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An India Letter.

A letter has recently been received by one of our workers, from Dr. Shirley Smith, of Balasore, and a few extracts have been passed on as ideas that will be of help to more than one reader. Dr. Smith is our youngest and newest missionary, only having been in India about a year. Her work, however, even in this short time, has been unusually successful while her work, coupled with her bright and charming personality has made for her scores of friends on each side of the globe. She is at present practising in Balasore, where she has been a house companion of our own Miss Gannon. We hope the following bits from her letter will be read as often and generally as they deserve.

COM.

It is necessary for a missionary to get the best possible general training she can. To learn to think if she has not already learned to do it. To learn to get a large view of things—to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials—between details and underlying facts or truths. To learn to avoid prejudices and preconceived notions and to look at things squarely and coolly and honestly—as they are not as they should be or as they might be—and taking things as they are, to bring to bear such forces as will have the proper influence in changing them to what they should be. The best place that I know of to do all these things is a good college.

Let her get as good a knowledge of her Bible as possible. Learn all she can about every thing in school, and out of it. It is perfectly astonishing what various demands are made upon one's store of knowledge. Whatever one knows he will wish he knew better, and whatever one does not know he will wish he knew. To illustrate,—I was at Santipore at one time and found that Dr. Nellie Phillips had taught the boys something about book-binding—more than I knew—and yet I doubt if she had had any special instructions before she came. A little later she had a young woman who was staying at Balasore come up and teach them more, so that they could rebound school books, hymn books, etc, when they were worn out. (The young woman had worked in a bindery before coming out). Later, being very anxious to start some industry for the village she had a weaver come to the mission to work for her so that she could see if they could make rag weaving pay. She had to make her own patterns, had to learn about threads—spinning, twisting, weights, etc—and it would have been a great advantage if she had known about coloring.

India is a strange place in some respects—One comes here expecting to be located in one place and you are stationed in another. You come expecting to do one kind of work and you are obliged to do another or both the kind you expected to do and something else. You get nicely settled at one thing and then you are obliged to pick up your things and betake yourself to some other place. It is true not only in Mission circles, but in the Civil Service and other work as well. That is one of the trials of Indian life. So you see whoever comes here needs to come with a fairly good fund of information, literary and practical—but above all with a good stock of common sense and a large faith. However much one may know it will not be sufficient for the needs, and our reliance must be upon God—And after all has He not chosen the weak things to confound the mighty? India is a good place to learn humility and still one may see something of what God is able to accomplish through weak, human instruments.

Then a Missionary should learn to know people—to put herself alongside of them, to see things from their view point—then she may really sympathize with them, and can know what influences to bring to bear to move them. This it seems to me is very important

in the Missionary. It is said that no foreigner ever really understands the native Indian mind, at any rate it is difficult, but that is no reason why we should not try to understand it as far as possible, and only as we do, are we going to have the largest influence. But do not imagine that these people are wholly unlike ourselves they are really our cousins you know. I find many of them intelligent and bright—moved by many of the same impulses that move us—tempted in the same way many times—and often yielding just as we do. They are human even after they become Christians, and in many things they are like children.

Somehow I think we have got it into our heads that life in India is full of trials of every sort. Somehow people seem to think that whoever comes out here doesn't have quite enough to eat and what he does have isn't very good. Now that is a big mistake. Of course there may be such Missionaries—but I haven't seen them. I know we all have enough and it is very good indeed—and there is a fairly good variety. We have some dishes that they do not have at home—and they have some that we do not. It is true of fruits and vegetables also—but I am so fortunate as to like almost everything I have eaten here. We have Meat and Fowls and Fish, Vegetables, Cereals and Fruits. Do not think either that if one should exhaust their stock of hankkerchiefs after his arrival here he would have to send to America for more, for he wouldn't. Many things one can buy in the bazars of any goodsized town and the Calcutta shops are supplied with almost everything that one could wish. Our houses are built in the Indian style, with thick brick walls, plastered inside and outside—and some have thatched roofs—but they are very comfortable and pleasant as a rule. If one is fond of city life and social activity, I think one would be lonely here, but if one is absorbed in his work and isn't largely dependent on other people for his employment of life he may be very happy in India. I am so glad I do not live in Calcutta or Bombay or Madras—or some place where there is a real city life and something going on all the time.

I think you would like the little Indians—with their bright, black eyes and winning smiles. You see these people do not have faces like the negro—but the type of features is more like our own. Some of the lower caste and the Santals are very black—but some are quite light, and the Santals are a different race so do not look quite the same as the others.

Missionaries have real jolly good times too and do not go about with long faces and they seem just as happy as people at home.

I am now spending nearly a month at Puri, where the great temple of Jagannath is. I have come here to avoid the heat of May. Here we are directly on the sea shore, the bungalow being built right on the sand and so we have a good sea breeze when there is any. This is a most interesting city, and one of the most historical in India. Even centuries before Christ it was a religious centre to which pilgrimages were made. For several centuries it was Buddhist, but now it is wholly changed and Jagannath, the ninth incarnation of Vishnu is, to the multitudes that come here, Lord of the World. I have seen the temple gates and domes, but foreigners are not allowed to enter. Next month the great "car Festival" occurs. I saw the workmen at work building the cars the other day and I have a piece of wood from one of last year's cars. Beside the Temple and the various shrines, there are five other objects of worship for the pilgrims. Three of the five great tanks of the City, a dirty old well whose water is said to come from the river Ganges and the sea. The special place where the sea is worshipped is called Heaven's gate, a place where I believe it is that the original block of wood from which the three idols (Jagannath and his brother and sister) were made, was washed up. Those who die there are supposed to go directly to Heaven—and I am told that bodies are often burned there. It is quite the thing for all the pilgrims to bathe there. Another idol here—of less consequence than the others is that of Haneman the Monkey god. He keeps the sea back so that it will not overflow the land. He is honored because he as king of the Monkeys caused the mountains to be thrown into the sea so that a pathway was made to Ceylon and the great hero Rama could bring back his wife. It is all very nice for people to talk about the idea that these people do not worship the idol but only the god that they represent, but what kind of gods do they represent—if only one looks at their hideousness! and when one thinks of their character I do not see how it can be thought of as a good thing to worship them. A man cannot be ex-

pected to be better than the thing he worships.

Christian Madness.

H. E. T.

Festus—"Paul, thou art mad." Paul—"I am not mad." We are all ready to take the side of Paul, and say, that the man was not mad, but spoke forth words of truth and soberness. We do this because we know that the apostle had an experience. Had he been a cowardly, inconsistent, weak kneed disciple, then when we see him making his bold defence, we might be led to say, he is beside himself. But when a soul gives up luxury for hardship; peace for the sword; law and creed for faith and works, we are forced to say at once, here is a man with an experience. If there was a flash in Paul's eye; if there was iron in his blood; if there was thunder in his voice; there was much more than these, for down deep in his soul was an experience of that Gospel of which he was not ashamed and for which he was willing to suffer the loss of all things. This man whom they charged with madness was one whose soul was burning with the living truths of the living gospel. The great God of the universe had revealed himself in Jesus of Nazareth; this Son of God had died the just for the unjust to bring both Paul and all men back to God; this Christ who had died was alive forever more and dwelt with Paul and all men as a great companion—Let a man make these truths real to his heart and then whether he is the apostle to the Gentiles or whoever he is will be ready to defend him from the charge of madness. The danger is that too often we give the world a chance to bring a valid charge of madness against us, because we put everything else in place of an experience. In the time of a revival how easy it is to become mad and give the pledge of money and then afterwards fail to redeem it.—How easy it is, in some moment of madness to sing "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, over mountain or plain or sea," and yet bow hard we find it to walk down to the next block and attend the service when the night is the least disagreeable. Have we not all met with men who boasted of their orthodoxy because they could tell what Paul, or Calvin or Wesley had to say about certain doctrines? And when others could not do it, they were thought to have an inferior experience. Do we ever think what madness this is? A man is not favored of God because he can quote from another man, but only when he makes God and all eternal things as real as they were to Moses and Paul and Luther and Moody and all the truly great of earth. It is always the experience which counts and if we ever let anything else take its place we need not blame the world if it charges us with madness. God, our father does not strive to give us a certain amount of joy, or exultation, or any certain feeling whatever; but his great purpose is to make of each of us loyal and obedient sons and daughters. Let us beware of that madness which puts something else in place of this.

Look on the other hand at the madness of the world. The politician will toss his hat in the air and kick the bottom out of it and there is no charge of madness, but let a Christian become a little noisy in the prayer service and it is said at once that he is mad. If a stranger comes to town the curler will ask if he can curl; the skater, if he can skate; the dancer, if he can dance, but let the Christian be anxious to know if he is a follower of Christ, and someone will be sure to say, this is religious madness. Let the preacher request a little closer attention to prayer meeting and some one will arise to ask "does the preacher think we have nothing else to do than go to prayer meeting," or let him say that in the interest of God's work he will hold an all night of prayer on the evening of the next prayer service, how quickly we would say that our pastor was taking his work too much to heart, and from all sides would come the words "he is mad." Perhaps he is, but what about the young people who attend the social gatherings and come home at one, or two or three o'clock in the morning. It does not require much time for a sober mind to tell where the madness is. People become emotional over pic-nics, and parties and politics but let us grow emotional over religion and at once the charge of old Festus is brought against us; "Thou art mad." The apostle so burned with the truths he was presenting, that he glowed from his head to his feet and the only explanation that could be given was to say he was mad. But if this be madness we might all pray that as Christians we might catch it, and become so possessed of the reality of these great truths of the Gospel that we glow as Paul glowed.

In the golden days of old Rome, one of the coveted honors open to its soldiers was the Vallary Crown, awarded to that man who first scaled the rampart of the enemy, and our great leader in the sky is holding out a crown to-day to that soul who becomes so mad, that he dares to undertake exceptional efforts and perform great deeds for His sake.—Let the world grow mad over fashion and sport if it will, but surely you and I ought to be ready to put christian madness, into our missionary work, our Sabbath School, our Evangelistic department and all fields of usefulness, to which in His wisdom and goodness our Master has called us.

Dem Supposes.

Those who are so anxious about the future as to be unhappy in the present, may learn a lesson from a poor colored woman. Her name was Nancy, and she earned a moderate living by washing. She was, however, always happy. One day one of those anxious Christians who are constantly taking thought about the morrow said to her: Ah Nancy, it is well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of your future would sear you. Suppose, for instance, that you should be sick and unable to work, or suppose that your present employers should move away, and no one else give you anything to do; or suppose—

Suppose! cried Nancy. I never suppose. De Lord is my Shepherd and I know I shall not want. And, honey, she added to her gloomy friend, it's all dem supposes as is makein' you so miserably. You'd orter give dem all up and jes' trus' in de Lord.

The Wrong Way to Work.

Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and should ask him what he was doing, and he should reply:

Why, I'm trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another.

Would you not say, Why, man let your windows alone and kindle a fire and the frost will come off.

And have you not seen people try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows.

Let the fire of love to God, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in your heart, and the bad habits will soon melt away.—London S. S. Times.

A Good Superintendent

So much depends on having a good superintendent. He can let the school drag on or he can put life and power into the exercises. He can talk too little or too much or just enough. He can keep his hand on all the work or let it slip away from him. He can spur the teachers to higher service or discourage them. He can attract children or send them away. God bless and guide the superintendent.

We too must go through the Gethsemane of submission and the Calvary of suffering if we would help to save.

There was once upon a time an Egyptian, so it is said, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy. His name was Dumps. The memory of his tragic history is perpetuated every time we are in the dumps.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.—Samuel Johnson.

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color-food, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for your running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

Worms affected a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from any cause whatever. Price 10c and 25c.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO, AND GO THAT WAY YOURSELF.—Many elderly men and women cause something akin to torture to their children by their manners, or the lack of them. A mother noticed that her five-year-old son was eating with his knife. "You must not do that," she said, horrified; "no one eats with a knife."

"Drandpa does every time he eats," was the triumphant reply.—Woman's Home Companion.

WHINING IS A POOR BUSINESS.—I heard an old farmer whine out the other day. My—hay—crop—is—a failure. Said I. Is your potato crop a failure? No. Your corn? No. Your corn? O, no! O, no! Well, brother, why not begin with success and thankfulness, and then put your one failure in parenthesis at the end! No answer. P-use for reflection.—Christian Endeavor world.

Stomachs on Stilts.

The man who puts on stilts does not increase his actual stature by the breadth of a hair. He feels taller while he's on the stilts, and when he's off them he feels shorter than he ever felt.

Stimulants are the stilts of the stomach. They make a man feel better for the time being, but he feels a great deal worse for them afterward.

The need of the man whose stomach is "weak" is not stimulation but strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery perfectly answers that need. It cures the diseases of the digestive and nutritive system which make the stomach "weak." It enables the digestion and assimilation of food, so that the body receives the nutrition on which depends its strength.

"I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carnes, Esq., Taylorstown, Loudoun Co., Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat most anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thank you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to you. A gentleman told me of your medicine, and how it cured his wife. Thought I would try a bottle of it. Am now glad that I did, for I do not know what I should have done had it not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

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