

Our Young People

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THE C. E. TOPIC—Nov. 13.

OUR PARTNERSHIP AND FELLOWSHIP.—I Cor. 12: 28-31; 13: 1-13.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

One of the greatest blessings that are springing from Christian Endeavor is a new fellowship among the churches. The denominations are not so far apart as they seem to be. Their different names are only various ways of spelling "Christ." Their varying creeds are only different translations of the Bible. Their diversified forms of government are only sketches of heaven from different view-points.

It is like the four men who agreed to put their small sums together and buy a meal, but they could not agree what to buy. The Turks wanted azum, the Persian preferred anghum, the Arab desired aneb, while the Greek insisted on staphylon.

At last, while they were quarrelling, a farmer came by, leading an ass loaded with purple grapes.

At once they all started up eagerly, "See!" cried the Turk, "there's my azum. No!" exclaimed the Persian, "it's anghum." "It's aneb!" said the Arab. "Not at all!" urged the Greek; "that's my staphylon." So they bought their grapes and ate them together.

And while Presbyterian and Methodist, Baptist and Congregationalist and the rest are talking of words, let the glorious figure of Christ pass by and they will all spring to their feet: "That is He! That is my ideal!" they will cry together.

We come to realize this fellowship through our partnership in work, first with Christ, and then with one another. Here are nearly four million Christian Endeavorers in eighty denominations and in all countries of the globe. They are all maintaining young people's prayer meetings. They are all studying the same prayer meeting topics. They are all praying daily, and reading the Bible. They are all interested to serve the local church and the wide work of missions. They come together in local union meetings. They join in State, national and world conventions. Together they minister to the poor, the sick, the prisoner. And they do all this not only in partnership with one another but in partnership with God, "trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength."

It is impossible for four million young folks and their pastors to engage thus in the same labors year after year without coming to know one another better, without recognizing in one another the same love of Christ and devotion to his

cause. You cannot without contradiction call the Baptists names in the presence of a Christian Endeavorer; he knows too many noble Baptists. Nor a Lutheran. Nor a Friend. Nor any other kind of Christian.

What is needed for the progress of the Kingdom is to continue and strengthen this magnificent work. Throw all your force, Endeavorers, into our union work. Make every union meeting a love feast. Learn one another, learn from one another, inspire one another in every good work. Then there will come a time—and God grant that it come speedily! when all that love and serve our Lord Jesus shall work together in a mighty brotherhood, and Satan shall be cast headlong from his throne!

THE ONE-TALENT GIRL.

BY M. A. BULLOCK.

"I wish I had a million dollars," sighed Marion.

Her father glanced from his paper to the sweet, flushed face. He laid down his paper. "What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"I've been reading about Miss Helen Gould and the good she has done. I would build an orphan's home and educate poor children," she answered.

"Marion, have you ever read the parable of the ten talents?"

"Why, yes, father."

"Who did the most good?"

"The one with the most talents, of course. He had something to do with," answered Marion.

"What did the man with one talent do?"

"Hid it."

"That is true today. The men with money are doing much good. Most of them, like Miss Helen Gould, have nobly done their part, and the men with one talent look on, envy, and let their own talent rust," her father earnestly said.

Marion was sixteen and an earnest, thoughtful girl. "You mean"—she began, and then hesitated.

"Just what I said, Marion. You are wishing for a million dollars. If you had it, you would educate the poor. Last night Mrs. Brewster brought your mother's dress home. You were in the parlor, at the piano. Little Mamie ran to the door and eagerly drank in every note. The poor mother sighed and wished she could afford to give the child lessons. You have been studying music under splendid teachers for six years. Are you hiding your talent, Marion?"

"I have been, papa, but I am going to dig it up this very day," she answered. She patted him tenderly on the head and left the room.

Mrs. Brewster was at the sewing machine, and Mamie sat before a table. She had an open book before her, and was moving her hands as if at a piano. There was a low knock at the door, and Mrs. Brewster looked around. "Come in, Miss Marion. Mamie, give Miss Marion that chair. She has been playing that table is a piano ever since she heard you playing last night."

"Does she love music?"

"O, yes. She can play a little by ear, and doesn't know anything about music," the mother answered. And then Marion heard a little sigh.

"Will you let me give her lessons?" asked Marion.

"I'd like to, Miss Marion, but I can't spare the money."

"I don't mean that way. I want to give her the lessons without any money," cried Marion. "I've studied

music for six years, and I think I can teach her."

Tears came to the widow's eyes. "You don't know what that means to us Miss Marion. I want Mamie to have every advantage, and God will bless you, I can't thank you enough. Mamie, do you hear? Miss Marion is going to give you lessons."

Marion slipped out as quickly as possible. Thanks always embarrassed her. There were to be sacrifices, she soon found. She must miss walks with her girl friends. Sometimes she didn't feel well, but she persevered, and little Mamie learned fast.

Marion's girl friends were surprised when she began teaching Mamie. They knew her father's income did not require her aid.

Finally Stella Lawton, Marion's closest girl friend, found out the secret from the little dressmaker. She told the other girls. "And Marion never said a word about its being free."

When they spoke to Marion about it, she quietly told of the talk she had had with her father.

"I've been wondering what I could do. I don't even know what my one talent is," sighed Stella.

"There is your elocution training Stella. Granny Wilson would be so glad if you would read to her. Your articulation is so clear that she could understand you well. You see, since father opened my eyes I have seen opportunities I didn't see before," Marion answered.

"What can I do?" questioned Bessie Morris.

Marion thought for a minute. "When I had pneumonia last winter mother said she would feel safe when she left you with me. You could help nurse the little child at Mrs. Baker's."

Bessie's clear laugh rang out. "I've been thinking too. I sat up there last night," she answered.

Marion's father came in the gate and straight across the lawn to the girls. "What are you magpies chattering about?" he asked.

They told him.

"I haven't decided yet, Mr. Barr. What can I do?" asked Grace Russell.

"If I had your beautiful voice, I could find what to do, Grace. The children at the Orphan's Home need training, and any lonely home would be brightened when you had sung some sweet song. There are many places where a beautiful voice may be used. Mother is calling me. I must go; but let me say, dear girls, that you are gathering sheaves for the great harvest. Every good deed or kind word spoken or, I might say, every talent spent lifts your own and some other heart closer to God," she said softly.—Selected.

WHY CHRISTIANS FAIL.

"The only successes in the world worth the name," says Dr. John Clifford, "have been won by men and women who have failed." There is a world of comfort and truth in the remark. As we meet those who seem lifted out of the ordinary rank and file of life by reason of their achievements it is hard to believe that they too have failed, failed often, perhaps dismally, as we have. However, it is not also true that those who fail will ultimately reach any great success. Many are doomed to habitual failure. We see such instances all the time, men and women who apparently strive as hard as others yet never with any marked success—all that they do seeming to turn out unfor-

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Unfortunately. This truth is not limited at all to industrial life. In religion as in business, success is only relative and there are those who seem to be habitual failures. Christians and yet failures! Is it paradoxical? No, for we have known them. Habitual failures—men and women successful enough in other lines, yet failures in the realm of their spiritual lives.

What is the explanation of these cases of failure? Can it be lack of hard work as is so often the case in industrial disasters? Very seldom. The reason for failure is very simple. They have not placed their lives under the influence of the forces that develop them, in a word they have not placed themselves where God can reach them. They are simply working out their spiritual experiences along the line of carnal physical activity. Hence, there is only rush, fever, excitement, but no spiritual life. Spiritual failure is simply the absence of God. And God is absent from our lives because He enters the life only at a certain line. That point is the surrender of the will and that line is the submission of the human personality. God, in a sense, is in every saved soul, but God in His fulness as power over known sin, as peace amid all troubles and perplexities, and as comfort beyond all that the world can give—God in that sense is known to few. And it is simply because our lives are not given over to Him.

Civilization has largely developed in the last 2,000 years by placing industry under the control of forces that are in the world.

There was a day when the savage would grind his corn in the cleft of a rock with a stone. By and by someone took a little wheel and placed it in a stream and made the stream do the work. It was placing the industry under the power of water, and industry under the power of water, and industry grew. There was a time when the ships of the ancient world were propelled by the oars of slaves chained to the galleys. Commerce was then limited and travelling rare. By and by men raised a canvas and put the vessel under the power of the wind; now we have harnessed the great forces of steam and electricity and the ships of commerce cover the seas. So it has been with all kinds of industry and our modern com-