

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

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NOVA SCOTIA

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Farmer Elden at The Convention

Now, taint no use o' scoldin', Kate, 'Cause when I tell you why I got back home so awful late, You'll jist set down an' cry Fer gettin' up yer temper so, Before you knowed what fer, And say yer sorry too, I know, For makin' such a stir.

We've been together thirty years, Without a single fuss— Tho' trouble's brung us lots o' tears, It was n't caused by us; So now, jist "hold yer horses," dear Till I have got my say, And then you wont think its so queer Fer me to act that way.

You know, I had a load o' hay Fer Uncle Billy Crouse, An' drove down through the alley-way Next to the meetin' house! And jist as I was drivin' by, I heard somebody sing That good old song, 'Blest be the tie' Oh, how them words did ring!

I hitched my horses to the fence, And in the church I walked; My! such a crowd! I lost my sense, And jist stood there and gawked; And 'fore I knowed jist what to do, Some feller shook my hand, And led me to a amen pew, Right by a whole brass band.

The walls was full of flags and such, And everything that's fine; At first I didn't like it much, But when I seed a sign, 'The World for Christ,' right over me I knowed without a doubt It was that Y. P. S. C. E. We'd read so much about.

The house was jammed—th' must a been A thousan' there er more; And such a crowd as I was in I never seed before. I've been to picnics, jubilees, Camp meetin's, p'rades and such, But takin' part in none o' these Excited me so much.

I tried my best to keep my seat, But when I heard 'em sing "I Long to Set at Jesus' Feet," And that 'ere music ring, And then such earnest Christian prayer By one of them young men, I jist stood right up on my chair And shouted out, Amen!

And when I found out what I'd done I kind o' felt ashamed, And looked around to tell some one That I was not to blame; But, bless my soul, if all the crowd Warnt jist as bad as me, And though they wasn't quiteso loud I knowed they'd like to be.

I jined right in with every song, And sung with all my might— Most of the time it sounded wrong, But sometimes I was right. It seemed to me like earth and heaven Was jist put all in one, And all our sins had been forgiven And this yere world was done.

And all at once it popped into My head about my team, And how bad I was treatin' you— It seemed jist like a dream. So I got out there mighty soon, And as I took the lines, I heard them start that same old tune "Blest be the tie that binds."

With that song ringin' in my ear, I drove along for home. Now, you'll forgive me, won't you dear? And there's a kiss—now come, As both of us has eased our minds. We'll pray to God above, And thank Him for the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love.

—Chris. Standard.

South Wakefield, C. Co.

A C. E. Society was organized at South Wakefield, C. Co. on the 19th July. Mr. T. A. Lindsay and Miss D. Vanwart, of the Woodstock Society, the latter being the vice President, for Carleton County, of the Provincial League, did the

organizing. The new society begins with thirty members, and gives promise of being a useful organization. Miss Ada Kearney is President, and Miss Bessie Brittain Secretary.

How The Young People Can Help The Pastor.

By faithful attendance upon his preaching. By giving good heed to the words spoken by his lips.

By regular attendance upon all the church meetings.

By doing their part faithfully in the prayer-meeting and in the Sunday-school.

By practising what he preaches.

By inviting others to hear the Word preached.

By praying for him regularly in the homes and the prayer-meeting.

By letting him know of cases of sickness or distress.

By introducing strangers to him.

By speaking words of encouragement. He needs it as much as the young people themselves.

By always speaking well of him.

By contributing as liberally as your means will permit.

By keeping yourself well informed as to the work of the church.

By using all your talents for the up-building of the kingdom of Christ.

By avoiding those things which hinder his usefulness, and using your influence upon others to the same end.

Especially can those people who have never yet confessed Christ as their Saviour help him in his work by accepting the salvation offered in the gospel, and dedicating themselves to the service of the Lord. No matter how regular and faithful you are as members of the young people's society, if you stand aloof from the church, you are hindering Christ's kingdom. You are not only standing out of it yourselves, but maybe are blocking the way for many others.—*Christian Union Herald.*

"Generation of Liars."

A correspondent writes of a minister who said of Christian Endeavor that "the pledge was raising up a generation of liars." That man might as well have said that uniting with the church was raising up a generation of liars, because many Christians come far short of their obligations; or that the ordination of ministers was a propagation of falsehood, because no minister is perfect in the performance of duty; or that the gospel leads men astray, because no one follows all its precepts.

Let us see! A pledge is a promise. A promise makes liars! If you don't do as you said, you are a liar, of course; but did the promise make you a liar, or were you a liar at heart before you made the promise? If you had not been a liar you would not have broken your promise. Therefore do not blame the promise, but the promiser.

Then, too, not all apparent violations of the pledge are such. Judge not from outward appearances. It is not fair for critics to set up a standard of observance of the pledge that demands perfection itself and then note every apparent lapse. Many of our Endeavorers who do not measure up to the highest conceivable standard are still far in advance of their former activity, and are keeping the pledge in the spirit of their endeavor.

Then set over against the actual failures the great multitude of persons who have kept the pledge in a very evident and consecrated way. The pledge is rearing a generation of truth keepers by the power of the Holy Spirit.

In some cases, care has not been taken to explain to persons coming into the society the meaning of the pledge; but the same sort of difficulty is encountered in receiving persons into the church, or inducting them into any work. Let no one be unfair to the Endeavor work by insisting that because it does not overcome every short-coming of our human nature, it is therefore fundamentally wrong. We do not claim that the pledge idea does away with educational efforts or Christian duty, or with watchfulness and prayer. The pledge has one feature only.

What shall we say, on the other hand, of the minister who lets his society run to weeds? What about his promise to feed the flock? Other pastors, who have been thoroughly active, do not complain of the pledge. The young people should be taught. They must not be allowed to rely on their individual word, but to keep the promise in Christ's strength.—*The Lookout.*

Brothers.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Clara Ward, fretfully. Now Clara had three little brothers, aged respectively two, four, and six, whom she thinks—no, did think—were no earthly good. "I wish," she continued, "that all boys were exported to the arctic regions, and we girls left here just as we are—only there

would be no hats and caps to pick off the floor, no ragged jackets to mend, no dirty tracks to sweep from the floor, and, above all, no one to yell and make a noise, and worry poor kitty half to death," she added.

That night Clara had a strange dream. Somehow the boys were all gone, and Clara must make the fires, go for the letters, drive the calves to pasture, dig the potatoes, and do many other things she never knew before had to be done. But still worse, there were no little arms to clasp her neck in a fond embrace; no rosy lips to kiss her and call her "my dear, big sister. How lonesome she was! for her mother was in heaven, and her Aunt Dora, who kept house for them, was no company at all.

When the house was once tidied up it stayed so all day, for prim Miss Clara made no trash—no, indeed. So she could not even have the cleaning up to do for pastime. But, ah! there is her little brother Frank standing at her bedside, and the morning sunshine is streaming in at the window.

Ah! it was only a horrid dream after all, and Clara is heartily glad of it. "For what would I do without my dear little brothers?" she mused, as she hastily buttoned her shoes, for Aunt Dora was calling her to come and set the table. What a nice warm fire one of those very little brothers she had called a bother only yesterday had made her! And it was with a feeling of thankfulness in her heart that Clara responded to baby Hal's good morning kiss. Ah, Clara, you have learned a good lesson that you will not soon forget.

The boys could not help wondering what come over their elder sister, who was usually so cross and fretful, now so cheerful and obliging. That night as Clara knelt by her bed, as she had done since her dear mother's death, she asked Him who rules on high to make her all ways so, and I think that her prayer was answered.—*Our boys and Girls.*

Caution in Punishment.

Punishment should never be the expression of the parent's irritation, and slapping children, which is too often the mode of its expression, should always be avoided. A sharp, stinging blow only arouses rebellion although prudence may pervert its expression, and the obedience is dearly bought that awakens the worst feelings of the little heart.

A mother should always control herself before she attempts to control her child, and if chastisement must be inflicted, it should be after her own excitement has cooled down, and she can look at the fault impartially.

Many a poor little one is the scapegoat upon whom the sins of the family are visited—not consciously, perhaps; and the very presentation of the thoughtless, it may be, arousing the indignation of the reader, but I appeal to the consciences of some of the mothers who see this article. Is it not true, that when the baby is fretful, and the servants have been contrary, and the sewing that you have been so long over has to be ripped out, and you feel overburdened with your many cares, does not a very little fault on the part of an older child, his noise, his restlessness, his failure to obey, bring down upon him punishment quite disproportionate to the fault? and are not faults discerned in him that would not be noticed in more prosperous times?

Bitter, indeed, would be the remorse, should you, even by accident, inflict upon him a lasting physical injury, but remember that the harm done daily to his spiritual nature by your hasty words and deeds cannot be overestimated.

Should a sculptor, in a moment of annoyance from outside disturbances, mar by angry strokes of the mallet the beautiful statue he was at work upon, you would feel his action to be that of a mad man; yet a mother is working in material far more imperishable than marble. She is carving a soul into an angel, and her work is to last throughout eternity, and to bear the light of heaven.—*Exc.*

How Service Tells.

A chaplain in the army during the war was passing over the field when he saw a soldier who had been wounded lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man:

"Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?"

The wounded man said, "I'm so thirsty I would rather have a drink of water."

The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water he said:

"Could you lift my head and put something under it?"

The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I am so cold."

There was only one thing that the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so the wounded man looked up in his face, and said:

"For God's sake, if there is anything in that book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

There is a world of meaning to my mind in this incident. The need of to-day is acting the object lessons that book teaches.

The Sunday-School of the Future.

The following clipped from *The Advance*, is most timely and sensible as regards the future of the Sabbath-school: "The Sunday-school of the future must be marked by business-system, energy and precision, as distinctly as by church fervor. The Sunday-school of the future must be emphatically a Bible school, with a copy of that book in the hands of every officer, every teacher, and every scholar old enough to read it, and not a lesson leaf or quarterly in the room; they will be left at home, where they belong. The Sunday-school of the future will be so conducted that it will be the delight of the children, a strength to the young and middle-aged; of the deepest interest to all yet not an entertainment. Its officers will meet as a 'cabinet' at least once a month, and spend an evening studying the school and planning for it. Its teachers will be only such as are fitted for it by at least some simple course of normal study, and who diligently prepare for their work. It will have, as far as means will permit, a building or room adapted to its use—not a cellar or basement. The Sunday-school of the future must be worthy of the time and attention of the best and busiest people. To reach the standard here set will require more study, more time, more money than has ever been put into the Sunday-school before; yet the returns will be vastly more than we can now calculate.

Of Such Is the Kingdom.

A little Jewish boy attended a mission Sunday-school in New York. His mother was glad of the two hours rest it gave her from the care of the restless, inquiring mind. He became engrossed with the story of Jesus Christ, so surpassing strange and new to him, and never tired of looking at pictures of the "One who seeks the lost. The Bible Lesson pictures were of great value to him, and when he was told he could select one for himself, his joy knew no bounds.

O, I will take the shepherd one. I wonder if he knows I am his lamb! And the large lustrous eyes filled with tears.

The dread diphtheria was in the tenement where he lived. His mother did not know how to care for him. The beloved picture was pinned up by his cot where he could always see it.

Mamma, I'm going to die, and go to the Shepherd of Israel; won't you put the picture in the coffin when I'm carried out?

One night the Good Shepherd gathered this little lamb to his bosom and little Jacob was at rest.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Good Example.

The following story has a good moral in it, which we hope our readers will find: "There's another story," Mr. Moody went on, smiling, "but you may perhaps have heard it. A little fellow in London was brushing and fixing himself at a great rate and putting an extra shine on his shoes, when another boy inquired, 'Why, where are you going?' 'To Exeter Hall,' was the surprising reply. 'Exeter Hall? What's goin' on there?' 'Foreign missions' came the quick answer, with another rub at the toe of the left shoe. 'Oh, say! what d' you know about them? Foreign missions, eh? When did you become interested in 'em, I'd like to know?' 'Why,' said the lad as he gave the last polishing touch and stood upright, 'I gave 'em a penny last year, and I'm going there to see what's become of it. That's the way to get young folks and other folks, too, interested in Christian work. Get them to get into personal contact—to do something and to give something—and they won't be indifferent no longer.

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