

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

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## Woodstock Society.

Through the winter months our  
Endeavour has been steadily march-  
ing on. As we look back over the  
years that are past we can see ad-  
vance movement all along the line.  
Especially is this noticeable in the  
work of the Lookout committees.  
At the last monthly business meet-  
ing this committee brought in three  
resolutions which if carried out  
cannot fail to add strength to our  
society.

The chairman of this committee  
calls the members together every  
Saturday night. At these meetings  
we discuss the work which we have  
done in the past week, and lay out  
work for the ensuing week. The  
members seem to be interested in  
the work and with few exceptions  
do their work well. The other  
committees are also active. As you  
all know, the second week of April  
was Self Denial week. This society  
raised about seven dollars (\$7.00).  
Two of our Endeavourers were  
baptized and joined the church.

Yours in the work,  
AURABEL T. JOHNSTON,  
Cor. Sec.

Weak and Struggling  
Societies.

There are so many weak and  
struggling societies, reported an  
earnest worker in a great Christian  
Endeavor convention. The same  
might be said of our churches in  
both missionary and home lands in  
our own denomination and many  
others.

But this should not discourage.  
The Young People's movement is  
not weak. The church is not on  
the decline. Both are marching on  
toward victory, and the ultimate  
triumph will certainly be glorious.

A weak society is better than  
none. The struggling society has  
life. That is why it struggles. If  
it struggles for life, there is hope  
that it may live. If it struggles  
for victory, there is prospect of  
victory. And from such struggles  
life abounds in thousands of local-  
ties, and the sound of victory echoes  
throughout the Christian world.  
God gains victory by both the weak  
and the strong.

Do a few persons need to hear  
the burdens? Then it is often the  
case that each of these do more for  
Christ and his church than if the  
number of burden-bearers was  
greater. And that one who carries  
a load walks with a steadier step  
and grows to be stronger, and,  
though sometimes weary, he rests  
well, and his health is promoted.

The wider distribution of Chris-  
tian forces is seen also in so many  
weak and struggling societies, and  
that is gain, for wherever Chris-  
tianity touches it does good. For  
Jesus gains victory not always by  
the strength of those who follow  
him, but by the truth and love that  
is in them.

Talent, influence, power, organiza-  
tion, tact, wealth, numbers, and  
concert of action under wise and  
strongly aggressive leadership are  
desirable. But usually beginnings  
are small, and long years of growth  
or building are necessary to great  
and strong churches. Who hath  
despised the day of small things?  
especially when we are planting for  
God that which will grow.

Are we without prestige? Jesus  
and the apostles had no great  
prestige in their time. Paul  
planted churches scattered about  
hundreds of miles. All of these  
were weak and struggling. It is  
better to struggle and do something  
than to sit down in ease and reap  
the reward to which another is  
entitled. It is better to earn a  
fortune than have one given you,  
even though the former is not half  
so great as the latter. It is better  
to plant or build up a church than  
simply occupy a place in one some  
one else has made strong. He who  
plants a church does a greater work  
than he who founds an empire.

Bible figures representing the church  
sometimes suggest rest, but never  
idleness and luxury. The vineyard,  
the army, etc., to work, to fight, to

endure, to persevere, to run, to  
mount up, to praise God, to rejoice,  
activity, activity everywhere is to  
characterize the church.

So the question is not, How weak  
or strong are we? how many or how  
few? how rich or how poor? but,  
Are we at work planting and water-  
ing? Then God will give the in-  
crease. Every mission is small in  
its beginning, and usually remains  
so for many years. Churches are  
small usually in their earlier years.  
Besides a church is not unlike a  
tree in its growth, in that the one  
that grows steadily and not too  
rapidly is most likely to stand the  
storms and has in it timber of  
greater value.—Telescope.

## Inasmuch As Ye Did It Not.

## A STORY OF A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Harry Fawcett came out of the  
dining-room and lingered in the  
hall. It was Sunday morning. He  
had breakfasted late, as usual on  
that morning. On other days he  
was at his office before nine.

A young lawyer, he said, must  
look as if he had business, if he  
means to have any, and Harry  
though a rich man, was ambitious  
to do good work in his profession.  
He took out his note book and  
glanced over his engagements for  
the day and week; dinners, break-  
fasts, balls, parties. Harry was a  
favorite in society.

Somehow to-day these things  
bored him. It suddenly flashed  
upon him that his life was poor and  
filled with trifles.

There is some stuff in me fit for  
better work than this! he thought,  
as he stood in the hall hesitating.  
There was a fine picture in the  
drawing-room. He looked at it.  
If I could paint something that  
would last, or write a book! Some-  
thing that would give thousands of  
people comfort and happiness when  
I am gone! he thought.

On the other wall was a picture  
of a returned missionary showing  
his scars given by the savages.  
Harry's blood warmed. I, too,  
could sacrifice myself for a great  
cause, he said. But what cause do  
I care for? There is not a single  
great purpose in life.

He looked out at the sunny  
street, down which the people were  
hastening to church. He grew  
grave and thoughtful. He remem-  
bered how, when he was a little  
fellow, his mother took him to  
church. Her religion had been her  
life. She had died when he was  
still a boy.

Is her faith what I need? his  
soul asked, groping in the darkness  
for something live and real.

His sister was professedly a re-  
ligious girl. She was very active  
in the church. But he had never  
spoken to her of her religion. She  
was coming now, on her way to  
church.

She came down the stairs button-  
ing her glove. Something in her  
brother's face startled her. Could  
Harry be unhappy? If they were  
more intimate she would ask him  
what troubled him. She hesitated,  
and he came quickly up to her.

Going to church, Alice?

Yes, of course.

It counts for a good deal to  
you, eh? Church, I mean. It's a  
help in life, I suppose?

There is not much help in Doctor  
Ray's sermons. He has no ability.  
And the choir is not up to mark.

He walked with her out of the  
door. There was a hunger in his  
soul that must be stayed. Even  
her jesting tone did not drive him  
back.

She has the secret. My mother  
had it. I might learn it—perhaps  
in the hymns or prayers.

But Alice joked about the hats  
and gowns of the women they  
passed. If you will come to church  
you will see such guys! she ex-  
claimed. It is a perfect study in  
costume.

Thank you. I will not go.

He left her at the corner and  
sauntered down to the club. That  
night when they met at dinner he  
was his usual gay self.

Are you quite well, Harry? she  
asked. I thought you looked pale  
and troubled this morning.

I fell into an anxious mood and  
was inclined to take life seriously,  
he said somewhat bitterly. But no-  
body else does it, and why should I?

Your trouble is gone, then?

O, quite gone! he said.

She was silent, for in spite of his  
light tone she felt that he blamed  
her. What had she done?

She puzzled about it during  
dinner, but soon forgot it. Harry  
and his sister journeyed side by  
side through life for years. But  
between them there was a great  
gulf, and she never tried to cross it.  
She had lost her opportunity.—

Onward.

## Training the Will.

Her first remembrance of the  
conquering power of her own will  
is that on a certain occasion, when  
she was about two years old, she  
was trotting along by her mother's

side on her way to make a call,  
when her attention was attracted  
by a little red cart, which was  
displayed at the side of a shop door.  
She wanted it, of course, and calm-  
ly took possession of it. It was ex-  
plained to her that the plaything  
was not hers, and she must leave  
it; but Midget already understood  
something of commercial transac-  
tions and commanded mamma to  
buy that tart for baby wight away.  
This it was not convenient to do,  
so mamma gently refused. Then  
came the storm which is always so  
trying for a mother to endure in  
public. The little face reddened,  
the foot was stamped, and Midget  
screamed lustily: I will have it!  
She conquered, and presently  
trundled the little red cart away,  
an expression of perfect satisfaction  
beaming all over the rose-leaf face.

The child never forgot that  
victory, nor the method by which  
it was obtained. From that hour  
she dominated her family. What  
she wished to do she did, what she  
wanted she had, if it was within  
the bounds of possibility. As she  
grew up she developed many fine  
traits both of mind and heart. She  
was energetic, industrious, studious.  
She was generous, loyal and very  
loving, but her whole family  
dreaded rousing that will, and her  
teachers also avoided it, when  
possible, or when it was really up  
in arms, reason departed, and only  
the blind instinct to have her own  
way remained. It was always  
alluded to by her friends as uncon-  
querable. By and by there came a  
new element into the home life; a  
new friend had been made who  
could not be reconciled to have that  
splendid nature spoiled in such a  
manner. She believed there might  
be a way in which the young girl  
could learn self control; her will,  
by the help of God, could conquer  
itself. The girl had perfect confi-  
dence in her friend, and great love  
for her; so there were loving talks  
together, the beauty of the Divine  
Life was pointed out, the help of  
the only One in all the world who  
ever completely resigned his own  
will that he might do the will of  
him that sent him, was sought. The  
appeal to the girl's generosity, and  
honor, and love was not in vain.  
The struggle was begun. It lasted  
years. She failed a hundred times,  
but she never once gave in. She is  
a woman now, and sometimes even  
yet the old temptation assails her,  
but the habit of being on guard is  
formed; she can control herself,  
and she does; to have the power of  
self-command established was all  
she needed to make her the light of  
her own home and a blessing to all  
who knew her.

To parents who understand the  
importance of teaching a child self-  
control, and who have the ability  
to do it, this little story may seem  
a trivial thing; but there are  
fathers and mothers who, as their  
children are growing up around  
them, begin to realize that they are  
making a mistake in this regard.  
To such I would say: Rejoice that  
you have seen the error in time; be  
sure that there is no fault which  
may not be corrected by the help  
of God.

If the difficulty is wilfulness  
never oppose your will to the child's.  
It means inevitable conflict and  
with opposition the child's will is  
strengthened, not subdued. In the  
hour of trial stand gently, but with  
perfect firmness, for what is right.  
Never try to break a child's will;  
for its will is its most valuable  
possession; without it the child can  
rise to no moral height whatever;  
but in the hour of most perfect  
serenity open the subject, always  
let your appeal be made to the  
child's courage, unselfishness and  
love. Always make the child feel  
that you are on his side—grieved  
with his failure, proud of his suc-  
cess, and that you love him con-  
stantly.

It is wonderful what heroic efforts  
a child so treated will make to  
overcome a wrong tendency,  
whether it is the result of heredity  
or bad training. With a child one  
need never despair.—Christian  
Work.

## Finding the Way of Life.

Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew John-  
ston, recently of Chicago, but now  
pastor of a Presbyterian church in  
New York city, told in his intro-  
ductory sermon this incident:

Thirty years ago a business man  
in Peoria, Ill., met a friend, Wil-  
liam Reynolds, also a prominent  
business man in that city, and said  
to him: Mr. Reynolds, how long  
have we known each other?

About fifteen years.

Do you believe that it is neces-  
sary for me to believe on the Lord  
Jesus Christ if I am to be saved?

Yes.

Do you care whether or not I am  
saved?

Certainly.

Pardon my frankness; I do not  
want to hurt your feelings, but I do  
not believe that you care at all  
whether I am saved or lost.

What do you mean?

You are a professing Christian,

an elder in the Presbyterian church.  
We have met frequently during the  
last fifteen years. I have heard  
you speak on many topics. We  
have had many conversations. I  
would have listened gladly to you  
if you had spoken to me on the  
subject of religion, and yet in  
fifteen years you have never said  
one word about my salvation. You  
have never tried to win my soul to  
Christ. I cannot believe that you  
care whether I am saved or lost.

Mr. Reynolds with shame con-  
fessed that he had neglected his  
opportunities, and then said to his  
friend: What has wrought this  
change in you?

I was in Chicago, yesterday, and  
when I started to come home a  
young man asked me if he might  
share my seat. As soon as the  
train started, the conversation  
started by him ran something like  
this: Pleasant day? Yes, pretty good.  
We ought to be thankful to the  
Lord for sending good crops. Yes,  
I suppose we should. My friend,  
are you a Christian? Well, I have  
a high regard for religion. I think  
churches are a good thing in a com-  
munity. Are you a Christian?  
Well, I cannot say that I am, now  
that you ask the direct question.  
Do you think it wise for a thought-  
ful man to go on for years without  
giving thought to this subject?  
No, honestly, I do not think it wise.  
My friend, may I pray with you?  
Why, if we are ever where there is  
a good opportunity and you desire  
to do so, I do not think that I  
would object. There never will be  
a better opportunity than the  
present. Let us bow our heads  
here behind this car seat. And  
with the train speeding through  
the suburbs of Chicago, and across  
the prairie, this man prayed for my  
salvation. I never saw a man so  
much in earnest. I know that he  
cared whether I was saved or lost.  
Just as he finished his prayer, the  
brakeman called out the name of a  
station, and my new made friend  
was off. He had reached the door,  
when it occurred to me that I did  
not even know who he was. I  
rushed after him and asked his  
name, and he replied, D. L. Moody.  
I am going back to Chicago to find  
him and to have him show me the  
way of life.

Before Mr. Reynolds left his  
friend on the street that morning  
he had led him to Christ, and then  
Mr. Reynolds said: I am going to  
Chicago myself to find Mr. Moody.  
There is something wrong with my  
life. I saw a man from Peoria on  
the Pacific coast some years ago,  
and I said to him: Do you know  
William Reynolds, of your city?  
I know him well. What is his  
business? The people who know  
him best say that his business is to  
serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and  
that he packs pork to pay expenses.  
And then he told me of the change  
that had come into the life of Mr.  
Reynolds, after that street corner  
interview, how he left his fashion-  
able church in the heart of the city  
and went into the tenement district  
to labour for souls, establishing a  
church which has exerted a mar-  
vellous influence for good. I do  
not say that we should all adopt  
Mr. Moody's plan of winning a soul,  
but I do say that we should do  
whatever we can to lead men to  
Jesus Christ.—Bible Reading.

## A Dazzling Argument.

You teach, said the Emperor  
Trajan to Rabbi Joshua, that your  
God is everywhere, and boast that  
He resides amongst your nation. I  
should like to see him. God's  
presence is indeed everywhere, re-  
plied Joshua. Suppose we try to  
look first at one of His ambassadors?  
The Emperor consented. The Rabbi  
took him in the open air at noonday,  
and bid him look at the sun in the  
meridian splendour. I cannot, said  
Trajan; the light dazzles me. Thou  
art unable, said Joshua, to endure  
the light of one of His creatures,  
and canst thou expect to behold  
the resplendent glory of the Creator?  
Would not such a sight annihilate  
thee?—Hebrew Tales.

God despiseth not small things;  
He takes notice of the least breath-  
ings of our heart after Him.—John  
Owen.

## Pain in the Back.

"I suffered with pain in the back for  
over a year and could not get it cured.  
Three bottles of Haygard's Yellow Oil  
removed the pain entirely. Marshal  
Miller, McGregor P. O., Minn.

Every man having a beard should  
keep it an even and natural color, and  
if it is not so already, use Bucking-  
ham's Dye and appear tidy.

Severe colds are easily cured by the  
use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive  
Syrup, a medicine of extra-dinary  
penetrating and healing properties. It  
is acknowledged by those who have  
used it as being the best medicine sold  
for coughs, colds, inflammation of the  
lungs, and all affections of the throat  
and chest. Its agreeableness to the  
taste makes it a favourite with ladies  
and children.

## Random Readings.

Happiness is everywhere and its  
spring is in our hearts.

If you would create something,  
you must do something.

Who, seeking for himself alone,  
entered heaven?

He hath riches sufficient who  
hath enough to be charitable.

It is easy finding reasons why  
other folks should be patient.

What man call a failure may  
often be what angels call a success.

If the heart is pure there is no  
danger but what the speech will be  
pure.

The scriptures were written not  
to make us astronomers but to make  
us saints.

The highest wisdom must ever  
appear folly to those who do not  
possess it.

A sunny temper gilds the edges  
of life's blackest clouds.



Stolen Kisses.  
Young men do  
not try to steal  
kisses from girls  
who are sal-  
low and sick-  
ly. There is  
a book con-  
taining over  
a thousand  
pages and  
over three  
hundred  
illustra-  
tions, that  
every  
young wo-  
man and  
man should  
read. It tells  
in plain, every day language  
that anyone can understand, many vital  
truths that every maid, wife and mother  
should know. It tells the untold suffering  
and agony that women endure who enter  
upon the important duties of wifehood and  
motherhood without seeing to it that they  
are strong and well in a womanly way.

It tells about a wonderful medicine for  
women. A medicine that fits for wifehood  
and motherhood. A marvelous medicine  
that gives strength, vigor, vitality and elas-  
ticity to the delicate and important femi-  
nine organs that bear the brunt of mater-  
nity. It contains the names, addresses and  
photographs of many hundreds of women  
who were weak, sickly, nervous, fretful,  
childless wives, but who are now healthy,  
happy, amiable wives and mothers, through  
the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-  
tion. That book is Dr. Pierce's Com-  
plete Medical Adviser. It used to cost  
\$1.50, now it is free. Send 31 one-cent  
stamps, to cover customs and mailing only,  
for a paper-covered copy. Large French  
cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr.  
R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"During the fall and winter of 1894 I was  
engaged in teaching at Public School No. 31,  
Smith Co., near Tyler, Texas," writes Mr. J. E.  
Sneed, of Omen, Texas. "During this time my  
wife was badly afflicted with female weakness.  
We tried three of the best physicians in the  
county without benefit to my wife's health, but  
at great expense. My wife grew worse and we  
gave up in despair. She could not get in and  
out of doors without help. She was not able  
to stand on her feet long at a time, and complained  
of dragging down pains in the abdomen. Noth-  
ing but an untimely death seemed awaiting her.  
I wrote to Dr. Pierce for his advice. My wife  
took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and in  
six months was completely cured, at a cost of less  
than one month's treatment by the last physician  
we employed before consulting Dr. Pierce."

## OAK HALL.

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I felt better from the very first one I took. I had taken them for  
month, and was feeling so much better that I had forgotten about the  
ings I used to have. The doctors called my trouble dyspepsia. I had it for  
seven years, and had never in all my life been able to eat rich food or  
hearty meal. I often wondered why I should have so much dyspepsia.  
I have what I call waterbrash sometimes four or five times a day, and  
water that seemed hot would run out of my mouth and the pain was so  
terrible for a minute, or else I would have pains at times in my stomach  
that I would faintly double me up or pains in my shoulders and legs and all  
in he would say: "Well what is the matter now?" The best way to  
how I felt was just to say that everything was the matter with me and  
try Ripan's Tablets and they will soon know how valuable they are.  
fifty-one years.

WANTED—A case of bad health that RIFANS will not benefit. Send five cents to Ripan's  
No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials. RIFANS, 10 for 1 cent, or  
50 cents, may be had of all druggists who are willing to sell a standard medicine at a moderate  
price and for the people's life. Use gives relief. Note the word RIFANS on the package. Accept  
for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

## CHILDREN'S COUGHS

## QUICKLY CURE

Hard to keep the children from  
coughing cold—will run out of doors  
properly wrapped—get wet feet—  
the bed clothes off at night.

What's mother going to do about  
Mustn't neglect the children's Coughs  
and Colds—might end in Croup—  
Croup end fatally or weaken the  
for life.

Most mothers now give their child  
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.  
It's nice to take, and cures all  
of Coughs and Colds more quickly  
effectually than any remedy known.

Mrs. R. P. Leonard, Parry Sound, Ont.,  
"I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup  
for Coughs and Colds of myself and also of my  
I find it always cures a Cold quicker than  
other Cough mixtures I ever tried." Please

LAXA- Cure constipation, bilious-  
sick headache and dyspepsia.  
LIVER Every pill guaranteed pur-  
PILLS ing, and to act without any  
effects. 25c. at all drug

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## House-C

ing a song of cle  
Pocketful of m  
Four and twent  
Scrubbing bro  
When the door i  
wife begins to

help me move  
hank this pictu  
tack that carpet  
stretch this one  
drive this nail;  
here's a job I h  
emboard door  
here you'll hav  
oh, while you p  
ph you'd put the

hang this curte  
and you put the  
box has got to  
I can put on  
won't you men  
like a hook put r  
wardrobe door  
here's another  
ally hate to a k  
could you fix a

on it goes, when  
this and that ar  
antennum, and m  
in a merry jing  
isn't that enou  
man wish he w

Mother, cried  
thing into the  
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make your  
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ree of them t  
ine was comin  
terribly fast,  
e bank we ru  
led like fury,  
time. The en  
man In another  
en killed. Ole  
at lives up to  
ared she could  
lled us fellows  
all the cookie  
Wait a minut  
other. A trou  
rowing in her f  
speech. Harvey  
paused sudd  
ok on his face.  
at everything  
id me!" said h  
If Harvey had  
you might l  
ing to cry. I  
ment and then  
I am sorry, n  
didn't tell it quit  
"You may tell  
very slowly and  
person.

He did so, and  
engine was not s  
ays on the bank  
the boys on the  
time, that G  
aid it was car  
rack, and they  
and that she gav  
piece.

"It's quite a d  
ear!" said his n  
and finished. St  
all was for the l  
"Yes, mamma  
looking ashamed  
"This habit is  
boy," his mot  
couldn't like t  
word is worth  
yet this habit o  
things will lea  
day no one will  
begin to try har  
this off at once.

"I will, mother  
ment it, for he  
person is des  
into that very b  
children have, o  
of his own to  
did not mean  
never invented  
any one; he nev  
himself; but he  
the little detai  
to tell. His mo  
with great sorr  
undermine his  
time make him  
plained the dan  
promised to do  
try, but of late  
had been told  
getting to weigh  
his mother, res  
he never would  
again.

He was very  
If he started ou  
ated account, h  
suddenly and  
truth. At last  
trained himself  
His mother was  
and Harvey be  
danger was pa  
that confident  
his security.

One day on  
at pped to t