

* * The Young People * *

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space all articles must necessarily be short.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.

Sec.-Treas., Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, 49 Preston St., Halifax

YEARLY MEETING OF MARITIME B. Y. P. U.

The Maritime B. Y. P. U. met at Charlottetown on Monday, 9 a. m. In the absence of President and Vice-Presidents, Rev. Ernest Quick of Halifax, was called to the chair. Rev. J. W. Brown, of Hopewell N. B., was chosen chairman. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. Hutchinson. A Nominating Committee consisting of Revs. J. W. Brown, D. Hutchinson and W. Crowell was chosen.

The matter of the time and place of meeting was brought before the attention of the Union by the Sec'y. After some discussion, the following resolution was offered:

Resolved that we ask the Baptist Institute to give us the Friday evening preceding the Saturday on which the Maritime Convention meets, for our annual platform meeting. After some discussion this was laid on the table and the Union adjourned.

Union resumed business on Monday evening 7:15 o'clock at the call of the chair. The motion concerning time and place of meeting was taken from the table, and after some discussion was passed unanimously.

The Nominating Committee reported as follows: For President, Rev. D. Hutchinson; Vice-Presidents, Rev. H. C. Newcomb and Arthur Simpson; Sec'y.-Treas., Rev. M. A. McLean; Editor, Rev. H. G. Colpitts; Associational Secretaries: N. S. Western, Rev. H. H. Saunders; N. S. Central, Rev. L. F. Wallace; N. S. Eastern, Rev. O. N. Chipman; N. B. Western, Rev. W. R. Robinson; N. B. Southern, Rev. P. J. Stackhouse; N. B. Eastern, Rev. Z. L. Fash.

Union resumed business at 7:15 p. m.

The answer to the request of the Union from the Baptist Institute was presented by the Sec'y. as follows:

The Institute accedes to the request of the Maritime B. Y. P. U. for one year—the request being that we give up Friday evening for the Platform Meeting to be held under the auspices of the Maritime Union. The report was adopted.

The report of the Editor, Rev. B. H. Thomas was presented. On motion a vote of thanks was extended to Bro. Thomas for his service in that relation.

A bill of \$2.00 was presented for postage, etc., by the retiring Editor, and was ordered to be paid.

Rev. F. T. Miller of Londonderry, was chosen assistant Sec'y., and Rev. J. H. Jenner was appointed auditor.

The Executive was called together at the close of the Convention to consider the following resolution:

Resolved: that in the opinion of this Executive every effort should be taken during the ensuing year to have our Young People's Societies measure up to the obligation assumed by the Maritime Union two years ago to support a missionary, and that we request the F. M. Board to name as our missionary Rev. J. A. Glendenning, M. A.

The opinion was expressed that our Denominational Treasurers should acknowledge in the Young People's page in the Messenger and Visitor all contributions from our Young People designated to the support of Bro. Glendenning.

Note.—The reason for the change from Bro. Freeman to Glendenning given, is that Bro. Glendenning is to work among the Savaras, and would therefore stand for a special and unique work. It seems probable that the attention and support of the young people could be more readily secured for this special work. We are moving to support a special work and our action will not therefore be interpreted as a discrimination between our missionaries who are all first class men.

We expect to address our Young People on this work in the next issue.

Note 2.—We have neglected to note that at the last meeting of the Union the Sec'y.-Treas. resigned his office, as upon reflection it seemed impracticable for him to assume the responsibility for the work expected of the Sec'y. His resignation was therefore accepted, and Rev. J. W. Brown, of Hopewell, N. B., was appointed instead.

J. W. Brown, Sec'y. **AN.**
Albert, N. B., August 26.

SORROWING AND SUFFERING—WHY?

By Albert C. Applegarth, Ph. D.

To all mankind, comes one question. Why is it that the children of the kingdom have to suffer on their homeward journey? In reply, we can but say, now we know only in part. We see through a glass darkly—often very darkly. As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are God's thoughts above man's thoughts. But earthly analogies furnish some glimmerings of light.

The little children cannot understand the father's training. The boy does not want to go to school and study hard lessons. He would rather stay at home and play. But the parent is always intent on the ultimate welfare of his son. It is not even so with God whose supreme attribute is love! He is preparing us for that beautiful, eternal home beyond the starry realm of night. Just as the refiner passes the metal through the furnace, to purge away the dross, so the children of the Highest are made perfect through tribulation. This is why the Psalmist could exclaim: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes." When time's veil lifts, when our ransomed spirits shall see the end, as well as the beginning, I fancy we will thank God for those things, which now seem so grievous. As Paul says, they are working out for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Ah! then, what if sorrow doth endure for a night? Shall not joy and gladness come in the morning? Israel of old did not tarry long at Marah. Soon they marched on to Elim. Here were springs of living waters. Under the palm's spreading shade, they found rest. So when life's brief pilgrimage shall end, we too shall stand by the Crystal River. On its banks bloom immortal those trees, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Hence, in the hours of our wilderness passage, let us murmur not. Be of good cheer, my fellow traveler! Inscribed over every portal in Time's corridor are the blessed words: "All things work together for good to them that love God."—Commonwealth.

... KILLING THE SERMON.

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon tells in the current number of the "Independent" of a recent experience while preaching in the pulpit of a friend. As he sat down he was given a copy of the printed order of service for the day. The service for the morning consisted of twenty parts, sixteen before the sermon and three after. The clock was placed directly opposite the pulpit on the gallery. As the service began, Dr. Sheldon kept count of the time consumed by the different numbers. When the sermon was reached just one hour and fifteen minutes had been used. Out of compassion for the people, already weary, he condensed his remarks into fifteen minutes. That gave the proportion of seventy-five minutes for preliminaries and fifteen minutes for the sermon. Undoubtedly this is an extreme case. There are few Protestant Churches, especially congregational churches, that are so ignorant of relative values as this. But the tendency is all in one direction, and that is toward the lengthening and elaboration of the service. A certain amount of service is not only fitting but helpful. There should be parts for the congregation as well as for the minister. It should not be forgotten that people ought to go to church not only to hear a man but to worship God. The music, the responsive reading, the prayers all have their place in worship. This is all true and admitted, but at present the danger is that we will go to the other extreme and magnify the service at the expense of the sermon. The sermon is not the only thing in the service but it certainly is the chief thing. Protestantism rescued the sermon from its position of humiliation and insignificance. The pulpit had been only an incidental feature, a little place fastened upon some pillow—it became the chief place in the building. We must not forget the importance of the preached word. No service, however elaborate, can do away with our need for the truth. It is possible to kill the sermon by smothering it to death with preliminaries.—Commonwealth.

WHY ART THOU SO FAR FROM HELPING ME?

By George Matheson.

A hundred times have I sent up aspirations whose only answer has seemed to be the echo of my own voice, and I have cried out in the night of my despair, "Why art Thou so far from helping me?" But I never thought that the seeming farness was itself the nearness of God—that the very silence was an answer. It was a very grand answer to the household of Bethany. They had asked not too much, but too little. They had asked only the life of Lazarus; they were to get the life of Lazarus and a revelation of eternal life as well. There are some prayers which are followed by a Divine silence because we are not yet ripe for all we have asked; there are others which are so followed because we are ripe for more. We do not always know the full strength of our own capacity; we have to be prepared for receiving greater blessings than we have ever dreamed of. We come to the door of the sepulchre and beg with tears the dead body of Jesus; we are answered by silence because we are to get something better—a living Lord.

of a good deal of spirit and a leader among his friends. What he thought determined a good deal whether the new teacher's life was to be happy or miserable. The boy seemed to have determined that it should be miserable, for one escapade after another occurred in that teacher's dormitory.

"One morning after a particularly noisy disturbance in his corridor, the teacher came to the principal and expressed his wish to resign his position in the dormitory. The principal has not yet decided what to do. The teacher's resignation from a part of his duties means a reduction of salary that he and the family dependent upon him cannot afford—and yet such proceedings as have been going on in his dormitory of late cannot continue."

Mr. Swift leaned forward and drummed on his desk for a minute or two. Then he added, "That is all my story, Jack. You may go now."

Mr. Swift had looked at Jack a good deal while telling his story, but he had talked as if half to himself. His tone had not been one of reprimand, but of pure narrative. Now as the boy rose from his seat as quietly as he had entered, and walked toward the door, the teacher gave him a glance of quick decision and spoke in a business way:

"By the way, Jack," he said, as if suddenly recollecting something, "you need not walk off any more of those demerits Mr. Barnes gave you yesterday. He learned this morning that he had made a mistake in accusing you. He was very sorry, and asked me to send you to him tonight that he might apologize to you for his mistake."

Jack stopped with his hand on the door knob and stood irresolute for several seconds. Then he opened the door, and passed out with a courteous "Good afternoon, sir."

Mr. Swift watched him as he disappeared. When he had gone the teacher turned once more to the papers on his desk. An hour later he was still there working with an absorbed intensity that kept him from hearing a knock on the office door until it was repeated.

"Come in," he said at last, and for the second time that afternoon Jack entered. He came directly forward.

"Mr. Swift," he said, "I've done my thinking. I do not need to wait until tomorrow."

There was a long pause, during which the teacher watched the boy thoughtfully. He had little faith in impulsive action.

"Well?" he said finally.

"I just want to ask, Mr. Swift, if you would give Mr. Barnes one more chance in our dormitory?"

The teacher rose, and stepping before the desk held one on his shoulder. He looked down at the boy out one hand toward Jack, while he laid the other with one of his big, kindly smiles.

"Indeed, I shall, Jack," he answered, "that I cannot tell you how pleased I am that you ask it."—Interior.

LIZZIE GREEN, MY BAROMETER.

By Helen A. Steinhauer.

"What?—a girl barometer?"—I hear you ask. No; only a little green tree-frog. The boys called her "Lizzie Green. Frogland's Queen." But the poor little thing was in captivity, and her castle a big glass can (hotel size), roofed by a loose fitting glass cover with a hole in the top for air, while her throne was but a tiny wooden ladder, on the topmost round of which she sat in fair weather. When cloudy, she sat half in and half out of the water, which flooded her castle, croaking, "Rain! rain!" But when it really was raining she would dance and splash about in the water as though half crazy with joy.

We kept her jar in a window garden, and frequently took off the glass cover and let her hop out among the plants. Sometimes she would sit on the leaves, and be, oh, such a bright, beautiful green; but when she squatted on the earth in which the plants grew she became dark brown, almost the color of a toad.

She knew me—then her "little mistress"—very well, and would turn to the side of the glass nearest to me when she heard my voice, if I came back into the room after being out. She would also come hopping toward me from among the flowers, when I called her, and seemed to love to have me talk to her. The rest of the family she never noticed: I suppose she had not the brains to take on any more; she loved me best.

Had to catch flies to keep her alive or maybe it was because I fed her that during the winter, when there were none handy for her to catch. She never learned to eat anything else, and dead flies she scorned. The light of a lamp always excited her so that my father thought it must hurt her; therefore we kept her jar shaded after lights were lit.

I had her just a year—from spring to the next—after which I returned her to the grapevine on which we found her, thinking her health might suffer if we kept her longer housed.

I have two pet tree-frogs now out in the yard, on a vine. I do not allow them in the house, but they will follow me on the porch. One would not think a cold blooded frog could show so much affection.—Classmate.