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### THE C. E. TOPIC—March 27.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

JESUS' WORK FOR HIS OWN COUNTRY:  
WHAT CAN I DO FOR MINE?

Matt. 4:23-25; 23-37.

That eminent patriot and noble poet, James Russell Lowell, once wrote:

Tis the soul only that is national,  
And he who pays true loyalty to that  
Alone can claim the wreath of patriot-  
ism.

Patriotism, therefore, is personal, as a nation is made up of persons. In order to be loyal to one's country, one must first be true to one's self, to God's voice and the divine ideals within; and then one must be true to other men, one's definite neighbors and friends and fellow-townsmen.

Christ's patriotism was manifested by his toilsome walks up and down Galilee, telling this and that man about his Father, quickening consciences, and healing the sick, quite as much as when he wept over Jerusalem. No one can be a true patriot whose heart is hard to the poor, the suffering and the oppressed. If you neglect such ministries your patriotism is inefficient, though you make a hundred civic orations.

But the patriot, while he will not slight the definite tasks near at hand, will not fail to take large views also. He will mend the pavement in front of his house and lift the drunkard out of the gutter, but he will also look to the street commission and the temperance laws. He will try to find work for a poor man who is eager to work, but he will also study into the broad relations between capital and labor that allow industry to go begging for a chance to earn a livelihood.

A third teaching we can draw from the Bible lesson is this: Weep over national evils! One does not like to think how many tears will be shed to-day for trifling personal sorrows, failures, disappointments, and how very few for the great national evils, like the drink curse, that are ruining millions upon millions of lives. Christ was often footsore, perhaps hungry; he had no time of his own, no worldly goods; he was beset by bitter foes, and was to be betrayed and denied by his friends. But he did not weep for his own sorrows; his tears were shed for his erring nation. Oh, let us also learn to bestow our grief and anxiety in the right direction!

Most of us do not know enough about our country really to rejoice in her glory or grieve for her shame. A vague knowledge gives rise only to a vague sentiment. Our first duty, at patriots, is to study our country's history, government and condition. I should like to see formed in connection with every Christian Endeavor Society some sort of civil club to study these things. The United Society, in Boston, will furnish free a plan and constitution for such a club.

Those that are old enough to vote must go further, if they are to be patriots. They must learn the character of candidates, both of their own party and of other parties. They must attend party meetings. They must do their best to cause their party to take right actions. If their party is wrong beyond remedy, they must seek a better part. They must be willing to take public office, if God calls them to it. They must strengthen the officers they help elect. And through it all they must act as citizens of the "better country," and make it their supreme purpose to establish that kingdom of heaven on earth.



### THOUGHTS OF SELF-SURRENDER.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Of all the thoughts Niagara has evoked—it seems to me that of Emerson is most suggestive, where he says: "Difference of level makes Niagara." Of this I thought one memorable day. The lower level of consecration and self-abandonment is the path of truest power. Standing here singing "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," there came a concept of analogies full of lessons to my spirit.

In all that roar and din the gentle whisper of Lake Michigan's soft summer wavelet's came to my ear, the lake at home, beloved by us all, and known so long and well in all its moods, rejoiced in when the foaming white caps chased each other like eager coursers at a tournament, and feared, almost, when the great yellow waves lifted themselves ocean high and roared their wrath in the wintry storm. But to Niagara Lake Michigan had come to lay its greatness down; it has travelled fast and far from its beautiful and varied shores to pour itself over these rocks so awful and so high. In the thunder of it all I heard the deep orchestral voice of that supreme lake of them all, Superior, hastening on with mighty tread from its northern fastnesses, and dreary strips of wilderness; and then came Huron thundering down with heavy waves, and then the gleam of Erie, that had mirrored many cities on its cultivated shores, splendid in themselves and historic in the vast work back of them.

Yet all these wondrous waters had gathered in above the cataract, and though fretted here and there with obstacles of rocks and islands, and hesitating for a moment, they had poured themselves with awful majesty—their very semblance gone, spun, woven whipped, beaten—over the billowy brink in the utter abandonment of self-surrender, as they took the leap of death, calling upon God. But the rainbow of faith spanned their grave and heralded their resurrection. To me it was an emblem of the Holy Spirit let down from heaven with light and warmth and actinic ray of divine vitality, the real power behind all powers.

After the plunge the great lakes lie there seemingly sluggish and inactive,

as if stunned by the descent. This, however, is of brief duration, for a mighty force is in them. I think Edison has said there is enough power in Niagara, if correlated into electricity, and coiled and stored and transplanted to New York, to turn every spindle in the way and furnish the total forces needed to carry on all departments of mechanical work in the metropolis of America. So the great lakes have gained a mighty impulse, and because they have their powers are mightier. Those deep, strange waves, they start off, now, on their inevitable journey; for it was to rich the sea they took that leap, and all of gravitation drew them to it. The whole current of their being set that way, and they could do no other. They can really care for no less journey; they have no other home; their insatiable desire for unity with the source of their being, the great fathomless and restless heart of the ocean urges them on. Nothing can stop them now; they are healed toward their source. But on the way men ask them to turn mills, to furnish power for various industries, and they take time for that, helping to the utmost every pursuit of man, laughing in foam as they come down the sluice ways, and the moment that they are released, seeking their natural current, going away upon their unreturning journey.

So it is with the soul of man intent on God, who is its natural home, and happy is that soul and blessed that Christian, however great, that makes the holy leap of consecration and speeds onward toward the satisfying sea—*Unton Signal*.



### ICEBERG SUPPORT.

"Why did you leave so strong a charge?" said a friend to a pastor.

"My brother, I could not stay another day. I stayed as long as I could."

"Was there trouble?" inquired the friend.

"No, there was no trouble. They met all their legal obligations to me promptly, and appeared satisfied with my work, but I felt I had no support. The people seemed to give me plenty of support, but it was the support of the iceberg. It was cold. There was no heart in it."

"Did you do anything to set them against you?"

"I was not conscious of it if I did. I never said an unkind word from the pulpit or privately."

"Do you think you fitted the situation?"

"Well, I don't think that I did, and I'm sure I couldn't have stood it any longer. During my stay I pressed the matter of church membership personally and faithfully to practically all not on the roll, and the addition I had didn't represent three per cent of the roll per year."

"How did they attend church?"

"Fairly well, I thought, considering conditions, but I couldn't seem to break up their well-bred indifference. It was as I tell you. I felt I had my back up against an iceberg. I would have died of cold had I remained."

This conversation took place between two pastors whose friendship is of a long standing. The man who received this iceberg support—a man sweet in spirit and strong—has been for three years in another large congregation. The additions to membership have been numerous and steady. He is receiving a smaller salary than formerly; but he is conscious of the warm-hearted support

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of his people and is happy in his work, though it is very heavy.

The complaint as to short pastorates is seldom heard where the pastor is made to feel he has the hearty support of his people. Pecuniary support is always a quite secondary consideration with good men. Hard work is a happiness to the man who feels his work is appreciated.—*Rev. F. W. Murray, in The C. E. World.*



### THE DUTIES OF A MOTHER.

She should be firm, gentle, kind; always ready to attend to her child. She should never laugh at him, at what he does that is cunning; never allow him to think of his looks except to be neat and clean in all his habits. She should teach him to obey a look; to respect those older than himself. She should never make a command without seeing that it is performed in a proper manner. Never speak of a child's faults of foibles or remarks before him; it is a sure way to spoil a child. Never reprove a child when excited, nor let your voice be raised when correcting him. Strive to inspire love, not dread; respect, not fear. Remember that you are training and educating a soul for eternity. Teach a child to wait on himself, and to put away a thing when done with it; but don't forget that you were once a child. The griefs of little ones are too often neglected; they are too great for them. Bear patiently with them, and never in any way arouse their anger if it can be avoided.

Teach the child to be useful whenever opportunity may offer. Look to God for wisdom and grace.