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How the Lookout Committee Should Look Out.

BY REV. JUDSON KEMPTON, IN C. E. WORLD.

Dr. Clark has said that, while he does not wish to exalt any one committee to the detriment of any other, he cannot but feel that the lookout committee is the last one with which he would wish to part. The lookout committee has been compared to the church's board of deacons, to the governor's council, to the president's cabinet. It has been said to resemble the driving-wheel of an engine. For a classical illustration, the Roman god Janus has been used, because he had two faces and could look before and behind.

The members of this committee should be able to look in three directions; out, in, and within; and the last of these should come first. They should look within their own hearts to see that their own lives are in touch with the Master. They should look in to the membership of the society, to see that the "pledge-makers" are not "pledge-breakers"; and they should look out from their place in the centre of the organization to the horizon of their widest influence, that they may find the "much people" whom God has in every city, that the society may win them "for Christ and the church."

Though the comparisons just made are all good and true, I believe that the lookout committee is more than a board, a cabinet, or a wheel. If we think of that word, lookout, in all its uses, we shall know what the members of this committee have to do.

I. LOOK OUT, AS THE SAILOR LOOKS OUT AT SEA.

I am carried back ten years. It is a dark, moonless night. I am standing at the wheel of a schooner as she sails before a brisk wind along the coast of Maine. Nothing is heard for hours but the rushing of the waves. Nothing is to be seen but the illumined compass, the dark sea, and the glimmer of a distant light.

Suddenly the mate, who is on the lookout, calls back from the bow: "Keep ahead!" I give the wheel a turn, and am able, as I do so, to hear the cry of frightened men coming apparently from the sea: "Keep her off! Keep her off! Look out! Look out! Don't run us down!" and in a moment more the big vessel sweeps by a little boat, which appears for a moment and then is left tossing on the waves.

It was a fishing-smack, which, contrary to law, was sailing without a light, and, but for our sharp lookout, would certainly have been wrecked. I know a Christian Endeavor Society of which it was said: "That society has no place for a person who is uneducated. If any one were to make a grammatical error in there, one-half of them would laugh at him, the other half would be mortified, and they would all pass him by."

Lookout committee, be careful! Warn the wheel! You may sink a little craft. Let your society take heed "that ye despise not one of these little ones."

I knew a society that ran into the church. The two should have been sailing along side by side, like an admiral's ship with one of her own men-of-war, but they got cross-wise, and by a foul manoeuvre they collided with a schooner that staggered them both and nearly sent both to the bottom. Where was the lookout committee? If its chairman and the pastor consult and work together, there will be no difficulty between church and young people.

I heard of a Christian Endeavor society that ran into an iceberg! The society was not sunk on the spot, but it stuck fast to the ice, and not only made no progress for many months, but nearly every soul aboard was frozen stiff. It was so chilly in the vicinity of that society that of course no "outsider" would go within a mile of it if he

he could help it. At last, however, the Gulf Stream of God's love thawed them out, and after that the lookout committee kept on deck all night.

I once saw a society that had run into the ground. When I saw it, it was unseaworthy. It had been wrecked, not by a high, dangerous-looking, black cliff, but by a low-lying ledge which scarcely showed above the surface. It is not great crimes in the membership that the lookout committee needs to watch for,—these can be seen from afar,—but the sand-bars of sleepy carelessness, and the shallow places of worldliness and the hidden reefs.

Keep the society well off in the profound waters of a deep spiritual life.

2. LOOK OUT AS THE MINER LOOKS OUT FOR GOLD.

In the mountains of British Columbia I met a miner who had hunted for gold for thirty years but had never "struck it rich." He would find here a handful of dust and there a pocket of nuggets about enough to buy clothes and powder and keep him going, but no more. He told me that he had wandered for months together, all alone, through the vast mountain solitudes often hungry and often cold, having no luck and yet expecting every day that the next would find him rich. Even when I saw him, though he looked worn and old, his face was full of hope which, when he talked, blazed into enthusiasm. He had the gold fever!

So every member of the lookout committee should have the gold fever. The precious metal for which they should search with enthusiasm and tireless zeal is men and women, boys and girls—nuggets averaging one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds auro-epois. And any lookout committee, if they will be half zealous, will have far greater success than the old miner.

Stake out a claim! Take the floor of the church and divide it up, giving each member of the committee his share to work. Take the list of young people within reach of the church's influence, and divide the list among you. Take the Sunday school, and know every boy and girl; and then, one by one, bring them to Christ.

Be tactful, be tireless, be enduring, be self-sacrificing, be not deceived with "fool's gold," be satisfied with nothing but pure ore, be ever on the lookout; and you will succeed.

3. LOOK OUT AS THE SHEPHERD LOOKS OUT FOR THE FLOCK.

The members of the lookout committee are really the society's assistant pastors.

They tell us that in Eastern lands the shepherd goes before. Each member of the lookout committee must do this. Our Christian Endeavor work is entirely voluntary. The lookout committee has no powers of compulsion. It can lead, but not drive. The shepherd leads the sheep. Paul said with remarkable audacity, "Ye ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

The first prayer of every member of a lookout committee, when he realizes that he has been elected to this important office, should be, "Lord Jesus Christ help me to be in my own faithfulness what I would have every member of the society be in his faithfulness." Then he should read over the pledge as if for the first time, slowly and with a prayer at each clause. He should read it with the desire to see how much it requires him to do, rather than to discover how many loopholes there are by which he may escape from duty. Then he should highly resolve to live that full-worded pledge.

He will not only be present to answer his name at the roll-call, and testify at the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting; but he will be in his place at church Sunday morning and evening, whether the sermon is dull or inspiring; he will be at the weekly prayer meeting, and help as best he can.

Then he will be ready to look out for the society as the shepherd looks out for the flock. He can take his note-book to the meeting and observe who is faithful and who is careless. Then he will be strong enough having overcome himself to speak with sympathy and power to others, and will be like Peter, who, when he was converted, strengthened the brethren and fed Christ's sheep and fed Christ's lambs.

Don't Scold in the Pulpit.

Brother, if you are called to preach the gospel, stick to your calling, and don't mistake scolding for preaching. Gospel means good news, glad tidings; and preaching the gospel is proclaiming the glad tidings in the name and authority of Jesus Christ. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publish

salvation. Such is Isaiah's prophetic description of the gospel preacher. He is the bearer of a glad tidings message to the children of men. He is the publisher of peace, the proclaimer of salvation, the herald of good news, the messenger of glad tidings, the comforter of God's people, the inspirer of faith, hope, love and joy in the hearts of the children of men.

How unsuited to such an office is a scolding, driving, denunciatory manner to the pulpit. Great plainness of speech may be necessary in rebuking iniquity and bringing men to a sense of their sins and of their need of Christ, but even in such cases our plainness of speech and pointedness of manner should not exceed our tenderness of spirit and our compassion for the erring. If we must use the sword of the Spirit as to wound our hearers, let us take heed that we wound only to heal, and no deeper than we are able to heal. Too many carry the sword of the law without the healing balm of the gospel. Too many mistake the injunction, Feed my sheep as meaning Cudgel my sheep. Too many carry personal piques into the pulpit, and a low their own carnally sensitive spirits to make them pulpits colds and critics rather than gospel preachers rich in evangelical doctrine and unctuous with the evangelical spirit. Too many preach always in the way of reproof and never in the way of inspiring comfort and hope. Too many aim always at destroying evil and never at conserving and building up the good. Too many preach the negativities of religion only, and fail of presenting its positive side. Too many make their ministry chiefly or wholly destructive, whereas the preaching of the gospel should always be constructive.

Scolding, driving and hammering at people are never in place anywhere, or becoming in anyone; and nowhere are they more out of place, unbecoming and utterly repugnant to all sensible people than in the pulpit. Any preacher who indulges such a manner will soon have mostly empty seats to preach to, and it is a merciful provision that it is so, for he will do no harm, except to himself, in thundering his denunciations to empty seats; whereas, were he privileged to impose them upon large assemblies of men and women, he would do incalculable harm to others and to the cause of God at large. Brethren in the ministry think on these things; and whatever else you may do or may not do we beg of you don't scold in the pulpit!—Free Methodist.

The New Boy.

For a long time we heard a great deal about the new woman. She must be dead and gone now, for no one ever speaks about her. But who has heard about the new boy? He has surely come to stay, and may his tribe increase very rapidly. In the first place, the new boy is one that can look after himself a little. He can put his own clothes away in their proper place, and know where to find them when he needs them. He can keep his room almost as tidy as his mother or sister could. If it is necessary, he can make his own bed, sew on buttons, cook his breakfast, and even wash the dishes. And he doesn't feel ashamed of himself for doing it, either. He is polite to his sister, even if she is younger than he is, and, above all else, he is kind and thoughtful about his mother. When his father is away he helps to keep things straight, just as if he were the man of the house. He doesn't think much about his clothes, of course, but yet he keeps himself very clean and tidy. He even plays with the girls sometimes, and he has all the more fun in his game of ball or shinny, because he isn't rough and rude like a heathen. But when he grows to be a man, he will make a first-class husband. He has been trained to think about other people all the time.—At Home and Abroad.

When Moody's Sunday-School Teacher Spoke The Word.

Young Moody at seventeen was a member of Edward Kimball's Sunday school class. Mr. Kimball's account of how he spoke to Moody with great trepidation ought to inspire Sunday-school teachers to speak the personal word, no matter how falteringly: I decided to speak to Moody about his soul. I thought my mission might embarrass the boy—that when I went away the other clerks might ask who I was, and might taunt Moody. I determined to make a dash for it. I went to him and put my hand on his shoulder. Then I made my plea. I felt that it was a weak one. I think Moody said afterwards that there were tears in my eyes. There, in the back of that shoe store, the future great evangelist gave himself to Christ.

Common Sense In Dress.

What to wear is the most perplexing problem that confronts women, particularly at change of seasons, says E. Marguerite Lindsey, a writer on health subjects. How to economize and still be up to date is always a sore puzzle.

In the vestibule of a church, a Sunday or two ago, I heard a delicate, tired-looking woman say to another who looked equally tired out, I hear street skirts are to be worn short again. Well, replied the other, I hope they will, for my arms ache continually from holding mine. I thought to myself: Poor slave! Were you a hiring any where, and thus oppressed, the faddists would be alive with irritable sympathy for you, and your rights would be speedily restored. But here you are, an independent woman of the country where women have the greatest freedom, bowing a submissive head to the tyranny of dress-makers, and you are not only tiring your poor arms, but you are dragging disease and dirt into your home and wearing it to rags in a short time a gown that ought to remain intact an entire season.

Where is the independence that we women boast? We pity the poor savage women oppressed by the customs of their country, yet where is there a savage people whose women trail heavy skirts about the ground, wear tight, stiff corsets, tight shoes and gloves upon feet and hands, and cover their eyes with lace veils? Civilization must be a misfortune when it rids people of cleanliness and art in attire, of health of body and longevity of vision.

Begin the Century by helping the INTELLIGENCER with a prompt payment.

Disrespect to Parents.

Who has not heard children speak of their father as the old man, and of their mother as the old woman? Is there any manifestation of reverence in such language? Some speak of their father as the governor. We do not doubt that some use such terms who do not wish to be irreverent or disrespectful toward their parents. They have simply fallen into an ugly habit of following the example of others. Those of whom that we have just said is true are not beyond the reach of wholesome admonition. They will put forth efforts to rid themselves of the unseemly habit when their attention is called to it in the proper way. Next to God, we honor no one more than our father and our mother. This honoring will show itself in our words as well as in our deeds. We should, therefore, scrupulously avoid everything that savors of levity when we speak of our parents. Honor thy father and thy mother. This is the first commandment with a promise, that it may be well with thee and thou mayest live long on the earth.—Lutheran Standard.

Your subscription for 1900 would be welcome this week.

Advice From High Sources.

The counsel of those who have been successful in life in some way or other ought to be worth much to those just starting out. Here is what some of our great men have said:

James T. Field: If I were a boy again, I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give up a thing because it is hard or inconvenient to do it.

Dr. Johnson: It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

Dr. John Todd: A man who wills can go anywhere and do what he determines to do. We must make ourselves or come to nothing.

Lord Clarendon: No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no good.

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The best that money can buy should be your aim in choosing a medicine, and this is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures when others fail.

Beware of the individual who talks about his graces. The possessor of the genuine article never talks about it, never even thinks about it. The man who parades his religion and seeks to make capital out of his piety meets with deserved contempt. It was the Pharaoh who boasted of his excellence. The world has no respect for the righteousness that is its own bonum. The better a man is, the less conscious he is of his goodness.

D. Campbell Morgan was reacting to an old woman over ninety years of age. Lo, I am with you always, and said, Is not that a beautiful promise? The answer came, It's not a promise, it's a fact.

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.—Phillips Brooks.

God is so great that he communicates greatness to the least thing that is done for his service.—John Wesley.

The only ambition worthy of an immortal soul is the ambition to realize the purpose of God concerning us.—Rev. Howard A. Johnston.

The speech of the tongue is best known to men. God best understands the language of the heart.—Warwick.

There is nothing insignificant—nothing.—Coleridge.

Consumption

Is a disease of civilization. When the Indian was a stranger to the white man he had no name in his vocabulary for this dreaded malady.

Without arguing as to the curability of consumption, it may be stated positively that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures weak lungs, hemorrhages, bronchitis, deep-seated and stubborn cough, and other diseases which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption. There is no alcohol in the "Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

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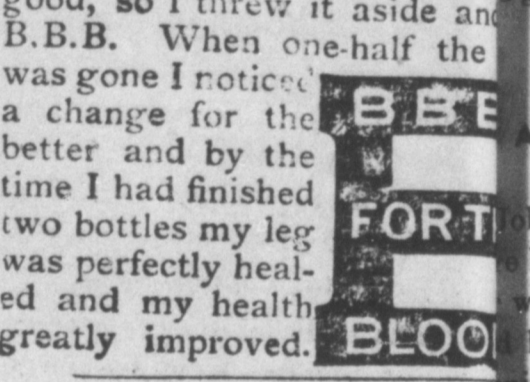
In a little over thirty years, Dr. Pierce, assisted by his medical staff of nearly a score of physicians, has treated and cured thousands of men and women who had been given up as incurable by local physicians.

"Your medicine is the best I have ever taken," writes Mrs. Jennie Dingman, of Rapid City, Kalkaska Co., Mich. "Last spring I had a bad cough; got so bad I had to be in bed all the time. My husband thought I had consumption. He wanted me to get a doctor, but thought we would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and before I had taken one bottle the cough stopped and I have since had no sign of its returning."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

13 Running Sores.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, Me., gives the following experience with Burdock Blood Bitters. "I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning, thirteen running sores at one time from my knee to the top of my leg. All the medicine I took did no good, so I threw it aside and bought B.B.B. When one-half the leg was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."



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