

Our Young People

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THE C. E. TOPIC—Nov. 6.

SOME OF GOD'S PROMISES THAT CHEER ME.

2 Peter 1:1-4.

(A Promise Meeting.)

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

One dark night a boat was shipwrecked on a rocky coast. One of the passengers escaped to the rocks and began to climb up the wave-beaten cliff. But as far as he went the waves pursued him, and he was afraid that the rising tide would drown him. He was in terrible despair, when suddenly his hand touched in the darkness a soft, umbrella-shaped growth. He knew at once that it was the sapphire, and he cried, "Thank God, I am safe!" for he knew that the sapphire does not grow except above high-water mark.

God's promises are like that sapphire. They grow above the reach of any destroying wave, and when we touch one of them, though in the darkest hour and the deepest peril, we may know that we are safe.

This is because the promises have God back of them. They are valueless to one that does not believe in God, or does not believe that they come from God. If a beggar makes out a check for a million dollars, it is so much waste paper; but if Rockefeller makes out such a check, it is as good as the gold.

There is a familiar but very pointed story of a poor woman in Scotland whose son in Australia wrote to her often. "But doesn't he send you any money?" asked a visitor one day. "No, nothing; but every time he writes he puts in a little picture like this." The "picture" she showed was an engraved draft for fifty dollars.

Too many of us are just like that poor woman. The Bible is, as Spurgeon called a "check-book of the Bank of Faith." Every one of its many and marvelous promises is signed by the Creator and Owner of the universe. Check-books are not made to adorn a table or to furnish themes for meditation; they are made to use, to get things with. Now what use are we making—what practical use of this infinitely rich and resourceful treasury?

There isn't much to be done—just to tear out the check and carry it on our own feet to the bank. Not much, but that little must be done, or we can draw no blessing. The reason why so many lives are barren of the good which God means for them is because they expect it to fall out of the skies with no effort on their part.

As Beecher said wittily, "God's promises were never meant to ferry our

laziness like a boat, they are to be rowed by our oars."

But the most of us are like the little boy of the Jewish legend, who, while studying his Hebrew alphabet, was told that when he had learned his letters an angel would drop down on him a piece of money. Thereupon, quite forgetting the condition, the lad forsook his study, and spent his time gazing up into the skies waiting for his money to fall!

WAYS OF HELPING OTHERS.

Dr. W. W. Weeks, of Toronto, has pointed out that there are two ways of helping others, each of which may be illustrated in the following manner:

Seventy-five years ago a poor beggar boy stood on London Bridge. With an old violin, on which he played wretchedly, he tried to draw a few pennies from the charitably disposed listeners. A stranger who was passing asked the lad for his fiddle, and after doing some "tuning," he began to play a low plaintive melody. A man paused to listen and threw some pennies into the boy's cap. Then another and another stopped, and instead of pennies, six-pences and shillings, crowns and sovereigns were thrown to the boy. In a few minutes there were thousands of people crowding the bridge, and the boy's hat was filled with coins. At the last the police had to command the musician to stop in order that the street might be cleared. It was the great Paganini who had thus charmed the multitude and filled the pockets of the beggar. But it was only a temporary relief, for in a few months the money would be gone and the beggar as poor as before.

That is one way of helping; helping one to be helpless. Here is another and better method:

A few years ago a little beggar girl went to the home of Patti soliciting help. The queen of song did not give her any money, but asked her if she could sing. So singing a couple of Welsh hymns Patti's trained ear detected something in the girl's voice that gave promise of future power. She arranged with the child to come to her house for lessons every day. For seven years she trained her, and then introduced her to the public. To-day she is earning ten thousand dollars a year for herself and blessing multitudes with her song.

Patti's method is much to be preferred to Paganini's. In our generosity we are to help others to help themselves just as the Saviour raised people from sickness that they might go work for their daily bread.

EFFECT OF WORLDLINESS ON CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

A short time ago Pro. Lochead, of the Ontario Agricultural staff, issued a valuable bulletin on "Grain Rusts." In that pamphlet it was shown that many thousands of dollars' worth of damage is done annually to the crops of Ontario by the rust. This rust is described as a parasitic plant and belongs to the low class of plants designated fungi, which are disseminated by spores instead of seeds. The effect of the growth of these myriads of fungi on a stalk is to sap the life out of it and prevent the development of a full-sized seed. Rust frequently finds its way into the Christian heart and destroys the beauty and strength of his life. Nothing rusts the heart like worldliness. A worldly spirit saps the Christian's vitality and prevents the development of a full-sized life.

HELPING OTHERS IN TIME OF TEMPTATION.

Most people are ready to blame a person for falling into temptation, but are unwilling to exert the least effort to take temptation out of their way, or aid the tempted to resist the evil. People are good at scolding and fault finding, but do nothing to encourage and help the tried and the tempted. They are much like the mother whose boy was permitted to play in the front yard but not allowed to go outside the gate. The little fellow saw no hardship in this until he went outside the gate and beheld his little companions playing some distance off. He walked to the gate and looked wistfully at them, but came back and tried to amuse himself alone; three times he went to the gate with the temptation growing stronger each time. At last he could resist no longer and sped away to join his play-fellows. On his return his mother called him in, and said she would have to punish him for his disobedience, and explained to him that she had been sitting at the window and had seen him go to the gate two or three times and at last run off. The little fellow turned and said, "Mother, did you really see me go?" "Yes," the mother replied, "I did. Well mother," he said, "why didn't you tap on the window and help a fellow out?" There was a cutting rebuke in this for the mother who seemed more anxious to punish the child for wrong-doing than to prevent him getting into trouble. To everyone God says, "When thou art converted, go and strengthen thy brethren." We shall never know how much wrong and trouble God keeps us from.

MOTHER LOVE.

The story is told of a mother who, in bitter grief, was trying to soothe her dying child. She told of the glories of heaven, of the brightness glowing all around, of the angels with shining faces; but the little one stopped her, saying, "I don't want to go there, for the light hurts my eyes." Then she spoke of the harpers playing on the golden harps, and of the great numbers who sing the songs around the throne above; but the child only said: "Mother, I could not bear the noise, my head hurts so." Grieved and disappointed at her failure to speak words of comfort, she took the little one from its restless bed, and enfolded it in her arms with the tenderness of a mother's love. Then, as the little sufferer lay there, near to all it loved best in the world, conscious only as its life ebbed away of the nearness of love and care, the whisper came: "Mother, if heaven is like this, I want to go there."

Every human heart longs for tenderness; and our Heavenly Father, who, better than any other, knows our need, says: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Dr. Trumbull said: "The wider and the deeper our experiences of the world, the fuller is our realization of the superiority of this blessing, and the keener is our sense of its rarity."

The work of the pastor will never become obsolete until sin and sorrow are obsolete. People will neglect the church perhaps, even speaking slightly of its ministers. But when real trouble comes to the home and human hopes wither, no one is more welcome than the minister who has a real message of help and comfort, because he is dealing with eternal facts that are ours or may be ours by living faith.

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.

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NAIL UP THE HOLE.

A letter appeared in *The New Voice* some time ago which narrated the following interesting incident:

"I took my little boy on my knee and told him the story of the lost lamb. How it found a hole in the fence and crawled through, how glad it was to get away, how it skipped and played in the sunshine, until it wandered so far it could not find its way back.

"And then I told him how the wolf chased it, and how finally the good shepherd rescued it and carried it back to the fold. The little fellow did not say a word until I got to that part of the story where the shepherd had carried the lamb, all wounded and bleeding, back to the fold, when he exclaimed, 'Say, papa, did he nail up the hole where he got out?'

"Many temperance workers have been trying to save victims of drink for years, but where are they able to save one that has gone astray, hundreds of others go astray. Every public house is a hole in the fence, and the popular veto is greatly needed to enable communities wishing to do so to get rid of the temptations to go astray by nailing up the hole."

Tonsillitis is Going Around.

And everybody is wondering what to do. Here is a simple cure. Use a gargle of Nerviline and water as recommended in the directions, and rub your throat and chest vigorously with Nerviline. This has been tested and proved successful a thousand times. Nerviline is a specific for tonsillitis, and in fact we know of nothing half so good for breaking up colds, curing tight chest and all muscular pains. Try a bottle of Nerviline; price 25c.

A home mission minister in the mountains of Virginia heard that an old man living alone in one of the coves, was about to die. He found the old man very feeble, sitting at the door of his hut. When asked if he could read, he replied: "No, I never learned to read, but I have a Bible. I lay it before me and turn the leaves, and promise God to do what he wants me to do."

Will not this man rise up in the judgment and condemn many who can read, but seldom study the Word, and many who know, but do not meditate thereon?—*Chris. Observer.*