

The Young People

"Good land? What's come?" she exclaimed, springing up, to find that it was only Col. Heath's coachman with a bundle.

"The work Mrs. Heath promised me," thought Miss Ferry, as she laid the big parcel on the old lounge. "I don't believe I'll open it now; somehow I don't want to see more work to-day."

In a moment, however, she changed her mind. "Mrs. Heath's real good to me; maybe it's something she wants done right up," and she proceeded to undo the numerous wrappings.

"Seems to me it's done up mighty careful for just being sent down here. What under the sun is it anyway?" she said aloud, as she took off the cover of the long pasteboard box and unfolded a pretty dark blue dress, all made and finished.

"Something Miss Florence wants altered, I guess. It's too small for Mrs. Heath. Here's the directions," she continued, as an envelope fell from the folds of the skirt.

As she read, her thin face flushed and she laid the note down with a gasp. "Oh, I can't! And after all I've said to her!" she whispered. Then she read it again.

Dear Miss Ferry: I was in the city yesterday and saw this dress which made me think of you. I thought that as you were so busy taking stitches for other people, perhaps it might be a little help to have something all made up, and I think it will fit you. Will you accept it with my love! Please don't mind my sending it, dear Miss Ferry, for you share so much with others you must let others share with you sometimes.

Mamma wishes me to ask you if you will come and spend this beautiful day with us. We are going to drive in the afternoon to Pine Point, and it will give us so much pleasure to have you with us. Please come and wear the new dress. James will call for you at eleven.

Yours very truly,

FLORENCE W. HEATH.

"The good Lord bless her!" said Miss Ferry, with a little sob. "It seems as if I couldn't take so much from anyone, but it would be downright ungrateful not to." And then the joy of possession entered her soul.

She examined the dress with the appreciation of a skilled seamstress. "Just see those silk facings; and it's finished elegantly! I never expected to live to see this day. And after all my complaining, too! I ain't deserving! I ain't deserving! But, oh, even Miss Florence can't know what it means to me to have a new dress!"

Promptly at eleven James, impressive in dark blue livery and shining buttons, helped the fluttering little woman, in her trim new suit, into the soft-cushioned carriage.

I am not going to describe the welcome Miss Ferry received at the Heath's, nor the long day of delight she passed in that beautiful home.

It is needless to say that the dainty lunch bore no suggestions of being warmed over, and that beans and hash played no part in the elaborate dinner, like unto none that Miss Ferry had ever before tasted. It was such a satisfaction to rise from the table with a feeling of luxurious leisure! Not even her kind hostess could appreciate what it meant to the little woman to leave the dining-room with no thought of unwashed dishes on her mind.

After lunch came the drive. The roomy victoria rolled over the roads with delightful ease, and the sleek horses that tossed their heads and shook their glossy manes, bore their load along at a pace that was pleasure to their well-exercised limbs. They drove through pleasant wood roads and the fragrant breath of the pines was like balm to Miss Ferry's tired lungs. They drove by the beach-bordered bay, and the sea sparkled and danced before them.

It seemed to Miss Ferry that the out-of-door world was never so bright and fresh and clear as it was that afternoon. She lay back in rapt enjoyment, abandoning herself to the present, knowing that seams would be less monotonous and buttonholes not so much a nightmare when lightened by the memories of that drive. When the long day was over and Miss Ferry bade the Heath's good-bye, she tried to make plain a little of her gratitude.

"It's the first day of whole things I ever had," said she. "You can't guess what that means to me, who haven't had anything but pieces and patches before," and then she was driven away; smiling through happy tears.

"Well," said Florence, standing out in the moonlight and watching the carriage roll slowly down the drive, "what fun it was! I thought I was the one to do the giving, but I declare, I've got lots more than I've given. It's been a day of whole things to me, too—a whole day of happiness."—Youth's Companion.

Do not think so much of the good time coming that you lose the good time at hand. Mercies and blessings are of daily occurrence, and are to be enjoyed as they arrive. God does not give us all his favors at once, or in a lump. He distributes them as his infinite wisdom and love dictate.

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.
All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

P. Y. P. U. Topic.—Practice Christianity. 1 John 3:14-18.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, May 13.—1 Chron. 16:23-43; (chap. 3) Admonishing one another with Psalms. Compare Col. 3:16.
Tuesday, May 14.—1 Chron. 17:1-27; (chap. 4:1-23) David's unrivaled promise—(vs. 11-14). Compare Isa. 9:6, 7.
Wednesday, May 15.—1 Chron. 18; (chap. 4:24-43) The method of a true king (vs. 14). Compare Isa. 11:3, 4.
Thursday, May 16.—1 Chron. 19:1-20:3; (chap. 5:1-17) Fight and trust to God (vs. 13). Compare Heb. 11:8.
Friday, May 17.—1 Chron. (20:4-8); 21. Fall rather into the hand of God (vs. 13). Compare Ps. 103:8.
Saturday, May 18.—1 Chron. 22; (chap. 5:18-26) A father's blessing (vs. 11, 12). Compare Num. 6:22-27.

We gladly welcome Rev. H. H. Roach of Annapolis, N. S., as the writer on Prayer Meeting Topics this month. An article on last week's topic was sent by him but we regret to say it came too late for publication.

The general discussion on our B. Y. P. U. goes interestingly on. We trust that all our readers are giving them the careful attention that they deserve. Let those who are B. Y. P. U. leaders meditate upon them.

Prayer Meeting Topic—May 12.

Practice Christianity. 1 John 3:14-18.

Dear Unioners, I take it that I am to perform the part of a can-opener; I am to cut the seal, and remove the covering of the can, if I can, and you are to help yourself to the contents if you can. Let us both do our best.

History tells us that for many years men believed that the sun revolved about the earth. History also shows how for the centuries men have been inventing new theories to explain facts; and how they have explained away the teaching of this passage, which shows how the law of heaven operates in a world of men. Self is not the centre of the universe, not even of our own life. We are to circle about others whom we are to serve. Revolve about others in lovingkindness and faith, instead of making others, and your dealings with them revolve about you.

An abstract interpretation of this theme deals only with theories of benevolence; but practically explained, it deals with the needs of men. A theory of benevolence in the head only means murder in the heart truly, according to verses 14 and 15. To be true children of God humanity needs to have both interpretations. (1) We should see the sublimity of love and possess its ideal. (2) We should also understand the dignity and possibilities of life.

In order to practice Christianity we must love in truth. "Without ideals all of our practical moral life is wanting in dignity, amplitude and inspiration, necessary for duty and restoration." The very sound of the words stating these grand ideals awakens emotion, and the consciousness of their possession gives peace. The essential element of sonship and brotherhood is love. Consciousness of love for the brethren is equivalent to a glad identification with the sons of the same beloved Father. In this way it will be seen that fraternal love is a proof of life; since we were originally under death, it shows that our regeneration is also a resurrection.

Again, the practice of Christianity is loving in deed. Christianity is a profession as well as a possession. It is a life possessing us until we become practical. It is this because the incarnation of Jesus brings practical results, and if incarnate in us results follow. The hypocrite delights in sublime speculations since by his emotions are aroused, he mistakes this for loving in truth; and being selfish he fails to take the next step so essential to character, the fixing of emotion by an act of self-sacrifice, and thus crystallizing impulses, frames and feelings into permanent character. There is but one stride from selfishness to service as Christ knew it; but where we all fail, is in taking that one step. Speculation always falls into this error.

The ideal of love is the loftiest one that can find a place in the heart of man, and it is so easy to forget to bring it down to the level of life. We do not debase the ideal of love when we make it practical in its application; but we exalt degraded life to love's high eminence. There is nothing in this life to separate love and the lost, that separation comes in the next life; while here each is known by contrast and by contact. Love can express itself only by self-sacrifice. In a practical sense God loves not in heaven but on earth, for we are the special objects of his love, and as it is with this only that we have to deal; therefore we may know that we love God by our love for the brethren, and if this be true, if we possess love we must sacrifice for others, which is practicing Christianity. Love has this positive effect upon all of our relations. For proof of this see vs. 16. Here is a perfect love in a complete sacrifice. In verse 14 we are called to a limited and partial sacrifice only. If we are to lay down our lives for the brethren, how much more are we to give of our substance, and not withhold it. We want more preaching like this which says "Ye must." "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things I command you?" Is your life measured by this great standard? Is your love conformed to the print of these wounds?

—HOWARD H. ROACH.
Annapolis Royal, April 30th, 1901.

"The B. Y. P. U. as an Evangelistic Agency."

BY REV. G. R. WHITE, B. A.

No. 5.

Evangelization in the Scriptural sense of the term, is a divine work carried on through human agency. To evangelize is to carry or send the gospel of Christ to those who have it not, whether in Christian or heathen lands. It is the rolling away of the stone from the sepulchre door and giving the dead a chance to hear the word of life. It is the bringing of the living Christ into contact with dead souls. Every child of God may truly say, "Christ hath sent me to evangelize." The church of Christ is the great evangelizing agency on the human side, and the B. Y. P. U. is a most important part of the church, and therefore a divinely appointed agency to carry the evangel of Jesus to a lost world. There is a sense in which the "Union" is especially fitted to do this work. The work of evangelization is both hard and slow. The B. Y. P. U. has the more nerve, zeal, and time, with which to do this work, for it lays hold on the young element of the church, and their term of service will be longer in which to achieve for it. This young people's movement has discovered the "boy" and the "girl," as a working force in the spread of the kingdom. And God is rolling upon them the burden and the honor too, in a degree that he has not done in any past age of the church's history. Let us be both grateful and thankful for the honor thus bestowed. This consecration of young life to the service of God is one of the most hopeful signs of this day. The B. Y. P. U. may or may not continue in its present form, as noted by Dr. Gates, but the work will. "The workmen die, but the work goes on." Never again will the youth of the church sit with folded hands until they get old enough to speak for Christ. To be saved is God's "call" to do active and aggressive work for him.

Again, the B. Y. P. U. has put in the hands of the young, tools made sharp with which to prosecute most effectively the work of evangelization. The Sacred Literature Course, the Bible Readers' Course, and especially the Missionary Course, have fitted our young Christians for larger and more intelligent work, both in the homeland and in the regions beyond. When we compare the church of today with the church of a quarter of a century ago, we realize somewhat the way God has laid hold on the young disciples of Christ and thrust them into the thick of the fight, that they may gather jewels for the Redeemer's crown, and receive the "branch of honor" for his dear sake.

How may the B. Y. P. U. do more effectively this God-appointed task? Charles Kingsley says: "Thank God every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never knew." Let there be daily consecration of all to God, "the practice of the presence of God," and a conscious living in that Presence, all this and more will be needed if we do this God-appointed work as we should. We must follow him who said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." We must try to understand more clearly our relation to the Kingdom, and to the Lord of the Kingdom.

Conon Wilberforce put into four small words the whole duty of a Christian: "Admit, Submit, Commit, Transmit." The first three concern the relation of the disciple to his Lord, and the last of the four expresses the disciple's relation to the world, he is to transmit by lip and life, the light and love of God. To be saved from sin is not the end of God's salvation in the individual soul. That is only a means to the end—the end is that you serve others and serve God. We are to confess Christ and to do that in the best fashion means personal work for souls and a loving obedience to God's commands. A royal soldier of our late Queen was once asked how long it would take to carry a royal proclamation to the ends of the earth, he replied, "about 18 months." It has been over eighteen hundred years since the King of kings and Lord of lords said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and to-day hardly one-half of the race has heard the "joyful news." And we have no conception of the rapidity with which the flag of the cross could be carried into all corners of the world, if the hosts of God were all consecrated, soul, body, and possessions. Suppose we had the seven hundred million pounds (£700,000,000) that the South African war has cost the British nation, poured into the Foreign Missionary treasury of the Christian church, with grace to handle it wisely and well, what honor and glory would come to the name of Jesus in the next ten years, both on earth and in heaven. Oh, for a holy jealousy for the honor and glory of our Christ, of which sin and Satan is now robbing him! Dr. Pierson says, "If to-day there were only five hundred disciples on the earth and each one of them and their converts should bring to Christ one soul each year, by their simple geometrical progress the number of converts would swell so fast as to include the whole race in twelve years." Jesus did not ask an impossible task when he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

One fixes his mind on the pleasures and treasures of earth, and the result is a "miser." Another fixes his mind on the treasures and glories of heaven, and the result is a "monk." Yet another fixes his mind on Christ by faith as Lord and Redeemer and goes forth to save a lost world, and the result is a New Testament Christian, a disciple of him who "went about doing good."

Members of the B. Y. P. U. do we rejoice in the fact that Christ has appointed us to a post of honor in the spread of his kingdom, in the evangelization of the world? Remember then, "to whom much is given of them much shall be required." To us indeed has been committed a mighty dispensation of the gospel. Woe to me! know to you! If in some fashion worthy of our light and knowledge, we do not carry or send the evangel of Jesus to a dying, to a lost world.

Hantsport, N. S.