

Our Young People

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THE C. E. TOPIC—Oct. 2.

HOW WE ARE IN TRAINING TO SUCCEED OTHERS.—Deut. 34: 7-12; Joshua 1: 1, 2.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

All through the Bible, when God has a great work to carry on, we see Him raising up workers to continue it. So Isaac succeeded Abraham; and Joshua, Moses; and Samuel, Eli; and Solomon, David; and Elisha, Elijah; and Ezekiel, Jeremiah; and Nehemiah, Zerubbabel; and Timothy, Paul. "God removes the workers, but carries on the work."

Sometimes when these great workers die, men think that the work they have been supporting will fall to the ground. But no; it is as when men take the foundation from under a building, and it seems propped up on almost nothing. Soon, however, you see the building lifted gradually, and a new foundation laid and new stories added that the old foundation was not strong enough to support.

Jabez Bunting was for nearly sixty years the great leader of the English Methodists. After his death a speaker at a memorial meeting said: "When Jabez Bunting died, the star of Methodism set." "Praise God, that's a lie!" fervently exclaimed one of the listeners. And it was.

Now there is only one way by which the pyramids could rise, and that was by each course being a little higher than the one below it. So there is only one way by which humanity can rise, and that is by each generation being a little wiser and stronger and better than the one before it. When we think of our noble fathers and mothers it seems impossible for us to be half as good as they or do half as much; but if the world is to progress, we must even surpass them.

Of course we cannot do it in our own strength, any more than the stone could pile itself up into pyramids. When we think of the great duty of progress that rests upon us, what a comfort it is to remember that ours is a God of progress,—no stolid Buddha, but a Being who is continually moving onward, and carrying His obedient children with Him.

The path of obedience is always the path of progress. Do what your

conscience tells you that God wants you to do, and little duties will open out surprisingly into glorious privileges. Moody was in training to succeed Finney, and the other great evangelists of the past, and he did not know it. But the boy, as his biographer says, "went to church every Sunday, because he had promised to go." That led him to Sunday school. Then he saw that he ought to join the church, and he did. Then he began to speak in the prayer meeting, "much more zealously than grammatically." And so he went on, taking little steps along the pathway of obedience, until he became one of the greatest men the world has known.

What Moody did millions of others have done, not always so conspicuously before men, but just as really. That is what all are doing that are faithful in our Christian Endeavor Society; they are taking steps with God, and some day He will bring them out on top of a pyramid!



A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

BY MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITH.

"Mr. Kent, can not you and your sister come to our meeting of the Union this evening? We shall be so delighted to have you. We are very anxious to get all of our young people interested. We generally begin about 7.15, though our hour is 7. Preaching service, you know, doesn't begin until 8, and that gives us an hour, or nearly so. Do come, will you not? The subject? Why, let me see! Mr. Tyler, what is the subject for our Young People's meeting tonight? Get Mr. Kent a topic card, please. Oh, yes, I remember now. The subject is on our missions in the Southern States. Do come and join us; we need new members so much, and we are sure that your sister and you will prove good material, the very best. Good-by, we shall look for you." And the brisk little lady fluttered away, intent upon some other business.

Richard Kent and his sister were strangers in that big city church on Chestnut Street. They had but lately moved into one of the suburbs from the country, and had just brought their letters and united with it that day. They were delighted with the recognition they had received, and their hearts were warm with the Christian greetings given them on every side. They had made a great effort to come into the Sunday school, and had brought with them an enthusiastic spirit and two very hungry souls. Their lives had been such circumscribed ones. Residing, as they had done, in a large farming community, religious services were a treat; something they did not always enjoy by any means. Many were the Sabbaths they spent at home with their books, and so, when they went to the beautiful little suburb belonging to the city of —, they had said one to another: "Now we can go to church on rainy days as well as fair, for the street cars are close by our door."

But the thought of the Young People's meeting had never crossed their minds. They had never belonged to an organization of the kind, though the few they had had the privilege of attending had enthused them wonderfully and made them wish it were possible to do so. The idea of join-

ing one belonging to this big city church struck Richard very pleasantly.

"I should like to be a member of that society," he said to his sister, as they walked to the corner to catch their car. "Seems to me it must be a live one. Of course there's lots of enthusiasm in their meetings—the fire of intelligence and thought. That lady was a bright one that invited us, though I didn't just like her not being acquainted with the topic. Seems to me if she had been as interested as she should be, she couldn't have forgotten it. There are lots of nice-looking, wide-awake young people in the church, I noticed. Suppose we go in tonight, anyway."

"Isn't it a little expensive going twice a day?" asked Mary, thoughtfully.

"Well, rather, but if it proves a help and uplift to us spiritually, we can afford the expense. I guess I do love to go to church above everything."

"So do I when I experience a good meeting," said Mary.

"Well, there was nothing to complain of this morning, surely. Was not the sermon excellent?"

"Indeed yes. Dr. Peck is a fine sermonizer. But I did think the Sunday school was a disappointment, Dick; such a dull, lifeless affair. If I had been a child I should have gone to sleep."

"It wasn't as lively as it might be," assented her brother, "especially the opening and closing exercises. The class was all right. Well, we'll try it tonight, and if the society promises to be a help to us we'll join. I feel as if I'd like to be in some of these grand forward movements of the young people."

Promptly at 7 that evening Richard and Mary Kent mounted the stone steps of the Chestnut Street Church. There was the janitor just coming out, and a boy or two loitering about the door, but no sign of a meeting. The pretty prayer meeting room was lit up, the chairs cozily arranged, the piano invitingly open, the clock ticking remorselessly past the hour, but no one was there to bid the two strangers welcome. They sat down near the door and waited. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and Richard fidgeted in his chair. "I don't like this way of doing business," he muttered. "Punctuality is the secret of a successful meeting always," with hard emphasis on the last word.

"Some one is coming now," said Mary hushing him as in swept a long trail with a lady attached.

"Why, good evening," said the lady, whisking the serpentine folds of her dress around in what she considered the very grace of fashion. "It is time to begin right now, isn't it? Our people are late gathering; so many things, you know—company at the last moment, very likely. The leader, I understand, has an engagement, and can not come. Mr. Tyler, our president, will be put out, of course, but these things really can not be helped. I think, anyway, during the hot weather it is just as well to let the meetings drop, do not you?"

Another arrival made it unnecessary to reply, and the brother and sister sat and watched the straggling members of the society come listlessly in with languid, uninteresting air, and drop into their chairs and fall to chatting of everything except the object of their coming. Then came Mr.

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Tyler, looking very much annoyed over the half dozen ladies and one boy beside Richard that composed the audience. He went to the desk, opened his Bible, and distributed some clippings to be read. One he gave to Richard and another to the boy, who quickly shifted it off on one of the young ladies, and, snatching his hat, left the room. By this time it was 7.30, and there was a decided scowl on Richard's face. Mr. Tyler opened the hymn book and closed it again two or three times. Finally he shut it with a snap, and looking at his watch, said curtly: "I don't know as it is worth while to have any meeting tonight. It is so late, and I haven't had time to study up the topic as I should like in order to lead the meeting. It is an important subject, being 'Missions in the Southern States.' The leader has disappointed us, and as the pastor's sermon, as advertised, is to treat of missions, I don't know as it is necessary to go all over the ground twice. So you may consider yourselves dismissed."

"Well, how were you impressed with the Young People's meeting?" asked Mary, as they wended their way home after rather a tiresome evening service. "Do you feel enthused by their life and intellectual vigor and spiritual power? Did you get an uplift?"

"Uplift!" said Richard scornfully. "If that's a sample of their meetings, they needn't ask me to join. It was a perfect and abominable mockery. My heart aches with disappointment."

And the young people wondered why Mr. Kent and his sister didn't come to their meetings. They never imagined they had a grand opportunity to gain two splendid members and had lost it through lack of love for the cause.—*Journal and Messenger.*



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