

Our Young People

This department is in the interest of the Free Baptist Young People's Societies.

OFFICERS

F. B. Y. P. League of New Brunswick.

PRESIDENT, Rev. J. B. Daggett, Fredericton Jct.
VICE-PRESIDENTS: First District, T. D. Bell;
Second District, F. A. Currier; Third District, Geo. Bolster; Fourth District, W. O. Kierstead; Fifth District, J. Bonnell; Sixth District, Rev. G. Swim; Seventh District, A. M. McNinch.
RECORDING SECRETARY, Miss Jessie Slipp, St. John, West.
ASSISTANT RECORDING SECRETARY, Miss Maud Phillips, St. John.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, Rev. F. C. Hartley, Fredericton, N. B.
TREASURER, T. A. Lindsay, Woodstock.
AUDITOR, Rev. A. A. Rideout, Marysville.
PRESS COMMITTEE, Miss Gertrude Hartley, St. John, West; Miss Maud Slipp, Woodstock; Mr. J. Barry Allan, Fredericton.

F. B. Y. P. Union of Nova Scotia

PRESIDENT, Rev. J. E. Gosline, Barrington.
VICE-PRESIDENTS, Rev. J. W. Smith, Miss Etta VanHorne, Mrs. Chas. Ross.
RECORDING AND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, Mrs. A. M. McNinch, Chegoggin, Yarmouth Co.
TREASURER, Mrs. G. M. Nelson, Pubnico Head Yarmouth Co.

THE C. E. TOPIC.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

APRIL 10—HOW THE WORLD'S STANDARDS
CONFLICT WITH CHRIST'S.—MATT.
5: 43-48; 1 JOHN 2: 15-17.

It is said that a plant exists, in desert places, which dries up when it has exhausted the moisture in one spot, and is blown along by the wind until it lights on another moist place. Then it becomes green again, thrusting roots down into the damp soil and drawing all the water to itself. It repeats this again and again, and is nothing but dried roots and leaves at the last.

Dr. J. R. Miller aptly cites this plant as a symbol of the unsatisfying nature of the worldling's life. He flies from desire to desire, drinking from this spring and that, and at the end is still thirsty and unsatisfied.

Jay Gould, whose fortune at his death was seventy-five million dollars, is said to have remarked on one occasion: "I cannot remember ever having had a good turn done to me. I am not surprised, for I have had to shove down every man I ever met. If I did not hate every man as cordially as every man hates me, I should be unhappy; and yet I suppose I am the most miserable devil in the world."

That is worldliness and what it leads to—a life of drawing to one's self, ending in utter loneliness, without friends, without God, without even the companionship or happy or honorable thoughts.

The opposite, unworldliness Robertson defines thus: "It is to hold things from God in the perpetual conviction that they will not last; to have the world and not let the world have us; to be the world's masters, and not the world's slaves."

Unworldliness is not ascetic. Christ does not ask us to give up the world, but only not to give up to the world; to overcome it, not to be overcome by it. No one really enjoys life but the one in whom Christ's life dwells. The worldling least of all men possesses the earth.

The world's standard is self; the world's noun is happiness; the world's verb is get. Christ's standard is others; His noun is love; His verb is give. The fact that what we give to others reflects always upon ourselves, that love includes happiness and giving results in getting,—all this is ignored and forgotten by Christ and the Christian, though it is all true; but it is entirely secondary and not to be taken into account. It comes as a blessed surprise,

On the other hand, those that seek self, happiness, getting, find sadly before long that they lose happiness, and finally they themselves are lost.

As Thomas Moore sung in strains now unfortunately unfashionable:

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven.

In material things it is possible to have many standards,—the foot or metre in length, for instance, or fahrenheit or centigrade thermometers; but in spiritual things one must cleave to a single standard. We cannot at the same time serve God and mammon, religion and worldliness. Many try to, but no one succeeds. Whoever is not for Christ is against Him; and no one is for Him until he loves him with all his heart and mind and strength.

The conflict between the two standards is an eternal conflict, irrepressible and irreconcilable.

On what side are you?

BEAVER HARBOR SOCIETY.

The Society at Beaver Harbor is still in active service for the Master. Our motto is Forward, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength.

We hold our meetings Sabbath evenings, and have a large congregation.

We try to lift Christ up. He says: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Our officers are as follows: John C. McNichol, President; Miss Alma Dakin, Vice-President, Miss Ada Eldridge, Rec. Secretary; Miss Almeda Noddin, Cor. Secretary; Mrs. Albert Cross, Treasurer.
JOHN C. MACNICHOL.

"JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

BY M. BETTIE BURTON.

There is a light that shineth brighter and brighter unto the "perfect day" too dazzling, too bright, for the natural eye.

But there are lesser lights that lead to that glorious light. Do you think when your light shines brightest, into which path you are leading your followers? The torch of influence is a constant burner, and shines as brightly when it leads to the shades of vice and crime, as when it leads to Jesus, the "light of the world."

I quote a touching story from *The Boys' World*, which may be helpful to some poor, struggling mother, who is trying to lead her loved ones into the straight and narrow way.

No sermon, however well planned, beautifully composed, or ably delivered, is so effective as an earnest, loving, consistent Christian life. From a home beside a dangerous coast, a father and daughter put to sea in a boat. About dark a terrible storm arose, and they turned back, but darkness covered the face of the deep, as the waves were lashed to fury by the gale. It was hard to tell how to steer.

Just about then the mother lighted a lamp and started for the attic stairway. "That light will do no good, mother," said her son.

"God grant it may," said the mother. She went up, placed the lamp in the window, and the young man could hear her praying for the loved ones out in the bitter storm.

"There's a light, father," exclaimed the daughter, as the boat rose on the high crest of a great wave. "Steer for

that; don't lose it," said the father, as he plied the oars with redoubled energy.

"How did you get here?" asked the young man as the two entered the house about half an hour later, the sea water dripping from their garments.

"We steered by mother's light, although we did not know it was hers until we reached the shore," said the sister. The mother had come down, light in hand, and she embraced the restored loved ones.

That night serious thoughts of a wayward and wasted life disturbed the boy. "I must steer by mother's light," he thought, and he prayed and found peace.

Another stormy night, several months later, the young man lay dying, with weeping friends around him. "Do not grieve for me," he said. "I see the safe harbor, and I am going straight and true, for I am steering by mother's light."—*Chris. Observer.*

A SMALL THING DID IT.

What a small thing will keep men and women from this blessed life! In 1895 I went to Douglas on the Isle of Man, and in one of my afternoon meetings there came to me a young lady who said that all the joy had gone out of her life four years ago.

"Praise God," I said.

"What about?" said she.

"That you know when it went; because if you know when it went, you know how it went."

She said: "I do not think I do."

"Yes, you do; you are very definite about the time; now go back four years and tell me what happened.

"What was it?"

She replied: "I disagreed with my oldest friend. We were both Christians, and I wanted to tell her I was wrong, but I did not, and she has gone away from the country."

"Well," I said, "it is evident at least that you know the reason of your failure."

"What am I to do?" she asked.

"Write to her and tell her that you were wrong; that is what the Master wanted you to do then."

"I cannot do that."

"You will never get back the joy until you do."

She came all through that series of meetings and fought against God. She had all the knowledge of the blessed life that had come to her from her past experience, and yet was in darkness because she would not go back to the point of disobedience and be obedient.

The next year I went back to Douglas, and my first meeting was a meeting for workers. One of the first persons I spoke to was that young woman. The first thing I said to her was:

"You have sent that letter?"

She said, "Yes," and every line on her face convinced me that the joy had returned. She said: "I wrote it last night! I have been fighting God for twelve months about that letter, and all last week as I looked forward to this mission. I have been in hell, and at last I said, 'O, God I cannot bear this any longer, I will give in.' I wrote that letter and sealed it and carried it at midnight and dropped it in the letter-box, and as that letter went into the box, heaven came back into my heart."—*Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.*

One Cause of Anaemia

It is well known to be constipation which can be avoided if Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut are used occasionally. Unequaled for the stomach, liver and bowels. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills; price 25c.

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.

WILEY'S

206 Queen St., FREDERICTON, N. B.

Dizzy?

Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? Head ache? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, all vegetable.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

KEEP THY HEART WITH DILIGENCE.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Thoughts are the origins and the despots of life. If a man in his heart thinks high and holy thoughts, his feet will never be carrying him into sinful places; his hand, his lips will be under the promptings of good. But if a man in his heart cherishes low or unkind or impure imaginations, like the cuttle-fish, they will discolor his life with the blackness of the secret sin. Until a man learns to keep his heart with all diligence, until he learns to control his thoughts, until he chastens his secret imaginations, he will not, he cannot lead a righteous, a Christian life. For the angel, or the cuttle-fish, will make his indwelling known.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

If it is desired to keep cakes moist, put them in a stone jar—if crisp cakes are preferred, use tin as a receptacle.

There is no more obstinate skin trouble than Salt Rheum. It sometimes lingers for years, but Weaver's Cerate makes short work of it. Apply the Cerate to the inflamed skin, and take Weaver's Syrup to insure permanent cure.