

## 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, Revs. R. Helme and A. H. McLeod, Miss Marion Hopkins, Miss Theora Spinney.  
 RECORDING and CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, Mrs. William Ryerson, Brooklyn, Yarmouth County.  
 TREASURER, Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Tusket, Yarmouth Co.

### THE C. E. TOPIC—June 19.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

#### WHAT PAUL TEACHES ME ABOUT RISING ABOVE DISCOURAGEMENT.

2 Cor. 4: 7-18.

In the early days of the American colonies a hunter became separated from his party, wandered around for a long time, and at length, worn out, lay down and fell fast asleep. He awoke to find a band of hostile Indians surrounding him, and casting upon him looks of bitter hatred. He knew no word of their language and was completely at their mercy. In this dire peril his courage did not desert him; he looked into the faces of his captors, and cheerfully smiled. Gradually in the warmth of that smile their wrath melted away, and they took him under their protection and at last restored him to his friends.

Now every trial that faces us is like those Indians; we can disarm it by a smile, and transform it from foe to friend. Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton has put this truth into inspiring words:

I like the man who faces what he must  
 With steps triumphant and a heart of cheer;

Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust

That God is God; that somehow, true and just  
 His plans work out for mortals.

Professor Griggs once entered a subtle and profound thought: "Despondency is underhanded conceit." The gloomy man is thinking of himself and not of other men and of God; he is living in his own petty interests, and not in the large affairs of the world and the church. That is one reason why Paul was so cheerful; he was absorbed in a great, unselfish mission.

On the other hand, a man's good cheer re-acts on his work. Our tasks help keep us cheerful and our cheer helps us accomplish our tasks. Milton quaintly wrote: "There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerfulness." "Give us," cried Carlyle, "Oh, give us the man who sings at his work! One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance." Alas Carlyle so poorly practised this preachment of his!

Many of our worries are over imaginary troubles. Charles Swain reckons it full fifty per cent:

Half our troubles are half our invention,

And often from blessings conferred  
 Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension

Of evils—that never occurred!

Take off your dark glasses! Have you ever noticed how brilliant the world is after you have worn dark glasses and suddenly removed them? Everything is in a blaze of glory. You can have the same exhilarating experience any time you choose—cast off a gloomy mood. Try it.

And even if the troubles are real, as indeed they often are, still it is true, as Coleridge wrote, that "in the deepest night of trouble and sorrow God gives us so much to be thankful for that we need never cease our singing." We still have God and heaven; we still have love and character and life, with all that best makes life worth living. And with Margaret E. Sangster we can say:

Therefore with undaunted foot,  
 Trusting in my King,  
 Shall I face whatever foe  
 In the path may spring.

### THE STOWAWAY.

The best antidote for discouragement is courage.

On board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who had brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful, sunny face, that looked like the very mirror of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going.

The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors.

The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted and given him the food which he ate.

At last, the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he told the truth, in ten minutes from that time he would hang from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck.

All around him were the passengers and sailors of the midway watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was a touching sight to see the pale, proud, scornful face of that noble boy; his head erect, his beautiful eyes, bright through tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life. But he replied with the utmost simplicity

and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, turned pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed in the wind.

And then all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble fellow—this poor boy whom society owned not, and whose own step-father could not care for—knelt with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven. There then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward, clasped the boy to his bosom and kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.—From *Touching Incidents, and Remarkable Answers to Prayer.*

### A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

Sometimes hardships and dangers are sent upon God's people, not to discourage them, but in order that God might teach us how near he can be to us, and how he can sustain us.

When the famous missionary to the South Sea cannibals, John G. Paton, was on the island of Tanna, he once lost all his belongings, and the natives were bent on taking his life as well. He writes of that experience: "I climbed into a tree, and was left there alone in the bush. The hours I spent there live all before me as if it were but of yesterday. I heard the frequent discharging of muskets, and the yells of the savages. Yet I sat there among the branches, as safe in the arms of Jesus. Never, in all my sorrows, did my Lord draw nearer to me, and speak more soothingly in my soul, than when the moonlight flickered among these chestnut leaves, and the night air played on my throbbing brow, as I told all my heart to Jesus. Alone, yet not alone! If it be to glorify my God, I will not grudge to spend many nights alone in such a tree, to feel again my Saviour's spiritual presence, to enjoy his consoling fellowship. If thus thrown back upon your own soul, alone, all, all alone, in the midnight, in the bush, in the very embrace of death itself, have you a Friend that will not fail you then?"

### THE DUTY OF COURAGE.

We think of courage as an inborn quality. But the greatest coward among us may cultivate courage. I know a woman, naturally shrinking and timid, accustomed to the most constant and chivalrous care, and never used to taking the initiative anywhere. Her husband and she were alone on a ranch; it happened that he was taken ill, became worse, was threatened with death, unless help could be brought. The wife saddled her pony, rode ten miles through the wilderness of prairie for a doctor, and entirely forgot peril in her anxiety to do her errand. But physical courage is, on the whole, of easier attainment than moral bravery, and he or she who is a moral coward should daily pray to God for courage to surmount that defect. It requires courage to look and speak cheerfully when one is depressed; it takes real indomitable pluck to hide one's melancholy words, but it is a duty, and, if done, there is never missed a reward of God's approval.

The chief business of the Christian church is not to nurse itself, but to evangelize the world.

## 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.

### BE OF GOOD CHEER.

It is useless to be disheartened because things do not go just as you would like to have them. Murmuring does not cure troubles. A disagreeable face will not alter a disagreeable fact. Try to extract some grain of comfort out of your adversities. Never despair, under whatever circumstances be cheerful, and hope on in the darkest hour. There is nothing so philosophical as a smile. A merry heart is the height of wisdom,—it doeth good like medicine.

The greatest part of our griefs will disappear when viewed through the lenses of cheerfulness. Let the dark past sink out of sight. Triumph in the Lord. Look toward the sunrise. Shout in the midst of shadows as if you saw the dawn kissing the hills. Fill your soul with the visions of morning and the song of the lark. Then all will become suffused with daylight—all the gloomy places will pulse with sunshine, the clammy rocks will glisten with dew.

Would you like to know the key to unlock the doorway to a happy life? It is cheerfulness; and if earth has nothing to bring you joy you can still "rejoice in the Lord," and "rejoice evermore."—*Sel.*

### One of Jeremy Taylor's Prayers.

O Eternal Father, who hast made all things for man, and man for thy glory, sanctify my body and soul, my thoughts and my intentions, my words and actions that whatsoever I shall think, or speak, or do, may be by me designed to the glorification of thy name, and by thy blessing it may be effective and successful in the work of God. According as it can be capable. Lord, turn my necessities into virtue, the works of nature into grace, by making them orderly, regular, temperate, subordinate, and profitable to ends beyond their own proper efficacy; and let no pride or self-seeking, no covetousness or revenge, no impure mixture of unhandsome purposes, no little ends and low imaginations pollute my spirit, and unhallow any of my words and actions; but let my body be a servant of my spirit, and both body and spirit serve thee.