

Our Young People

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THE C. E. TOPIC.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

April 17.—How CHRIST TRANSFORMS LIVES.—Rom. 12: 1, 2; Phil. 3: 20, 21.

Mahomet was fleeing with Abu Bekr from Mecca to Medina, their enemies pursuing them. "At any rate," said Abu Bekr, consolingly, "we are ever two." "Nay," answered Mahomet, "we are three, for God is with us."

If that were true for Mahomet, how much more for the Christian, who abides in Christ, Christ ever abiding in him! Well may each of us say with Maltbie Babcock:

No distant Lord have I,
 Loving afar to be;
 Made flesh for me, he cannot rest,
 Until he rests in me.

But Christ is a light that "lighteth every man coming into the world." There is a presence with us all, but not with all is it the Presence that transforms.

Here is an automobile standing by the roadside. The power is in it. I can hear the hiss and thump of the escaping gas. But the power has no effect upon the vehicle till the driver enters the carriage, turns the lever, and applies the power to the wheels. So Christ is glad to transform a life from weakness to power.

Here is a lamp-shade of Favrite glass. The colors are somewhat dull and the design is confused. But the dealer turns a key and sends electricity into the incandescent lamp within the shade. At once the glass flashes into a rich splendid color, soft yet brilliant, while the design glows with the radiance of an autumn sunset. The beauty was there before, but only as a possibility; the lamp made it an actual glory.

So it is when the Light of the world, who shines upon every man, begins to shine within the man, illuminating his features, and touching the homliest with the loveliness of the skies. Let us pray with Lucy Larcom:

Raised my low self above,
 Won by thy deathless love,
 Ever, O Christ, through mine
 Let thy life shine!

So Christ in the heart transforms to power and beauty. He also transforms to wisdom. It is as when a ship, outside the harbor, is beaten about by the storm and driven before the wind. The captain peers anxiously through the darkness for the pilot. He does not know the coast, but the pilot will.

When the pilot's boat is seen tossing on the waves and drawing nearer, when

the ladder is thrown down and the silent man comes aboard, fear is transformed to confidence and confusion to order. One who knows is at the helm.

Christ in the heart transforms it to purity, as well as to power and beauty and wisdom. My little girl was not strong, and the shrewd physician inquired about the room she slept in. There was a porch roof outside, and the sun reached it for only a few minutes late in the afternoon. At once he advised her removal to a room with a clear south and east exposure. "There is no germicide, no purifier," he said, "like the sunlight."

Such a purifier is the Sun of Righteousness, as he rises upon us with healing in his wings. The festering sins, the foul habits, the base passions, shrivel up and die into harmlessness at the touch of the white rays. Ah, that is the transformation we all so sorely need!

THE MISSIONARY.

No doubt many of our members are following the reports as given each month of Bro. Paul's work, but I desire to address a few words directly to the League membership.

At the session of General Conference last autumn, the Conference, with much thankfulness, accepted the League's offer of Bro. Paul's services. I believe it has done much to remove any prejudice that might have remained by our older brethren against the League. They, one and all, seemed to feel that the League, while maintaining a separate organization, was nevertheless but an arm of the Conference, anxious always to do any task that the Conference might set before them.

During this long cold winter Bro Paul has worked faithfully, and none can tell how much good has been done. He has had to contend with unusual circumstances, and yet has covered much ground and done a large amount of work, much of it of a kind that has been hard to tabulate. His salary being provided for, the Home Mission Board, which has been directing him, has felt free to send him here and there, and to move him about from place to place, as the needs of the cause have seemed apparent. We have been able to do this without having to think about and to be asking ourselves the question, Will it pay? It has been the policy of the Board to keep Bro. Paul visiting the uncared-for and weak fields, encouraging and helping them. Thus many of our churches which would not have heard a sermon by one of our ministers this winter, has received as much attention as it was possible to give them, and they have been led to feel that we had a care for them and were doing all we could for them.

There have been some conversions and we are hoping for a good summer when there may be large ingathering of souls.

Bro. Paul is at present laboring with Bro. J. J. Barnes at Millville, and reports a splendid interest. Several have moved forward in the meetings. I trust that our membership are not forgetting to pray for the officers who have charge of the work, and also for the missionary.

J. B. DAGGETT, President.

A terrible wreck happened some years ago off the coast of Tuscany. In his report of the affair the Tuscan coast-guard remarks, with evident complacency, "I lent every possible help to the vessel with my speaking trumpet; but, nevertheless, many corpses were found upon the shore in the morning." What are words without deeds?

"THEN I WILL QUIT DANCING."

Some years ago I was pastor of a charge where the leading alto singer in my choir was the wife of a prominent congressman. She was the largest contributor to our finances, and was the daughter of one of the best women I ever knew. Soon, after reaching the charge, I, as usual, read the General Rules, and made some comments. In commenting on the rules, I insisted that we wanted only those among us who would obey the requirements of the church.

At the close of the services this lady came into the pulpit and asked me if I meant what I said. I told her that I never joked in the pulpit. She then informed me that my predecessor had not opposed dancing, and that when in Washington she attended social functions where she engaged in dancing, and that she loved the pastime.

She then said, "I suppose, then, I must either leave the church or quit dancing."

I replied that seemed to be the alternative.

She hesitated a moment and then said, "Then I will quit dancing!" And she did! She maintained her integrity to her death. She became one of my warmest friends, and when my official board gave permission for a raffle in the church, she stood by me, and helped to stop the proposed gambling.

A little firmness on the part of our pastors, and a little less of the spirit of conformity to the world, would save to the church many who are now spiritually dead or dying. Let us enforce our rules on forbidden amusements. I hope our next General Conference will not lower the bars, or make the way so broad to heaven that there will be no difference between that and the easier and lower road.—W. E. Goodwin, D.D., in *Epworth Herald*.

Family Prayers and the Blessing that Followed.

A number of years ago, when the custom of holding family prayers was more common in American families than it is today, a certain Mr. Winthrop, a man of sturdy Christian principles, took his family to Europe for a summer of pleasure.

There were in the family, besides the father and mother, several young sons and daughters, all of an age to appreciate and enjoy their first visit to the Old World. They were energetic young people, eager to see everything that was to be seen, and the summer days were all too short for them. Moreover, to their dismay, their father insisted upon having family prayers every morning in Europe just as he had been accustomed to have them in America.

The girls were embarrassed. No other travellers whom they had met had family prayers. They wished their father would be like other people. The boys grumbled about the loss of time when there were so many things to do. But obedience was a habit in the family, and not once during that delightful and long-remembered summer did a member of the family absent himself from prayers.

In Paris they had a private sitting-room into which their bed-room opened; and the girls were made uncomfortable by the fact that one other person—a woman whose name they did not know, and whom they had not met—shared the privileges of the sitting-room with them. What if she should open her door some morning and come in upon the kneeling family?

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"How mortified we should be?" said the girls.

But the woman never opened her door at that embarrassing moment, nor, indeed, at any other time when the family were present, although they spent three weeks in Paris.

Half a dozen years later the eldest daughter was at a "tea" in New York, when a woman whose face was unfamiliar to her came up to her and said:

"If I am not mistaken, this is Miss Winthrop?"

"Yes," answered the girl, and added, "but I am afraid I do not recall your name."

"You never knew my name," replied the woman, "but your father once saved me from making a great mistake in my life, and I have always hoped that I might some day see him and thank him. Will you thank him for me?"

"Ye-es, willingly," assented the girl, and waited for further enlightenment.

"It was in Paris," the woman continued. "I was all alone and in great trouble; I had no one with whom to consult, and I was in desperate need of help. A little more—a step or two—and I should have ruined my life. Every morning your father prayed in the sitting-room. He prayed for the strangers far away from home, the lonely ones—he prayed for me. And his prayers gave me strength to resist my temptation. Your father saved my life."

"You were the lady who shared the sitting-room with us," gasped the girl. "And we were always so afraid you would come in and find us on our knees!"

"I, too, was on my knees," the woman answered, "on my knees behind my closed door."