

Our Young People

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THE C. E. TOPIC—Nov. 20.

HOW INTEMPERANCE HINDERS MISSIONS.

Romans 14: 13-21.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

We all know of the hero, John G. Paton. Now in his old age he is pleading with Christian nations not to undo his work by selling strong drink to the natives of the islands. In one of many impassioned addresses, he says: "A savage, drunk on trader's rum, and armed with a trader's musket, is a thing of terror. Natives maddened by American rum have turned American rifles against little native orphan girls of the missions who were sporting in the tops of trees, and shot them down with as little compunction as if they had been monkeys."

Strong drink is ruining Africa. Once when some liquor-sellers from West Africa complained to Joseph Chamberlain of the heavy dues they had to pay the government, the Colonial Secretary replied that it was the intention of the government to discourage the drink traffic, as it ultimately destroyed all trade by destroying the population! A Methodist missionary in Angola says that the natives, coming to sell their valuable rubber, are made drunk and cheated of the price, and that the path of their return inland is lined on either side with many shallow graves where the poor wretches, slain by the fiery liquor, have been hastily covered from sight.

Miss Shattuck, the heroine of the Armenian massacres, declares that in Turkey the drink curse is the heaviest the missionaries have to contend against. The Moslems quite uniformly obey the rule of the Koran forbidding all strong drink, and when they see so-called Christians (not Protestants) becoming drunk, they learn to despise Christianity. Because of these habits a common Moslem name for Christians is "hogs."

Bishop Thoburn, of India, says that "the drink sold under government license in many parts of India is simply a curse to the poor creatures who, in their ignorance, spend their last penny in purchasing it. It is one of the most important questions of the day whether the millions of the eastern tropics are to be debauched and cursed by a traffic which recognizes no conscience, shows no mercy, and is amenable only to a gospel of financial greed."

In India, Burma and China the trade in opium, fostered by Christian nations and forced by them to the unwilling

and bitterly protesting heathen, even exceeds the evil done by strong drink. Hudson Taylor says that opium in China "is doing more harm in a week than the united efforts of all our Christian missionaries are doing good in a year."

These testimonies could be indefinitely multiplied. Not one of our sixteen thousand missionaries but would declare this abominable traffic of "civilized" nations to be the chief hindrance to the progress of the kingdom of God. What are we doing about it? What shall we do about it? Shall not our voices be raised in hot protest? Shall we not put in office men that will end this fearful wrong? The church is strong enough to do it, if all Christians will act boldly and together.

SECRETARY'S NOTES.

I have been unusually busy of late, and, have been neglecting the work of our page, but hope to do better for the rest of the year.

Will the societies please send to me promptly any notes of interest concerning their work? All such items will be gratefully received. I would like to have them while they are fresh; do not delay them until they are no longer new; do not let your news get stale.

A number of delegates at the League agreed to supply matter for the column during the year. I am corresponding with them, and hope to have early responses.

There have been several inquiries concerning our missionary work. In answer, I would say that Bro. Paul did not feel to longer continue as missionary, and accepted a call to Presque Isle. There have been negotiations going on between the executive and another brother, and I hope by next week to be able to say we have a man in the field.

J. B. DAGGETT,

Cor. Sec.

THE DIFFERENCE IT MADE.

Two young ladies in attendance at the Detroit convention stopped at one of the good hotels.

In the dining room it had been their pleasure to be waited upon by a colored man, whose attention and consideration had been most grateful. Without conveying the humiliating sense of their own ignorance, he had again and again helped them out with the bill of fare, much of which would otherwise have been unintelligible to the uninitiated country girls. To-day they had been so absorbed in the meetings that they had come to their noon-day lunch almost an hour late. They found the dining room almost deserted, but their black friend was on hand, ready to serve them with his usual suavity. As they ran over the bill of fare, he deferentially suggested one and another dish, which he recommended to be particularly good.

"And pudding? Will the ladies have pudding?" he asked, placing his finger on that item on the bill of fare.

"Yes, we will take pudding," Adelaide said. "I feel almost hungry enough to begin at the top and order everything down to the dessert," she added.

While they were in the midst of their dinner, Adelaide stopped and began to study the menu card.

"Oh, Jean," she gasped suddenly.

"Well," returned the young person, a bit provoked, because she saw that Adelaide had attracted the attention of the young man who sat opposite them.

"Did you know that pudding is served with brandy sauce?"

"Well, what of it?" Jean whispered; "I don't suppose there is enough to hurt anybody."

"Enough to hurt anybody!" Jean Clarke, you don't mean to say that you, a member of the Christian Endeavor Society, and chairman of the Temperance Committee, would eat pudding with brandy sauce?"

"No, of course I would not, but there is no use in making a fuss about it now. We can just eat a little bit of the pudding and let the sauce alone; or, we can take it and let it alone altogether. There's no use advertising our peculiar views before the public."

A little red spot burned on either of Adelaide's cheeks.

"Jean," she said quietly, "I am not going to let even that black man who waits on us believe that we approve of such things. Besides," she added, laughingly, "I don't mean to be cheated out of my dessert in that fashion. I am going to tell him to change my order to apple pie," at the same time signalling the waiter, who stood some distance away.

In a moment he was beside them.

"Please bring apple pie instead of pudding," she said in a clear tone.

"The waiter bowed, and asked politely, "Does you all want apple pie instead of pudding?" including the young man in the question, evidently taking him to be one of the party.

Jean had murmured an indistinct "Yes," and the young man, when appealed to, flushed slightly, but inclined his head in the affirmative. Both girls noticed this and were impressed by it. When they left the dining room he was still at the table.

"Addie, I believed that young man changed his order because of what you said," Jean confided to her friend in a whisper.

"Very likely he did," Adelaide returned, "and for that reason I am all the better satisfied that I stood up for my colors. You know it always pays to do that."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," Jean returned, "but sometimes I think that you make a good deal over very little things."

That evening when the girls came into the dining room, the waiter handed Adelaide her note-book, saying that she had left it on the table, and that the young man who had eaten with them said that it belonged to the dark-haired young woman.

As Adelaide opened the book, she saw penciled on the inner cover these words, "Thank you for the apple pie."

"Dear me," Jean began, scenting a romance, "how interesting!"

Adelaide, however, was of the more practical turn of mind, and merely said:

"I am glad that the young man appreciated what I did, and I hope, if he had intended taking the brandy sauce, it will be a lesson to him to speak out when he should."

* * * * *

Six months passed away, and one day Adelaide met her friend on the steps of the post-office.

"Oh, Jean!" she exclaimed, "come back inside, I have something to tell you. Do you remember the young man who sat opposite us at the table last summer at Detroit?" Jean nodded.

"Well, yesterday I received a letter

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Jean's eyes sparkled expectantly. "What did I tell you?" she began triumphantly. "You received a letter from the young man?"

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"No, I did not," Adelaide returned, soberly. "It was from the young man's mother. It seems that when we saw him last summer he was travelling about in search of health. He was the only son of his mother, and a few years before this, while he was in college, he had fallen in with a set of wild fellows and had contracted the drink habit. It came very near sweeping him away. He was the victim of heredity, too, his mother said, but all the while, even when he was in the seemingly hopeless clutch of his enemy, he struggled manfully to free himself. Almost a year before we saw him, he was led to give himself to Christ, and during this time seemed to have entirely gained the mastery over the old habit. On that particular day, however, he said that a craving for stimulants came to him, and when he saw the pudding on the bill of fare, though he really knew what it meant, he had ordered it. He had said to himself that the mere flavor of the brandy could not really hurt him, and that it might revive his drooping spirits. But when he heard what I said, his conscience touched him deeply. He did not believe, though, that he would have had the courage to change his order if the waiter had not appealed to him at that time, and if he had not known that we were looking at him. He went straight home to his mother after leaving Detroit, and from that time on there was no return of the old temptation. Last week he died—died a triumphant Christian. Before he passed away he gave his mother the address he had copied from the note-book, and asked her to write and tell me about it."

By this time both girls were weeping.

"You don't know, Jean," Adelaide went on, "how thankful I am for my part in the matter. What if I had kept quiet?"

"Dear," Jean returned huskily, "you remember what I said about you being too particular about little things? Well, I have come to the conclusion that in matters of right and wrong there are no little things."—*Nat. Advocate.*

The preaching that the world needs most is the sermons in shoes that are walking with Jesus Christ.