

Our Young People

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HOW MAY WE INCREASE THE MEMBERSHIP OF OUR SOCIETY.

In canvassing for members of any society almost invariably the first question asked is, "What is the good of joining it." Nor is the Christian Endeavor Society an exception to the rule. Therefore, it behooves us to consider well the inducements we have to offer those we would draw into the circle.

Is our society worth joining? What will it do for its members? Is it worth the sacrifice of time it demands? I know of a society that I would invite no young man or woman to join it. Why? Because in itself it is not what it professes to be; and, therefore, their first impression would be that it was, at best, a semi-failure, and its members themselves not living up to their pledges.

A society whose membership is forty, and whose average attendance is twenty-five, whose members drag along, the testimonies, or scripture references given only after dent of great coaxing, and almost threatening on the part of the leader; whose business meetings are unbusinesslike, and almost devoid of committee reports, while about three voices are raised when it comes to voting on a question,—what inducement does this society offer to new members?

How better conditions? Christ said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Is it less true to-day than when uttered? Will not a Christ-filled life attract others? Therefore, let us see to it that the life of our society is unquestioned. If necessary, let us cease the quest of new members and get to work to get ourselves into closer touch with the Master. Let us create among ourselves the Christian Endeavor spirit, the object and aim its organizers had. Let us be vigilant in building up our city within the walls,—and others, seeing the good work, will surely glorify God and come to us. It will prove the most effective drawing card we can use. It will be the most successful means of enlarging our membership list.

Is this such a difficult matter? With God all things are possible. If two unite as touching anything concerning the kingdom, the answer to that prayer is assured, so is it impossible to reach this high plane? Surely not with a few consecrated workers to ask and Omnipotent God to answer. P. O. P.

THE MEMBER WAS NOT DROPPED.

"I move we drop the following names from our roll," and the secretary read off five names, pausing a moment after each.

"I second the motion," came from somewhere in the rear of the room.

But at that moment a boy near the door rose impetuously. "Wait just a minute," he said; "we don't want to make any mistake. Suppose we drop the first four, as they have moved away, and hold on to Lem Briggs a while longer."

"He hasn't attended a meeting in over two months," objected the secretary; "and the last time he was spoken to by a lookout committee, he said he didn't know that he cared to come any more. We can't carry names that way."

"But I think there must be some mistake, or—misunderstanding," insisted the boy near the door. "Lem Briggs isn't one to speak slightly of our meetings; I know him a little. He was in my class in school before he got a job in the factory. Sometimes I think we are not quite cordial enough. The mill-district fellows feel that we do not treat them as we do the rest of the town, and I—well, I believe they are half right. This ought not to be. In the society we should drop everything like that. I believe Len Briggs is a fellow we ought to know better, to be proud of, to be glad to associate with, and I believe that if he can be brought into touch with us, he will help the society. He supports his mother and the children now, and he is working hard for an education. Even if it were different; if he were shiftless and weak, it would be our duty to try to lift him up. That's what our society is for; not to thrust out, but to draw in. That a fellow is obliged to live in a cheap place, and work, should not influence us, nor the fact that he has not had our advantages for an education. I move that we hold on to Lem Briggs a while longer, and that some of us go to him, not to warn him that he will be expelled if he does not attend, but to convince him that we really want him to come."

"I second the motion," came from the same voice in the back part of the room.

"And I move that our friend Bert be the one to see Lem Briggs," added the secretary.

Bert Gardiner was very busy at this time, for, hoping to be able to enter college in the fall, he was giving all his spare moments to a few special subjects in which he felt himself deficient. But the next day he arranged to borrow a couple of hours from himself, and to make up by extra hard study.

He did not know exactly where Lem lived, only that it was in one of the cheapest tenements of the mill district. From there he hoped to be directed to the mill in which Lem worked.

He was especially fortunate, for as he went down one of the narrow alleys, he met the object of his quest face to face. Lem was in his shirt-sleeves, his arms bare, and there were large streaks upon his hands and face from the machines among which he had been working. In his hands he carried a case of bobbins. Evidently he was on his way from one mill building to another. When he saw Bert, he flushed slightly, and stood aside to let him pass. But Bert stopped also.

"Hello, Lem!" he exclaimed, cordially; "you're just the fellow I want to see. You remember those books on mathematics you wanted to buy from

Phillips, and he asked too much. Well, I've got a set that I'm just through with, and some more on the same subject. If you can find use for them, you are welcome to the lot. They're likely to find their way into the waste-barrel if you don't. Come," frankly, as he noticed the embarrassment on Lem's face, "don't let your supersensitiveness come to the surface on account of such a trifle. Can't you accept a few old books from a friend?"

There was a momentary struggle on the mill-boy's face; then he, too, smiled frankly.

"Yes, I'll take them," he answered, simply, "an' much obliged."

"There's another thing I want to speak to you about," Bert went on. "We haven't seen you at our meetings for a long time. What's the matter? Don't say you can't spare the time," smiling warningly; "that's too old a story. Anybody can find time for a duty."

"Oh, it isn't that," returned Lem, deprecatingly. "I—I—are you sure your members really want me? Of course, they've asked me to come, an' have told me my name would be dropped from the roll if I didn't attend more regularly, but I have thought—"

"Look here, Lem Briggs," and Bert placed both hands upon the other's shoulders, "don't let us have any more of that. You're too sensible. What's the use of one-half the world shrugging its shoulders and the other turning its back? Why can't they all go forward and make use of the good things that ready, and help to create more? We're all workers in one way and another, and pretty much alike. You just come forward frankly, ready to do your part, and there will always be plenty to welcome you. We need just such strong, earnest workers as you. And as to wanting you," looking squarely into Lem's eyes, "I can speak for one. I do want you. Will you come?"

And Lem, his eyes also frank and direct, answered, "Yes."—Elizabeth Patterson, in *Wellspring*.

DECADENT INFIDELITY.

IN THE HOMILETIC REVIEW FOR NOVEMBER.

Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, of New York City, has a trenchant paper on "Decadent Infidelity," from which we quote the opening paragraphs, as bringing out the contrast between the old-time infidel and the skeptic of the present day:

An infidel, strictly speaking, is an apostate; but by long usage the word has come to designate one who wilfully opposes truth. The truth is from God. The original infidel was Satan, who addressed our first parents on this wise: "Yea, hath God said?" This is the open question of the centuries: "Has God spoken? Has he revealed himself to men?"

The contention is that God has thus revealed himself in the Scriptures as his written word and in Jesus Christ as his incarnate word, the two complementing each other and constituting the nominal and complete Word of God.

To oppose the proposition is the special function of the infidel. His plan of procedure is either by open assault or by strategy. Experience has shown the former to be the more admirable, but less effective method, wherefore it is little used in these days.

The old-time infidel was oftentimes a man of courage, who hung his banners on the outer walls, like Macbeth, crying, "Blow wind! Come wrack! At last we'll die with harness on our back."

OSTRICH LOGIC.

"When I can't see danger there is no danger." That's the logic of the ostrich which hides its head and exposes its body to the hunter. There are not a few people who seem to have gone to the ostrich to learn logic. The most dangerous enemies of humanity are the enemies which can't be seen, the disease breeding microbes which infect blood. It is harder to get the microbe out of the blood than to keep it out, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery



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"My blood was all out of order, and I had to go to the doctor," writes Mrs. James R. Moss, New London, Stanley Co., N.E. "He gave me medicine which helped me for a short time. In the winter of 1895 I got worse than I had ever been. My tonsils were enlarged and my neck swollen all out of shape; my throat was sore and I could not cure it. My husband went for the doctor, but he gave me no encouragement. He helped me a little, but it did not last long. He attended me for twelve months, when I heard of a lady whose condition was like mine, who was taking your medicine and was getting well. So I secured some of the medicine and began taking it. In one week I was able to do my cooking. When I began taking the medicine I could sit up only a few minutes at a time, and I could rest or sleep only a little while at a time. My throat was so sore at times I could not even swallow sweet milk, and my tonsils were full of little eating sores. My left side was swollen out of shape and I could hardly get my breath. The doctor said I would not get well, but three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, three bottles of his 'Pellets,' three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and the use of salt water did the work and cured me."

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