

* * The Young People * *

pull his feet out of the sand-pile, which was a great deal heavier than he thought.

Helen brought her spade and shoveled away at the sand with all her might; and when Georgie was free, they both began to arrange the calm-shell pies in a nice even circle.

"O, let's ask mamma for some crackers, too," Helen said; and they ran across the sand to the big umbrella where mamma sat reading. When they came back the pies were scattered far and wide and a shaggy little white dog sat beside them, cuffing the shell about with his paws. He looked up as the children came near and wagged his tail so hard that it wagged the very last pie right out of its shell!

"O, you naughty, naughty dog!" Helen began; but the look in the dog's bright eyes was so friendly that neither she nor Georgie felt a bit like scolding; so they only laughed, and sat right down on the beach and began to make the pies over again.

Doggie wanted to help, too. He watched gravely, with his curly head on one side, until a pie was nicely filled and smoothed over. Then, when Helen set it down, with one stroke of his paw he sent it flying in a little cloud of sand.

Georgie started to scold and drive the little dog away; but Helen stopped him. "It's more fun than the party," she said. "We'll just turn it into another kind of a game, that's all!"

Doggie understood her kind voice, even if he did not know just what was said; and his tail wagged harder than ever. All the rest of the forenoon he played with the children, and they all had a better time than they ever had before on the beach.

"It was a great deal nicer than parties, mamma," Helen said, when they were eating their luncheon, "and we're so glad we didn't get cross and drive the little dog away."

"That's right," mamma replied. "Get all the happiness you can out of whatever comes, even if everything does not always happen just as you want it to do. That is the way to live happily every day, dear."

"Yes, assented Georgie, hurrying to get back before the little dog went away. "I guess mamma's right. It's better to 'keep sweet' and make the best of things."

And away they scampered together.—Sel.

How Common Sense Saved the Puppy.

"Charlie, Charlie, come quick," cried Mabel in a voice shrill with terror; "the puppy's in the cistern." Charlie obeyed instantly, dropping the old pan into which he had deposited swarms of potato bugs.

Even the swift thought that they would all crawl into the vines and have to be gathered over again did not stay his footsteps.

What were a few hours work, even though hard and disagreeable, when compared with the life of his beautiful Newfoundland puppy?

He thought it would be the work of a few minutes to rescue the little fellow. An old tin pail was at hand, Mabel brought the clothesline, and, in a moment or two, the pail descended into the black hollow. Charlie floated it close to the puppy, at the same time calling to him in coaxing and endearing tones. But the poor little animal found it impossible to fasten his feet upon the hard and shining sides of the pail. He struggled bravely, at the same time crying pitifully.

Mabel, who was watching eagerly, at last began to cry loudly as she saw the puppy's repeated vain attempts.

"He's going to drown, I know he is," she sobbed aloud; "see, he can hardly keep his head out of the water now."

The hired man was just driving into the barn as she made this outcry. He dropped the reins on the horse's back, and, with a few strides, reached the cistern and gave one glance into its depths.

He next jerked the clothesline around so that he had hold of the end that lay on the ground, at the same time calling to Charlie, "Get me that wooden pail on the steps, there."

The wooden pail soon struck the water close to poor puppy's head. He threw out his feet in one last desperate effort. They clung fast, and in another moment the poor little soaked body was in Charlie's arms.

"How did you happen to think of the wooden pail?" asked Mabel, looking at the hired man in awed admiration.

"Common sense," said the man, returning to his waiting horse.

"Common sense," repeated Mabel; "let's go tell mother; you know she always saying that it's better to have common sense than talent."—Clara J. Denton, in Christian Work.

EDITOR

Horace G. Colpitts.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Horace G. Colpitts, Yarmouth, N. S., 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.

President Rev. David Hutchinson St. John, N. B.
S. c. Treas. Rev. J. W. Brown, Ph. D., Albert, N. B.

We are pleased to publish this week a report from one of our local unions. We have promise of others next week. These we trust are only the beginning of reports that will come to us every week. In no way can we stimulate interest and activity among our Unions better than by exchanging notes in this way. If your society is not doing something definite the telling of which would be helpful to others, it ought to be.

B. Y. P. U. TOPIC, OCT., 13TH.

Better work our Society should do (Heb. 10: 20-21)

Daily Readings for Preceding Week.

Monday.—Getting more Wisdom, (Prov. 2: 1-9).
Tuesday.—Holding on Longer (Luke 8: 6-13).
Wednesday.—Obeying Better (Rev. 3: 7-13).
Thursday.—More Zeal (1 John 2: 13-17).
Friday.—Stronger Faith (1 John 5: 13-16).
Saturday.—More Unselfishness (Acts 9: 36-39).

This motto I came upon recently in my reading, *Qui cessat esse melior cessat esse bonus*. He who ceases to be better ceases to be good. An excellent motto for a young Christian to remember. It applies just as truly to a young peoples' society. Where life is there should be advancement until perfection is reached. The work of our society should advance in two directions—inward and outward.

There should be an inner strengthening of the young people. The boy or the man who would do good work must keep his health.

The daily readings will suggest how we may keep and make more robust our spiritual health. The last passage of our lesson reminds us that the source of all strengthening is God. We need more of God, more of Christ in the inner life of each member.

(1) Then let there be a better study of the Word. The entrance of Thy Word giveth light. Add to your faith knowledge. Right understanding is a good step toward right doing.

(2) Let there be better praying on the part of each.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air.

No Christian work will be done in Young Peoples' Societies or elsewhere unless we are praying Christians.

(3) Cultivate a deeper love for Christ and for His work. Loyalty to the Society, for Jesus' sake is the most dependable loyalty we can have.

Better Outward Work.

By my works I will show you my faith, said the Apostle James, With a strengthening of the spiritual life we may hope for better work.

(1) In attendance—This is worth working for. Hot coals brought together will make a fire not possible to them separated.

(2) In helping the Church—No society lives for itself. In all its committee work the well-being of the church as a whole is to be considered.

(3) In winning souls—Never lose sight of the fact that this is our main business as followers of Christ. "That I may by all means save some."

WOLFVILLE UNION NOTES.

It must be discouraging to the editor of our B. Y. P. U. column not to receive any reports from the societies.

Probably many are waiting, hoping to have something better to write.

We regret that our older young people have dropped out, with but few exceptions. We hope, however, to win them back by renewed effort.

The younger members—many of whom were converted during the revival of last winter—are much interested, and regular in attendance. We have good meetings. Our pastor usually leads the service.

Conference week we omit the meeting of the Union, and unite in one grand service.

Contributions have increased during the past year. Credit is due the president, Reginald Trotten for this increase.

Owing to the fact that our young people are much taxed by many studies, we do not cover the ground of the Culture Course, but have done some work in Missions, which we hope to continue. After our yearly business meeting, and we are well started in the work of another year, you will hear from us again.
Wolfville, Oct. 2, 1905. Forward.

The elect are whosoever will and the non-elect whosoever won't.

HE KNOWS.

I can't understand, I cried one day
And a sweet voice whispered near,
Why should you try, since I know it all
And you are my child,—never fear.

The future is dark, I said one day,
My heart beat in fear as I cried.
But His great hand took my trembling ones,
And he answered, I'll be your guide.

So I do not try to understand
Nor fear I the future again.
He knows what is best and His dear hand
Never causes a needless pain.

—Robert Lamkin in "Service."

WORDS FROM THE WISE.

Self preservation is not man's first duty; flight is his last. Better and wiser and infinitely nobler to stand a mark for the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" and to stop at the post, though we fall there, than cowardly to keep a whole skin at the cost of a wounded conscience.

MAKING THE FAIREST AND BEST.

The common problem—your's, mine, every one's—Is not to fancy what were fair in life, Provided it could be; but finding first What may be, then find how to make it fair Up to our means—a very different thing! My business is not to remake myself, But make the absolute best of what God made.

—Robert Browning.

AUNT CHEERY ON POETRY.

I want to tell you what I think is a real good idea. It is to commit poetry or Scripture verses to memory. I've learned many and many a beautiful Scripture verse when I've been at my sewing. When I was a little girl I used to learn Bible verses while I was washing the dishes. Boys and girls in Sunday school learned lots more verses than that now.

Then there's so many sweet and helpful little poetry verses floatin' around in the papers and magazines nowadays. You young folks ought to learn a lot of them. It helps the memory and it is real good for the mind. It gives a body good thoughts. Now, here is a dear little verse that I learned while I was finishing off a stockin' yesterday:

May every soul that touches mine
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists

To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage.

Now, I'll never forget that verse and somehow I feel more like trying to live the right kind of a life every time I say it over.—(Marlowe, in Boys and Girls.

GLENDINNING'S SALARY.

We are able to report progress, Rev. W. H. Jenkins has ordered pledge cards for his young people. Miss Edith Shand has ordered the same for the Windsor B. Y. P. U. Miss Muriel Colpitts has ordered some for her S. S. class at Albert, and Miss Glendine Brewster for Albert Mines. The ball has begun to roll. Keep it rolling! We are prepared to supply pledge cards free for all desiring them. Let the pastors take up the matter and encourage the young people to undertake aggressive missionary work. Let the young people push the matter themselves.

Editor Colpitts suggests that we undertake to raise the salary for Missionary Freeman as well as Glendinning. Well, we can do it easily with the co-operation of all our young people. Just two, three, or five cents per week from all our young people and the thing is done.

The motive is a worthy one. Come on! Send for the pledge cards and initiate the work pastors and young people and see what a splendid record we can make this year.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. Brown, Sec'y-Treas.

Albert, October 5.

Bravery helps to make a nation safe. A nation of cowards cannot be a strong nation. Men and women who dare fling themselves against great odds for the sake of their convictions; who do not shrink from crying out against any evil that may menace the purity of the government; who will, if need be, sever all political, social, and financial ties for love of country—these are the heroes to whom a nation re-

When the good man seems to be conquered, the powers of evil have still to rue their short-lived triumph, and to say as Pyrrhus said when he defeated the Romans: "Three such victories would utterly ruin me."—Archdeacon Farrar.