YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

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Prayer Meeting Topics.

Apr. 18—Different kinds of death and the conquest of them. I Cor. 15 : 50-53. (An Easter topic.)

Apr. 25—What is true liberty, and how it is won? John 8 : 30-40.

May 2—Christian enterprise. Jonah 3 : 1-10.

May 9—Why I love Jesus. I John 4: 14-17. (A union meeting with the Juniors suggested, to be led by the Junior Superintendent.)

May 16—Some things worth living for. I John 2 : 12-17.

May 23—Peace: when to seek it, and how. Gen. 13 : 5-18.

May 30—"That ye bear much fruit." John 15 : 1 14.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

Following are the subjects, as adopted at the last session of the League, for which the Young People are asked to make special prayer. dring self-denial week. We trust that the local officers will see that it is brought thoroughly before the Societies. Have it generally understood that each member is expected to be interested and pray for these, our intere-ts. I have forwarded to each local secretary a copy of the subjects, and hope none will be negligent of their duty.

SUNDAY.
Our Pastor and Church.

MONDAY.
Our League and its officers.

TUESDAY.
Our General Conference.

WEDNESDAY.
Our Home Misson Work.

THURSDAY.
Our Foreign Mission Work.

FRIDAY.
Our young men and women to go into the Harvest Fields.

SATURDAY.
Our young men in schools and colleges

Taylor Village Society.

A Y. P. S. C. E., was organized here Jan. 8th., 1896, by Rev. E. S. Parker, with a membership of fifteen,—ten active, and five associate members.

We now have a membership of twenty active, and seven associate members. All of the charter associate members have since united with the church.

Our weekly prayer meeting is well attended. Rev. Mr. Swim from Petitcodiac, spoke to us Mar. 14, from the topic, "How the C. E. pledge strengthens the christian life;" and at our next meeting he gave a temperance address. His words were helpful and encouraging. God has been with us, and we feel encouraged to go on with the work.

ELLA E. TAYLOR,
Secretary.

March 31st, '97.

Fill the Pews.

Dear Christian Endeavourers, fill the empty pews of your churches. Nothing discourages every form of Christian work so much as meagre audiences on Sunday. If you bring your youthful energy and zeal into the work of recruiting congregations, you will vitalize the work of the Church in every part. Be present yourselves, and seek to bring others, and you will win the sympathy, the gratitude, aud the confidence of ministers and office-bearers as you could in no other way.

Ten "I Cans" in the Devotional Meeting.

1. I can be present.
2. I can be pleasant.
3. I can be prepared to take part by a study of the topic.
4. I can sing, if only a little.
5. I can testify for my Saviour.
6. I can pray for the leader.
7. I can kill the meeting by a ong speech or prayer.
8. I can offer a public prayer.
9. I can make my part of the meeting successful by doing what I can do promptly.
10. I can make people want to come again" because I make them welcome, especially by shaking hands after the meeting.

How to Test Amusements.

1. Do they rest and strengthen, or weary and weaken the body?
2. Do they strengthen and rest, or weary and weaken the brain?
3. Do they make resistance to temptation easier or harder?
4. Do they increase or lessen love for virtue, purity, temperance and justice?
5. Do they give inspiration and quicken enthusiasm, or stupify the intellectual and harden the moral nature?
6. Do they increase or dimish respect for manhood or womanhood?
7. Do they draw one nearer to, or remove one farther from, the Christ?

Danger of Laughing.

Smiles are usually little rays of sunlight that lighten the way of those about us, but sometimes a little laugh out of place will cause a soul to be lost. I knew a young man who became a Christian. He was weak, but willing and earnest. In order to help him grow he was asked to lead the Young People's meeting. He did so. While he was up he noticed some thoughtless young ladies in the rear of the room laughing. Weak and sensitive, as many of us are in our spiritual childhood, he imagined they were laughing at him. As he passed from the room he took me by the hand and said: "I am not coming back any more." "Why not?" I said. "Why, I saw those girls laughing at me when I was trying to do my duty in my blundering way, and I am 'done.'" I never saw that young man in the church after that; and the last I knew of him he was a wreck. Dear young friend, be careful when you laugh, and where. You may cause angels to weep if by so simple an act you cause a weak disciple to stumble. If our heart is right with God we will not often have any occasion to laugh while some weak one is bearing his part in such a service. If this incident will prove helpful to even one person who may read it, I will have a great reason to praise God that I have related it.—Chris. Standard.

How They Caught Cold.

It would be hard to tell which one of three was in the most alarming condition. Only a common bad cold—but in each case the Doctor shook his head because there were suggestions of alarming consequences to follow.

The first one was contracted by exposure. There was a cold driving rain, and, though his friends protested that he should not go out, the young man walked two miles in the face of the storm.

Lack of proper food was the verdict with the next patient. The bit of bread and tea she took before she went to her work, satisfied her, but it did not create sufficient heat to fortify her against the changes of the weather.

The third victim to the bad cold was a society woman. She thought too much of her trimly-fitting gown and shoes to incumber herself with clumsy wraps and overshoes

The doctor admits that he may be able to "pull these people through," but the cases are a source of worry to him and of expense to the patients. I am led to mention them because of the striking parallel between them and the spiritual indispositions that prevail in most of our churches.

There is Miss Pleasurebent, whose start in the Christian life was so full of promise. She was so certain of herself that she did not hesitate to expose her new resolves and purposes to all sorts of worldly influences. She went very regularly to the Sunday and mid-week services, it is true; but the other nights found her at the theatre, the dance, and the card table. The exposure to these unspiritual influence was too much for her, and almost before she knew it her zeal had grown so cold that there seemed little hope of ever getting it warm again.

Young Mr. Neglectful s case was different. He never exposed himself to untoward influences, and when he joined the church he had a lofty ideal of Christian manhood before him. But he never attained to it; indeed it was not long till he forgot all about it. He did not give attention to Bible-reading and was not regular in his attendance at church. He had ceased to do evil, but he did not learn to do well. No wonder he became cold. Lack of proper nourishment was the cause.

The chird victim was a well meaning young man, also. His everyday duties led him into perilous paths, yet God's grace would not have failed him had he claimed it. He neglected the means provided. He went out unprotected by prayer and the blessings of Christian fellowship. It hardly needs to be said that he fell a prey to temptation.

Of course these are only types of what is troubling most of our churches. The revival may succeed in "bringing them around," but even then we can not forget that a little prevention would have saved all the effort made in their behalf that ought properly to have been spent in saving sinners.—The Lookout.

The Stone Lifted.

It was June; the leafy month of June. The air was balmy and warm. The birds were singing in the trees. A light rain had been falling the greater part of the day. Occasionally the sun shone bright and beautiful between the clouds, and the little raindrops sparkled on the trees like so many diamonds.

It was on this June day that the Baptist Young People's Union for Carey Association met at Yormil. Yormil was a little village lying at the foot of two high hills. To reach the church where the meeting was held you went down one long hill and up another. From the top of the hill you could see the smoke of the great city rising in the distance, for Yormil in its quiet sleepy hollow was but half-a-dozen miles from the great and populous city -its rush and its noise—but this did not very much disturb the quiet villagers. It was in this quiet, sleepy hamlet that the Union had chosen to meet in the year 1896.

In the village there was an old man who had lived about the allotted span of three score years and ten. His life had been one of hard work. At the time of my story he owned a horse and cart, and eked out a very poor living by gathering up the stones on the neighboring farms and selling them to a road company for the purpose of being broken and used on the leading highway through the village. During the long years of his toil the stony heart of the man had not been broken, and he still was a stranger to grace and to God. Many a time he had hard thoughts towards the well dressed Christians, whom he thought selfish and unbrotherly, and truly few were the kind words spoken to John Tomlin, the old stone gatherer. He was known as a blasphemer, as an opponent of all that was considered to be good, and as one who never entered a church or other place of worship.

As the young Christians—young men and maidens—were wending their way down hill and up hill to the place of meeting in the old Baptist Church, John was plying his occupation, and he stopped often and looked at the bright, cheerful, and happy young faces of those who were (notwithstanding the light rain) gladly going up the hill to their meeting.

We can well understand the thoughts which were in John's heart and mind: "This is what they call Christianity. What do these well-dressed happy young people know of the toil and hardships of life? They care only for themselves. If such is Christianity I want none of it."

The meeting opened at ten o'clock in the morning and continued until noon. At noon the ladies of the church where they met furnished a delightful lunch to all the delegates, and pleasant was the fellowship, and holy the conversation, as they met around the table, laden with food for the body.

The meeting went on during the afternoon. It was a delightful occasion. There was praise and their hearts seemed lifted up to heaven. There was prayer, when they seemed to be in the very presence of the King of kings There were addresses which stimulated them to better and more faithful service for Him who had redeemed them by His precious blood. There were many promises made in the silence of the heart that no one heard but God—promises of a better and nobler service in the future.

The afternoon session closed and four young men, who were unable to attend the evening session, left for their homes in the neighboring city. Their duties demanded that they should be at a certain place on that same evening, to take part in another meeting. Down the hill they went, pleasantly chatting about the feast of good things, calling to mind the devout prayers, the good old hymns of praise, the noble words of exhortation. To reach the car which would take them into the city they had to ascend another hill and as they ascended whom should they overtake but our old friend John Tomlin, who with his cart had been ascending the hill, but had been brought to a sudden stop. A large stone he had had in his cart had fallen out and John was evidently endeavoring to lift it up again. This was impossible for the old man to do. His strength was not equal to it. The stone weighed at least 150 pounds and had been rolled into the cart from a bank on a level with it. Besides, the rain had made the roads very muddy and soft and the stone was as if it had been greased. The four young men were walking on the sidewalk in pairs and took in the situation at a glance. One said, Shall we help him up with the stone? And another replied, I guess we'll have to. They looked at their clothes, they looked at the stone. There was a moment's hesitation, but it was only for a moment. They said, Shall we help you? John said, It is too muddy. The young men stepped out into the street; a board was obtained; the stone rolled upon it, white, clean hands went down into the mud under the board and the stone was quickly lifted into the cart. With words of thankfulness and surprise in his face John prepared to go on his way up the hill, while the young men wiped their hands as best they could in the grass growing by the roadside.

But this little incident was not to end in this way. John began to think over it, and he concluded that he had been unjust in his condemnation, and that all were not such as he had thought. He knew that these young men had been attending the meeting during the afternoon, and after he dumped his load of stones on the roadside he wended his way home down the hill into the valley, still thinking of the incident, and when he reached home he decided that he would for the first time in long, long years attend the evening meeting of the young people held in the old church upon the hill-top. After his humble tea he dressed himself in his best and up the hill to the church he went. There he heard for the first time in long years again the story of a Saviour's love, and of Him who had come to help the weary and heavy-laden and to give them rest. And as testimony after testimony was given by young hearts rejoicing in the knowledge that they had been redeemed, witnessing of the Saviour's love for them and His promise to receive every weary, heavy-laden one, the stony heart was broken and old John Tomlin, with tears in his eyes and repentance in his heart, came to Him who said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," and went home that night rejoicing that he too knew Him whom to know is life eternal.

Thus ended the incident of the stone lifted from the roadway into the cart. The four young men went to their work in the city without a thought other than that they had done what they could. The Lord saw and was glad, and that night there was joy in heaven among the angels over one sinner that repented.

Who can tell which shall prosper, this or that?—Can. Baptist.

A Delighted Mother.

A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in silence. The question was repeated: "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother." The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl, who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck, but I do not know why she said I had done her good." "Come to my arms, my darlings!" said the mother; "to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

Work and Worry.

Over work, worry and mental strain last spring caused heart trouble, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills helped me at once and finally cured me. I feel like a new man now.

(Signed) THOS. SINTZEL.
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Home, Sweet Home.

A great singer had just finished singing "Home, Sweet Home," and many of the audience were in tears.

It is a beautiful song, said a girl to an older woman, who sat next to her.

Yes, was the reply, and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. How much happier the world would be if everyone had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain, every day rule of making home sweet.

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that, in spite of her love for her home, she made it unhappy every day of her life by her wilfulness and quick temper. How many of us really do our best to make home happy?—Unidentified.

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