

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. L. President, S. J. Case; V. Presidents, 1st Dist., Rev. J. N. Barnes; 2nd Dist., Miss D. A. VanWart; 3rd Dist., E. B. Staples; 4th Dist., Abner Smith; 5th Dist., Rev. G. W. Foster; 6th Dist., Jas. McCready; 7th Dist., Miss E. I. Daggett. Cor. Sec. and Treas., Rev. J. B. Daggett; Rec. Sec., Fred White. Auditor, Rev. F. C. Hartley.

NOVA SCOTIA

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. U. President—Rev. G. M. Wilson, Vice Presidents—Rev. J. K. West, Rev. E. Crowell, Mrs. James E. Cushing. Treasurer—Miss Lavinia Sargeant. Recording and Corresponding Secretary—Miss Lizzie V. Prosser.

Prayer Meeting Topics.

- Jan. 26. Confessing Christ—how and why? 1 John 4: 2-15; Rom. 10: 9.
Feb. 2. Laborers together with God. 1 Cor. 3: 6-23.
9. Christ's warnings. Matt. 7: 21-27.
(Let members repeat from memory other warnings.)
16. Loyalty to our church. Ps. 84: 1-12. (To be led by the pastor, with a review of our denominational story.)
23. What Faith can do for us. Heb. 11: 1-10; 12: 1, 2.

Remember These Things.

The pledge is the back-bone of the Society.
You cannot afford to slight it or treat it lightly.
The Committees are the arms and legs of the Society.
Have all the arms and legs you can use, and expect them to report once a month in writing, what they have done.
The Consecration meeting is the heart of the Society.
Make it as important to your society as the heart is to your body.

Questions.

- Do you have a missionary committee?
Do you have a monthly missionary meeting?
Are you aiming to raise your portion for the Orphanage fund?

What a Farce!

The greatest farce to be seen anywhere in Canada takes place every day at the C. P. R. crossing on Richmond Street, London. The Forest City has recently introduced a very fine electric car service, but the old regulations with the railway companies provide that the tracks are to be crossed by "horse car." The dignity of the law is upheld by stationing a horse at the crossing. Whenever a trolley comes along, this faithful animal is attached, and trots in front of it across the railway track. He is then unhitched, and waits for the next electric car, when the edifying spectacle is repeated. His entire work for the day is to jog up and down in front of trolley cars, but he never draws a pound.

Many a similar farce takes place from week to week in certain young people's societies. All the forms are regularly observed, the regulations of the Constitution are apparently attended to; the members at stated intervals go the rounds of attendance upon the services, but nothing is accomplished. Minds are not quickened, social natures are not developed, and souls are not saved. About all that can be said of such organizations is that the routine is faithfully attended to. There certainly is a more excellent way.—Ex.

What Is Your Influence?

A young lady who, although a professed Christian, had been leading a rather worldly life, was awakened during a revival meeting to a desire for usefulness in the service of Christ. She went to an unconverted friend and asked him to attend the meetings. For a moment it seemed that her entreaties would prevail; then another young lady, who was standing by, said laughingly: "Oh, don't mind her; she goes to dancing parties herself." And the humiliating knowledge came to the would-be helper that her own past—the past given to self and selfish pleasure—was standing between her and the soul she desired to save.

Every time you sacrifice your ideals of the Christian life for the sake of worldly amusement, you are sacrificing also a portion of your power to minister to needy souls. Can you afford to sell your influence so cheaply?

How to Take Part.

Read an appropriate selection from the Scriptures or a stanza from a spiritual hymn. Tell of something you desire to attain to, or have attained to in your own experience. Call attention to some good work the society might do in visiting or ministering to the sick or poor, or in the service of the young. Ask a question about the Scriptures, the society, the church, or on any pertinent topic to be answered then and there by the president or any member of the society. If you feel that you cannot trust yourself to speak, write a few lines to be read, always adding a few extempore words after reading. Try these suggestions, one at a time, in their order. By the time you have reached the last, the first will be fresh again.

One Leader's Plan.

"How shall we persuade our backward members to take part in the prayer-meeting?" The best solution of this problem which we have found was given in a recent meeting of one of our Endeavor Societies. The little maiden who was to lead the meeting presided with great dignity, and the members took part with promptness. At length there was a pause, and the leader quietly remarked, "We have had a good meeting, and all of our members have taken part, except one. We will now wait for that one!" How would it do for some of our older leaders to try such a pointed "waiting"?

A Church Revived.

The Western Christian Advocate tells how an abandoned country church was reclaimed by Endeavorers. The house had been built over sixty years ago by the Baptists, who, in time, left it to the Methodists. Ten years ago it was abandoned altogether. A little over a year ago a Society of Christian Endeavor was organized. The Endeavorers sent for an evangelist, and a meeting was held; a church has been organized, and the house repaired and made comfortable and attractive.

Oromocto A. C. F. Society.

The Oromocto A. C. F. Society has elected the following officers: James S. Kinney, President; Miles McMonagle, Vice President; Mrs. Miles McMonagle, Secretary; John W. Currie, Treas.
The society is doing good work. The meetings are well attended, and have been a great help to the church here. It is now a year since the society was organized, and the same zeal and earnestness manifest themselves as at the beginning. Young and old alike enjoy the meetings. We started on this year determined to make it a good one. We pray God's blessing to rest on our society.
D. B. Perry,
Cor. Sec.
Jan. 1896.

A Love Letter.

He hurried up to the office as soon as he entered the hotel, and without waiting to register, inquired eagerly: "Any letter for me?"
The clerk sought out a package with negligent attention that comes of practice, then flipped one—a very small one—on the counter. The traveling-man took it with a curious smile. He smiled more as he read it. Then, oblivious of the other travelers, who jostled him, he laid it gently against his lips, and actually kissed it. A loud laugh startled him.

"Now, look here, old fellow," said a loud voice, "that won't do, you know. Too spoony for anything."
Said the traveling man, "That letter is from my best girl."
The admission was so unexpected that they said no more until they had eaten a good dinner, and were seated together in a chum's room. Then they began to badger him.

"It's no use; you have got to us," said one of them, "we want to know all about your best girl."

"So you shall," said the one addressed, with great coolness; "I'll give you the letter and you can read it for yourselves. There it is," and he laid it on the table.

"I guess not," said one who had been the loudest in demanding it; "we like to chaff a little, but we hope we are gentlemen."

"But I insist upon it," was the answer; "there is nothing to be ashamed of—except the spelling; that's a little shaky, I'll admit; but she won't care in the least. Read it, Hardy, and judge for yourself."
Thus urged, Hardy took up the letter, shamefacedly enough, and read it. There were only a few words. First he laughed, then swallowed suspiciously, and as he finished, threw it upon the table again, and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes, as if troubled with dimness of vision.

"Pshaw! if I had a love letter like that"—and then was silent.

"Fair play," cried one of the others, with an uneasy laugh.

"I'll read it to you, boys," said their friend, "and I think you'll agree with me that it's a model love letter."

My own dear PaPa.
I saw my PRairs every nite and Wen I kis yure Pictshure I ASK god to bless you gOOD by PaPa yure best gurl.—Exchange.

Talking Before Children.

Many mothers who are careful and judicious in other respects commit the mistake of talking about their children's ways and peculiarities when their children are present. To discuss a child's character within his own hearing, and especially with some one not a member of the family, is certain to wound his feeling if he is sensitive and shy, or to encourage conceit in him if he is inclined to be forward. In any case it develops egotism, and gives him the impression that he is an object of great importance. Young ears should not be regaled with tales of their owner's exploits and even if we have good reason to be proud of our children we should avoid telling anecdotes before them which tend to feed vanity. Absurdly, enough, I have even heard a wee sprout, perched up on a great chair in the drawing-room while his mother was talking about him to guests, draw forth, "Mamma, tell about the day I spoke my piece at the kindergarten!"

Another rock easy to split upon is to rehearse before them our methods of discipline and management. This is particularly a foible of parents who are weak in government. They think to impress little John with the terrors in store for disobedience or rudeness by running over in a casual way the kinds of punishment it is within the power of the authorities to inflict. Sometimes a visitor alludes to some graceful trait, or remark that little John does not do some naughty things, and the unwelcome mamma will quickly rejoin, "He knows he would get a whipping if he did that!" Whereat little John colors with shame and resentment, feeling that a matter that should lie strictly between his mamma and himself has been given unnecessary publicity. And if he is a well intentioned lad the outrage hurts more because it has been implied that he only does right through fear. Any courageous nature would have the impulse to show fight under these circumstances, to prove itself possessed of courage. We are treading upon delicate ground when we touch the springs either of vanity or shame, and we had best let our children hear as little as possible of all those allusions to themselves which it is our custom to make.—Monthly Illustrator.

Spare Time.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were shown through a large carpet establishment in Brooklyn not long ago. They were permitted to look into every nook and corner of the building except one. At the bottom of the stairway leading to the top floor they came upon a closed door, upon which were the words, "Positively no Admittance." The curiosity of the ladies was awakened at once. "What is up there?" inquired one, eagerly. "That is the workshop," explained the representative of the firm. "We have one hundred and fifty women on that floor sewing carpets."

"Oh, I should like to see them at work," said the fair questioner, with a playfully beseeching look.

"I am sorry that I cannot take you up there," replied the firm's representative; "but the rules are very strict. Really, there is nothing worth looking at, and there are no trade secrets there. The reason why the firm interdicts visitors is because the presence of strangers causes every sewing-woman to look up, and takes her attention off her work from one to five minutes. Suppose every woman loses an average of two minutes. With one hundred and fifty women that means a loss to the firm of three hundred minutes, or five hours of time. That is too much to lose when we are working under a full head of steam, as we are now."

William Herscher discovered Uranus, the greatest discovery of the telescope. He had hitherto been known as a clever amateur astronomer, who had spent his intervals between his musical studies in writing a theory on the height of the mountains of the moon, or in manufacturing telescopes. Music was his profession, but so jealous was he of the spare moments he might give to astronomy that he habitually rushed from the orchestra between the acts to snatch brief glimpses of the heavens.

No one ever appreciated the value of time more than Lord Nelson. "Five minutes," he used to say, "makes the difference between a victory and a defeat."

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and if neglected baldness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Restorer is the best preventive.

The Way to Conquer.

"I'll master it," said the ax, and his blows fell heavily on the iron, but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.
"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.
"Ha! ha!" laughed the hammer.
"I knew you wouldn't do it, but I'll show you the way." But at his first stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" said the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame, but he curved gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard, indeed, is that heart which can resist God's love.—Selected.

Known By Its Friends.

A favorite retort from the lover of unrestricted liquor to the advocates of temperance is that tea and coffee are stimulants, and that those who drink them are guilty of intemperance as much as liquor drinkers.

Did John Smith ever beat his mother after excessive indulgence in tea?

Did Bill Jones and Bob Brown ever wreck a restaurant after partaking of too much coffee?

Why not?
Because tea and coffee are not the same kind of stimulants that beer and whisky are.

"A tree is known by its fruits," and thus judged, the different kinds of liquors are trees whose deadly fruits too often blast the hand that picks and the lip that touches them.—Christian Advocate.

Wanted!

"Wanted.—In 100,000 households in America, a willing, sunny daughter, who will not pet when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight it is to smooth away a mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her brother quite as fine as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem and an honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address, 'Mother,' Home Office."—Selected.

Newspapers in Sweeping.

For sweeping a room neatly there is nothing like newspaper aid. Take a page of newspaper at a time, wet it in hot water and squeeze it until it ceases to drip. Tear into small pieces, or the size of your hand, and cast them all over the carpet. Then sweep and most of the dust, in the room will be gathered into the paper. On matting use larger pieces of paper, pushing them ahead of the broom to take up any fluff there may be before beginning the regular sweeping.—The Pacific.

THE FIRST SHOES.—A woman came into the store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl."

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons, but now they are closed, he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me: 'Mother, I want you to go up town to-day and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

CONSTIPATION CURED.

GENTS.—I was in very poor health for over four years, the doctors said it was Constipation. Not wanting to spend too much cash, I got three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and took it regularly. I can certify that I am now in the very best of health and feel very grateful to B. B. B.

ALFRED TEROUX,
Montreal, Que.

A MERCHANT TESTIFIES.

GENTLEMEN.—I write to tell you how good I have found Hagyard's Yellow Oil for sore throat. In one family alone the Yellow Oil cured several bad cases, and my customers now recognize its great value. They seem to prefer it to all others.

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

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