

* The Young People *

EDITOR,

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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.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Communion with God beautifies character and causes man's face to shine with a heavenly glory. Exodus 34:1-9, 29:35.
 Tuesday.—The transformation of the Christian more glorious and more permanent than the experiences of Moses. II Corinthians 3:1-18.
 Wednesday.—Glad to go to the house of God. Ps. 122.
 Thursday.—A day with God better than a thousand. Ps. 84.
 Friday.—A visit to the altar of God drives away anxiety and causes the soul to rejoice and sing praises. Ps. 42:1-43:5.
 Saturday.—Jesus transfigured while praying. Luke 9:28-36.
 Sunday.—With Christ and like Christ. I John 3:1-6.

Prayer Meeting Topic—August 31.

Communion and Transformation. Exodus 34:29-35; Luke 9:28, 29.

The True Element in Prayer.

Moses spent forty days in the immediate presence of God. Jehovah heard his earnest request for a vision of the divine glory. Moses could not see the face of God and live, but the goodness and mercy of God, of which the people of Israel had recently seen a signal display when Jehovah forgave them for the sin of idolatry, were proclaimed before Moses. There was a physical manifestation of the divine glory, such as Moses could endure; but the relation of the union of mercy and justice in the divine character was more important than the glimpse of the back of a glorious figure. Forty days in converse with the holy God had a transforming influence over the mind and the body of Moses. All this time he was longing for closer touch with Jehovah, a deeper sense of his greatness and his glory. Have we any right to expect the heavenly vision to flood our souls with peace and light up our faces with celestial brightness, if we are unwilling to spend much time in communion with God? Jesus often spent an entire night in secret prayer. He knew the value of time in the heart life. A momentary burst of sunshine is glorious, but it requires days and weeks of sunshine to grow and ripen our crops. We must take time to be holy.

The glory which floods heart and life will fade away, unless frequently renewed. When Moses first descended from a season of close and long-continued communion with God the people could scarcely look upon his face by reason of the beams which it sent forth. Gradually his countenance lost its dazzling brightness, until a fresh interview with God renewed the brilliancy. We must speak often with God, if we would be transformed and beautified in heart and life. Are we too busy to climb the mount and talk with God?

There is an autumnal ripeness possible only to those who have spent years in intimate fellowship with the living Christ. No glory of the young convert's experience can match the dignity and beauty and splendor of the soul which has spent fifty years in daily converse with God. I have this day spent a season of prayer with such an aged servant of our King. He was almost beside himself with joy as he talked of the goodness of God and the sure promises of the gospel.

ETERNAL MARKS OF THE PRAYER LIFE.

Prayer will come to the surface, so that men can get glimpses, at least, of the life in the soul. There is a sweetness and a beauty which will become visible in the face of the saint who walks close to God. I was once walking on the streets of Louisville with Dr. Basil Manly, a man known far and wide as one of the most saintly men in our Baptist brotherhood. We passed a lady and a little girl as we crossed over the street, and the good man, as was his custom, smiled on the little one. I overheard her ask her mother, as she pointed to Dr. Manly, "Mamma, who was that man with the pretty face?" The little one saw the grace and tenderness which a life of prayer had written all over the countenance of the good man, and to her his face was beautiful.

JOHN R. SAMPEY, in Baptist Union.

Hints to Leaders.

BY J. W. WEDDELL, D. D.

What is the purpose of the prayer meeting? Let us have an expression. What brought you to the meeting to-night? What are you here for?

If we come aright, it is with this main intent, that we may draw nigh to God. We need to get away from the din and whirl, and into the calm of God's sacred presence.

How shall we make the prayer meeting contribute to his good end? It must have two anchorages; we must cling to the Word and to the Holy Ghost. Some great

thought out of the Book must lift the souls of the attendants, and it must even be felt that not man but the spirit is in the lead.

Here, like Moses, we commune with God. Then we go out to meet men and do our work in the new strength that is ours.

It were better to read this passage in Exodus 34:33 with a "when" rather than a "till." It was the time between when Moses' face was veiled. He spoke both to man and God with open countenance. But he would keep the holy inspiration for use. So may we. Who can testify to new power gotten at the mount?

The passage in Luke tells the source and the secret of inspirational power. Get apart with Jesus. Let the young people do this, and nothing can withstand them. Without this, culture and training will amount to little. This is true culture, this is life.

Young people, place the prayer-meeting where it belongs, at the forefront. The first and constant resort of the early disciples was to the gates of prayer. Be at the mid-week prayer-meeting. You cannot afford to miss it. The church cannot afford to do without you there.

And see to it that prayer always eventuates in endeavor. The disciples went down from the shining mount to put sunshine into sad hearts at the foot of the hill. The young people's prayer meeting should always look forward to some work to be done for God and souls.

The Sunday night prayer meeting, for example, should always anticipate the preaching service, and the throwing of the net. That will put gladness into the pastor's heart, at least. How many are here to-night to help?

Suggested songs: "A charge to keep I have," "More like Jesus," "When my last work is ended," "Jesus, keep me near the cross," "Come, thou fount of every blessing," "Abiding," "Living for Jesus."

Illustrative Gatherings.

SELECTED BY SOPHIE BRONSON TITTERINGTON.

I remember the morning on which I came out of my room after I had first trusted Christ. I thought the old sun shone a good deal brighter than it ever had before—I thought it was just smiling upon me. As I walked out upon Boston Common and heard the birds singing in the trees, I thought they were all singing a song to me. Do you know, I fell in love with the birds! I had never cared for them before. It seemed to me that now I was in love with all creation. I had not a bitter feeling against any man. I was ready to take all men to my heart.—D. L. Moody.

Some one has recently asked, "Have you never met the beautiful surprises of the street—met a man or woman who had the 'Ten Commandments' written on the face?" The inner light may be so strong within us, that it shines forth to illumine other souls.

Rev. W. Pennefather of England has left behind him a most precious memory. His was a face one could never forget. Naturally of a hard, stern type, the hardness was changed, and he had a beautiful, softened, saintly face. Those who watched him as he read aloud in the scriptures, saw his face as it were the face of an angel. The very children rejoiced to meet him, and one little lad ran home to tell his mother that Mr. Pennefather had beamed on him.

Gathered Thoughts.

It gives us a moment of alarm to hear that some great and fruitful servant of God seems likely to be laid aside from his labors. We wonder for a moment how the church will get on without him, and who will do the work he was called to. Lyman Beecher says that more than once he was stunned by the death of some worker, as when the American Board lost Dr. Worcester. But God always raised up another to take the work; and do it, in a somewhat different way, yet for his glory. John Howe closes a sermon on the death of a young man of great promise somewhat in this fashion: "Such was he whom we have lost. What wealth of resource does it show in our Maker that he fashioned such a weapon for his service, and yet could afford to lay it aside? God is very rich in his resources, but he never really lays the polished weapon aside. He takes it for service elsewhere, and he fills its place here."

Never mind whereabouts your work is. Never mind whether your name is associated with it. You may never see the issues of your toils. You are working for eternity. If you cannot see results in the hot working day, the cool evening hours are drawing near, when you may rest from your labours, and then they will follow you. Do your duty, and trust God to give the seed you sow a body as it hath pleased him.—Alexander MacLaren.

According to our Lord's teaching, we can make the most of our life by losing it. He says that losing the life for his sake is saving it.—J. R. Miller.

The deaconess drilled him ten minutes. Then she took him into the toilet-room, washed such parts of his little body as she could get at, and smoothed his hair. He was really a sweet-looking little fellow.

"Now," she said, "try that man. His boots need shining. Don't forget a smile."

"Please, sir, have a shine?" said Tommy, exactly as his teacher had told him to do.

The gentleman looked down at the eager face and replied: "I don't care if I do."

After that Tommy sold two papers—nine cents in all. Then he wanted to carry the money right away home to his mother. The deaconess put a little towel and a piece of soap into the box with the rest of the lunch, and they went together past the still glowering boys. It was a dreadful home. The father was dead, the mother very sick.

When the deaconess returned she passed by the boys.

"What was the matter with Tommy?" she asked.

"Dat young dago? Ain't nottin' de matter wid him. But he will be if he don't keep away from dese corners."

"But his father's dead and his mother's sick. He must sell papers or starve. Why, he hadn't had anything to eat this morning till I gave him something, and he's such a little fellow!"

The boys looked very much ashamed.

"Sorry we licked him," one of them said, looking steadily down at the ground.

The next morning Tomaso came again to the station, and again a convenient lunch waited for him. But this time his hands and face were quite clean, and his face actually had a smile on it.

"Come, Tommy," said the deaconess, "let's go out on the corner where you'll have a better chance to sell papers and get shines."

"But the boys!" The lad's face grew actually pale.

"I'll stand by you awhile."

So they went out. Sure enough the boys came straight toward them. Tommy shivered away nearly out of sight in the hospitable folds of the black gown of his new friend. But this time he need not have feared.

"Is yer pap dead?" asked one of the biggest of the group.

"Yes," with pathetic brevity.

"Is yer mam sick?"

"Yes."

"Well, Tom, we gin yer dis corner. It's a bully one. Yer can sell papers an' git shines on it all yer want to. Hear?"

Tommy's business prospered exceedingly after that, and the little chap himself prospered yet more under the fostering care of his deaconess friend. His mother got well, his hands and face were always clean, he lost his haggard, unchildlike look, and his face actually took on a sign of baby plumpness. The deaconess told him of God and heaven, and enticed him into Sunday-school.

But one day he was not at his corner. A week passed before the deaconess, busy with many duties, could go to his poor home to inquire for him, and then she found him dying with diphtheritic croup. Sorrowfully she stood by the unconscious little form, expecting every hard-drawn breath would be his last. Suddenly the great black eyes opened and, as he recognized his friend, a wonderful smile broke over the little face.

"Yer was so good to me!" he whispered hoarsely, and was gone.—Lucy Rider Meyer, in the Epworth Herald.

A Wonderful Boy.

We met in the midst of a dream;

But I'm waiting for him to come true!

The style of his nose I've completely forgot,

But his eyes, I remember, were blue.

It was just 8 p. m. by the clock—

Which stood, I recall, on its head—

When his mother spoke up and said: "Kiss me, my son,

And run away quickly to bed."

I thought that the next thing would be

Loud wrath and perhaps even tears;

But instead—well, I really give you my word

That I've not been so staggered for years!

For he mumbled, this wonderful boy—

(I can feel my astonishment yet!)

"It's a pity I can't go at seven, when you know

How tired and sleepy I get!"

I felt myself falling away—

(In dreams chairs collapse without squeaking),

And when I came to, the first thing that I heard

Was the voice of the fond mother speaking.

She was kind, she was patient, but firm;

And her calm words decided his fate:

"It is settled, my son, that a boy of your size

Must learn to sit up until eight."

I sat on the floor, and I stared

In a dazed way from one to the other,

Then I said, "You are truly a wonderful boy,

And the son of a wonderful mother!"

—Frances Wilson, in the July St. Nicholas.

Little eight-year-old Helen accidentally discovered her pulse one day, and, running to her mamma, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I've got the hiccoughs in my wrist!"