

Observations.

REV. H. C. MORRISON.

We must learn how to gather the fruit without destroying the tree. There is such a thing as conducting a revival so that, while it may produce some fruit, yet the general religious interest of the community is damaged. The evangelist of deep piety; good, common sense, who will go about his work with strong faith, wise plans, preaching a pure gospel and holding on until victory comes and the work is done, is the man wanted by pastors and churches.

The evangelist who hears no one else preach is likely to become lean, his thought stereotyped, and in a manner, more or less conceited. We must hear others preach, not as critics, and fault-finders, but to get their best thought and feeling. We must read books, mingle with men, keep the mind fresh and vigorous, and the heart under the cleansing stream.

The spirit of brotherly helpfulness should prevail among evangelists. We must help the young man get his start, put him into camp-meetings and revivals, give him a book and a good word. We must stand by the old man, cheer his upward pathway, honoring him for his work's sake, learning wisdom and patience at his feet.

The More Excellent Way.

A young man who had just become a Christian was much troubled over many things he had been in the habit of doing. He wondered whether he could keep on doing this thing, and that. Finally he went to a friend with his questions. The friend was an old man, rich in the joy of a long Christian life; he looked at the other with his rare smile.

"Suppose," he said, gently, "that we drop all that for a while, and just try to learn more of the Master"—and then followed a talk upon Christ and his plan for human lives which that young man still remembered when old and gray-haired himself.

We cannot too often remind ourselves that religion is positive, not negative; that the secret of it lies not in refraining from certain things, but in being possessed by the Spirit of God. "Things" fall into their right places, and the question whether we "can" do this or that is utterly forgotten, when once the soul has had a vision of the abundant life which Christ came to bring mankind.—Wellsprong.

Heart Leakage.

Recently a young lady in Warsaw, Indiana, died of heart leakage. By some means a point of a needle entered one of her hands and worked its way up through her arm into her shoulder, then her chest, and last of all, slowly following an artery, it strangely pierced her heart, causing a leakage of blood, which resulted in a painful death.

So it has been with many a Christian whose spiritual life has been pierced with worldliness, selfishness, sinful pleasure, unbelief and many other things, causing a leakage of love, life, grace, faith and truth finally resulting in spiritual death. "Let us give the more earnest heed to the things we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip"—that is leak out. If the truth leaks out of our hearts, spiritual life will also leak out, leaving us spiritual corpses or normal professors.—Sel.

A Man's Mother.

Man, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded old lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted old hands.

Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

Don't wait to put all of your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly ton of marble inscribed "Mother."

Don't wait to throw all your bouquets on her grave. It's mighty doubtful whether an angel in heaven takes any interest in cemeteries or gets any satisfaction from revisiting earth and contemplating a flattering tombstone; but it is utterly, certainly certain that you can make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her while she is alive just one tithe of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some particular man who reads this page. I do

not know his name, but I know his story. He is a middle aged, man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea but what he is going his duty by his poor old mother who lives in his home and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is decently clothed by his hands; but that is all.

He neglects her. He never says a word of affection to her.

He never pays her any little attentions. When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with curt contempt.

When she tells her garrulous old stories, as old people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored.

In a thousand unintentional ways the old mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which every one will be glad to be rid.

Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking, and in a letter, written in a trembling and feeble handwriting, she asks me if I cannot say something that her son will read, and that may make him think.

Ah, if I only could! If I could only say to him, "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother. Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman, who never forgets you."

Of course the man will say, and truly, that he is busy, overworked, care-burdened; that he has the claims of wife and children upon him; that he is often irritable through sheer physical weariness and overstrain.

Granted. But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not the eight or ten hours day of the union, but the twenty-four day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed by your clothes before your fellows.

Stop, man, and think what life would have been to you if she had treated you in your childhood as you are treating her in her old age!

Suppose there had been no warm, caressing mother's love?

Suppose there had been no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of your little world went wrong?

Would it not take away from you the memory of all that is best and sweetest in life? Is there any thing else so pitiful on earth as the little child that is motherless—that is an alien in a strange home—that has no one to love it?

Yes, there is just one other figure more forlorn than the little unloved child and that is the old mother who is unloved by the children she has raised and who is doomed to spend the last years of her life in a glacial atmosphere of neglect, her devotion, her labors, her sacrifices forgotten.

Remember then now while there is time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something on account this very night.

Go home and put your arm around the shrunken old figure. Kiss the drooping old mouth with a real, live, warm kiss instead of giving her a perfunctory peck on the cheek. Tell her that she is the greatest mother a man ever had, and that all you are she made you.

It will cause her very soul to leap with joy, and make the world a place of circling joy, and life itself swim in a rosy mist of bliss for her—if she doesn't drop dead with surprise.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A Thankful Soul.

I take life just as I find it.

If it's hot I never mind it;

Hunt around for shady trees

An' jes whistle up a breeze!

If it's snowin', why,—I go,

Jest go a-skimmin' crost the snow!

(Ever try how good it feels

In a wagon off the wheels?)

Spring or winter, summer, fall,

I'm jest as thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full of strife;

That jest 'livens up my life!

When the good Lord made it, he

Done the best fer you an' me—

Saw the sky had too much blue,

An' rolled up a cloud or two.

Give us light to sow an' reap,

Then threw in the dark fer sleep.

Every single drop of dew

Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o'light—

Sometimes sorrow comes along,

But it's all mixed up with song,

Folks that always make complaint

Sun by days and stars by night;

They ain't healthy—that they ain't!

Some would jest live with the chills

If it warn't fer doctors' bills!

Always findin' fault with things—

Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it;

If it's a sunshiny day,

Hot or cold, I never mind it—

If it's rainin', fills my wish—

Makes the lakes jest right to fish;

When the snow falls white as foam,

That's my time fer makin' hay;

Then I track the rabbits home,

Spring or winter, summer, fall,

I'm jest as thankful fer 'em all!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Demorest's Magazine.

Questions For Christians.

Does your milkman know that you are a Christian?

Has your butcher found out that you have made a start for heaven?

Does your newsboy suspect that you belong to church?

Has your washerwoman discovered that she is toiling for a child of God?

If you had to go to heaven on the testimony of your dressmaker, could you do it?

Have your wife and children gained anything by your joining the church?

What kind of church would yours be, if the members were all just like you?—Expositor.

True love in the Holy Ghost is without measure; with no abatement. It is to love Him only, to wish to converse with Him continually, to sigh and languish after Him. Our delight should be in Him, and we should desire none beside Him. He should be the object of our affections, the end of our actions, the flower of our love, the delight of all our aspirations, and the governing power of our whole soul. This is true love to God in the Holy Ghost.—Living Epistle.

"Beneath the pleasing show of outward moralities may lurk a corrupt heart."

If we only lived up to our impulses, we should have plenty of money for missions."

Note the travelling rates for Beulah Camp Meeting, and the Alliance. Plan to go and stay.

"The only fire that consumes a man's real treasure, his character, is the one he kindles in his own heart."

"There was no bitterness in her poverty; she met, looked at it, often even laughed at it; for it bound all the family together hand in hand. It taught endurance, self-dependence, and best of all lessons, self-renunciation."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

How Ruth Resisted.

Six-year-old Ruth was spending the afternoon at the home of a little friend.

In the midst of their play the mother appeared, and, with the kindest intention in the world, handed each child a cookie. Putting her hands behind her, Ruth shook her head slowly and said, "My mamma doesn't allow me to eat between meals."

Her temptress, with different ideas about eating for children, said, "That's nonsense! This cookie won't hurt you. Take it and eat it. Your mamma will never know. If you're afraid she'll come in and catch you, crawl in here under the table and she'll never see you."

Amazed, astonished, the child stared for one horror-stricken moment at the awful woman who would suggest such wicked conduct to her, and then turned and fled. Straight to her mother's arms she ran, and there sobbed out the story of her temptation.

When her tender heart had been relieved of its burden, she looked at her mamma and said, "I don't fink it's nice for grown-up folks to make it so hard for little girls to be good, do you, mamma? 'F I was a grown-up lady and a little girl said her mamma wouldn't let her eat a cookie, I'd say, 'Put it in your pot, dear and keep it till supper time.'"—Ran's Horn.

Help Somebody.

A beautiful story is told about Sir Bartle, an English nobleman, who was once the governor of Bombay in India, and of Cape Colony in Africa.

He went away from home on a trip, and on his return his wife went down to the railroad station to meet him. She took with her a servant, who had never seen her husband. When they arrived at the railroad station she said to the servant, "Now you must go and look for Sir Bartle."

"But how shall I know him?" asked the servant.

"Oh," answered the lady, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody."

The answer was sufficient, for when the servant went to look for Sir Bartle he found a tall man helping an old lady from the car, and this tall man proved to be Sir Bartle himself. There is an example here which every girl and boy would do well to follow.—Ex.

Ears and Tongues.

Once upon a time a peasant went to heaven—so runs a story that Japanese mothers and fathers tell to little boys and girls who do not mind their manners—and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange upon it.

"What is that?" he asked. "Is it something to make soup of?" (The Japanese are very fond of soup.)

"No," was the reply, "those are ears. They belonged to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they didn't pay any attention to it, so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it.

"What is that?" he asked again. "Is that something to make soup of?"

"No," he was told, these are tongues. They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do, so when they died their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."—Selected.

Somebody Forgets.

"He saith unto him, feed my lambs." A little boy, living in the most poverty-stricken section of a great city, found his way into a mission Sunday school and became a Christian. One day not long after, someone tried to shake the child's faith by asking him some puzzling questions; "If God really loves you, why doesn't he take better care of you? Why doesn't he tell somebody to send you a pair of shoes, or else coal enough so that you can keep warm this winter?" The boy thought a moment, and then said, as the rears rushed to his eyes; "I guess He does tell somebody, and somebody forgets." The saddest thing about the answer is its truth.—Epworth Herald.

Rates for Travelling To and From Beulah Alliance and Camp Meeting.

VIA I. C. R.—Delegates and their wives, and others purchase One way first class ticket to St. John and ask for standard certificate, which, properly filled out and signed by the secretary will entitle holders to a return ticket free, provided ten or more certificates have been filled.

VIA C. P. R.—Delegates and others purchase a one way first class ticket to destination and ask for standard certificate, as on I. C. R. If 50 or more certificates are filled, holders will be returned free, if less than 50 one-third first class fare will be charged for return trip.

VIA D. A. R.—Delegates and others purchase a one way first class ticket to St. John and ask for standard certificate, which, if properly filled out and signed will entitle the holder to a free return provided, 50 or more certificates are filled, if less than 50 one-third first class fare. Time limit, June 28th to July 15th, 1909.

STEAMERS—Str. "Aurora," Grand Main to St. John, and Eastport to St. John, \$1.00 same as previous years, with certificates return fee.

STAR LINE S. S. Co.—From Fredericton to Beulah, Str. Victoria, and all other boats on this S. S. Line, one first class fare, get certificate from Purser.

ST. JOHN RIVER S. S. Co.—From Fredericton to Beulah, Str. "Elaine," from all other boats on this line, one first class fare, get certificates from Purser.

STR. SINCENNES.—The above Str. will take all persons from all points along her route to Beulah for one first class fare, return free with certificate.

All the above Strs. require certificate of attendance from secretary. Be sure and get your certificates for the Purser when paying fare.

Rates from St. John to Beulah and return will be 30c.

All persons coming by rail or boat be sure and get with your tickets certificates, which will entitle you to free return. Tickets can be purchased from June 28th, and are good for return up to, and including July 15th. Tickets can be purchased and are good to return on any time between the above dates.

Every one come to Beulah this year and swell the number of standard certificates, and fill the Camp ground and get a Blessing.

Signed, S. H. CLARK, Asst. Secretary Reformed Baptist Alliance of Canada.

Westchester Sta., N. S. May 10th, 1909.

The Way to Live.

"Just to be tender, just to be true, Just to be glad the whole day through, Just to be merciful, just to be mild, Just to be gentle and kind and sweet, Just to be helpful with willing feet, Just to be cheery when things go wrong, Just to drive sadness away with a song, Whether the hour is dark or bright, Just to be loyal to God and right, Just to believe that God knows best, Just in His promises ever to rest, Just to let love be our daily key, That is God's will for you and me.

IF.

What momentous things depend upon it. What doors swing upon it. What destinies hang upon it. Nebuchadnezzar said to the magicians, "If ye will not make known unto me the dream." "If ye show the dream." If was a gate that opened to "gifts and rewards and great honor," or closed unto the doom of ruin and death.

If is the doorway to the heart. Thrice Satan pushed hard upon it that he might enter the bosom of our Lord. "If thou be the Son of God, command these stones." "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down." "If thou wilt fall down and worship me." The gate was securely barred and Satan was defeated.

It is the way to the Mount of Vision. "If thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God." If is the doorway to divine fellowship. "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Nazarene Messenger.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—Socrates.

"Jealousy is the sister of love as the devil is the brother of the angels."

"A lazy Christian is as incongruous as an honest thief."