

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. U.
President, A. A. Rideout, Vice
Presidents, 1st District,
2nd Dis., L. A. Fenwick 3rd Dis ;
M. L. Gregg; 4th Dis Luther;
Smith; 5th Dis, I. E. Vanwart;
6th Dis., Rev. B. H. Nobles; 7th
Dis., A. J. Prosser; Cor. Sec., Rev.
F. O. Hartley; Treas., T. A.
Lindsay; Rec. Sec., Miss Gertrude
Seely; Asst. R. S. Sec., Miss J. J.
Robinson; Auditor, Miss Lottie
Vandine.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Officers of the F. B. Y. P. U.
President, Rev. D. T. Porter;
Vice Presidents, A. M. McNitch;
J. W. Freeman, Mrs. Geo. Phillips;
Rec and Cor. Secretary, Mrs. A.
M. McNitch; Treasurer, Miss L.
M. Sargent.

From the Treasurer.

As purposed a few weeks ago we
again reprint the pledge list—showing
not only the names of the pledge-
makers, but have marked on the list
those who have redeemed their
pledges in full or in part. The
former are marked * the latter †.

In a few weeks the list will again
be printed, and we hope that we
will then be able to mark every
name on the list with an asterisk *.

T. A. LINDSAY.

Treas.

Woodstock, N. B.	
*Carleton, Y. P. S. C. E.	\$80 00
Carleton Junior Y. P. S. C. E.	5 00
St. John-East Y. P. S. C. E.	30 00
Misses Parlee and Phillips.	10 00
Fredericton Y. P. S. C. E.	30 00
Fredericton, Primary S. S.	
class.	10 00
*Rev. F. C. Hartley.	10 00
Mrs. Blackmer.	10 00
Miss VanDine.	5 00
Miss McKinnon.	1 00
Miss Bishop.	1 00
*Woodstock, Y. P. S. C. E.	50 00
C. B. Watson.	5 00
*T. A. Lindsay.	5 00
Ine Grant.	3 00
*Miss Helen Snow.	3 00
*Miss Cogwell.	1 00
*Miss L. Smiley.	1 00
*Miss A. Johnson.	5 00
Marysville, Y. P. S. C. E.	50 00
Maryville, S. S.	5 00
Miss J. J. Robinson.	5 00
S. Hallett.	1 00
Gibson, Y. P. S. C. E.	50 00
Gibson, Junior Y. P. S. C. E.	5 00
Gibson, S. S.	5 00
Rev. M. L. Gregg.	5 00
Mrs. Garrity.	5 00
Miss Keirstead.	5 00
Misses Cameron and Lambert.	5 00
Miss Allie Robinson.	1 00
Miss Lewis.	1 00
Geo. Bolster.	1 00
*Sussex, Y. P. S. C. E.	25 00
Rev. B. Noble.	10 00
D. P. Goseline.	10 00
*Mr. Slipp.	6 00
Miss Warden.	1 00
*Miss Goseline.	1 00
Cummings Cove, Y. P. S. C. E.	10 00
Rev. A. D. Paul.	5 00
Wilson's Beach, Y. P. S. C. E.	10 00
Rev. A. J. Prosser.	10 00
Lower Millstream, Y. P. S. C. E.	20 00
Grand Harbour, Y. P. S. C. E.	20 00
*Dover, Y. P. S. C. E.	20 00
*Ft. Junction, Y. P. S. C. E.	5 00
*Rev. S. J. Case.	10 00
Rev. L. A. Fenwick.	10 00
Rev. G. Swin.	5 00
*Mrs. S. J. Case.	1 00

St. John West Society.

Our society is now in a very
thriving condition. We have been
greatly encouraged by a recent
addition of ten new members, nine
active and one associate—members
coming from the Junior Society.

We feel that especial mention
should be made of this branch of
our Society. Much credit is due
the officers for their faithful and
efficient service and we know the
good seed sown by them, in the
young lives Sunday after Sunday
cannot fail to bring forth precious
fruit for Christ and the Church.

On May 13th the semi annual
business meeting was held, at
which new officers were elected and
committees formed.

On May 27th an Absent Mem-
bers' meeting was held. The
Absent Members' roll was called
and several very interesting and
helpful letters were read in response
to the names. It is encouraging to
us to know that though so many of
our members are absent from us
they have not lost their interest in
the Home Society and that we still
have their sympathy, and prayers
for the prosperity of our Endeavour
work. At the close of the meeting
a collection of \$13.00 was taken,
the proceeds of self denial week.

We are looking forward hope-
fully to a still better work in the
future and pray that the Master
will bless the efforts we are putting
forth in His name.

JOSEPHINE H. ROGERS.

Cor. Sec'y

May 30th, 1901.

South Gordonsville Society.

FELLOW ENDEAVOURERS.

I write to let you know, through
the INTELLIGENCER, how our Society
is getting along. This Y. P. S. C.
E., was organized by Rev. T. O.
DeWitt, pastor of the Gordonsville
church Jan. 28th, 1901. There
were then seventeen Active, and
two Associate members. We now
have twenty-eight Active and
eight Associate members. Our
prayer-meetings are largely attended
much interest is felt, and already
we seem to be drawn nearer to-
gether and nearer to God. Our
prayer is that we may be ready to
do what the Master bids us in His
name.

MRS. E. STICKNEY.
Cor. Sec'y.

The Mysterious Stranger.

[This article from the C. E.
World is well worth many readings
and much thought.—Ed.]

It was just an ordinary Christian
Endeavour meeting, nothing more.
The room was not remarkable,
neither were the young people who
were gathered there to worship.

The leader of the meeting was a
very timid young Christian, who
had never led a meeting before, and
we knew that it was a great task
for her to make the attempt. We
had felt very sorry for her, but
when she took her place, her face
fairly shone with a radiance that
surprised and thrilled me. I
ceased to worry about her, for I
saw that a strength more than
human upheld her.

As I wondered what this strange
new strength might mean, the door
opened and a stranger entered and
took a seat near mine. There was
nothing remarkable in his appear-
ance except an unusually lovely and
expressive face.

To my surprise, no one except
myself seemed to see him; but he
at once absorbed my interest, and I
could not keep my eyes from his
face. We sang one of our Christian
Endeavour rallying songs, and his
countenance fairly shone with a
holy enthusiasm. Then our leader
called to prayer, and as he bowed
his head, I saw a look of calmness
and perfect peace settle on his
brow.

One of our young men prayed, a
man whom I had never in the least
admired. He seemed to me to be
of a coarse nature, and I had been
inclined to hold aloof from him.
But as he prayed, and I watched
the stranger's face, scales seemed to
fall from my eyes, and I saw Henry
Jones as he was, a true-hearted
man, earnestly striving to over-
come natural tendencies and a coarse
early training. Such a look of love
filled the stranger's face that I felt
my heart go out to Henry Jones
with as strong affection as I had
ever felt for Bert Hoover, the best
loved man in town.

Prayer followed prayer, while the
face of the stranger was filled more
and more with a holy joy that
seemed to pass from him to me and
to fill my very soul. But presently
he turned his deep blue eyes to me,
with a look of deep solicitude, I
thought, I had felt a desire to
pray, but I knew how poor my
words would be, and I feared to
break in upon the spirit that was
over the meeting. But when I
saw that look in the stranger's eyes,
I bowed my head and prayed with
humble thankfulness, simply asking
my Father for the things that I
needed at his hand. And my tears
fell, I knew not why. But through
my tears I could see that dear face
with a look of joy upon it again.
And when I arose from my knees,
the face was turned full upon me,
and a lovely smile parted the lips,
though the eyes were moist.

Then our leader prayed, and
though her words were few and
broken, they seemed to lift me up
and bring me very near to the
throne.

One of the members of the music
committee started the song,
"Nearer, my God to Thee," and
again the stranger smiled the same
loving, peaceful smile.

The meeting continued for some
time, song, prayer, and testimony
following each other in quick suc-
cession. Presently there came a
lull. I began to feel nervous, and
I could see others who felt as I did.
But a look at the stranger reassured
me, and as if with a common im-
pulse, all heads were bowed, and I
seemed to be hearing or thinking
the words of the old Book, clear as
speech and rapid as thought: "He
that dwelleth in the secret place of
the Most High shall abide under
the shadow of the Almighty. Lo, I
am with you always, even unto the
end. Let not your heart be trou-
bled: He that hath the Son hath
eternal life. I am come that ye
might have life; and that ye
might have it more abundantly. If
ye walk in the light as He is in
the light, ye have fellowship one
with another, and the blood of
Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth you
from all sin. Watch ye; stand fast

in the faith. Quit you like men, be
strong.

I raised my eyes and saw that the
stranger was just taking his seat,
though no one else seemed to notice
him.

The period of silence was ended,
a hymn was sung, and we arose.
"The Lord watch between me and
thee when we are absent one from
another." The stranger was stretch-
ing his hand over the audience as
the M zpah was ended, and I seemed
to hear the words, "Peace I leave
with you. My peace I give unto
you."

"Who is that stranger who sat
near the front of the room, on the
right side?" I asked of our pastor.
"I saw no stranger," was the
reply.

"There he is just going out of the
door," I said.

Out into the street I followed
him. As I approached, he turned
and looked on me, with a smile like
nothing I had ever seen before, and
then I knew him.

"Lord Jesu," I said as I bowed
my head before him, "O help me to
be like thee. And come again to
our little meeting, that others may
see thee!"

And he said, "I am always in
your meetings. You have seen me.
Go tell the others that in every
meeting there I am, as I have
promised. Remember, I am with
you always. Go tell the others."
And I have told you.

Deal Justly, Mothers.

Oh, dear! I don't know why I did
that, said a mother, as her little
one toddled off in a burst of tears.

The mother had come home very
tired from a day's shopping, and
the little one had run out in the
hall to greet her, and, grabbing
the bundles from her hands, had be-
gun to try to untie them.

The mother pushed the child away
with no gentle hand, and in a cross
tone of voice, said, "Get out of my
way this minute, you naughty girl!"
Not long before, the little one had
been very ill, so ill that the doctors
had given up all hope. Then it was
that the mother prayed fervently to
God to spare her child, and promised
on her knees to be a tender, patient
faithful mother if it were given
back to her, and yet how soon she
had forgotten, and in moments of
exasperation the same impatient cross
words had come again, and the
little one's sensitive heart had been
made unjustly to suffer. The dear,
loving child had run with a glad
look on her wee face to meet mamma
who had been gone all day, so glad
to see her, but for want of thought
and following a childish impulse,
had reached forth the little hands to
take the bundles and find out what
was in them. All this came to the
mother's mind as she heard the sobs
of the little child, who had run
back to the room and buried her
face in the pillow of her little bed.

And then came that work of un-
doing the wrong, which all mothers
know about, but the cruel injustice
toward the child would still burden
conscience of the mother long after.

We are often unjust to our
children because of our own moods
and troubles. Things we pass over
sometimes as of no moment, in
hours when we feel "out of sorts"
we make a great matter of, and
hurt our children's sensitive natures
when reproof is entirely uncalled
for. Children are fretted at and
found fault with, oftentimes, be-
cause we are in an irritable mood,
or things do not go our way, not-
withstanding that they are perfectly
innocent of having helped to create
those unpleasant conditions.

Justice in the treatment of chil-
dren is something that should be
conscientiously practiced. The
child may have been full of the
wish to help mamma in her work,
and yet may have made some un-
fortunate break or spot in her
efforts. But the motive was right;
she meant to do something out of
the kindness of her heart.

But some mothers would
have lost sight of the motive
entirely, and scolded the child for
the unfortunate results, instead of
showing appreciation of the
thoughtfulness of the child, and
pointing out the difficulties in the
way of doing work the little hands
were not yet quite able to do. Let
us deal justly with our dear chil-
dren in our homes, and remember
that we can make more impression
on them by patiently and kindly
showing them their faults than by
nagging or scolding them.—
Evangelist.

Art of Living Together.

The art of living together is one
which lies at the root of domestic
happiness. Here are a few sugges-
tions which, having found useful,
I pass on to my readers:

In order to live happily with
others, we must not insist that
there is only one way of doing
things; we must avoid unnecessary

criticism of others' methods, and
must freely allow large liberty in
all personal details of management.
How foolish to have some stock
subjects of disputation, about which
there is always friction and irri-
tation, amounting, perhaps, in the
course of years, to positive aliena-
tion. Equally unwise it is to forget
that it is the little pebbles that
hurt the feet and that a sufficiently
sharp tack, however small, may
make a shoe quite unendurable.

It is not well to expect too much
of others, being mindful of the fact
that we ourselves make large de-
mands upon their patience or toler-
ation. There is always the danger
that familiarity will swallow up
courtesy, that the sweet attentions
so common before marriage will
cease after marriage. We need
constant reminders to keep watch
for little opportunities to praise,
to show sympathy, to rejoice with the
glad and weep with the sorrowful.

Why She Had No Big Tangles

A parable says that there was a
great king who employed his people
to weave for him. The silk, and
wool, and patterns were all given by
the king, and he looked for people
who worked diligently. He was
very indulgent, and told them when
any difficulty arose to send for him,
and he would help them; and never
to fear troubling him, but to ask for
help and instruction.

Among many men and women
busy at their looms was one little
child whom the king did not think
too young to work. Often alone
at her work, cheerfully and patient-
ly she labored. One day, when the
men and women were distressed at
the sight of their failures—the silks
were tangled and the weaving un-
like the pattern—they gathered
round the child and said: Tell us
how it is that you are so happy in
your work; we are always in diffi-
culties.

Then why do you not send to
the king? said the little weaver.
He told us we might do so.

So we do, night and morning.
Ah, said the child, but I send as
often as I have a little tangle.—
Unidentified.

The Secret of it.

What a very disreputable person Mrs.
Carson is! She never says the
wrong thing in the wrong place.

The words were spoken at an
afternoon kettle drum, just after a
lady with kind gentle features had
left the room.

Quite true, answered the mistress
of the house, as she creamed and
sugared a cup of tea for the speaker.
And yet I remember the time when
we all dreaded her quick sharp
speeches. They were often clever
and always biting.

What can have produced such a
change? mused Mr. Warwick, as
she stirred her tea thoughtfully.

I think I can tell you, interrup-
ted a fair-haired girl, coloring
timidly as she spoke, Mrs. Carson
once told me that nowadays she
never mounts the steps of a friend's
house or lay her hand on knocker
or bell, without praying; Lord keep
Thou the door of my lips, that I
offend not with my tongue.

Little Sins.

A little sin, like a little pebble
in the shoe, will make a traveller to
heaven walk very wearily. Little
sins, like little thieves, may open
the doors to greater ones outside.
Little sins, like little faults in
machinery, may wreck the whole
life. The one dead fly spoileth the
pot of ointment. That one thistle
may seed a continent. Let us kill
our sins as often as we can find
them.

One said, The heart is full of un-
clean birds; it is a cage of them.
Ah, but, said another, it is our
business to wring their necks. And
so it is. If there be evil things, we
ought to destroy them. We must
not harbor traitors to the King of
kings.—Spurgeon.

True devotion is chiefly in secret
but the bulk of the believer's life is
laid out in common duties and can-
not be hid. Lift up your heart to
God and lay out your talents for
the world and lift up your heart to
God—William Arnot.

Dandruff is an exudation from the
pores of the skin that spreads and
dries, forming scurf and causing the
hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer
cures it.

Severe colds are easily cured by the
use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive
Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary
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.

The Peevish Man.

D liver us from the peevish man.
He is worse than a bed of nettles.
He stings and irritates everybody
who falls in with him. He sees no
good in anything. Even when the
bright side of the cloud is turned
earthward, he worries because the
other side must be dark. He com-
plains of the manna because it is
not milk and honey; and when he
gets honey, he complains because
the bees made it from buckwheat
instead of white clover. He believes
that the world is the worst world
that could be made, and that there
is nothing for the good people to do
but to sit down and sulk about it.

Such a mood is temper gone to
seed. It has lost the spirit which
once gave it life, and has degen-
erated into a dry, rasping, rattling
verbiage. It was better to be in
the desert, and live as the
old hermits did, on herbs and water,
than to be unrelentingly irritated by
cruel c-prise, though we should have
robes of purple, and fare sumptuous-
ly every day. The beginning of a
peevish man is a pouting child.—
Selected.

For the burdens which God lay-
on us there will always be glad-
ness enough. The burdens which we
make for ourselves we must carry
alone.



It is very con-
venient to attribute
the disasters which
overtake us to fate.
But for the most
part man is the
arbiter of his own
fortunes. Business
men are struck
down suddenly as
by lightning. The
verdict is generally
"heart failure." "His heart was weak."
It was fate for him to meet this end.
But if we went behind the "weak" heart
we should find a "weak" stomach, prob-
ably, and back of the weak stomach is
careless eating at irregular hours.

When the stomach is diseased the
organs depending on the stomach for
nutrition are starved. Starvation means
weakness of the body and its organs.
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery
cures diseases of the stomach and other
organs of digestion and nutrition. When
these organs are cured, diseases of heart,
liver, lungs and kidneys, caused by the
diseased stomach, are cured also.

"In the fall of 1897 I was taken with smother-
ing spells, palpitation of the heart, and a dis-
tressed feeling in my stomach," writes Mr.
H. W. Kinney, of Knight, Doddridge Co., West
Va. "I consulted a doctor and he said I had
organic heart trouble. He gave me some medi-
cine, but it did me no good. I then tried differ-
ent kinds of patent medicines, but they only
helped me a little. I then sent and got five
bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.
Before the first bottle was gone I felt a
change. When the five bottles were gone I
began to work. I had not worked any for a
year before.

"I am well and can eat anything now with
the exception of pork and greasy food."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure
bilio-nousness.

Our Experience

Has shown beyond a doubt that Abstainers are better
risks than Non-Abstainers.

The Temperance and General Life

There fore, offers total abstainers Special
terms that are of great advantage to them.
They should invariably consult an Agent
of the Company before insuring their
lives.

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Agents for Maritime Provinces.

JUST OPENED

FRENCH

FLANNELS

IN

Military Red, Cardinal Navy, Black and Red Str
Royal Blue and White Stripes, Navy Str
White Stripe, Old Rose and Green
and Black and Red Mottled Pattern

JOHN J. WEDDALL