

Ever a Song Somewhere.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear
There is ever a something sings away;
There's the song of the lark when the skies
are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies
are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree.
And in and out, when the eves drip rain
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear
In the midnight black or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night
through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the Autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the
snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere!

James Whitcomb Riley.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

NEW BRUNSWICK.

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ponding Secretary—Miss Lizzie V.
Prosser.

A New Year.

The Lord help all the members of
the Young People's Societies to be
better Christians and to do better
service this year than ever before.
Let each one say,—
"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

HOW TO TALK.

The Waco Endeavour gives some
pointed instructions as to how to
talk in young people's meeting:
"Have your soul in every sen-
tence."

Do Not Forget.

Don't forget that when you placed
your body a living sacrifice on the
altar of consecration your tongue
was a part of it; this in both a pos-
itive and negative way, too. It is
right and necessary that your
tongue should sing and testify of
His goodness, but it is a long way
from being fully consecrated to
Him, while it speaks words that
burn, rankle and discourage.

About The Pledge.

Rev. E. B. Stiles, writing in the
Free Baptist, says something about
the pledge which all members will
do well to think about. He says:
Experience simply confirms be-
lief as to the importance of the
pledge not only to the work but
also to the very existence of the
society.

A society that honors and insists
upon the pledge can be unfruitful
only when all need for fruit bear-
ing shall cease. On the other hand,
to hold lightly or to disregard the
pledge is to court failure, which
failure is as sure to come as the sun
is sure to rise.

This may seem a threadbare sub-
ject, but as long as societies insist
on organizing without the pledge or
organizing with a pledge that has
been toned down to the vanishing
point, so long it will be in order to
emphasize the value of the pledge.

These remarks grow out of actual
experience in the field. Recently I
spent a Sabbath in a town where
formerly a flourishing C. E. was re-
ported. It flourished, however, like
Jonah's gourd. Some worm ate its
root and it withered till it was not
possible to get members enough out
to hold a business meeting. I sus-
pected the worm and in my talk
emphasized the C. E. principles, in-
sisting that no society had the right
to the name unless it stood ready to
take the pledge. After the talk
several members proposed reorgan-
izing with the pledge. At the first
organization the pledge was left out
for the sake of numbers; useless
numbers! fatal omission!

Plain, simple, practical is the
pledge, and a right good stimulant to
Christian activity. Take it, love it,
keep it, looking to the Lord Jesus
Christ for help.

I have in my pocket a letter from
the A. C. F. society in the East
that started out well but soon proved
a failure. It has been reorgan-
ized with fewer members and bright-
er prospects. From remarks in the
letter I am sure that the pledge was
not appreciated as it should have
been.

In organizing for the first time
or in receiving new members, see to
it that the prospective member
understands exactly what he is
doing.

Our new application forms will
be found helpful because we have
the pledge printed on them. Order
a supply at eight cents per dozen.

The work has a hopeful outlook.
We are learning from experience
what not to do as well as what to
do. The day is fast hastening
when we shall see eye to eye and
stand shoulder to shoulder as Free
Baptist young people. The mists
have practically cleared away so
that we can see each other, to find
that we are friends and members of
the same Free Baptist army.

Taking Some part.

What course is the Prayer-meet-
ing Committee to pursue with mem-
bers who habitually refrain from
taking part in the meetings? It is
the same old question that confronts
almost every committee at the very
outset.

In the Model Constitution, one
of the duties outlined for the Prayer
meeting Committee is that of secur-
ing faithfulness to the prayer-meet-
ing pledge. The Lookout Commit-
tee is also enjoined to affectionately
reclaim all who have become indif-
ferent to their pledged obligations.
The work is therefore that of the
joint committees, and for the best
work the two should hold frequent
conferences.

If your society is remiss in this
particular, bend your efforts first
of all to creating a conscience on the
subject. Publicly and privately
dwell upon the sacredness of the
obligation. Hammer away on this
fact; that while saying a word in
the meeting may be a small thing,
deliberately breaking your pledge
to God and in the presence of others,
is not.

If your committee have been
careless and have taken no trouble
to inquire into cases where the
prayer-meeting pledge has been dis-
regarded, a good deal of tact will
be necessary at the beginning else
those privately remonstrated with
will believe that they alone have
been singled out. It will, there-
fore, be well for the committee to
announce publicly that they have
decided to discharge their obliga-
tions more faithfully, and that cases
of absence or neglect will be im-
mediately inquired into.

The committee however, must de-
pend on personal work. Talk to the
timid ones beforehand. Suggest
something they may do. When it
is possible, ask some of the stronger
ones to sit with them during the
meeting, and encourage them to
take part. Be willing to work for
weeks, if necessary, on one person.
The great idea in committee work
is to break up the masses, and treat
people as individuals.

The leader can do much to smooth
the way for the timid ones and
make the careless ones feel their
responsibility. One leader succeed-
ed in doing the latter by asking at
the opening of the meeting that
every member who had taken the
pledge rise and join in a silent pray-
er that they might faithfully and
acceptably fulfil their pledges to
participate in the meeting.

Rev. W. J. L. Cross tells in the
Golden Link of a meeting he at-
tended in San Francisco, where to-
wards the close of the meeting, the
leader requested all who had not
taken part to stand. "Now," she
said, "do something before you sit
down," and they did. One prayed,
another testified, another read a
verse, etc.—Lookout.

A Good Fighter.

It is a mistake to suppose that we
will get safely through this world
without a struggle. Nothing will
contribute to much to our peace as
to have the world around us discover
that we have our armour on, ready
to fight for good principles, and that
we may always be counted upon to
use what influence we may have on
the right side of all questions. The
world does not need uncommon
people, with astonishing powers to
fight the battle against wrong. It
does need a good quality of common
people of common abilities who are
made strong by the grace of God,
who have a clear perception of what
is right, and have a determination
to do what is right.

Among the noblest words of St.
Paul are these, "From henceforth
let no man trouble me, for I bear
in my body the marks of the Lord
Jesus." Those marks made him

free from any other ownership. All
other powers had learned to let him
alone. He was the freest man in
all the Roman empire. He was
free because he was the loyal subject
of Jesus Christ. The young man
who will put on the marks of the
Lord Jesus so that the world will
know at once to whom he belongs,
will have a life of liberty open be-
fore him of which the moral coward
can never know.

It is our business to study all
current questions, so that we shall
have positive opinions. Then it is
our business to make the world feel
that we are in earnest in fighting
for the right everywhere. Some-
times the idea of warfare is not in
harmony with Christianity. We
once heard a smart young min-
ister say to Gen. O. O. Howard,
known so well for his devotion to
Christian faith and works: "How
is it, general, that you, a profession-
al soldier, following war as a trade,
can be so devoted a disciple of the
Prince of Peace?" The old warrior,
with a quiet smile, answered:
"Have you never read of the Roman
centurion, who was likewise a pro-
fessional soldier, of whom Jesus
said: 'I have not found so great
faith, no, not in Israel?'"

Put on the whole armor of God.
Then stand everywhere for your
convictions. The world needs
soldiers for truth, and God loves a
good fighter.—Epworth Herald.

The Missionary Potato.

It wasn't a very large church, and
it wasn't nicely furnished. No
carpet on the floor, no frescoing on
the walls—just a plain, square, bare,
frame building away out in Illinois.
To this church came James and
Stephen Holt every Sunday of their
lives.

On this particular Sunday they
stood together by the square box
stove, waiting for Sunday school to
commence, and talking about the
missionary collection that was to be
taken up. It was something new
for the poor church; they were used
to having collections taken up for
them. However, they were coming
up in the world and wanted to begin
to give. Not a cent had the Holt
boys to give that day.

"Pennies are as scarce as our
house as hens' teeth," said Stephen,
showing a row of white, even teeth
as he spoke. James looked doleful.
It was hard on him; he thought, to
be the only ones in the class who
had nothing to give. He looked
grimly around the old church.
What should he be lying in one
corner under a seat but a potato!

"How in the world did that potato
get to church?" he said, nodding his
head toward it. "Somebody must
have dropped it that day we brought
the things here for the poor folks.
I say, Stennie, we might give that
potato. I suppose it belongs to us
as much as anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long,
thoughtful look at the potato.
"That's an idea!" he said eagerly.
"Let's do it!"

James expected to see a roguish
look on his face, but his eyes and
mouth said, "I'm in earnest."
"Honor bright!" asked James.
"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two and each
put a half on the plate?"
"No," said Stephen, laughing;
"we can't get ready to give to-day,
I guess; but suppose we carry it
home and plant it in the nicest spot
we can find, and take extra care of
it, and give every potato that it
raises to the missionary cause? There'll
be another chance; this isn't the
only collection the church will
ever take up, and we can sell the
potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan they went
into the class looking less sober than
before; and the two their faces were
red when the box was passed to
them, and they had to shake their
heads, they thought of the potato,
and looked at each other and laugh-
ed.

Somebody must have whispered
to the earth, and the dew, and the
sunshine about that potato. You
never saw anything like it. "Beats
all," said Farmer Holt, who was let
into the secret. "If I had a twenty
acre lot that would grow potatoes
in that fashion, I should make my
fortune."

When harvesting came, would
you believe that there were forty-
one good, sound, splendid potato-
es in that hill? Another thing; while
the boys were picking them up,
they talked over the grand mass
meeting for missions that was to be
held in the church next Thursday—
an "all day" meeting. The little
church had had a taste of the joy of
giving, and was prospering as it
had not before. Now for a big
meeting, to which speakers from
Chicago were coming. James and
Stephen had their plans made. They
washed the forty-one potatoes
carefully, and wrote out in their
very best hand this notice forty-one
times:

"This is a missionary potato; its
price is ten cents; it is from the
best stock known. It will be sold
only to one who is willing to take a
pledge that he will plant it in the

spring, and give every one of its
children to missions. Signed by
James Holt and Stephen Holt."

Each shining potato had one of
these slips smoothly pasted to its
plump side.
Didn't those potatoes go off, tho!
By three o'clock on Thursday after-
noon not one was left, tho a gentle-
man from Chicago offered to give a
gold dollar for one of them. Just
imagine, if you can, the pleasure
with which James and Stephen Holt
put each two dollars and five cents
into the collection that afternoon.
I'm sure I can't describe it to you.
But I can assure you of one thing
—they each have a missionary
garden, and it thrives.—The Fanny.

The Religious Newspaper.

For illustration of the economy
and value of the weekly church
paper, take the 52 numbers of the
year and estimate the amount of
reading. It will be found to equal
that contained in eight volumes of
400 pages each, exclusive of advert-
isements. All this for all the mem-
bers of the family weekly, for three
cents. Surely you must be very
poor indeed, or this information on
religious and literary things must be
of very little interest and profit to
you, if you cannot afford to pay for
it three cents a week. Surely it is
not very much of a compliment to
the tastes, and literary and religious
wants of a man's family, for him to
say he cannot afford three cents a
week to put them in such literature.

There probably are families in such
extreme poverty that they cannot,
without actual suffering, spend three
cents a week for food for the mind.
But we are not much afraid to make
a good round guess that nine-tenths
of the families who are depriving
themselves of a weekly religious
newspaper spend from five to
twenty-five dollars a year for things
not half so necessary to their happi-
ness as a weekly religious newspaper.

They may not think so. But a care-
ful and candid investigation of the
matter would probably convince
them of the truth of our supposition.
Three cents a week would make
very little difference in the setting
of your table, my news-hungry
brother. Three cents a week would
make very little difference in the
wardrobe of your family. You
must dress very economically indeed,
if, for the sake of bringing more
than 7,000 ordinary book pages of
good literary and religious reading
matter into your family during the
year, you could not, without bad re-
sults, cut down the expenses of the
family wardrobe three cents a week. Now
once more, just let us whisper in
your ear (too low for even your
family to hear) and ask you if you
have not some personal expenses
which you could diminish at the
rate of three cents a week, with out
curtailing the comforts of your
family any, so that you could give
them the advantage of a good reli-
gious newspaper?

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair
falling out, and premature baldness,
do not use grease or alcohol prepara-
tions, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

A True Compliment.

It was in a London tramcar that
a true son of Ireland sat with his
tin tea can, going home from work.
The car was crowded, and two young
ladies, on getting in, immediately
put their hands into the straps and
prepared to stand; but Pat jumped
up and offered his seat.

"But I don't want to take your
seat, thank you," said one, smiling
but hesitating.

"Never mind that," said the gal-
lant Hibernian. "I'd ride outside
in the rain for five miles for a smile
from such gentlemanly ladies."

And the girls considered this as
pleasant a compliment as they ever
received.—Selected.

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by the active principle of the ingredi-
ents entering into the composition of
Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These
Pills act specifically on the deranged
energies of the system, thereby remov-
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vitality to the afflicted. In this lies
the great secret of the popularity of
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Having used Burdock Bitters for 15
years I cannot keep from recommend-
ing it to others. I have sold hundreds
of bottles from my store, and as I keep
other medicines I ought to know which
sells best. It is a wonderful medicine.
Yours very sincerely,
MRS. DONALD KENNEDY,
Caledonia, Ont.

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distressing for ten days. I tried the
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