

Charley. "Where is he. Won't he come up again?"

"I don't know," was the quivering answer. "God help him!" And he uttered a silent prayer for Bob's deliverance.

In the meantime, from his seat on the stone steps, Len had witnessed the serious predicament into which Bob had been placed. He, too, gave a cry of alarm, and then, as the suffering youth did not come up again to the surface of the stream, a thought flashed into his mind, a thought he acted upon instantly. Leaping to the bottom of the steps, he fled up the beach as fast as his little limbs would carry him. Over and around the stones he went, falling and bruising himself more than once, but always scrambling up and going on until the old lock-gate to the falls was reached.

Out upon the framework of the gate, so narrow it scarcely offered a foothold, went Len until the centre was gained. The water was rushing through the opening, tumbling downward a distance of a dozen feet on the other side. If Bob's body went through there the lad must be given up for lost.

Len was not strong enough to work the gate by the aid of the long lever. But out came his pocket-knife, and he cut the slide ropes and then added his weight to the top of the gate to make it descend more quickly. In a few seconds more it was in place and the water was three-quarters cut off.

The brave boy's action had been just in time, for as he sank with the gate he caught sight of an arm partly raised in the water only a few feet away. Holding himself with one hand, he stretched forth the other and caught hold of the drifting arm, and a second later he had Bob's head out of the water.

Len's run to the water-gate had been noticed by several men, who now came to the assistance of rescued and rescuer. Bob's limp form was taken to the mill and here heroic manipulations by the men soon brought him out of danger. In the meantime Ray and the others had arrived, and soon after this poor Bob was taken home in a carriage.

Brave Len was never forgotten. It was Bob himself who sent for him the next morning. Neither of the lads ever forgot that meeting.

"Len, I owe you more than I can put into words," said Bob, as with flushed face he took Len's hand. "I called you a poorhouse rat, and threatened to strike you, and in return you saved my life. I can't understand it."

But Len could understand it, and he told Bob just what in a long talk that followed. Never again in Cliff View was Len called the poorhouse rat, nor did Bob ever speak of him as being afraid to fight.

"He's too brave to fight. Len Barker is the bravest boy I know," is what he says.

And Ray and the others agree with him.—Our Boys and Girls.

The Living Alarm Clock.

BY CHARLES BATTRELL LOOMIS.

Once upon a time there was a man, and he had a little rooster that had just learned to crow after a fashion. And when it came night the man said, "I will go to bed and have a long sleep." And he went to bed and slept. And very early in the morning the little rooster came around to the front of the house and flapped his wings and crowed "Kookeroo!" And the man woke up and said to his wife, "What's that you said?" And she woke up and said, "I did not speak; it must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you've waked me up." So the man threw his hair-brush out of the window at the little rooster, and the little rooster ran away. Then the man said, "Well, as long as I'm up I'll plant my garden."

But that night he shut the little rooster in the hen-yard and said, "Now I will have a long sleep." And he went to bed and slept. But very early in the morning the little rooster flew over the hen-yard fence and ran around to the front of the house and flapped his wings and crowed, "Kookeroo!" And the man woke up and said to his wife, "What's that you said?" And she woke up and said, "I did not speak; it must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you've waked me up." So the man threw his comb at the little rooster, but the little rooster already had one, and he ran away. Then the man said, "Well, as long as I'm up I'll weed my garden."

But that night the man shut the little rooster in the hen yard and tied him to the fence with a string. Then he said, "Now I will have a long sleep." And he went to bed and slept. But very early in the morning the little rooster bit the string in two and flew over the hen-yard fence and ran around to the front of the house and flapped his wings and crowed "Kookeroo!" And the man woke up and said to his wife, "What's that you said?" And she woke up and said, "I did not speak; it must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you've waked me up for the day." And she was vexed.

So the man ran out and caught the little rooster, and they had him for dinner; and that night he went to sleep, and he slept long and sound, for there was no little rooster to waken him. And his wife slept as long as he, and dreamed pleasantly.

But the weeds overran his garden and choked it.—The Outlook.

The Young People

EDITOR,

R. OSGOOD MORSE.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to its Editor, R. v. R. Osgood Morse, Grovers, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands nine days before the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Lost Opportunities, Jeremiah 8: 20; Matthew 23: 37-39; Hebrews 12: 17.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, October 16.—Genesis 17. Everlasting covenant for Abraham. (vs. 19) Compare 2 Sam. 7: 16.

Tuesday, October 17.—Genesis 18. Angelic guests. Compare Heb. 13: 2.

Wednesday, October 18.—Genesis 19: 1-29, [30-38]. Angelic Saviours. Compare Gen. 19: 17, 18.

Thursday, October 19.—Genesis [20] 21. The promised son—Isaac. Compare Gen. 17: 16.

Friday, October 20.—Genesis 22: 1-19, [20-24]. The test of faith. Compare Heb. 11: 17-19.

Saturday, October 21.—Genesis 23. The death and burial of Sarah. Compare Gen. 49: 19-31.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—October 15.

Lost Opportunities, Jer. 8: 20; Matt. 23: 37-39; Heb. 12: 17.

We look at our subject from the standpoint of the individual. Life is an unbroken series of opportunities. Man is not a creature of Fate, Providence throws around his path in rich prodigality opportunities, and man determines how these conjunctions of circumstances shall be treated. He may make them occasions of evil, or of his eternal advantage. Even opportunities to sin may be converted into good. Temptation resisted increases the moral muscle. The degree of our perfection is measured by our faithfulness in seizing and using our opportunities to become what was intended in our creation and redemption. But the melancholy fact stares us in the face, that life's record shows the oft-recurring item "lost opportunities." Indeed it could scarcely be otherwise; for to be perfect in the use of opportunities would involve a wisdom, a decision of character, a devotion to duty, and a moral courage not indigenous to human nature. At the same time we have failed at so many points where duty was plain, that it becomes us to repent and bemoan our many lost opportunities.

Opportunities are as varied as are the spheres of human activity. As related to the Christian life our opportunities may be divided into two classes, viz., opportunities to become and opportunities to do.

In the field of our own development how liberally has a kind Father-hand scattered opportunities! To live today means that our path is beset with advantages. Never was age so golden in opportunities for the individual. Privileges which the seers of other ages beheld only in vision are now pressing themselves upon us. The wisdom of the world lies at our elbow, and the secrets of all lands are now "open" before us, yes, and the very heavens are tributary to our development. How are we using our opportunities! The fact that we quote Shakespeare for Scripture, that we believe Telugu-land bounds heathendom, and that the chief element of our religious creed is, that all the inexpressible sufferings of the Christ of God were but for the purpose of saving our own little souls from a future hell—these facts certainly show that we have not seized the opportunities of God's regenerating, uplifting grace, of the courses in Bible study and missionary work, and of the light that shines from the most religious sanctuaries of the land—opportunities to become and to learn, so persistent and so fascinating that it requires a mighty effort to brush them aside. Heaven forbid that the wall be repeated by us: "The harvest is past and the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Then in the sphere of our service for others our opportunities are as numerous as the individuals we meet, and the peoples we can touch through the lengthened arms of the modern methods of civilization. To do what the world regards as a great service may not be our privilege, but the ministries we are permitted to perform may not be insignificant factors in the life of those served. A word of warning, a word of counsel, a word of encouragement, a worthy example, a wholesome influence, a cheerful contribution to a needy cause, these in their opportune time and place may mean the noblest service we can render to our kind. Diligence here is enforced by the teaching that we are our brother's keeper, and stewards of the favors of God. But alas! how many opportunities to express the noblest quality of manhood have we allowed to go by forever.

Why our lost opportunities to get and to give? The answer must be sought in ourselves, for opportunity means circumstances in which specific action is possible. Among the causes of our failure may be mentioned: lack of wisdom, preoccupation, procrastination, lack of faith, lack of courage. But for us as Christians they may all be condensed into this one: Lack of loyalty to the Christ Spirit within us and above us. In every conjunction of circumstances would we not discover our duty if we asked ourselves the question, "What would Jesus have me do?" Were we to adopt this rule and be governed by its spirit, when we examine our record we would not shed so many tears over the opportunities allowed to pass without an effort to utilize them. Modern as we may over past neglect and worse, the best evidence of our regret, and that which will give most promise for the future, will be our renewed determination to be true to our motto, "Loyalty to Christ in all things, at all times."

Goldboro, N. S.

W. J. RUTLEDGE.

Critics and Criticism.

Suggestive criticism touching the conduct of this department will be gladly received at any time by its editor. But in all criticism, there are three principles which critics should observe. 1. The criticism should be well based, any other criticism is untenable. 2. It should be constructive rather than destructive. Anyone can destroy, but thought and creative genius enter into construction. 3. Criticism should always be over the name of the real critic. Any other criticism is unmanly and deserves only contempt.

Wolfville, N. S.

Wolfville B. Y. P. U. held its annual meeting on Sept 26th. Officers for ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Clara L. Cohoon; vice-president, Mary Richardson; Secretary, Hilda Tufts; Treasurer, Ralph M. Jones. We shall not take the C. C. C. this year, but instead our meetings will be more largely devotional. Our programme includes monthly experience meetings and monthly missionary meetings, varied by an occasional temperance night. The Union raised over sixty dollars last year. The meetings during the summer have been very small, but of deep interest; and we look forward to a good time this winter.

H. H. CURRIE, Sec. pro term.

Our Denominational Work.

At the late Maritime B. Y. P. U. Convention, the report of the Executive Committee recommended that the Maritime Union unite in the effort to support a missionary in the foreign field. In lieu of this recommendation, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That our unions be earnestly advised and requested to find the proportionate amount their respective churches should contribute to our denominational benevolence, and that they make every effort that this amount be raised and forwarded through the treasurers of the churches to the treasurers of our funds at least quarterly.

Pastors and Presidents are your Unions carrying out this resolution?

In the discussion upon this matter Pastor W. N. Hutchins M. A. of Canning, N. S. spoke with such a grasp of the principle involved that we asked him to write out for publication the substance of his remarks. It is presented below.

The Young Christian and Denominational Benevolence.

By what method should our young people give to denominational work? No one doubts the urgency of their giving to it. Giving and growth go together in Christian character, but the giving must be unselfish, reaching out beyond local needs and institutions. By what method then should our young people give to denominational work? Should they identify themselves with a single phase or department, concentrating their benevolence upon it, or should they give through the regular channels and to all the objects specified by the Maritime Convention? Most strongly I advocate the latter method, giving through the regular channels and to the entire work of the denomination. No doubt there are advantages in the selection of a single object by the young people as a rallying centre for their financial efforts. There are in it possibilities of unity and enthusiasm, and for immediate raising of money it cannot be surpassed. Yet with all its advantages I beg to protest against the adoption of such a method for contributing to denominational work. I beg to protest against it, for I believe the method to run contrary to the declared purpose of our young people's organization. What is that purpose? Is it not the development and direction of all the activities and possibilities of character and conduct in the young people? Education is its aim. But that is just where the scheme of beneficence suggested for our adoption fails us. Instead of being in sympathy with it is contrary to sound educational methods and principles. Instead of producing developed and symmetrical character, Christians with breadth of sympathy and width of horizon, its offspring is a brood of deformities, a family of religious monstrosities, Christians with a place for Home but none for Foreign missions, or who believe in education but have no sympathy for other denominational duties. Concentrated beneficence cannot produce broad character, character sympathetic and responsive, and with an horizon like that of Jesus Christ. Concentration is always at the expense of breadth. Concentration means the absence of breadth. In its necessary effect therefore the scheme before us is a menace to our existence as an educational institution. Our aim is educational, and the proper educational order is breadth of development, then specialization or concentration. Our aim is educational, and education desires and seeks for the removal, not the creation of an ill-developed, one-sided type of life. Our aim is educational, and education looks to the entire man and seeks his development, not here and there and in spots but on every side of his being. No doubt the selective scheme before us would be fruitful of enthusiasm, unify and bring our societies closer together, and in the immediate future raise more money. But these are not the questions of moment. The question of moment is this—Will this method of raising money be educational in its influence. Let us not be mercenary. Suppose more money could be raised by adopting one department of denominational work as our child. Shall we therefore abandon our ideal—cultured and symmetrical character? Shall we give it up for a mess of pottage? Shall we sell it for thirty pieces of silver? Think before you answer in the affirmative or give your sympathies to any method of beneficence, remembering that our society exists not for the raising of money, but for the training of men and women with a depth of conviction, a height of aspiration, a breadth of horizon, with whom giving will not be a spasmodic but a stable and regulated habit.