

## Our Young People

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### THE. C. E. TOPIC.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

APRIL 24—WHAT CHRIST CAN DO FOR "DARKEST AFRICA."—*Isa. 45: 11-19.*

We may judge of what Christ can do for Darkest Africa by what He has done.

Missions in the Dark Continent are not more than a century old and only for three or four decades have they been pushed there with force. Even now there are only three thousand missionaries scattered over the great continent, five thousand miles long and nearly five thousand miles broad—one missionary to every 50,000 souls. Yet they have gathered, counting adherents, a native church of nearly a million members. They have established 3,500 day-schools. They conduct 126 hospitals. The lights that have been lighted are shining brightly, and far. Though only a beginning has been made, it is a glorious beginning.

Then, think of the heroic souls whom Christ has raised up for the Dark Continent! Schmidt the pioneer, dying on his knees, praying for Africa. Vanderkemp, who in three years spent out of his own fortune \$5,000 to redeem men from slavery. Moffat, who bared his breast to hostile spears, and bade them strike. Livingstone, who buried himself in the Dark Continent—a more noble shrine than Westminster Abbey where his body lies. Richards, who toiled six years without a convert, and then began to receive them by the thousand. Cox, dying of African fever in five months, his chosen epitaph, "Let a thousand fall before Africa is given up." Crowther, the wonderful black bishop of the Niger. Mackay, the mechanic missionary, and Good, and Wilson, and Pilkington, and Tucker—the list is long and glorious, but it is to be many times longer, and even more glorious, during the years to come.

One of the most striking examples of what Christ is doing even now for Africa is the recent missionary uprising among the Boer prisoners of war. Two hundred of these young men, all Christian Endeavorers, together with fifty young women, have offered themselves for missionary work among the blacks, and are now in training for that splendid service. A new training institution, just for these young people, has been founded at Worcester, in Cape Colony.

While this is happening at the south, at the north, in Asyut, Egypt, a revival is reported in the United Presbyterian

mission school, with 112 volunteers for mission work. Thus among the very sons and daughters of the soil God is raising up His prophets.

In Central Africa, in the great Congo country, two decades ago all was the deepest paganism; a woman was considered worth as much as a large pig, and the most shocking crimes were everyday occurrences. Now polygamy, slavery, illiteracy, sloth, licentiousness, cruelty, intemperance,—all are giving way before the Gospel. The one church at Banza Manteka has two thousand members, and these Congo converts go forth gladly as missionaries, returning to the charge though tortured to the point of death.

In Uganda, near the English cathedral, is a hill that is still covered with the bleached bones of men cruelly slain by former kings of the country. The first Christian baptism took place only twenty years ago. Now Uganda has 1,070 churches, with an average Sunday attendance of 32,471.

And thus one might travel over the whole of Africa, and everywhere would be seen the proof that Christ is working now for the salvation of the Dark Continent as mightily as ever before; nay, even more mightily, since He is enabled to work through a constantly increasing number of followers.

### WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

When we think of all that Christ has done, is doing, and will do for us, we realize that we owe Him a greater debt than we can ever pay.

We learn in God's Holy Word that while we were yet without strength Christ left His Father's throne, took our nature upon Him and bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and there died for our salvation. "Surely He has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." He lives to make intercession for us. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

We have His promise that in the future He will come the second time to change our vile body, that it may be like His own glorious body, and to save us from the effect of sin. "When he appears we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Then there shall be no more pain, nor sickness, no more sorrow, nor death.

When we think of all the glory then to be revealed—the Holy City with its streets of pure gold and walls of jasper, where Christ has promised us a home and a crown if we prove faithful, should we not love and honor Him by telling of His great love to those who do not know it or realize it? Christ has said that we are His witnesses of these things. He that hath My word, let him speak My word faithfully, and he that turns many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. Are we willing by our words and deeds to witness for Christ? I think I hear some saying "Yes, I am willing, but I am so weak and timid, or slow of speech, that I can do nothing." That need not trouble you, for He says: "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say," and "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." All that you need do is to have faith and lean on God; He will strengthen you. We are of little use in God's vineyard until we are made to realize our own weakness. "For when we are weak then are we strong." God does

not call us to do any work in our own strength. He bids us go and do it in His name. No matter how simple the word, or small the deed, if He blesses it shall be blessed. "For it is not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Dear readers, are you willing to go in the power of His might and witness for Him? If so, His word to you is, "Fear not; be strong, and of good courage; neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest," and "Lo I am with you always even to the end of the world." G. L. P.

### THE MEMBER WAS NOT DROPPED.

"I move we drop the following names from our roll," and the secretary read off five names, pausing a moment after each.

"I second the motion," came from somewhere in the rear of the room.

But at that moment a boy near the door rose impetuously. "Wait just a minute," he said; "we don't want to make any mistake. Suppose we drop the first four, as they have moved away, and hold on to Lem Briggs a while longer."

"He hasn't attended a meeting in over two months," objected the secretary; "and the last time he was spoken to by a lookout committee, he said he didn't know that he cared to come any more. We can't carry names that way."

"But I think there must be some mistake, or—or misunderstanding," insisted the boy near the door. "Lem Briggs isn't one to speak lightly of our meetings. I know him a little. He was in my class in school before he got a job in the factory. Sometimes I think we are not quite cordial enough. The mill-district fellows feel that we do not treat them as we do the rest of the town and I—well, I believe they are half right. This ought not to be. In the society we should drop everything like that. I believe Lem Briggs is a fellow we ought to know better, to be proud of, to be glad to associate with, and I believe that if he can be brought into touch with us, he will help the society. He supports his mother and the children now, and he is working hard for an education. Even if it were different; if he were shiftless and weak, it would be our duty to try to lift him up. That's what our society is for; not to thrust out, but to draw in. That fellow is obliged he has not had our advantages for an education. I move that we hold on to Lem Briggs a while longer, and that some of us go to him, not to warn him that he will be expelled if he does not attend, but to convince him that we really want him to come."

"I second the motion," came from the same voice in the back part of the room.

"And I move that our friend Bert be the one to see Lem Briggs," added the secretary.

Bert Gardiner was very busy at this time, for, hoping to be able to enter college in the fall, he was giving all his spare moments to a few special studies in which he felt himself deficient. But the next day he arranged to borrow a couple of hours from himself, and to make it up by extra hard study.

He did not know exactly where Lem lived, only that it was one of the cheaper tenements of the mill district. From there he hoped to be directed to the mill in which Lem worked.

He was especially fortunate, for as he went down one of the narrow al-

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leys, he met the object of his quest face to face. Lem was in his shirt sleeves, his arms bare, and there were dark streaks upon his hands and face from the machines among which he had been working. In his hands he carried a case of bobbins. Evidently he was on his way from one mill building to another. When he saw Bert, he flushed slightly, and stood aside to let him pass. But Bert stopped also.

"Hello, Lem!" he exclaimed, cordially; "you're just the fellow I want to see. You remember those books on mathematics you wanted to buy from Phillips, and he asked too much? Well, I've got a set that I'm just through with, and some more on the same subject. If you can find use for them, you are welcome to the lot. They're likely to find their way into the waste-barrel if you don't. Come," frankly, as he noticed the embarrassment on Lem's face, "don't let your supersensitiveness come to the surface on account of such a trifle. Can't you accept a few old books from a friend?"

There was a momentary struggle on the mill-boy's face; then he, too, smiled frankly.

"Yes, I'll take them," he answered, simply, "an' much obliged."

"There's another thing I want to speak to you about," Bert went on. "We haven't seen you at our meetings for a long time. What's the matter? Don't say you can't spare the time," smiling warningly; "that's too old a story. Anybody can find time for a duty."

"Oh, it isn't that," returned Lem, depreciatingly. "I—I—are you sure your members really want me? Of course,