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Note.—This feature of the
"Column" will appear as often as
the questions submitted may re-
quire. Readers are invited to make
free use of the "Box." Address all
questions to "Press Co., Care of
Miss A. G. Hartley, St. John (West,
N. B.)

Our Question Box.

Ques. (5) Why cannot Associate
Members vote in the monthly meet-
ings, on the routine business of the
Society?

Business

Ques. (6) Should a person who
is not a Christian teach a class in
Sunday School?

F. S. C.

Will not many of our readers
give us their ideas on these ques-
tions? Send your answers in promp-
tly. Be sure to sign your name to
each answer, though this will not
be published if you so request.

Com.

India.—A Glance at a Few of Its
Social Customs.

BY PRISCA.

(Concluded)

"None but the sinners die under
their own roof" is the prevailing
belief among the Hindoos. The
person who dies at home and on
Tuesday or Saturday, is believed to
be surely possessed of an evil spirit.
His ghost walks round the house,
and frequents the places where he
rested in his lifetime. Hence, the
moment the physician has declared
that there is no hope of life for the
sick person, the friends hurry him
away to the ghant on the bank of
the river Ganges, where they lay
him down in such a way that he
may see and bow down to the
sacred river. In these ghants some
rooms have been erected for the
accommodation of the sick, and their
friends because in some instances
they linger a long time before death
comes in which case they all re-
main there day and night. It is
believed that between the edges of
this world and the other there is a
river to cross, by those who go
from this. There are no boats at
all. Each one must provide the
means of crossing for himself.
Hence, at the point of death or a
little while before the departure
from this world, the traveller dedicates
a cow, and a large quantity of
raw rice, peas, butter, sugar and
clothes to the gods. As a compensa-
tion the infernal spirit will provide
him with a cow, which will
carry him to the other side of the
river, and the eatable things will
satisfy the spirit on its way. When
the men see the sick person breath-
ing his last, they plunge his whole
body, up to the neck in the river,
and shout. You can easily imagine
how soon the last remnant of life
flies from the body under such
treatment, and to add to the suffer-
ings of the last hour, a man pinches
very tightly the great toes of the
sick, until he dies. They then
erect a pile of wood which is nearly
six feet long, three broad, and six
high on which they lay the dead
body. Before doing this they anoint
the body and put a cross on
the forehead with the sacred
mud from the Ganges. When the
corpse has been laid on the wooden
pile, the oldest son of the deceased
walks seven times around it, with
a blazing torch in his hand, repeat-
ing some words after the Brahman
who performs the funeral service.
He then touches the mouth of the
dead with the fire of the torch;
the friends help him in this, and in
the course of five hours they burn
the body to ashes. They take a
piece of the burnt body and enclose it
in a mud cup and throw it in the
river. Children one year, are bur-
ied on the river's edge, but no
tablet or monument is erected on
the spot. They then wash the
funeral place, remove the ashes,
and bathe themselves before they
leave the spot. The eldest son
erects a pole, nearly eight feet
high, on the place just washed, and
sets there a water pitcher and an
earthen saucer, with eight small
sea shells upon it, slightly strikes
the pitcher with the shovel, and
turns his face in the opposite way.

As he leaves the place he does not
turn back, to see the things behind
him, for it is said if any should
care to look back he would see
hosts of evil spirits dancing and
feasting on the human flesh. These
ceremonies are followed by much
feasting and many rites, much too
tedious to be described.

It seems necessary for me to give
you some idea of widowhood in
Bengal. The very day a girl be-
comes a widow, her colored clothes,
silver and golden ornaments, are
all taken off, and a mark of red
powder, which every married woman
wears on the forehead, is rubbed
out. Henceforth she is to dress in
white, and wear no ornament of
any kind whatever during her life-
time. Her daily meals are reduced
to one. Each widow is required to
cook her own food and to abstain
entirely from food and drink two
days in every month. In the warm
days of April when the burning
sun dries up the ponds of their
water, and scorches the leaves of
the trees, these poor victims of
superstition faint and pant in hun-
ger and thirst. If they are dying
a little water will be put to the
lips, merely to wet them. In order
to escape these continual sufferings,
it has been the practise with many
widows to burn themselves, with
the corpse of their husband. No
widow is asked or forced to die in
this way. She who voluntarily
takes up her own cross and follows
after her husband of life is welcome.
Every preparation will be made to
help her in the act. As it would
be a disgrace to the family in case
of her failure, the people ask her to
consider the matter well, and find-
ing her firm in her position, bind
her and her dead husband together
with some cords and lay them both
on the pile, where she is burned
alive amid the praises of spectators.
What a heart-rending scene it must
be, to behold the wretched children,
who, with horror unspeakable, thus
witness the death of their two
dearest relatives on earth, the one
taken away by natural death, the
other, a victim to superstition, a
martyr to her conviction of the
mistaken precepts of her priests.

Sir Alfred Lyall has said "Hindoo
religion is a religious chaos. It is
like a troubled sea, without shore
or visible horizon, driven to and
fro by the winds of boundless credu-
lity and grotesque invention." Hence,
who could de-cide it certainly not I!

The sacred book of the Brahmins
is the Rig-Veda. As to its charac-
ter we may accept the judgment
of Max Muller, who apologizes for
the deficiencies of his own transla-
tion by saying that a complete
rendering would have made him
liable to prosecution under the
English law, against the publication
of obscene literature. According
to this doctrine, nothing really
exists except Brahman. Men are
merely sparks from the eternal fire,
separated for a time to be absorbed
at last. What then shall the Brah-
man do to be saved? His only sal-
vation is extinction. If you would
find a Hindoo saint, search for him
by the roadside. You will find him
there, crouching upon his knees,
naked with hair uncombed, his
body besmeared with ashes. His
countenance wears a look of utter
stupidity. He is intently contem-
plating one of his long finger-nails.
He moves not except when with a
spiritual pride which would be
grotesque, were it not so unspeak-
ably pathetic; he lifts his dreamy
eyes and mutters, I am God! I
am God." Such in short is a sample
of a devotee to the Brahman reli-
gion. Sad, dark, dismal, pitiable,
their conditions are! Nothing but
the lights of the true religion can
emancipate them from their servi-
tude, strengthen them in their
weakness, and exalt them from the
low and degraded surface they stand
on. Let pity awake in our hearts
towards the suffering millions! God
does everything by instrumental-
ities, we are the same in his hands.
Work then if it be expedient, or
send teachers to work in the har-
vest of your King. Behold the
harvest is great but the laborers
are few! Help them, and bless
them with the light we enjoy,—
yea the light of the knowledge of
the King eternal, immortal, and
the only wise God, and ours will be
the blessing forever!

St. John (West),
March 13th., 1899

Millstream Society.

Although we have not reported
in the INTELLIGENCER for some
time, we have read with much
pleasure the letters from the other
societies, and feel encouraged when
we think they are still working.

A short time ago we elected our
officers for the next six months,
they are as follows: J. E. Good,
Pres.; Mrs. J. P. McAuley, Sec.;
Ethel Good, Treas.

At present we only meet once a
fortnight as our society is so small,
and the weather bad, but we hope
to continue our work, trusting in
the Lord Jesus Christ for help.

A Member.

Heard at the Church Door.

I once stood at the church door
as the congregation passed out, and
these are some of the things I
heard:

Good-morning Mrs. Clare; what
a love of a bonnet you have.

Yes, but the ribbon is a shade
too dark don't you think, and—
Stock fell two per cent., and the
syndicate secured \$50,000 worth—
the rest of the sentence was lost as
the speaker, a gray-haired florid-
faced man, with gold eye-glasses
passed into the open air.

Did you ever hear the minister
so prosy in all your born days as he
was this morning? said a tall, an-
gular woman, with the look of a
martyr upon her countenance. Di-
rectly behind her came a crippled
girl on crutches; and the sweet
content upon her brow was beauti-
ful to look upon as she said to one
by her side: How the love of
Christ helps us to bear our crosses;
and how helpfully Mr. Albright
spoke of it in his sermon. And the
crutches sounded quite cheerful as
they pattered down the steps, and
out upon the side-walk.

Wish they wouldn't stick a col-
lection box under your nose every
time you step a foot into church,
growled a big man, buttoning his
coat tightly around himself, as
though resolved that they should
have none of his nickels at any
rate.

And, O girls! we had a whole
box of chewing gum!—and caram-
els!—and isn't Miss Zane horrid!
and the bery of gay school-girls
twittered away with never a thought
that they were desecrating the
sanctity of the place.

Not that way, mother, spoke up
a sharp voice; and its owner
caught hold of the arm of a little,
bent old woman who seemed con-
fused in the crowd, and drew her
rather roughly toward the door.
Sure enough Eliza, came the meek
response; I can't just see as I used
to, but there won't be any blind
ones in Heaven, I thank my Lord;
and the withered face at that mo-
ment seemed almost transfigured.

I am so anxious for my Sunday-
school class, I wish you would pray
for them. I glanced in the direc-
tion from whence the words came,
and saw the tears standing in the
eyes of one of the most faithful
young teachers, and remembered
she had one of the most unruly
classes in the school. But from
that moment I have had no doubt
those boys will come out all right.

If I only knew where the money
was coming from, one young man
was saying to another, as they
passed me. Don't worry, Jack, in
some way or other the Lord will
provide. And as I recognized in
them two students preparing for
the ministry, I had only time to
send a God-speed after them before
turning to place a couple of bank
bills, which had been given me for
that purpose by a wealthy and
kind hearted member of the church,
in the hands of a pale faced woman
in black. Her husband had been
killed by an accident a few weeks
before, leaving her in great destitu-
tion, with a large family of children.
He is the God of the widow and
the fatherless, I said gently. As
she dropped the cheap crape veil
over her face to hide the tears of
joy that sprang to her eyes at the
unexpected bounty, and in broken
accents exclaimed, He is, He is,
indeed! Bless Him for His good-
ness; and thank Mr. S.—, thank all
of my friends, I thought, Truly, it
is more blessed to give than to
receive.

I love 'ou mamma, prattled a
little tot of two summers, just
awakened from the nap she had
been enjoying during the sermon,
I love 'ou; and the wee one flashed
a sweet smile up into the mother's
face, which sent an answering
smile back again.

And then the sexton came and
locked the door, and I went away,
pondering the strange melody ut-
tered which had gone up from that
congregation that morning, to be
written down by the recording
angel in the great Book of Remem-
brance.—A. H. Jessup, in the
Standard.

God Knows Best.

I need oil, said an ancient monk.
So he planted him an olive sapling.

Lord, he prayed, it needs rain
that its tender roots may drink and
swell. Send gentle showers. And
the Lord sent a gentle shower.

Lord, prayed the monk, my tree
needs sun. Send sun, I pray thee.
And the sun shone, gilding the
dripping clouds.

Now frost, my Lord, so brace its
tissues, cried the monk. And be-
hold, the little tree stood sparkling
with frost.

But at even-song it died.
Then the monk sought the cell of
a brother monk and told his strange
experience.

I, too, have planted a little tree,
the other monk said, and see! it
thrives well. But I intrusted my
little tree to its God. He who made
it knows better what it needs than

a man like me. I laid no condition;
I fixed not ways or means. Lord,
send it what it needs, I prayed,
storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or
frost. Thou hast made it, and thou
dost know.—Selected.

Sowing and Reaping.

A little boy was given a bulb to
plant, and told that if he put it in
the ground it would grow, and by
and by it would have a beautiful
flower. He undertook the task
with great delight, and promised
blossoms to all his friends, but at
the end of the week he came to his
mother in sore disappointment.

This bulb isn't good for anything
he said. They told me it would
grow and have pretty flowers, but
it doesn't grow a bit, for I have dug
it up every day to see.

Just such impatient gardeners
are most of us in spiritual soil. We
go to our Father with the old,
complaining cry: We have served
God and kept his ordinances, and
what have we profited by it? The
dishonest ones get ahead fast, the
careless ones are happier. Where
are the promised rewards of right-
eousness—the fruits of obedience?
But the harvests of God ripen
slowly, and the seed that is sown in
the earth finds its perfection above
the earth. Sometime, somewhere,
whatsoever we have sown we shall
surely reap.—Selected.

A Story.

The late Dr. M. D. Hoge, of
Richmond, Va., tells of two Chris-
tian men who fell out. One heard
that the other was talking against
him, and went to him, and said:
Will you be kind enough to tell me
my faults to my face, that I may
profit by your Christian candor and
try to get rid of them? Yes, sir,
replied the other, I will do it. They
went aside, and the former said:
Before you commence telling what
you think wrong in me, will you
please bow down with me and let
us pray over it, that my eyes may
be opened to see my faults as
you will tell them? You lead in
the prayer. It was done, and, when
the prayer was over, the man who
had sought the interview said:
Now proceed with what you have
to complain of in me. But the
other replied: After praying over
it I look so a little that it is not
worth talking about. The truth is,
I feel now that in going around
talking against you I have been
serving the devil myself, and have
need that you pray for me and for-
give me the wrong I have done you.
Dr. Hoge tells the story very well,
and here and there in almost every
community is a man or woman who
might profit by it.—Religious Herald.

A New Heart Needed.

More reformation of conduct is
not sufficient to fit any one for
Christ's kingdom. There must be
a change of heart. Mr. Moody uses
this homely illustration of the fact;
A man buys a farm and he finds
on that farm a pump. A person
comes along and says: Look here,
my friend, you don't want to use
that water. The man who lived
here before, he used that water, and
it poisoned him and his wife and
children—the water did.

Is that so? says the man. Well I
will soon make that right. I will
find a remedy. And he goes and
gets some paint and paints the
pump, putties up all the holes, and
fills up the cracks in it, and now he
has a fine-looking pump. And he
says, Now I am sure it is all right.

You would say, What a fool to
go and paint the pump when the
water is bad! But that is what
sinners are trying to do. They are
trying to paint up the old pump
that has always given bad water.
It was a new well the man wanted,
the sinner wants a new heart.

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters
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Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheu-
matism, lame back, etc. Davis &
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Free and expectoration immediately
relieve and free the throat and lungs
from viscid phlegm and a medicine
that promotes this is the best medicine
to use for coughs, colds, inflammation
of the lungs and all affections of the
throat and chest. This is precisely
what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive
Syrup is a specific for, and wherever
used it has given unbounded satisfac-
tion. Children like it because it is
pleasant, adults like it because it
relieves the disease.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-
fitting hats that constrict the blood-
vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair
Renewer occasionally, and you will
not be so bald.

"He that seeks finds." He that
takes Hood's Sarsaparilla finds in its
use pure, rich blood and consequently
good health.

DANGEROUS DYSENTERY.

"I suffered with Dysentery for four
weeks and could get nothing to cure
me. I then tried Dr. Fowler's Ex-
tract of Wild Strawberry, which cured
me when everything else failed. John
L. Carter, Bridgetown, N. S.

What Repentance is.

A gentleman once asked a Sun-
day school what was meant by the
word repentance. A little boy
raised his hand.

Well, what is it, my lad?
Being sorry for your sins, was the
answer.

A little girl on the back seat
raised her hand.

Well, my little girl, what do you
think? asked the gentleman.
I think, said the child, it's being
sorry enough to quit.

That is just where so many peo-
ple fail. They are sorry enough at
the time, but not sorry enough to
quit.—Unidentified.

Mental Geography.

The most populous country is
Olivion. Many go here; few
return.

The largest river is Ti-n-
The deepest ocean is D-ath.

The region where no living thing
bath habitation is called yesterday.

Eruptions and skin
diseases are a blot
upon

Beauty

These blots are actually blood blots. To
cure them lotions and outward ap-
plications are useless. The blood must be
cured, before the skin becomes clean.

That great medicine for the stomach
and blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
Discovery, is most effective in cleansing
the complexion and healing diseases
which defile and deface the skin. It
acts directly upon the stomach and the
organs of digestion and nutrition. It
increases the action of the blood-making
glands, and expels from the system the
lurking poisons which defile the blood
and through it deface the skin.

No alcohol or other intoxicant, no
opium or other narcotic is contained in
"Golden Medical Discovery."

It may pay a dealer better to sell you a
substitute which is less popular but more
profitable than the "Discovery." It
won't pay you to buy it, if you want a
reliable remedy.

For about one year and a half my face was
very badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie
Adams, of 116 West Main St., Battle Creek, Mich.
"I spent a great deal of money with doctors and
for different kinds of medicine, but received no
benefit. At last I read one of your advertise-
ments in a paper, and obtained a bottle of Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I
had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed
a change, and after taking three bottles I was
entirely cured. I can well recommend Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one
similarly afflicted."

The People's Common Sense Medical
Adviser, 1008 pages, is sent free by the
author, Dr. R. W. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., on
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E. R. MACHUM, ST. JOHN, N.

MARITIME MANAGER.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most mal-
districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, so
I could not work, and was always very constipated as well
years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plow-
ing that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about
of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never ob-
any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most
attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tablets,
friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have
been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and
and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take two
a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular
have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache
commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and
more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many com-
Ripans Tablets will help, but I do know they will cure any con-
condition I was and I would not be without them at any time
honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world
they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to
I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life
same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weath-
and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall.
fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and
said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

NOTE.—A case of bad health that RIFANS will not benefit. They banish pain and
give relief. Note the word RIFANS on the package and accept no substitutes.
Ripans Tablets will be mailed to any address for 1 cent, forwarded to the Ripans Company,
New York.

A LITTLE CO
LET

A little tickling in the throat
then a dry, hacking cough—
enough to bother about you say.
But every back makes a be-
system, strains the lungs and pre-
way for more serious trouble.
"Would be wise for you to
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup now
lungs become permanently affec-
It is the most certain and
remedy for Coughs, Colds, Ho-
Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Th-
Whooping Cough.
Mrs. Geo. F. Foster, Lansdowne
has this to say: "I was taken with
a cold which settled on my lungs
a terrible cough and it gave me
All the remedies I tried seemed
I then started taking
Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup, which
cured me so promptly
that it was a pleasant
surprise. I shall
always keep it in the
house during the winter
season."

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the market, when you have
twenty pounds you will re-
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The cheapest house in town

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