

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. L. President, M. L. Gregg; Vice Presidents, 1st District, Geo. Currie; 2nd Dis., Allen Rideout; 3rd Dis., Miss Jane J. Robinson; 4th Dis., Luther Smith; 5th Dis., I. E. Vanwart; 6th Dis., Rev. A. J. Prosser; 7th Dis., Miss Aggie Cummings; Cor. Sec., Rev. F. C. Hartley; Treas., T. A. Lindsay; Rec. Sec., L. A. Fenwick, B. A.; Asst. Sec., Miss Ina Roach; Auditor, Miss Gertrude Hartley.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. U. President, Rev. D. T. Porter; Vice Presidents, A. M. McNinch, J. W. Freeman, Mrs. Geo. Phillips; Rec and Cor. Secretary, Mrs. A. M. McNinch; Treasurer, Miss L. M. Sargent.

NOTICE.

Blank report forms will be sent out this week to all Free Baptist Young Peoples Societies in New Brunswick.

If any society fails to receive these blanks will they please drop me a card.

After the blanks have been carefully filed one should be returned to the secretary and the other forwarded by delegate to League at Sussex Aug. 7th, 9th.

F. CLARKE HARTLEY. From, June 27th., 1900.

The Constitution.

The committee appointed last year to suggest changes in the constitution submit the following for the consideration of the members.

Section 3: The league shall be composed of its own officers who have complied with requirement of section four, and are properly certified delegates from all Free Baptist Young Peoples societies in New Brunswick and such others as may be provided for in following section.

Section 4. (A) The representation of societies shall be upon the following basis. The President and Cor. Sec. of each society, the pastor of the church with which the society is connected, he being a member of the society and one representative for each twenty active members or fraction thereof.

(b) All ministers ordained or licensed working on pastorates in which there is no society or any person being vouched for by a member of the League as being in good standing with a Free Baptist church in N. B., in which there is no society may with the approval of the executive become a member of the League upon payment of the annual fee of \$1.00

Bye Law.

(4) add credential:

Signed, Rev. L. G. FENWICK, Rev. J. B. DAGGETT.

"An Active Lookout Committee."

BY FRANK H. LANGFORD.

Farmer Gray was ploughing for his "spring crop" one afternoon in April, when he was suddenly accosted with a "Good-day," from a young man who had come across a field from the road. The farmer turned around quickly and gave the stranger a keen look, then asked somewhat bluntly, "Looking for work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you work last?"

"In England," with a smile that had a tinge of sadness in it.

"Humph; just out, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

And, after a discussion of work and wages, the business-like farmer hired him for two weeks, as a sort of test of his farming abilities.

The following Sunday morning the young Englishman, whom we shall call Will Verd, prepared for church, although his unwonted toil had thoroughly fatigued him. The walk was short, however, and he soon entered the lobby of the church, and in that moment a young man came up to him, gave him a hearty grasp of the hand, introducing himself as Harry Jennings, and, after a few minutes of conversation, took him to a seat and sat with him during service.

After service Harry wanted Will to accompany him to class-meeting in the vestry of the church, but Will declined, promising, however, to attend Sunday-school and get acquainted with the young people.

As soon as class-meeting was over, Harry Jennings might be seen talking earnestly to two of the class-members, Joe Williams and Clara Thomas. By listening to their conversation, we discover that he is president of the Lookout Committee of the League, and his companions are members of his committee.

"That young man I was talking with this morning," Harry was saying, "is the Englishman who is working for Mr. Gray. We must

try to get him to attend League, and keep out of the crowd of toughs for just so sure as he mingles much with them, he will become as reckless as they."

"Well, what is your plan?" asked Joe.

"I thought that, as both you and Clara go past Mr. Gray's on your way from Sunday-school, you could walk back with him and offer him Christian friendship in a sociable way. If we show him that we want to be his friends, we will acquire an influence over him which we can use for good. What do you think?"

They agreed to follow their leader's suggestions, and dispersed till afternoon. True to his promise Will came to Sunday-school, and was duly introduced to Joe Williams, who in turn made him acquainted with their Sunday-school teacher. The lesson was an impressive one, and was dealt with in a plain, practical way that made our English friend thoughtful. After Sunday-school, he mingled with some of the other young men who formed a group about the door, but joined Joe Williams as the latter left the church. As if by chance, they met Clara Thomas at the gate, and the trio went up the road together, talking on subjects of common interest, including the Sunday-school lesson.

This was Will's first Sunday in Canada, and he was so well pleased with the young people with whom he had become acquainted, that he determined to see more of them by accepting their invitation to attend League on the following Thursday. Here he met with a cordial welcome, and, as the Literary Department had charge that night, he had the privilege of listening to a keen, thoughtful study of his favorite poet, Tennyson. So much did he enjoy the service, that upon the announcement of a consecration meeting to be led by Harry Jennings on the next Thursday evening he decided to come and see more of the League.

The consecration meeting was well attended, but not many more thoughtful, clear-headed fellows were present than Will Verd. Harry was not a favourite with his fellow-Leaguers, so far as platform work was concerned, his remarks being of an argumentative rather than a persuasive character, but tonight, as he talked on, "What is God's due" (Luke 20 25), he did a good work in convincing this stranger of the justice of God's claim for first place in man's heart.

In considering what we owe to God, he showed what God had done for man, and the many precious promises he had given, each point being clearly brought out and proven. Then the speaker, in conclusion, urged all to consider that if they failed to render God his due, they robbed him, robbed themselves of the comforts of a good conscience, of joy in the Holy Ghost, of the favour of God, of a blessing here and hereafter. By paying him his due they would secure immunity from present curses and future torments, and would enter into the life eternal which he has promised.

All felt the force of the remarks made, but upon the brain of Will Verd they made a special impression. He prided himself upon a good intellect, which could pick out all the flaws in an argument, but in this argument he could find no flaw. But he told himself that he would not attempt to come to a decision till morning, and that he would then be able to shake off the unusually strong impression made upon him by a clever speaker.

But morning only intensified his desire to pay, in so far as he could the immense debt he knew he had contracted toward his Creator, and Sunday found him still restless and inquiring.

The minister preached on I Tim. 2, 5, 6, "For there is one God and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all; to be testified in due time." Never had words had such absorbing interest for Will Verd as those which the minister uttered so earnestly that Sunday morning. The young man was not emotional, but he was seeking a way to pay his debts to God, and this text suggested one.

His decision is best stated in his own words in the class-meeting that followed the service: "Since Thursday night I have been troubled with a consciousness of my indebtedness, and I did not know how to be released from it. But this morning I fully decided to make the only reparation in my power, by accepting the ransom Christ offers, and to give him my life."

The murmured "Thank God," that Harry Jennings uttered was an echo of the feelings of the class-members; and Will Verd has nobly carried out his decision.

May every Society have an active Lookout Committee, with a president filled with the spirit of the Master.—Forward.

The Real Sacrilege.

BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps," etc.

A good many persons, some of them honestly, think it is sacrilege for any one to ask the question, "What would Jesus do?" because, they say, it makes the name of Jesus too familiar, and brings contempt upon sacred things to drag them into the doings of every-day life.

A great many newspaper editors have expressed great concern that the name of Jesus should be mentioned in connection with the publishing of a newspaper, and have cried out against it as an act of sacrilege that I should dare to say I would try to edit a daily as I thought Jesus might do in my place, as if to attempt such a thing was to be guilty of unspeakable irreverence. "Let us have done," one of these writers says, "with this pious hypocrisy! It is sacrilege to drag the name of Jesus into the every-day affairs of men. Let that sacred name be reserved for religion, where it belongs!"

I will allow no man to go beyond me in reverence for Jesus Christ, whom I honor and love more than I honor and love any being ever born in this world. But I wish to utter my tremendous protest against the attempt to keep Jesus out of daily human life on the plea that it is sacrilege to bring Him into it. The real sacrilege consists in not letting Jesus into daily life. The real sacrilege consists not in asking every day, "What would Jesus do in my place?" but in not asking it. The editor of a daily paper who attempts to manage his paper without asking what Jesus would do is attempting to continue the world-error of the ages in separating the religious and the secular, and making a distinction between a man's life on Sunday and on Monday. The cry which the last part of the century has heard very often, "Let the preacher stick to the gospel, and not attempt to mix gospel and politics and business," is the cry of a world-spirit that does not reverence Jesus, and does not want to have Him to rule in the market place, or in any of the daily money-making or power-making walks of life.

"Thank God," I have said hundreds of times lately, "the Christian Endeavor societies of the world, the young Christian people of this weary old globe, are beginning to bring Jesus into their every day life. They are beginning to see that the irreverence, the real irreverence and sacrilege, of the ages is in keeping Jesus out of daily life where He has a right to come." And whether you edit newspapers, or run a store or a sawmill, or teach school, or run for office, or get up in a pulpit to do the work for God, O young men and women with the glory of a new century already shining in your shining faces, I beg of you, do not let the world deceive you with any cheap cry of sacrilege! "Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Bring Jesus into your counsel; let Him share your money-making and your pleasure-getting and your political and business plans. And a few years more of such daily reverence and honor for Jesus will transform the hypocritical life of the kingdom of rule on earth where Jesus is shut out into the Kingdom of Jesus where he is master on every throne of power that men know. The real sacrilege of human life is to exclude the Son of Man from man's life. The real reverence for Him, is to place Him humbly, unostentatiously, but firmly, on the throne of every day's conduct.—C. E. World.

Not Forgotten.

The day was bright, and the village streets were full of people, but Mary Pratt felt that she was in the midst of an awful cold and solitude. Her husband had gone with his regiment to Cuba. All the other boys had been heard from since the battle of San Juan Hill, but no word had come from Tom.

She shut the baby up safely in the chamber, and ran to the post-office. The mail was just opened. Many of the women had letters, but the old postmaster shook his head when Mrs. Pratt's white face appeared at the square opening.

To-morrow, perhaps, Mary, he said in a gentle voice.

But she saw the men glance significantly at one another, and they made way respectfully for her to pass as they would have done for a mourner. As she hurried down the street her soul cried out fiercely.

God had not listened to her prayers! He was deaf, cruel—that merciless something up there in heaven, dealing out misery and death. She was to go tottering alone through the world, carrying her child—without Tom. Without Tom! She sat down on the steps of her little house, beating her knees with her hands. She could not cry. The world was full of awful cold and horror—without Tom.

Presently she heard little Jack's voice talking inside. He spoke fast

and loud, as if frightened, but tried to laugh, and when she opened the door he ran to her with a shout of joy.

Jack was afraid, Mamma, he cried. Me thought you was gone. Me thought you forgot Jack. She took him up, holding him to her breast, although her heart beneath beat full of its savage pain and fear.

You thought mother had forgotten you! Foolish baby!

Then Jack saw his new clothes. Mamma mad—my coat, he said. Mamma loves Jack. Mamma cooked my supper in that little dish. Mamma won't forget me. She loves Jack. He crept closer to her while she rocked him to sleep, and laid him in his crib.

A great thought had come to her as she heard the child's talk. Had not He cared for her? She looked out at the setting sun, the peaceful valley, the climbing roses at the window. He made them for me, she thought. He gave me my home. He gave me Jack. He won't forget me—or Tom. He is taking care of Tom for me—somewhere.

When she laid the boy in his crib, she knelt beside it, and a great quiet came into her face. Take care of Tom, dear Lord! she cried, wherever he may be—wherever—

There was a hasty knock at the door. The old minister stood on the step. It is a despatch, Mary, he said. I brought it so that there might be no delay.

She read: Thomas Pratt just landed from transport. Wounded, but out of danger. Will be at home to-morrow.—Youth's Companion.

Carried Through.

How ever shall we get across? Such were the words I heard one day as I sat under a big walnut tree near a stream. The ford is too deep for us, and the water is over the stepping stones.

Three little maidens looked with dismay at their dainty buckled shoes as they spoke. They were strangers to me, and I watched the scene, wondering if I could help them. There was no need for my assistance however. A shout of delight showed me a rescuer had come. There is brother Bob! Bob! Bob! come and help us over the brook.

They had had not many minutes to wait. Slipping off shoes and socks, a stalwart young man splashed through the water and carried each one safely over. It was pretty to see how the girls clung round his neck and, without a tremor, trusted themselves to his strong arms. Just as the last one waited to be taken up, I said:

You are all right now, little one? Oh, yes—all right. Our brother is strong enough to take us all through safely.

Not very long afterwards I stood by deeper waters and saw a loving Elder Brother—in all reverence be it spoken—carry another little girl over a stream.

Are you afraid, my darling? I asked. Not afraid a bit, was the answer. Jesus is holding me. And so over the river of death went a little sister, because her Brother had come to carry her home to her Heavenly Father.

Dear young friends, we often come to waters of difficulty in our lives. We must come to them, for to everyone is a time to weep and a time to mourn. (Eccles. 3: 4) Well for us, then, if we can trust the Saviour to take us safely through. Better still for us when we come to the narrow, deep stream of death if we know Him so well that we are not afraid. No need to worry as to how we are to get across:

Trust the Saviour to help you. Comfort, strengthen and keep you. He is willing to save you. He will carry you through.

Christ's kingdom never has been and never will be popular with the world.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

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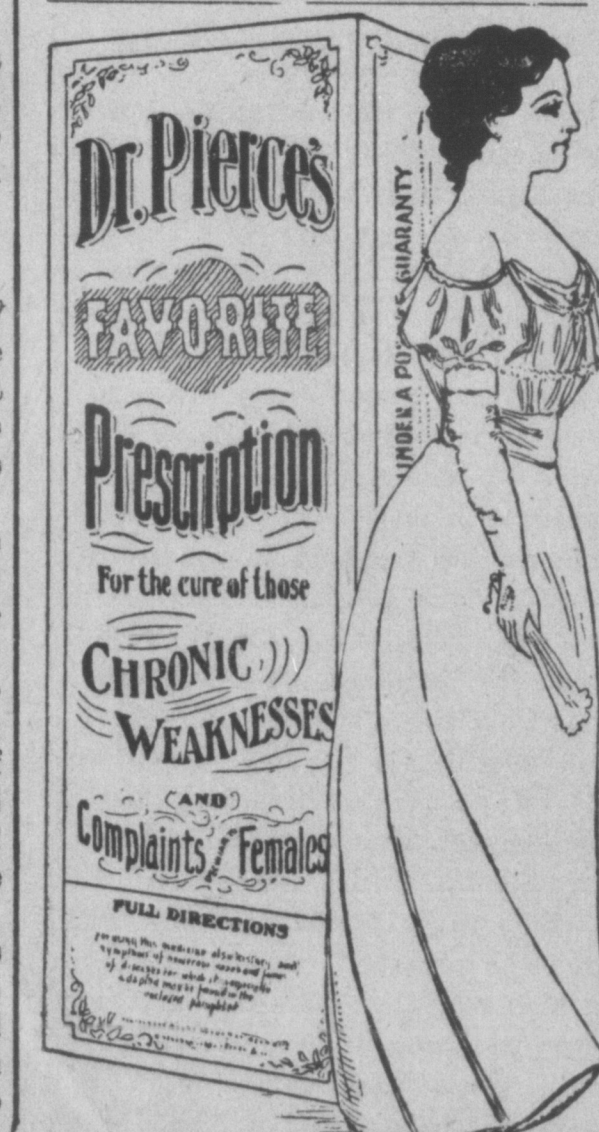
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A New Ten Commandments.

- 1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. 2. Never trouble another for what you can do yours-elf. 3. Never spend your money before you have it. 4. Never buy what you do not need because it is cheap. It will be dear to you. 5. Price cost us more than hunger, thirst and cold. 6. We never repent of having eaten too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8. How much pain have cost us the evils that never have happened. 9. Take things always by their smooth handle. 10. When angry, count ten before you speak. If very angry count one hundred.

Bishop Brooks seldom puts into smaller compass a weightier truth than when he said, Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but laying hold upon God's willingness. Our own reluctance to accept God's will has often to be conquered before we can be brought into right relations with the Father, and we sometimes call this struggle prayer, but it is hardly the right name for it.



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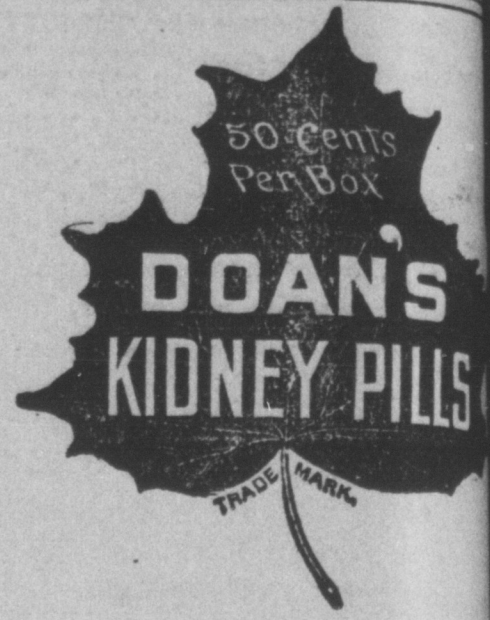
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JOHN J. WEDDALL



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