

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

This department is conducted by a member of the General Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies. Correspondence is invited from all Young People's Societies, and Presbyterian and Synodical Committees. Address: "Our Young People," PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, Drawer 2464, Toronto, Ont.

A FLOURISHING YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY.

The Society of Christian Endeavor in connection with Cook's Church, Toronto, is the largest society of the kind in Canada, having a total membership of 460, of whom 373 are active and 80 associate.

The pastor of the Church, Rev. William Patterson, gives in the current issue of the *Knox College Monthly*, his impressions of the value of the Society as a help to the Church. He says: "I suppose a society, like a tree, should be judged by its fruits, and the question may now be asked, What has the Society done, and what is it doing?"

(1) It has created a greater interest among the young people in Bible study, as many of them are studying the Scriptures systematically in addition to the topics taken up at the weekly meetings.

(2) By taking part in the meetings the young people have been developed into more efficient Christian workers. Many in the Society who, a few years ago, could not lead publicly in prayer can now take charge of a meeting and speak to edification.

(3) During the years of its existence many of our members have gone to different parts of Canada and the United States, some of whom have been instrumental in organizing other Christian Endeavor Societies, and nearly all of them are actively engaged in Christian work. Five who were members of our Society are now Presbyterian ministers in Canada, one of our number is a missionary in Africa, and twelve others are studying for the ministry.

(4) Through this Society our young people have been led to take a deep interest in missions, both home and foreign, and many are contributing systematically for this cause.

(5) The members assist in carrying on Christian work in connection with the Haven and the General Hospital, besides conducting meetings in three missions in the city, distributing tracts, and taking flowers to the sick. The Society has always been loyal to the Church, and willing to assist the pastor and session in every possible way. I may here say that seven members of the Society have been elected to the eldership.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

A pastoral letter has been issued to the Young People's Societies connected with the Congregational Churches of Vermont. At the last general convention of the State, a committee was appointed to prepare and issue this greeting, from which we select the following paragraphs:

"We want you to know that we love you and rejoice in your growing strength. We want to come into yet closer relations with you. Some of you are our best helpers in the Sunday-school. We want you all there. Your bright faces and clear voices give new vigor to our church prayer-meeting. Let us hear you every week. Your gifts to missions make us glad. Remember that our six national societies have first claim.

"The future of the church is in your hands. Its responsibilities will be yours. We want those of you that are not members to unite yourselves with the church, that by confessing Christ you may be honored of Christ. By sitting at the Lord's table you may share the riches of his grace. By early joining yourselves in covenant with him you may become with us heirs to the 'crown of glory that fadeth not away.'"

WHAT TO READ AND HOW.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "His mind will run out, if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said that his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book, if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book.

He went with him and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books, in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books, than he had ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man.

STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

A writer in the *Youth's Companion* tells this story of a true Christian Hero:

A dozen rough, but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in the camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ringleader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen.

In a moment the squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits, who had arrived in camp that day. The ringleader approached the tent on tiptoes. "Boys, he's a-praying, or I'm a sinner!" he roared out.

"Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things! I'll show you how to take the religion out of him!" said the first speaker, laughing. He was a large man, the ring-leader in mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little ranter is no better than the rest of us," answered the big ringleader. "He's only making-believe pious. When we get under fire you'll see him run. Those pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion!"

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, and entered the Wilderness, and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and, when the line was reformed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing.

When last seen he was almost surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost.

Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face:

"Boys, I couldn't leave him—he fought so! I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said with a husky voice:

"I guess you'd better put the words 'Christian Soldier' in somewhere! He deserves the title, and may be it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men, as they stuck the rudely carved board at the head of the grave, and, again and again looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier, if ever there was one! And," turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion; "Why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire like a man, and never sending a word back? He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him—he did!" When the regiment marched away, that rude headboard remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.

One of the most wonderful revival stories that has been told of any place for a long time, comes from the little town of New Millport, Penn., a place of less than two hundred inhabitants. Beginning with the week of prayer, the Christian Endeavor Society held special evangelistic services that from the very first night were attended with much spiritual power. The definite results of the four weeks of service are converts to the number of more than seventy, sixty-one of whom united with the Lutheran Church, and the rest with other churches. All of the associate members of the society were converted, and the membership of the organization increased more than one hundred per cent. A revival of giving also arose in the church. Both the hotels relinquished their licenses to sell liquor. The entire community was stirred, and the good work is not yet at an end.