

Our Young People

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BY AMOS R. WELLS.
 MISSIONARY HEROES.

Heb. 11: 32-40.

Among home-mission heroes none stand higher than the great pioneer, John Eliot. To him belongs the lofty honor of preaching the first sermon in a Northern American Indian tongue,—and it lasted three hours, the Indians asked so many eager questions. At the cost of untiring labors, through a long life, and bitter hostility, the extraordinary man sowed among the Indians the seeds of truth and civilization.

Thomas Meyhew, senior and junior, were at the same time laboring among the Indians of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. When the son, on his way to England after aid in the work, was lost at sea, the father, though seventy years old, began to study the Indian language, and carried on the mission till his death at the age of ninety-three. The old man would often walk twenty miles through the woods to preach to the natives.

David Brainerd was a saintly and heroic young man, who burned out his life a willing sacrifice for the sake of the Indians of New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. He was only twenty-nine when he died, but he accomplished a great work and inspired many others to do still more. His journal is full of such expressions as this: "Oh, that I could dedicate my all to God. This all the return I can make to him."

Another David, David Zeiberger, is worthy to rank with Brainerd. He labored chiefly in Ohio, and spent sixty years among the Indians, establishing among them no less than sixty Christian towns. He refused a salary, and limited himself to the very coarsest and most meagre fare, that the missionary treasury might be able for larger things. He died at the age of eighty-eight, his Tuscarawa converts sobbing around his bed.

We should know more about home-mission heroes. They are every whit as noble men and women as those that have toiled in other lands.

If you want to learn the best the country has done, its topmost achievement of courage, skill and mastery, study the lives of its missionary heroes.

The difference between the Christian and the hypocrite begins in the fact that the Christian has given his heart to God.

WINNING A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

It has been said that if a boy is ever to become a true man, that vital spark of manhood exists and should be recognized in early, very early, childhood. The parent, pastor, teacher, or friend who would receive a boy's loyal devotion must so introduce himself that the embryo man, in his turn, will feel that his individuality is known and valued by a kindred spirit.

You must not only love the boy, you must like him, if you would be his friend. To no other will he consciously reveal himself. Search deeply and assiduously for some individual and likable trait in the youngest boy of your acquaintance. When found, act in reference to it, and note the result.

The necessity and value of counting young children as individuals cannot be insisted upon too strongly. When this theory is reduced to practice, how will adults conduct themselves toward the children and youth in whom they find likable qualities, and from whom they seek an honest liking in return?

Your little son will doubtless love you because you are his mother, the source of his greatest comforts and pleasures. He will like you or dislike you for the same reasons that lead other people to like or dislike you.

You must win your boy by the same gentle, womanly arts by which, years ago, you won his father's heart. You strove to make yourself pleasing in his eyes; in his presence you repressed the frown and restrained the impatient word. Try the same means of making yourself attractive to your little boy, and see what an ardent little lover he will become.

When you have won him, keep him. Never appear before him in deshabille of dress or manner, such as would cover you with shame and confusion if witnessed by adults not included in the family circle. Never find yourself about to speak to your boy as you would not dare to speak to a stranger, an enemy, or your neighbor's child. Did you ever listen to a tiresome visitor, bid her a smiling farewell, ask her to come again, and in the next breath give vent to your restrained vexation by making a sharp reply to your child who has been waiting so long for a share of his mother's attention? Does he like "cross mamma" any better than your visitor would like a cross, discourteous hostess?

Teacher of youth, clothed in the brief authority delegated by parents through school officials, do you ever stop to consider whether your pupils would voluntarily seek your presence or help because they like you? Do you sometimes speak to them as you would not dare to speak to their parents, or to their older brothers or sisters, upon whose good opinion your social popularity depends?

A boy's reticence is just a little greater than his keen sensitiveness. For this reason, parents and teachers, we seldom, if ever, hear from him those just criticisms which would be a revelation to most of us.—*Congregationalist.*

Mr. Speer, writing especially for young men, makes the point that young men should be Christians because fair play demands it of them. Theirs is the heritage of Christian civilization. Many of their most cherished blessings they could not have but for what Christ has done for them. It is but simple fair play for them in turn to do something for Christ. The point is well taken and ought of itself to be decisive of duty, though it is one of the least reasons for being a Christian.

NO ROOM IN HIMSELF.

It is the habit of some people only to seek spiritual support in times of trouble and difficulty. When the clouds have passed they think no more of the truths that comforted them in sorrow.

Dr. Moule, the Bishop of Durham, in his recently published book, "From Sunday to Sunday," relates the following incident:

"A friend told me the tale, a few years ago, as we paced together the deck of a steamship on the Mediterranean, and talked of the things unseen. The chaplain of a prison, intimate with the narrator, had to deal with a man condemned to death. He found the man anxious, as well he might be; nay, he seemed more than anxious—convicted, spiritually alarmed. The chaplain's instructions all bore the power of the Redeemer to save to the uttermost; and it seemed as if the message were received and the man were a believer.

"Meanwhile, behind the scenes, the chaplain had come to think that there was ground for appeal from the death-sentence. He placed the matter before the proper authorities with success.

"On his next visit, very cautiously and by way of mere suggestions and surmises, he led the apparently resigned criminal towards the possibility of a commutation. What would he say, how would his repentance stand, if his life were granted him? The answer soon came. Instantly the prisoner divined the position; asked a few decisive questions, then threw his Bible across the cell, and, civilly thanking the chaplain for his attentions, told him that he had no further need of him nor of his Book."

The Bible, however, was never meant exclusively for the hours of darkness. It has a message for every time and occupation in life, as much for seasons of prosperity and joy as for the night-watches.

REST.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest." The blessed Master would have us at our ease with him as the first condition.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down," and then after that, "He leadeth me." "Come unto me," saith he most tenderly, "and I will give you rest;" then "learn of me."

It is away in the inner chamber, in the presence of God, that we find this rest, in the vision of God. To see him in his omnipotence controlling all things, to know that his infinite wisdom is guiding all the affairs of the universe, to know that his righteousness triumphs, that his great love and pity yearn over all men, to draw near to him and to call him my Father; this is deep, delicious, unutterable rest to the soul.

To put off the burden of our care from the tired shoulder and let him carry it for us—home cares, business worries, soul troubles, church work, national affairs, fears about the future—to lay them all upon him who careth for us, this is rest.

To pass up from the toil and turmoil of the earth, away into the secret place of the Most High; to find in the eternal God our refuge; to feel that underneath us are the everlasting arms, to be quite sure of his love as our very own—this is the rest which his love and our need alike urge us to seek as a necessity of healthy spiritual life.

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." —*Mark Guy Pearse.*

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THE PRICE OF MANHOOD.

Into one of the college communities there came, last session, an old man of splendid presence and fine oratorical gifts. The boys had but one sentiment among them concerning him, "That's the man I want to be like." "Boys," said an old professor, "that's a fine ambition; there isn't a nobler man in the State than Judge R. God bless him! But before you make up your minds to be just like him, let up count up the cost." Then the professor told his eager listeners something of the private history of their hero from boyhood up—of privations, of thwartings, of misunderstandings, of losses, of crosses, of disappointments, aye, and of failures, all of which had gone to make up their hero. "You may be sure," he said, "God needed every one of these strokes; he never wastes workmanship. Are you willing to pay this price for noble manhood?" And the young hero-worshippers scattered, each hoping to receive his knighthood, even at such cost, but making no more noisy demonstrations about it. God ever prepares his workmen for their work. The training of Moses in the home, in the schools of Egypt, among the flocks of Jethro, and in the desert, made for faith, wisdom, and self-mastery.

LOVE AND LEPERS.

The late Robert Louis Stevenson tells of a visit which he paid to the leper settlement on the island of Molokai, away in the Pacific. At first, he confesses, he had some fear and some disgust to overcome. But soon the repugnance was gone. He stayed for seven days. He chatted with the sufferers at the doors of their little wooden houses. He played with the children on whom the terrible and loathsome sickness had laid its grip. But one thing he would not do.

"I made up my mind on the boat's voyage," he says, "not to give my hand."

But God does more than this. He stretches out his hand to the man who is full of leprosy. He comes into friendliest contact with him. He loves him out of his corruptions.

Because our iniquity is great, it is his work of joy to pardon it.