

pled upon; and as I caught him to my heart, he had strength only to murmur once more that dear, piteous sound, "mamma, mamma!"

"Oh, mamma has got you, my darling!" I cried, as I fled with him from the spot; "mamma has got you!"

"Looking back presently, I saw that both combatants had rolled down into the water, where the battle was still continued, now one and now the other seeming to be uppermost.

"Upon reaching the house my joy was great at finding that my little one was, after all, not dangerously injured. The panther's teeth had been fastened mostly in his clothing, though of course he had some bites which I know must be painful.

"After dark Brutus came, limping home, covered with blood and wounds. It seemed to me that he had not a piece of whole skin as large as my hand. Yet he crawled up to Arty and licked his pale face and laid his head upon the little baby breast.

"Charles came home in the evening, and early next morning he fished the body of the dead panther from the pond. Brutus had finished the common enemy sure enough!

"You know the very largest dog is not supposed to be a match for a panther, and so we have always thought that it was the water which decided the victory in favor of the noble creature that fought for our child. Brutus is so immensely powerful that he was probably able to force the panther's head under the surface while the sharp claws of the ferocious beast could be used there as effectually as on the land."

The brave dog looked as if he understood every word that had been said; and going up to Arty, he gave him a loving lap with his broad tongue, then once more came and laid his head across my knees. —The American Boy.

### Ruff's Adventure.

"What's the matter, Ruff? Come, come little dog, you must not let yourself get so angry. You are old enough to take better care of that temper of yours."

Max, the sheep dog had been lying half asleep on the bare floor; but he sat up now as Ruff threw himself down beside him.

"It's a shame!" cried the little gray dog. "The Brown Brothers have stolen all the bones I had hidden away."

Max did not look up at once. He did not even look surprised. Instead of doing either of these things he yawned—a sleepy yawn.

"You may tell that story to the hens," he said at last. "Perhaps they are stupid enough to believe you. No one else will."

"But it's true," said Ruff.

"You saw the Brown Brothers take the bones, did you?" Max asked.

"No," said little Ruff slowly. "I didn't see them do it, but they are the only ones who know my hiding place. No one else could be the thief."

"Be careful, Ruff! You may be a thief yourself," said Max sharply.

"I—a thief?" Ruff could not say another word. He had known very little when he came to the farm but even then he would have been ashamed to tell a lie or to take what was not his own.

"Which would be worse," Max went on, "to steal a bone from me or from Father Hound, who is too lame to run after you?"

"It would be worse to steal it from him," said Ruff. "But I never did such a thing."

"Why would it be worse?" said Max.

"Because he could not help himself," said Ruff after thinking a minute.

"That's right," said Max. "It is a mean thing to take away from the helpless what belongs to them."

"The Brown Brothers have a very good name," Max went on. "That means that we feel sure they would not steal anything. But you are trying to take away that good name which is worth more to them than all the bones in the world. Do you think that is the right thing to do, Ruff?"

"But I'm sure—" began the little dog.

Just then Carl came up from the garden with a pail on his arm.

"Well Ruff," said he, "I have taken those old bones you had hidden in the garden to pound up for my vines. I'll give you some more today with meat on them."

Ruff looked at Carl and at the sky and at the trees. He did not wish to look at Max.

Max let his fore foot slide forward and dropped his curly head upon his paws again.

"It was a mistake, little dog," said he. "We all make mistakes sometimes. Don't make this one again, that's all." —From the Jones Second Reader, Ginn & Co.

## The Young People

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS.

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

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### Prayer Meeting Topic—January 15.

Am I my brother's keeper? Gen. 4: 9-15.

The insolent reply of one who had put self in control of his life, thereby displacing God. His reason had decided that a blood offering, being repugnant to his sensibilities, ought to be displaced by one which conveyed no possibility of violence. Hence reason and self ruled and moral anarchy followed. It was but a step from self displacing God to self embracing all. But that step taken then self will not be displaced by any might on earth or in man, and if the attempt is made to do so, will strive to sweep aside whatever may oppose or else to crush it. At such a time, what would be another's life to his? Active or slumbering, there lies the purpose. "Sin crouches at the door."

"Out of the heart are the issues of life."

When self-will displaces God these steps are the downward course; self-will, disappointment, anger, unbriided thoughts, and, when anger without a cause, murder (Matt. 5: 22). Then the insolent self-justification. Am I my brother's keeper? Trace the steps backward from the supercilious justification, Am I my brother's keeper, and whether they embrace all or only a portion the course that Cain trod; yet they originate at the same source—self displacing God. Hence he, who refuses to help another urging the plea, Am I my brother's keeper, is cut of harmony with God. God is love. Love knows that it is more blessed to give than to receive and delights in it. God's law of love is written in the physical world and attested by sun, stars, clouds, grain and flowers. It is written in the intellectual world and every martyr, patriot, statesman and scholar witness to it. It is written in the law of the home and every mother demonstrates it with joy every day. The great golden hours of one's life is when he rises up with the firm conviction in his heart that he is his brother's keeper. Acting on this principle, he knows not what glad surprise attends its performance.

"Years ago a vessel was wrecked off the northwest coast of Ireland. Crowds gathered on the beach to witness the scene. A few brave men came forward and put out to the sinking vessel. As they came back to the shore with their burden of human lives the watchers cried: "Have you got them all? Are they all saved?" "Yes," was the answer "all but one; if we had stayed for him all would have been lost." Instantly a stalwart fellow stepped out from the crowd and cried for volunteers. The mother begged the young man not to go, saying: "Your father was lost at sea, your brother William sailed away and we have never heard from him; if you go my all will be lost." Embracing her he said, "I must go." In a short time he was seen returning. "Have you got your man?" cried the watchers. "Yes," was the reply, "and tell mother it is brother William."

The consequence which flow from the contention that I am not my brother's keeper is death, death to some weak or unfortunate, albeit I may not be directly connected with that death.

The conscientious physician feels his responsibility as the keeper of his brother's appetites. Professor Shattuck, of the Harvard Medical School, says: "I give less alcohol, because I give less drugs, and alcohol is a drug. I reserve its use for only acute disease, feeling my serious responsibility as a physician in regard to its use. I used to prescribe ale and beer, and sometimes stronger forms of alcoholic drink to patients suffering from debility from one or another cause. I do not do so now." The fact that the expense for alcohol in the Massachusetts General Hospital fell from \$1.48 a patient in 1844 to 29 cents in 1900 shows how far high-thinking medical men regard themselves their brother's keeper in this particular matter.

And equally guilty is the religious paper, which points the advertisements of those patent medicines, whose base is largely poor whiskey, medicines which make many a woman a confirmed toper even in Prohibition States.

"Israel had a law that a man was accountable if he saw his neighbor's cattle stray away without trying to save them. If they fell into a pit, he would be held accountable. If, in the dim twilight of moral responsibility, a man was held accountable for his neighbor's cattle, how much more are we responsible for the open bars, the licensed saloons, through which men go astray and get into a pit and drag their families after them!"

What was in Cain was shown by what came out of him. Cain we assure ourselves, that if we have that contemptuous disregard for the life or living of others which expresses itself callously by denying interest in the well-being of our fellows, that there may not come out of us, if circumstances shape themselves, the same evil result expressed or in motive of the heart?

"Stand by your brother's side, man,  
And bid him clasp your hand;  
To him be just, and yield the trust  
That you from him demand.  
How simply wise with soul and eyes  
To trust and still be true—  
Do unto those we love, man,  
What we would have them do."

To be our brother's keeper is more than to be concerned about his acts or habits, it is to be anxious about his inward state. It is not so much the acts of sin that should excite our apprehensions, it is the fact that sin possesses him and that "the wages of sin is death."

Though this is a temperance theme, we should recognize the larger fact that intemperance is a result of sin, and therefore demonstrate that we are our brother's keeper by pointing out to him "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

A Bowery mission convert says: "What took me to the Bowery & Rum? No! no! Sin wrecked my life. Rum was a result; sin was the cause. Many men who become drunkards say, 'It is the drink that does it.' But no! It is sin, sin, sin! If a young man starts out with the grace of God in his heart he need not fear the drink evil, or any other evil."

It is sometimes hard to decide who brings the larger wrong to mankind; the one who damns by selling liquor, or the one who indifferently beholds his weaker brethren go over the brink of unbridled appetite, because he imagines he is not his brother's keeper. When we realize that whatever of any kind which hinders the full attainment of all the possibilities of a man is evil, then we think that the latter individual is the cause of the larger wrong. Of course the former, i. e. the liquor seller, is the criminal; but crime is not always as large a factor in sin as is evil. Many who are bitterly opposed to intemperance are indifferent to the evils which prevent the development of the ideal of mankind. To be selfish, to be greedy, to allow childhood to grow up untrained and uneducated, to let people be in darkness and in sin; these are great evils. To refuse to be my brother's keeper possibly is to be guilty of an evil more damning, more far reaching, more repulsive than even that of liquor-selling.

A prayer for those who desire to become their brothers' keeper:

"Keep me, dear Lord, keep me  
From every foolish spare;  
My brother's helper I would rather be,  
That always, every-where,  
His weakness may appeal to my Christ-strength, I  
That he and I may overcome at length."

W. B. CROWELL.

Liverpool, N. S.

### "SIMPLE PLEASURES."

Mr. Editor: You have asked for a short article. I have just finished reading the 7th chapter in the "Simple Life," by Wagner, entitled "Simple Pleasures," and I will quote for your readers the passages I underscored as I read:

"Do you find life amusing these days? For my part on the whole, I find it rather depressing, and I fear my opinion is not altogether personal.

"Joy is not in things but in us. How do you think a man can be amused while he has his doubts whether after all life is worth living.

"Excess of all kinds have blurred our senses, and poisoned our faculty for happiness.

"Deeply attainted at its root, the desire to live, persistent in spite of everything, seeks satisfaction in cheats and baubles."

"To be a painter does not suffice to arm one's self with a brush, or does the purchase at a great cost of a Stradivarius make one a musician! No man if he had the whole paraphernalia of amusement in the perfection of its ingenuity would advance you upon your road.

But with a bit of crayon a great artist makes an immortal sketch. It needs talent or genius to paint, and to amuse one's self the faculty of being happy."

Whenever life is simple and sane true pleasure accompanies it as fragrance does cultivated flowers.

Real joy is above all conditions so considered, it springs up between the flags of the pavement, on an arid wall, in the fissure of a rock.

This question of pleasure is Capital: most pleasure seekers forage in this delicate domain like wild boars in a flower garden.

Pleasure is a sacred flame that must be fed then it throws a radiance over life. He who fosters it does a work as profitable for humanity as he who builds a bridge, pierces a tunnel, or cultivates the ground.

We are not simple enough to be happy and to render others so. We spread joy as we do consolation, by such methods as to obtain negative results.

"There is no worse kill-joy than the ego. To give pleasure to others and to take it ourselves we must begin by removing the ego."

"Let us forget our 'parts' and become as children once more, to laugh again that good laugh which does so much to make the world better."

"Some persons seem condemned to be always serious, and they carry darkness to those in darkness. 'Carry a breath from the out-of-door something to remind them that they are not cut off from the world.'"

"Young girl, tired of the wail with the governess, take the cook's apron, and give her a key to the field."

"If you wish youth to be moral, do not neglect its pleasures, or else change the task of providing for them. You deceive yourself in thinking youth has too much diversion."

"Our children are heirs of a joyless world; and we must come to their aid. Let us make an effort to brighten the morning of their days."

"Let us raise good humor in our homes, to the height of an institution. 'There is no such aid to understanding one's professor as to have laughed in his company.'"

"Who will furnish the money? What a question! That is exactly the error!"

"Pleasure and money: people take them for the two wings of the same bird! A gross illusion! Pleasure cannot be bought or sold. Pleasure and simplicity are old acquaintances. 'Entertain your friends simply, and speak no evil of those absent, and your success is sure.'"

G. R. WHITE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.