

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. L. President, E. B. Staples; Vice Presidents, 1st. District, Rev. J. N. Barnes; 2nd, Miss D. A. Vanwart; 3rd, Miss J. J. Robinson; 4th, Rev. W. R. Reud; 5th, Rev. C. B. Lewis; 6th, J. E. Slipp; 7th, Miss E. I. Daggett; Cor. Secy J. B. Daggett; Rec. Secy S. J. Case B. A.; Treasurer Miss M. A. Smith.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. U. President—Rev. B. P. Parker; Vice Presidents—Rev. J. W. Smith; Mrs. Jas. Cushing and Byron C. Sims; Secretary—Miss Lizzie V. Prosser; Treasurer—Miss Lavinia Sargeant.

The Convention.

The annual Convention of the New Brunswick League of Free Baptist Young People's Societies will be held in Carleton, St. John, Aug. 6-8.

The following is the programme of the convention as prepared by the committee of arrangement: (For programme see previous issues.)

The following is the basis of representation of the societies in the League: "The President and Cor. Sec. of each society, and one delegate for each ten active members or fraction thereof."

Notice to N. B. Societies.

The Treasurers of all the Societies of C. E. & A. C. F. are requested to forward the per capita tax to Rev. J. B. Daggett, Cor. Sec., Wilson's Beach, Campbellello.

M. A. SMITH,
Treas.

The Orphanage Fund.

Orphanage building fund received from sale of Orphanage pictures &c. Previously acknowledged \$23. 20
Miss T. B. Dean, Boston, profit 30cts cash 1.50 1 80
Miss Lydia Barker, profit 60
J. W. Cosman, profit 1 20
Mr. J. Patterson, profit 30
Hartland Society per Miss Phebe Boyer profit 1 20
Moncton Society, per Miss J. Harper, profit 30cts cash 50 80
Mrs. C. E. Neilson, profit 30
" Wm. Harshman " 30
" Harry Floyd " 30
" J. S. Freeze " 30
" Bertha C. Lewis " 60
Total \$30 90

Several orders received and acknowledged above have not been filled, the supply not being equal to the demand, but I am having another order finished and will be able to fill orders in a few days. Price 50cts each.

J. B. DAGGETT,
Cor. Sec.

Wilson's Beach
Campello N. B.

Per capita tax
Rec'd of Hartland Society 1 00
" " North Head Society 1 45
" " Marysville 1 55
Total, 4 00
J. B. DAGGETT.

To Endow a Chair.

The Free Baptist Young People's Societies in Michigan have undertaken to endow a chair in Hillsdale College. Of course, they will succeed, just as our young people intend to succeed in the India Orphanage undertaking.

When You go to Convention

Go for a blessing as well as for "good time."

B. reverent. Remember that you are about your Father's business.

Remember what a rare privilege you are enjoying and what rich treasures you should gather to share with others.

Remember that, while songs and badges have their places, they are not all, not the best part, of a Convention.

Remember that there will be many other guests, and that your relative importance must necessarily be small.

If you go in the right spirit you must surely come away to a larger life and service than you have yet known.

An Endeavor Parable.

About this time there was a great gathering of Endeavors down by the seaside, and many resorted thereto.

Now, there was a certain congregation of believers that longed greatly to join the hosts that had been up to the feast, but they were poor and had not means whereby they might go. Then said one of them:

"Though we may not all go, let us give every man of his substance, and we will send one of our brethren

that he may get good for himself and for us."

So they chose out a young man from among them, and he went up to the feast and tarried certain days and fared sumptuously. But the weather was exceedingly hot, and the young man wrote not down what he saw and heard. It came to pass, however, when he remembered how those that had sent him had said, "Bring back of it to us," he was sore vexed and said to one that was with him:

"What shall I do, for I will have nothing to set before them?"

Then his friend bethought himself of a way, and he said:

"There are the newspapers!"

At this the young man was glad, and straightway went and fetched them, and cut from them all that had been written about the feast, and when he was come again to his place, his brethren gathered again about him, and he read to them what he had brought. But inasmuch as they had already seen these things they were disappointed, and said:

"Lo! we have given this fellow a score of dollars for that which might have been bought for twenty-five cents!"

People We Meet At Conventions.

They are always there. Others may come and go, but there are a few who have all seasons for their own.

There is a man who has a resolution to present. It may be a resolution to encourage the distribution of tracts among the Chippewas Indians, or expressing disapproval of the political course of Senator Smoothtongue Smileup, or vowing undying allegiance to the principles of the National Order of the Red, White and Blue. It does not so much matter what the resolution is. The man who presents the resolution is always the same—anxious, ubiquitous, unquenchable.

Then there is the professional sight-seer, who is taking in a fragment of the convention merely, that he may justify his claim to an excursion ticket and low rates for entertainment. He comes in late, seems hot and flurried, asks concerning the most eminent speaker on the platform "who that man" is and inquires—with much more solicitude—when the convention hosts will take their steamboat excursion? Then there is the dear girl. She it is who is always loaning her fan, and finding her hymns for some one who has not caught the number, or sharing her notes with some one who has missed an important session. She was at Cleveland last year, and we heard a number of disinterested judges pronounce her the most charming creature they had ever met. Happy is he who has made her acquaintance, for under her gracious ministrations the disagreeable features of every occasion are sure to be smoothed away.

And there is the convention worker—the genuine honey-tee who gathers sweets from every flower that grows. He is present at the first session and at the last. He misses no sunrise prayer-meeting. He listens eloquently to an address. He applauds at exactly the right places. He takes notes of every meeting. "Makes hard work of it," does he? Perhaps. But a whole convention made up of such people would make such easy work for speakers and Committee of Arrangement, that they would never ask for another summer vacation.

Most of the people we meet at conventions are thoroughly delightful. As for the cranks—but there are cranks everywhere.—*The Look Out.*

How Tom Won A Soul.

Tom said, "It won't do to keep all this blessed news to myself," so he thought how he could bless others with it. His bed stood close by the window sill, which was low, and somehow he got a pencil and paper and wrote out different texts, which he would fold and pray over and then drop into the noisy street below, directed: "To the passerby—please read."

He hoped that by this means some might hear of Jesus and his salvation. This service of love faithfully rendered, went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep, and immediately afterward a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad's bedside.

"So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he asked kindly. "Yes," said Tom, brightening up. "Have you heard as some one has got hold of one?" "Plenty, lad, plenty! Would you believe it if I told you that I picked up one last evening, and God blessed it to my soul?" "I can believe in God's Word doing anything, sir," said the lad, humbly. "And I am come," said the gentleman, to thank you personally." "Not me, sir! I only does the writin'; He does the

blessin'." "And you are happy in this work for Christ?" said the visitor. "Couldn't be happier, sir. I don't think nothin' of the pain in my back, for shan't I be glad when I see him, to tell him that as soon as I know'd about him I did all as I could to serve him! I suppose you get lots o' chances, don't yer, sir?"

"Ah, lad, but I have neglected them; but God helping me, I mean to begin afresh. At home in the country I have a sick lad dying. I had come to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-bye he said, 'Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus; I can not bear to meet him empty-handed,' and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day, too, until the evening when I was passing down the street your little paper fell on my hat. I opened it and read, 'I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work' (John ix. 4). It seemed like a command from heaven."

"I have professed to be a Christian for twenty-five years, my lad, and when I made inquires, and found out who dropped these tracts into the street, and why it was done it so shamed and humbled me that I determined to go home and work for the same Master that you are serving so faithfully."

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad's face. "It's too much, sir," he said, "altogether too much."

"Tell me how you managed to get the paper to start it, my lad."

"That wasn't hard, sir. I just had a talk with Granney, and offered to give up my 'h'orth o' milk she gives me most days, if she would buy me paper instead. You know, sir, I can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give up for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as have lots to give him, sir?"

The visitor sighed a deep sigh. "Ah, lad, you are a great deal happier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to him, and who have time, talents and money, and do little or nothing for him."

"They don't know him, sir. Knowin' is lovin', and lovin' is doin'. It ain't love without."

"You are right, Tom. But how about yourself? I must begin by making your life brighter. How would you like to end your days in one of those homes for cripple lads, where you would be nursed and cared for, and where you would see the trees and flowers, and hear the birds sing? I could get you into one not far from my home if you liked it, Tom."

The weary lad looked wistfully into the man's kindly face, and after a few moments' silence answered: "Thank'ee sir, I've heard tell of 'em afore, but I ain't anxious to die easy when he died hard. I might be taken up with them things a bit too much, and I'd rather be lookin' at him, and a carryin' on this 'ere work till he comes to fetch me. Plenty of joy for a boy like me to have a mansion with him up there through eternity."

Great Young Men.

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at nineteen.

The great Cromwell left the University of Cambridge at eighteen.

John Bright was never at any school a day after he was fifteen years old.

Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-two, and at twenty-four was Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Bacon was graduated at Cambridge at sixteen, and was called to the bar at twenty-one.

Peel was in Parliament at twenty-one, and Palmerston was Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-three.

Henry Clay was in the Senate of the United States contrary to the Constitution, at twenty-nine.

Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, conceded to have been one of the profoundest statesmen and one of the best generals Christendom has seen.

Martin Luther had become largely distinguished at twenty-four, and at fifty-six had reached the topmost round of his world-wide fame.

Webster was in college at fifteen, gave evidence of his great future before he was twenty-five, and at thirty he was the peer of the ablest man in Congress.

Washington was a distinguished colonel in the army at twenty-two, early in public affairs, commander of the forces at forty-two, and president at fifty-seven.

Napoleon at twenty-five commanded the army of Italy. At thirty he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of the time but one of the greatest lawgivers of the world. At forty-six he saw Waterloo.

The great Louis X was Pope at thirty-eight. Having finished his academic training, he took the office of cardinal at eighteen, only twelve months younger than was Charles James Fox when he entered Parliament.

Judge Story was at Harvard at fifteen, in Congress at twenty-nine, and Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States at thirty-two.

William Pitt entered the ministry at fourteen, was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-two, prime minister at twenty-four, and so continued for twenty years, and when thirty-five was the most powerful uncrowned head in Europe.—*Young Men's Era.*

Where Do Children Learn Lying?

A Chicago kindergarten teacher says that mothers come to her so often, asking how they shall break their children from telling untruths, that she has almost come to think that lying is a national evil. Humiliating as is this conclusion, its truth cannot be gainsaid.

I am so distressed, said a mother to her boy's teacher, that Freddie could deceive you so. I can't imagine why he is so untruthful; his father is truth itself, and I am sure no one ever heard me tell a lie. Call him in, she added, turning to her little daughter.

He won't come if he knows Miss — is here, said the child. Say it's grandma wants him, suggested her mother; that will fetch him.

And yet she wondered at her boy's untruthfulness!

Have you a dog? asked a tax-collector at another home.

Not a dog of any description, was the prompt reply.

What about Speck, mamma? asked the little son, appearing in the doorway with a tiny dog in his arms.

Cost me two dollars, laughed his father, relating the incident. Capital joke on his mother, though.

Rather a costly joke, involving the loss of a boy's respect for his mother's veracity, and by reflex influence lowering his own standard of truth.

You're a half an hour late, Willie, said another mother, but here's an excuse; give it to the teacher, and she won't say a word. The child, who couldn't read writing, confidently delivered the note; it was an urgent request to have him punished, a mean revenge for some trouble he had given while being bathed and dressed.

If mean little lies and petty deceptions on the mother's part are the child's early object lessons, what wonder that he soon outstrips his teacher and even shocks her by his proficiency in the art.—*Select.*

Talking about the way boys are admitted to his home, Dr. Barnardo, the eminent London philanthropist, said to a representative of the Quiver: "I was standing at my front door one bitter day in winter, when a little ragged chap came up to me and asked for an order of admission. To test him, I pretended to be rather rough with him. How do I know, I said if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you? Friends! he shouted. No, I ain't got no friends, but if these 'ere rags (and he waved his arms about as he spoke) won't speak for me, nothing else will. Commenting on this touching story, the New York Observer wisely says that it illustrates very beautifully the fact that the sinner's need is his best plea when he seeks mercy from God through the Lord Jesus Christ. Our rags and our wretchedness plead for us with a force that our best works do not possess.

Peace is that harmony in the estate that health is in the body.—*Clarendon.*

Faith rests and waits. Unbelief refuses to be quiet because it has no feeling.

To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles, which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

M. NAPOLEON GARANT.

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GENTLEMEN.—After being treated by three doctors for Dyspepsia I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters. By the time I had taken two bottles of the B. B. B. I was completely cured and have since been strong and well. When I was suffering from dyspepsia I was so weak and thin I could hardly walk, but I now weigh over 160 pounds and feel as well as ever I did my life.

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JULY 2ND.

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Having furnished over twenty churches in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with Organs, for which we make a special discount both to the church and clergyman. Any person in want of any of the above Goods, will find it to their advantage to write us for prices, terms, etc.

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P. S.—Reference, by permission of the Editor of this Paper, who has two of the Organs in his Church.

Will begin the 15th inst as advertised and continue for thirty days.

\$8000.00 worth of Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Window Shades, Curtains, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Table Cutlery, Silverware, and Fancy Goods, will be sold at auction prices for cash only. Our stock must be reduced. Variety is so great we can only mention a few prices as follows: 80 Cane and Perforated Seat Chairs \$1.10 to 60 cents; 20 Cane Seat chairs \$1.00 reduced to 50 cents; 10 Bedsteads \$2.25 reduced to \$1.00; 40 Large Arm Office chairs \$2.50 reduced to \$1.00; 25 Large cane and perforated Rockers \$3.75 reduced to \$2.25; 15 Medium cane perforated Rockers \$2.25 reduced to \$1.75; 15 Children's Chairs and Rockers 90 cents reduced to 60 cents; 12 Rocking Crisps \$1.25 reduced to 60 cents; 1 Black Walnut Chamber Suite \$60.00 reduced to \$25.00; 1 Oak Chamber Suite 5 feet British Plate \$57.00 reduced to \$42.00; 2 Ash 8 feet extension table \$8.75 reduced to \$5.00; 25 double spring platform rockers \$4.10 reduced to \$3.25; 15 Carpet Lounges \$6.00 reduced to \$4.50; 10 Easy Chairs \$6.00 reduced to \$4.00; 20 Fancy China Tea Sets \$6.75 reduced to \$3.50; 15 dinner sets 100 pieces \$12.00 reduced to \$10.00; 5 Walnut Parlour Suites in embossed plush \$35.00 reduced to \$28.50; 1 Walnut Side Board \$35.00 reduced to \$12.00; and hundreds of other things too numerous to mention.

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