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Fredericton Society.

Though our society has not been heard from for some time, it is still very much in existence. For the past few weeks the pastor has taken charge of the meetings and will continue to do so for a while yet.

A committee was appointed some time ago to consider the matter of holding entertainments during the winter months. The services of Rev. C. T. Phillips were obtained and Monday evening Jan. 27th, he treated us to some of his "Character Sketches." These were interspersed with music, consisting of a double quartet by the choir, solos by Miss Bolton and Mr. Allen and a male quartet. As this is the only special feature of late in Endeavour work, and as we are not carrying on our regular meetings, you will probably not hear from us until we have resumed them.

SEC'Y.

Woodstock Society.

Last week, after reading about the rally that the Marysville Society had, I thought perhaps the other societies would like to know about our rally on Christian Endeavour Day.

We had a meeting with our absent members. They were all written to and asked to send their testimonies and their favorite hymn. A great many answered this appeal and a very profitable evening was spent. Our leader also gave us a short sketch of the society, from the time when it was organized, ten years ago, up to the present time. Our society under the leadership of Mrs. G. W. Slipp, started with eleven members, three of whom were present at our rally; the others are scattered.

L. N. VINCE, Cor. Sec'y.

Feb. 24th 1902.

Acknowledgement

Received from, F'ton Junction Y. P. S. C. E. \$15.00 T. A. LINDSAY, Treas.

Tempted and Tried.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

One day, after Wendell Phillips, then in his youth, had heard Lyman Beecher preach, he went to his room, threw himself on the floor, and cried, Oh, God, I belong to Thee! Take what is Thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it. His prayer was heard, and in the strength of it he conquered without a struggle all the temptations of wealth and popularity, and became the Coar de Lion of American reforms. His experience illustrates one secret of the mastery of temptation: Dedicate yourself, in all sincerity and completeness, to the service of God.

A second rule, following hard on the first, is this: Keep your mind fixed on Christ, who, having met all our temptations, can alone save us from them. A man asked an Eastern king how to avoid temptation. The king sternly commanded him to carry through the city a vessel brimful of oil. Two swordsmen walked behind, ready to cut off his head if he spilled a drop. The streets were crowded as he passed through, for a great fair was in progress, but when the man returned to the king, not having spilled a drop of oil, and the king, asked him if he had seen anyone in the course of his walk, the man replied that he had seen no one, his mind was so intent on his hazardous task. Thus, said the wise king, keep your mind intent on God, and you will receive no temptation.

The third rule is, If you do meet temptation, resist it with bold and

fiere decision. Imitate the Mississippi steamer's captain during the American Civil War, who was under strict orders to carry no cotton. At a certain landing a planter came on board and offered him \$10,000 if he would take his cotton to New Orleans. The planter was refused, and raised his offer to \$20,000, then to \$30,000, and so on, till he reached the sum of \$100,000. At this time the captain fiercely pointed a revolver at the tempter's head, shouting, "Get off this boat, instantly! You're getting too close to me."

We must surround ourselves with all exterior aids toward this conquest of temptation, filling our lives with wise reading, strong friendships, and hard work. Thackeray applied this principle once. When given an engraving of St. George and the Dragon, he declared that he would place it at the head of his bed, where it would remind him constantly of the two dragons he had to fight, indolence and luxury.

Finally, we must not be satisfied with praying. Lead us not into temptation; we must keep out of it ourselves. Mary Higginson has written a fine sonnet, whose lesson is for all of us; since who is not struggling against some evil tendency?

We wondered why he always turned aside When mirth and gladness filled the brimming days?

Who else so fit as he for pleasure's ways? Men thought him frozen by a selfish pride;

Or that his voice was music none denied, Or that his smile was like the sun's warm rays.

One day upon the sands he spoke in praise Of swimmers who were buffeting the tide:

"The swelling waves of life they dare to meet. I may not plunge where others safely go.

Unbidden longings in my pulses beat. O blind and thoughtless world! you little know That ever round this hero's steadfast feet Surges and tugs the dreaded undertow."

Uncle 'Lij's Opinions Concerning Fly Paper.

That sticky-fly-paper there, remarked Uncle 'Lijab, as he pulled his Chicago paper out of his pocket and sat down in his accustomed place in the grocery store, is a good 'ol like what the preacher calls vice and I wonder why he ain't never brung it in his sermon.

Now you take that fly that just lit on the aidge, an watch him awhile. He's as frisky as a colt. Runs his suckin'-machine down on everything in sight, but yit he's ready to stop work any minute to play a game of tag with any other fly.

Shoo him off, an' he ain't a bit scared of your hand, big as it is, but lights on the top of it, an' goes to work suckin' at the pores an' scattern' my robes all over it.

Shoo him off ag'in an' back he goes to the fly paper. He sees it's all covered over with dead victims. He sees they's a ho' lot more that 'ud gives their legs an' their wings ef they c'd git away. He hears 'em buzzin' an' sees 'em pullin', an' yankin', an' tryin, to git out; but he, he don't care.

He thinks he kin walk all over that fly paper ef he wants to, thinks he kin wade right through it.

Says he: Why, I ain't like them fellers; they don't know when to stop, but I can take it up an' leave it off whenever I want to. I'm a goin' to light on there, anyhow, and when I feel that it's a-gettin' too strong a hold on me I'll simply let go and get away in time.

So there you see him light. Fer a minnit it seems all right. Says he; There's nuthin' wrong with this. It ain't hot, an' it ain't cold, an' it ain't no spider's web.

Then he goes to move, an' he binds his leg sticks. He goes to pull back, an' his front feet won't budge.

He gets a little scared, an' tries to fly. He can't git off.

Then he makes the biggest an' the wildest effort he ever made in his life. He works his wings so you can hear him all over the store. He wiggles his legs till he's red in the face. He gits up a little ways, but his suckin' old feet still hold on.

The thought comes over him that he'll never fly ag'in. He says, I will, if I have to lift this whole ten-acre sheet of tanglefoot! An' he makes one last buzz that sounds away up in G sharp.

But nothin' moves. The paper is just as flat as ever. The fly next him that's a layin' on its side, an' can't move anything but winkers, closes one eye as much as to say, You might as well give up tryin' to reform, and settle down with me. The rest of 'em don't pay any attention to his struggles.

So pretty soon he gives up hope, settles back, gets his wings daubed till they won't buzz any more, an'

pretty soon all he can do is to make a few weak motions with his legs. Then he sees another young fly hoverin' over the trap. Do you think he gives him warning and tells him to keep away? No sirree he don't. No more than the victim of drink, or gambling, or European Sundays, or any low-down vice, will warn off his fellow-man.

What's that? Flies can't communicate with other flies? Well, then, that shows that some humans that call themselves good fellows are really, when you git down to it, smaller-hearted than the flies! —Christian Endeavor Herald.

The Lower Lights.

I don't believe I'll go to church to-day, said Ruth one Sunday morning at the breakfast table. Somehow I don't feel like it, and nobody will ever know the difference whether I'm there or not.

My dear, said Aunt Margaret, I've often heard you singing, Let the Lower Lights be Burning. I wonder if you know the story that suggested it?

No, answered Ruth, I never so much as heard that there was one.

Some years ago a steamer in a terrific gale was trying to make the harbor at Cleveland, Ohio. There are two lights at the entrance of the harbor, one the upper light on the bluffs of the shore the other the lower light on a bar at the other side of the other side of the entrance. The pilot peered out anxiously to catch a glimpse of the friendly lights, and presently caught sight of the upper one. But that alone was not sufficient; he must also see the other to know just where to go. But for some reason it was not lighted on time. Beaten by wind and wave, the steamer staggered on as best she could, while the hearts of all on board trembled with fear. If she missed the entrance, there was little hope of her escaping the rocks. Suddenly the lower light appeared but, alas! it was too late—the steamer had missed the entrance, and in the attempt to turn about went down with all on board.

I suppose, said Ruth with a laugh, you mean that even if I am the most insignificant member of our church, and sit in the very back seat, it is my duty to be there in my place?

You remember George Eliot's poem of the violin maker, who said if he did not make the very best violin possible for him to make, God would miss the music! If we are not each one of us faithfully doing our duty, be it small or great, there is silence or discord where there might have been music. More than that, our lives are bound together we must needs lift up those about us or drag them down. We are bidden to sow our seed at all time for we know not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good. The cobbler, as I once heard a minister say, could not paint a picture, but he could tell Appelles that the shoe tie was not right, and so might help towards making the beautiful picture perfect.

O Auntie, exclaimed Ruth, why did I say anything? I might have known you would not let me stay at home in peace. Still, I will try to keep my wee little lower light burning as brightly as possible hereafter.—Zion's Herald.

"Will it Wash?"

There isn't any question I ask oftener, when I go shoppin', remarked Miss Eliza, shrewdly, than will it wash? I used to like things that looked handsome on the counter; but now the thing I want is the thing that looks handsome after it comes out of the wash-tub. It's astonishin' what a searchin' test that turns out to be. The prettiest colors arn't always fast colors, and you soon find that out.

I brought a lovely pink sample home the other day; but when I tried it with hot water and soap and hung it in the sun—why, it all faded out in streaks. Goods that don't stand washin' nor wearin' are goods it doesn't pay anybody to buy unless they want them just for show.

My pink sample was useful one way, though. I'd been frettin', and complainin' over some things that happened wrong, and suddenly I just thought to myself, What good is your religion to you, Eliza Benson, if it don't wash? It's bound to keep it's colour if it's the real kind, even if you're in hot water through no fault of your own. I shut my lips up tight, right then and there and stopped complainin' that minute. I don't want Christian character that's all faded and run in streaks. The counter kind of religion isn't the kind I'm strivin' for. I mean to have the wash-rub kind, that is fast color through everything that can happen to it. I've put that pink sample for a bookmark in my Bible, to mark the fifth chapter of Mattheew. It

mayn't be as handsome as an embroidered bookmark; but you've no idea how it lights up that page and brings the words home, and Miss Eliza's eyes twinkled.—Chris Observer.

Short Rules for Long Comforts

Put self last. Be prompt at every meal. Take little annoyances out of the way.

When good comes to any one, rejoice. When anyone suffers speak a word of sympathy.

Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others. Have a place for everything and everything in its place.

Hide your own trouble, but watch to help others out of theirs. Never interrupt any conversation, but watch patiently your turn to speak.

Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.

Carefully clean the snow and mud from your feet on entering the house.

Always speak politely and kindly to servants.

When inclined to give an angry answer press your lips together and say the alphabet.

When pained by an unkind word or deed ask yourself: Have I never done an ill and desired forgiveness.—Soldier and Servant.

Why Easter is a "Movable" Feast.

During all of March the sun is coming farther north. About the twentieth it shines directly on the Equator, and the day is just as long as the night. The time of the old Jewish Passover, and hence of our Easter, depends on this date. This latter always comes on the Sunday following the first full moon after the sun crosses the line. This accounts for its being so "movable" a feast.—March Ladies' Home Journal.

THE SINFULNESS of omission is illustrated in the coroner's inquest over the recent accident in the tunnel at Forty-fifth street, New York. The superintendent of the railroad testified that for ten years engineers had complained that by reason of smoke in the tunnel they had been unable to see the signals. The management simply omitted to remedy the matter. He testified that the torpedo signals furnished were of such character that sometimes five or six engines have run over them without exploding them. The managers omitted to rectify the matter. He testified that trains were run deliberately past the red light signals, in order to make time, and any rebuke was omitted. The omission was not treated as a wrong. Now comes the catastrophe: seventeen people are dead and forty three are injured. And now what can be plainer than that omissions of duty do constitute a sin? It is a good lesson for us to learn.

The greatest men are not those who despise the day of small things, but those who improve them the most carefully.

Never criticise the church in any point until you have done your best to remedy that defect; for after that you will not want to criticise.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc, etc.

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

BE SURE YOU GET THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS HAD.—Owing to the great popularity of "The D. & L. Menthol Plaster, unscrupulous makers are putting up one like it. For rheumatism, neuralgia, &c., nothing is better. Made only by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

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ONE OF THE BEST WAYS to crowd out the bad and choke them to death is to put good plants in the soil, and cultivate them well. Weeds can be choked out of the heart thus just as they can be out of the garden. If we will be very diligent, and very prayerful in doing good every day, the evil plants will have but small chance of thriving in our hearts. If we begin every day with an hour or more of earnest, thoughtful Bible reading and prayer, and if we go out from that hour with a day's work for Christ already mapped out, if we work at it with diligence and prayer all the day long, if we keep this up continually during the days and year of our life, we could not but grow better and live lives ever increasing in usefulness and happiness; and we could not fail to enter into everlasting happiness in the world to come, to shine as the stars forever and ever. Remember, death is and the life with God is unending. Remember, all who die in the favor of God have succeeded, and all who die under his wrath have failed.—The Way.

We Know What

Is going to happen to the little boy who is stuffing himself with green apples. A grown man couldn't be induced to try that experiment; and yet the grown man will overload himself with indigestible food for which he will pay a greater penalty than colic. It is this careless and thoughtless eating which is the beginning of stomach trouble and all its painful consequences.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other forms of "stomach trouble." It restores the weak and run-down man or woman to sound health.

"Some time has elapsed since I have written you in regard to the treatment I have been taking under your instructions," says Mr. E. F. Cingmars of Minneapolis, Minn. "When first I commenced taking your remedies I was under treatment of a well-known specialist in this city (and had been for four months), for catarrh, and especially stomach trouble, and I was rapidly getting worse. Got so bad that I could not eat anything that did not distress me terribly, and I was obliged to quit taking the doctor's treatment entirely. I was greatly reduced in flesh. As a last resort I wrote to you and stated my case, and after receiving your instructions I followed them closely. After taking five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets' I commenced to improve, and decided to continue the medicines and observe your instructions regarding hygienic treatment. It is now nearly six months since I commenced your treatment and I can say that I am well and never felt better in my life. Am very grateful to you for what your medicine has done for me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.



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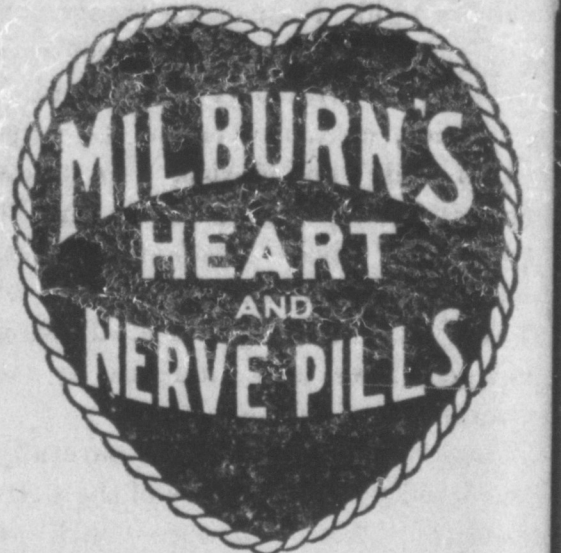
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