

## Our Young People

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### THE C. E. TOPIC—March 13.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

#### APPETITES THAT UNMAKE MEN.

Daniel 5: 1-5; 25-28.

Not all appetites are evil. There are appetites that make men. Such are the appetites for books, for work, for noble friendship, for exercise and the beautiful scenes of nature, delight in prayer and joy in the Bible. Happy indeed is the man in whom was born, or who has obtained, such passions as these. They will strengthen his body, purify and enlighten his mind, render him prosperous here and happy hereafter.

But there are other appetites that pull downward, as these pull upward. In nature there is practically but one gravity, drawing us ever toward the earth's centre. The pull of the moon, the sun, the other planets, we do not feel. But in spiritual realms there are two opposing gravities, the pull of the upper and of the under world. We have the blessed and fearful power of choosing to which gravity we will submit ourselves.

The followers of Ulysses, when they ate and drank at Circe's table, became swine. That is the way intemperance unmakes men. Some drunkards become swine, others wolves, others buzzards, others still become all of these in turn. Every drunkard ceases in essentials to be a man.

Just what, that makes a man, is unmade by strong drink? Primarily, the will. Many thousands of drunkards long with unutterable longing to be free from their curse, but their will has become weakened by the deadly poison. Not long ago the *Chattanooga Times* contained the following signed notice: "I hereby acknowledge myself an habitual drunkard, and warn every man connected with the liquor trade that he violates his oath by selling, giving, or allowing me to drink." The signer wanted to be temperate, but he had to beg others thus piteously to furnish the will.

In the second place, intemperance destroys one's intellect, judgment and appreciation of what is fine in life. Says Dr. Alexander Maclaren, referring to the use of strong drinks by speakers, writers and artists to quicken their mental powers: "If we need to draw our inspiration from alcohol, we had better remain uninspired. If we desire to know the naked truth of things the less we have to do with strong drink the better. Clear eyesight and self-command are in some degree impaired by it always."

Alcohol unmakes the love in a man. An unknown wretch was run over by the cars and killed. In one pocket was found an empty whiskey bottle; in another, a worn letter. It began, "Dear papa," and the burden of its plea was: "Now stop drinking and be a man." But he could not, though with breaking heart he had evidently treasured the pitiful entreaty. The man in him had been unmade.

How, if a man has been unmade by any of these beastly appetites, can he be made again? or, if he is in this peril, how can he be rescued? Only by his Maker. His strength is gone. He cannot help himself, nor have his friends in his character anything to which to tie a rope for the upward pull. But he may be born again. He may become a new creature in Christ Jesus. The man who has been unmade may "put on the new man," and rejoice forever henceforth in purity and strength.

### MARYSVILLE SOCIETY.

Our society for the last three months has been meeting only monthly for the winter, owing to extra cost of lighting and fuel, and the distance for most of our members to walk. The one meeting has been held on the second Friday evening in each month, and has taken the form of our monthly consecration service, with roll call, paying of dues, reception of new members, and study of our topic, etc. On the first meeting night of the new year election of officers took place, which resulted in the choice of the following: Bro. Malcolm Dennison, President; Bro. Charles McConaghy, vice-president; Sister Annie Logan, Secretary-Treasurer; Bro. Geo. A. Apley, Chairman Devotional Committee; Bro. Bradford Pond, Chairman Highway and Hedge Committee; Bro. S. J. Hallett, Chairman Social Committee; Bro. Jesse Stafford, Chairman Sick Committee. We only elect the chairman of each committee, and they add who they wish to their number. Our new officers are all wide-awake, and are taking hold of the work with renewed earnestness.

At each monthly meeting each committee hands in a written report of their work for the month. The reports so far have been most gratifying, and show that a good deal of work is being done. I think the written reports is a move in the right direction, as each of the committees will work so as to have material out of which to make a report. Since first of February we have been meeting twice per month. Our last meeting was one of much spiritual blessing to each member present, and we are praying that by the blessing of God many of the young of this town may be brought to a saving knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

E. B. STAPLES.

### LIVING BY THE DAY.

Life must be lived on the instalment plan. God gives and requires just so much at a time, no more, no less. Life is made up of just so many successive instalments of opportunity, of duty, and of grace. It is impossible, therefore, to live life in the future tense. All that men have and all that they are asked to attend to is the present. And the present in its demands is vigorous enough. Take care of the now and the future will take care of itself.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

### HOW THE QUESTION WAS ANSWERED.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

No botanist has yet been able to find the perfume in a single flower. He analyzes it and tells all about its family and habits. He applies chemical tests and tells what elements enter into petals and seed and root, but he cannot find that which makes it fill the room with fragrance. He turns his microscope on it and discovers organisms so small that only the most powerful magnifying power can find them, but the perfume cannot be found.

This subtle mysterious quality in flowers has been compared to the influence which people have over each other. It is hard to define, and yet everybody knows that it exists.

A twelve-year-old girl was once traveling in a railway coach with her father. It was one of those raw and gloomy days when there is a general feeling of uncomfortableness.

There was a crying baby in the train and a cross old lady, who found herself sitting in a draught from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back. A passenger had left his bag in the aisle and the trainman, stumbling over it, kicked it and uttered ugly words under his breath.

A woman asked about the next station so many times that the conductor growled it out, and slammed the door as he left for the next coach.

The girl had just asked her father a question. It was this: "What is unconscious influence?" Her father began to study how he could answer her. It was a very hard thing to define.

Just then a young man came into the car. He was evidently a travelling man. He shook off the rain and sleet from his overcoat and looked pleasantly round on the company. He spoke cordially to the trainman and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag, which she could not put in the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He grinned gleefully at the baby and its anxious mother, as if a crying baby was not the least disturbance in the world, and settled down to read the morning paper.

He did not seem to have the least idea how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man with the open window put it down, and the old lady who had felt rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly.

A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby, which made it willing to sit on the seat while the mother rested.

The passenger put his bag where people would not stumble over it, and the trainman and conductor grew very gracious. The girl had been taking it all in.

"What a nice young man!" she said; "I wish he was my big brother."

"Yes," answered her father, "he has been exerting an influence of which he was not conscious, and everybody in this car has felt it. How good of him to answer your question so much better than I could possibly have done."—*The Advocate*.

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### WOMEN RARELY STAMMER.

Have you ever known a woman that stammered? The fact that the proportion of those afflicted with stammering or stuttering is one hundred men to one woman is one of the most curious things in the science of pathology. Even the specialists in nervous disease seem utterly at a loss to account for it. So eminent an authority as Dr. Shradly, the editor of the *Medical Record*, says that in all his experience he has known only one woman that stammered. Asked how he accounted for the immunity of the fair sex from this affliction, he replied:

"It certainly is a strange thing. Stammering is an epileptic affection of the organs of speech, and the victim is usually a person of a high-strung, excitable temperament. At the last analysis the cause lies in the mind—that is, the stammerer stammers because he fears he will stammer and thus make himself ridiculous. Now, women are much more prone than men to nervous disorders, and this makes their immunity from stammering all the more remarkable. For some mysterious reason their nervousness affects their organs of speech only in the rarest of instances."

Mirrors are a nuisance in the house of a man whose face is branded with eczema. His own reflection shames him. Let him anoint his inflamed itching skin with Weaver's Cerate and purify his blood with Weaver's Syrup.