

**To Ministers in Charge of Congregations.**

Dear Brethren,—The British and Foreign Bible Society for 105 years has pursued its single aim of circulating the Scriptures without note or comment in this and all lands. The Bible, or some portion of it, is printed in about 520 of the "two thousand languages and dialects spoken my man." Of these versions this Society has provided 418, having added six new languages to its roll last year. The Bible Society co-operates with the missionaries, who are zealous and effective distributors of the Vernacular Scriptures in preparing the Versions—these prints the editions needed—bears the loss involved in sales at reduced prices and pays the express charges on the Bibles to mission stations in all parts of the world. The effective instrument in all mission work is the Living Word, and because the Bible Society is not merely a distributor of the Word in British communities, but a producer and distributor of the Word in 418 languages, and in all parts of the world. It confidently appeals to all who believe that the Bible is "the seed-corn of the kingdom" for an intelligent, regular and generous support.

The Canadian Bible Society is responsible for Bible distribution in Canada and Newfoundland, and is also pledged to assist the British and Foreign Bible Society in its world-wide work. Last year the Scriptures were circulated in eighty-three languages in Canada. This year more than ninety versions will be required. The great unifying agent, making of one spirit and animating with the same hope, the many races coming into Canada and Newfoundland is the Word of God. The fate of Canada depends on an open Bible. In this day of great responsibility and opportunity, the Society's appeal for aid to keep the book "free and open," should meet with generous response from all who love Canadian institutions.

Every branch of the Canadian church has strongly commended the work of the Society to the prayerful sympathy and support of communicants and adherents and approved of the suggestion to get apart "at least one Sabbath each year, on which ministers shall bring before congregations the great importance of the translation and circulation of the Holy Scriptures." In harmony with these resolutions I respectfully suggest that on the last Sabbath in October sermons be preached and addresses delivered on the absolute necessity of providing the Word of God for every man in his own language and encouraging the church by a statement of what has already been done.

May I also suggest that you consult the President of your Branch, and if the date named is not the best arranged to present the claims of the Society, and have the offering taken at the earliest and most suitable time.

We owe a debt to the Bible which can be partly paid now by carrying forward the Society's great undertaking with increased vigor. Help the Bible do its work in Canada.

Very truly yours,  
 GEORGE M. CAMPBELL,  
 Secretary, District No. 1,  
 Canadian Bible Society.

**Ashamed of His Little Faith.**

A preacher had been told by the head of a great shoe factory, that if he found any poor people who needed shoes, he could come to him and get them. In making his rounds one day soon afterward, the minister invited a man to attend his church.

"I would like to go," said the man, "but my shoes are so nearly worn out that I would be ashamed to go to meeting with them, and I am too poor to get any better."

"Well, that shall not keep you away," said the preacher; "I will get you a pair of shoes if you will come."

"But I wouldn't like to go without my wife," returned the man, "and her shoes are not better than mine." The preacher promised to get shoes for her, too.

"It would hardly be right to leave our three children at home, and they are all barefooted, too," said the man, in a hesitating way.

The preacher saw that he was in for it, and promised that the children should also have shoes. He then got their

measures and went to see his friend the shoe man. He feared that he was presuming too much on the promise he had received, and thought the shoe man might feel that he was abusing his kindness, but when the situation was laid before him, the merchant smiled and said:

"All right; come with me."

Together they took the elevator and went to one of the upper floors, where they landed in a large warehouse that was filled with shoes. The shoeman pointed to one whole side of the room, and said: "All the shoes on these shelves are set aside for just such cases as yours, and when you have any more of the same kind just come here and help yourself."

Of course the preacher felt very small when he thought of how little he had expected from his generous friend, in proportion to what he was willing to give. How often we go to the Lord with just such dishonoring faith.—*Ram's Horn Brown.*

**Jerry's Stolen Sugar.**

The late Jerry McAuley, in a talk to young converts, once gave this passage from his own experience:

I want to say to the young converts, that they will be tried many ways; but if you only learn to trust Jesus blindly and fearlessly, you will come out all right. I was sitting in a mission down town, reading, when in came a man who was captain of a vessel. He looked around till he saw me, and said to the man who kept the place:

"What are you doing with that rascal in here?" The captain was told I was a convert, and living a Christian life.

"He a Christian?" said the captain; "yes, a pretty Christian he is. He stole a hundred dollar's worth of sugar from me once, and if he got his deserts he would be in the penitentiary." Then walking up to me said, "If you are converted, and pretend to be an honest man, pay me for that sugar you stole from me."

My friends, that was a trying time for me, and the devil tempted me to deny the whole thing, and face him down in it; but I lifted my heart to God, and he helped me. I went up to him and said:

"Captain, I did steal that sugar from you; and if you will walk to my home with me I will pay you for it."

I had got steady work, and had saved a hundred dollars, and had it put away—the first hundred dollars I ever saved by honest work. I hated to part with it, we needed things so bad; but the Lord helped me, and I said, "Come on; walked right home with me, and I will pay you for that sugar."

"Yes," said he, "you look like paying a hundred dollars; I ain't fooled quite so easy as that."

I took him by the arm and made him walk right along; and the Lord helped me every step I took. He was silent for a while, when he said in a kinder tone:

"Now, Jerry, you don't mean to pay me that money; you can't spare it."

I said, "Yes, I can. The Lord will help me to spare it."

"Jerry," said he, "I believe you have got religion. Now hold on; I ain't going to take that money. It is diamond cut diamond. I stole that sugar, and you stole it from me. Suppose we call it even."

Well, he would go no farther, and I saved my hundred dollars. If I had tried to shirk the matter and run away from that man, I would have lost my own enjoyment, and lost the chance of showing the captain how the grace of God in the heart makes a man honest. Oh, my friend if you only get honest with God, and honest with yourself, you can defy the world.—*Exchange.*

**John Fletcher's Golden Rules.**

1. Live above earthly and creature comforts.
2. Beware of flatness and lukewarmness; this, if not carried immediately to God, often ends in darkness and deadness.
3. Value divine comforts above all things, and prize Christ above all comforts, that if you should fail, you still glory in the God of your salvation.
4. Let that which torments others make your happiness—self denial and renouncing our own will.
5. Be ready to yield with joy to every conviction of the Spirit of God. Be faithful to present grace and aspire after a continual growth.

6. Live the present moment to God, and avoid perplexing yourself about present or future experience, by giving yourself up to Christ as you are and being willing to receive Him now as He is, leaving all the rest to Him, you will cut up a thousand temptations by the roots.

7. Spent time in feeling after Christ by the prayer of such faith as you have, whether it be dark or luminous, the time you have hitherto spent in desponding thoughts, in perplexing considerations upon the badness or uncertainty of your state, and come now to the Lord Jesus with your present wants, daring to believe that He waits to be gracious to us. Christ is the way—the way to the Father, and a highway is as free for a sickly beggar as a glorious prince.

**Holiness.**

REV. C. J. FOWLER.

Holiness is vital. It is that experience "without which no man shall see the Lord." How essential then it must be. None should consider himself sane, who, even for an hour, neglects to give attention to so vital a matter.

Suppose God said, "without a knowledge of French language, no man shall see the Lord," how sane it would be for every living being and all who shall ever live, to give attention to the French language or to enough English to enable the condition to be met.

Holiness! What is it? None will make serious mistake in answering this question. Ask one utterly outside the Christian church who knows nothing whatever about theology, and who cares little about religion, and in his answer he will eliminate all sin. His idea of holiness will have no sin in it. In the thought of everybody, holiness and sin, of every kind and degree, are forever separate!

None think that a holy heaven has any sin in it; and none think that a holy heart has, if such a heart can be had. Not all would think a holy heart possible, but if it be, it would have no sin.

Holiness is restoration. God made the race, originally, holy. No sin was in our first parents, or on, them. They were holy.

The gospel is good news. What good news? The good news of recovery—of recovery unto holiness. Luke 1:68 75,

Holiness is a new creation. The original man was made. He was no evolution; he was a creation.

The new man is made. If he becomes holy he must be made so. David said, "Create in me a clean heart." As well grow a wormy apple into a sound one, as to think of developing a pure condition from an impure. Paul says, "Created in righteousness and true holiness."

So holiness is a divine work. It is not a process; it is an act. In creation, "God said," it was done. So in the new creation, the Creator has the glory.

Holiness becometh God's house. His people are the house. Ps. 93:5, I Tim. 3:15

**He Saved Me.**

In some meetings of the Salvation Army in Birmingham, England, one of the worst men in that city was converted. It was not long before some of his former evil associates began to make fun of him, and such a conversation as the following ensued:

"You say you are a Christian—Who was the father of Jesus Christ?"

"I don't know."

"Who was his mother?"

"I don't know."

"How old was He when He died?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you are a pretty Christian; you don't know who was the father of Jesus, or who was His mother, or when He lived or how He died—what do you know?"

Then the rough, but genuine Christian man lifted his head and looking those who were taunting him in the face replied: "I know that he saved me."—*Sel.*

"Yes," assented a laborer, who was laying an asphalt walk, when somebody asked him about his employer; "Mr. A's a great church worker, and a pretty nice man, but he doesn't put tar enough in his walks." In the day of judgment which is today, and in the final judgment day, Mr. A. will be judged by the asphalt walks he has laid rather than by the prayer meeting speeches he has made.

**Marie Meriam.**

"Tis the little things" on our pathway,  
 As through the world we go,  
 Each with our share of pleasure,  
 And oft with our share of woe.

"Tis the little worries"—grow larger;  
 If we stop one minute to care,  
 They assume alarming proportions;  
 Then trouble fills the air.

"Tis the little words of kindness,"  
 Just scattered by the way,  
 Perhaps to one who's suffering;  
 Who fain would bid us stay.

"Tis the little mite" you've given,  
 For sweet charity's sake so dear;  
 "Cast your bread upon the waters."  
 They're flowing, off to near.

"Tis the little joys and pleasures,"  
 Oft prove life's greatest charm;  
 'Tis the gentle word of warning,  
 Has saved many a one from harm.

"Tis the little words of love" sincere,  
 Which to many a hungry heart  
 Have made their lives look brighter,  
 While they've made the teardrop start.

**Wanted—A Bartender.**

The other day I picked up a newspaper and, glancing over the advertisements for help, read as follows:

"Wanted—A bartender. Must be a total abstainer. Apply, etc."

Is not that a curious advertisement? What should we think of such an advertisement in another line of business? How would an advertisement like this look? "Wanted—A barber who has never had his hair cut. Apply at the barber shop on the corner."

Or this?

"Wanted—A salesman in a shoe store. He must go barefoot while on duty. Apply at Bank's Shoe Store."

What other business finds it necessary or desirable to advertise for help pledged to make no use of the goods sold. Can it be that the liquor traffic finds it has wrought so great demoralization among its followers that it is forced to draw upon temperance or total abstinence "fanatics" in order to continue its business?—*Sel.*

**Just For Fun.**

A smart young man met an aged minister in the street, and said, "Domine! I will give you this five-dollar bill for the charity for which you pleaded on Sunday, just for fun."

"Just for fun!" exclaimed the venerable man, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder, "why, that is just as it should be, for the Bible says (2 Cor. 9:7) the Lord loveth the hilarious giver."

The Greek word translated in our English Bibles as "cheerful" is *hilarios*, which means that a successful young man of business like you should give with that pleasurable excitement of the animal spirits which you now feel. Make it a ten-dollar bill, my boy, just for fun.—*Ex.*

**The Heart Searcher.**

"I say, John, is your razor sharp?"

"Well, it was a while ago."

"Nay, nay, the Master has little use for good old 'has beens.' Has it a sweet, keen edge now? Be very careful with that rough edge, that 'hard holiness' razor, John. It pulls badly, doesn't do nice, clean work. Rub it on the love strop God loves you with all his heart. He wants you to love him with the whole of yours. He loves you enough to make and keep you clean. He hates the disease of sin in you, more than mother ever hated the disease that was robbing her of her child. She was helpless but Jesus isn't; He can save to the uttermost. Yes, that is a sweet edge! Yet it cuts smart, thank God."

"I say, John, is your razor well tempered? If it is too soft you cannot keep a fine edge, it will turn at every cross, at every difficulty. It will be too soft to suffer, to soft to witness."

"If it is too hard it will break and fly. You will fail for want of patience, half-way up the hill to victory."

"It is the fire which can produce the pure steel and give it just the right temper. It is a delicate process, but the Lord can make and keep you just right, hidden in His hand, the messenger of the Word of God, which is quick and powerful and sharper than any two edged sword—the very Sword of the Spirit."—*Way of Holiness.*

**'Thou Shalt Not Steal'**

ANOTHER MOTHER'S STORY.

In an article on the lack of honesty towards corporations, governments, etc., the "Wall Street Journal" says:—

Here is a case in point. In an apartment house not far from Columbia University, not in the "tenements," but where the apartments rent at \$125 a month and upwards, dwells a small family whose single daughter uses the surface cars on rainy days for a dozen blocks to get to school. Her mother provides the child with carfare, but the child is explicitly told to evade paying the conductor if she can.

Not only does the child do this, but she shows that she perceives the moral wrong she is committing, because she tells her young companions that when the street car conductor fails to collect her fare she does not return it to her mother but spends it for her own purposes. The mother, perhaps, does not think she is committing any crime. The less sophisticated intelligence of the child sees that there is no moral difference between deceiving her mother and robbing the street railroad.

**Cheering the Aged**

A young girl was passing her great aunt one day, when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head and said, "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

A young man once said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther today when I remarked casually, 'What a pretty gown you have on to day and how nice you look in it.' She almost cried, she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing would be likely to please her."

"I never expect to eat any cookies as good as those you used to make, mother," said a bearded man one day, and he was shocked at his neglect of her in the past when he saw her evident delight in his words for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.—*Ex.*

**I Just Wonder**

I wonder if there would be less work to do if Edward should hang up his hat instead of leaving it for Mary? If Mary should carry her wrap with her to the carriage instead of sending Edward back for it? If Anna should bring her book downstairs instead of asking Alice to turn back to get it? If, when Lucy had left the piano, she had shut it instead of her mother's having to do so when bedtime came? If Alfred would close the door when he left the room instead of leaving it for someone else to close? I remember how willing willing we are to do these little things for each other—but—I just wonder?

Make Christ your most constant companion. Be more under his influence than under any other influence. Ten minutes spent in his society every day—aye, two minute, if it be face to face and heart to heart—will make the whole day different. Every character has an inward spring; let Christ be that spring. Every action has a keynote; let Christ be that note to which your whole life is attuned.—*Henry Drummond.*

"Numbers of men are trying to preserve the national monuments. Why do they not try to preserve the greatest monument that ever existed, 'The Lord's Day?'"—*Flavel Cook.*

"An example is more eloquent than a sermon."

It is my deep conviction that if the Church of God were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass until the story of the cross would be uttered in the ears of every living man.—*Anon.*

When you have killed your enemy with kindness you have created a friend.