

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

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Vice Presidents, A. M. McNinch;
J. W. Freeman, Mrs. Geo. Phillips;
Rec. and Cor. Secretary, Mrs. A.
M. McNinch; Treasurer, Miss L.
M. Sargent.

NOTICE.

Blank report forms will be sent
out this week to all Free Baptist
Young Peoples Societies in New
Brunswick.

If any society fails to receive
these blanks will they please drop
me a card.

After the blanks have been care-
fully filed one should be returned
to the secretary and the other
forwarded by delegate to League at
Sussex Aug. 7th, 9th.

F. CLARKE HARTLEY.
Ft. on, June 27th, 1900.

The Constitution.

The committee appointed last
year to suggest changes in the con-
stitution submit the following for
the consideration of the members.

Section 3: The league shall be
composed of its own officers who
have complied with requirement of
section four, and are properly cer-
tified delegates from all Free Baptist
Young Peoples societies in New
Brunswick and such others as may
be provided for in following section.

Section 4. (A) The representa-
tion of societies shall be upon the
following basis. The President and
Cor. Sec. of each society, the pastor
of the church with which the society
is connected, he being a member of
the society and one representative
for each twenty active members or
fraction thereof.

(B) All ministers ordained or
licensed working on pastorate in
which there is no society or any
person being vouched for by a
member of the League as being in
good standing with a Free Baptist
church in N. B., in which there is
no society may with the approval
of the executive become a member
of the League upon payment of the
annual fee of \$1.00

Bye Law.

(4) add credential:

Signed,
Rev. L. G. FENWICK,
Rev. J. B. DAGGETT.

"An Active Lookout Committee."

BY FRANK H. LANGFORD.

Farmer Gray was ploughing for
his "spring crop" one afternoon in
April, when he was suddenly accost-
ed with a "Good-day," from a
young man who had come across a
field from the road. The farmer
turned around quickly and gave the
stranger a keen look, then asked
somewhat bluntly, "Looking for
work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you work last?"

"In England," with a smile that
had a tinge of sadness in it.

"Humph; just out, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

And, after a discussion of work
and wages, the business-like farmer
hired him for two weeks, as a sort
of test of his farming abilities.

The following Sunday morning
the young Englishman, whom we
shall call Will Verd, prepared for
church, although his unwonted toil
had thoroughly fatigued him. The
walk was short, however, and he
soon entered the lobby of the
church, and in that moment a
young man came up to him, gave
him a hearty grasp of the hand,
introducing himself as Harry Jen-
nings, and, after a few minutes of
conversation, took him to a seat
and sat with him during service.

After service Harry wanted Will
to accompany him to class-meeting
in the vestry of the church, but
Will declined, promising, however,
to attend Sunday-school and get
acquainted with the young people.

As soon as class-meeting was
over, Harry Jennings might be
seen talking earnestly to two of the
class-members, Joe Williams and
Clara Thomas. By listening to
their conversation, we discover that
he is president of the Lookout Com-
mittee of the League, and his com-
panions are members of his
committee.

"That young man I was talking
with this morning," Harry was
saying, "is the Englishman who is
working for Mr. Gray. We must

try to get him to attend League,
and keep out of the crowd of toughs
for just so sure as he mingles much
with them, he will become as reck-
less as they."

"Well, what is your plan?" asked
Joe.

"I thought that, as both you and
Clara go past Mr. Gray's on your
way from Sunday-school, you could
walk back with him and offer him
Christian friendship in a sociable
way. If we show him that we
want to be his friends, we will ac-
quire an influence over him which
we can use for good. What do you
think?"

They agreed to follow their lead-
er's suggestions, and dispersed till
afternoon. True to his promise Will
came to Sunday-school, and was
duly introduced to Joe Williams,
who in turn made him acquainted
with their Sunday-school teacher.
The lesson was an impressive one,
and was dealt with in a plain, prac-
tical way that made our English
friend thoughtful. After Sunday-
school, he mingled with some of the
other young men who formed a
group about the door, but joined
Joe Williams as the latter left the
church. As if by chance, they met
Clara Thomas at the gate, and the
trio went up the road together,
talking on subjects of common in-
terest, including the Sunday-school
lesson.

This was Will's first Sunday in
Canada, and he was so well pleased
with the young people with whom
he had become acquainted, that he
determined to see more of them by
accepting their invitation to attend
League on the following Thursday.
Here he met with a cordial welcome,
and, as the Literary Department
had charge that night, he had the
privilege of listening to a keen,
thoughtful study of his favorite
poet, Tennyson. So much did he
enjoy the service, that upon the
announcement of a consecration
meeting to be held by Harry Jen-
nings on the next Thursday evening
he decided to come and see more of
the League.

The consecration meeting was
well attended, but not many more
thoughtful, clear-headed fellows
were present than Will Verd.
Harry was not a favourite with his
fellow-Leaguers, so far as platform
work was concerned, his remarks
being of an argumentative rather
than a persuasive character, but to-
night, as he talked on, "What is God's
due" (Luke 20:25), he did a good
work in convincing this stranger of
the justice of God's claim for first
place in man's heart.

In considering what we owe to
God, he showed what God had done
for man, and the many precious
promises he had given, each point
being clearly brought out and
proven. Then the speaker, in con-
clusion, urged all to consider that if
they failed to render God his due,
they robbed him, robbed themselves
of the comforts of a good conscience,
of joy in the Holy Ghost, of the
favour of God, of a blessing here
and happiness hereafter. By pay-
ing him his due they would secure
immunity from present curses and
future torments, and would enter
into the life eternal which he has
promised.

All felt the force of the remarks
made, but upon the brain of Will
Verd they made a special impres-
sion. He prided himself upon a
good intellect, which could pick out
all the flaws in an argument, but in
this argument he could find no flaw.
But he told himself that he would
not attempt to come to a decision
till morning, and that he would
then be able to shake off the unusu-
ally strong impression made upon
him by a clever speaker.

But morning only intensified his
desire to pay, in so far as he could
the immense debt he knew he had
contracted toward his Creator, and
Sunday found him still restless and
inquiring.

The minister preached on 1 Tim.
2:5, 6, "For there is one God and
one mediator between God and man,
the man Christ Jesus; who gave
himself a ransom for all; to be testi-
fied in due time." Never had words
had such absorbing interest for Will
Verd as those which the minister
uttered so earnestly that Sunday
morning. The young man was not
emotional, but he was seeking a
way to pay his debts to God, and
this text suggested one.

His decision is best stated in his
own words in the class-meeting that
followed the service: "Since Thurs-
day night I have been troubled
with a consciousness of my indebted-
ness, and I did not know how to
be released from it. But this morn-
ing I fully decided to make the only
reparation in my power, by accept-
ing the ransom Christ offers, and to
give him my life."

The murmured "Thank God,"
that Harry Jennings uttered was
an echo of the feelings of the class-
members; and Will Verd has nobly
carried out his decision.

May every Society have an active
Lookout Committee, with a presi-
dent filled with the spirit of the
Master.—Forward.

The Real Sacrilege.

BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps," etc.

A good many persons, some of
them honestly, think it is sacrilege
for any one to ask the question,
"What would Jesus do?" because,
they say, it makes the name of
Jesus too familiar, and brings con-
tempt upon sacred things to drag
them into the doings of every-day
life.

A great many newspaper editors
have expressed great concern that
the name of Jesus should be men-
tioned in connection with the pub-
lishing of a newspaper, and have
cried out against it as an act of
sacrilege that I should dare to say
I would try to edit a daily as I
thought Jesus might do in my place,
as it to attempt such a thing was to
be guilty of unspeakable irreverence.
"Let us have done," one of these
writers says, "with this pious hypoc-
rasy! It is sacrilege to drag the
name of Jesus into the every-day
affairs of men. Let that sacred
name be reserved for religion, where
it belongs!"

I will allow no man to go beyond
me in reverence for Jesus Christ,
whom I honor and love more than
I honor and love any being ever-
born in this world. But I wish to
utter my tremendous protest against
the attempt to keep Jesus out of
daily human life on the plea that it
is sacrilege to bring Him into it.
The real sacrilege consists in not
letting Jesus into daily life. The
real sacrilege consists not in asking
every day, "What would Jesus do
in my place?" but in not asking it.
The editor of a daily paper who at-
tempts to manage his paper without
asking what Jesus would do is at-
tempting to continue the world-
error of the ages in separating the
religious and the secular, and mak-
ing a distinction between a man's
life on Sunday and on Monday.
The cry which the last part of the
century has heard very often, "Let
the preacher stick to the gospel, and
not attempt to mix gospel and polit-
ics and business," is the cry of a
world-spirit that does not reverence
Jesus, and does not want to have
Him to rule in the market place, or
in any of the daily money-making
or power-making walks of life.

"Thank God," I have said hun-
dreds of times lately, "the Christian
Endeavor societies of the world, the
young Christian people of this
new old globe, are beginning to
bring Jesus into their every day
life. They are beginning to see
that the irreverence, the real irre-
verence and sacrilege, of the ages is
in keeping Jesus out of daily life where
He has a right to come." And whether
you edit newspapers, or run a store or
a sawmill, or teach school, or run for
office, or get up in a pulpit to do
the work for God, O young men
and women with the glory of a
new century already shining in
your shining faces, I beg of you, do
not let the world deceive you with
any cheap cry of sacrilege! "What-
soever ye do, do all to the glory of
God." Bring Jesus into your
counsel; let Him share your money-
making and your pleasure-getting
and your political and business plans.
And a few years more of such daily
reverence and honor for Jesus will
transform the hypocritical life of
the kingdom of rule on earth where
Jesus is shut out into the Kingdom
of Jesus where he is master on every
throne of power that men know.
The real sacrilege of human life is
to exclude the Son of Man from
man's life. The real reverence for
Him, is to place Him humbly,
unostentatiously, but firmly, on the
throne of every day's conduct.—C.
E. World.

Not Forgotten.

The day was bright, and the vil-
lage streets were full of people, but
Mary Pratt felt that she was in
the midst of an awful cold and soli-
tude. Her husband had gone with
his regiment to Cuba. All the other
boys had been heard from since the
battle of San Juan Hill, but no
word had come from Tom.

She shut the baby up safely in
the chamber, and ran to the post-
office. The mail was just opened.
Many of the women had letters,
but the old postmaster shook his
head when Mrs. Pratt's white face
appeared at the square opening.

To-morrow, perhaps, Mary, he
said in a gentle voice.

But she saw the men glance sig-
nificantly at one another, and they
made way respectfully for her to
pass as they would have done for a
mourner. As she hurried down
the street her soul cried out fiercely.

God had not listened to her
prayers! He was deaf, cruel—that
merciless something up there in
heaven, dealing out misery and
death. She was to go tottering
alone through the world, carrying
her child—without Tom. Without
Tom! She sat down on the steps
of her little house, beating her knees
with her hands. She could not
cry. The world was full of awful
cold and horror—without Tom.

Presently she heard little Jack's
voice talking inside. He spoke fast

and loud, as if frightened, but tried
to laugh, and when she opened the
door he ran to her with a shout of
joy.

Jack was afraid, Mamma, he
cried. Me thought you was gone.
Me thought you forgot Jack.
She took him up, holding him to
her breast, although her heart
beneath beat full of its savage pain
and fear.

You thought mother had fo-
totten you! Foolish baby!

Then Jack saw his new clothes.
Mamma mad—my coat, he said.
Mamma loves Jack. Mamma cooked
my supper in that little dish.
Mamma won't forget me. She loves
Jack. He crept closer to her while
she rocked him to sleep, and laid
him in his crib.

A great thought had come to her
as she heard the child's talk. Had
not He cared for her? She looked
out at the setting sun, the peaceful
valley, the climbing roses at the
window. He made them for me,
she thought. He gave me my home.
He gave me Jack. He won't forget
me—or Tom. He is taking care of
Tom for me—somewhere.

When she laid the boy in his
crib, she knelt beside it, and a great
quiet came into her face. Take
care of Tom, dear Lord! she cried,
wherever he may be—wherever—

There was a hasty knock at the
door. The old minister stood on
the step. It is a despatch, Mary,
he said. I brought it so that there
might be no delay.

She read: Thomas Pratt just
landed from transport. Wounded,
but out of danger. Will be at home
to-morrow.—Youth's Companion.

Carried Through.

How ever shall we get across?
Such were the words I heard one
day as I sat under a big walnut
tree near a stream. The ford is
too deep for us, and the water is
over the stepping stones.

Three little maidens looked with
dismay at their dainty buckled
shoes as they spoke. They were
strangers to me, and I watched the
scene, wondering if I could help
them. There was no need for my
assistance, however. A shout of
delight showed me a rescuer had
come. There is brother Bob! Bob!
Bob! come and help us over the
brook.

They had had not many minutes
to wait. Slipping off shoes and
socks, a stalwart young man splashed
through the water and carried each
one safely over. It was pretty to
see how the girls clung round his
neck and, without a tremor, trusted
themselves to his strong arms.
Just as the last one waited to be
taken up, I said:

You are all right now, little
one?

Oh, yes—all right. Our brother
is strong enough to take us all
through safely.

Not very long afterwards I stood
by deeper waters and saw a loving
Elder Brother—in all reverence be
it spoken—carry another little girl
over a stream.

Are you afraid, my darling? I
asked. Not afraid a bit, was the
answer. Jesus is holding me.

And so over the river of death
went a little sister, because her
Brother had come to carry her home
to her Heavenly Father.

Dear young friends, we often
come to waters of difficulty in our
lives. We must come to them, for
to everyone is a time to weep and
a time to mourn. (Eccles. 3:4)
Well for us, then, if we can trust
the Saviour to take us safely
through. Better still for us when
we come to the narrow, deep stream
of death if we know Him so well
that we are not afraid. No need to
worry as to how we are to get
across:

Trust the Saviour to help you.
Comfort, strengthen and keep you.
He is willing to save you.
He will carry you through.

Christ's kingdom never has been
and never will be popular with the
world.

There is danger in neglecting a cold.
Many who have died of consumption
dated their troubles from exposure,
followed by a cold which settled on
their lungs, and in a short time they
were beyond the skill of the best
physician. Had they used Bickel's
Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was
too late, their lives would have been
saved. This medicine has no equal
for curing coughs, colds and all affec-
tions of the throat and lungs.

When you need medicine you should
get the best that money can buy, and
experience proves this to be Hood's
Sarsaparilla.

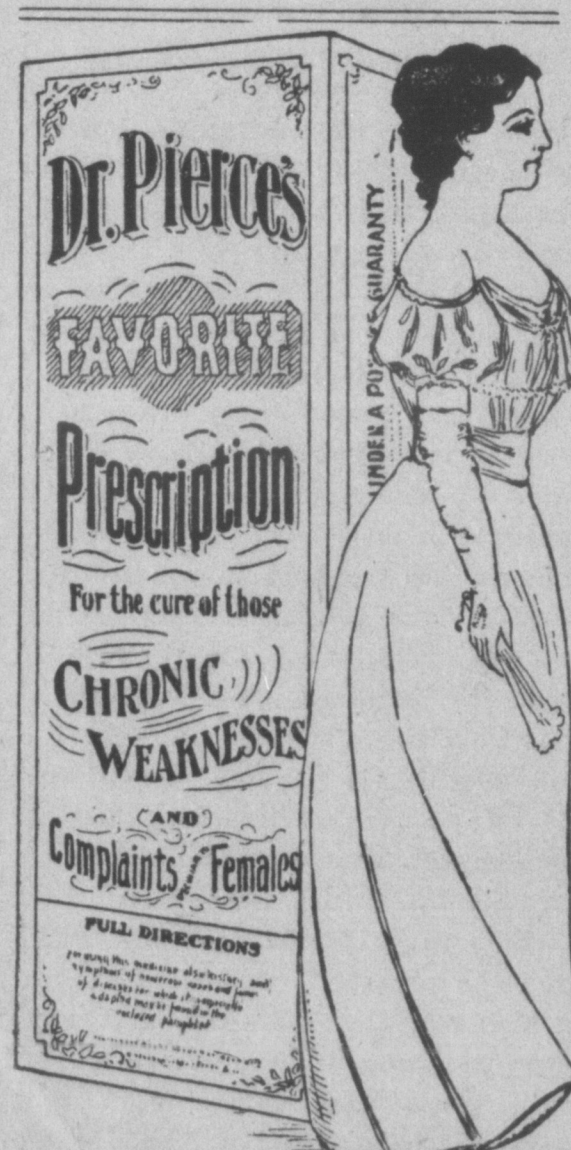
Lack of vitality and color matter in
the bulbs, causes the hair to fall out
and turn gray. We recommend Hall's
Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and
grayness.

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Women who suffer terrible pain
every month can find ready relief by
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Powders. They contain no morphine
or opium, and leave no bad after effects.
Price 10c, and 25c. Don't accept com-
mon headache powders, they'll surely
disappoint.

A New Ten Commandments.

1. Never put off till to-morrow
what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for
what you can do yours-elf.
3. Never spend your money before
you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not
need because it is cheap. It will
be dear to you.
5. Price cost us more than
hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having
eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that
we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us
the evils that never have happened.
9. Take things always by their
smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before
you speak. If very angry count
one hundred.

Bishop Brooks seldom puts into
smaller compass a weightier truth
than when he said, Prayer is not
conquering God's reluctance, but
laying hold upon God's willingness.
Our own reluctance to accept God's
will has often to be conquered be-
fore we can be brought into right
relations with the Father, and we
sometimes call this struggle prayer,
but it is hardly the right name for
it.



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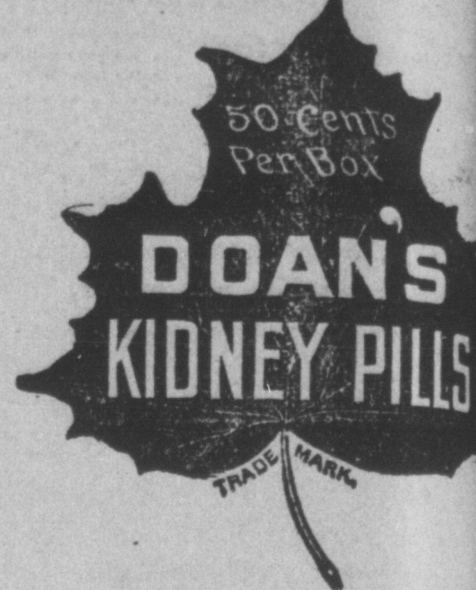
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CORSET COVERS

All bought before the advance in price of Cotton and
Embroideries, so are of special value.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.



In these days of imitations it is
everyone to be careful what he
Especially is this necessary when a
of health is involved.

There are so many imitations of
Kidney Pills on the market—some of
absolutely worthless—that we ask
be particular to see that the full name
the trade mark of the Maple Leaf is
every box you buy. Without this you
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we cured so many severe cases of kid-
complaint in the United States, Aus-
and England, as well as here in Can-
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