

## Our Young People

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### THE C. E. TOPIC—Nov. 13.

HOW TO EXPRESS OUR THANKS TO GOD.  
 Psalm 138: 1-8.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

A skilful surgeon, by a marvellous operation, gave sight to a young woman who had been blind from birth. On a lovely morning they opened their window shutters, and for the first time she saw this beautiful earth. "Oh, wonderful! wonderful!" she cried in rapture. "Surely heaven cannot be more glorious than this!"

Let us ask ourselves, as Thanksgiving Day approaches, how much we should have missed if we had been blinded all our lives; and have we ever thanked God for our eyes? Or if we have been deaf all our lives; and have we ever thanked God for our hearing? Or if we had been paralytic; and have we ever thanked God for hands and feet?

Nay, is it possible, and even probable, that the eyes of our souls have through all our lives been blind to more than one world of loveliness? The world of self-sacrifice—have we ever seen its azure sky, its towering mountain peaks? The world of duty, the world of generosity, the world of Bible truth, the world of prayer, the world of Christian peace—as these are named, do memories of rich prospects crowd upon our minds, visions familiar and dear yet ever changing in their enchantments? If not, pray to the Lord of Bartimeus for the unsealing of your eyes, that you may enjoy such a Thanksgiving Day as you never have yet known.

And how, if we have these great reasons for thanksgiving, shall we express our gratitude to God?

In the first place, by a well ordered life. Washington, in the first Thanksgiving Day proclamation, set forth this truth in his stately phrase, bidding his people "unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually." The doing of duty is the best *Te Deum*.

Then, we are to thank God by a trusting, peaceful mind. As Phillips Brooks said with reference to Thanksgiving Day, "We want to trust God with a fuller trust, and so at last to come to that high life when we shall be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our request be made known unto God, for that, and that alone, is peace." By

our worry, if we worry, we give the lie to our thanksgiving.

And finally, we are to thank God by words. "Never go to God for new blessings," said Joseph Parker, "before you have given Him a receipt for the old ones." We expect others to say, "Thank you" if we only pass them the bread at table; and as often as we pass it. How often and how audibly do we say, "Thank you" to God?

It is a minor consideration and well worth thinking about: If we treated a friend's gifts as we constantly treat God's, how long would it be before our friend, in disgust, would cease his gifts altogether? And can we blame God if His gifts cease to fall upon the ungrateful?

### A SERMON WITHOUT A TEXT.

While at a station recently, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like, and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

It was a bleak, cold day. The train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the storm again.

She returned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black—who lay as if asleep on a sofa—opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace no-where."

"Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, is not that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mitten to dry. "Thank you dear; this is comfortable, isn't it? I'm mos' froze to-day, bein' lame and wimby, and not selling much makes me kind of down-hearted."

The lady smiled; went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea in this depot?" cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go around the room, touching the gloomiest face like a stream of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," said the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my heart."

Whilst she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I

felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old lady got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic, neither are cups of tea, bootlaces and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of the ragged old woman.

But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveller went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

### THE CURE FOR DISCOURAGEMENT.

The great cure for discouragement is a persuasion of being right. We have really very little to do with mere circumstances; we are no masters of the weather, we cannot control the atmosphere.

The eternal consolation is in the fact that the heart is right and the suppliant means his prayer; all other changes are atmospheric, climatic, transitory, damping enough and discouraging enough in the meanwhile, but forgotten to-morrow. The devil has but a short chain and he cannot add one link to its length.

This is eternal life, to know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. The clouds do not throw down the house, the house is founded upon a rock; think of the rock, not of the falling snow; think of the eternal foundation and not of the changing clouds. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.'"

Then the chief cure, the master remedy, the sovereign assurance, must be found in the example of Christ. He was much discouraged because of the way. "He marveled because of their unbelief;" "he did not do many mighty works because of their unbelief." But when he was come nigh to the city, he wept over it and said: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen doth gather her young under her wings, and ye would not!"

They went out against him, with swords and staves as against a thief; but for the joy that was set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame. It was worth waiting a whole winter night to behold the brightness of the coming summer. A little rain, a high wind, a fall of snow, unexpected frost, a little bitterness in the cup—these things come and go, but we, being in Christ, seek a kingdom which cannot be moved.

If we are seeking nothing, then discouragements will prevail—in the absence of definite purpose, distant assault

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will have a tremendous effect upon us but if our eye be single and our whole body be full of light, and if our vision be set upon a given destiny, and that destiny be a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, then apostles will shake off the viper into the fire, sleepers will throw back the garments in which they have been slumbering, and brave men will find in the end more than compensation for the way, and one glimpse of heaven will cast into eternal forgetfulness all the little troubles of earth.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

### Why Brain Workers Break Down.

Man is not a machine that keeps going as long as the steam is applied. He is a creature of blood, nerves and delicately balanced organism. Many don't realize this, but overwork their brains and break down. Brain workers need a strong, bracing tonic like Ferrozone to fortify their nerves and keep the blood pure and rich. Take Ferrozone and you'll do more work. You will have the strength, the ambition, and the desire for work because your system will be in first-class order. For your health and strength take Ferrozone regularly. Price 50c. at druggists.

The headlight on an engine is a small lamp, backed and set forth by a burnished reflector. Then it casts forth its brightness, pointing out and illuminating the way for the speeding travellers. Your lamp may not be large, but if you will put behind and about it the burnished reflector of a consistent, consecrated life, it may shine forth into the darkness, guiding hurrying pilgrims safely through the night.—*Bishop Fowler.*

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

He who loves not, lives not; he who lives by the Life cannot die.