

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

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The following letter has been addressed by the Corresponding Secretary to all the societies in the League:

F. B. Y. P. L.

NEXT ANNUAL SESSION, WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUG. 3, 1897. ARE YOU GOING?

Wilson's Beach, Campobello, Aug. 26, '96.

Dear brothers and sisters.—The session of our League, judged from whatever standpoint we please, was a blessed success. We have entered upon a new year, and already many are asking what shall it be? Shall we not make this year, and our next convention, the best in our history? The life and usefulness of our League depends upon the life and activity of the local societies. In order that a society shall live, it must work. It needs the faithful service of consecrated young men and women each filling his or her place, loyally and faithfully.

Our work is before us. First, there should be faithful co-operation with your pastor and church officers, in all departments of your church work.

Second, the interests of our wide denominational field should be upon every heart. In order that you may be thus interested in the cause it is necessary to keep posted in the work. I recommend every member to become a regular reader of the INTELLIGENCER. Our department is published every fortnight; read it regularly.

The Orphanage again calls for our support. Thankful for past blessing, we hope for greater this year. The executive is considering the advisability of organizing county conventions or local unions. If this work is undertaken, we trust we shall have your sympathy and support.

A self-denial and prayer week has been appointed again this year. Of this you will receive due notice later. In the meantime, bear it in mind; talk it up.

I remain yours, &c.,
J. BOLTON DAGGETT,
Cor. Sec.

From Rev. E. B. Stiles.

The following letter was sent by Rev. E. B. Stiles to the rally of Free Baptist young people at Hillsdale, Mich. It may do our young people good to read it:

To the Young People Assembled in the C. E. Free Baptist Rally.

DEAR FELLOW-WORKERS:—We of the India F. B. C. E. societies send you greeting. Our hearts and prayers are with you, that in all your deliberations you may have the assurance that what you have done has been for the glory of God.

We rejoice with you in the growth of the societies in Christian lands, and are glad to assure you that the work is spreading in this land. I prefer to come a little nearer now and talk in the first person. It was my privilege to be present at the C. E. meeting at Bhimpore last night. One committee brought in a report that did me good. If every C. E. society in the world had such a committee and the committee did its work, it is difficult to say what the results would be, but it is easier to infer that the results would be great. Now as to the report. The society has a committee on preaching and tract distribution. On Saturdays this committee goes to a market five miles away to distribute tracts, and to tell those who will listen of the Saviour of sinners. The report for yesterday was that the people heard gladly, took tracts freely, and that the preachers were blessed in their efforts.

I do not wish to talk of his work specially. The great thing that the mission cause needs on the part of the churches at home is loyalty to Christ. The C. E. stands for that. Let not the phrase become meaningless through much repetition, but let every C. E. be a living example of loyalty to Christ. Do you see what I am aiming at?

When once the church is made up of loyal Christians, there will be no lack of men and means to carry on all the work that the world needs. Hence I urge again, be loyal to Christ.

I beseech you in the name of Christ that you will every one, before the convention comes to a close, prayerfully ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Don't make your plans in life without reference to him. Give him a chance to call you into the ministry, the mission field, or into business, or into any of the professions that he may choose. Dear fellow-workers, I feel sure, that, if the convention delegates at the rally should take a half-hour to just listen for his voice, that many would hear him saying, "Freely ye have received, freely give"; or, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

This field needs a dozen more strong men with good wives, let him call them from this rally. The home field needs scores, let the need be a call from God to some of you.

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and forever. Amen."

Yours in the love of Jesus,
E. B. STILES.

Midnapore, India, 1896.

Young People's Society Items.

The flowers in a New Jersey churchyard are cared for entirely by the Junior Christian Endeavor society.

Some Japanese delegates to the annual Christian Endeavor convention at Kyoto travelled a distance of five hundred miles.

The Cherokee Indian delegate travelled eight hundred miles in order to get to the Colorado Christian Endeavor convention.

Hawaii, the first foreign land to adopt Christian Endeavor, has just held its first national convention.

Fifteen sailors on a vessel visiting San Diego Harbor, were led to a public confession of Christ by the Floating Society of Christian Endeavor committee.

A weekly meeting attended by more than a score of bluecoats is held in one of the police stations of Philadelphia by some Christian Endeavorers of that city.

A wonderful service was held in the Kentucky State prison at Eddyville, by a large number of delegates at the close of the Kentucky Christian Endeavor convention. Two hundred prisoners publicly expressed a desire to lead Christian lives.

Across the burning, broiling plains of Mexico two plucky Endeavorers travelled afoot for eight days in order to attend the first national convention of Mexican Christian Endeavor societies at Zacatecas. Other delegates did almost as heroically.

Some Chelsea, Mass., Endeavorers in common with a number of other societies in various parts of the country, have given fresh air excursions to poor children. The Chelsea Endeavorers took their little guests to the seashore and provided them with lunch.

An interesting side-light on the results of the International Christian Endeavor Conventions is given by a letter just received by a young woman in the Northwest Territory. She writes, I am now a missionary among the Indians here, as a result of the missionary rally held during the Boston Conventions.

Great Britain now contains more than one hundred thousand Christian Endeavorers. The recent international convention at Bristol was too big for any one building. In one open parliament ninety speeches were made within thirty minutes. Last year 1000 new societies were formed in Great Britain and 9000 persons were led into the church through the Christian Endeavor society.

Pledge Expanders and Pledge Condensers.

Some young people are pledge-expanders. They belong to the Doolittle family. They are good at packing. They can pack their Bible-reading into a verse, their daily prayer into two sentences, their prayer-meeting participation into "Please sing No. 62," and "Want to reconsecrate myself," their committee work into attending one committee meeting and sending excuses from the rest. They are absent from two consecutive consecration meetings, but manage to get around regularly to the third. Their motto is not, "What I can do," but "What I cannot help doing." They are pledge condensers.

Then there are other young people that are pledge expanders. They read between the lines of the

pledge, and get out of it everything that is in it—and there is a great deal. If obliged to be absent from any meeting, they send a message. They not only do what the chairman of their committee tells them to, but they hunt up side-jobs of their own. They actually think of the subject of the prayer-meeting all the week. They do not jump at the first thought upon it that occurs to them, and glad to get that but they think up a great many thoughts, and carefully choose for the meeting only the very best. Their daily Bible-reading is a regular and thorough course of study in the Book of books. Their daily prayer—twice a day, by the way, with many times in between—is a long, earnest talk with Father. Their motto is "How much." They belong to the great Goodmeasure family, who came over with William the Conqueror, and have been conquering ever since.

And now, dear Endeavorer, are you a pledge-condenser or a pledge-expander? Honor bright, now!—Golden Rule.

Sunday Bicycles.

"Dear Dr. Clark:—Will you kindly give in your talks with young men your opinion as to bicycle-riding on Sunday? If it is not wrong, I would very much like to take a ride on my wheel Sunday afternoon or early Sunday morning before church. I feel that it would not hurt my spiritual life at all, but rather would make me feel in better condition to listen to a sermon, or do anything else in that line the rest of the day. I know some people think it is wrong; still, these same people go for long walks, and think that all right, and I see no more harm in one than the other."

Dr. Clark's answer, in *The Golden Rule*, is as follows:—Your question is one of genuine moment, my dear friend, and one that cannot be dismissed with a single word of authority. Many a young person has wished, I know, that there was some prophet or pope to decide these questions for him. But, thank God, Protestantism has no pope, and our manhood or womanhood is developed as it could be in no other way by facing just such questions for ourselves, recognizing our accountability and responsibility, and deciding what is right for us as individuals before God.

There are two things to be considered in deciding this question. One is the effect of Sunday bicycling on yourself. You say that it will do you no harm, but rather good. Perhaps you are right. But of that I am not quite sure. Are you certain that it will not lower your reverence for the Sabbath and your general moral standard more than a quiet walk for fresh air and exercise?

But, after all, this question, and many other like it resolves itself into Cain's old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, and no man rideth his bicycle to himself. We are involved in so complex a network of relationships one with another that others must be considered in deciding any such question.

You are not a Robinson Crusoe, with your man Friday and your goat and parrot on a desert island.

Will your bicycle lead somebody else to break the Sabbath? Will your spin before church keep some body away from church who otherwise would go? Shall you be counted among Sabbath-breakers, and your profession of religion be discounted, if you take a ride just for exercise Sunday morning? Will your example do something to break down the sanctity of the Sabbath? All these questions must be settled before you join the ranks of Sunday bicyclers.

Does this seem a narrow, cramped sort of life—always living in fear of public opinion? Ah, there is one motive that raises any such self-denial above the fear of public opinion, above mere expediency. It is the same motive that has sent martyrs to the stake and missionaries to the cannibals, and is today nerving our fellow Christians in Armenia by the thousand to give up their lives. "The love of Christ constraineth us." Therefore, we will not ride if it will bring dishonor upon His name, or will cause others to desecrate His day.

The Second Marriage.

How cozy you do look! I could not help saying as I sank into an easy chair opposite my two old friends whom I had not met in five years.

We are enjoying our second marriage, answered my friend, with a merry laugh.

Your second marriage! I looked at her in amazement. I knew she had never married any man except the one beside her, and she had been his wife for over thirty years.

You see, she continued, tucking the silvery hair beneath the dainty cap, when Will and I first married,

we had only each other to think of and care for. To this day I love to think of those first two years. Then a little one came to share our affection. What with making dainty little dresses and keeping busy hands and feet out of mischief, I could not always think to have my husband's slippers by the fire, or his hat and gloves in just the right place. As the years passed and our children grew, our interest was centred in their welfare; we had less time to think of each other; now they are married and settled in homes of their own, and we have gone back just where we started, with only each other to care for.

And do you enjoy the same? I asked.

More, she answered quickly; then we had to learn each other's likes and dislikes; now we know them, and can gratify each other's wishes, almost before they are spoken.

I watched them during the day, and noted how careful he was to do all little errands, to save her steps, and how quietly she arranged everything for his comfort. When he praised the lunch hereyes brightened just as I imagined they did in those first years. We lingered long at the table, chatting of old times and old friends. His voice was strong, and his laugh was as hearty and fresh, as years ago, while she had lost none of her peculiar powers of entertaining.

I wondered then, and many times since, why there could not be many more such second marriages. Why, as the years pass, instead of drifting apart, husbands and wives could not be drawn more closely together, helping and cheering each other in their declining years, until they pass over the river and sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb. —Selected.

One Girl's Work.

A few years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday school. She was told that the classes were so full that there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed, the little girl began to save pennies (her family were poor) for the purpose of enlarging the church, in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however; so that when the pastor of this church was called to her bedside a few months later he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of six and a half years.

The little sufferer died, and a week later there were found in her battered red pocketbook (which had been her savings bank) fifty-seven pennies and a scrap of paper, which told in childish print the story of her ambition and the purpose of her self-denial.

The story of that little pocket-book and its contents, and of the unfaltering faith of the little owner, got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men laboured and women sang and children saved to aid in its fulfilment. These fifty-seven pennies became the nucleus of a fund which in six years grew to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and today this heroine's picture (life size) hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building at which fourteen hundred students attend, and connected with which there are a church capable of seating eight thousand, and a hospital for children named for the good Samaritan, and a Sunday school room large enough to accommodate all the girls and boys who have yet asked to enter it.

A fairy story? It reads like one, but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May Wiatt, and the splendid institutions described are located in Philadelphia.—Harper's Round Table.

Every man who follows Christ leads somebody else.

The true nature of repentance is seen in a man's life.

Doubt of whatever kind can be ended by action alone.—Carlyle.

Scrofula Cured
Dear Sirs,—After I had doctored for two years for scrofula all over my body and received no benefit, I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which gave me relief very quickly, and after using six bottles I was completely cured. I can recommend B. B. B. very highly.
Mrs. A. FORD, Toronto, Ont.

A Woman's Heart.
Derangement of the heart and nerves in women is followed by various nervous disorders, such as Hysteria, Melancholia, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Palpitation and Pains and Aches in various parts of the body. In such cases strengthen the heart and build up the nervous system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

What Others Think of Us.

It is wrong to be too much concerned about what people may think of us, but it is not right to hold other people's opinions concerning us in contempt. The slave to public opinion is in no worse bondage than the slave to self, who has no respect for anybody's opinion save his own. The man who does not care a fig what people think of him, rarely does anything to justify people in thinking well of him. We need to estimate the opinions of others at their true value.—S. S. Times.

The law of life is growth, an unfolding development. First, the blade, then the stalk and full corn; first the babe, then the man; a handful of people, then a nation; first the babe in Christ, then the man in Christ.

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