

Our Young People

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THE CJE. TOPIC—Feb. 7.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD AND FOR ME.
John 3: 14-21.

Christ made the world. He loves it as a world, a beautiful, glorious specimen of creative skill. Somewhat as Edison must love the phonograph, or Bell the telephone, with such a love, infinitely ennobled, must Christ love the teeming earth. How the poets love it, and all wise men, and how much more the Christ, who understands it utterly!

Yes, and Christ loves the world of men, whole tribes and nations and races of men. He implanted in each race its peculiar excellency, he has a work for each nation to do. From the lowest Bushmen to the proudest Caucasians, he exults in them, broods over them, longs for them.

No heather religion pictures God thus. Sometimes the heathen gods are represented as loving, usually in low and sensual ways, separate men and women, but never mankind. They show favor to nations sometimes, but they never love the whole world.

The love of our God for the world was more than the affection that takes pleasure in the world, it was the passion that offered itself up for the world. "God so loved * * * that he gave." The motto that Spurgeon always wrote in autograph albums—and the verse was also inscribed on his tombstone, is this:

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

"While we were enemies," that is the marvel of it—"Christ died for us." God loved the world, and to the uttermost, not when it was lovable, obedient and righteous, but when it was filthy and ugly, raging against him and against all good.

No return for God's love of the world has ever been made that is worth mentioning. No return that is at all adequate will ever be made until all the world unites in a passionate love of God. If even a single soul is lacking from this chorus of praise, it will be so much less than the scope of God's love which is returned. Labor for this one end, the world-wide return of God's world-wide love, is the one object of the Christian church.

But Christ could not be "for the

world" without being "for me." Not for me as a part of the world, merged and lost in its immensity, but for me in myself, just my own character and life, with all its peculiar ties, faults and sins.

The passage we are studying, with all its wide thought of mankind, passes constantly from "the world" to "ye." Our Saviour, in his acts and words, dealt constantly with personalities and little with generalities. He was "for the world," because he was for individual men.

The return of this love is possible; it is entirely within the reach of you and of me. As you and I love him back, with all our heart, mind, strength—so, and only so, will the great world come in time to love him back.

Therefore the key to our subject this week is in Christina G. Rossetti's beautiful little poem:

Because Thy love hath sought me,
All mine is Thine, and Thine is mine;
Because Thy blood hath bought me,
I will not be mine own, but Thine.

I lift my heart to Thy heart—

Thy heart, sole resting place for mine;
Shall not Thy heart crave for my heart,
And shall not mine crave back for Thine?

FREDERICTON SOCIETY.

Dear Christian Endeavorers, — On behalf of the Fredericton Society, I send to you greetings for 1904. May all have a bright and happy year; bright and sparkling with new ideas, new ambitions and enterprises, and happy in that we will have done something for somebody that is worth while.

This is the time for new resolutions and desires, but desires are only dreams until they awaken and become resolutions; so resolutions are only waking dreams unless they become something real and definite.

Our sins are positive and clear-cut, and there must be nothing indefinite about the resolutions to usurp them.

If we wish to make this year better than last, we must begin to attack specific sins. Say, for example, This day, with God's help, I will tame my temper; or, to-morrow I will spend fifteen minutes in prayer; or, when I spend next Saturday with my friend who loves to gossip, no unkind thought will be put into words. So we can corner ourselves by making specific engagements.

Now, if we have not persevered, these good purposes will fall to the ground. What if I do get out of temper to-day, I will try to curb it again to-morrow. If Satan met me with a plausible excuse while on my way to pray, I will avoid him to-morrow. If I said something I should have kept to myself, I will try to be more careful. We will never get up by staying down. Resolutions have got to be constant and self-repeating to meet the discouragement of failures, and which will enable us in turn to prevent failures. Frequent reiteration of an act creates a habit, and as habits are like letters cut in the bark of a tree, growing and widening with age, so with the formation of good habits, our characters will grow and widen. May we form habits that will be as a necklace of pearls, and be careful not to untie the knot lest the whole unthreads.

Sincerely yours,

SECRETARY.

Fredericton, Jan. 13, 1904.

HAVE YOU?

A flower committee which sees that flowers are placed in the Sabbath school and church on the Sabbath and sent to the sick?

A good league choir, which prepares new music for the devotional meeting?

A hand-shaking committee, which never permits a stranger to come and go from your church without being shaken by the hand?

A helping committee to assist the pastor in all his work?

A number of young people in your chapter studying the Sabbath school lesson every week, and thus ready to teach the Sabbath school lesson?

The church directory, with time of church services, in hotels, barber shops, depots?

Such enthusiasm for the church, chapter, and other Christian work that you are ready for any kind of work?—*Rev. Robert Stephens.*

BE A CHRISTIAN WHERE YOU ARE.

Man is saying: "Certainly I could be a Christian if I could get out of this position; if I could get out of this business, this particular situation in which I am engaged, where there are ungodly men round about me. If I only lived in your home instead of mine, I could be a Christian. My surroundings are against me."

If you cannot be a Christian where you are, you cannot be a Christian anywhere. God is no more in my home than in thine.

"It is so easy to be a Christian while we are in the sanctuary, and the very breath of eternity is upon us and God is at hand. To-morrow in the city, in the workshop, in the office, on the mart, it is very hard."

God is no more in the sanctuary than he is in your shop, or your office, or the mart; and it is no more difficult to pray when ungodly men are thronging around you than it is to pray here.

So long as you are longing for freedom in your present surroundings to be a Christian, you will never find the deliverance you seek.—*Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.*

HER BLESSINGS.

When a man begins to count his blessings he can generally find plenty to be thankful for, although sometimes he may include things which might not be regarded by other people as altogether joyous.

"I'm thinking about the wonderful progress the world has made, and how much we've got to be thankful for," said Mrs. Matthews, rocking in her old stuffed chair, with a pair of knitting-needles in her hands and a placid smile on her face.

"It is wonderful," admitted her niece. "Seems as if everything turned to good. There's lightning now; if it hadn't been for that I never should have had those fine rods on the house and barn that make me feel so safe in a thunder-storm. And there's smallpox; if it hadn't been for that we should never have known the blessings of vaccination; and if there hadn't been near-sighted folks nobody would have thought to invent magnifying-glasses and specs. I declare, there's a sight of things to be thankful for!"

The Evils of Constipation Are

Well known and the next best thing is to know a reliable cure. Mrs. W. Eddles, of Stony Mountain, Man., says: "Dr. Hamilton's Pills are just the thing. They go right to work at once. I use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills." Price 26c. per box.

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HOW TO BE LOVED IN OLD AGE.

How seldom you see a lovable, old woman, whose age is as beautiful as was the bloom of her youth! And when you do, you wonder how it has happened? Well, this is how:

She learns how to forget disagreeable things.

She did not give way to her nerves, and inflict them on her friends.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work she had to do congenial.

She did not lose sight of her illusions and would not think all the world wicked and unkind.

She helped the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost little and are treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and her reward is love and consideration in her old age, and she has learned the secret of a long and happy life.—*Good Sense.*

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissues as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally it will still the irritation of the throat which induces coughing, and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.