

Prayer

The men in whose lives has developed a great prayer passion have been the men who have moved the world. Look at Robert Hall of Leicester. He would come from his vestry so weak in body from struggling in prayer before God that he would have to hold on to his pulpit when he stood to preach. But as he proceeded with the sermon the people would rise in their seats unconsciously and come streaming up the aisles, crowding around the pulpit so that it actually became necessary to put locks on the pew doors and lock the people in. And to this day you may see the remains of the locks in the old Harvey Lane Chapel. Or look at Catherine of Siena. She was a wool dyer's daughter and taught herself to read and write. But when she came to womanhood she was sought for by Kings and Queens and Princes and Popes that they might have her advice and prayers. She would go into what we might call a trance, communing with her Lord, when for hours she would seem to forget every-thing else. She was only a wool dyer's daughter, but she moved the world by prayer. And there is no favoritism with God. you and I may possess the same secret and be master workmen in the kingdom of grace—Rev. J. W. Mahood, D. D.; in *The Master workman.*

"Lack of Power."

"Why is there such a lack of power in our lives? The reservoir up yonder is full to overflowing, with clear sweet life-giving water. And here all around us the earth is so dry, so thirsty, cracked open—high cracks like dumb mutes asking mutely for what we should give. And the connecting pipes between the reservoir above and the parched plain below are there. Why then do not the refreshing waters come rushing? The answer is very plain. You know why. There is a plug in the pipe. Something in us is clogging up the channel and nothing can get through. How shall we have power, abundant, life-giving, sweetening our lives, and changing those we touch? The answer is easy for me to give—it will be much harder for us to do—pull out the plug. Get out the thing you know is hindering."—S. D. Gordon.

Prevailing Prayer.

The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollows and spends itself in smaller portions and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into little holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer. If it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at Heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.—Jeremy Taylor

Wise Men Abstain.

There is no reason why people should imperil their health by taking alcoholic liquors. They are not in the slightest degree necessary to health. Some people take them because they say they feel more cheerful after them. Cheerfulness artificially produced by chemistry is to be looked upon with suspicion and light-heartedness accompanied by light-headedness is dear at any price. We often hear people speak of taking a social glass; but how real sociability is to be prompted by practices which are physically destructive to the individual I do not understand. Strong drink tends not to the development of society but to its ultimate destruction. Prudent young men who have any respect for their bodies will let it severely alone.—Dr J. Robertson Wallace, in the *Young Man.*

"The Snare of Riches."

"When Jeshurun waxed fat, he kicked." Some one says that "it is best not to grow rich unless we grow in grace." It was a fool that said: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Man, in some respects the most independent of all creatures, is so easily puffed up. Broad acres, a palatial residence, and a full purse has in the case of many, brought about a spirit of independence; a feeling of self-sufficiency and idolatrous worship of self. Such people cannot pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," for there is no sense of dependence upon God. Like the hog that fattens on the acorns and never once looks up to thank the tree from whose benevolent branches they have fallen, so the ungrateful man feeds upon the bounties of the Creator and foolishly imagines that it is gotten alone by the strength of his own arm.

Prosperity is a snare unless recognized as being from God and attended with gratitude. The man of high degree is apt to depreciate if not snub, one of low degree. The man on the big farm is apt to look down on the one on the little farm. The man with the big store is apt to sneer at the man who has a little one. The man who rides in an automobile is in danger of a feeling of superiority for the man that goes afoot.

Worldly possessions, when not reckoned as being from the Lord, are a subtle snare. How we swagger and strut because we possess a little more of the earth's surface or enjoy luxuries beyond that of another. No wonder our Lord said; "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" Not that there is any sin in riches, but in the method of their obtainment and the spirit begotten by them. The apostle said: "They that would be rich fall into the snare of the devil." It is a snare in that it is disguised. To succeed in the world is commendable. No one blames another for desiring prosperity, but underneath this praiseworthy purpose is the hidden poison. The heart is wedded to material things and the soul drifts far from God.

The love of money is one of the most insidious evils and is one of the most inveterate foes to spirituality. We sometimes think it is more difficult to recover a man from this snare than from most any other kind of sin. How seldom do we see those who have sold themselves for money returning to the Lord. The drunkard and the harlot can be reached more easily. The moral nature is stupefied in the mad rush for wealth.

A man can make money for the Lord, he may be a commercial king, and a flame of holy fire, but it will only be by doing it as unto the Lord and by using the money for His glory.

This proud, conceited, grossly materialistic age is besotted with sensuality, and woe be to the man who is swallowed up by this maelstrom of worldliness. Safety is found only in obeying the admonition "Whatever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of Jesus."—Living Water.

A Little Girl's Gift.

A little girl expressed to her parents one day a wish that they would give her two New Testaments. To the question of her parents why it must be two the child replied that one was for herself and the other to send to the heathen. She was given the two volumes and in one of them she wrote: "A little girl who loves the Lord Jesus wishes with all her heart that whoever reads this should love and believe in Him."

The New Testament went to India, and found its way to a station in the interior. A Hindu lady obtained it. She could read, but was unable to write; and as she longed to be able to write her attention was immediately drawn to the inscription on the fly leaf. The large and distinct characters of the child's handwriting attracted her so much that she tried to imitate them again and again. Gradually the sense of the words made an impression upon her and the question arose, "May not those words have

been written just for me?" She began then earnestly to read the New Testament; her eyes were opened, and she learned to know and love her Savior.

Years passed. The little girl had, meanwhile, grown up, thought no more of the New Testament which she had sent once upon a time to the heathen. But her love for missions had grown with her, and it was her deepest desire, to serve the Lord among the heathen. She was accepted as a missionary, and sent to a rather out-of-the-way station in India. There she entered one day the house of a Hindu Christian lady. In the course of conversation the Hindu lady showed her visitor a book, a New Testament, and told how she, a Hindu heathen, had been by its means brought to Jesus her Saviour.

You may imagine the joyful astonishment of the lady missionary when she recognized in the book the same New Testament on whose fly leaf she had, many years ago, as a little girl, written those words which had served to show the poor Hindu Lady the way to Jesus. Together they knelt down praised God's wonderful ways, and thanked Him who had drawn them both to Himself. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days,"—French Paper.

waiting on God.

In studying the life of Christ, there is one lesson above all others, we should learn, and that is the necessity of being alone with God in order that we may gain spiritual strength to meet the battles of life. Christ loved to steal away to the quiet and solitude of the hills. There, removed from the noise and movement of life, isolated from the atmosphere of fret and passion in which men dwell, on heights above the lower levels, he held communion with the father. So must we seek the still hour; resort to the retired place, where, without interruption we may commune with the Father of our spirit.

In doing so, our spiritual horizon will be wonderfully extended, our conviction of eternal verities deepened, and strengthened and our vision of God rendered more distinct and soul-inspiring. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."—"Be still, and know that I am God." There is wonderful power in quietness. It gives us a chance to reflect on the mercies of God, and face the difficulties of life with a brave and hopeful heart. The prophet says that "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." The inner life must be nourished and strengthened in the secret place of the Most High. We must find refreshment at the upper spring, on the mountain top. God reveals Himself to those who desire Him, who wait for Him.—Sel.

The Tobacco Question.

Doctor Pierce, Editor of the Northern Christian Advocate who has been attending the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Asheville, North Carolina, which has just adjourned, writes to his paper in this city that it seems a little strange to see some of the Bishops and many of the ministerial delegates openly and publicly smoking. A proposition came before the General Conference to make the use of tobacco a bar against admission to the ministry in that church but it failed to become a law by three votes, and so we suppose such Bishops and ministers as chose to continue the use of tobacco in that denomination will do so and others will be received to follow the example for another term of four years, but we are also glad to note

Rates for Travelling to and from the Alliance and Tabernacle Meetings at Beulah Camp Ground, from June 27th, to July 14th, 1910.

**Via I. C. R.**—Purchase one way first class Ticket to St John, obtaining a Standard Certificate at the same time which Certificate when signed by the Secretary at Beulah will entitle you to a free return

**Via D. A. R.**—Purchase a first class ticket to St John, at the same time obtaining a Standard Certificate, which when signed by the Secretary will entitle you to a free return

**Via C. P. R.**—Purchase a first class ticket to St Mary's or St John, as you wish, obtaining at same time a Standard Certificate, which, when signed by the Secretary will entitle you to be returned at one third first class fare.

**Star Line Steamers**—From Fredericton or St John, pay fare to Beulah Camp Ground asking for Certificate, which when signed by the Secretary will entitle you to return free

**St John River Steamers "Elaine"**—From Fredericton or St John, as also Steamers **Sincennes** and **Champlain**, from St John to Beulah Camp Ground; pay fare to Beulah and obtain a Certificate from the Secretary for a free return

**Grand Manan Steamer**—Pay fare to St John, and get a Certificate from the Secretary at Beulah for a free return. Fare from Grand Manan or Eastport to St John, \$1.00

**Steamer Empress**—Those coming from P E Island, will come from Summerside, to Point de Chene, by above Steamer, and when paying their fare (\$1.50) will obtain from the purser, a certificate which when signed by the Secretary at the Camp Ground, will entitle you to a free return on said Steamer

**Notice**—Be sure when purchasing your tickets to ask for a **Certificate** as only by this being signed by the Secretary at the Camp Ground can you obtain a free return

Those coming from any point in the United States will buy a **return ticket** to the nearest station in New Brunswick on the C P R and then buy a one way first class ticket from that station to St Mary's or St John, as they wish, obtaining, at the time of purchasing ticket, a Standard Certificate which when signed by the Secretary at the Camp Ground will entitle the holder to a free return

The fare on the Steamer from Fredericton to Beulah Camp Ground is \$1.25 and from St John to Camp Ground 30c In consideration of this fare you must return on the same Steamer on which you came, as the regular return fare is more. The time on both Steamers and Railways is from Monday June the 27th until Thursday July 14th. **Let everybody come**

W. B. WIGGINS,  
Secretary.

that even this disposition of the case these men will not enjoy their self-indulgence altogether in peace for some of the Methodist papers in the South happen to be under the control of men who have very sharp pens and are waging a mighty war against the use of tobacco. There is hope that in the good time coming even these tobacco using Bishops and preachers will either reform or complete life work and men of greater self-denial and sounder judgement and deeper consecration to God will take their places. In the meantime it would be a mighty inspiration if Wesleyan Methodism could offer to the world and especially to that part of it where so many preachers use tobacco a Church absolutely free from the use of this accursed thing.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Don't Girls!

Mrs. Nelle L. Harrington.

In the church an elderly lady sat next to me. As I shared the hymn-book with her I noticed that her hands were not soft and smooth and white, but were brown and wrinkled and knotted. They spoke all too plainly of the toil that had bowed her shoulders. The face too bore marks of the ruthless ploughshare of time and care. I knew her as the mother of noble young men and sweet, pure, young women. I knew they loved her, and appreciated her as many children fail to do. As I thought of this I suddenly felt an agonized long-

ing for my own dear mother. Her hands were toilworn, her brow was seamed and the frosts of winters had sprinkled her forehead.

As I look back I see so much to regret in my own attitude toward her. White hairs are so far away when one is sixteen! I did not realize that the heart may be ever young! I know, now that thoughtless, careless speeches hurt even more keenly because the pleasures of youth are past. What would I not give to take my darling mother in my arms and tell her how much I love her. But not till we meet on the banks of the river of life shall I be able to say it.

Oh, girls, girls, I beg of you, don't neglect your mothers! God has given you to her for your mutual blessing. Do your share! Keep the springs of youth fresh in her life. Think, now, and do not let her weary feet take one unnecessary step for you. Be sure that no act of yours will whiten one single hair of her head. And above all see to it that anxious thought for you shall not place one furrow upon her brow. If you heed this warning you will have fewer regrets when you hear the words, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," and realize for the first time that you are motherless.

The work of sanctification or perfect love, as received in a moment, and by faith alone, had met with great opposition here (Dublin) till Mr. Fletcher came, and clearly, fully and constantly insisted on it.—Mrs. H. A. Rogers.