

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. L. President, Amos O'Blenas, Vice Presidents, 1st District, Ernest Bloodsworth; 2nd Dist., Rev. J. B. Daggett; 3rd Dist., Rev. F. C. Hartley; 4th Dist., Rev. F. S. Hartley; 5th Dist., Miss A. Slipp; 6th Dist., Licen. R. H. Ferguson; 7th Dist., Miss Annette Floyd; Cor. Sec., Rev. M. L. Gregg; Rec. Sec., Miss L. Vandine; Asst. Rec. Sec., Miss Jessie Vince; Treas., T. A. Lindsay; Auditor, Rev. A. D. Paul.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. L. President, Rev. D. T. Porter; Vice Presidents, A. M. McNitch, J. W. Freeman, Mrs. Geo. Phillips; Rec and Cor. Secretary, Mrs. A. M. McNitch; Treasurer, Miss L. M. Sargent.

A New Society.

Several members of the Woodstock Christian Endeavor Society drove to Wakefield on Tuesday evening where a new society was organized.

Wanted.

- 1. A "Hash Committee," to speak quietly to backseat whippersnappers.
2. A "Peace Committee," to silence every grumbler.
3. A "Salt Committee," to dissolve cold, lip-biting jealousies.
4. An "Axe Committee," to behead at once every heartless, headless and useless committee.

Prayer-Meeting Committee.

A splendid plan of the prayer-meeting committee for making an interesting Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, and to get all to take part is as follows:

Four committees had a hand in this service. The prayer meeting committee planned the service; the lookout committee saw that it was carried out; the flower committee furnished the flowers and arranged them, and the social committee stood at the door to welcome to the service.

The prayer-meeting committee had arranged questions on slips of paper; these the flower committee pinned to the buttonhole bouquets, one slip to a bouquet, and as any one came in a member of the social committee pinned a bouquet on the person, asking him to read the question and answer it. The topic for that evening was: In what way can we best assist our church and pastor? A member of the lookout committee led the meeting.

The questions were for active and associate members, for strangers, for the different committees, and for the pastor. The question for the pastor was, "In what way can we best assist you?" For an associate member the question was, "We are praying for you; would you pray for yourself? A stranger got this question, "If you are a Christian, won't you tell us? In this way all took part, or all that had time. The answers were asked to be very short; in a sentence if possible. This made a very interesting meeting, and it did not lag. If societies have trouble in getting members to take part, this is a good way to have them get started. They know just what is wanted of them, and what to say.

Daily Devotion.

BY JULIA WALLACE.

It was said of Peter and John that the people took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. How did they know? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Just so will it be known by the fruit in our lives if we have been with Jesus; not only near him in the great multitude, but alone with Jesus—in close intimate companionship with our best friend, our elder brother, talking to him, and hearing what He would say to us. No child of God who is endeavoring to live for "Christ and the church," but should feel the need of this communion with Christ that they may live for Christ.

When those of the five thousand who had been fed in the wilderness again sought the Master that they might obtain more bread, He tried to create within them a hunger for the bread of life, and strove to teach them how much more they needed the bread from heaven which He could also freely give them, than they needed the bread which would only nourish their physical life.

Like them, do we not often fail to realize our need of sustenance for the growth of our souls, and strength to battle against temptation, and because we do not hunger for it, fail to partake of the bread

of life, rely on our own strength, and then wonder why we are such weak Christians.

I know that one can create an appetite for many kinds of food which are distasteful, by constant use of them, and so I also believe that the more we regularly use the manna which God has for us, the more hungry we will become for it, and we have the promise that He who hungers shall be filled.

The founder of the Christian Endeavor movement certainly realized these facts when he put in to our pledge these words, "I will pray to Him and read the Bible every day."

A short time ago, when trying to teach some children the importance of reading God's word every day, a little boy remarked that he could not take time. Upon telling him that he surely had time to read one verse, he exclaimed, "Oh, I always thought it meant that people should read two or three, or a lot of chapters every day. The Bible, above all other books, is to quote Bacon—"To be chewed, swallowed and digested" and we cannot often assimilate such a large quantity at one time. A few verses on one topic, or even a single verse, is more helpful, and if memorized at the beginning of the day, will be used by the Holy Spirit to strengthen, comfort, or warn as needed and will truly be our daily food.

I have read that if one of the two duties—prayer and reading the Bible—must be neglected, that prayer should be the one, because what we have to say to God is not so important as what He would say to us. But Endeavorers, we must pray in order to live, without prayer, our Christian lives are dead.

Christ is willing to give us of His strength in every time of weakness. He is ready with comfort in every sorrow, He would give us advice during perplexity, and make our lives witness for Him, but His word tells us that "Of all these things He would be inquired of." We must ask if we would receive.

It is a precious thought that we Christian Endeavorers begin each day in the same place—at Our Father's throne and then after separating to our different work; in the store, at the bank or office, in the school room or in the home, we come back at night and kneel at Our Father's feet—a reunited family.

There is danger in neglecting daily devotion even once for it is so much easier to neglect the second time, and by continued negligence, we are apt to find that these duties, though taken up again, have ceased to be devotion.

Let us each day—

"Take time to be holy, Speak oft with our Lord, Abide in Him always, And feed on His word."

"Take time to be holy The world rushes on Spend much time in secret With Jesus alone."

By looking to Jesus Like Him shall we be, Our friends in our conduct His likeness shall see."

Adrift.

He lives in this town. He has brawn and brain and heart. He is virile, vigilant, venturesome. He wants to make a success of his life. But at the same time he wants to take his own way to reach it. If he does not find it, he will be more disappointed than any of those who are so anxious about him. Just now he is taking a strange way to get it. He would not think of mastering a trade without learning it. He would not think of looking for wheat where he had been sowing thistles. But he really expects to be master of himself without trying. He is looking for a crop of righteousness from a sowing of sin.

The young fellow is adrift. There was a time when he was anchored in the harbor of home. He was held fast by the cable of earthly love, and the stouter cable of faith in God. But he began to despise what he called dictation and apron-strings. The cables lengthened as he sailed out of real security into fancied freedom. Under the power of the s-o-m the cables parted, strand by strand, until the last one yielded to the tug of temptation. Ever since that time the young man has been adrift.

He is adrift physically. He is not caring for the purity and endurance of his body as he ought. He has forgotten that the Bible calls it the temple of the Holy Ghost! He has given it to be the place where huckstering for vain and fleeting pleasures is the only business. If anybody played as rudely on the keys of his piano as this young man plays with this wonderful mechanism which we call the body, he would have swift notice to cease. But he plays on and on, until under the pressure, the strings snap, the keys are unresponsive, and this building of God begins to break down.

He is adrift intellectually. His eye has been allowed to wander toward things forbidden. His ear has been cultivated to admit unholily and alluring sounds. And these impressions have traveled along the optic and auditory nerves to the brain, where they have left their warping and disastrous influence. And now his mind, once a place where the Holy Spirit wrote the divine message, is ready to be the easy prey of all the harpies whose touch is pollution. There are young men, and this one is among them, who are held fast in the talons of unholy intellectual life. Though they cry in their anguish, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? they are not ready to take Paul's way to find the deliverance.

The young man is adrift spiritually. He can remember when he prayed at his sainted mother's knee. Sometimes now, when he has half recovered from his carousal, he turns on his couch in agony, musing about the time of his innocence. Since that time, too, haggard doubts about the reality of the foundations on which his mother rested have stalked across the path. They did not come until he had begun to stray from righteousness. Then they saw their chance, slid by his convictions, and entered his mind. He ventures to state them occasionally, though he does not believe them. By and by he will believe them, and then he will have drifted into the Dismal Swamp of unbelief. He used to believe what the Scriptures said about his personal duty. He used to think he would do it some day. But now he begins to think that that was an ugly dream of his childhood. He will not do as he has been told is best—the whole thing drift, do the best he can, and trust to the divine goodness. It looks very plausible, and so he does it. All the while he is in increasingly prosperous business, and it has become so because he has been exceedingly careful to use the very best methods in conducting it. If he had done this with his soul, would he not be caught by the swirl of this moral maelstrom which yawns to receive him? If he is to change, he must hurry. The statistics often tell the plain fact in this case when they say that if young men neglect this decision up to the time they are twenty-five, they immensely decrease the chances of their ever finding the gates of grace and bliss. And all this time there stands across the way the pleading Lord, who, by his Spirit, seeks to save the young man. Is the young man reading this? Let him grow thoughtful for a time. Then let him cry mightily for the help Jesus will give, and this hour will find him swept out of the jaws of danger and death into the arms of Infinite Love.—Epworth Herald.

The Smile of Defeat.

A young Englishman once failed to pass the medical examination which he thought his future depended.

Never mind, he said to himself, what is the next thing to be done? and he found that policy of never minding and going on to the next thing the most important of all policies for practical life. When he had become one of the greatest scientists of the age, Huxley looked back upon his early defeat and wrote:

It does not matter how many tumblers you have in life, so long as you do not get dirty when you tumble. It is only the people who have to stop and be washed who must lose the race.

Twenty years ago Lindon Bates, of Chicago, was compelled through lack of funds to discontinue his course at the Sheffield scientific school and begin work for a railroad. Some years later he secured the contract for building two miles of the Chicago drainage canal, and attracted immediate attention. Today the Volga River is being dredged by his machines, a dozen rivers and ports of Australia and Tasmania, the difficult harbor at Calcutta and another at Antwerp. The International Congress of Navigation recently awarded him a gold medal; and upon hydraulic engineering in navigation he is ranked as the highest living authority.

To assert that present defeat is not incompatible with future success is merely to repeat one of those fundamental truths which, like submerged piers, support the bridge of life. The stone which turns the brook into a wider channel is not an obstruction. Defeat is as different from failure as the two points in the adventure of the diver: One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge; one when, a prince, he rises with his pearl.—Exchange.

Search thy friend for his virtues, thyself for thy faults.

Some Small Congregations.

There are many instances of congregations of one, but perhaps the most remarkable is that in the Faroe Islands.

There is said to be only one Roman Catholic on the islands—an old woman living at a place about three miles from the capital. She has a special little chapel all to herself, and once a year a Roman Catholic priest is sent over from Denmark to administer the communion. Probably in no other case has a clergyman taken a journey of 400 miles to minister to one person.

In the life of D. Lyman Beecher it is related that one wild winter day he had promised to preach at a little out-of-the-way country church. He found a congregation of one, and to him he preached. Many years afterwards, in a great city, a stranger touched the doctor's arm, and introduced himself as the single listener, who had thought over what he had heard, and was now himself a preacher of the gospel, with a church gathered around him numbering one thousand adherents.

In one church in Wales there is a parson and a clerk who every Sabbath stand at the church gate awaiting the congregation, which generally consists of one old lady. If she comes the service goes on; but if she fails, then the clergyman and the clerk have a holiday.

Opportunity.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now. But there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can surely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer by. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue:

Why is thy name, O statue? I am called Opportunity. Who made thee? Lysippus. Why art thou on thy toes? To show that I stay but a moment. Why hast thou wings on thy feet? To show how quickly I pass by. But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead? That men may seize me when they meet me. Why, then, is thy head so bald behind? To show that, when I have once passed, I cannot be caught.—Christian Press.

More Real Women are Needed.

It is as necessary for women to regulate their lives as men. No single rule of life is more far-reaching than that of old King Alfred: Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for recreation. But six hours of real work will accomplish more than eight hours of dilly-dallying; six hours of genuine sleep are better than eight hours of restless dreaming; and six hours of active, whole-souled play will do more good than eight hours of trivial pottering around. Never forget that the same elements, in mind and physique, that will make you a good and successful professional woman, will, if a change comes in your career, make you a good wife and mother. Physical strength and mental alertness are as necessary in the home as outside of it. Make yourself a woman, a real woman, not a puppet, or a scarecrow. We need more real women, more real men, in our twentieth-century civilization.—Cynthia Westover Alden, in the September Success.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproaches of its enemies than the worldliness and hardness of heart of the professors of it.—Matthew Henry.

IN THE CENTER OF AFRICA the fame of Pain-Killer has spread. The natives use it to cure cuts, wounds and sprains, as well as bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Peary Davis' 25c and 50c.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

If you desire a luxuriant growth of hair of a natural color, nature's crown ornament of both sexes, use only Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Minding the Baby.

When God sends a little child into a home he bestows the most precious gift that could be given. The self-sacrificing care which the little stranger demands many a woman is but too ready to intrust to another.

The house-keeper guards her fragile charge from careless and rough hands, the costly bric-a-brac she dusts herself, and her delicate lace handkerchiefs are given over to no inexperienced laundress. But the baby, helpless to protest, is but too often trusted to a young, thoughtless girl who knows little, and cares less about her duties.

There are women whose health readers their unfitted for taking the complete care of the child. If this is the case it cannot be too strongly urged to economize in every other way rather than with the nurse. Secure at all hazards a reliable, competent woman—one who loves children and who will give the baby intelligent, conscientious care under your supervision.—Arthur W. Yale M. D., in the August Woman's Home Companion.

HOPELESS CASES.

When the doctor leaves and says the case is hopeless, what remains to be done? Nothing, if the doctor's word is final. Much, if you will listen to the statements of men and women who were once "hopeless cases" given up by doctors, and who were perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing is more sure than that thousands of men and women with diseased lungs, obstinate coughs, hemorrhage, emaciation and night-sweats, have been restored to perfect health by the use of the "Discovery." Will it cure you? It has cured in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred where it was given a fair and faithful trial. By that record you have only two chances in a hundred of failure and ninety-eight chances of being restored to perfect health. It is worth trying.

Abram Freer, Esq., of Rockbridge, Greene Co., Ill., writes: "My wife had a severe attack of pleurisy and lung trouble; the doctors gave her up to die. She commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and she began to improve from the first dose. By the time she had taken eight or ten bottles she was cured, and it was the cause of a large amount being sold here. I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the best medicine in the world for lung trouble."

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