

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

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President, Rev. A. M. McNinch; Vice Presidents, Rev. G. M. Wilson, E. E. Letson and Cor. Secretary, Miss Lizzie V. Prosser; Treasurer, Miss Lavinia Sargeant.

Prayer Meeting Topics.

Mar. 7.—Opportunities to do good, seeing them, using them. John 4:5-15; 1 Cor. 9:19-22.
Mar. 14.—How the Christian Endeavor pledge strengthens the Christian life. 2 Kings 23:1-3, 21-25.
Mar. 21.—How our bodies influence our souls. Dan. 1:8-11. (A temperance topic).
Mar. 28.—What Christian heroism is and does. Luke 9:18-27. 51-62.

Secretarial Jottings.

Bro. Tracey, president of the Tracey's Station Society, writes: "Our Society is progressing steadily; we have better meetings each week." I hope the officers of the local societies are not forgetting that the week of Easter is self-denial week. Do not wait until then to get it before your members; tell them about it early; sow the seed of self-denial and the spirit of self-sacrifice now; let Easter week be the harvest time.

A member of the Wilson's Beach Society writes that she purposes establishing "a special fund for the Orphanage, by special labour and sacrifice." That is good. I hope there is many others making special effort.

I promised you some weeks ago to give you the draft of the programme for the Woodstock Convention; but the Committee on programme have been unable to decide upon a preacher for the annual sermon; as soon as that is settled the programme will be published.

We have prepared a circular letter on self-denial week, for the use of the societies. It is now in the press, and as soon as ready will be forwarded to the societies for distribution. We hope to reach every member, both active and associate.

Christian Endeavor News.

Great Britain now has more than four thousand Christian Endeavor societies.

Three members of a St. Louis Christian Endeavor society are on the way to Africa as missionaries. Two hundred Italians are employed on a city contract two miles from York, Pa. These men were destitute of religious privileges, and one of the Christian Endeavor societies of the town has begun holding gospel services with them.

One psalm a month is committed to memory and used in their meeting by the Endeavorers of a Beverly (Mass.) society.

Following their custom, the Endeavorers of Louisville sent twelve hundred letters to the inmates of the State penitentiary at Christmas time.

A blind man is led to church every Sunday by the missionary committee of a St. Thomas (Ont.) Christian Endeavor society. A practical endeavor.—Telegraph.

An Unchristian Endeavor Exodus.

A young Christian, some time ago, expressed a desire to know how he could best escape criticism. We told him he could not do it. The higher you set your standard the closer you are going to be watched. As an illustration of this, witness how the old story is kept going about the Endeavorers who do not stay for the service that follows the prayer-meeting. Is this ever true? Undoubtedly it is. But observation leads us to venture that, where one Endeavorer is thus rightly censured for his unfaithfulness, a half score of able-bodied Christians who are not Endeavorers, remain away, and no note is taken of the fact.

The Christian Endeavor Society isn't a patent process for making good Christians out of all sorts of material, but it has helped awaken unnumbered thousands to their obligation to their church. The writer has had considerable experience with Christian Endeavorers, and has taken the trouble to trace to their source a number of stories con-

cerning this exodus of Endeavorers, and in every case has found the rumors baseless. In a good many cases they were the result of a mistake upon the part of some one who was perhaps a bit anxious to find fault.

As an example, a night or two ago a good sister was inquiring excitedly where the Endeavorers were going, as she had met a company of them leaving the church. The sister was honest in her belief, but she was mistaken. Of the six young people four were entire strangers, while the other two, though attending the services with tolerable regularity, were not members of the church at all. Yet another story had been set in motion, and the fact that it would be told in good faith did not lessen its harmfulness.

The thing that ought to concern you and me, Endeavorers, is to see that we keep these things from being true. Try to live above criticism, but expect it and profit by it when it comes.—The Outlook.

Encouragement for Young People in Soul-Saving Work.

At a church prayer meeting I heard a young lady relate an interesting story in reference to her endeavors to lead souls to the Saviour. The pastor had made some remarks well calculated to draw out expressions from those in any wise perplexed about service for the Lord. The young lady in question arose and stated how, a little while ago, she had allowed her heart to be greatly troubled about the fact that her life seemed so unfruitful in leading souls to Jesus. She had been tempted to believe that she was doing no good to anyone.

In this state, however, she took the matter to the Lord in earnest prayer. She told Him she was anxious to be helpful to others and to lead some souls to Him. She also told the Lord that if He wanted to use her in any way, He should send some one to her who was really anxious to be saved.

It was not long afterward that a friend came to her and said she was deeply concerned about her soul's salvation, but that she had been unsuccessful in finding true peace. This circumstance the young lady regarded as an answer to her prayer. She at once looked to God for guidance, and in a short time was enabled to rejoice with her friend in a knowledge of her acceptance with Christ.

Here was a young lady who had a true conception of her duty and privilege as a Christian. She was not satisfied with simply being a member of the church and of a young people's society, nor yet with taking part in meetings. She wanted to be a winner of souls. Nothing less should satisfy any child of God.

To all Christian young people let me say, you may be soul-winners. This should be your highest ambition. Other departments of work in the church or in young people's societies are not, indeed, to be neglected; but they should all be subordinate to this one greatest and grandest of works.

But in order that you may be truly successful, you need much of the Holy Spirit—you need a deep love and sympathy for souls. O, that we may all aim at the highest efficiency in the divine art of leading souls to Jesus!—Gospel News.

For "That Tired Feeling"—A Golden Rule Prescription.

"That tired feeling" has got into your Christian Endeavor Society. You know it well enough, and you don't need to have it described. But perhaps you don't know how many sure cures there are for it. The following are all warranted by The Golden Rule:—

Take large doses of prayer—every member. This will be tonic sufficient, but the other remedies mentioned may all be used with profit.

Use the elixir of song; use it freely. It is more exhilarating than wine, and its effects do not pass away.

Take committee exercise, and lots of it. Most of "that tired feeling" in our societies comes from not having half enough to do.

Take a change of scene. Get out of the ruts. Go somewhere on a grand missionary voyage. Start a club or missionary study. Polish up your missionary meetings. There is nothing like the change of air you get from missionary travels at home.

Try electric treatment for the executive committee. Almost invariably, if this committee meets often and regularly, the rest of the society will flourish. Put some lightning, then, into your executive committee.

Use "Daily Food" more faithfully. No wonder some societies get "that tired feeling" when they have so poor an appetite for the bread of life.

Get a bicycle and ride it. You know what our Christian Endeavor bicycle is? The pledge, of course.

Look at it carefully, and you will see in it the two wheels, the chain, the pedals, the handle-bar, the spokes, yes, even the ball bearings and the oil. Try it, and see how quickly you can run away from "that tired feeling."

EXPERIENCE MEETING.—The Baptist Union suggests, as a novel and drawing feature of a business meeting, let every member of the society write to some friend who is active in Christian work, and ask for a plan or method which he has found helpful. Then, at a business meeting, have the letter received in response read by the recipients. Any society may thus receive the benefit of the experience of a wide circle of workers.

The Pinafores.

When I was a little girl, and went to the district school, I had one great trial. In fact, I was sure that no one else in the whole world was as ill-used as I. Every morning, as sure as the hands of the big clock in the dining-room pointed to eight o'clock, and it was time to start for school, I heard my mother's voice calling:—

"Mary, Mary! Com' here!"

How well I knew what that meant! No matter where I ran to escape it, that voice always reached my ears. Then I would drag my feet reluctantly after me to my mother's room. She was always waiting for me there, with a pinafore in her hand, ready to put on me. Those pinafores were my trial, the indignity offered to my pride. They were made of figured or white cambric, and reached from my neck to the bottom of my dresses. They were tied behind with broad "strings," and they had long sleeves; so every bit of my pretty dress was covered up,—and I loved pretty things. I often heard my mother say what a blessing those pinafores were, how they saved my dresses, how dirty children always got at school if they did not wear pinafores; but I would not be reconciled, and for a long time I secretly rebelled against them.

One morning my mother's call was particularly distasteful to me. I was lying on a bench beneath the trees, watching the leaves, which were beginning to fall. I waited a full minute before answering the summons, envying the maple-trees around me the power to flaunt their brilliant red-and-yellow dresses without rebuke. Why must I alone cover up my pretty clothes?

I went upstairs more slowly than usual, and thrust my arms into the objectionable sleeve without a word. Then I turned around sharply to have the pinafore buttoned; and, when my mother had given the strings a final pat, I gave her the usual good-by-kiss mechanically, walked thoughtfully out of the room got my hat, slate, and lunch basket, and started for school. I was meditating how much longer I should have to suffer this indignity. Cousin Annie was eleven. She was a big girl, and would look very funny in pinafores. I was seven. Perhaps it would be only three years. But three years was such a long time! Why, I could hardly remember three years ago!

When I got to school that morning, I found a new scholar sitting at the desk next to mine. She was a wonderful creature, with curly hair, with pink and white skin, so different from the sunburnt faces around her. But what attracted my attention, and kept my eyes fastened upon her, was her apron. It was the daintiest thing I had ever seen. It was made of white muslin. It was low in the neck, and did not reach to within two or three inches of the bottom of her dress. It had little puffs on the shoulders, instead of sleeves; and it was all trimmed with embroidery. My own pinafore seemed plainer and homelier than ever beside it.

As soon as recess began I sidled up to the stranger, and eyed her with open admiration. "What's your name?" I ventured at last. "Gladys Hamilton."

"I think that is a pretty name. I never heard it before. Mine is only Mary Allen," I answered, wishing for the first time that I had had some other.

"My mother says Mary is a beautiful name," Gladys replied graciously. I was so encouraged at this that I felt emboldened to ask another question. "Do you live near here?" I asked her.

"Yes, we have just moved here from Boston. My mamma is sick, and the doctor says she must be kept perfectly quiet."

This was spoken very impressively. "And are you coming here to school all the time?"

"Yes." Then came the question which I had been screwing up my courage to ask ever since I began to talk with her.

"Do you wear those pretty aprons all the time?"

She opened her big brown eyes wide in surprise at the question.

"Yes, excepting when I dress for dinner; then I don't wear any."

The next day Gladys and I ate our lunches together. Then I started to cross the street, to pick the bunch of flowers which I took in every day to the teacher. The wild rose-bushes which grew there now yielded only red berries, but in among the bushes grew golden-rod and asters.

I called to Gladys to come to help me; but she stood at the side of the road, holding back her skirts daintily.

"Mamma won't let me go in the bushes," she answered. "They tear my aprons dreadfully."

"But, then, mine are pinafores." As if that word would account for all differences!

Gladys and I walked home from school by the same road for a short distance; then she turned off on a road that wound up the hill. Just at the corner of these two streets a house had been burned down; and there, by the old cellar, was a beautiful red apple tree, which was a favorite resort of mine when the afternoon session was over. I took Gladys there on this second afternoon. I swung myself up into the low branches.

"Come on!" I called down. "Do you want me to pull you?"

"Mamma won't let me climb trees," she said, looking up at me regretfully. "She says it wears out my sleeves and tears my dress."

"Can't you ever climb trees?" I asked pityingly. She shook her head.

"Well, I'll throw you down some apples, then; and I won't stay up long."

After I had left Gladys I walked home very quietly and very thoughtfully. There was a revolution of ideas going on in my little brain.

That night, when my mother was taking off the once-despised pinafore I said timidly,—

"I think these pin-afores are real nice."

"Do you?" said my mother, with a little smile, remembering many rebellions against them in the past. "Yes, I do," I replied stoutly.

Then the whole story had to be told. After I went to sleep that night, I dreamed that I had tied one of my pinafores on Gladys, and we were sitting on one of the top-most branches of the old apple-tree, eating red apples.—Sunday School Times.

"If He Only Would."

One of those touching incidents which melt all hearts into one glow of sympathy occurred recently in Rochester:

Among the crowd that surged forward towards the gates as the St. Louis express rumbled into the Central Depot, was a little old woman, dressed in black, with a little white face just visible beneath a rusty old bonnet, and above a great comforter wound high around the neck.

Jostled this way and that by the hurrying crowd, she was about to pass through the gate when the gateman stopped her by a motion of the hand and a demand for her ticket.

"I am not going away," she replied. "I didn't buy a ticket."

"Then you can't go through here. Against orders, you know."

"But, sir, my son is coming, and—"

"Can't help it," was the hurried reply. "Stay here, and he will come to you."

"O sir, if he only would!" was the reply; and the tremble in the little woman's voice arrested the impatient murmur of those behind.

O sir, if he only would! but he died in Cleveland last week, and now they are bringing him home in a coffin. He was the only one I had—oh, thank you, sir!"

The gate was thrown wide open, an unknown, friendly hand assisted her on, and in a moment, the sad face of the little old woman in black was lost in the crowd.—Sel.

Look to your health; if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience.

If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in your case?

The turn of a sentence has decided the fate of many a friendship, and, for aught that we know, the fate of many a kingdom.—Jeremy Bentham.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont. writes: "We have been using Parke's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

The Christian Arithmetic.

Notation: "I will put my laws into their hearts, and on their minds will I write them."

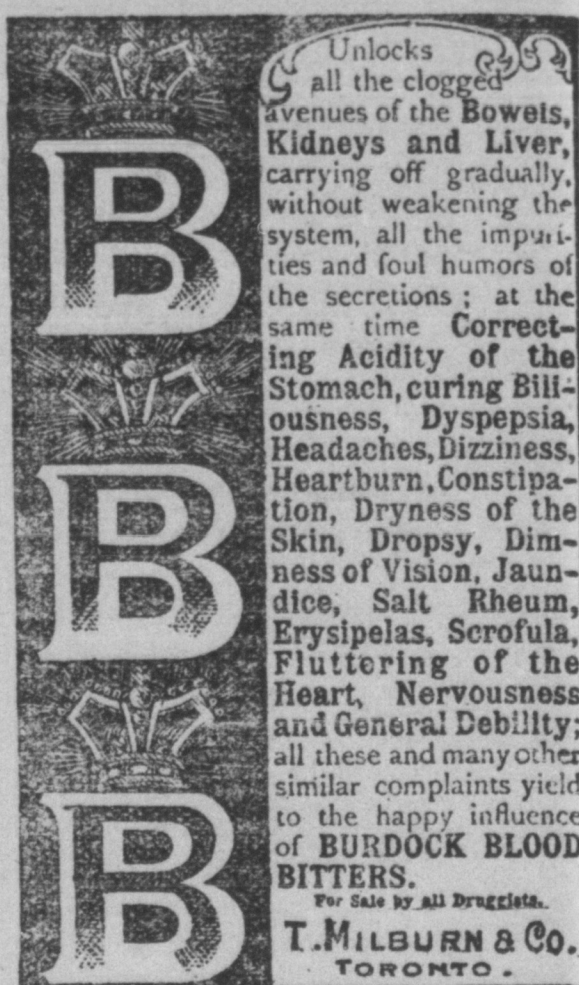
Numeration: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Addition: "Add to you faith, virtue; and virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

Subtraction: Let us put off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."

Multiplication: "Mercy unto you and peace and love be multiplied."

Division: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you"—Unknown.



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