

Young People's Work. FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

COMMITTEE OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK: W. W. Coulter, Chairman; J. J. Smallman, Mrs. R. H. Cameron.

C. E. Prayer-Meeting Notes.

GEO. FOWLER.

Dec. 9.—Helps and hindrances to a Christian life.—Luke viii. 4-15.

The Christian life is one of activity. There is no place for the idler. The work to be accomplished by Christ's disciples is great. Battles are to be fought and victories won. We are waging an incessant warfare against powerful and insidious foes; we require assistance. Our arms must be strengthened and our hearts encouraged as we are bound down in the mighty conflict, stripped of our armor and carried away into bondage.

Some of the hindrances to the Christian life are:

1. The demands of self. It is an easy thing to gratify the desires of the heart. It is the temptation that our Saviour resisted, "Command these stones to be made bread." Self is to be subordinated to a higher law. We are not to live by bread alone. Christ's service demands sacrifice. We must bear our cross.

2. The glamour, the glitter, the riches, the pleasures and the allurements of the world hinder the development of the Christ life. The spirit of the world runs counter to God's will. We are to live the life in this world amidst scenes of iniquity. We do not expect to be taken bodily away to another sphere to make preparation for our future life; and to endeavor to run away from the temptations of the world by hiding in convents and leading hermit lives is cowardly. In the present age we need to be strongly fortified against the plausible arguments and bold pretensions of the world. The demands of fashion, the pride of life, the division of the Church into classes or castes are leading many away from Christ. The church, the mission of which is the faithful proclamation of the truth, is being converted into a social club for the entertainment of a class.

3. Our cares and our indifference hinder the development of the Christ life. Heb. ii. 1-3.

4. A fourth hindrance is our environment. Many have not Christian homes. They are subject to severe temptation. It is a mighty struggle for them to rise above the things of this world.

That mighty obstacles are to be overcome, many difficulties to be surmounted and hindrances to be removed as we journey Zionward, no one attempts to deny. Alone, unaided, we would be wrecked in the fierce storms which we would encounter; but there are helps as well as hindrances:

1. We have one to assist us who is greater than all that are against us. Christ has promised to be with us. Matt. xxviii. 20. As our Saviour overcame all difficulties, withstood all temptation, and came forth from all conflicts victorious, so we in His strength meet the foe and sweep forward to a triumphant victory.

2. We have the Holy Spirit to dwell in our hearts as a comforter. Acts ii. 38.

3. What would we do without the Word? When Christ was tempted He hurled at Satan the Word. We ought to know how to wield the sword of the Spirit. Let us while young store our minds with the precious word of God, which is so powerful.—Ps. cxix. 105; xix. 7; Rom. i. 16; Heb. iv. 12.

4. Another important help to the Christian is the privilege of approaching God in prayer. A careful study of the gospels reveals that the great source of

Christ's strength was prayer. If the Divine man needed to frequently spend hours, and sometimes all night, in prayer, how much more are we in need of availing ourselves of this means of grace?

5. A fifth assistance to the Christian is the church with all her Sunday and mid-week services. Heb. x. 25.

We should never go forth without our whole armour on, and then let Satan rage, we will conquer in the name of Him who always conquered.

6. One of the most valuable aids in the overcoming of opposition in the Christian life is the privilege that we have of co-operating with God in carrying on His work on earth. 2 Cor. vi. 1.

Dec. 16.—Different ways of rejecting Christ.—Mark xv. 6-14; Heb. iv. 6.

That men reject Christ is a mystery. To think that we harden our hearts to the appeals of Divine love, veil our eyes to that scene on Calvary, and close our ears to the proffered offers of eternal life is beyond human comprehension. What can be the cause? What leads men to reject the Saviour? In what ways do we reject Christ?

1. We reject Him by refusing to accept His word as authoritative, by disobeying his commands. Christ is supreme. He is Lord of Lords and King of Kings. God has spoken unto us by His Son. The Book of Inspiration is closed. If we add to or subtract from His word, we are rejecting him as supreme. Disobedience is and has been the cause of the downfall of nations and individuals. If we disobey the commands of Christ we reject Him who commanded.

2. We reject Him by denying His divinity. The divinity of Christ is the fundamental truth of the Christian system.

3. Many reject Christ by neglecting to accept Him. We have more to fear from indifference than from open hostility. The besetting sin of this age is not so much open and wilful opposition to the Lord as indifference. Everywhere we find those who are not concerned about their eternal welfare. Some think that because they are not engaged in open warfare against Jesus, they are for Him. "He that is not with us is against us," said Christ. Why do we allow indifference to hold us in its power? Do we not realize the terrible consequences of rejecting Christ. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." Associate members, why do you refuse to submit yourself to the Lord? "The wages of sin is death."

4. A fourth way of rejecting Christ is to yield yourselves and move to the dominion of sin. "He that continues faithful to the end shall be saved" Would you receive a crown of everlasting life, you must not faint by the wayside, but press onward from conversion to death. Heaven's gates are closed against those who stop short of the end.

Fellow traveller from the cradle to the grave, are you rejecting Christ? If so, stop in your course and consider well your position. Would you be partakers with those who crucified the Lord? Would you be numbered with those who are arrayed against the loving Jesus and in league with the enemy of God and man? "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."

On the Platform.

Public speakers and singers are often troubled with sore throat and hoarseness and are liable to severe bronchial attacks which might be prevented and cured by the use of Haggard's Pectoral Balsam—the best throat and lung remedy in use.

Christian Endeavor.

The following extract from J. Z. Tyler's report on "Christian Endeavor" is sensible and timely:—

It will be a mistake, however, if we come to look upon our societies as merely agencies to bring money into our treasury. These societies would better be preserved as schools for spiritual culture and training in personal service to Christ. [Applause.] Money is not our greatest need. We need a higher type of Christians, a more thorough and intelligent consecration to Christ. We need to be so possessed by the very Word of our Master that we will repeat His life of serving and giving. Let the production of this type of character be the chief aim of every Christian Endeavor society among the Disciples of Christ.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Ledard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

On 'Change.

BY AGNES.

It was a blowy day in March, so cold the sun could see his face reflected in the ice. The nostrils pinched and the lungs smarted with the cold wind. Up and down a short street, through which hurried busy men, a tiny boy struggled. The wind was so strong his sturdy little legs could hardly make headway. His face was as scarlet as his muffler and his mittens. One little fist was tightly shut in its mitten as if holding something there.

Four great banks fronted on this street, with rooms for lawyers' offices above them. The little lad wanted to get into one of the banks, but was afraid of the great doors, at men hurrying through clanged them after them. He saw another door at the side of one of the banks that seemed less dangerous. A good natured newsboy opened it for him, and in he went. Before him, a great, broad stair, with a rubber mat on each stair, wound up. That was the way to the offices above, but he did not know that.

Up he toiled, both feet on a step, panting, for the wind had taken his breath. At the first floor he came to he walked along the passage to a frosted glass door with "Bain, Morris & McNeal" painted on it in blackletters. Here he met a fresh difficulty, he could only touch the knob of the door.

Inside, it was warm as summer. The clerks, industriously reading and writing in stylishly ragged office coats, did not notice for a long time the attempts some one was making to open the door. Finally, a big, kind hearted fellow, wondering at the persistent creak at the door, looked up, then leaned over a desk and opened the door. An atom of humanity drifted in. The student looked down puzzled and amused as the child struggled with his mitten. He was still more amused when the little fellow threw a copper upon the desk and piped out, "Please, change it," then putting his hands upon the desk he tried to bring his eyes high enough to see over.

The young man picked up the copper, looked at it as it lay on his broad palm, then walked around the long desk and picked up the youngster.

"What on earth have you got there, Wilson?" asked one of the students.

"A client," answered Wilson, and they all laughed.

Wilson seated his client on his knee. "So you want this money changed," he said gravely. "What is your name?"

"Frank Stokes," answered the child readily, his eyes half closing in merry smile as he caught the gay twinkle in Wilson's.

"Frank Stokes, eh? And who sent you out to get your copper changed?"

"I wanted two, but fozzer only gave me one, he said p'raps I could det it changed."

"Who is your father?"

"He—oh—he. We live in the down'tairs of the Nashnal buildin'."

"Oh, I see, he is the caretaker of the National building, is he?"

"Yes, he keeps the furnace doin', an' does fings," said Frank importantly.

"What do you want with the change?"

"If I touldn't det it changed I was doin' to buy Maimie, my little sister, a tandy ball, and if I get it changed I'll buy her a rooster."

"A rooster! What kind of a rooster?"

"Oh, the Dado dirl at the corner sells 'em. They've got real fozzers in their tails, an' you tan blow in 'em."

"And it is all for Maimie, not for yourself?"

"Oh, no—I don't need tandy, nor roosters, nor fings. It's all for Maimie. Maimie ought to be bigger'n me, but she aint, she fell down on the 'tone 'tairs an' hurted her back. Now she lays on the sofy when she aint layin' in bed."

"Can she play with you?" asked Wilson, with a different glint in his brown eyes.

"Oh, yes, she knows heaps of plays. Fozzer fixed a board on two chairs, an' we play on that. I hunt for business tards in the halls when fazzer's sweepin'."

"Does she like picture books?"

"You bet; if I had money I'd buy her one," said the youthful financier. But she dot two now, an' a doll, an' a paste board boiz for it to sleep in."

"Do you go to kind'ergarten?"

"No, dot to look after Maimie. Muzzer has the baby."

Frank fidgeted a little.

"Dess I better go now. Maimie 'll wonder if I dot it changed. Will you change it?"

The young man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a bright five cent bit.

"How will that do?" he asked.

"Oh, that's silver: fozzer never gives me only coppers." His eyes shone. His honest, determined little face was alive with glee.

Mr. Wilson gravely handed over the five cents and pocketed the copper, then he set the boy on the floor, and put on his cap and overcoat.

"You must allow me the pleasure of seeing you and your rooster safe home this windy day," he said smiling.

Frank clutched his five cents so tightly he could hardly pull his mitten on over his fist, then he arched out with his new friend.

They found the Italian girl at the corner, blue and miserable with the cold, and very glad to sell a rooster.

Mr. Wilson stood by, greatly amused at the little fellow's earnest examination of the roosters. The wind had rather demoralized their tails. The selection was made, and the five cent bit handed up without a backward look. Mr. Wilson wrapped it carefully in his handkerchief and put it in a big pocket for safe carriage.

They turned on a street gay with shops. Mr. Wilson entered one, and lifted Frank to a seat. Frank thought Christmas must have come again, there were so many things. When they went out, there was a beautiful, large picture book and a gaily painted ball in the pocket with the rooster.

They reached the National building, and Frank led the way to a side entrance. Down stairs they went, and along a passage to a door on which Frank pounded. A tender faced woman, with a baby in her arms, opened it.

"Oh, Frankie, my little son, I was afraid you were lost."

"Tourse I wasn't," said Frank with



Mr. J. W. Dykeman, St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them.' J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

mannish scorn. "This is the gentleman that changed my topper."

Mr. Wilson stood, cap in hand, and explained politely, but Mrs. Stokes was shocked and mortified.

Frank hurried his friend in to see Maimie.

"Maimie, Maimie, here's a gentleman. He changed the topper, and I got you a rooster."

Mr. Wilson produced the rooster, and the child's sickly face grew radiant. Then the ball and book were brought out and offered to the child's mother with a boyish blush and stammer.

Mrs. Stokes took them gracefully and gratefully.

"It takes so much for doctors and instruments and medicines for her," she said, "that we have very little left for her amusements, and her father and I can't bear to send her away from us."

Frank never asked to have his money changed again, but that was not Mr. Wilson's last visit.

Nine and Six.

A queer little boy who had been to school, And was up to all sorts of tricks, Discovered that 9, when upside down, Would pass for the figure six.

So, when asked his age by a good old dame,

The comical youngster said,

"I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this,

But 6 when I stand on my head!"

The Pains of Rheumatism

According to the best authorities, originate in a morbid condition of the blood. Lactic acid, caused by the decomposition of the gelatinous and albuminous tissues, circulates with the blood and attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and thus causes the local manifestations of the disease. The back and shoulders are the parts usually affected by rheumatism, and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also sometimes attacked. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. It has had remarkable success in curing the most severe cases. The secret of its success lies in the fact that it attacks at once the cause of the disease by neutralizing the lactic acid and purifying the blood, as well as strengthening every function of the body.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.