed by the noise of the scholars in the next room. Unable to bear the noise any longer, he opened the door and burst in upon the class.

"Seeing one boy rather taller than the others talking a great deal, he caught him by the collar, carried him to his own room, and banged him into a chair, saying:

"Now sit there and be quiet!"

A quarter of an hour later a small head appeared round the door, and a meek little voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher."—Selected.

## The Young People

EDITOR

A. T. DYKEMAN.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication.

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### Greetings From the New Editor.

Dear Young People:—We greet you in the name of the Lord. We will do the best we can to make our column interesting and beneficial. We ask for hearty co-operation on your part. We want you to be free to make any suggestions that will be helpful. Send all the items of interest you can to us, and we will take pleasure in placing the same in our column. Thus we can be mutually helpful to each other; thus we can glorify God.

### A Word to Pastors.

Has your Society taken up the Sacred Literature Study? It began, as you know, Oct. 1st. The subject is, "The Gospel in the Psalms." It is conducted by Dr. John R. Sampey, of Louisville, Ky. It is excellent. There are several ways of conducting this study. The ideal one is the "Society Class Plan." Each week, give an hour to the devotional, or conquest missionary meeting, and then let the pastor take the whole Society for half an hour, with blackboard, and Scripture Slips, and questionings, etc., and much good will be done. The writer has followed this plan for nine years, and has found it helpful and satisfactory.

The "Pulpit" method was followed last year by some of our pastors with pleasing results. With this method the pastor uses the S. L. themes for Sunday morning sermons. This is an excellent method where the pastor, for some good reason, cannot teach the lesson on a week night. Bro. pastor in some way or other endeavor to get this S. L. course of study before your Young People this winter.

### Daily Bible Readings.

Monday—The Childhood of Moses. Exodus 2: 1-16.  
Tuesday—From Egypt to Midian. Exodus 2: 11-22.  
Wednesday—The Call of Moses. Exodus 3: 1-14.  
Thursday—Summary of his Life. Acts 7: 20-36.  
Friday—A Noble Choice. Heb. 11: 24-27.  
Saturday—Pleading for his People. Exodus 14: 11-21.  
Sunday—On Mount Nebo. Deu. 34: 1-12.

### Prayer Meeting Topic.—October 18.

Great men of the Bible—What Moses teaches us—Ex. 34: 28-35; Matt. 17: 3-4; Heb. 3: 1-5.

What a towering character is that of Moses. He is a spiritual and legal and literary giant. He stands forth unrivalled in the world's great life. In this study we must limit ourselves to the suggestions of the passages placed before us. The outstanding truth that is borne in upon mind and heart is the blessedness of the Divine fellowship. It is blessed.

1. In its privilege—Moses lived with God. That is the privilege of every man. We may get nearer God than we have yet realized. And in that is the glory of mankind. It is God who gives light and hope and joy and peace and to live with him is to live in heaven. It is blessed that in all conditions and circumstances we can talk with God. Shut a soul out from him and you have driven it into utter darkness and cursed it with an everlasting curse. There is no possible good to man apart from contact with God. Strange that the Almighty should acknowledge and receive us. Stranger still that he should admit us to such vital and intimate relationship. It is the fellowship of Father and child,—unrestricted and unrestrained—bespeaking almost confidence and unmeasured bestowment.

2. It is blessed in the knowledge which it affords.—"The law was given by Moses," but he could not give it until he had received it. He must be a learner before he can be a teacher, and he was taught the commandments during that period of communion on the mount. Like one who had met God face to face within the cloudy curtains of the awful mount, he introduces us into the councils of the Almighty. All life is a mystery only as viewed in the light of divine revelation. If we would understand life in its purpose, and appreciate it in its meaning and destiny, we must wait on God. Ignorance begets superstition and fear,

and dread. But knowledge inspires confidence and leads forth into righteousness and peace. "God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all," and it is our privilege to "walk in the light, as He is in the light." Go to God with your questions of fear. Let Him solve the problems of your life. He will teach you and make you wise.

3. Fellowship with God is blessed in its transforming power. Moses was a mere man when he came forth from God. He was transfigured in thought and feeling and purpose, and that inward change registered itself in his outward appearance. "The skin of his face shone." As the eye indicates physical health or ill-health, so it is also the index of the soul. There is the evil eye. Sin always makes its mark, and so also does righteousness register. Intelligence and culture manifest themselves in the countenance, and just so with spirituality. You do not need to ask if some people are Christians. Their religion shines out in the face. Moses had lived in the glow of light and love and it was inevitable that he should shine. It is a great thing to live in such intimate and constant fellowship with God that the very nature becomes transfigured, and the light of heaven shines forth in all our speech and conduct. We must remember that Christ-vision is essential to Christ-likeness. Notice also that Moses was unconscious of the glow on his face. Light is never boastful; it simply shines and its shining is its glory. If we are Christians, men will know it without being told. You can afford to be distrustful of the man who is obliged to carry credentials. A man whose soul has been illuminated, needs simply to shine, and "men will take knowledge of him that he has been with God."

4. Divine commission is blessed also because of the power of command which it affords. The people would listen and obey in so far as Moses spoke with authority and his authority must come from God. Note his anxiety about this very thing, as he assumes the leadership of Israel. The Lord must prove to the people that Moses is his choice for this work. The same concern is seen in Joshua and Elisha and others. Now as Moses returns from his visit with Jehovah the glow on his face brings a solemn hush over Israel and as he speaks they listen as to God. Character still counts with men. The people will always listen to a good man. It is not published rhetoric nor splendid oratory that sways men, but Godly character. Godliness is the most potent force in all the universe. He who can prevail with God will not fail to have power with men. It is the prayerless, inconstant, inconsistent life that is powerless. We must come from God if we would lead men unto God.

HENRY W. O. MILLINGTON.

Halifax.

### Three Lessons.

These lessons thou dost give  
To teach me how to live,  
To do, to bear,  
To get and share,  
To work and pray  
And trust alway.

What though I may not ask  
To choose my daily task,  
Thou hast decreed  
To meet my need,  
What pleases thee  
That shall please me.

Some day the bell will sound,  
Some day my heart will bound,  
As with a shout  
That school is out,  
And lessons done,  
I homeward run.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

### Stanley Hall on Dancing.

President G. Stanley Hall, LL. D., of Clark University, is lecturing before the Ypsilanti Normal College Summer School. In a recent lecture he said:

"The dance is the best exercise for developing every muscle of the body, and I am glad it is being taken up and taught in the best gymnasiums. By this I mean the dance like that of the religious dances of the early races, the tragic chorus of the Greeks, the dance that embodies radical and national characteristics, that expresses poetry, love, fear, anger, joy, and every emotion, that exemplifies every industry and development of the race, and teaches self-control and the power to express every highest emotion of the soul. Such dancing vitalizes, it makes one conscious of the joy of being alive, and I think it a shame that it has been allowed to die out and our young people reduced to the miserable effete, decadent dance of the modern ballroom, a thing contemptible, of insignificant culture value and usually stained with undesirable associations, and unworthy of any intelligent people."