

The Young People

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Prayer Meeting Topic—August 21.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Some reasons for praise, Isa. 12: 1-6.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, August 22.—Isaiah 18. A call to the inhabitants of the world to hear, (vs. 3). Compare Isa. 2: 2. Tuesday, August 23.—Isaiah 19. God's worshippers in the future, (vs. 25). Compare Eph. 2: 10. Wednesday, August 24.—Isaiah 20. Isaiah's symbol in His Name, (vs. 2). Compare Ezek. 3: 1, 2. Thursday, August 25.—Isaiah 21. Nations punished in His Name, (vs. 2). Compare Jer. 25: 13, 14. Friday, August 26.—Isaiah 22: 1-14. An unpardonable iniquity, (vs. 14). Compare 1 Sam. 3: 14. Saturday, August 27.—Isaiah 22: 15-25. Why take place? (vs. 25). Compare Isa. 14: 27.

Prayer Meeting Topic—Sunday, Aug. 21.

Some reasons for Praise. Isa. 12: 1-6.

1. "Thine anger is turned away, etc." Surely it is great cause for praise that God "has reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ." 2 Cor. 5: 18, 19; Eph. 2: 16; Col. 1: 20. God became reconciled to us before we had any thought of him. His love is of such a character that we do well to keep it continually before us as our ideal. Rom. 5: 10. Be God-like in your life and you can then proceed in the language of the lesson.
2. "God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid." We have no occasion to fear anything when God is our "strength," we must guard against fearfulness because it is closely related to want of faith in God.
3. "The wells of salvation" to draw from, daily and hourly, will keep you refreshed for your work by drinking deep draughts. Draw, and use freely, and come at once to be refilled; don't wait till you are almost famished.
4. God tunes your heart to sing his praise and invites you to call upon his name, so be sure to proclaim it; and declare his doings by becoming a living example of what he can do. Let us strive continually to be so loyal to Christ that the world shall always see Christ not us, (vs. 6).

Amherst '98.

Seventh Annual Convention of the Maritime Baptist Young People's Union, Amherst, Nova Scotia, August, 18th, 19th, 1898.

PROVISIONAL PROGRAMME.

Subject to the approval of the Convention, and such changes as it may be wise to make.

OPENING SESSION—AUG. 18.

8-8.30—Preliminary exercises.
8.30-9—"Echoes from Buffalo," Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S.
9—Address: Subject (to be announced). Rev. E. E. Chivers, D. D., Chicago, General Secretary of the International B. Y. P. U.

FRIDAY MORNING—AUG. 19.

6.30-7.30—Workers' Conference, subject: "Our Christian Culture Studies," conducted by Prof. E. W. Sawyer, Wolfville, N. S.
9-9.30—Address, subject, "Our Christian Culture Studies," Rev. E. E. Chivers, D. D.

FRIDAY EVENING SESSION.

8—Addresses: (a) "Our Baptist Young People and Education," Rev. Mr. Hatch, Wolfville, N. S. (b) "Our Baptist Young People and the Evangelization of our own Country," Rev. J. A. Gordon, St. John, N. B. (c) "Our Baptist Young People and the Temperance Problem," Rev. W. B. Hinson, Moncton, N. B.

SATURDAY MORNING—AUG. 21.

6.30-7.30—A Young People's Model Prayer Meeting, Leader, Mr. A. E. Wall, Moncton, N. B.
9-9.30—Address: "The Young People's Prayer Meeting," Pastor Henry F. Adams, Truro, N. S.
9.30-10—Unfinished Business.

SUNDAY MORNING—AUG. 21.

6.30-7.30—Consecration Hour. (Leader to be announced).

MONDAY MORNING—AUG. 22.

6.30-7.30—A Workers' Conference on "Junior Union Work," conducted by Rev. G. R. White, Fairville, N. B.
9-9.30—Address: "Junior Work," Mr. George A. McDonald, Halifax, N. S.
9.30-10—Unfinished Business.

TUESDAY MORNING—AUG. 23.

6.30-7.30—A Young People's Model Thanksgiving Service, Leader, Rev. David Price, Tryon, P. E. I.
9-9.30—Address: "Thanksgiving, an incentive in Christian Work," Rev. D. A. Steele, D. D., Amherst, N. S.
9.30-10—Unfinished Business.

Respectfully submitted by the Secretary,

H. G. ESTABROOK.

Serving Christ is a wide word, and covers the whole life: You will not finish it up on Sunday, or confine it to certain evenings or meetings or special duties of any kind. Be Christ's man everywhere. Carry his spirit with you as Jacob carried the odor of the vineyard and the barley ground in his garments when he came into his father's presence. This world is not so blid but that it can smell the fragrance of goodness. Carry Christ with you into trade, and into your shop, and into your social circle, and into the car when you travel, and into your own home, as well as into your closet and to the communion table. You cannot spend a half hour with some of Christ's choice ones without being stirred and quickened and inspired by them. The reason is that they were full of Christ, and warned you; they were charged with the electricity of the Holy Spirit, and you felt and caught the spark. This world is only a training-school of service; up yonder before the throne they "serve him day and night in his temple," and how will you do it if you have never learned? Heaven was never made for idlers.—Helpful Thoughts.

The Christian is a servant of God. The word is often found in the Scriptures. It is employed by God to describe men, and it is used by men to describe themselves as to the Deity, in their phrases and their prayers. There is nothing humiliating in it. It is an honor to be a servant to the State, a public servant. It is a higher honor to be a servant to the Creator of the universe. The name is given to the Son of God as our Saviour. By the knowledge of him "shall" my righteous servant justify many," says Jehovah by his prophet Isaiah 53: 11. Now a true servant takes pains to know his master's will. Do you, dear reader, follow this course? Do you search the Scriptures, study God's providences, ask him daily in your closet to show you what he would have you to do? Do you expect the real reward from him? Or are you looking for it in the favor or the applause of your fellow creatures? Letters are often closed with the superscription, "Your obedient servant," where there is no intention of serving. The phrase is formal, conventional. Can you look up to God in sincerity and say, as in the eighty-sixth Psalm, "Give thy strength unto thy servant"?—John Hall, in Golden Rule.

Our Juniors.

Into the Country.

Oh! what fun! Jump and run!
Here and there in shade and sun!
Out of the city dust and heat—
Into the country cool and sweet.
Tumbling about on fresh haymows,
Or down to the pasture after the cows;
Wading here in brown brooks clear,
Picking blackberries growing near;
Supper; then more frolic and fun;
Home to bed when the day is done.
Peace to the house! God guard from ill!
Sleep, little children, as long as you will.
—Sunshine.

One of God's Gifts.

She was only about as tall as the great piano itself, and yet Geraldine's tiny fingers had already made out many of the tunes she had helped to sing in the Sunday-school. Sometimes after the house had been searched in vain for her, mother would find her seated on the piano stool in the dim old-fashioned parlor, singing as happily to herself as the birds in the treetops near by.

Sometimes it was "Jesus bids us shine," sometimes it was "Birdie, stay a little longer," or some other of her favorite little songs. She was a happy little girl, and she had found a new way also of giving happiness to others.

When Grandmamma was alone, sometimes she sent for Geraldine to sing to her, and when auntie was sick, she also wanted Geraldine; and one of the happiest days for the sick children in the hospital ward, and one they had talked of for many weeks after, was when grandmamma had taken Geraldine with her on her visiting day, to sing for them also.

And so this little girl learned also how her gift of song could be a blessing to others as well as to herself.—Apples of Gold.

A boy had been up for an examination in Scripture, had failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there were any text in the whole Bible he could quote. He pondered and then repeated: "And Judas went out and hanged himself."
"Is there any other verse you know in the Bible?" the examiner asked.

"Yes. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

There was a solemn pause and the proceedings terminated.—Catholic Standard and Times.

upon her. "Oh, I think I know how it is," she said, "You are very sensitive and perhaps it seems to affect you more than it really does. I remember that brother Joe had to be careful, or mamma for him, that he did not take a second glass; it made him, well rather free and forward you know," and she smiled as if recalling some ludicrous instance, "but he was easily excited always, would fly into fits of passion, but you my strong minded husband you could never forget yourself; come, let me put your name down for the first toast for our little son's health and long life?"

There was no answer, only a look full of sadness as he arose and left the room.

If he had answered her, if he had told her "why" just then and there all might have been different. The dinner was given; friends near and dear, some distinguished strangers, many well-wishers were present, and at the close the little son and heir was brought in. Donald, pale but firm, proposed his health, lifted his glass, put it down, then as he caught his wife's eye fixed upon him in entreaty, raised and drained it, filled it again, and when the ladies left the table there were some anxious glances cast upon the now highly excited host, but not by his wife.

"Didn't Don do splendidly to-night?" she whispered to her friend, Miss Mary. "I knew I could cure him of his fanatical notions about wine. I'll have a good laugh at him by-and-by."

This was the beginning; alas! not the end. The appetite so long and so bravely kept in check only by total abstinence, once more asserted itself in full power. No need now for his wife to urge the wine upon him. Her care was to keep him from it. One day he had been out driving with a friend, and had stopped at their club for "refreshments." Just as the gentlemen alighted from the light buggy, the nurse came down stairs with little Don dressed for his daily outing.

"Here, give my boy to me," he cried, "he shall have a ride with his papa."

The nurse hesitated and even attempted to retreat, fearing danger, but Donald, seizing the child, attempted to spring into the carriage with him in his arms. The whip which he still held, touched the horse, who jumped forward, reared and plunged, and father and son were thrown to the ground, the carriage passing over them. When taken up baby Don was dead, his father only breathing. "Indeed, love, I do not dare to taste it, even," came from his lips and all was still. Of course Aunt Millie was crazed with grief. For weeks her life was despaired of, but she rallied, and, as you know, has devoted her lonely life to "helping and saving," how many no one can know. She regained some of her cheerfulness after a time, but has had returns of the prostration which overcame her at first, when the anniversary comes, or anything occurs to bring it especially to mind.

"Oh, girls, can she ever forgive me?" sobbed poor Alice. "I'm afraid I've killed her!"

"No, not this time," said Ella, kindly, "and if it is the means of making us all more careful in future I am sure we shall have little cause to regret this sad ending of our visit, and that she, dear soul, will rejoice even in it."

"More careful!" burst out Alice, wiping away a fresh shower from her eyes. "I will never again so much as look at a glass of wine, even if it is right under my eyes, and as for asking any one to drink it, I think I'll die first!"

"Amen," said Ella, solemnly, and all the girls whispered it after her.—Standard.

A Jealous Pet Horse.

In a boarding stable in New York there is a horse whose name is Tatters. He is the pet of Mrs. D., who owns and drives him. She always gives him an apple or carrot before starting on a drive and another on returning, the latter being given after his bridle has been removed, and he has learned to wait patiently for the dainty until that time.

On the same floor of the stable is Mr. B's horse Phil. Mrs. D. used frequently to give an apple to Phil after giving one to Tatters. The latter would manifest displeasure at this in a mild way, but his demonstrations never went beyond the shaking of his head and laying back of his ears.

But one evening, while Tatters, who had just come in, was waiting for the removal of his bridle, Phil, who was ahead of him, was the recipient of an apple from Mrs. D.'s hand as she stood talking to Mr. B.

A moment later the groom had removed Tatters' bridle, and at once his mistress offered him his apple. He turned his head away and refused to touch the fruit. Mrs. D. followed him into his stall and tried to coax him, but he began munching his hay and would not look at her.

Then Mr. B., and after him the groom, tried to induce Tatters to take the apple, but to no purpose. He was hurt because his mistress had given an apple to Phil before giving one to him, and he would not forgive the affront.

His owner's feelings were much like those of the horse, and she left the stable with tears in her eyes. Before starting out the next day, she had a friend give a carrot instead of an apple to Tatters, in the hope that if he had not forgotten the unintended affront the carrot might break the association with the apple.

He took the carrot eagerly. Then he took one from his mistress' hand, and you may be sure she has never since then given apple or carrot to another horse while Tatters was in sight.—New York Observer.