

## Our Young People

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### THE. C. E. TOPIC—April 3.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

#### OUR VICTORIES THROUGH CHRIST.

I Cor. 15: 50-59.

(Easter Meeting.)

A little ragged boy was looking at a picture of Christ in a shop window. "Who is he?" asked a gentleman, stepping up and pointing to the picture. "Why, don't you know?" said the boy, sneered at such ignorance. "That's Jesus," he said, and told the beautiful story. At the close his voice became an awed whisper: "And they crucified him, mister! They crucified him!" The gentleman was turning away, greatly pleased and profoundly moved, when the ragged boy called after him: "Stop, mister! I didn't tell you the best part. He rose again, mister, He rose again!"

That is indeed the best part of the whole blessed story. Of the three events in the world's history that mean the most to us, Christ's birth, death, resurrection, the last is the triumphant and joyful climax.

For the Easter word is victory.

Victory for Christ. He had finished his great task. He had manifested God, expiated the sins of the world, and conquered the last enemy, death. Now at last he could say, what by anticipation only he said upon the cross, "It is finished!"

Victory for us. Christ is one with his people. He has no triumph apart from us. If this were not so, his resurrection would have no significance for us, though it is one of the best proved facts of history. But, "because I live, ye shall live also." His victory over death means our immortality. Those that trust in him have already risen with him into the endless life; and if anyone fears death, he may well question the reality and depth of his Christian experience.

But our resurrection with Christ means more than immortality; it means a daily victory over darkness, over doubt and disappointment and sorrow and failure, transforming them all into some eternal power and beauty. As Phillips Brooks said: "The life of a true Christian seems to be continually full of Easters." He illustrated it by picturing the burial of some luxury, which must be given up; and out of its grave springs a new vigor and independence. Or, some happy ambition is buried, and from its mound rises a beautiful peace. Or, a dear friend is buried, and "out of his grave the real power of friend-

ship rises stronger and more eternal into your life. So the partial and imperfect and temporary are always being taken away from us and buried, that the perfect and eternal may arise out of their tombs to bless us."

Therefore Easter has an immediate, practical, daily lesson for us all, and I think this poem expresses it beautifully:

I will arise!  
Though I have lain so long,  
So long have wandered under alien  
skies,  
Lord, Thou wilt clear the wrong;  
I will arise!

I will arise!  
Give Thou me grace to stand;  
To run and not be weary, make me  
wise.

Reach Thou Thy helping hand;  
I will arise!

I will arise!  
Though I am weak withal;  
Not mine like dove to cleave with ease  
the skies,  
Yea, though again I fall,  
I will arise!

I will arise!  
For Thou hast bidden me,  
"Be of good cheer, He calleth thee,"  
one cries.

Yea, Lord, I run to Thee—

I will arise!

### CHRISTIAN SOCIABILITY.

H. E. T.

Sometimes it is said, that here and there are to be found local churches where sociability is a lost art and a forgotten Christian duty and privilege. The members of these churches enter and re-enter the house of God without showing any interest whatever in their fellow Christians. In some cases the stranger in the church will be met on the street, and unless there has been a formal introduction, no recognition is taken of them. Members of a Young People's Society will come to a religious service and go from it without a word of kindly greeting to a stranger; and even when that word is spoken, it is all formal, and the next day the stranger is unrecognized. Because conditions like these prevail, one of the problems of the church is that of its unsociability. To help us solve that problem, these words are written.

First, we ought all to realize that Christian sociability is a duty. We may be the most bashful persons imaginable, and may find it harder than anyone else to speak the agreeable word in conversation, but this does not shift from us our duty of being sociable, and this duty is clearly revealed. From the beginning a distinctive feature of the life of the Christian church has been the fellowship enjoyed by its members. Over and over again the divine counsel has come to the church to recognize and evidence the union and inter-dependence of its members, and many and strong are the words, teaching us to feel and show a loving sympathy with each other. "In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one toward another; in honor preferring one another;" "Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep;" "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." These and many similar passages bear directly upon our duty in this matter, and so clearly was it known and followed by the early Christian church that one of its advocates could say, "Behold, how these Christians

love one another." It must be plain, therefore, that God's will for each one of us is clearly revealed, and no excuse we offer will receive of this obligation. We may not feel like taking up this duty, we may be young and inexperienced in Christian work, but all this is secondary. We are here solely to do our duty, and one duty plainly revealed is that we be sociable.

In the second place we will be aided in solving this problem, when we give to every one with whom we are brought in contact their proper value. One of the glories of Christ's relation to men was the infinite value he placed upon every soul. Behind rags and sin, and filth and all ungodliness the Master saw a soul, which touched by him would become whiter than any snow, and would at last have a place in that house where the great family of faith shall find their eternal home. Placing value like this upon each individual, it was impossible for the Son of Man to deal with men in crowds. Like the rich merchant-man and his precious stones, the Saviour of men gave to each soul a value all its own. To that one precious soul he gave all his heart's love, all his best attention. He loved it, he trained it, he guarded it even as a mother guards the child of her heart. And, think you, friends, that if once we placed a true value on the souls around us that sociability would be the great task it is. Then the young woman selling lace across the counter, the young man handing out your ticket in a railway depot, and the servant in your kitchen, would be no longer mere "hands." That man beside you on the street car and the woman in the seat in front of you in the church, that stranger at the door of the prayer-meeting, would then all become real persons, real somebodies, real souls of worth just as truly as were those to whom the Saviour drew near with loving service and sympathy. Share his life and spirit, and then every stranger becomes to us an opportunity for the highest and holiest service. Who of us can even guess at the possibilities of soul possessed by the lowliest stranger who stands before us or the glorious heart's experience to which by God's grace we may lead them?

"Though not inheritors as yet,  
Of all your own right royal things,  
I see more in ye than ye are as yet,  
While earth so closely clings,  
As though a cloud that hides the skies,  
Undoubting science hails a star."

Again, we should be prompted to be sociable by remembering that the desire for fellowship and sociability which is in our own heart is certainly in the heart of others. There is scarcely a feeling or mood of the soul which is the property of one person alone; for so alike are we all, that whatever be that feeling, or that mood, some one has experienced it before us, and knows it now. That desire of ours that others would draw nearer to us and try and know us better we may be sure is shared by all mankind alike. The difficulty is that we believe this desire for advances to be true of ourselves, but we do not dare to believe it of other people. When, however, we know men as they are, we find them much like ourselves, and on all sides are to be found men and women dying, just dying for the want of some one to make advances in friendship and fellowship and all sociability. There are souls like these looking at you from your neighbor's house, standing beside you in the store, brushing against you on the street, and we may be sure waiting for us in the place of public worship

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and in the prayer-meeting. Persons longing for some one who will be to them more than a brother, and to whom they may tell everything. Isn't that the great wish of your life? Believe it to be the wish of every one, so open your heart, unfold your soul, and walk right up to the stranger. Put out your hand and say: "My brother," "my sister," "I am glad to see you. I bid you welcome; make yourself at home." Do this without the least fear, because the heart of the stranger is just like your own, and through it all, whether you show sociability as a duty, or as a great delight, remember always its true purpose is service, and in all our advances in sociability our one thought should be, How will this step open out to me an opportunity for the most practical Christian service?

### Man's Most Critical Age.

Very often the vital resources are small at forty-two, but if not then, between fifty-seven and sixty-two years of age there is a strange slowing down and loss of vitality. It is important that this transient period of decay should be checked; strength must be imparted to the tired brain; the weakened nerves must be fortified. The wife who will use Ferronose whose potency is particularly applicable to these critical periods. Ferronose quickens the whole being, imparts vigor and power, pushes back the onset of senility in a very manifest way. It is because Ferronose gives strength, vitality and vigor that it is useful to old men. Try it. Price 25c.

Blessed is the man that voteth not the ballot of the ungodly.—Kansas Leader.

If a dog bite you, don't be scared. Bathe the wound with cold water and cover it with a cloth on which Weaver's Cerate has been freely spread. The Cerate relieves the pain caused by the sting of insects.