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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 "Press Co., Care of Miss A. G. Hartley, St. John (West, N. B.)"

Our Question Box.

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

Business

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

F. S. C.

Will not many of our readers give us their ideas on these questions? Send your answers in promptly. Be sure to sign your name to each answer, though this will not be published if you so request.

Com.

India.—A Glance at a Few of its Social Customs.

BY PRISCA.
 (Concluded)

"None but the sinners die under their own roof" is the prevailing belief among the Hindoos. The person who dies at home and on Tuesday or Saturday, is believed to be surely possessed of an evil spirit. His ghost walks round the house, and frequents the places where he rested in his lifetime. Hence, the moment the physician has declared that there is no hope of life for the sick person, the friends hurry him away to the ghant on the bank of the river Ganges, where they lay him down in such a way that he may see and bow down to the sacred river. In these ghants some rooms have been erected for the accommodation of the sick, and their friends because in some instances they linger a long time before death comes in which case they all remain there day and night. It is believed that between the edges of this world and the other there is a river to cross, by those who go from this. There are no boats at all. Each one must provide the means of crossing for himself. Hence, at the point of death or a little while before the departure from this world, the traveller dedicates a cow, and a large quantity of raw rice, peas, butter, sugar and clothes to the gods. As a compensation the infernal spirit will provide him with a cow, which will carry him to the other side of the river, and the eatable things will satisfy the spirit on its way. When the men see the sick person breathing his last, they plunge his whole body, up to the neck in the river, and shout. You can easily imagine how soon the last remnant of life flies from the body under such treatment, and to add to the sufferings of the last hour, a man pinches very tightly the great toes of the sick, until he dies. They then erect a pile of wood which is nearly six feet long, three broad, and six high on which they lay the dead body. Before doing this they anoint the body and put a cross on the forehead with the sacred mud from the Ganges. When the corpse has been laid on the wooden pile, the oldest son of the deceased walks seven times around it, with a blazing torch in his hand, repeating some words after the Brahman who performs the funeral service. He then touches the mouth of the dead with the fire of the torch; the friends help him in this, and in the course of five hours they burn the body to ashes. They take a piece of the burnt body and enclose it in a mud cup and throw it in the river. Children one year, are buried on the river's edge, but no tablet or monument is erected on the spot. They then wash the funeral place, remove the ashes, and bathe themselves before they leave the spot. The eldest son erects a pole, nearly eight feet high, on the place just washed, and sets there a water pitcher and an earthen saucer, with eight small sea shells upon it, slightly strikes the pitcher with the shovel, and turns his face in the opposite way.

As he leaves the place he does not turn back, to see the things behind him, for it is said if any should care to look back he would see hosts of evil spirits dancing and feasting on the human flesh. These ceremonies are followed by much feasting and many rites, much too tedious to be described.

It seems necessary for me to give you some idea of widowhood in Bengal. The very day a girl becomes a widow, her colored clothes, silver and golden ornaments, are all taken off, and a mark of red powder, which every married woman wears on the forehead, is rubbed out. Henceforth she is to dress in white, and wear no ornament of any kind whatever during her lifetime. Her daily meals are reduced to one. Each widow is required to cook her own food and to abstain entirely from food and drink two days in every month. In the warm days of April when the burning sun dries up the ponds of their water, and scorches the leaves of the trees, these poor victims of superstition faint and pant in hunger and thirst. If they are dying a little water will be put to the lips, merely to wet them. In order to escape these continual sufferings, it has been the practise with many widows to burn themselves, with the corpse of their husband. No widow is asked or forced to die in this way. She who voluntarily takes up her own cross and follows after her husband of life is welcome. Every preparation will be made to help her in the act, as it would be a disgrace to the family in case of her failure, the people ask her to consider the matter well, and finding her firm in her position, bind her and her dead husband together with some cords and lay them both on the pile, where she is burned alive amid the praises of spectators. What a heart-rending scene it must be, to behold the wretched children, who, with horror unspeakable, thus witness the death of their two dearest relatives on earth, the one taken away by natural death, the other, a victim to superstition, a martyr to her conviction of the mistaken precepts of her priests.

Sir Alfred Lyall has said "Hindoo religion is a religious chaos. It is like a troubled sea, without shore or visible horizon, driven to and fro by the winds of boundless credulity and grotesque invention." Hence, who could describe it certainly not I!

The sacred book of the Brahmins is the Rig-Veda. As to its character we may accept the judgment of Max Muller, who apologizes for the deficiencies of his own translation by saying that a complete rendering would have made him liable to prosecution under the English law, against the publication of obscene literature. According to this doctrine, nothing really exists except Brahman. Men are merely sparks from the eternal fire, separated for a time to be absorbed at last. What then shall the Brahman do to be saved? His only salvation is extinction. If you would find a Hindoo saint, search for him by the roadside. You will find him there, crouching upon his knees, naked with hair uncombed, his body besmeared with ashes. His countenance wears a look of utter stupidity. He is intently contemplating one of his long finger-nails. He moves not except when with a spiritual pride which would be grotesque, were it not so unspeakably pathetic; he lifts his dreamy eyes and mutters, I am God! I am God." Such in short is a sample of a devotee to the Brahman religion. Sad, dark, dismal, pitiable, their conditions are! Nothing but the lights of the true religion can emancipate them from their servitude, strengthen them in their weakness, and exalt them from the low and degraded surface they stand on. Let pity awake in our hearts towards the suffering millions! God does everything by instrumentalities, we are the same in his hands. Work then if it be expedient, or send teachers to work in the harvest of your King. Behold the harvest is great but the laborers are few! Help them, and bless them with the light we enjoy,—yea the light of the knowledge of the King eternal, immortal, and the only wise God, and ours will be the blessing forever!

St. John (West),
 March 13th., 1899

Millstream Society.

Although we have not reported in the INTELLIGENCER for some time, we have read with much pleasure the letters from the other societies, and feel encouraged when we think they are still working. A short time ago we elected our officers for the next six months, they are as follows: J. E. Good, Pres; Mrs. J. P. McAuley, Sec; Ethel Good, Treas.

At present we only meet once a fortnight as our society is so small, and the weather bad, but we hope to continue our work, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for help.
 A Member.

Heard at the Church Door.

I once stood at the church door as the congregation passed out, and these are some of the things I heard:

Good-morning Mrs. Clare; what a love of a bonnet you have.

Yes, but the ribbon is a shade too dark don't you think, and— Stock fell two per cent. and the syndicate secured \$50,000 worth—the rest of the sentence was lost as the speaker, a gray-haired florid-faced man, with gold eye-glasses passed into the open air.

Did you ever hear the minister so prosy in all your born days as he was this morning? said a tall, angular woman, with the look of a martyr upon her countenance. Directly behind her came a crippled girl, on crutches; and the sweet content upon her brow was beautiful to look upon as she said to one by her side: How the love of Christ helps us to bear our crosses; and how helpfully Mr. Albright spoke of it in his sermon. And the crutches sounded quite cheerful as they pattered down the steps, and out upon the sidewalk.

Wish they wouldn't stick a collection box under your nose every time you step a foot into church, growled a big man, buttoning his coat tightly around himself, as though resolved that they should have none of his nickels at any rate.

And, O girls! we had a whole box of chewing gum!—and caramels!—and isn't Miss Zane horrid? and the boy of gay school-girls twittered away with never a thought that they were desecrating the sanctity of the place.

Not that way, mother, spoke up a sharp voice; and its owner caught hold of the arm of a little, bent old woman who seemed confused in the crowd, and drew her rather roughly toward the door. Sure enough Eliza, came the meek response; I can't just see as I used to, but there won't be any blind ones in Heaven, I thank my Lord; and the withered face at that moment seemed almost transfigured.

I am so anxious for my Sunday-school class, I wish you would pray for them. I glanced in the direction from whence the words came, and saw the tears standing in the eyes of one of the most faithful young teachers, and remembered she had one of the most unruly classes in the school. But from that moment I have had no doubt those boys will come out all right.

If I only knew where the money was coming from, one young man was saying to another, as they passed me. Don't worry, Jack, in some way or other the Lord will provide. And as I recognized in them two students preparing for the ministry, I had only time to send a God-speed after them before turning to place a couple of bank bills, which had been given me for that purpose by a wealthy and kind-hearted member of the church, in the hands of a pale faced woman in black. Her husband had been killed by an accident a few weeks before, leaving her in great destitution, with a large family of children. He is the God of the widow and the fatherless, I said gently. As she dropped the cheap crape veil over her face to hide the tears of joy that sprang to her eyes at the unexpected bounty, and in broken accents exclaimed, He is, He is, indeed! Bless Him for His goodness; and thank Mr. S—, thank all of my friends, I thought, Truly, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

I love 'ou mamma, prattled a little tot of two summers, just awakened from the nap she had been enjoying during the sermon, I love 'ou; and the wee one flashed a sweet smile up into the mother's face, which sent an answering smile back again.

And then the sexton came and locked the door, and I went away, pondering the strange melody utterances which had gone up from that congregation that morning, to be written down by the recording angel in the great Book of Remembrance.—A. H. Jessup, in the Standard.

God Knows Best.

I need oil, said an ancient monk. So he planted him an olive sapling.

Lord, he prayed, it needs rain that its tender roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers. And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

Lord, prayed the monk, my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray thee. And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds.

Now frost, my Lord, so brace its tissues, cried the monk. And behold, the little tree stood sparkling with frost.

But at even-song it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk and told his strange experience.

I, too, have planted a little tree, the other monk said, and see! it thrives well. But I intrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than

a man like me. I laid no condition; I fixed no ways or means. Lord, send it what it needs, I prayed, storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it, and thou dost know.—Selected.

Sowing and Reaping.

A little boy was given a bulb to plant, and told that if he put it in the ground it would grow, and by and by it would have a beautiful flower. He undertook the task with great delight, and promised blossoms to all his friends, but at the end of the week he came to his mother in sore disappointment.

This bulb isn't good for anything, he said. They told me it would grow and have pretty flowers, but it doesn't grow a bit, for I have dug it up every day to see.

Just such impatient gardeners are most of us in spiritual soil. We go to our Father with the old, complaining cry: We have served God and kept his ordinances, and what have we profited by it? The dishonest ones get ahead faster, the careless ones are happier. Where are the promised rewards of righteousness—the fruits of obedience? But the harvests of God ripen slowly, and the seed that is sown in the earth finds its perfection above the earth. Sometime, somewhere, whatsoever we have sown we shall surely reap.—Selected.

A Story.

The late Dr. M. D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., tells of two Christian men who fell out. One heard that the other was talking against him, and went to him, and said: Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candor and try to get rid of them? Yes, sir, replied the other, I will do it. They went aside, and the former said: Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in the prayer. It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview said: Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me. But the other replied: After praying over it it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. That's truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you. Dr. Hoge tells the story very well, and here and there in almost every community is a man or woman who might profit by it.—Religious Herald.

A New Heart Needed.

More reformation of conduct is not sufficient to fit any one for Christ's kingdom. There must be a change of heart. Mr. Moody uses this homely illustration of the fact: A man buys a farm and he finds on that farm a pump. A person comes along and says: Look here, my friend, you don't want to use that water. The man who lived here before, he used that water, and it poisoned him and his wife and children—the water did.

Is that so? says the man. Well I will soon make that right. I will find a remedy. And he goes and gets some paint and paints the pump, putties up all the holes, and fills up the cracks in it, and now he has a fine-looking pump. And he says, Now I am sure it is all right.

You would say, What a fool to go and paint the pump when the water is bad! But that is what sinners are trying to do. They are trying to paint up the old pump that has always given bad water. It was a new well the man wanted, the sinner wants a new heart.

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of the D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis' & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

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Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood-vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be so bald.

"He that seeks finds." He that takes Hood's Sarsaparilla finds in its use pure, rich blood and consequently good health.

DANGEROUS DYSENTERY.

I suffered with Dysentery for four weeks and could get nothing to cure me. I then tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured me when everything else failed. John L. Carter, Brdgstown, N. S.

What Repentance is.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday school what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his hand.

Well, what is it, my lad? Being sorry for your sins, was the answer.

A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

Will, my little girl, what do you think? asked the gentleman.

I think, said the child, it's being sorry enough to quit.

That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but not sorry enough to quit.—Undenied.

Mental Geography.

The most populous country is Ollivion. Many go here; few return.

The largest river is T. n. n.

The deepest ocean is D. n. n.

The region where no living thing bath has been is called yesterday.

Eruptions and skin diseases are a blot upon

Beauty

These blots are actually blood blots. To cure them lotions and outward applications are useless. The blood must be cured, before the skin becomes clean. That great medicine for the stomach and blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, is most effective in cleansing the complexion and healing diseases which defile and deface the skin. It acts directly upon the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition. It increases the action of the blood-making glands, and expels from the system the lurking poisons which defile the blood and through it deface the skin. No alcohol or other intoxicant, no opium or other narcotic is contained in "Golden Medical Discovery."

It may pay a dealer better to sell you a substitute which is less popular but more profitable than the "Discovery." It won't pay you to buy it, if you want a reliable remedy.

"For about one year and a half my face was very badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 116 West Main St., Battle Creek, Mich. "I spent a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. At last I read one of your advertisements in a paper, and obtained a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured. I can well recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one similarly afflicted."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is sent free by the author, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing only. Send 51 one-cent stamps for the paper-bound, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound edition.

A LITTLE CO
 LET

A little tickling in the throat then a dry, hacking cough—then to bother about you say.

But every back makes a best system, strains the lungs and goes away for more serious trouble.

"I would be wise for you to buy Wood's Norway Pine Syrup now lungs become permanently affected."

It is the most certain and a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc.

Mrs. Geo. E. Foster, Lancaster has this to say: "I was taken with a cold which settled on my lungs a terrible cough and it gave me all the remedies I tried seemed to do nothing. I then started taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which cured me so promptly that it was a pleasant surprise. I shall always keep it in the house during the winter season."

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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, so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well as 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 dozen of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never of any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tablets, as a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have been without them since. I take one Tablet each morning and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take two a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular, and have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and am more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many conditions 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, 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 said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

BEWARE—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.'S will not benefit. They banish pain and give relief. Note the word R.I.P.A.'S on the package and accept no substitutes. It is a small or twelve packs for 50 cents, may be had at any drug store. For medicinal purposes, it will be mailed to any address for 1 cent, forwarded to the Editors, 109 Nassau St., New York.