

The Young People

did. She—a voice at her side make Katharine start and turn quickly, the tears still on her lashes. Professor Stafford stood there holding out his hand.

"Have I discovered your hiding place at last, Miss Morgan?" I have been looking for you the last half-hour. I wanted to congratulate you.

"Congratulate me?" Katharine stammered. "I—I think you must be mistaken. I didn't graduate, it was my cousin."

"No, I don't think that I made a mistake," the professor answered, smiling. "I have seen your cousin already. Her valedictory was a very fine one, unusually graceful and spirited."

"Yes, sir," Katharine replied. She knew that it was bare and ungracious, but she couldn't speak then. Why wouldn't he go away!

But the professor understood the appealing glance. He directed the girl's attention to the effect of certain wide-branched trees against the night sky. Gratefully Katharine turned to the sheltering darkness, and then he spoke.

"I said that I had not made a mistake, Miss Morgan. If it is not presumption for an old man to say that he understands anything of a young girl's life, will you permit me to say that I can appreciate what the past year has been to you? When I was just ready to enter college my eyes gave out, and I had to wait three years before I could open a book."

Katharine did not need the darkness now. She had turned to him eagerly.

"Oh, go on, please!"

He looked past her out at the horizon. "I do not think there is anything to tell. I rebelled at first, then slowly I began to understand. Before the three years were over I had learned the greatest lesson of all my life—that God and not man, is the great Teacher of the human soul; that I might be educated without books or teachers or universities, but I could not be without God."

There was silence a moment between the two, the old scholar and the young one. Then the professor turned to her. "You have been learning your lesson, Miss Morgan; your face shows it. I knew it the moment I saw you from the platform, tonight. You have gained not only in strength, but in poise of mind and body. Then I met your father and he told me what your year had been and I understood. And so, to return to my starting place, I congratulate you upon your year's work, Miss Morgan."

Katharine's face, glad and grateful, looked up into his. "Do you know that when you were making the charge to the graduates tonight it hurt me so that none of it belonged to me? And now you have given me my own." She hesitated a moment, and then added, simply. "I shall never forget, Professor Stafford."

Jack's Wish.

One day a little boy was sitting under a large oak tree by the side of a country road.

"I wish I could do something to make myself useful," he thought.

Just then a robin hopped down on a stone near him and began to sing such a cheerful song that Jack said to himself, "I should think if a bird can sing and be happy a boy should be also."

At that moment a little girl came running along.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed to her nurse, "I believe I have lost my doll."

"Well, we can't go back for it now," answered the nurse. "It is too far, and, beside, it is very late."

Jack had seen the child before and knew where she lived, so, when she was out of sight, he jumped up and went to look for the doll.

"If I only knew where to look for it," he thought, "I would have a better chance for finding it," and then the robin's cheerful song came to him, and he said, "I will look for that doll till I find it."

At last he caught sight of something bright at his feet; he picked it up and was delighted to find it was the doll he was looking for. He took it by the back of its dress, when, to his surprise, it said, "Mamma."

"Why, this can't be a real baby, can it?" he thought. At a second glance he saw it was not, so he began to investigate it. Just then he discovered two little strings hanging from under the dress. He pulled one and it said "Papa;" then he pulled the other and it said "Mamma."

Jack was so anxious to keep it for himself that he tried to think of some way to get it in the house without anyone seeing it.

When he had just thought of a plan for getting the doll in, it suddenly occurred to him that that would be stealing, so, without thinking any more about it, he took it to the little girl's home.

She was so glad to get her doll back, she almost cried. Jack never told what he had done, for, as he said, "Good men never tell the great things they do."—Marion S. Boyd.

A genuine revival means a trimming of personal lamps.—T. L. Cuyler.

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.—Do not worry. Matt. 6:25-34.

Daily Bible Readings

Monday, Oct. 15.—Psalm 13. "I have trusted in thy mercy," (vs. 5.) Compare Ps. 7:1.

Tuesday, Oct. 16.—Psalm 14. Who says, "There is no God?" (vs. 1.) Compare Ps. 10:4.

Wednesday, Oct. 17.—Psalm 15. Who shall sojourn in the Lord's tabernacle? (vs. 1.) Compare Ps. 24:3-5.

Thursday, Oct. 18.—Psalm 16. Where is fulness of joy? (vs. 11.) Compare Ps. 17:5.

Friday, Oct. 19.—Psalm 17. A noble purpose, (vs. 3.) Compare Ps. 71:24.

Saturday, Oct. 20.—Psalm 118:1-24. "My high tower," (vs. 2.) Compare Ps. 9:9.

Prayer Meeting Topic—October 14.

Do not worry. Matt. 6:25-34.

"Worry—or undue anxiety—must be a sin deep in the heart, or so large a portion of the Sermon on the Mount would not have been directed against it.

I. Anxiety does two things. (1) It makes one unhappy, and unhappiness is not only a matter of pity, it is a matter for blame. For whoever is unhappy and disquieted is, in so far, unfitted for the duties of life—he can do nothing as he ought to do, and, as far as he is concerned, he is frustrating the purposes of the Almighty God, for the design of God was a happy creation. (2) Every shade of anxiety which passes over a man's mind is a positive wrong done to God,—it distrusts him; it sets aside one of his attributes, it gives the lie to one of his promises.

II. The whole stress of Christ's argument rests on the fatherly character of God. We live in our great Father's house, and may look upon all the treasures of his creation; we may travel forever and ever among the promises; we may survey all the bounties of the vast profusion of God's grace in Jesus Christ,—and they are all for the children. You may read it written on all the host of them, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

III. We may expect God to supply our wants as bountifully as he supplies the birds—but on the same condition. The birds work from morning to night; they have not a grain but they have sought it, and sought it with patient labor. But if you do this and still the untrodden path of your future life looks dark, and every tomorrow wraps itself in a thick cloud, do not be afraid, only believe. The same act which made you a child of God pledged him, as your heavenly Father, to supply all you want for body and soul.

We express our keen sense of disappointment and regret over the failure of the plan, by which we were about to begin the study of the C. C. Courses. We believe that this disappointment is general among the Unions of the Maritime Provinces. We thought we were "so near" and yet we were, in reality "so far" from our coveted goal. Our prayer meeting topic this week is most opportune.

Our Unions will now be under the necessity of readjusting their plan for study. No doubt many will do the thing that seems wisest under the circumstances—make a vigorous canvas for the Baptist Union, and fall back on, or perhaps more properly climb up to the lessons of the courses published there. For those who cannot be induced to take up the study as indicated above, we recommend a course of Normal Lessons on Sunday School work, published by J. Huribert. Copies of the books in which the lessons are found may be obtained from booksellers at 30 cents each.

The best thing to do under the circumstances, is undoubtedly to take the lessons as given in the Baptist Union, but in any case let there be some course of systematic study undertaken. We shall be glad to hear from all the Unions concerning their plan of study for the winter. Thus the vigorous action of some may incite to action others, who might otherwise allow this disappointment to hinder them.

The change in the plan of study will necessitate a change in the conduct of this column. We do not just now see just what the change will be. We desire that this space shall be most profitable to our Unions and most for God's glory. We shall be glad to receive suggestions from our Unions, and from Christian workers. If any of you have a bright idea will you please give us the benefit of it. We have space for news items from all the Unions. Surely your life is worth reporting. Let us hear from you.

How to Study the Bible.

BY T. DARLEY ALLEN.

Never in the history of the world has the Bible so engaged the attention of the people as at present. Every science may occupy itself with the study of the Book of books. Geology may examine Genesis for the account of the creation. Archaeology may lay out its excavations in line with the history and prophecies of Scripture. The great events of modern history are clearly outlined in divine revelation, and the story of the human race to the end of time is recorded upon the pages of the Bible. In short, the comprehensive study of this book is a liberal education. Very few persons, however, seem to have any idea how the Bible should be studied. Some people open its pages at random, and read a few passages without any thought as to the context. The right way to read and study the Bible is the way we read any other book. We should treat it as though it were one complete work, and, beginning with Genesis, we should endeavor to become familiar with its entire teaching.

No one, probably, has devoted more time to the study of this book than H. L. Hastings, the Boston publisher, whose lectures and essays on Biblical topics have been extensively circulated. Let us hear what he says on our subject in "Will the Old Book Stand?" the most noted of all works on the evidences of Christianity:

"When you read a novel, do you begin in the middle, and read a page here and a line there, and skip about hither and thither, and say, 'I can't make anything of this book?' No, you begin at the beginning, where 'A solitary horseman was seen one dark, tempestuous night, riding along upon the margin of a swollen stream which wound about the base of a lofty mountain, on which stood an ancient castle,' etc., etc. There is where you begin; and then you read every line and every page of the book until you get to the end. Sometimes they print a column or two of a story in a paper, and go and scatter it through the town, and at the end of it you will read, 'The remainder of this thrilling story will be found in the columns of the 'Weekly Blazing Comet'; and then you start off down to the newsroom and buy a 'Blazing Comet' to find out how the story ends. Why will you not take the Bible and read it in the same way? Why will you not give as much attention to the faithful words of the living God as you will to a pack of lies spun out by some sinful man?"

"If you go into a British navy-yard, or on board a British vessel, and pick up a piece of rope, you will find that there is one little red thread which runs through the whole of it—through every foot of cordage which belongs to the British government—so, if a piece of rope is stolen, it may be cut into inch pieces, but every piece has the mark which tells where it belongs. It is so with the Bible. You may separate it into a thousand parts and yet you will find one thought, one great fact, running through the whole of it. You will find it constantly pointing and referring to one great Personage—the seed of the woman, that shall crush the serpent's head; 'the seed of Abraham,' in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed.

"Now, when you get the plan of this book you will find that it is something more than a book of detached sentences, good maxims and comforting words. It is a book which unfolds the divine purpose, and not only reveals the way of salvation, but marks the pathway of the people of God through this wilderness, and foreshows the destiny of the world which he has made, and the church which he has redeemed."

How a Bible is Made.

This is the title of an interesting article in the Boston Watchman of April 3, from which we glean the following items respecting the Oxford Bible, which has gained a world-wide reputation.—The secret of the manufacture of the Oxford India paper which is used, is only known to three living persons, and many have been the unsuccessful attempts to imitate. The Oxford Bibles go wherever the English language is spoken. The output averages 20,000 per week, or upwards of a million a year. There are 71 editions of them now being circulated. It is not uncommon for one of them to be read a dozen times before it is sent up to London to be bound. Any employe who detects a printer's error is rewarded, and the first outsider who is equally lynx-eyed gets a guinea. The folding of the sheets is done by hand. Only the cheaper books are sewn by machinery; the better volumes being sewn with silk by hand. The skins of upwards of 70,000 animals are used yearly in the binding; and some 400,000 sheets of gold leaf are required to letter the backs of the volumes. The Oxford University Press, from paper-mill to publishing warehouse, finds regular employment for upwards of a thousand people, all of whom seem to take a pride in their work. The sales of the Revised Version are slowly gaining ground, but as yet do not reach a tenth of those of the Authorized Version of 1611. With all the talk of the irreligion of these days and the boast of infidels, the fact remains, that the Bible is selling better than ever. It is the Book of God and the Book of books.—The Light Bearer.