

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

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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.

Thine Easter Day.

Hast thou not heard His voice, O burdened heart? A-t still by hard and clinging fetters held? Hidest thou still in silence and apart? Arise, come forth, by life and love compelled.

Bring thou the bonds that hold thee to thy dark! Arise in freedom! Put thy past away! His life is thine. His voice doth call thee. Hark! Arise! Rejoice! This is thine Easter day.

-ARNOLD.

Our Question Box

Note.—This feature of the "Column" will appear as often as the questions submitted may require. Readers are invited to make free use of the "Box." Address all questions to "Pres. Co., Care of Miss A. G. Hartley, St. John (West, N. B.)

Ques. 5. "Why cannot Associate Members vote in the monthly meetings on the routine business of the Society?"

Business.

Ans. 5. Our model constitution says, "Voting power shall be vested only in the active members. And when we come to consider the serious results which might follow in a society where, for instance the associates were in the majority we can only say it is a wise rule. We think it is quite time enough for our associate members to assume the responsibilities of voting, when their lives are conforming to the active members pledge.

P.—

Ques. 6. "Should a person who is not a Christian teach a class in Sunday School?"

F. S. C.

Ans. 6.—In some cases it has been done successfully but we think when it is at all possible to have our classes taught by Christians it is unwise to accept the services of the unconverted. A. S. S. teacher's first aim is to bring her scholars to Christ and how can she bring them to one whom she has never found? This is only one point to consider. Much may be said on both sides of this question.

P.—

Acknowledgement.

The Carleton Y. P. S. C. E., \$45.00

T. A. LINDSAY, Treas.

Woodstock, N. B. March 24th., 1900.

Sacred Resolutions.

An honest purpose must be born in somebody's heart before any good deed can be done or any good cause become triumphant. Difficulties always lie in the pathway to success, and only determination can conquer them. In the New York Observer there is an editorial article which we pass on to the young people of our Christian Endeavor societies: When at the creation the Almighty bestowed upon man the power of will He gave it to him to use. The gifts and calling of God are without repentance. Therefore we may argue that that faculty of choice with which man was endowed when at his best, while yet immaculate and unspoiled, is still intended to be exercised though man has now degenerated. To the notion of a man fallen or unfallen, free-will is essential. If it were otherwise, we would have a beast, not a human being. Man is definable accordingly as a creature that resolves. He must use the will which God has given him. Abuse of that will power is, of course, not justified. The fact that this faculty is actually abused by many at all times, and by all sometimes, cannot successfully be denied. Abuse of moral powers on the part of some does not, however, relieve mankind in general from the duty of rightly using such privileges to their utmost extent. The proper attitude then for the truly manly spirit is that indicated

in the declaration of the unjust steward in the parable: "I am resolved what to do." The unjust steward is not to be commended for his injustice, but his qualities of foresight, nerve, and resource may well be imitated by believers with respect to honest and holy interests. Success or failure is attributable to the presence or absence in any life of the spirit of sacred resolutions, which involves first of all purpose and plan. Life can never be successfully lived at haphazard. The wise man always has his plan, or it may be many plans. The astute steward in the parable, had first one plan and then another. Whatever else he was, on no occasion was he irresolute. "I am resolved what to do." That showed the true character of the man—practical, enterprising, alert, yet cautious, not leaping into the dark, but calculating advance movements with an almost prophetic provision. The Christian is not a prophet, and he is not in any case to take anxious thought for the future, but he is in duty bound to think ahead, outlining his campaign with careful wisdom, though never forgetting to write "Deo volente" across all his projects.

Unless there be in the Christian this holy purpose, inciting to a deliberate planning of his activities, life's best occasions will drift by unused. About us on every hand lie the materials of life, its formless masses, and as Longfellow says: "What we need Is the celestial fire to change the flint Into transparent crystal." That fire is not simply genius, as the poet adds, but religious genius, or the faculty of purposeful creativeness in the spiritual sphere. If a man has not this spark of divine fire, he will simply exist, not live, in company with "the unmotivated herd that only sleep and feed, and die at last unremembered and unused, leaving his 'errand unfulfilled,' and the sheaves of life unharvested.

If there fore a man would not deserve to have his autobiography entitled "The Diary of a Nobody," he must prove himself a man of purpose, rather than a man of impulse, outlining his opportunity before him with the sagacity of a master spirit, and letting no days go by without its task begun and its duties fulfilled. Sacred resolution again involves an element of high hopefulness, which is not mere Utopianism, or baseless optimism, much less the cynical compacency of an unjust steward, but the brave, honorable ambition of a magnanimous spirit coveting the best gifts. The successful man is the man who believes that things are practicable. His motto is: "I am resolved that it can be done." This thought is given us in poetic phrase in the familiar lines:

"So night is grandeur to our dust, So near is God to man, When Duty whispers low, Thou must, The youth replies, I can." "I can" has made many a man a conqueror, a statesman, a commercial prince, or even a monarch. The king, Carlyle tells us, is the man who can. The resolute man always believes in the practicability of things until the contrary has been proved. Impossible, said Napoleon is the adjective of fools. When one of Alexander's lieutenants, after failing to take a fortress, declared that the task was an impossibility, the great Macedonian thundered, "Away, there is nothing impossible to him who will try!" Life does contain its impossibilities, yet the brave spirit will never magnify these, but rather will lay stress on its own God-given powers of mastery. When the goal is a worldly one the resolute spirit often succeeds, as in the case of a Disraeli, who declares in his younger days, "I will be Prime Minister of England," and attains finally the summit of his ambition. A case somewhat parallel is that of Admiral Charles Beresford, who when a boy of thirteen told his father that he wanted to enter the Navy and be an admiral. When his father inquired why he thought he would ever become an admiral, he replied, "Cause I mean to." The palm of victory, in nine cases out of ten, goes to the man who "means to."

There resides in the human will an indomitable power of aggression and conquest. The will is not omnipotent, but it is vastly potent. It can win or wreck interest most precious. A strong will is an inestimable blessing, provided it is directed to the doing of God's will. And even a naturally weak will may, under the culture of grace, and by virtue of training, through practice be developed into a noble force in life. "Good resolutions" are good when they go. Every noble achievement in history up to date has been the result of a good resolution somewhere. Now is the time for the sinner to say: "I am resolved what to do. I will make the great resolve. I will be a Christian." Now is the time for the saint to say: "I am resolved what to do. I will be a

better Christian than ever I have been before." Now is the time for the religious workers to exclaim: "I am resolved what to do. I will strengthen my stakes, and lengthen my cords, and extend the sweep of my beneficent activity on every hand." The Almighty has richer rewards for the soul that will resolve. To him that willeth to do good, and does it, to him is infinite blessing.—The Endeavor Herald

Committee Reports.

A good committee report tells what the committee tried to do, what it actually accomplished, what it wishes to do, and what help it desires from the society in these undertakings—these four points.

It is astonishing how much effectiveness can be given to a committee report of even ordinary work if the report is brightly written. Do not be afraid to introduce bits of fun. Speak very frankly. Close with a few sentences as spiritually inspiring as you can make them. Have some definite plan to purpose. And always write the report; never speak it off-hand.

See that the committees are furnished with uniform sheets of paper, so that the reports at the end of the year can be bound together, thus constituting an invaluable record of the year's work.

When a good report is presented to the society, let the president or some member be prompt and hearty in his words of appreciation. This is one of the best ways of obtaining better reports.

It is a mistake for the chairman always to make the report of the committee himself. He will better develop his workers if he occasionally calls upon his committee members to prepare and present the report of the month's work.

Even when the chairman himself gives the report, it should be the joint product of himself and his committee. He should read the report to his committees and call for their suggestions.—Amos R. Wells.

A Prison Incident.

Mrs. Emma Molloy relates the following incident in one of her speeches, referring to the relation of temperance to crime:

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kan., prison, during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a boy, not more than 17 or 18 years of age, on the front seat intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing it spoke volumes to me.

At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me his face grew deathly pale, and as he grasped my hand, he could not restrain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion, he said:

I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me—the first woman who has spoken to me.

How is this, my child? Where is your mother?

The great brown eyes, swimming with tears, were slowly uplifted to mine, and he replied: My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of the terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful homesickness in silence for her sake.

As he buried his face in his hands, and heartick sobs burst from his trembling frame, it seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of homesick longing, that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask, How much longer have you to stay?

Three years, was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

Five years at your age! I exclaimed. How did it happen.

Well, he replied, it's a long story but I'll make it short. I started out from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth I found a cheap boarding house, and one night accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking saloon.

For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There is a confused remembrance of the quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill.

Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth that the way of the transgressor is hard.

I was holding the cold, trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened my grasp as imploring he said, Oh, Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favor of you.

At once I expected he was going to ask me to obtain a pardon, and in an instance I measured the weight of public reproach that rests

upon the victim of this legalized drink traffic.

It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means to ask that the state pardon its victims.

Interpreting my thought, he said: I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just a line from her, so I can look upon it! Oh! I am so home sick for my mother.

The head of the boy dropped into my lap, with a wailing sob; I hid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent and let the outbursts of sorrow have vent.

Presently I said: Murray, if I were your mother, and the odor of a thousand prisons were upon you, still you would be my boy. I should like to know where you were.

Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose that there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write to another.

After some argument his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed when the following letter was received from Texas:

Dear Sister in Christ: Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for tidings of my boy—the first we have had for two years. When Murray left home we thought it would not be long. As the months rolled on, the faintly had given him up for dead, but I felt sure God would give me back my boy.

As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in Wisconsin, nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could now quickly I would go and pillow his head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child.

My poor, dear boy—so generous, kind and loving. What could he have done to deserve this punishment? You did not mention his crime, but say it was committed while under the influence of drink. Oh! is there any place is this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home fold?

O God! my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him, but, sister, I pray you to talk to him, and comfort him as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place.

Tell him that when he is released his place in the old home nest and his mother's heart is awaiting him.

Then followed the loving mother's words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I write bitter tears over the words so full of heart-break, I asked myself the question: How long will the nation continue to sanction the liquor traffic's covenant with death and league of hell to rob us of our boys?—Sabbath Reading.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to a mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.—Balfour.

SIDES SORE FROM A HACKING COUGH.—Take Pny-Pectoral, it will cure you quickly, no matter how bad the cold. Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

"Prevention is the best medicine." You can prevent sickness and cure that tired feeling and all blood humors by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Bickel's Anti-Consumption Syrup stands at the head of the list for all disease of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fall. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles of virtue of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

I had a terrible cough and cold, and not getting anything to help me, I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and am glad to say it cured me at once. Miss Carrie Bowman, Peepabun P. O., Ont.

A Step at a Time.

In accomplishing your day's work you have simply to take one step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need to think about. If I am climbing a mountain, to look down makes me dizzy; to look far up may make me tired and discouraged.

Take no anxious thought for the morrow. Sufficient for the day—yes, and for each hour in the day—is the toil or trial thereof. There is not a child of God in the world who is strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of to-morrow's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the experiment. We have a perfect right to ask our heavenly Father for strength equal to the day, but we have no right to ask Him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes grace will come sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles. —Theodore L. Cuyler.

The hearty looking man who thumps his chest and says he's sound as a dollar, does not take into consideration the catarrh which bothers him occasionally.



"Oh! everybody has more or less catarrh. That's nothing," he says. But he is mistaken. What begins in catarrh may end in consumption. It is a foul disease at its best and a fatal disease at its worst when it involves the lung tissues. For catarrh and for diseases of the throat and lungs in general the standard medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is recommended by physicians who have tested its efficacy and wondered at its cures. It not only destroys the disease, but it purifies the blood and strengthens the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.

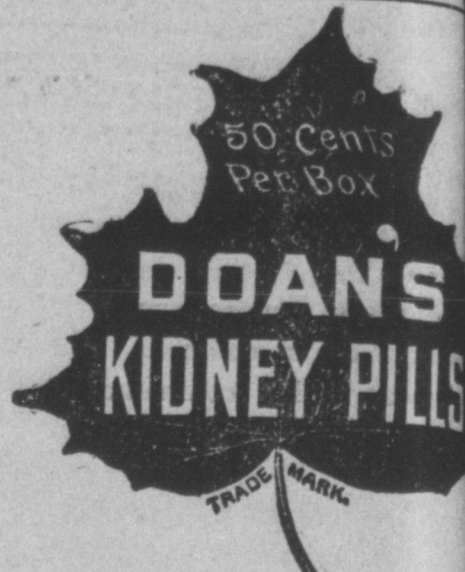
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Has just closed the most successful year in its history, making a substantial increase in all important items, and can justly claim to be THE BEST COMPANY FOR THE BEST RISKS

E. R. MACHUM, ST. JOHN, N. B. MARITIME MANAGER.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarial districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a box of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most severe attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tablets, upon my friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have not been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tablets will help, but I do know they will cure any one in condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world. They are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to use. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall. My neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"



In these days of imitations it is especially in this necessary when a case of health is involved. There are so many imitations of Kidney Pills on the market—some absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name of the trade mark of the Maple Leaf is on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pills, which has cured so many severe cases of complaint in the United States, Canada and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. 3 trips a week from BOSTON Commencing May 31st. The steamer this company will save St. John, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8:45 o'clock (Star Retaining, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 8 p.m. Connection made at Eastport with or for St. Andrews, Calais and St. John. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

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