

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. L. President, Amos O'Blenes, 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. Godline; Vice Presidents, Rev. J. W. Smith, Miss Etta VanHorne, Mrs. Chas. Ross; Sec. and Cor. Secretary, Mrs. A. M. McNinch; Treasurer, Mrs. G. M. Wilson.

From the Corresponding Secretary

My dear fellow workers.—No doubt you have sometimes wondered why the Corresponding Secretary has not written oftener. Since the new year was ushered in I have been engaged in special meetings, which I am thankful to say, under the gracious blessing of God, resulted in the conversion of a large number of young people. In the meantime however I have neither forgotten the urgent duties of my office, the general workings of the League nor have I forgotten at God's throne of grace to pray for all the young people of our League who "strive to do whatever He would have them do."

Already over half of our League-year has gone. Never can those precious months be recalled. We often hear old people, who are more than "three score years and ten" feelingly say "I'm living on borrowed time now." Its not true. None of us live on borrowed time. We are not our own. Our time, all we have and all we are have been purchased, "not with corruptible things such as silver and gold but with the precious blood of Christ."

No doubt if I were to ask you what you have been doing during the winter with its cold and storms about all of you would say "Oh we've been trying to hold the fort." It requires courageous effort sometimes to do even that. Have you kept floating high above the battlements the banner inscribed "For Christ and the Church?" Has the standard been daily hoisted, the signal to pray and read the Bible every day? Nelson's code of signals meant "England expects every man to do his duty." I read in the inspired Code of Signals Christ expects every Eadeavourer to do his duty.

How about your Society? Are the regular weekly prayer-meetings of the society dull? Perhaps that dullness is in your own heart and you have carried it to the meeting. Get right with Christ. Then love to Him "who first" and always "has loved us" will make the cross light the yoke easy. Sing, sing earnestly with thankful hearts. Pray, pray during the entire service if you have the opportunity a few moments aloud—the rest of the time silently. Pray as you praise, praise as you pray. Testify. Don't estimate the worth and importance of your testimony by what you can say but by what Christ has done for you. Christ will help you.

The Christian conjugation of the verb "to help" is, "He" (Christ) "helps," "I help," "They help," and so the good work goes on. "Help those who are weak, forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek."

What about the membership of your society? Are there not others you can bring in? Why not ask the whole society to be a "Look-out Committee" for one month to look-out for new members. Pray and labour for the "Associate" members that they may soon become active in the Masters service. Keep in touch also with the absent members. The non-resident members would it not be a good plan for the secretary of your society to write to them for a written testimony to be read in "The crowning meeting of the society"—The consecration service.

Don't forget the different departments of League work, viz.—1. Aiding our young men preparing for the ministry. 2. Educating our Missionary elect. The establishment of a Foreign missionary Fund. 3. Home Missions (?) If any who read these lines, know where a new society might be organized, or where a dormant one could be reorganized I would be very glad to hear from them concerning the matter and am ready to aid in every way I can.

Praying that God will bless all of the Societies and that this year will be the best of the League's history. I am, fraternally,

M. L. GREGG, Cor. Sec. Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Week of Special Prayer and Thank offering.

Remembering not only the manifold mercies of God that daily crown our pathway not only the wonderful blessings that have come upon the work and workings of our League in the past, but also the sufferings and death of His dear Son our Saviour and Example we therefore ask all of the societies to observe the week preceding Easter Sunday to be a week of special prayer for the work of the League and of special contribution to the Funds of the League. "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above." "Praying always &c. "Freely ye have received freely give." "Whatsoever ye do . . . do all to the glory of God."

By order of League Executive. M. L. GREGG, Cor. Sec.

To Local Corresponding Secretaries.

Will the corresponding Secretary of each society kindly forward his or her name and address to me at once. This is quite important.

M. L. GREGG, Tracey's Mills, N. B.

A New Society.

At Knoxford on Tuesday evening after the pastor had spoken on the C. E. Movement in general and the League in particular, he asked how many would like to unite in such a Society. Thirty five offered themselves for Active Members and a few for Associate Members. Mr. Geo. Wheeler and Mr. Delbert Jones and Mrs. Truman Jones were appointed for a Nominating Committee to report at the meeting next week, when the Society will be properly organized. The outlook is good for a flourishing Society here.

M. L. G.

Uncle 'Lij's Opinions Concerning Horse Sense.

RY JUDSON KEMPTON.

Uncle 'Lijah stuffed the Chicago paper into his pocket and left it there. Carroll Corners had no need of Chicago news that day and Uncle 'Lijah knew it. Horace Griffin's barn had burned down, and two valuable horses had been added to the loss.

The grocery man was all alert. Was you to the fire, 'Uncle 'Lij? Was the salutation that reached the latter before he was fairly inside the door.

No, responded the Illinois philosopher; no, I wasn't at it; but I heard about it. So you couldn't git the horses out?

The grocer was a member of the fire brigade.

Well, sir, that was the queerest thing'y ever see. They was lots uv time,—fire in other end of barn —we must'a ben twenty minutes workin' with the horses before the smoke choked us off,—and yit we cuddin' git 'em out.

Wh'd you do? said Uncle 'Lijah backing upto the fire with his hands between the stove and his coat-tail.

We done everything. Palled 'em by the halter, hollered at 'em whipped 'em took axes and cut down stalls at last; but there they stood by the mangers, and nothin' 'ud budge 'em, till they went plumb crazy and danced about like mad!

An' wa'n't there nobody there to tell you fellers what to do? No more'n what we done.

Well, they's one thing you ought to done; I don't say it would 'a' saved 'em, but I never see it fail. You ought to blindfolded 'em with their blankets and then backed 'em out.

That's right, Uncle 'Lij, said Doc Brier, the liverym'n and practicing veterinary surgeon, who had just come in.

The tales of burning stables, east and west, were related to illustrate the truth, as one loungee after another brought his experience to bear.

Finally the flow of conversation came to a full stop at a question mark. The question was, Why should an animal as intelligent as the horse have no more sense than to stay in a burning barn and die there? The grocery man went as far as to doubt the supposed intelligence of the horse, and said that after what he had seen the night before, as a knowing brute the horse was not what he had been cracked up to be.

Here Uncle Lijah got the floor, and held it until he took his groceries and went home a little later for dinner.

Well now, Rheube, it strikes me you ain't got the horse down very fine. Tain't because he's got what a good many men think they have and are mighty proud of; an' that's horse sense. A horse stays in the barn because he can figger out

things an' agree. Says he, when he smells the smoke, Suthin's up. Then he uses his horse sense. Says he: 'I'm glad I'm in the barn. It's the safest place in the world. When it rains, an' I get wet an' shivery, I always find the barn dry and comfortable. Same thing when it's cold. An' when it's hot, so I wish I had one of these here new straw bonnets between my ears, soon's I strike the barn I find it cool. When I get home from a long drive, hungry, an' as the feller said, with nuthin' in my stomach, but a wrinkle, I find corn and hay in the barn. When I sprained my fore leg last summer, soon's they got me in the barn and rubbed me they fixed me up quick, says he.

Says he, The barn never failed me yet, and I calc'late I'll stay right here now.

Now, continued Uncle 'Lijah, warming up to his subject, his expression becoming less humorous and more intense as he realized that he was striking very close to some of his auditors. "A good many men agree the same way; only they put 'money' where the horse puts 'barn.' Money warms 'em in winter, with wood at four dollars a cord; an' it keeps 'em cool in summer, with ice at thirty five cents a hundred; it houses 'em, clothes 'em, feeds 'em, doctors them, and does so many things, purty soon they get to thinking that money will do everything.

It never occurred to the horse that the barn could get a fire and burn him up. And these fellers never allow themselves to think that there is a time coming when money is about as much good as wood, hay, and stubble, burning round their ears.

It is horse sense for a horse to go in the barn, and it is horse sense for a man to depend on money and the things money will buy; but the time comes for men, and may come for horses, when they need something more than their own horse sense.

What's that? asked Doc Brier, who had been so interested that he had let his cigar go out.

Well, Doc, said the old man, lowering his voice, it is what the horse has to exercise before you can get him out of the burning barn—it is faith. As long as the horse can see, he depends on his own horse sense. But when he is blindfolded, he says; Now I don't know where I am. All I know is, my master's voice is in my ear, and the smell of smoke is in my nose. I don't know what's wrong, but my master do. Says he, I'll jest quit agreein' an' relyin' on horse sense an' I'll obey my master's command an' go where he leads!

Now, Doc, that's my idee of religion. I don't calc'late to get into that subject when I come in here; but sence the talk has natch'ly led up to it, I might as well say what I think. I think religion, biled down, amounts to this; havin' more faith in the Master than in your own horse sense, an' showin' that faith by obeyin' the Master's voice, whether He says, Whoa, Back, 'er Git up.

When Uncle 'Lijah had gone out and they had watched him catch a team that was "going his way, Doc Brier looked at his cigar; and, though it was only half burnt out he threw it into the stove, and then remarked, Well, boys that's the first sermon I've heard for three years, and the best one I've heard for ten.—Christian Endeavor World.

The Little Biting Criticisms. No soldier could respect a man who would thrust another in the back. Nay, he would not even consider such a one a man. We all despise the dagger thrust from the bush in the dark. And in our heart of hearts we despise the tongue that stabs in the dark as well.

Men and women listen with interest to the little bit of gossip or slander spitefully told. They may smile consentingly, and add a line or two in the same strain, yet in their heart of hearts they cannot but despise the narrator. We are afraid to tell our friends the faults we think we see in them at times—Our cowardice prompts us to lay bare those faults to others instead. Yet no matter how agreeably our listeners may smile upon us, they cannot but realize our littleness, our cowardice, our treachery. Every sharp criticism, every cutting thrust every stinging word we utter, is but an ugly revelation of ourselves. To use a somewhat slangy expression, we are "giving ourselves away," terribly.

What else can we expect than that the friend who listens to us will turn away with a little less faith in us and in humanity in general, a little more bitterness of spirit? As a rule, people trust us in proportion as we are trustworthy. And what fidelity can be expected of a man whose conversation concerning his friends is made up of dagger-thrusts in the dark? Moreover, if we cannot trust ourselves to talk of our friends without expressing unkind criticism, we

surely cannot expect our hearers to be so trust worthy as not to repeat these things, to every ear, sometimes for whom those words were not intended? If we are too weak to refrain from speaking evil, we must not expect others to be so strong as not to repeat our evil.

Faithful Unto Death.

A most remarkable instance of faithfulness unto death was recently described in a Chicago paper. An elevator in a tall office building fell from the eighth story to the basement.

Of the three passengers in the elevator when it fell one was a child, a little girl about eight years old. The man in charge of the elevator, when he saw that the car was actually falling, and utterly beyond control, turned quickly, caught up the little girl, and held her high above his head. The shock, when the elevator struck the solid door of the basement was something terrific. The two adult passengers and the elevator man were instantly killed; but the child, held aloft in the arms of the latter, was saved, the shock being diminished for her by the interposition of her rescuer's body.

The man's last thought and last act were of the obligation resting upon him, his duty to preserve, as far as lay in his power, the lives that had been entrusted to him. He did what he could, and all that he could, in that moment of mortal extremity.

This is what is meant by faithfulness unto death—the swallowing up of the sense of self in the sense of obligation or devotion, even when facing physical destruction. Devotion to Christ is a motive strong enough to conquer all selfish motives. If this hero in humble life felt such intense loyalty and devotion to his employers and his job that his only thought in time of deadly peril was of his passengers, we ought to be capable of a devotion equally supreme to Him whom we serve with all the earnestness and loving self-surrender of redeemed souls.—Brotherhood Star.

Real Good Times.

A poor little street girl was taken sick one Christmas and carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour and Little Broomstick (that was her street name) held her by the hand and whispered:

I'm havin' real good times here—over such good times! S'pose I'll have to go way from here just as soon as I got well; but I'll take the good time along, some of it anyhow. Did you know about the Jesus bein' born?

Yes, replied the nurse; I know, Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more.

You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you.

Why, how did I look? asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in curiosity.

O, just like most folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you knowed about Jesus bein' born.—Pulpit Illustrator.

The doubt, the distress, the impatience, the resistance, which rise up and trouble our hearts are in themselves symptoms of intellectual and spiritual anarchy.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

When the scalp is atrophied for shiny-bald, no preparation will restore the hair in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

MORE COLDS are cured by Pny-Balsam than any other one remedy. It cures quickly and certainly. Bronchial affections give way readily to it. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

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

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25 cents.

So Let Your Light Shine.

It is time, then, that the light comes out from under the tubs which have been shutting it in and shutting it down. Says our Lord, So let your light shine—like a city glowing from a high hill—like a candle lit on its candlestick.

There is no want to-day so great as this. Disciples are many, very many, and to each person is given to shed at least a little light. One candle can do but little, but many candles—if there are many enough—may make a perfect flood of light. Imagine 23,000,000 in this land of ours, lighted and borne up and down through all dark places! What churches we should have, what homes, what a society; what a business life, what a political life, aye, what a world we should look upon. Long ago, from a prophet, the church heard the words: Arise, shine, for thy light is come. Would God that the church of to-day might hear the voice and arise up and obey.—Pr. F. F. Alsop.

DANGER SIGNALS.

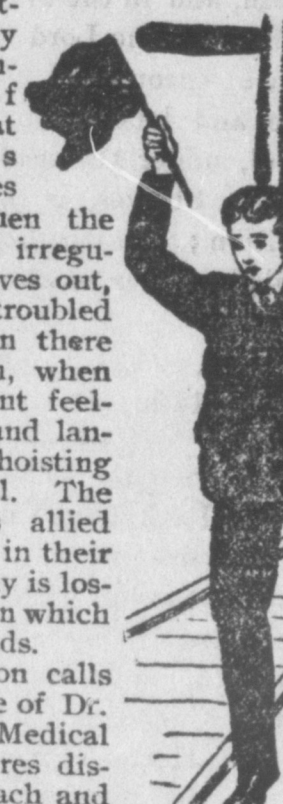
No engineer would be mad enough to run by the flag which signaled danger. What the danger was he might not understand, but he would take no chances. It is different with the average man or woman. They attempt constantly to run by the danger signals of Nature and that attempt costs thousands of lives every year.

When the appetite becomes irregular or entirely gives out, when sleep is troubled and broken, when there is a loss of flesh, when there is a constant feeling of dullness and languor, Nature is hoisting the danger signal. The stomach and its allied organs are failing in their work and the body is losing the nutrition on which its strength depends.

Such a condition calls for the prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the body with sound, solid flesh.

"Your kindness to me I can never forget," writes Mrs. Josie E. Clark, of Enterprise, Shelby Co., Mo. "I cannot express half my feelings of gratefulness to you. I had despaired of ever getting well. I had been in bad health for twelve years. Had aches all through me, numb hands, cold feet, and everything I ate distressed me; bowels constipated, was very nervous, depressed and despondent. In fact, I can't express half my bad feelings to you. When I first wrote to you I thought I could never be cured. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and my health is now good. You have my honest recommendation to all sufferers. I think there is no medicine in the world as good as Dr. Pierce's."

If constipated use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure constipation, biliousness and sick headache. They do not produce the "pill habit."



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Pain, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or \$ for \$1.50 at all druggists.

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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. WALTER & Co. Sherbrook, P. Q. and Derby, N. B. Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada.

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