

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK

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Consecration.

Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee.

Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing, Always, only, for Thy King.

Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold; Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use Ev'ry power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my God I pour At Thy feet its treasure store.

Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all, for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

The New Year.

"Another year is but another call of God.

To do some deed undone, some duty we forgot."

Christmas has come and gone, and here we are fairly facing the New Year. What does it mean to us, personally; as societies; as a League?

In regard to our personal life 1900 will be what we make it.

We have an ideal. God points to His Son and says, "Behold the Man! man as I desire him to be again; man as he will be when he is risen with Christ and seeks those things which are above." It is for every man when he has passed through that great transforming process of the new birth to resolutely build himself up to the magnificent proportions of the Master.

"Build these more stately mansions, oh my soul,

As the swift seasons roll; Leave thy low vaulted past; Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

In regard to our Society life 1900 will be what we make it.

During the past year we may have made little progress, possibly lost ground. Our membership may have been depleted by death and other causes. In the face of discouragement what are we to do? Give up? Sink into an abyss of despondency? Abandon the fortress on whose walls we have fought so long! Is this not rather a loud call from God to give ourselves afresh and unreservedly to His service? Have we done all we might have done? Would it not be manlier to shake off lethargy and lassitude? Do Society pledges mean nothing? Did we pledge ourselves to Christ and are now lightly discarding most solemn obligations? I know now depressing it is to hear some faithless timorous Society official croaking, "Let us give up," but that is the talk of the craven coward who lacks the sensibility of knowing how much he stabs the heart of Christ and faithful ambassadors of the Cross.

When, perchance, their leader is down what shall the regiment do? Retreat? No. "Forward!" is the cry. Drop arms? No. "Charge!" is the command.

"Theirs not to make reply Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die"

In regard to our League life 1900 will be what we make it.

It may be this closing year of the old century will be marked by some new undertaking some forward movement. God grant that we as young people may push the work this year with new enthusiasm and greater determination to make 1900 our best yet thus far,—"Trusting

in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength." May this new year prove to every reader of the "Column" a "Happy" one indeed.

Consecration.

BY PRISCA.

The central word of Christian Endeavor is Consecration. Consecration is the heart of the pledge, the soul of the Committee work, the life of the prayer meeting. I know how highly all loyal Endeavorers honor that great word "Consecration." It shines before us like the moving Star of Bethlehem. In our most thoughtful and serious moments we clearly see how that great word, Consecration, grasps in its matchless sweep all delights and powers and values of this present world and of the world to come.

Let us for a moment imagine ourselves in an ancient orchard. Under the thick low branches of the olives it is very dark. The full moonlight is arrested by the topmost boughs, and only a few flickerings fall on a group of weary disheartened men asleep upon the ground. From a little distance, in the deeper gloom, shudders forth a moan, such a low, terrible moan as a strong man makes when body and soul are torn in some great struggle. This is the Garden of Consecration—not the Garden of Gethsemane, but the Garden of Consecration.

In this dark olive orchard, alone, as all of us must be, our Lord and Master fought the battle we all must fight who would win his crown—the battle of Consecration.

The lower phases of that contest, how well we all know them! "Father let this cup pass from me." Our faint lips have uttered the cry before a thousand woes, things difficult to bear or do. But the victory of that contest, the triumph of consecration, the "not my will but thine," ah how little we know about that. For after all, there is but one thing to consecrate; but one thing, at bottom, can be consecrated, and that is our will. When we can honestly and without reservation pray that God's will and not ours may be done, that all is done. By that one deed our time is consecrated, our money, our strength, our ambition our affection, our plans everything.

Is your will Christ's? Answer to that the happy trembling "Yes" and you are consecrated. "But how am I to know that I have the right to make that answer?" you ask. You may tell by three tests; the test of peace; the test of joy; the test of power.

But how are we to do it? A Christian is one who is consecrated to Christ. To speak of "a consecrated Christian" is as if one should talk of a round circle. A Christian is one who, captured completely by the story of Jesus, sees in the man of Galilee more than a Saviour from the sins of the world; sees in Him Immanuel—"God with us."

Some one has said, that "To a Christian Christ is never so far off as even to be near." Christ is in the Christian "the hope of glory." The Christian is in Christ "growing into the measure of the stature of his fullness." And so the Christian finds it as simple to be consecrated to Christ as to be devoted to himself.

Why should we hold our monthly C. E. Consecration Meeting? It is because we see that our initial consecration was only the beginning to be unfolded through many hard but blessed years. We wish to testify our constant allegiance to it—each of us—and hence the roll call. We wish to tell each other how we have been getting on in our lives of consecration—and so it is a testimony meeting, and, in the experience of many, a pentecostal meeting.

The twofold purpose of these meetings is, to review the progress made in the Christian life during the past month. We cannot look forward intelligently without looking backward on the way we have been led during the past four weeks and we ought not to be able to look backward on the past without a new pledge of consecrated service for a month to come. These two thoughts—what God has done for us in the thirty days gone by, and what we intend to do for God's Kingdom during the thirty days to come should always be involved in the Consecration meeting.

An unconsecrated consecration! Alas, that there should be such a thing! But there sometimes is and none depletes it more than the true Endeavorer.

What is it?

It is a Consecration meeting where the roll call is deadening rather than quickening; where the responses are chit-fly Bible verses, unaccompanied by words of testimony; where the spirit is one of duty rather than of privilege. In such a meeting there is likely to be too much singing, many hymns being announced to take the place of other responses to the roll—something by the way which should not be permitted. The singing too,

is heavy and lifeless, hear's are not touched, associate members are not reached, energies are not aroused to strong and better endeavor. The members go out of the door and the meeting goes out with them—goes out like the last splutter of a candle, and that is the end of it.

What is the matter? Well, the meeting was not prayed for beforehand. It was not planned for. Probably it ran in the same old rut that had been honored by the wheels of a dozen past meetings. The members have not taken pains each to bring to the meeting some bit of helpfulness. The meeting was not opened by sentence prayers; the topic was not pointedly applied to the conscience and lives of the Endeavorers. Some or all of these reasons doubtless fit the case and account clearly enough for the failure of the meeting.

How to do better next time? Begin at once.

Don't have two successive Consecration meetings alike. Always have prayer at the opening. Discourage—and forbid if it must come to that—all the various ingenious makeshifts whereby the weak members of the Society seek to fulfil the letter without fulfilling the spirit of the pledge. I think that this roll call should always be conducted in the most solemn manner. It should always be preceded by prayer; at least one, and perhaps several brief prayers should be offered, that the names as they are recorded in the Secretary's book, may also be recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life above, and that the responses may be no formal service, but a real renewal of covenant vows. In many ways the exercise may be made as varied as it is impressive.

Make it known also, in your Consecration meeting, that the rule regarding three consecutive absences from the Consecration meeting will be enforced strictly—and thus strictly enforce it. Urge absent members to send earnest testimony, and not always in the form of Scripture quotations.

In short, a good Consecration meeting, like everything else that is good, does not come for the mere asking, but only as the result of definite working and praying. When it comes, however, it is a golden blessing, well worth, many times over, all the effort and painstaking you have put upon it.

Oh Endeavorers look but a little way to the futureward, and if your eager eyes could pierce a certain dark and impenetrable curtain, what would they see? They would see a world far more real than this. Not a beauty, not a pleasure, not a satisfaction is lacking there. Nothing is lacking but sorrow and failure and disappointment worry, sickness and sin. And about the whole thing—great beautiful world, and wonderful beings doing their wonderful tasks—there would be nothing unreal, or ghostly or even strange. It would seem far more real and natural than this familiar old earth of ours. And if we thought about it, we should discover the reason why; it is because heaven is one long consecration meeting. It is because the peace and happiness and power learned by consecration here are the keys to that life which is the life eternal.

Oh Endeavorers, Endeavorers, if we have never yet heeded this call this is to us the most important thing we have ever thought of. In the name of the endless years have done with things mortal. Let us do our work no longer for the day but consecrate it to heaven's tomorrow. Take our rest no longer for the night, but dedicate it to the world that has no night. Let go of ourselves; seize hold on Christ. There is no gain except by giving up? There is no victory except through surrender. Let us consecrate ourselves and then ask God to consecrate our consecration.

The Missing Smile. Some one has said that the best portion of a good man's life, consists of his little, nameless, unremembered acts of love and kindness. But sometimes the deeds which seem trivial to the doer, and pass from his mind altogether, sink deep into some grateful heart, where memory holds them fast. A pathetic instance of such loving remembrance is given below.

There was no rattle upon the door, although the angel of death had entered the home the night before. A bow of white ribbon, and a cluster of pale fragrant lilies, took the place of that symbol of gloom and sorrow. There could be no real mourning in the hearts of those who had loved the patient sufferer, and had known how she longed for her release.

All day friends came and went with grave faces and bowed heads. Late in the afternoon a ragged boy climbed the steps hesitatingly. His eyes were red as with much weeping and his voice had a low wailing whisper, as he asked, "Say, can't you see her? I won't stay but just a minute."

How did you come to know her? Some one asked, strangely drawn to

ward the little waif by the bond of a common love and a common sorrow. The answer was slow in coming, but a little patient questioning drew it out at last. You see, she used to lie there by the window, and I'd see her when I went by. It was cold or rainy she'd look at me, sorry like, and after awhile she got to smiling when she saw me and wavin' her hand. On real bad days she used to have 'em call me in so I could warm up by the fire, and once she knit me a pair of mittens, good thick ones, too. But 'taint them things I care so much about, concluded the boy chokingly. I kin stan' the cold all right, but seems though I shouldn't never get used to missin' that smile.

They took him into the room where she was lying with the radiance of heavenly peace on her still face. He looked at her lovingly and longingly, then turned away. His little body was shaken by sobs as he went out into a world that would henceforth be colder and more desolate because it lacked the sunshine of a smile.

Social Purity.

BY REV. D. D. MITCHELL.

There are many who to-day are reaping the reward for past carelessness. Lead on by an earnest desire to be with the gayest in society, they have found themselves overpowered by evil influences. Evil has triumphed. A soul has been ruined. The devil has gained a victory. Possibly there is no one place in society's dominion, where this evil element manifests its controlling power as mightily as it does in the ball-room. This can not be wondered at. It is just what might be expected. What is the charm of the dance? What gives it its power over men and women? We answer, the lust of flesh. Take the lust of flesh out of the dance and you have robbed of its charm. It has no power to hold men or women. I know there is a great deal being said about where these dances are held. Private, social, club, public dances are all the same, as long as the lust of the flesh is the charm. The awful consequences must follow whether it be held in the Presbyterian elder's mansion, the Methodist classleader's residence, the Baptist deacon's home, the public halls, the open campus or beneath the tent upon the fair ground. That college president who at the earnest request of the students consented and granted permission to hold a dance, and then, when all was ready told the gentlemen to dance upon the first floor and the ladies upon the third, understood just how to hold dances and keep them free from the evil consequences. But those students did not care to hold such socials. More than 200,000 fallen girls are now in the brothels, who date their first downfall to the influence of the dance, and with them a million of boys and men. Parents, are your sons and daughters safe when so many others have fallen?—F. Baptist.

WE CLAIM THAT THE D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago back ache, sciatica, or neuralgia pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by D. V. & L. Lawrence Co., Ltd.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, when you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and has proved itself successful.

Results of Bad Habits.

It is an established fact that an acquired infirmity in the parent may become in the child a permanent constitutional disability. The parent who has become nervous from bad habits has a child naturally nervous and excitable. An acquired craving for stimulants in the father is transmitted to the child as a constitutional disorder. Furthermore, the parent transmits to the child not only the tendency to the habit, but also a weakened constitution. The result is that the child is much more apt to run to excess than the parent was. The child that has inherited a taste for tobacco soon finds this unsatisfactory, and is exceedingly liable to resort to alcoholic drinks. I have in mind now a number of cases where the sons of tobacco using parents are addicted to both tobacco and whisky, and I have no doubt every one who reads this can call to mind similar cases. The conscientious father will certainly stop and think what a terrible legacy he is about to leave to his children.

I may add the following sentiment for Dr. Piddock. In no instance is the sin of the father more strikingly visited upon his chil-

dren than the sin of tobacco smoking. The enervation, the hypochondriasis, the hysteria, the insanity, the dwarfish deformities, the consumption, the suffering lives and early deaths of the children of the inveterate smokers, bear ample testimony to the feebleness and unsoundness of the constitution transmitted by this pernicious habit.—The New Crusade.

It is easier to become a Christian in youth because there are fewer habits of thinking and acting to overcome.

Christians often have more moods than verbs have. There is the sulky mood, the critical mood, the uncharitable mood, the gossiping mood, the slandering mood, the sensitive mood, the unforgiving mood, the worldly mood, the stay-at-home mood, the don't-care mood,—these to begin with.

Andrew Spence, a missionary in California has rigged his bicycle with a sail. The Ten Commandments are printed on the sail, while the mast and yardarms display religious charts.

Fighting the Fire



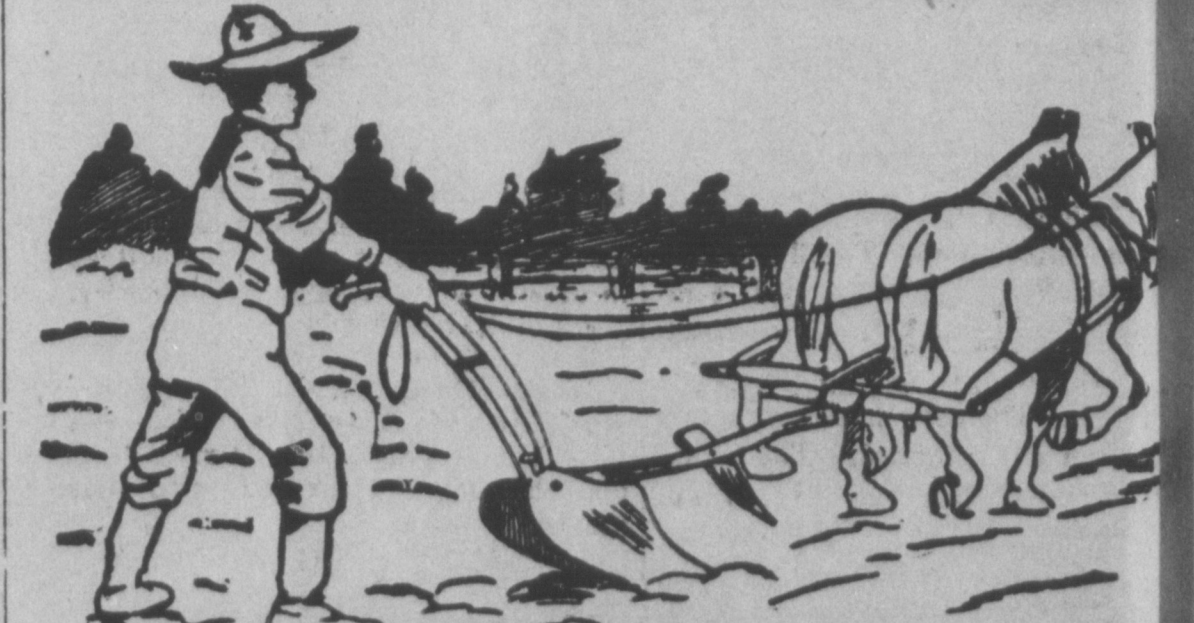
Hard life the plucky fire lead; out in all sorts of weather, are so often troubled with Weak, Lame Backs and with Urinary Troubles.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills are helping hundreds of such to health. Mr. John Robinson, chief of the department, Dresden, Ont., says: "Prior to taking these pills I had many troubles which caused severe pain the small of my back and in both sides. I had a tired feeling and never seemed to be able to get rested. However, I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking three boxes an complete cure. I have now no backache or urinary trouble, and the tired feeling is completely gone. In fact, I am well and strong."

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Text: THE BUILDING AND STRENGTH OF MEN WOMEN & CHILDREN IS BUILT UP BY DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery.

Advertisement for Harvey's Studio. Text: HARVEY'S STUDIO. Our New Holiday Styles of PHOTOCRAPE make the best Xmas Gifts. INTERNATIONAL S. S. 3 trips a week from BOSTON.

Advertisement for Oak Hall. Text: OAK HALL. Headquarters for High Art Ready-to-wear CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, VALISES, BAGS, ETC., ETC. The Fit Reform Wardrobe C. H. THOMAS & CO. 167 Queen St. Fredericton, N.B.



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 times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. 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 Tabules, upon 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 complete Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any malaria 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 take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather 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?"