

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. L. President, Amos O'Blenes, 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. U. President, Rev. J. E. Gosline; Vice Presidents, Rev. J. W. Smith, Miss Etta Van Horne, Mrs. Chas. Ross Rec. and Cor. Secretary, Mrs. A. M. Mcintosh; Treasurer, Mrs. G. M. Wilson.

Marysville Society.

The Marysville A. C. F. Society held their annual Rally Thursday evening Jan 30th. The night was cold and the traveling poor, but a large number found their way to the church.

Mr. Cochran, of the U. N. B. was present and gave us a very interesting and helpful talk. This was Mr. Cochran's first visit to our society he was very welcome, his visit was much appreciated, and we earnestly hope he may come again very soon.

The choir furnished us with appropriate music, including a selection from the Male Quartette. An offering amounting to four dollars and eighty cents, was taken. Rev. A. A. Rideout, in a few well chosen remarks showing the need of funds to carry out the plans for the years work, asked for pledges from any present who would care to assist in the work. Thirty-seven dollars was very readily and cheerfully promised, which was very encouraging to who have the work in hand. Thursday evening Feb. 6th being our semi-annual business meeting, the officers were elected for the next term, namely:

President, Mrs. John Dennon; Vice Pres. G. A. Tapley; Rec. Sec. Chas. McConaghy; Treasurer, Lora Fullerton. With this band of officers we are hoping for a successful six months work. May our work be well and faithfully done, and His name shall have all the praise.

J. J. ROBINSON Cor. Sec.

Marysville, Feb. 7th, 1902.

Lower Perth Society.

While attending an executive meeting of the League, held at Woodstock last week, I was requested by one of the Press Committee to write of this society. The reports in the The Young People's column in the INTELLIGENCER contain many things to help us all. The more we correspond with each other through the paper the more mutually helpful we are. This society is still looking forward to see what lies beyond. Though sometimes the way seems dark before us, we are conscious that it is God's loving kindness that has led us, and confident that He will bring us off "more than conquerors." We can say all His paths are peace. Looking back over the year that has just past, and contemplating the many benefits we have received, "How much owest thou?" is a question we need to answer in practical service. We should as members of the C. E. Societies put on "the whole armour" and serve our Lord with faithfulness and courage.

We are not all gifted alike, but each one has some God-given talent for the use of which he is responsible.

The selection officers took place at the semi-annual meeting at the beginning of the year. The officers are: President, Howard M. Laughlan; Vice-Pres., Perry Bishop; Sec., Miss Flossie Inman; Treasurer, Miss Addie McLaughlan; Cor. Sec., Ernest E. Bloodsworth.

ERNEST E. BLOODSWORTH, Cor. Secretary.

Kilburn, V. Co.

My First "Big" Sermon.

I had just graduated, with first distinction, from one of the best Southland colleges. I had delivered the Valedictory of my class, counted a great honor in those bygone years. A few days before the memorable occasion I attended a session of a very old association where a great congregation of the faithful saints had assembled. My father had been the clerk for twenty-five years. I soon learned that I was the only graduated young man among them! I felt very great. I was appointed a committee to request for publication a copy of a very able sermon which

was delivered before the association by a distinguished visiting brother. I said to myself, if the association could hear my coming sermon they certainly would want it for publication! So on Sabbath I had it published before the great crowd that on next Sabbath I would preach at Old—, noted for its large country congregations—the house was built to accommodate the State Convention in the days of camp-meetings.

With much care I prepared the great sermon, having sauced it with wit and humor, with sensational story and select poetry. On Sabbath morn I donned my graduation suit—a glossy, high-crown beaver, a tauz sleeve, spike-tail coat of broad-cloth, high-heel boots and kid gloves. It was of latest fashion. As such was rarely seen among the country folk in that day I well knew I would surpass all in dress. The morning was delightful. Soon in a buggy with the charming Miss—, I leisurely drove across the most lovely country such as inspires many kinds of thought. As we passed through shaded valley and over sunlit streamlets I gave her an outline of my sermon, quoting some wit and poetry. So sweetly did she say, Yes, that will be grand, I know it will charm all, that she brought, struggling for tongue's end, that other sermon or speech I had prepared to deliver privately on our return. On our arrival there was a great crowd in waiting to hear the son of his father, for my father had been their pastor for sixteen years. They had come to hear his son, a graduate. With beaver and one kid glove raised in left hand, such was the style gracefully I escorted my company to a seat and then returned out-doors to speak to the brethren. And, lo! there meekly stood in plain attire one of the professors of my college. He was on a visit to his parents who lived near by. Said I to myself, Professor you will not preach to-day, this is my time. Soon we entered the church, I leading with hoisted beaver and glove, the Professor following behind me. As we entered the great box-pulpit and closed the door, for such it was, I said, Professor, will you please offer the closing prayer? Then, like my father, who was counted a great preacher in that day, I opened service by commenting on a favorite old hymn. I saw it took well. Then reading and prayer all rendered by myself. Next I spread my Commencement handkerchief across the Bible, for it was a warm day, and I might need it. Yes, there may be, too some joyous weeping, and then such was style.

Announcing my text—the most striking I could find in the Bible—and attempting to follow Spurgeon's plan, I said, Dear Brethren and Friends, I will (1) give you an exegesis of the next (not one in a hundred, of my audience, I venture to say, had ever before heard the word exegesis); (2) I will illustrate it; (3) I will apply it; (4) I will enforce it; and (5) my peroration will be, etc. (another new word). Consuming with comments some ten minutes! I then returned to my exegesis. But alas! my thoughts were gone, my lips were stayed, my great sermon hid. I rubbed my heated face with my Commencement handkerchief, hoping some thought would come, some muse inspire. I coughed and twisted my young moustache, yes, I harked, and spat, and burned behind my knees, and down I sank out of sight in the accommodating dear old box-pulpit! There I lay and suffered, a very sick man, till the professor from a common text preached, they said a great sermon. Oh, how I sighed for wings to fly away and no more be seen! Inspiring prospects and strong hopes lay over and all around, scattered and blasted! How shall I ever get back to my boarding-house? What will the people say? What will Miss—think? These were some of the bitter pills I had to take. When the professor asked me to offer the closing prayer, I was too sick to raise my head. When asked to dismiss the congregation the closer I held to my blessed enclosure. And there the professor left me with a smile on his face and these words: It will do you good.

When at last I left the dear old pulpit, the first to greet me was an old deacon and relative. These were his words: Cousin, I advise you to shave off your moustache before you ever try it again! As to the sequel, where and how I spent the afternoon, and how I returned home, let it all be buried with the past. Suffice it to say, however I attempted no other sermon or speech, public or private, that day. I was sick.

REMARKS.

I have never forgotten for two score years my first big sermon. It did me more good than any other effort of my life.

Brethren, let us be charitable and with patience bear with the young theolog who may be filled with the big I more than the Holy Ghost.

I shall always love and cherish the old brethren who built the box-pulpit.—The Baptist Argus.

A Fatal Mischief.

A story by Cyrus Townsend Brady, published in the Christian Endeavor World, contains the following striking incident, which, we believe, is true one. It needs no moralizing:

Do you see that farmer out there? said the bishop, pointing through the window.

Yes sir. Well, that reminds me of a journey I took through my diocese about ten years ago, when I had just been made bishop, and of a story which began then and ended yesterday. I got on the train one afternoon, and found in the seat in which I chanced to sit a paper-backed book. I picked it up—and began to read it. The title was unfamiliar, and the name of the author I had never heard before. I shall remember both to my dying day. It was a rather well-written book, and I read on unconsciously enough for a dozen pages until I discovered the character of the story—or I suppose I should say, the lack of character. I think from what I saw that no more insidiously corrupting, utterly depraved book had been or could be written by a human emissary of Satan than that volume. On the impulse of the moment I turned to the open window—it was summer—and with no thought but a desire to get rid of the loathsome thing I flung it far out of the car.

The circumstances were just as they were a few minutes since. It was an up-grade, or for some other reason the train was going slowly. There was a young man driving a farm wagon along the road, which there nearly approached the track. The book sailed through the air, and fell into the wagon at his feet. I saw him pick up the book, and in my excitement I thrust my head out of the car window and shouted to him to throw it away, an injunction which he naturally did not heed; and then the train swept around a curve, and I lost sight of him.

Is that all, sir? asked the lieutenant, as the bishop paused. No, he said it is not. I wish to heaven it were. Last week I was holding a mission in S— You know what a mission is? It is a sort of revival with some of the distinguishing features of a revival left out, and new features added. I usually speak plainly upon different subjects on such occasions; in fact I speak plainly on almost all occasions.

Yes, we know you do, interrupted the young man, smiling. You have made us all feel pretty uncomfortable at times. I presume you needed it, continued the bishop, calmly. Well, on this occasion I was speaking of personal purity and the things which go to break it down. Among other things I referred to the evil influence of a bad book, and I told this story that I have just told you.

A great many people waited to see me after the services, as usual; but I finally disposed of all of them except one wretched, miserable woman. She came up to me after everybody had gone, and grasped me fiercely by the arm, and asked me to accompany her to her home on the outskirts of the city. There was some one ill there she wished me to see. We walked along in the dark in silence. Finally we reached the house. It was a squalid ruin. There was one room in the hovel, and a man was lying on a bed in that room. He was in the last stages of a loathsome disease. Drink and dissipation had put their brutalizing, debauching marks all over his body; the contagion of his life had extended even to the miserable woman who had brought me to the house; and the two faced me, one lying on the bed, the other standing by it, wrecks of humanity, blurred images of God. The bishop stopped and looked out of the window for a moment.

My boy, he said, finally, turning and resting his hand upon the young man's shoulder, weigh well your lightest action; you can never dream what results may come from it. That woman said to me: Do you know what became of that book you threw from that car window? Ask him. He got it! We were just married then. It's all come from that, and who's to blame?

Baldness is often preceded or accompanied by grayness of the hair. To prevent both baldness and grayness, use Hall's Hair Renewer, an honest remedy.

The true Christian stands before God as if he had already suffered and died for his own sins.

Their Gift.

As I was sitting in my office in the month of August, 1896, a neatly dressed, elderly man whom I recognized as a former member of Central Methodist Episcopal Church, but who had removed to the East, came in and, handing me a newspaper clipping, said, That tells of something like what my wife and I wish to do.

The clipping told of a person who had given a sum of money for some benevolence, the party receiving during his lifetime, as an annuity, the sum of four per cent on his money.

My visitor then said: My wife and I wish to give a thousand dollars to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Central Church, and we would like to get four per cent interest while we live.

I saw that we would have to create a trust in order to carry out his wishes, and asked him if our Board of Trustees would be satisfactory. He said, certainly, and I then asked his age, and learned that he was seventy-six years old, and that his wife was of the same age. I said, How did you earn this money?

O, he said, I worked in a coal yard in Brooklyn for thirty years, and here I sawed wood. I used to know Brother Studley (a former pastor) quite well, and Brother Buckley always remembers me.

I was jotting down these facts with the idea of putting them in shape for publication, when, evidently discerning the object of my inquiries, he said, O, you needn't say anything about it. It's nobody's business but our own. We have no children, and I'm so glad we are independent; we have an income of two hundred and fifty dollars per year.

This statement was a stunner. I turned to him in amazement and said, What did you say? He repeated again, I'm so glad we are independent; we have an income of two hundred and fifty dollars per year.

Why, said I, how do you live on that?

O, he said, I pay ninety-one tax, a year for rent and water, and the balance we have to live on.

I remarked that he must live very economically.

O, yes, said he; but if we hadn't lived economically we wouldn't have had this money to give.

This rare couple I now frequently see, for they have returned to Detroit, and they are always cheerfulness itself, and if sunshine exists in any human hearts it does in theirs. I need only add that the thousand dollars was at once paid over, and that by an arrangement of the trustees the missionary society began at once to receive a small dividend on this surprisingly generous donation.

The verbal telling of this story has in several instances produced generous offerings, and it is now for the first time put in print.—N. Y. Advocate.

Mr Moody and the Questions Book.

Some one asked the late Dwight L. Moody if he had read a certain book. He replied, No, I believe there is poison in it; at least I have heard so on good authority. The friend said, But wouldn't it be well for you to read it for yourself? No, said Mr. Moody; if I take poison in my stomach the doctor has to come with a stomach-pump to take it out. Why should I take poison in my mind? I might never be able to get it out.—Margaret Bottoms, in the February Ladies' Home Journal.

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

Worms effect 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.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption related their troubles from exposure followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time was beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle'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.

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, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Willing Others Should Know

A man comes to join a regiment in the Civil War, and he says: I have graduated from West Point, and I am thoroughly up in all military science and tactics. I have made a thorough study of political economy, and I understand the obligations of a man to his country. And I believe in the Union cause. But I do not want that any one should know it. Let any man come during the war to the general and say this, and if the general is wise he will lock him up. For in refusing to acknowledge his loyalty he demonstrates that he is not loyal. It is not enough that you say, I want to be like Christ, to have Christ's spirit; but you must so want to have Christ's spirit, so want to do Christ's work in the world, that you are willing every one else should know it.—Lyman Abbott, D. D.

The Church and the Sunday school are so closely connected that it is impossible for the Sunday school to have a fever while the Church has a chill.



The powder puff may help to hide the ravages of time but it avails little to hide the ravages of disease. When the face is disfigured by eruptions, the treatment must go below the surface to the blood, which is corrupt and impure.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures disfiguring eruptions which are caused by impure blood. It cures scrofulous sores, erysipelas, boils, pimples, eczema, salt-rheum and other eruptive diseases which impure blood breeds and feeds.

"I was troubled with eczema from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet," writes Mrs. Ella Quick, of Cass City, Tuscola Co., Mich. "Could not walk at times nor wear my shoes. Thought there was no help for me—at least the doctor said there was none. I went to see friends at Christmas time and there heard of the good that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had done for them, and was advised to try it at once. For fear that I might neglect it my friend sent to the village and got a bottle and made me promise that I would take it. I had been getting worse all the time. I took thirteen bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and ten vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and used 'All-Healing Salve,' which made a complete cure. It was slow but sure. I was taking the medicine about eight months. 'I would say to all who read this: try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery before wasting time and money.'

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." Dr. Pierce's Pellets cleanse the clogged system from accumulated impurities.

A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 39 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont.:

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 12 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box or \$ for \$1.25, at all druggists.

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Commencing May 31st, the steamers of his company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard). Returnings, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 10 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. connection made at Eastport with steamer or St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock. O. E. LAECHLER

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WALTON & Co! Sherbrook, P. Q. and Dorley Le Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada

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JOHN J. WEDDALL

Takes this opportunity of thanking his numerous friends for their more than generous patronage during the last year, and to wish them all a very

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Mail orders a specialty with us.

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