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Me.

The Christian world needs to be told many times that a christian is one sustaining a certain relationship to a person. We are not saved primarily because our life is brought into harmony with some principle, or because we have given assent to some creed, but before everything else we must always put our relation to a person, Jesus Christ.—If we listen to the words which come from his lips the more clearly will this be seen. If others said "accept my ideas, adopt my plans, follow my teaching," He said and said plainly: "love me, serve me, follow me, obey me."—If we always remember that Jesus Christ is the first and last, the beginning and the end, we may find in it much inspiration for our life and work.

In the first place it will aid us in personal christian service. When we try to reach the hidden chambers of another's soul, so often we are turned aside by questions about their views of this subject and that subject. One has peculiar notions about Bible inspiration, another about atonement, another about Christians' inconsistency and on they go with their excuses, and sometimes how mean and small they are. Now when we come to this thought in hand, how little room it gives for questionings of this kind. The important question must always be, have men made Jesus Christ the master of their life? Has the soul said, "there Lord is my life, I will love thee, serve thee, sacrifice for thee,

"Come into my heart, Lord Jesus come There is room in my heart for Thee." If this has been done, then all other matters are of secondary importance for the soul has now its surest foundation and that in Christ Jesus is Lord. Every life with a perplexity may be easily brought to that place where it listens to the Saviour's words "follow me."

Then again notice how this truth ought to mould our Christian life. Of course there are some souls to whom the Christian life for the most part is merely a matter of right and wrong and if the soul can not do better it is well if it continues in the path of right, but how cold this is in comparison with the better things which God hath for us. How different from "that one who has learned to commune with Jesus Christ as 'friend communes with friend'" and is enabled to look up through tears and failure and mistake and say "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." It is this experience of the heart which alone gives value to our Christian service because far above gifts of gold, far above the work of our hands does our Lord and Saviour value the love of our hearts. How plainly this is seen in that record of the woman who broke upon the Saviour's head the box of precious ointment. Do you remember the wondrous comment which her master made? "this that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." How very wonderful this was. Surely many have done more than that woman, surely many are doing more today, and why honor her above others? When we read the story carefully we see it was not the woman who was given the honor but rather her gift; this that she hath done and that gift was precious only because it told of the love of the heart, and represented an attitude of mind which Christ values above all else. In these days when everything is viewed from a practical standpoint; when we speak so much of religion as a life, it is well for us if "as the world rushes on" we take time to look into our hearts and see if upon the altar of our hearts, the lamp of love still burns. This is valued by Heaven far above gold and silver, more precious than though we gave our bodies to be burned. It is not the deed you do, though the deed were ever so fair. But the love which the dear Lord looketh for, hidden with tender care in the

heart of the deed so fair. Behold us O Lord, the rich and the poor in thy service draw near. One consecrateth a precious coin, the other only a tear—Look Master the love is here." Do we not see also that this relation of the soul to a person gives to us our true reward in life. In creation's dawning God said to Abram "I will be thine exceeding great reward." Not gold, not a harp but the Eternal God himself and this is true to all our experience. If we make a sacrifice, if we put an appetite or passion under foot what have we done but opened our life to God so that he fills it and filling it is his own reward. A soul once tasting of this joy has an experience known not to others and the constant prayer of his heart is: "More love to thee O Christ, more love to thee."

H. E. T.

Shirkers, Jerkers, Workers.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

This, perhaps, sufficiently characterizes the membership of our churches. The strength, the progress and the future of the organization depends upon the numerical proportion of these classes. If the workers are in a safe majority, the work will go on steadily and solidly to success. If the jerkers, it will have an up and down career, and an uncertain future. If the shirkers predominate, then failure is almost inevitable.

Who are the shirkers? Manifestly those who want the others to do their work. They are unwilling to take an official position, because they prefer not to assume the responsibility. It might interfere with their time, their plans, their pleasure, their business, their comfort and their ease. They are willing to let others teach in the Sunday-school, or in the faculty, to allow classes to go without teachers. They believe in the Sunday-school; think it is a good thing, and send their children; but they shirk all responsibility, and refuse to engage in it's work. For the same reason, they will not be stewards, class leaders and trustees. They may even go so far as to shirk in their contribution. They absent themselves from the church when a deficit is to be made up, or when a special collection is to be taken. The shirker is a bane to the church—a carbuncle that retards the progress of the ship.

The jerker is a different sort of man. He is spasmodic, inconstant and unreliable. Like the chameleon whose color depends upon its environment, the jerker's attitude depends entirely upon circumstances. If he likes the preacher, he may engage in the work with intense ardor and enthusiasm. He is moved by conditions, rather than by principle. Like a weather-cock, his position is determined by the way the wind blows. If it is favorable, he is willing to hoist all the sails and rush with intemperate speed to his goal; but he is not willing to beat against unfavorable winds.

The New York Observer says: "We all know the jerker—the man who suddenly takes hold of the work as though with the grip of a cable car, but who only travels a few books before he lets go again. These jerky Christians are somewhat amusing, and decidedly trying. They seem to be very willing to 'take hold,' but they have no gift of continuance. The Lord's work cannot well go by jerks. A steady pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether is the true way in which to make progress."

The faithful man is he who puts his hand to the plow, and never looks back. He who forgets the things that are behind, and presses steadily on to the mark that is set before him—the constant, unchangeable worker—who is deeply interested in the church as a means of saving sinners and building up believers in the faith of the Gospel. The man who has no petty ambitions to serve, but who shirks no duty, and evades no responsibility. One who will take his place whenever duty points the way, and continue in it steadfastly until the work is done. And he will do his best under all circumstances. He may have many business cares, but he will find time for his work in the church. He may be burdened with home duties, but he will not make them an excuse to evade his Christian duties. His purpose is to be faithful to his Master—faithful unto death. No change of conditions will affect his principles. He is the Lord's, and when the Lord calls he answers "Here am I, send me."

This sort of members is the crying need of the church to-day; not promisers, but doers; not shifting sands, but unmovable rocks; not fitful rhapsodists, who chant in triumph one day and wail in dirges the next; but steadfast, unflinching soldiers of the cross, who will perish rather than falter in the face of duty.

Self-Dependence.

You ought to look out for me! Why don't you take care of me? I was an amusing sight, in spite of the quivering chin and the tears streaming down the grieved baby face. Ethel was three years old before she learned to walk—first, because of weakness, but afterwards because she had made up her small mind that it was much pleasanter to be carried. When her father saw what was the trouble he made up his mind too, and every morning spent an hour in giving a walking lesson. Standing Ethel firmly on her feet on the broad flag stones in grandma's pleasant yard, he would go a few steps away and tell her to come. At first the only result was that she would fall helplessly down there would be another black-and-blue mark on her poor little head; and the common wail would be heard.

You ought to look out for me! She will have to learn, said the father, gently, to the pitying mother; the doctor says she is strong enough, and we must not let this habit of dependency grow.

Then Ethel would be left to her own resources, and when finally she saw that nothing was to be gained by tears or protests, she made up her mind to stand up herself. That accomplished, the rest followed easily.

But how many there are who have this small girl's feeling, even if they are too worldly-wise to give expression to it! It is so easy and so natural to blame other people for our mistakes, so soothing to think that our falls and hurts and failures are the result of other people's lack rather than our own.

Uncle Tom might send me to college if he only would—he would never miss it, whines a young man who is full possession of health and has no one depending upon him. Father might let me finish my music—he knows how my heart is set on it, complains a young woman who already has had enough money spent on her musical education to earn, for herself, the rest of the course she so much desires. If there had only been some one to set me up in business, wails a shiftless man when he hears of the so-called good luck that falls to the lot of some young son of a rich father. He forgets, does the shiftless one, that the rich father was not himself set up in business—not by any means; also, that the highest type of success does not always crown the business enterprises that are set up for inefficient sons by over-fond fathers.

What the world needs is young men who have the backbone and the perseverance to take themselves through college; young men who can set themselves up in business and then make the business grow; young men who are so necessary to their profession that the profession is glad to make room for them within its extensive walls.

The world needs young women, too, for positions of usefulness and responsibility everywhere—not the sort who must be excused from any extra work, but those who have shown by their faithfulness to duty that they are ready for advancement. Never were there so many fields open to bright girls as at present. The question is to get the girls to fill acceptably the position waiting for the right persons.

A certain business man in a large Western city found it impossible to leave his office one Summer for needed rest, because of the twelve young women who do his office work not one had shown herself sufficiently trustworthy and accurate to be left in charge of his enormous mail for that time. They all had to be looked out for, to see that they made no mistakes.

The world has an honorable place for you if you can stand on your own feet. It will teach you self-reliance, perhaps by hard knocks if you can be taught that way—and if you can't why it will still have a place for you with the rest of its incompetents. But do you want it?—Selected.

Shall He?

An old man sat on his veranda one Autumn evening, with the son of a former school-mate. The visitor was a flippant young fellow, and talked much of his doubts about religion. The old man did not argue with him.

It isn't worth while, Robert, he said, you are only repeating what other men have suggested to you. You have not begun to think or feel for yourself.

Robert was insistent, and finally asserted that the doctrine of a future life was all a dream. Death is death, he said. When the breath goes out of the body the soul comes to an end.

His aged host led him into his library, and showed him a portrait on the wall—a noble, saintly face.

Do you see her? he said. Can you guess what she was from her face—how high her intellect, how

tender her nature, how near to God? I was her only son. She was, and, as I have never married, she always will be the only woman in the world to me.

Well, she is dead. And you say there is nothing of her left in the world—nothing? Why, look here, Bob; do you see that bush in the yard? A common weed, with coarse leaves and colorless flowers of no special use or beauty. But that weed grows in every country. It grew centuries ago; it grew before the flood. It is the same now as it was then. It has come down through countless ages, seed after seed, the same growth, the same flower, the same thorns, unaltered.

And if God, he said, rising in his earnestness, if God has kept that little weed unaltered since the beginning of time, shall He extinguish the soul of my mother—the souls of all mothers—full of His truth and love, made in His likeness, who have done His work in the world? Shall the poor matter, in its meanest types, last, and the soul, which represents His intelligence and His spirit, come to an end?—Youth's Companion.

A Hint For Helping Hands.

What do you do with the magazines and illustrated papers at your house?

Once, there was an epidemic of scarlet fever in our village, and from a dozen houses there hung out red flags, telling of little red-faced, sore-throated patients, and of mothers or aunts in quarantine with them.

Some girls whom I knew made a dozen bundles of old magazines, and dropped them at these quarantined doors, to be thrust into the sick rooms. Ah, what large returns of gratitude they earned!

For, you see, a scarlet-fever nurse cannot borrow a book, or get one from a public library, for fear of infection; and yet there are weary vigils when something to read is a boon.

Moreover, long after the little convalescents can sit up and play, their eyes are not strong enough to read, and the peeling hands are dangerous to books. Then the magazines may be cut up, and the ladies and gentlemen used as paper dolls, and the wonderful advertisement cards turned into picture galleries, until the big bonfire receives them at the end of the long siege.

This hint is especially for contagious diseases, but any sick child or mother on nurse duty, would be grateful for such thoughtful help over a weary way.—Sunday-School Visitor.

Just in Time to Catch the Train

I often say these words when the train moves off and I have been just in time, but I am thinking now of other trains that are moving and opportunities that are passing. I am thinking of that picture of the woman who was just in time with her precious box of ointment, who did not think the burial was so near, and who heard the words, She is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying.

We need often to heed the word quickly—we put off until it is too late, and then we say: Oh, if I had only written that letter I intended to write. If I had only told her that I loved her—I meant to do it. Why didn't I do the thing I intended to do? Just because you forgot the word quickly. You put it off, and the burial came before your anointing. Your sweet spices, your flowers are of no account now. You put the flowers in her hand too late. You perfumed the room after she was cold. What she needed was the perfume of love while she was alive. When she was hungry for the sweet words of love, it would have been everything for her to have had you notice when she looked tired and to have heard you say, Haven't you been working harder than usual? The food the human heart needs is love!—Margaret Bottoms.

Somebody once said to Mr. D. L. Moody, Have you grace enough to be burned at the stake? No, was the reply. Do you not wish you had? No, sir, for I do not need it. What I need just now is grace to live in Milwaukee three days and hold a mission.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children.

Baldness is either hereditary or caused by sickness, mental exhaustion wearing tight-fitting hats, and by over-work and trouble. Hall's Renewer will prevent it.

Made of Mud

Robert Ingersoll, the blasphemous infidel, once was talking with an old colored woman in Washington, it is said upon religious matters.

Do you really believe; Auntie, said he, that people are made of dust? Yes, sah! The Bible says dey is, and so I believe it.

But what is done in wet weather, when there is nothing but mud? Den I s'pect dey make infidels an' such truck—Sel.

A little girl in an Italian Sunday school complained that some of the children nipped her. Why did you not do your best to defend yourself? inquired the mother. The child hung her head and was silent. What did you do, added the mother when they were seeking pleasure tormenting you? I remember of what Jesus did for his enemies, replied the child; I prayed for them.

Let anyone set his heart to do what is right, and ere long his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up heroic expressions. —Charles K. Mansley.

Prosperity rarely brings out the best there is in a man. A man's adversities are often his most stimulating friends.



The Race

Does not depend on the start but on the finish. It's staying power which carries many a runner to victory. It's like that in business. Many a man starts off in the race for business success with a burst of speed which seems to assure victory. Presently he begins to falter and at last he falls and fails. The cause? Generally "stomach trouble." No man is stronger than his stomach. Business haste leads to careless and irregular eating. The stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition become diseased. The body is inadequately nourished and so grows weak.

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