

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

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Wrestling With Our Advantages.

A FAMILIAR LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Said a Sacramento pastor to me the other day, as we sat on the platform together at a Christian Endeavor meeting: "Other parts of the country have to wrestle with three things, the world, the flesh, and the devil. In California we have to wrestle with four—the world, the flesh, the devil, and the climate."

He meant that their climate was so alluring, so delicious, that it tempted people to stay out of doors, neglect the church and the Christian Endeavor meetings, and difficult religious work. What is so glorious in the way of climate as the California variety? Yet, because of its superb quality, our friends must struggle against its allurements, to maintain the vigor of their religious lives. Judging by the California Christian Endeavorers I know, they do not struggle in vain.

That remark started a train of thoughts as on a train of cars crawling up the foot hills of Mt. Shasta, on my way to Oregon, I pondered it and wrote.

We all have to struggle with our advantages quite as much as with our disadvantages, with our gifts quite as much as with our defects.

For instance, the pretty girl must guard against the vanity and conceit and love of praise which good looks often generate. The muscular young athlete must see to it that his health and strength do not make him an overbearing bully.

The nimble-witted man is in danger of being supercilious and offensive toward slower-paced mortals.

The fluent minister is in ceaseless danger of the "fatal facility of utterance," lest the gift of speech become the gift of gab.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

The old comedy of the hare and the tortoise is played in life over and over again.

The athlete presumes on his strength, and is carried off by consumption; the invalid boy becomes the strong man and the vigorous octogenarian.

The quick scholar is never heard of in after life, while the dull plodder becomes famous.

The fluent preacher never produces a great sermon. The hesitating, tongue-tied Demosthenes is read for twenty-five centuries.

The comedy of the old fable becomes the tragedy of real life, not because the tortoise reaches the goal, but because the fleet-footed hare falls so far behind his possibilities.

What is true of the individual is oftentimes true of the church. Its very strength is its weakness. Its large numbers sink the individual worker out of sight, and take from his shoulders the load of responsibility it is so good for him to carry. A wealthy church is often far less generous in proportion to its means than a poor church. A few peculiarly talented people often fill all the offices, and take charge of the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, and all the benevolent societies, dwarfing the rank and file, not intentionally, but none the less really, because they do not wrestle with their advantages, and, instead of doing the work themselves, perform the harder task of setting the ungifted at work.

THE WEAKNESS OF STRENGTH.

Many a Christian Endeavor society is suffering to-day from its strength. There are so many to take part who can do it well that the timid and bashful fail to find the right moment, and the meeting does not train them in outspoken confession of Christ. A few gifted older ones talk so well that the ungifted feel themselves thrown into the shade, and, alas! they too willingly stay in the shadow.

The young man or woman with executive ability dominates the committee, and really does the work of five, greatly to the detriment of the other four.

So it is in all life. Brothers and sisters, let us wrestle harder with our advantages. We have, perhaps, turned all our attention to our obstacles. We have buckled on the armor against the ugly foe, and have been vanquished by our very gifts and graces. Our strength has often been our weakness.

Is your society suffering from its numbers? Make two societies of it, divisions in which each one shall feel his responsibility.

Do half a dozen of the gifted monopolize the work because they do it so well? Let the ungifted dozen and a half stumble through their share of it; it will be better for them and better for the society.

In other words, don't be overcome by your advantages. Use them all so as to make your society stronger, not weaker.—Ex.

One Good Literature Committee.

"ENDEAVORERS IN COUNCIL"—PANSY'S FORTNIGHTLY TALKS WITH HER CORRESPONDENTS.

That title is capable of two meanings. After reading what I have to say, see whether you do not think it fits.

My story is about a literature committee whose problem was how to help people in a small village, with a large outlying country district, and with no public library or Sabbath-school library to depend upon; how to help those who would like to read, and had but little chance, and how, above all, to help those who, not being used to much reading, were growing up without feeling their deprivation. The Christian Endeavor society was small, and certainly their problem was large.

For some time they got no farther than "Is there anything that we can do? And then, one day, they took great strides and said, "We must and will do something. Of course, then there was a sense in which it was as good as done.

You know, without my telling you, that it required sacrifice. All things worth doing seem to have their roots centred in that word.

One young woman, a lover of good books, was made chairman of the committee. She was a farmer's daughter. By patient denial of many little luxuries dear to youth and cultured taste, and by the firm lopping off of some branches that had been falsely named "accessories," she had, through the years, saved money enough to buy occasionally a choice book and hold it as her very own. None but those who truly love books can appreciate what pleasure there is in such ownership.

It was on the day when they had voted that they must and would do something that she almost took their breaths away by immediately doing it. She gave every one of her cherished volumes—not many—as a nucleus, and behold the public library was started! On a small scale, you think? In one sense it was; in another it was a very large scale. How much does self-sacrifice weigh, I wonder?

Through that winter were added fifteen more books, gifts from those who were stimulated, by example, to like endeavor.

Then came a plan for a "book reception." Invitations, accompanied with careful explanations, were sent out in all directions. Each guest was to be admitted by book instead of card. The book was to be new, purchased expressly for the public library; and, if it cost as much as seventy-five cents, was to entitle its donor to a year's use of the library without charge. Its title and the name of the author were to be reported to the committee before the book was purchased, and no book would be received that had not been favorably passed upon by every member of their reading committee. This rule was at once recognized as having its roots in common sense. For no committee would have a right to agree to be responsible for reading-matter that they had not themselves examined. Of course those who chose to bring the price of a book, leaving the selection to be made by the committee, had a right to do so. These, and many other plans connected with the reception, were carefully matured long beforehand.

A choice literary programme was prepared for the entertainment of the guests. At first, with only local talent to depend upon, this was thought to be impossible; but afterwards the committee eschewed the use of that word "impossible," and found, to the surprise of many, that local talent is capable of a great deal, if there are those wise enough to call it out. Given a committee that means to succeed, and it succeeds.

That book reception was voted a complete success, viewed from whatever standpoint one looked at it. A large number of choice books was

added to the little "nucleus," and interest and co-operation were enlisted from people who before this had not so much as known whether there was a Christian Endeavor society in their neighborhood.

In addition to securing all the home help possible, this wise committee wrote most personal letters to a very few friends whose books they had read with pleasure and profit, asking for a word of greeting from them, and intimating that a single volume directly from the author, bearing his or her name as the giver, would have untold value among them. Being a choice committee, of course they did not do much of this sort of work, and in each instance had local reasons for making the request proper and reasonable, so reasonable that it met with cordial response. Hence this new public library has a few books especially prized; though to my mind they are not nearly so precious as those consecrated volumes that came first.

This committee has had other plans worked up for the purpose of helping to interest young people—and older people—in good books and good poetry, and to help to familiarize them with the works of different authors. For instance, one evening they had a "Havergal service," with choice quotations well rendered from Frances Havergal's rich treasury of Christian thought. Other evenings of like character are to follow. Laying modesty aside, I am going to tell you that there is being planned a "Pansy garden," when walls and windows and tables will blossom out with the witching faces of the little old people who live in the pantries, and the "Pansy books" are to be honored by being quoted from in character. Shouldn't I like to be an invisible guest, and watch the movements in the flesh of "Mrs. Solomon Smith" and "Ester Ried" and "Aunt Hannah" and others of my dear brain children! Isn't the idea a good one?

League Meeting.

The Eighth annual convention of the Free Baptist Young Peoples League of New Brunswick will meet with the society at S. John, Waterloo Street, Aug 6-8. It is hoped every city will be represented by delegates. Bank reports have been sent to all societies of which the secretary has any knowledge, if any society does not receive a report blank please write and ask for one at once. One of the reports ought to be sent to the secretary as soon as possible.

F. CLARKE HARTLEY, Cor. Sec't.

Fredericton, N. B.

Mrs. But.

Mrs. But is our next-door neighbor. Her real name is Green, but John, whenever he sees her marching up the walk, remarks, "My dear, here comes Mrs. But. He is not given to calling people names; he says it merely to put me on my guard, for he knows our neighbor's failing. She is a bright, breezy little woman, and as long as the conversation is confined to the weather and household affairs I quite enjoy chatting with her, but the moment that a human being, living or dead, chances to be mentioned, I begin to quake. The first time she called—it was soon after we moved into the neighborhood—I happened to say that Mrs. Goodwin, from the opposite side of the street, had been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

Oh, she is indeed, said Mrs. But, heartily, she is such a devoted wife and so good to the poor. But, she went on, lowering her voice, there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget them.

What necessity there was for this drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. But dropped in she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nellie is a shy, brown-eyed girl of fifteen, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and, as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm-hearted little creature, and so eager for music, I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug.

Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl, she admitted, but I suppose you know she is a poor-house wif?

No, I said, I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. But was utterly uncalled for.

One evening, on our way home from prayer-meeting, John remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

Yes, he is a very interesting speaker, said our neighbor, who had joined us as we came out to the lecture-room, and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious. I knew him when he was a boy.

John made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

I've no patience, he exclaimed, at this moment we were by ourselves, with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be if the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The Angel Gabriel himself would hardly be safe from their disparaging bits, and the whitest robe in all the white-robed throng would be in danger of being snuffed.

And yet, I said, Mrs. But evidently considers herself a Christian.

Oh, I don't dispute her title, said John, but I can't help thinking, that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub up her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians.—Friendly Visitor

Your Boy Among the Possibilities.

The celebrated temperance speaker, John B. Gough, once presented the following touching picture:

Oh! I have sometimes looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I was once playing with a beautiful boy in Norwich, Conn.; I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly, for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, Harry, will you go down with me to the side of the stone-wall? Or, yes, was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and illuminated as lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure, morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor, degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace, and innocence; as I looked upon the man, then upon the child, and felt his little hand twining convulsively in mine, and saw his lips grow white, and eyes dim gazing on the poor drunkard, then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting, increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentalities that could make such a thing of a being once as fair as that little child.

Bitter Words.

A single bitter word may quiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hour. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly towards it from all the tumult of the world; and home, if it be ever so lowly, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.—Great Thoughts.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Biddle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Word comes from all quarters that the latest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Haggard's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains stiff joints, etc. Price 25c.

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a backache down to Bright's disease, that DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS will not relieve or cure.

If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, use Doan's Pills.

Important Questions

Does your milkman know that you are a Christian?

What does your servant girl think about the members of your church?

Does your newsboy suspect that you belong to the Lord?

Have your wife and your children gained anything by your joining the church?

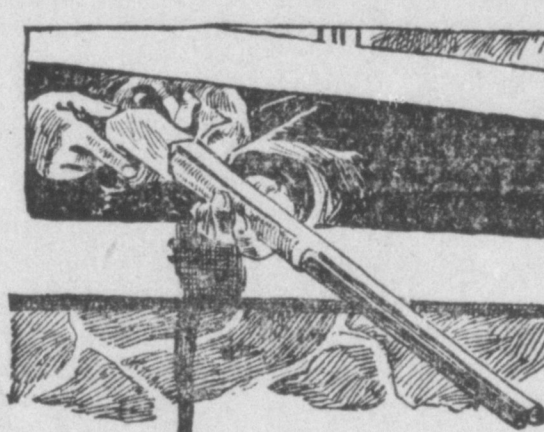
Has your butcher found out that you have made a start for the kingdom?

Is your washerwoman discovered that she is taling for a child of God?

If you had to go to glory on the testimony of your dressmaker, could you do it?

What kind of a church would yours be, if all the members were like you?

Christians are witnesses. They give their testimony before the court of the world. They are under oath. They are to testify, not to what they have heard others say of Jesus and his salvation, but to what they know from their own experience. Such witnessing will lead to conviction.



The Bullet

Of the assassin may be more sudden, but it is not more sure than the dire punishment meted out to the man who abuses his stomach. No man is stronger than his stomach. When the stomach is diseased the whole body is weakened. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures diseases of other organs when it cures the diseases of the stomach, on which the several organs depend for nutrition and vitality.

"I would say in regard to your medicines that I have been greatly benefited by them," writes Mr. J. S. Bell, of Leando, Van Buren Co., Ia. "I was at one time as I thought almost at death's door. I was confined to my house and part of the time to my bed. I had taken gallons of medicine, but it only fed the disease; but I must say that 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured me, and to-day I am stouter than I have been for twenty years. I am now forty-three years old. I have taken in all twenty-nine bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' besides two or three dozen vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, but now I take no medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

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JOHN J. WEDDALL

FOR THE BLOOD

Crosswell, March 28, 1911. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I write to say I have used Burdock Blood Bitters with excellent results, spring my daughter got all down and was very thin and weak.

Her face was covered with spots and a large boil formed on her cheek. I procured 2 bottles of B.B.B. and by the time had finished them the spots had disappeared and she got strong and fleshy again. I consider B.B.B. the best medicine known.

MRS. I. DAVIDSON

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8 trips a week from Boston. Commencing May 31st. The steamer this company will leave St. John for port, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8:45 o'clock (local time). Returnings, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m. Connection made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. John. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock. C. E. LAEHLER.

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