

scared condition. Caesar soon broke from a trot into a run, and in much less time than it takes to tell it, he had sped around the square with his odd looking burden, and returning to the starting point, dropped him from his mouth, very much terrified, but entirely unharmed.

The dog lost no time in getting inside the shop-door, while Caesar picked up his basket and walked proudly away never again to be molested by Gain's cur, for if he caught a glimpse of Caesar coming he would disappear as if by magic, and he was much more careful about attacking other dogs as well.—Ex.

**Which Was Rich ?**

"If I were only as rich as he is!" muttered a boy that had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly dressed boy leaving a baker's shop with a basket of whole fresh loaves.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" said the boy with the fresh loaves, as he saw another boy on a bicycle, munching candy.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" sighed the boy on the bicycle, as another boy rolled past in a pony cart.

"If I were rich as he is!" grumbled the boy in the pony cart, as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" this lucky young fellow wished, as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he spied one day a young prince attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

"If I were as free as that boy is impatiently," growled the prince, thinking of the boy on the yacht.

"If I could drive out alone with a pony, and nobody to take care of me but myself!" thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

"If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!" longed the driver of the pony.

"How happy that boy with the basket looks!" said the boy on the bike.

"If I could only relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!" said the baker's boy. "I'm sick and tired of bread."

Which one was rich?—S. S. Advocate.

**Little Boys and Little Sheep.**

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his little curls, all wringing wet.

"Just knew the ice wasn't strong 'nough," he grumbled. "Then why did you slide?" asked aunty.

"Cause all the other boys did," said Joe; "so I had to, or they'd laugh."

His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down beside the stove, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story:

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went, all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well, where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep-dog, barked his very loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could; and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death."

"Why! what silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe. Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.—Youth's Companion.

**The German Princes.**

What a happy, healthy, wholesome-looking lot of lads there are in the royal family of Germany! Emperor William may well feel pride in his six fine sons and the little daughter. Military training and discipline are a part of the education of every German prince, and even the youngest of the emperor's sons already has a fine military bearing. The children of the royal family in Germany lead anything but lives of indolence and luxury. They rise promptly at half-past five in the morning, which is an hour earlier, I daresay, than many a boy rises who reads this. They take active outdoor exercise for an hour before their simple breakfast at seven o'clock. After breakfast they must go at once to their studies, and keep at them until afternoon. Their games, when their lessons are over, are all of an outdoor kind, such as cricket, tennis, or football. There is more study after dinner, and by nine o'clock all but Prince Augustus are in bed. Prince Augustus, being now eighteen years of age, sits up until ten o'clock. The Empress of Germany is one of the wisest and most devoted of mothers, the chief aim of her life being to make good men of her six sons, and a good woman of her one little princess. Each of the German princes holds a well earned position in the army or navy, and all of them are being taught that "life is real life is earnest," and that none of it must be wasted.—Standard.

**The Young People**

EDITOR

A. T. DYKEMAN.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication.

**Officers.**

President, Rev. H. H. Roach, St. John, N. B.  
Sec.-Treas., Rev. G. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

**Our Motto.**

Loyalty to Christ in all things, and at all times.

**Daily Bible Readings.**

Monday—The Warnings of God. Isaiah 5: 11-23.  
Tuesday—A Dark Picture. II Peter 2: 12-19.  
Wednesday—Feast Ending in Murder. Mark 6: 21-29.  
Thursday—Keeping Under the Body. I Cor. 9: 23-27.  
Friday—How Christians Should Walk. Rom. 13: 8-14.  
Saturday—The Temple of the Holy Ghost. I Cor. 6: 9-20.  
Sunday—Be Filled With the Spirit. Eph. 5: 1-21.

**Prayer Meeting Topic.—March 13.**

Appetites that Unmake Men. Daniel 5: 1-5, 25-28.

I. Man wants. He has appetite. From the cradle to the grave he is conscious of longing desires, passions, impulses, thirsts. Moreover these have a supreme place in his life. They determine his acts. From birth to death he is striving after the satisfaction of these desires, the gratification of these impulses, the quenching of these thirsts.

II. We call some desires good and others bad. Whatever may determine their goodness or badness we recognize it as such by the results of their gratification. If the satisfaction of an appetite tends to unmake the man we call it bad. Moreover in the judgment we experience no insurmountable difficulty. Our ability in detecting the mote in our brother's eye testifies to our skill in this respect. The real need is not for ability to recognize an evil desire but for honesty and bravery to make our own desires the subject of the examination. Morbid introspection is doubtless an unhealthy practice, but an occasional examination of self with the aid of the light of Jesus is a discipline that we possess the skill and need the bravery to exercise. It requires some strength to say "that habit of mine is hurting me." It would be easy to write a long list of habits that unmake men but the vital question for each man is "What are my habits doing for me?"

III. But when a man has summoned himself in judgment and in honesty has passed condemnation upon certain of his longings what remains for him? He may wonder whence comes the fatal disposition that makes him long for that which is not best; but such speculation will profit him but little. He may even honestly wish that he could desire different things, but such wishing will have no radical effect. He may become truly heroic in his treatment of himself and placing a guard at the door way forbid every evil desire to issue forth in act. But such treatment has defects. It divides the house against itself. It wastes in reducing rebellion, the energy that should be spent in conquest. And it in the end leaves the desire the same, ready to spring forth, rush out when the guard is off duty.

IV. Is there no better method? Is there no power in life great enough to win a man's whole allegiance to the best—to make him love the good as he has loved the bad? Is there no master can marshal the powers of a man under his leadership and thoughtless of insubordination lead the forces forth to conquest? Is there any power in the world that reaches into the innermost recesses of a man's soul and change his desires? Is there love? Is there God's love? Has Jesus meant this to you? ALBERT B. COHOE.

**Some Suggestions.**

The Maritime Executive, which met yesterday in Main St. church, St. John, had been individually asked to make some suggestions as to the future policy of our Young People's Societies. We are pleased to give below a few lines from Rev. W. Camps' excellent letter to the Executive.

1. Let our President or Executive issue a circular half yearly, calling upon all our members to be true to Christ and loyal to the church. This letter might have the effect of stimulating our members and urging them on to renewed consecration to their work.

2. I would emphasize the weekly prayer meeting in connection with our Unions. To my mind the system is highly educative. Here are Christian young people meeting at a stated hour each week, with a leader, and a subject to be discussed. No young person can conduct such a service without receiving good. Here is afforded a training which has wrapped up in it the very best interests of our churches. Let the leader prepare himself or herself thoroughly. Let the hymns be selected, the Scripture lesson read and re-read, and an address given. If our pastors and prominent workers in our Unions would lay themselves out to make these weekly meetings all that they might be, there would come such an uplift to all our Unions as

would carry us on to great victory in our work for the Master.

3. I would hold up before our young people Christ rather than our B. Y. P. U. pledge. There it hangs on our walls a dead letter. Service prompted by a pledge is a cold, lifeless thing. Service begotten of love is full of life and power. I do believe that there is no power which will beget the noblest service, and have that service rendered in the sweetest, truest spirit like that which comes from visions of the Christ.

4. I would emphasize the importance of making the most of the benevolent spirit in our work. Our young people will rally around a noble cause. Our lives will never rise higher than the incentive behind them. Having a noble and exalted purpose our lives will respond to this incentive. The incentive now behind our young people is the support of a young peoples' missionary. Just as water will rise to its level, so our young people will respond to this incentive and ample means will be provided. Then let our missionary address, through our Young Peoples' Column, his messages to our Unions, setting forth his work and success.

**Illustrative Gatherings.**

(Selected by the Editor.)

THEME. OUR APPETITES AND PASSIONS.  
If we through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live. Paul.

Appetites through bodily impulses are in their gratification in man under the control of reason and conscience. Brewin Grant.

Alas! too well, to well they know,  
The pain, the penitence, the woe  
That passion brings down on the best  
The wisest and the lowliest. Moore.

Hold not conference or debate, or reasoning with any lust; 'tis but a preparatory for thy admission of it. The way is at the very first flatly to deny it. Fuller.

Oh how the passions insolent and strong,  
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;  
Make us the madness of their will obey;  
Then die and leave us to our griefs a prey. Crabbe;

Sin in man may be said, in nearly every case, to originate with the misdirection of appetite; and the irregular indulgence of it will probably constitute the leading cause of evil, until, by the termination of his career on earth, all terrestrial sin ceases. George Harris.

What profits us that we from Heaven derive  
A soul immortal, and with looks erect  
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind,  
We follow where our passions lead the way! Claudian.

The passions act as Winds to propel our vessel; our Reason is the Pilot that steers her; without the Winds she would not move, without the Pilot she would be lost. From the Trench.

Thou must chain thy passion down;  
Well to serve, but ill to sway,  
Like the fire, they must obey.  
They are good, in subject state,  
To strengthen, warm, animate;  
But if once we let them reign,  
They sweep with desolating train,  
Till they but leave a hated name,  
A ruined soul, a blackened fame. Eliza Cook.

**A FRIEND IN NEED.**

BY DR. BANKS.

When Jesus fainted under the cross, a black man by the name of Simon carried the Saviour's cross the rest of the way to the summit of Calvary. We do not know whether he appreciated this great privilege then or not. Even if he did not at the time, but afterward became a Christian, what joy it would be to him to remember that he carried the cross for Jesus in that hard hour. One of the richest gifts God gives us on the way of life are the friends who stand by us in the darkest hours, and carry our cross for us when we are ready to faint beneath its load. Under the title of "Friends," Will T. Hale sings these comforting words:

"Though we are worn and weary from some loss,  
Yet on life's journey many friends there may be—  
The Simons who assist to bear the cross  
Along the stony road to Calvary."

A little girl went out to play one day in the fresh new snow. When she came in she said, "Mamma I couldn't help praying when I was out at play." When asked what she prayed she answered "I prayed the snow prayer mamma that I learned in Sunday School; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow, Psalm 51: 7. What a beautiful prayer for older ones as well. And here is a sweet promise to go with it, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, Isaiah 1: 18. And what is the cleansing power. They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," Rev. 7: 14.