

## \* The Young People \*

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.—Are You Doing Your Best? Matthew 25:14-30.

### Daily Bible Readings

Monday, November 5.—Psalm 31. "My times are in my hand" (vs. 15). Compare Prov. 16:33.

Tuesday, November 6.—Psalm 32. "I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee" (vs. 8). Compare Ps. 73:24.

Wednesday, November 7.—Psalm 33. "The counsel of the Lord standeth fast forever" (vs. 11). Compare Prov. 19:21.

Thursday, November 8.—Psalm 34. "O, taste and see that the Lord is good" (vs. 8). Compare 1 Pet. 2:3-5.

Friday, November 9.—Psalm 35. "O, Lord, be not far from me" (vs. 22). Compare Ps. 10:1.

Saturday, November 10.—Psalm 36. A delightful acknowledgment (vs. 9). Compare Acts 26:16-18.

### Prayer Meeting Topic—November 4.

Are You Doing Your Best? Matt. 25:14-30.

God has the right to expect our best. If we are not giving our best, then we are by so much withholding from him what is his due. Our responsibilities are fixed for us; what they are is discovered to us by each day of service as it comes; to meet daily obligations, by a day of faithful work, is to do the part our Master requires of us, and thus prepare for ourselves a harvest of joy on the day of his coming. The joy of the faithful servant has its counterpart in the joy of his Master. Our Lord's gladness is as his servant's, and his servant's is as his Lord's; his joy finds its objects in their work, with its abiding results. As he manifests and expresses this joy it awakens new gladness in their hearts; their joy is therefore embraced in his. To long-tested faithfulness our Lord appoints enlarged service and greater rewards. The reward of unfaithfulness is to lose the opportunity that was his. The reward of faithfulness is to have enlarged opportunities. The question which is our subject directs to consider what our future shall be.

### Havelock.

Our Union is increasing in numbers and usefulness, and our meetings are coming to be a great inspiration to us. We have undertaken for our study Hulbert's Normal Lessons, and are looking forward to a profitable course.

Havelock, Oct. 24.

The B. Y. P. U. of the Leinster St. church have undertaken the support of a native preacher on Rev. H. Y. Corey's field at Parlakimedy, also a one-half or (whole year if possible) scholarship at the Grande Ligne Mission school.

They have held Conquest Meetings for five months which have been very enjoyable, particularly the last two. That of September being on the connection of the Chinese mission work with the war there. Several members spoke very intelligently on the question, and Mrs. John Golding, Sr., gave an interesting talk on the subject, and gave a short report of Chinese mission work in our city. Some special music was rendered and a very profitable evening spent.

The meeting, Oct. 8, was a service in memory of Mrs. Hardy and Miss Gray, our late missionary sisters. The Pastor occupied the chair. Subject, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The Memorial Hymn, written by Rev. J. Clark, was sung by the congregation. A short address by Pastor, was followed by a very interesting and touching sketch of their lives by Mrs. Manning; vocal solo, Mrs. W. J. Davidson, "The Angels Serenade," with piano and violin obligato; poem, "On death of Miss Gray," read by Miss Stella Hoyt; vocal quartette, "The Christian's Goodnight," "Goodnight Beloved," Miss Rising, Mrs. Le Huestis, Messrs. Barbour and Creed. Letter from Rev. H. Y. Corey to the Union, read by Mr. Creed; Frances Willard's last words was sung by Mrs. Davidson very effectively. "How beautiful to be with God." It was a most effective and enjoyable service. The workers find that these Conquest meetings have stimulated and enlarged the missionary interest in the Union very greatly, and it is hoped to continue the work. Half of the amount necessary has been sent to India, and to Grande Ligne as well, and the Union is greatly encouraged.

Keep thy heart free and lifted up to God, because thou has here no abiding city.—Thomas à Kempis.

Some years ago an article appeared in "The Christian" urging young men to study the Bible in preparation for Christian work. A young mechanic in the east end of London read the article and was at once impressed with

it. He decided to devote his life to Christian work, and at once began to lay up money to gain a better education and fit himself for an evangelist. He came to America and attended the Mount Hermon School at Northfield, where he devoted a large portion of his time to Bible study in addition to regular academic work. On leaving the school he became useful at once as an evangelist, and about eight years ago settled as a pastor in a large city in the West. During these years I have seen nothing of him, but recently I have had the pleasure of working in the city where he lives. Here I learned that the young mechanic has become one of the most useful men of the city, and his influence is felt throughout the entire section of the country. What God has done with that young workingman from the east of London, he is anxious to do for thousands of others. I think it must please him to see his servants honor his word, for I always notice that he uses them. By all means let a young man seek the best education he can, and let him gain all the knowledge possible for use in God's service; but let it be over and above the study of God's word. With the Bible as a foundation, and all else as superstructure, the right proportions will be retained, but with the order inverted any preparation will be found to be essentially wanting.—D. L. Moody.

### God's Thoughts.

There are seven things about God's thoughts. 1. Thoughts of peace. (Jer. xxix., 11.) That is, thoughts of good. 2. Deep. Thy thoughts are very deep. (Ps. xcii., 5.) We can never fathom them. Like his ways, they are past tracing out. 3. Precious. (Ps. cxxxix., 17.) I esteem them above all treasures. They are the riches of God to me. 4. Innumerable. Many are thy thoughts to us-ward, they cannot be numbered. (Ps. xl., 5.) More in number than the sand. (Ps. cxxxix., 18.) We are never out of God's mind. His thoughts and plans are new every morning, from year's end to year's end. 5. Enduring. The counsel of the Lord standeth fast forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations. (Ps. xxxiii., 11.) He never forgets, never can forget, his people. 6. His thoughts are the opposite of man's, in their nature, their greatness and their goodness. (Isa. lv., 8, 9.) 7. Unalterable. His purposes to stand. (Jer. ij., 29.) 'Purposes' here is the same word elsewhere translated 'thoughts.' Whatever he has planned, or purposes, shall surely be accomplished. His promises are the revealings of his purposes, his thoughts to us, and not one shall fail.—Daily Witness.

"No man that warrath entangleth himself with the affairs of this life." (2 Tim 2:4.) A soldier who went to war took with him some of the small instruments of his craft—he was a watch-tinker—thinking to make some extra shillings now and then while in camp. He did so. He found plenty of puttering, and almost forgot that he was a soldier, so that one day, when ordered off on some duty, he exclaimed, "Why, how can I go? I've got ten watches to mend!" Some Christians are so absorbed in self-seeking that they are ready to say to the Master's call, "I pray thee have me excused!" They are nominally soldiers of Christ, but really only watch-tinkers—they keep back part of the price.—Watchman.

### Not Negligently.

Among the curses of the Bible, there is one which is very solemn, and, perhaps, little pondered. It is this: "Cursed be he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently" (Jer. xlviii., 10, Margin or R. V.). How many temptations we have to do the work of the Lord negligently, even when we do not neglect it altogether! We are weary; the weather is hot; we have pleasant engagements—a thousand things come in the way and tempt us to do God's work hurriedly, yea, negligently. And how much we lose! That letter which we wrote so hastily might have been so different, and might have done so much good, if we had been prayerful and thoughtful over it! That visit that was so unsatisfactory, might have been so fruitful of good if we had only been careful. May God help us to be watchful, lest this curse come upon our heads!—Indian Witness.

### Rough Treatment.

It is rough work that polishes, says Dr. Guthrie. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt lock, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful; angular not rounded. It is where long, white lines of breakers roar and the shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, as in art, so in grace—it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, the lustre. The more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles, and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect his people.

four years old. Not long since, one cold Sunday morning, their mamma, in rising, said:

"I do not feel very well this morning. I have a very bad cold, and my lungs feel so bad and sore I think I shall not be able to go to church today. I shall be very sorry to stay at home."

The two little boys heard what their mamma said, and remained in bed after she went down stairs, talking together. After a time, Georgie, the younger, appeared at the foot of the stairs and said:

"Mamma, I don't feel very well today. And Eddie don't feel very well; need we go to church today? He's got the headache and the neckache, a-n-d the backache, a-n-d stomachache, a-n-d the legache, a-n-d—a-n-d" (calling to Eddie upstairs, "What else is it, Eddie?") Eddie replies, "Headache"; "Oh, yes, headache, that's all! Need Eddie and I go to church today?"

Little Eddie went to church that day, notwithstanding his dreadful aching little body, and after service was as bright and well as ever. Do you think the sermon was good medicine for him? Sermons of the right sort are very good for Sunday sickness.—Church Register.

### A Courteous Judge.

A young lady, spending a rainy evening at the house of an old gentleman, wanted a cab to take her home. Her host started off to fetch the cab.

"Do let the maid go," she said.

"My dear, the maid is also a woman," was the grave reply.

The man was the late George Higginbotham, Chief Justice of Victoria. His courtesy toward women was regardless of rank or personal attractiveness. He would take off his hat to his cook, and bow to her as graciously as though she were a duchess.

A man was trying to lead a heavy draught horse along the street. The animal refused to be led, and then the man made several ineffectual attempts to mount the refractory creature. At that moment the Chief Justice came along, and, seeing the man's difficulty, extended his hand—as a mounting-block.

The man put his foot in the hand and mounted upon the horse's back, and the Chief Justice passed on.

His courtesy made his manners good, but it did not soften his sense of justice. A lawyer tells this anecdote:

"I had once to appear before him in chambers on behalf of a charming client who had some property but would not pay her debts. The case was heard in his own room, and he was courtesy itself. He stood when she entered. I think she dropped her handkerchief, and he left his seat to pick it up. Nothing could be gentler than his manner, and I was congratulating myself on an easy victory: but when the facts were heard the decision came that my client must pay or spend six months in prison."—The Youth's Companion.

### A Woman's Predicament.

The Chicago Post describes the sad case of a woman who was waiting at the "limits car barn" for an Evanston-avenue car.

There were plenty of Evanston cars, but transfer check was good only on the avenue line, and she was determined not to pay another fare.

At last, as night approached, she went to a telephone and called up her husband. She told him the situation—that no Evanston-avenue cars seemed to be running, that it was getting dark and she was afraid. What should she do?

"Why, take an Evanston car," he replied.

"But I shall have to pay another fare," she objected.

"Well, what of it? You don't want to stay there, do you?"

"But I can't," she said, and hesitated.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because—because—I haven't any money. I just used my last dime in the telephone to call you up."

And then she wondered at the laugh which reached her ears over the wire.

The four-year-old daughter of a popular New Hampshire clergyman was ailing one night, and was put to bed early. She said:

"Mamma, I want to see my papa."

Her mother replied: "No, dear, your papa must not be disturbed."

Pretty soon she said again: "I want to see my papa."

The mother replied as before: "No; your papa must not be disturbed."

It was not long before she uttered this clincher: "Mamma, I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister."

A little girl about eight years of age," says the Pacific Christian Advocate, "witnessing the ceremony of ordination at one of our recent Conference sessions, was much impressed, and after the service asked her mother what it meant. 'What do you think it meant?' the mother inquired. 'I don't know,' was the answer, 'unless the bishop was feeling of their heads to see if they had any brains before he sent them off to preach.'