

Our Young People

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THE C. E. TOPIC—July 10.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

SOME MODERN IDOLS AND HOW TO OVERTHROW THEM.—Luke 12: 15-21; Phil. 3: 17-19.

Covetousness is the first idol named in our Scripture lesson, and certainly the idol is still on its pedestal even after all these centuries of Christianity. A wealthy Englishman lay on his death-bed. A clergyman was praying with him, and asked him to give his hand during the prayer, but he would not. The reason was discovered after his death, for both hands were found rigid, tightly grasping the key of his safe. That is a fair picture of much of our modern life,—gripping our safe keys so tightly that we have no hands to lay hold on Heaven.

Spurgeon tells us how to overthrow this idol: "Do not wade far out into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take the good that God provided you, but say of it, 'It passeth away,' for, indeed, it is but a temporary supply for a temporary need. Never suffer your goods to become your God."

Worldliness is the other idol named in our Scripture lesson; an idol akin to covetousness and still worshipped almost as zealously as ever. "There is such a thing," said Dean Stanley, "as a worldly spirit, and there is such a thing as an unworldly spirit; and accordingly as we partake of the one or the other, the savor of the sacrifice of our lives is ordinary, commonplace, poor and base, or elevating, invigorating, useful, noble, and holy."

We cannot overthrow the idol of worldliness except by refusing to conform to the world. Its ambitions must not be ours nor its methods, nor must we receive its rewards. We are to be the salt of the earth; and, as Dr. Cuyler says, "if Christians do not salt the world, then the world will soon rot them through and through."

There are many other idols of our modern world. Pride is one, ambition is another, fashion and pleasure and learning and power are others. The world's Pantheon is as full of gods as ever was heathen nation's.

But, after all, every idol is only a differing form of the one great, omnipresent idol, Self. There is an Eastern story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar, who wished to accomplish something that would make them famous for ages. So Omar reared a great obelisk and covered it with eloquent inscrip-

tions; but Ahmed dug a well in the desert, and planted date palms around it.

These two deeds illustrate the selfish and the unselfish life, the life whose idol is within and the life whose God of Love leads the worshipper to spend himself gladly for others. As Henry van Dyke manfully sings:

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
 Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
 And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
 His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to life at last.

And so, if we really want to dethrone our idols and worship the true God, let us make our own this brief but comprehensive prayer of Christian Scriver: "My God, I perceive that it is self-love and its offspring self-deception, which shut the gates of Heaven, and lead men as if in a delicious dream to Hell. Oh, give me grace not to follow myself and my delusions, but Thee and Thy Word!"

A NEW SOCIETY.

A Christian Endeavor Society was organized at Campbell Settlement, Y. Co., June 11th, by Rev. Mr. Paul and Rev. J. J. Barnes. Quite a number were present. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Clynick Cronkhite; Vice-president, Mrs. Dan Schriver; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Hedley Bragdon; Recording Secretary, Miss Emma A. Ladds; Treasurer, Miss Mabel G. Schriver; Lookout Com., Mr. G. Draper; Prayer meeting Com., Miss Minnie Marston, Miss Ada Cronkhite, Mr. Jos. Cronkhite; Social Com., Miss Lucinda Wilcox, Miss Martha Schriver, Mr. Gordon Stairs.

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NOTICE.

All delegates and others intending to attend the F. B. Y. P. L. are requested to send their names, as soon as possible, to the Corresponding Secretary, so that homes can be provided.

SAIDIE D. DAKIN,
 Cor. Sec.

Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, N. B.

A MOTIVE FOR CONSECRATION.

One of the distinguished ministers of the Presbyterian Church told us the other day in a conference in a Western city that a little boy who had been operated upon by Dr. Lorenz said as soon as he came out from under the anæsthetic, "It will be a long time before my mother hears the last of this doctor," and then said my friend: "I thought of an incident in my own life, of a poor German boy whose foot was twisted out of shape, whose mother was poor and could not have him operated upon, and I determined to bring him to a great doctor, and ask him to take him in charge." The operation was over and was a great success. When the plaster cast had been taken off from his foot my friend said he went to take him home. He called his attention to the hospital, and the boy admired it, but he said, "I like the doctor best." He spoke of the nurses, and the boy was slightly interested, but said, "They are nothing compared to the doctor." He called his attention to the perfect equipment of the hospital, and he was unmoved, except as again and again he referred to the doctor.

They reached the Missouri town, and stepped out at the station together, and the old German mother was waiting to receive him. She did not look at her boy's face nor at his hands, but she fell on her knees and looked at his foot and then said, sobbing, "It is just like any other boy's foot;" and took him in her arms. But all the boy kept saying, "Oh her over and over was, "Mother, you ought to know the doctor that made me walk."

And then my friend said: "There is no one of us but for whom Jesus Christ has done ten thousand times more than the doctor did for this boy, and we have never spoken for Him; we have not yielded ourselves to Him."

It must have been with some such spirit as this that the apostle said: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

THE MISSION TO THE STREETS.

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, although at first they tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and, full of eagerness, she began her training at a school in another city.

One day she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return in a few weeks. Long before the weeks had passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again, and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said slowly: "You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered quickly, "and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class; and to see so much work waiting and be able to do nothing!"

"Margaret," the old minister said, "come here."

Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

"All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, markets the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them; they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them; many of them never opened a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the Gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women."

"Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. 'I wanted to tell her,' she said, 'how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me.'

"Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy,—and they are more than

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any of us realize,—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?"

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was no coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

"Thank you," she said. "I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets."—*Youth's Companion.*

WINNING SOULS.

A strange reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relations to God. It is felt alike by converted and unconverted persons. Very often the gay girl whose heart is running over with fun and mirth, and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied; that she wants something better, purer and higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who is talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of the kind. She has even a faint, undefinable dread that any effort on her part would be received coldly, or made occasion of ridicule.

So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance, but have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ who might have won a soul to him, has been silent, afraid, ashamed. What wonder if to that too faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn himself and is gone; that, seeking the Spirit, finds him not, and calling, there returns no answer! Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty?—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

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