

* The Young People *

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All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. W. L. Archibald, Lawrencetown, N. S., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

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Daily Bible Readings.

Monday.—Jehovah's Servant patient and firm under persecution. Isaiah 50:4-9.
Tuesday.—The Suffering Servant bears the sin of many. Isaiah 52:13-53:12.
Wednesday.—Memorial of our Saviour's suffering on our behalf. Luke 22:14-23.
Thursday.—Our Lord condemned and crucified. Luke 23:24-47.
Friday.—Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Romans 5:1-11.
Saturday.—Victory over every foe through our Lord Jesus. Romans 8:26-39.
Sunday.—If Christ died for me, what then? I John 3:13-24.

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Prayer Meeting Topic, Nov. 16.

"For Me." Isa. 56:3; Luke 22:19-20; Rom. 5:6-7; I John 3:16.

The doctrine taught in these passages is that of an individual Providence. The care that takes note of the "odd sparrow." Paul brings out the individuality of God's Providence with great clearness and force in Gal. 2:20, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." The Psalmist expressed the same truth when he said, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Then God looks upon us as individuals, this must be so, for there are no two persons alike in all respects and the peculiar needs of each one are met, therefore God looks upon us as individuals. He left the ninety and nine in the wilderness and went after the lost sheep. We see here, then, Love's divine object—"me," "who loved me." This is a most sweet assurance amid the sins and temptations of every day life. "For me" he lived and loved and died. This is not egotism, it is the intimacy of love. The gospel calls for a report from the "I go"—the "me." It was a whole Christ for Paul and a whole Paul for Christ. The personal individual aspect of his love can alone satisfy. "Whom I must know for myself and not another." God's love is indeed for the wide world; "God so loved the world." But it is a world of individuals. This individual knowledge is most sweet, "who loved me." Then take this whole Christ as yours, then will your heart so expand that you will give him to the world, while you still hold him as yours. For as the channel narrows the waters deepen. With this proof of God's personal care over all, you can go abroad or stay at home, scale the hills or tunnel the mountains with all safety.

"At home, abroad,
I still am guided by my God."

"For me," the Saviour lived and loved: How manifest this love to the individual in the days of the son of man on earth. Christ was ever looking after the individual. The woman that was a sinner—the poor leper—the lame man at the pool—the woman at the well. This is the divine method. Read John 1:35-46. How manifest the tears, sympathy and smiles of Christ to all classes. For while his great heart grasped whole the world, yet his heart was disengaged for any one who wanted it. A Welsh girl once heard some one say Christ was a Jew. She said: "That may be so, but he seemed to say to me in the Welsh tongue: 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.'" He had a look for Peter in the hall—an eye for Mary on the cross. The call of a blind man arrested him on his journey to the tomb—and a touch on the hem of his garment caused virtue, healing virtue, to go out of him. This is the Christ for you, "for me." Yes for you here and now.

"For me," for you, the gates of the Kingdom stand ajar:

"Oh, depth of mercy! can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me,
For me, 'For me.'"

Hantsport, N. S.

G. R. WHITE.

SUGGESTED SONGS.

"I gave my life for thee." "Must Jesus bear the cross alone?" "At the cross," "Thou didst leave thy thorne," "I was a wandering sheep," "Jesus lover of my soul," "Ninety and nine," "I need thee every hour."

"Thank 'e John."

Dr. John A. Broadus used to tell us students of an experience of his in soul-winning. It had been laid upon his heart to do some personal work for Christ. The first one he met was a simple-minded boy. And he led him to Jesus. The poor boy with beclouded intellect afterward presented himself to the church, professing faith in Christ. After his baptism he was received into church fellowship. A strong affection sprang up in the heart of the new convert for the one who had brought him to Christ. And ever afterward when he met young Broadus he would come up and say with fervor, "Thank 'e John, thank 'e John." And from out the praise and applause of the multitudes that fell upon the ear of the young and distinguished theologian, among the sweetest were the grateful words of the simple-minded boy, "Thank 'e, John, thank 'e, John."

And have you noticed the suggestive significance of the account of the cleansed leper who returned to thank Jesus, "And he was a Samaritan." Ah, me! how much of the gratitude of the world comes from the simple-minded and the Samaritans. What pathos, what pain, what rebuke in the Saviour's words: "But where are the nine?" "Do we belong to the thankless nine?"

If the broken-father-heart of poor distracted Lear could say—

"How sharper than a serpent's touch it is
To have a thankless child."

what must be the feeling of the great Father-heart over our "marble-hearted" ingratitude? Can not we all, as we receive our daily mercies, look up and say, "Thank you, Father, thank you!"—Rev. Everett Gill, in Baptist Union.

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The Hidden Gem.

That is a beautiful incident told of a certain church member who was unfamiliar with some of the most precious promises in the Bible. The story is old, but it will bear repeating for the benefit of those who have not read it.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said, "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?"

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood and I have the team, but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor replied: "I will pay you on condition that you read the first three verses of the forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood and at night opened the word of God and read the passage:

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterwards the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?"

"Oh!" said the now enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the widow's wants."—Sel.

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That prayer of an unhappy queen, "Oh, keep me innocent; make others great!"—that prayer of a great saint, "Give me, O Lord, a noble heart, which nothing earthly can drag down!"—that prayer of a sinful yet saintly king, "Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee, for thou art my God; let thou loving spirit lead me into the land of righteousness"—those are among the best prayers I know, because they are most in accordance with that prayer which Christ himself has taught us, which out of seven petitions has but one for our earthly blessing, and that our daily bread, and of which the keynote is, "Our Father which art in heaven."—Canon Farrar.

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Illustrative Gatherings

Be aristocratic in thought, to think the best things; be aristocratic in manner, to do the best things; be aristocratic in speech, to speak the best things; but be democratic in sympathies, love every fellow man, no matter how humble, and be democratic in your service. Grasp every opportunity to assist your fellows.—Percy Stickney Grant.

Personality is sacred; it is God's thought for each of us. So we should consider well before we attempt to reshape our personality to some conventional standard.

God adopts the race in Christ; sonship is offered in Jesus to every creature. Treat a man as a son, and he will feel his unworthiness. Nothing cures a man's false estimate of himself like the over-estimation of love. It is better error to over-estimate a man than to under-estimate him.

upon a bed. It was the beginning of what came near being her death. Days and nights and weeks I was by her sick-bed. I heard her, as her mind wandered, praying for me, and pleading for my reformation. And at times she would imagine that she was talking to my father. She would tell him of the plans which she had for her son, and that she hoped that he would be a sober man. Every word she said was like a knife cutting me; and many a time I wished that I had died before I ever tasted liquor. But, thank God, my mother got well. It was a long time before she was able to leave her room. I was her constant companion. Somehow it seemed to me that her life depended upon my care.

"When the war broke out, I made up my mind that I ought to enlist. I told my mother about it and asked her advice.

"'Charlie,' she said, 'I am afraid to let you go.'

"'Afraid of what, mother? Are you afraid that I will be shot?'

"'Worse than that.'

"'Mother, what can you possibly mean?' I inquired.

"She blushed as she looked me in the face. But her reply was one never to be forgotten.

"'Charlie, I am afraid that you will be overpowered by strong drink.'

"'Mother,' said I, 'I solemnly vow by the sacred memory of my dear father, that I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor without your consent.'

"'Then you may go to the war, Charlie.' That was her reply, boys. And I tell you what—when I drink an intoxicant, it will be when my mother's own hand brings it to me, and she asks me to drink it."

"'Amen!'" said several of the soldiers who were listening to the sergeant's story.

"I say, boys," said Ned, "here goes the whiskey." Turning the canteen upside down, he emptied its contents on the ground. As the liquor went gurgling out, he said, "I've got a mother, too, and I'm done with liquor."

"And I, too!"

"And I!"

Every one took the pledge, and it was afterwards said that the men who were gathered around the camp-fire that night were the strongest temperance men in the whole brigade.—National Advocate.

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A Credit Man's Costly Error.

Sometimes a credit man goes all wrong, but not often. A country merchant came up from Indiana with a written list of the things he wanted. He said he was new to the business, but he meant to have a partner who was wise. After he had picked out goods amounting to eight thousand dollars he was introduced to the credit man, and he looked so unconfident and inefficient that the credit man wondered how good clerks had been wasting their time on him.

"What terms do you want, Mr. —?" He stopped, and the visitor supplied his name.

"Well, down in our country we always pay after harvest."

"But harvest is past. You don't mean next harvest—in 1900—do you?"

"Well, that's when my people will pay me."

"Oh, we couldn't do that. Ninety days is the very best I could give you." And even at that he wanted to know a great many things about his visitor's prospects.

"How much if I pay all in sixty days?"

The credit man quoted the terms.

"How much in thirty?"

A discount was mentioned.

"How much for cash?"

"Spot cash? Money down?"

"Yes—currency."

It was a wild question. The credit man knew that he had no chance to get eight thousand dollars out of that man, and he quoted a beautiful discount.

"Well, receipt the bill," was the countryman's rejoinder. And out from the folds of a three-dollar suit of cloths he dragged money enough to buy a yacht and run it all summer.

He didn't put on much style, but he "figures" he saved the expenses of his Chicago trip.—Chicago Evening Post.

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"Mother," said Hardy Higgins, "Mr. Trivitt sent his little boy on an errand to get a hundred things, and Jimmy didn't forget one."

"That's the right kind of a boy to have," replied Mrs. Higgins. I wish you were like him, because you always forget one or two."

"But I could remember all the things Mr. Trivitt told Jimmy to get."

"What were they?"

"A hundred postage stamps."

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing?"

Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.