

A page had just been turned and he read: "hope to be like him when I grow a big boy!"—

Fred turned away with a heavy weight at his heart. With this knowledge of the loving, loyal admiration of his little brother, he could read the touching scrawl but one way. He himself was the one whom Harry hoped to resemble as years went on.

"The little fellow doesn't realize how he is piling it all on me at once," said Fred to himself as he went out.

"Do right things. Oh, my! And mother proud of me because I do that sort of thing. Well, well! It was bad enough even if I had only myself to think of; but with this blessed small tad setting up to be a perpetual admiration society, it's too much. And how am I going to get out of it all?"

Fred really had bound upon his heart a heavy burden—the kind that is borne by any well-meaning well taught boy who is so fortunate as to allow himself to commit a wrong-doing and then to conceal it. As he now sat by himself, the unpleasant train of thought seemed to wander on by itself.

"It's three weeks ago when I went with the boys for the day by the lake. Mother had given me that five dollars to give to that young fellow who was collecting money for the flood sufferers out West. She told me to be sure and go there on my way, but I thought I was in too much of a hurry for that, and that was the beginning of the trouble. When I went there on my way back, he was gone on his journey, and then—if I'd gone straight and told of it, it would have been all right. But I hated to, and put it off. And when I came to feel in my pocket for the money at bedtime it was gone. And I haven't said a word about it. A nice story to tell about the boy Harry wants to be like as he grows older! The one mother always knows will do right things! Oh, Harry, I wish I was a little fellow—just about as big as you! It wasn't half so hard to tell things then. Heigh-ho! I wonder if I'll ever be able to stop thinking about it!"

If he had known it, the most promising thing about the whole story business for Fred was that he could not help thinking about it. A boy with a blunted conscience, if he felt tolerably sure his fault would not be discovered, would have given himself little further trouble about it.

Mother came out and joined Fred on his seat under a spreading tree. As they chatted about different things, she remarked: "It is unpleasant to be disappointed"—and then paused as something down the road attracted her attention.

"Disappointed!" Did she mean in him? For a minute Fred hoped she would forget to continue, and in the next he felt as if he must know.

"Disappointed?" he faltered.

"Yes, in some one you trust."

Of course she meant him, and Fred's color grew deeper as he kept his face turned away. But she went on quietly, more so, surely, than would have been the case if she had been speaking of disappointment in a son.

"That young Tracy, you remember, who came around raising money for the poor people in Kansas? I sent him, you know, the five dollars to an old servant of ours who wrote asking help. Now, I don't mean that I think the young fellow's untrustworthy, but either he has been careless about seeing that the money reached Jane Carey, or Jane has neglected to acknowledge it."

For a minute Fred's face sank lower. Here was his wretched misdoing showing its ugly face—not in exposure of himself, but in blame to others—a possible slur of undeserved suspicion of a good man with reproach against the old servant who was suffering loss through him.

Fred suddenly raised his head, and in a torrent of words poured out his grief and his repentance. A long talk with his best friend followed.

"I don't think I'll ever try to carry such a big load again," he concluded. That little brother has been stabbing me straight to the heart with his trust in me. I never again could stand the feeling of at least not trying to be what he believes me not to be."—Morning Star.

\* \* \*

Charley, dear," exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins, "the paper has a sketch of you as a rising young reformer."

"Yes. I thought that would surprise and please you. What did you think of the biography?"

"Oh, Charley, dear it is too good to be true.—Ex.

#### EDITOR

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space all articles must necessarily be short.

#### Officers.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.  
Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

#### Prayer Meeting Topic—November 6th.

Some of God's promises that cheer me.—II Peter 1:1-4

A pastor was once asked if he knew how many "promises" the Word of God contains. "No," he replied, "nor do I know any one who does." Estimates have been made but one has the feeling that they are misleading. The promises are so many as well as "so great and so precious," that an attempt to number them must fail.

Out of this vast number there are some which are of especial comfort to the Unioner.

I. God's promise to provide for my salvation cheers me.

It is true that "all we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned each one to his own way, but the Lord has laid upon him the iniquity of us." We have sinned against God and thereby forfeited the favor of God; but Christ has died for us, so that we may inherit eternal life by believing on Christ. "Him who knew not sin, he made to be sin for us that we might become the righteousness of God in him." God's promise to save me through Christ cheers me.

II. But God's promise to perfect his work of grace in me also cheers me.

Conversion does not sanctify; it only unites my spirit to Christ. There are then two natures within me. See Rom. 7:13-25; God's work is to bring my nature into complete harmony with the Christ nature within me and this he has promised to do. "Being confident of this very thing that he who began a good work in you will complete it until the day of Jesus Christ."

III. But God's promise to provide for my temporal needs also cheers me.

We have temporal as well as spiritual needs, but these too God has promised to provide for. Some parts of our land have suffered severely from drought this past season, but the harvest as a whole has been an ordinary one, and where the crops have almost totally failed some other way is being provided to feed the hungry. So that God's promise to supply my temporal needs not only has been but always will be fulfilled. This too cheers me.

IV. But God's promise to carry on his work in the world also cheers me.

When on earth Christ set up his kingdom in the world, since which time there has been an unceasing struggle between the world and the church for supremacy—today between the Japs and Russians. Sometimes the victory has been with the church, sometimes with the forces of wickedness, so that often God's servants have been filled with the gravest fears as to the final outcome. Which side shall ultimately win? The church or the world? Christ or Satan? God's Word says The Church. See Ps. 2:8, 22:27; Isa. 2:2-3, 53:10; Matt. 8:11; Rev. 11:15.

V. But God promises of the Holy Spirit also cheers me.

We need the Holy Spirit to endow us with power from on high to equip us for our work as workers in his vineyard. To this end we are told to be filled with the Spirit and Christ says "if ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit unto them who ask him." What comfort for the Christian worker.

VI. But God's promise for strength for every trial and temptation also cheers me.

We all have our trials and temptations, but God's Word contains a promise for every one. I. Peter 5:7. Deut. 33:27, Hoshea 11:8, Ps. 48:14, Jude 24, Rom. 8:38, 6:6. How great and how precious are God's promises.

H. S. SHAW.

Westchester, N. S.

#### B. Y. P. U. NOTES.

Rev. H. S. Shaw, M. A., will discuss the November Topics. We shall have an able treatment of the several subjects, from this strong brother.

Rev. E. L. Steeves, who has exceptional gifts as a normal class, leader and instructor, has marshalled his young people at Upper Sackville, for systematic study during the fall and winter months.

We note with pleasure the "Watchwood" of the First Baptist church of Brookline, Mass., ably led by one of Nova Scotia's most brilliant young pastors, Rev. A. A. Shaw, "Individual work, for Individualists." After all young people would not the highest purpose, of our movement

## \* The Young People \*

be attained this year, if we should give ourselves up entirely to the most aggressive kind of evangelistic work.

Our greatest need is a revival of interest of life, of spiritual power, of holy zeal, of fearless courage, of unswerving devotion to the church of Jesus Christ.

Let us then, adopt the Watchwood of the New England church, and "go forward"

Port Midgie, N. B., has one of the best sustained Young People's Meetings, that we have yet heard of.

A valued correspondent calls attention to the fact, that our excellent brother the Maritime President, is not the Rev. A. E. Wall but simply Mr. A. E. Wall. We make the correction, and we are pleased with the evidence that our "column" is being carefully read.

\* \* \*

#### SIPS FROM WAYSIDE SPRINGS.

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long and so make life, death and that vast forever, our grand, sweet song."

"He who would witness to Christ, must be a witness of him"

"Modern Christians need the touch, and call, and challenge of the living Christ."

"A careless reader of the Scriptures never made a close walker with God."

"Love will not condone a great fault, while indifference and hatred will magnify a slight error."

\* \* \*

#### A WORKINGMAN'S EVENING HYMN.

BY GEORGE H. FULLERTON.

O "Son of the carpenter," daylight is gone;  
My workshop is closed, my thoughts are now free;  
The noise of earth's traffic is hushed in the street,  
And my heart and my voice lift unto Thee.

I sing of the glory from which Thou didst come  
To live in a cottage and work for Thy bread;  
I sing of the glory which Thou didst conceal  
In a carpenter's son, 'neath a Carpenter's shed.

How lowly Thy life! how simple Thy toil!  
No temple or palace emblazons thine art;  
Thy kinsfolk cared not for Thy birth or Thy deeds;  
Thy mother alone kept these things in her heart.

O "Son of the carpenter," now on Thy throne,  
Reveal unto me Thy wonderful plan  
For building an earthly yet heavenly life—  
For growing in favor with God and with man!

I, too, am a toiler unheeded, unknown;  
I, too, have a spirit which longs to be free;  
O teach me to work and patiently wait,  
While knowing my kinship with God and with Thee!

\* \* \*

This is the victory that overcometh the world even in faith.

1 John 5:4

Royal is the sword we wield  
Royal is our battlefield  
Royal is our victory  
Royal shall our triumph be.

Horatius Bonar.

Soldier of the cross the hour is coming when the note of victory shall be proclaimed throughout the world. The battlements of the enemy must soon succumb; the swords of the mighty must soon be given up to the Lord of lords.

Spurgeon.

Happy the Spirit released from its clay;  
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;  
Singing as upward it hastes to the skies,  
Victory! Victory! homeward I rise.

William Hunter.

Your life and mine, the life of every man and every woman, however different they are from one another, they are all in him. In him there is the perfectness of every occupation: the perfect trading, the perfect housekeeping, the perfect handicraft, the perfect school-teaching, they are all in him. In him lay the completeness of that incomplete act which you did yesterday. In him lay the possible holiness of that which you make actual sin. In him lies the absolute purity and loftiness of that worship which we this morning have strained so with impurity and baseness. To go to him and get the perfect idea of life, and of every action of life, and then to go forth, and by his strength fulfil it that is the New Testament conception of the strong, successful life. How simple and how glorious it is!

—Phillips Brooks.

You have your cross, my friend... There is pain in the duty which you do. But if in all your pain you know that God's love is becoming a dearer and plainer truth to you and the vision of the world's redemption is growing more certain and bright, then you can be more than brave; you can triumph in every task, in every sacrifice. Your cross has won something of the beauty and glory of your Lord's. Rejoice and be glad, for you are crucified with Christ.—Phillips Brooks.