

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. L. President, Amos O'Brien, Vice Presidents, 1st District, Ernest Bloodworth; 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 VanHorne, Mrs. Chas. Ross; Rec. and Cor. Secretary, Mrs. A. M. McNitch; Treasurer, Mrs. G. M. Wilson.

A Few Words.

At League I promised to contribute something to the Young Peoples Column in the INTELLIGENCER. But the months pass so quickly, and so many things occupy one's time, that too often duties are neglected.

I have been pleased to see by the INTELLIGENCER that many young people throughout the Province have joined our ranks; if not in the local societies in the great society of Endeavorers to follow Christ. We rejoice that numbers are joining our battle line, yet at times our hearts are made sad by the messenger of death calling the comrades who have fought by our sides. In last week's paper was notice of the death of Mr. Allen R. Carrier, of Upper Gagetown. It was my privilege when on the pastorate to visit him several times. But one need only enter his sick room once to see that he possessed those things which Paul considered so important, namely, godliness, faith, love, patience, and meekness. In his year or more of suffering no one can recall a complaining word. The last time I saw him he said, 'I am ready to go to sleep on earth and wake up in heaven, I am only waiting the Lord's time.'

Bro. Carrier is the second one from among the active workers in Upper Gagetown to answer the call, 'come up higher.' Early last summer Miss Alice Gunter, who although not one of our denomination, and only 17 year of age, was a leader among our young people. You can best estimate her life by her own writing. Looking over her diary, among the many things which told of her consecration and devotion we find these words, 'How happy I should be if I could only know that I had been the means of leading one soul to Christ.'—Surely we can say of these lives, one a Sunday School Supt, the other a Christian Endeavour President, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'

As loved ones pass away, and as such young lives as these are cut off, and we are spared, can we not with a full heart say, 'Truly God is good to us?' No doubt from the many aching hearts silent prayers are ascending to God's throne. Lord, why was I spared? Me thinks I hear the Master's gentle voice, 'Thou hast been spared for service.'

Oh C E friend, while you are anxious that your society should head the list of givers, and you are putting forth every effort to that end, do not, I pray overlook the opportunities that are strewn along your pathway of rejoicing all heaven with the gladness that you have led a soul to Christ. In the great harvest fields of waving grain, are you one of the reapers? Will you present yourself to God empty handed at life's close? or, with arms filled with precious sheaves, be welcomed into his kingdom? There may be in eternity on the left hand souls that might have been on the right but for our neglect of duty. Or there may be many enjoying heaven's glory as a testimony of our work on earth, and clothed in white robes of purity stood throughout eternity memorials to the forgiveness and transforming power of Christ.

Now, as I conclude, let me do so with these questions—Have we been as self-sacrificing for Christ's cause as we should have been? Have we spoken to as many about their eternal welfare as we resolved to at League? Have we prayed as often for our work as it was our privilege? Have we carried as many souls to God in prayer that the glorious light of Christ might come into their lives, as it was our duty to have done? Is the weight of souls heavy upon our hearts? Have we yet to learn God's estimate of the value of a soul? In a

word, have we done all that is in our power for God? If not, why not?

WM. O. KIENSTADT.

Fredericton Jan. 25th 1902

Woodstock Society.

A resolution that would be well to be made at the beginning of this New Year would be that we would write oftener of the progress of our societies, through our column. This would be very helpful to the Press Committee, and it is very interesting for us all to see how the different societies are getting along in their work.

Our Society have just had their officers installed for the next six months. They are,—Rev. F. Allison Carrier, President; Miss M. Smiley, Vice President; Miss Isabelle Smith, Rec. Sec.; Arthur Slipp, Treas.; Miss S. Cogwell, Organist.

Together with these officers we have four efficient committees, who, we expect, will do splendid work this winter. During the past week in the special services held four of our associate members have come out on the Lord's side, and our prayers are going up to the Throne of Grace that they all may come. We intend having a rally day with our absent members on Christian Endeavour Day, and with this in view invitations have been sent out asking for their testimony and favorite hymn, to be read in response to their name at the roll-call. As this is also our consecration service the Look Out Committee are endeavoring to get all the resident members present.

L. N. VINCE. Cor. Secy.

Telling "Nice" Things.

I know a girl—in fact, she's a very dear friend of mine—a young, timid, struggling artist, who is trying to support herself by her brush. This is not a small thing to accomplish, as perhaps many of you know by experience; so my little friend has begun housekeeping in a modest way. She lives in the top of a very tall house, and she does her own cooking on a small kerosene stove; but she's a brave girl, and paints away for dear life.

I went to call upon her the other day, and took with me a friend of mine who is also an artist, but one who is far along that hill of success which Nan is now so patiently climbing. I had hoped much for Nan from this call, so introduced them with a beating heart.

She shook hands cordially enough with Nan, who was trembling with nervousness, and seemed graciously interested in her work, for she turned over sketches, looked at paintings, and then, with the picture of an old woman's head in her hand, sat down and talked art all the rest of the afternoon to her heart's content. I did wish it had been to Nan's heart content, but one glance at the child's face told me it was not, for it was art that was away over her head.

Meanwhile there was no word of praise from her lips, neither any criticism, even of the kindest, and her comments were of the mildly polite style that is exasperatingly like the faint praise that condemns. Do you wonder that I felt like shaking her when I looked at the repressed hope and longing on the face of the poor little striving Nan? I was almost ready to cry with disappointment when we got out into the street.

Why didn't you say something nice to that child, you miserable woman? I burst out at last. She looked at me in unmitigated astonishment.

Say something nice to her? she echoed, her face one whole exclamation point of surprise. Why, I never entered my head to do so. Do you suppose she expected me to say anything?

But, I artfully inquired, with an eye to the future, don't you think she has talent?

Most certainly I do. The head of that old woman is a gem in itself, and, what is more, I know a man who will buy it at her own price. I wonder who her model was? I don't know, I said, abstractedly, for I was planning to call upon Nan the very next day; but I will ask her. And I wish you could have seen Nan's face when I carefully repeated the nice thing I had said for her. It was the impersonation of joy itself.

And to think what a perfect goose I was yesterday, she said with a happy laugh. I actually cried myself to sleep after you had gone, and forgot about my supper. But there, I do believe I'll never be discouraged again, and she shook the frying-pan so joyously that the chop she was frying over the kerosene stove danced a merry jig as though out of pure sympathy with her.

Oh, it's a wonderful tonic, is this telling nice things to people! I have seen it work the most surpris-

ing results at the most surprising times. I have seen jaded men lift their tired heads and square their shoulders after a hard day's work at desk or counter or bench, and the bright light of hope leap into their eyes again, from the magical influence of a timely, sincere word of praise, or that nice thing one has heard, or thought about them, and remembered to tell them. I have seen wives and mothers whose faces were faded and worn with the weary round of planning, baking, stewing and boiling, and the drudgery of counting the pennies, look up into the faces of their husbands, at some unaccustomed word of praise or tenderness, with the light of youth in their hearts that glorified every duty to them. I have seen servants take their brooms and sweep more carefully in the corner, dust the pictures, take up the rugs and give them an honest good shaking, and then brush away the cobwebs that they had not thought it necessary to remove until that happy word had made it a pleasure to do so.

And I myself—why, I feel to this day the glow of strength and hopeful possibilities that filled my heart at a word of affectionate appreciation from my pastor. He is dead now, but often, when tempted to see the dark side of life I recall the tender words of encouragement he uttered that day so long ago, and hope refuses to be thrust away.

The really selfish element in telling nice things to people (if one can call it a selfish element) is the exquisite happiness it brings to one's self. I can liken it to nothing that is earthly, but to everything that is heavenly. Try it and see for yourselves.—Christian Work.

Getting Married.

"It makes all the difference in the world what a person marries for. I'm so thankful that I didn't make any mistake," said a small, shabbily-dressed, tired looking woman, who was cane-seating chairs at a house where she had asked for work. Her tongue was as nimble as her fingers, but her views on all topics were so cheery and hopeful not withstanding her manifest poverty, that, her garrulity did not become tiresome. Her opinions on marriage coming as they did from a woman to whom marriage had brought poverty and unceasing labor for an invalid husband, were refreshing and had the ring of a true heart.

Yes, she said, folks that marries for any other but one thing makes a dreadful mistake. I often think to myself: What if I had married for anything in the world but love—real, genuine, sure enough love! What a fix I'd be in to-day!

You see, my husband's been an invalid for nine years. He went into slow consumption four years after we were married and he ain't worked six weeks, all told, since; and I've had all the support of him and our three children for nine years, and I've done it by trailin' round from house to house cane-seatin' chairs, and all the fellin' I've had about it has been one of thankfulness that I was able and willin' to do it.

Sposin' I hadn't married for love? Sposin' I'd married for riches and they'd taken wings and flew away? Sposin' I'd married for beauty and sickness and misery had robbed my husband of his good look? Wouldn't I be in a nice fix?

But I didn't marry for a thing on earth but respect and love for a good man, and I ain't regretted it, and I ain't a bit unhappy or discontented, exceptin' in the sorrow that comes from the certainty that I ain't gair' to have my husband with me much longer.

He's fallin' fast now poor dear! I ain't never looked on him as a burden. I ain't throwed up to him that I've had the livin' to make. I ain't fretted nor complained nor done any of the things I would have done if I'd made the dreadful mistake of marryin' for anything but real affection.

Folks that marries for anything else has got a lot of unhappiness before 'em that I don't know anything about.—Exchange.

A Missionary Dog.

One night in a Scottish highlands when the snow was deep upon the mountain side, a shepherd found that two of his flock were still out in the storm. Calling his faithful collie, or shepherd's dog, he roused her from her warm kennel where she was lying with her young, and pointing through the open door he held up two fingers and said, Go. Well she understood his meaning, and gave one pitiful look at her little pups and, and then one appealing glance at him, but there was no relenting in his look. Quietly and promptly she passed out through the open door in the dark and wintry night. It was late in the night when the shepherd was roused by a scratching on the door, and as he opened, there was one of the lost

sheep; and the tired dog dragged herself through the open door and lay down once more in her kennel with her young. He carefully nursed the tired sheep, then pointing his finger through the open door he called, O s is still out Go.

Tenderly she gazed once more at her young. Longingly she clung to her little brood, pleadingly she gazed into the shepherd's eyes and seemed to say, Must I go agin? But still there was no reprieve in that glance. There was but one message and that was, Go. And slowly she dragged herself again to the door and went forth into the darkness. The dawn had come before the shepherd was again awakened, to find the lost sheep there, and the poor dog scarcely able to drag herself to her corner and lie down to die. As she pressed her little ones to her breast and gasped out her last breath, he gently patted her head, and tried his best to say, G od and gentle servant, you did your best. She was but a dog. For her there was no heaven, no crown of bright reward, no higher motive than obedience. Beloved, with so much more for us, shall we be less faithful than a shepherd's dog?

Remember Jesus Christ.

This is the thought with which Paul would stimulate Timothy to duty and endurance. It is addressed to us as well; and surely our heart will not, cannot, be indifferent to it.

Here are a few things in connection with him that we should remember at this Christmastide:

1. What Christ has done for us. We need not enlarge upon this thought. Sit down alone and read over once more the story of Gethsemane and Calvary.

2. That Christ wants us to do something for him. The redeemed soul would be prompted by gratitude to such action, even if he had not so frequently enjoined it. With David let us ask: What fit return, Lord, can I make, For all thy gifts on me bestowed?

3. That what we do for Christ's cause or people he takes as done to himself. Matt. 25:40. What a delight it would be to hand Christ a Christmas present, if we could lay it in the pierced hand. It will be far more acceptable to him if we put it where it will help to make his name known.

4. That Christ teaches us that it is better to give than to receive. Acts 20:35.

It is pleasant to receive gifts from our friends, but a noble nature finds greater pleasure in giving, and its effect is to make our natures nobler.

5. That Christ will reward us for our gifts to his cause. Matt. 10:42.

In our body and soul, in our family and business, in this life and the next, Christ will repay us royally for all that we do for him now. He still sits over against the treasury. What will he see on the two Sabbaths that remain of this year?—Committee on Ways and Means.

For Cuts, Wounds, Chills, Chapped Hands, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bites of Insects, Croup, Coughs, Colic, Hayward's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. Price 25 cents.

If a child gats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup this remedy contains its own cathartic.

PAIN-KILLER is more of a household remedy than any other medicine. It meets the requirements of every home. Cures cramps and dysentery and is the best liniment made. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Whiskers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all others in coloring brown or black.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine—Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

Found At Last.

A liver pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not gripe. Laxa-Liver Pills possess these qualities, and a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick Headache, etc.

Don't Swear

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.
2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.
3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.
5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
6. It is foolish. Want of decency is want of sense.

It is well to distrust the value of any associations that lessen your relish for the exercises of religion.

When we recognise a common impulse, or a rule of life, or instinct of love and hate, we must feel humanity in its spirit, bearing witness with our spirits that it is the offspring of a common divinity.—Phillips Brooks.



Physicians are calling attention to the fact that influenza or grip has come to stay. In the larger cities there has been a marked increase in diseases affecting the organs of respiration, which increase is attributed to the prevalence of influenza. Persons who are recovering from grip or influenza are in a weak condition and peculiarly liable to pulmonary disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, bronchitis, lung "trouble" and other diseases of the organs of respiration. It is the best tonic medicine for those whose strength and vitality have been exhausted by an attack of grip. It purifies the blood, cleansing it of the poisonous accumulations which breed and feed disease. It gives increased activity to the blood-making glands, and so increases the supply of pure blood, rich with the red corpuscles of health.

"A word for your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. E. A. Bender, of Keene, Cocheton Co., Ohio. "We have been using it as a family medicine for more than four years. As a cough remedy and blood-purifier there is nothing better, and after having the grip Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is just the right medicine for a complete bracing up."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood, and lungs.

The sluggish liver is made active by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Amalgamation a Great Success

THE MANUFACTURERS AND Temperance & General Life Assurance Co.

Had a record year during 1901.

Applications received for over \$5,500,000  
Increase over 1900 almost \$1,000,000  
Total business in force over \$27,000,000

The E. R. Machum Co. Ltd, St John, N. B.  
Agents for Maritime Provinces.

JAMES T. WILSON,  
Agent, Fredericton, N. B.

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.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

White Watery Pimples.

Five years ago my body broke out in white watery pimples, which grew so bad that the suffering was almost unbearable. I took doctors' medicine and various remedies for two years but they were of little benefit, whenever I got warmed up or sweat the pimples would come out again. A neighbor advised Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am glad I followed his advice, for four bottles completely cured me. That was three years ago and there has never been a spot or pimple on me since. James Lashouse, Brechin P.O., Ont.

INTERNATIONAL S S CO

3 trips a week from BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard). Return, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning 7 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. Connection made at Eastport with steam of St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock. C. E. LABOHLER

POCKET MONEY

People in your town are constantly sending for Rubber Stamps. You could get the orders and make the profit. We want to tell you about it; you will be interested.

WALTON & Co.  
Sherbrooke, P. Q.  
and Derby, La.  
Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada

HARVEY'S STUDIO

Our New Holiday Styles of PHOTOCRAPHS

make the best Xmas Gifts.