

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the N. B. Y. P. S. L.
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President, Rev. A. McNinch; Vice Presidents, Rev. G. M. Wilson; E. E. Letson and Mrs. James Cushing; Recording and Cor. Secretary, Miss Lizzie V. Prosser; Treasurer, Miss Lavinia Sargeant.

The Convention Programme.

WOODSTOCK, AUG. 3-5.

Tuesday, 8 p. m. Addresses of welcome by the Pastor and President of Woodstock Society. Responses by President Case and Secretary Daggett.

WEDNESDAY.

9.30 a. m. Half hour Social Service.
10 a. m. Roll call; Reading of minutes; Reports of Societies; appointment of committees; Reports of delegates; introduction of visiting delegates.
2 p. m. Half hour Devotional exercises.
2.30 Reading minutes of last session; paper by Mr. Frank S. Hartley, and discussion; Report of summarizing Committee; Report of Treasurer.
8 p. m. Sermon, by Rev. John Nason, of Houlton, Maine, Paper by Miss Jessie Slipp, and discussion; special offering for missions.

THURSDAY.

9.30 a. m. Half hour devotional service.
2.30 p. m. Reports of Committees; General Business; Paper by Miss Kate Phillips, and discussion.
2 p. m. Half hour devotional service.
2.30 Unfinished business; paper by Rev. B. H. Nobles.
8 p. m. Farewell and Consecration meeting led by the President.

ORPHANAGE FUND.

Bear Island Society..... 5 81
Wilson's Beach..... 25 90
Tracey Station..... 1 00
T. A. LINDSAY, Treasurer.

Woodstock, July 22.

Ask Them.

The leaders of prayer meetings often make a mistake when they fail to ask certain ones to take some part in the meeting. As a general thing the leaders, if they call upon any particular person to offer prayer or speak, select some gifted one, or one who is self-reliant and has a ready utterance, and never call upon one whose talent appears very small and whose manners are awkward. This is a grave mistake. It is wrong. It wrongs the slighted ones out of special opportunities which they might have for developing themselves and for increasing the power of the church and the young people's societies. But some influential Christian workers tell us that they set slight value upon the testimony of those who have to be called upon by name to take some part in the meeting. They say that, unless one be so filled by the Spirit and so interested in divine things that he will pray or speak in meeting without being personally asked to, he had better keep still. This is not wise. The fact is, there are very bashful, timid persons who need to be called out, and they often long for the leader to just ask them to pray or say a few words. Such a thing helps them greatly. It encourages them more than can be told. By all means take pains to ask the weak, shy ones to speak or pray.

Two Reminders.

The bright workers of the Congregational Junior Society of Attleboro, have sent this letter through the Lookout Committee to all delinquents:

"Dear Friend,—We have missed you very much from our meetings. Will you not try to come every Sunday? We will try to have our meetings in the evening, and are sure that they would be of much more value to you. The topic for the meeting next Sunday at four o'clock is, 'How may we do better work?' Will you please receive the following verse?"

"Yours Sincerely,
"Lookout Committee."

Another letter, this time a note of invitation, was sent out by the same committee to Sunday-school scholars and strangers. It read as follows:

"Dear Friend,—Did you know that some of us boys and girls meet in the vestry of the church every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, and hold real nice meetings? Our name is the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor."

"Will you not come next Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, and see if you would not like to belong too?"

"Your loving friends,
"The Lookout Committee."

A Dangerous Tendency.

It is feared that not a few of our young people's organizations are making a sad mistake in their method of conducting devotional meetings. Instead of fresh thought on the subject, applied to individual life, there is a dreary reading of notes prepared by others. The lesson helps intended as stimuli to intellectual and religious activity thus become the means of stultifying both. A universal condemnation of reading in the devotional meeting is not intended; but the reading of Scripture and of articles related to the subject to the entire displacement of original thought and testimony is a dangerous plan. An hour that should be filled with ringing praise, fervent prayer, and original suggestion is too often taken up with much song, reading, and unexplained Scripture. Having learned to hobble on crutches, we may find that we know not how to walk. Whatever saves the individual from intellectual effort and religious activity is a positive hindrance to his development.

That such an evil tendency exists few students of the situation can doubt. Its causes are not so evident. We venture to suggest three.

1. There is in many quarters a distaste for earnest thinking. It is so much easier to entertain the thought and feelings suggested by the circumstances of the hour, than it is to concentrate the mind on a given subject. Hence, we attend our devotional meetings with little or no previous study.

2. There is frequently a little useless pride. If the leader thrusts a paragraph into our hands, we are tolerably sure we can read it without being criticised for grammatical or rhetorical inadvertency.

3. There is a failure to surrender completely to the direction of the Holy Spirit. In the ideal devotional meeting each one responds quickly and cheerfully to the promptings of the Spirit.

An evil is corrected by removing its causes. If the causes here suggested are the true ones, we can remove a dangerous tendency by stimulating each other to study by banishing a false pride, by surrendering ourselves to be used by the Holy Spirit. "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works."—Epworth Herald.

Why?

"Please excuse my tardiness this afternoon," said Helen Wells, approaching her teacher after school. "I suppose you have a good excuse," said Miss Page, smiling at the young girl.

"Yes, and you will think so, too. I met Mr. Pearson on the street, and he told me he had been appointed to lead the Christian Endeavor meeting this evening, but could not because of having been called out of town. He asked me to see Alice Bertram and ask her to take his place. And I thought she ought to have a little notice, you know."

"Certainly, your excuse is ample." "I thought it would simply be to tell her and hurry on, but I found her not at all well, so we spent a few moments trying to decide whom next to call on. But I am afraid we are going to have to fall back on Mr. Merrill."

"I know he doesn't like that, when he has other services this week."

"Yes, and I am sorry, but I fear that our few reliables are for various reasons not to be had."

"Why don't you do it yourself, Helen?"

"I? O—Why I couldn't Miss Page."

"Why not?"

"Because I have never done it."

"But there has to be a beginning to everything. You can't begin earlier."

"But, you see, I am not that sort."

"What sort do you mean?"

"Why, the sort of girl that does that sort of thing," went on Helen, with a half laugh. "Alice is. She leads Endeavor meetings and never neglects prayer-meetings, and whenever there is anything really good to be done she is always the one to do it."

"But, my dear child," said Miss Page as she pressed an arm tenderly around the young girl, "why shouldn't you do these things as well as Alice?"

"Why, I'm trying to explain to you, Miss Page. I don't do them and Alice does. They are expected of her."

"Still, dear, I cannot see why

they should be expected more of her than of you."

"She is so—well, so consecrated. Just so with Mr. Pearson. People look to him in just the same way. No one would think of expecting of Ned Hastings, for instance, what they do of him. There's just the same difference between Alice and me."

"Well, I must keep on with my questioning. Now, Helen, why should Alice Bertram and Mr. Pearson be more consecrated than are you, or Ned Hastings, or a score of others of whom 'such things' are not, as you truthfully say, expected. Why is there any more obligation upon them to be earnest in the Master's work than others?"

Helen soberly met her teacher's eyes.

"Miss Page, I don't know."

"Is there any reason?"

"I only know that people look to them, because they are ready to do things, and seem to think it's more their work than that of others."

"Yes, and forget to question why the Lord should require so much more from these consecrated ones than from others; and forget—ah, my dear, the rich reward which belongs with the full consecration. Why do you place such limitations on yourself? Why rob yourself of the rich blessing which follows perfect service?"

With a sober face Helen arose to leave her teacher.

"Miss Page, you have asked me more questions than I could answer in a day, or a month, or a year."

And as she walked alone, they still pressed on her. Why? Why? Can some others answer?

When Mr. Moody First Left Home.

There are acts of love shown me when I was a mere child that have influenced my whole life. There were nine of us children, and my widowed mother had very great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. My next older brother had found a place for me to work during the winter months in a neighboring village about thirteen miles away, and early one November morning we started out together on our dismal journey. Do you know November has been a dreary month to me ever since? As we passed over the river and up the opposite side of the valley we turned to look back for a last look at home. It was to be my last view for weeks, or months, perhaps forever, and my heart well-nigh broke at the thought. That was the longest journey I ever took, for thirteen miles was more to me at ten than the world's circumference has ever been since.

When at last we arrived in the town I had hard work to keep back the tears, and my brother had to do his best to cheer me. Suddenly he pointed to some one and said, "There's a man that'll give you a cent; he gives one to every new boy that comes to town." I was so afraid that he would pass me by that I planted myself directly in his path. He was a feeble, old, white-haired man. As he came up to us my brother spoke to him, and he stopped and looked at me. "Why, I have never seen you before. You must be a new boy," he said. He asked me about my home, and then, laying his trembling hand upon my head, he told me that, although I had no earthly father, my heavenly Father loved me, and then he gave me a bright new cent. I do not remember what became of that cent, but that old man's blessing has followed me for over fifty years, and to my dying day I shall feel the kindly pressure of that hand upon my head. A loving deed costs very little, but done in the name of Christ, it will be eternal. This divine love is what the church of God needs to-day. We discuss and argue over methods and means, but, after all, the solution of the problem is love. —Dwight L. Moody.

Specimen of Work Done Inside.

One of my friends, says the Rev. Charles Garrett, is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin shop in Manchester, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money had gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, he said: "Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What is the matter?"

"O, you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the largest sheet you have."

The sheet of paper was soon produced.

Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk? said my friend.

Why, whatever are you going to do?

You shall see presently.

He then quickly printed in large letters: Specimen of work done inside! He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers by stopped, and read aloud: Specimen of the work done inside.

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded in an angry voice, Who did this?

Which? asked my friend, who had now joined the crowd. If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning, when he arose he was sober; when he walked down the street, on his way to work, he was sober; when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of work done inside?—Gems of Illustration.

Sir Andrew Clark's Presence of Mind.

Sir Andrew Clark was once at the top of a tall building in London admiring the view of the surrounding country. While thus employed he was touched on the shoulder by a quiet-looking man, who slowly, remarked, to the great astonishment of Sir Andrew, "Sir, I am going to throw you off." As the quiet looking man was the larger, and there was no help at hand the matter for the moment assumed a very serious aspect. Fortunately for Sir Andrew, he is possessed of rare presence of mind, and in a bantering way he exclaimed: "Pooh! that's nothing; anybody could throw a man off from here. Now, if you want to do something great, try and throw me up here from the ground."

"Well, I can do that," said the maniac, for such he proved to be, "and if you will kindly descend to the street I will prove it."

"With pleasure," Sir Andrew replied, and with great decorum the two descended to the street, where the maniac was quickly handed into the custody of the law. —Harper's Round Table.

A COMMON MISTAKE—"Walter is so stupid!" I heard a mother remark one day. "Not in the least like Richard who learns with ease, and does us so much credit. I tell his father we must be contented if Walter can graduate at the foot of the class."

Poor Walter heard this! Was it any wonder that his next report was marked by repeated failures and demerits!

"Susan is shy and self-conscious, so I keep her in the back ground, and let Sophy represent the family," another lady complacently said, her criticism tending to add to Susan's awkwardness and to inflate the pretty Sophy.

I hold that few things are worse in character-building than dwelling on the defects of a person, and that no mistakes are worse in far reaching effect for ill than those made by parents who expect little from their young people, and let the latter find it out. To discuss children at all in the presence of others is, to say the least injurious; but it is doubly so when their faults and errors are made the theme of talk. A boy has been irretrievably injured before now in the estimation of the community by the thoughtlessness of his mother in relating his juvenile misdeeds, and a girl can grow up with a reputation for ill-temper and ingratitude simply through the unfortunate comment of her home people on certain phases of her youthful life.

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color-food, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

A Summer Specific.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, canker of the mouth and all bowel complaints of children or adults. It is a soothing, effectual and never failing medicine, which gives immediate relief and speedily effects a cure.

Speaks from Experience.

Mr. J. W. Tomlinson, Amherstburg, Ont., speaks from experience when he says:—"I am well satisfied with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are undoubtedly the best medicine on the market for any one afflicted with urinary feeling, cramps, numbness, etc. They cured me and removed all my pains and aches."

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Did You Ever Think:

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has made you better and braver because of it?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness, day by day, are really greater than one immense act of goodness shown once a year?

That the ability to keep a friend is much greater than required to gain one?—Christian Worker.

The only church in Washington, D. C., which pays the superintendent of its Sunday school a salary, for devoting his whole time to the work of the Sunday school, is the Sunday Baptist church. The Sunday school of that church is not only the largest in Washington, but the largest in the South. It has a "Sunday-school house" separate from the church proper.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS.
CURE
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CONSTIPATION
SICK HEADACHE
AND ALL LIVER TROUBLE

As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly and if a stronger action desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases where a purgative is necessary, the pills will be found sufficient. The pills leave no unpleasant after effects. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

Mother's L.

Push—by b
Mother will
is the moan of the
Angels are li
Bright stars
the sentinals watching

Hush—aby, I
What shall I
taketh the bird to her
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Teddy's W
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With her gentle