

The Young People

heavy penalty would have to be paid. At the thought of all this she burst into tears, and so the two weeping children slowly and reluctantly went homeward. Edith's home was reached first, but Clare could not be prevailed on to accompany her forlorn little mate into the house. Edith still in tears sought at once her mother and confessed the truth. So humbled and so punished was she that her mother forgave her very grave fault. Clara's mother, seeing where the blame belonged, forbade her daughter's going to see Edith for two long weeks. We say Edith's mother did not punish her little girl; but she took the beautiful but now spoiled new dress and hung it away, remarking that it should not be fixed and cleaned till the owner of it had learned how to use a Sabbath day dress. And both children learned a never-to-be-forgotten lesson and their Sabbath breaking and its disastrous conclusion.—Christian Intelligencer.

On Duty.

Uncle Alex came out on the back piazza with his newspaper, and was just going to seat himself in one of the arm chairs, when a very large spider, weaving its web among the vines, attracted his attention.

He went closer to look at it, and presently called to Neddie, who was playing in the yard: "Neddie, come and see this huge spider."

"I can't come now, Uncle Alex," replied Neddie. "I am on duty."

Uncle Alex stopped looking at the spider, and looked at Neddie. He had a paper soldier cap on, and, carrying his toy gun, was gravely peeing up and down before his tent, which was pitched on the grass under the big cherry tree. Will Ramsey and two or three other boys were in the adjoining meadow, galloping along on sticks and flourishing wooden swords. There was probably a battle going on, though the cows, chewing their cuds under the trees, didn't seem to be frightened.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alex.

"I'm a sentinel on guard," said Neddie.

"Can't you come over here just a minute, if I watch the tent?"

"No, indeed?" answered Neddie, decidedly. "Soldiers mustn't go away a second when they are on duty."

"Well, well," said Uncle Alex, seeming quite amused, as he sat down to his paper.

Toward the close of the afternoon, when the tent was deserted and the boys were playing something else at the other side of the house, Neddie's mother came out on the porch from the kitchen, carrying a small basket.

She looked hastily around, and then called. "Neddie, Neddie, where are you?"

"Here, mamma!" he shouted, bounding around the corner of the house and up the steps.

"I want you to go over to the store and get me two pounds of sugar and a half pound of raisins," said the mother, adding, as she gave him the basket and some money. "Now don't be gone long. I am making something good for supper, and I want those things as soon as possible."

About ten minutes after Neddie had gone Uncle Alex started to the post office. When he reached the little brook which had to be crossed to get to the village he saw Neddie standing on the bridge, throwing pebbles into the water.

"Hello, Neddie!" he said. I thought you were on duty."

"No, sir," replied the boy, looking in surprise. "We're not playing soldier now. Mamma sent me on an errand."

"Did she send you here to throw pebbles in the brook?"

"No, sir; she sent me the store."

"I thought I heard her giving you a commission which was to be executed with promptness and despatch; and knowing you to be such a soldierly fellow, who could not be tempted away from duty a moment, I wonder, rather, to see you standing here." And Uncle Alex stroked his whiskers meditatively and knit his brow, as though he was trying to study the matter out.

Neddie, with a puzzled expression, looked steadily in his uncle's face for a moment or two, and then, turning his steps toward the village, was off like a flash.

Uncle Alex was standing on the post office steps, reading a letter, when he happened to see Neddie come out of the grocery store with his basket and walk rapidly homeward. Some little boys on the other side of the street also spied him, and running over, surrounded him, evidently wanting him to stop with them a little while. But he, though in a very good-natured way, declined their invitation, and kept on his way. He realized that he was on duty.—Sunday School Evangelist.

Mike—"Ut's twins, Pat; wan bhoy an' wan gur-ri." His Brother—"Begorrah, thin, am Oi an uncle or an aunt, Oi dunno?"—Exchange.

Guide (referring to Egyptian Pyramids)—"It took hundreds of years to build them." O'Brien (the wealthy contractor)—"Thin it wor a Gover'mint job—eh?"

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.

The first part of our Sacred Literature Course has closed. Expressions of satisfaction have been received, and all are ready to vote the course thus far a decided success.

Bro. Hatch has treated his subject in a scholarly, fair and candid manner.

We express our sincere thanks to Bro. Hatch for his painstaking labor of love, and trust that in the future we may be able again to "sit at his feet."

We thought we had secured some interesting articles for January, but so far they have not come to hand. It is now a good time for our Unions to send in reports. Let us know how you have got along with the study.

Rev. G. R. White will begin the treatment of his subject in February. He is on time as usual, and the first instalment is already at hand. J. W. B.

Prayer Meeting Topic—January 12.

Entering the Kingdom. John 3:1-8; 5:24.

NECESSITY OF REGENERATION.

"Verily, verily, I say to thee, unless one be born anew, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Our Lord was not talking to a despised woman of low character, as at Jacob's well, but to a distinguished teacher of Judaism. Nicodemus was a ruler of the Jews, possibly a member of the Sanhedrin, and a man of open mind and some degree of courage. We do not forget that he came to Jesus by night; but who else of the ruling classes sought out our Lord even by night? It was to this eminently respectable Pharisee that Jesus preached the absolute necessity of a new birth for all who would be members of Messiah's kingdom. Even the Children of Abraham must be born anew before they can enter the Kingdom of God. No man is well enough born to enter the Kingdom without the spiritual renewal and revolution which we call regeneration.

THE AUTHOR OF REGENERATION.

The Holy Spirit, and he alone, can impart spiritual life to those who are dead in trespasses and in sins. The life of the soul comes from God. Men may exist forever without any quickening by the Spirit of God; but eternal life comes from the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit. Believers in Christ are "born of the Spirit." If we have eternal life, we have been powerfully moved upon by the life-giving Spirit. We may not know the exact hour of our second birth, but we are conscious of new aspirations and aims, new loves and hates, new views and purposes. Do we not often thank the Father for sending the Holy Spirit to renew our hearts? No agency, however great, can impart new life to the soul apart from God's Spirit. He is always present in person and with omnipotent powers when dead souls receive spiritual life.

THE MEANS USED IN REGENERATION.

The Holy Spirit has immediate access to the spirits of men. It is truth that sanctifies; and the same agency is used in bringing men from darkness to light. The Word of God is the sword used by the Spirit. The Lord opened Lydia's heart that she attended unto the things spoken by Paul. The Spirit used the truth preached by Paul to impart spiritual life to Lydia's soul.

RELATION BETWEEN BAPTISM AND REGENERATION.

Romanists and several large Protestant denominations teach that regeneration comes through baptism, and John 3:5 is one of their chief proof-texts. It is plain that Jesus lays the emphasis on the internal and spiritual as opposed to the external and physical. Water is named but once, and possibly for Nicodemus and other Pharisees who rejected John's baptism this outward rite had an unusual importance. To refuse to obey God is to be a rebel, and no rebel can be a member of God's Kingdom. Jesus drew the line just where the proud rulers of the Jews had drawn it. They said: "We cannot join the common herd in seeking baptism." Jesus retorts: "If you refuse to obey God in anything, you cannot enter his Kingdom." Baptism is an outward act symbolizing the inward change called regeneration.

JOHN R. SAMPEY, in Baptist Union.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia relates a beautiful incident in connection with the humming of a verse of Phoebe Cary's song, "One sweetly solemn thought." During his travels in China, Dr. Conwell had occasion to enter a gambling house. Among those present were two Americans who were gambling and drinking in a frightful manner. Two games had been finished, the younger man losing in each. They were beginning the third game, and fresh bottles of liquor had been brought in. While his companion was dealing the cards, the young

man reclined lazily in his chair and began to hum a tune. Finally he sang in a low tone:

"One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I ever have been before."

But while the young man sang, his more mature and more depraved companion stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and then, throwing the cards down, exclaimed: "Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

The young man said he did not know what he had been singing.

The other repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the younger man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come," said the elder gambler, getting up; "come, Harry, here's what I have won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business."

This story gave the greatest happiness to Miss Carey when she heard it. After her death, Dr. Conwell received a letter from the older man referred to in the story, in which he declared that he had become a "hard-working Christian," and that "Harry" had utterly renounced gambling and kindred vices.

The Right Word at the Right Time.

"If I have been able to accomplish anything in my life," said a woman famous as one of the most kindly and lovable among leaders of the best American society, "it is due to the word spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by my old teacher. I was the only homely, awkward one in a class of exceptionally beautiful girls; and being also dull at my books, I became the derision of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive. One day the French teacher—a gray-haired old woman with keen eyes and a bright smile—found me crying. 'Qu'as-tu, ma fille?' she asked. 'O, madame, I am so ugly!' I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently she took me to her room and said, 'I have a present for you'—handing me a scaly, coarse lump, covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very Well. We will call it by your name, then. It is you. Now, you shall plant it, and water it, and give it sun for a week or two.' I planted it, and watched it carefully; green leaves came out first, and, at length, a golden Japanese lily—the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight. 'Ah!' she said significantly, 'who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that ugly thing? But it took heart and grew into the sunlight!' It was the first time it ever occurred to me that, in spite of my ugly face, I, too, might be able to win friends and make myself beloved."—Marion E. Dorland, in Success.

Thriving Christians.

BY WALTER B. VASSAR.

We talk of a thriving business, a thriving garden, a thriving family and thriving prospects. The fact is, that anything thrifty awakens our admiration.

Those of us who are fond of little children, go in rapture over a thriving baby. Recently we saw one such, and the remembrance of those plump features and sparkling eyes is with us still, awakening enthusiasm for such exhibition of glorious health.

And a thrifty Christian is a joy in this world of sin, he is an inspiration to men of feeble mind or morals. The simple fact is, that unless we are of the thriving kind, the Christianity to which we are attached by profession is much discounted as to its usefulness.

Advertisements are often seen in our magazines of young children's faces, who are examples of superb health, telling us the kind of children we may have if we provide them the kind of food the child's face is intended to advertise.

And Christianity is in the world to be received or rejected by the kind of people it produces. We need to see that a B. Y. P. U. which is a "living witness" to Christianity—its product and its possibilities—must be thriving and exuberant in the excess of the joy of the Christian life.

How does the Christian thrive? He thrives by answering to all the laws of success, which if they are ignored in any department of life, bring ruin and disaster. The springs of life are not in ourselves, the secret of our thrifty life is in the Master out of whom we grow.

In the western country, farmers raise the alfalfa grass, which, when all other crops fail for lack of moisture, yields an abundant harvest. The secret of alfalfa's growth lies in its ever-deepening roots. Twenty feet, they tell us, these rootlets and tendrils penetrate the earth and defy the most scorching drought, the glorious heads of this new grass in agriculture, proudly wave aloft by the side of parched and dwindling grasses of the plains which succumb under the glow of the sun and the burning earth. Alfalfa knows where it can live and prosper, it's a thriving plant with its roots in the springs beneath.

A parable, this, of the thriving Christian and of his secret of prosperity. If we can make an example of this wisdom we shall be a prosperous people, formed into unions, thriving souls set in a world to bless it by the contagion of health.

Here our parable of the grasses falls in completion, for the souls of men are quickened by contact with spiritual life. This is one meaning to us of a thriving soul. Virtue goes out from us when we have it to give; we have it from the Master of us all.—Sel.