

Our Young People

This Department is in the interest of the Free Baptist Young People's Societies.

OFFICERS

F. B. Y. P. League of New Brunswick.

PRESIDENT.—Rev. J. C. Wilson, Gibson, N.B.
VICE-PRESIDENTS.—Rev. T. D. Bell, Miss Lulu Vince Samuel Baxter, Ernest Tracy, Miss A. A. Flewelling, G. Fred Bolster and J. J. Bonnell.
RECORDING SECRETARY.—Miss Sadie Dakin, Grand Harbor, N.B.
ASST. RECORDING SECRETARY.—Miss Julia Pugh, Fredericton, N.B.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.—Rev. J. B. Daggett, Fredericton Junction.
TREASURER.—E. B. Staples, Marysville, N.B.
AUDITOR.—F. A. Lindsay, Woodstock, N.B.

F. B. Y. P. Union of Nova Scotia

PRESIDENT.—Rev. J. E. Gosline, Barrington.
VICE-PRESIDENTS.—Revs. R. Heine and A. H. McLeod, Miss Marion Hopkins, Miss Theora Spinney.
RECORDING and CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.—Mrs. William Ryerson, Brooklyn, Yarmouth County.
TREASURER.—Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Tusket, Yarmouth Co.

THE C. E. TOPIC.—Dec. 25.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Isa. 9: 2-7.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

The discovery of the X-ray has shown us how little we have known of that wonderful substance, the ether, and how little we yet know. When Christ is called the Light of the World, he is compared to one of the greatest wonders in the universe, a marvel that grows with every year more surprising, just as the world is continually seeing more and more of beauty and wisdom in the life of our Lord.

As the X-ray pierces through solid substances and discloses what is within, so that our flesh is transparent to it and only our bones cast a shadow, so Christ can pierce to the deep things of the heart, and everything is naked and open to his eye.

But light goes nowhere except to heal, and the X-ray, with its strange penetrative power, is proving itself a mighty curative agent, conquering lurking diseases that for all ages have baffled the physician. So also Christ, though he, the Word, is sharper than any two-edged sword, and pierces even to the joints and marrow, yet he thrusts with healing and pierces with peace.

Light is everywhere. Water is nearly as common, but there are desert places where the earth is dry. Even there, however, probably there more brightly than elsewhere, falls the light. And it is thus with the light of the world. There is no desert among men, however barren the soul and frightful in its desolation, but the beautiful Christ is there—rays as direct from the Sun of Righteousness as any that fall on the saint.

Light is compound. It has all colors in it. It has heat rays to warm, and chemical rays to vivify. It has many other powers that we are only beginning to learn. We have translated only a stanza of its ode. And Christ only is manifold. The Deity is a trinity!—what marvel that he is not a thousand trinities! Whatever the pure heart desires, it finds in Christ. And every desire fulfilled awakens us to a new longing, which also is satisfied, and so on endlessly. There is no *finis* to the romance of Christ.

Let the light of the world illumine our hearts on this Christmas Day, and we shall not care whether it is dark or sunny without, or whether it is

wealth or poverty within. Let us look for that light, and not for the fitful gleam of fortune. Let us accustom our eyes to the glory of it, preparing for that realm where "the Lamb is the light thereof." And let us all pray with the poet:

Dark and perplexed the way
 Hard and involved the right;
 The smoke of passion clouds the day,—
 O Christ, be Thou my Light!

Incarnate truth Thou art,
 Of life the source and might;
 Renew Thyself within my heart,
 O Christ, my Life and Light!

So in Thy willing strength
 Abounding let me live;
 Then to Thy cloudless land at length
 Abundant entrance give.

MR. GOODMAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY C. A. PARKER.

The Rev. Robert Goodman, pastor of a certain church in a certain town, seated himself at his study table one morning, and drew toward him his writing materials; then he took a deliberate survey of the room in which he sat.

The view was not a pleasing one. The walls were adorned with paper sadly discolored, and falling away in places; the bare smoky ceiling was traversed by numerous cracks; the paint on the woodwork, of dismal hue to start with, showed the ravages of time; the carpet was wretchedly shabby.

Mr. Goodman gazed at all this and sighed, as he had often done before.

"I could write better sermons in a decent study, and I'm positive," he said to himself. "This room certainly is depressing. It does seem that the church might paint and paper it. The expense would be small. Then there is the carpet—but if that remained, I should have to 'look up and not down.' Well, that is what I must do anyway," and, with a faint smile, he turned again to the work before him.

Just then there was a little tap at the door, and he rose and opened it.

"Good morning, Mr. Goodman," said Miss Hope Arnold, who stood outside the study door, looking as fresh and bright as the morning itself.

"I wish to consult you, Mr. Goodman," she continued, "about some of our Christian Endeavor work, but, first of all, I want to tell you how much good your sermon last Sunday morning did me. I thank you for it. It was just what I needed."

"I am very happy to hear you say so, Miss Hope, replied the minister, with a flush of pleasure, "and I thank you for telling me," but the visitor little guessed how much good, in turn, she had done her pastor.

When they had finished their talk on Christian Endeavor work, and Hope had risen to go, she exclaimed impulsively, "So this is our minister's study! I have never been in it before. Really, I should think the church could afford to paper it, at least."

"It would be a great improvement, certainly," responded Mr. Goodman, smiling.

"It ought to be done," she declared, in decided tones, "and it shall be," she mentally added.

When his caller had gone, Mr. Goodman, greatly cheered and encouraged, turned once more to his study table, and the next Sunday morning's discourse was generally pronounced one of his best.

Mr. Goodman was all that his name implied, but, though an earnest preacher, he was not brilliant nor eloquent, and the large churches, with corresponding salaries, were not for him. And as there were several small people at the parsonage to be fed, clothed, and otherwise cared for, there was no money for superfluities, or for many other things not generally reckoned as such.

Mrs. Goodman, fortunately, was a cheery, efficient little woman, with a wonderful knack for compelling a dollar to do more than full duty, and, in every way, she was a true helpmeet to her husband.

On leaving the parsonage, Hope hastened to the office of her uncle, one of the trustees of the church, and inquired whether the pastor's study could not be re-papered and painted, but he shook his head.

"No repairs this year," he said, decidedly. "Too hard times. I guess he can write just as well, if his room isn't very fine. I can."

"Yes, I see," replied Hope, looking around the dingy office, "but I don't believe you could write very good sermons here. I'm sure I couldn't. And—anyway—it is different. You could afford to have a nice office if you chose, uncle."

"But I don't choose, nor to have the minister's study repaired at present. No use talking, my dear," and he turned again to his ledger, while Hope walked indignantly away.

She did not give up, however, by any means, and, at the next meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society, she presented the case.

"Now," said she, "I propose that we rejuvenate that study as a Christmas present to our pastor. I have made some inquiries, and find that it can be done at small expense."

"Mr. Ball, who is a member of our church, would furnish and put on a good paper for four dollars. A neat matting for the floor would not cost over four dollars more. Fred Johnson (a young painter, and a member of the Christian Endeavor Society) will kindly attend to the woodwork without charge. So, you see, the actual expense of the undertaking need not exceed eight dollars, though some other changes and additions might be made to good advantage."

Much to her delight, Hope's plan met with general approval, and then arose a discussion as to the best method of raising the money to carry it out.

Finally Ellen Berry, one of the most active members, said: "There are so many oyster suppers, sociables, and things of that sort, let us try something different. Suppose each member becomes personally responsible for fifty cents. 'It can be earned, saved or given outright, as one chooses. The latter method would cost a good many of us less than a sociable, besides saving much time. There are twenty-eight present this evening. If all are agreed, that means fourteen dollars. Then, several who are not here would doubtless join us. And if any one should have a little more than fifty cents to put into the fund, no objections would be made. If there were a few dollars over the cost of necessary improvements they would, no doubt, be very acceptable to buy a book or two."

After a little discussion this plan was unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

The Sunday before Christmas, Mrs. Bardwell, a good motherly woman who lived four miles from town, and who was a member of Mr. Goodman's

EYE GLASSES

Anything the matter with your eyes? Can't see as well as you used. If so, call at

Wiley's DRUG STORE,

and get your eyes tested. Won't cost you anything to find out. No charge for consultation.

FIRST CLASS LINE OF
 SPECTACLES
 AND
 EYE GLASSES
 TO SELECT FROM.

WILEY'S

206 Queen St., FREDERICTON, N. B.

church, said to the pastor and his wife, as they shook hands after the service, "I want you folks all out to my house for one good holiday visit. Can you come the day before Christmas? It seems a kind o' queer time, maybe, but, if you can possibly come, that's the day I want you."

Mrs. Goodman reflected a few moments, then replied, "Why, thank you, Mrs. Bardwell, I think we could come that day. I could arrange to go, I am sure. Couldn't you, Mr. Goodman?"

"Yes, I think so," he responded, very cheerfully. "Of course there will be preparations going on for the evening's exercises, but I don't know that I shall be particularly needed. Thank you very much for your kind invitations, Mrs. Bardwell. We shall enjoy the visit, I assure you."

"Well, I'm sure I shall," that lady replied, heartily. "I'm so glad you can come. Then I'll send for you bright and early. Be ready by nine o'clock. We're going to have an old-fashioned, all-day's visit. We'll come back in time for the exercises in the evening and drive right to the church."

Mrs. Goodman securely locked the front door on the day appointed, and dropped the key in her pocket; but scarcely had the sleigh containing Mr. Goodman and herself, and the four hilarious little Goodmans, vanished down the road, than a man with rolls of paper and a pail of paste appeared at the parsonage, and was admitted by Hope Arnold, who had secured a duplicate key from her uncle.

The man with paper and paste was speedily followed by another bearing a pot of paint, and the transformation of the study was soon under full headway.

Late in the afternoon, three of the male members of the Christian Endeavor Society took possession with a roll of matting, and when, in a short space of time, their work with that was finished, they were re-inforced by several of the girls, and the study was soon in readiness for its occupant.

Great was the satisfaction of the conspirators as they surveyed the rejuvenated room. The paper on walls and ceiling were restful to the eye, with its soft tints and unobtrusive pattern. The coloring of the woodwork harmonized with that of the paper. In spite of