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### Do Not Be Mean.

H. E. T.

Taken all in all a mean man is about as dismal a sight as is given to mortal eyes. Whether found on a railroad train, in business on the side walk, at a dining table, on the campus few men are so loathsome as he. Let us but once be given the idea that a man is mean, and that moment our valuation of his character goes down many degrees. But in no place does meanness seem so much out of place as in religion and the revelation which God gives us continually speaks of richness and plenty of fulness and fatness. In one of the letters of the Apostle Peter, he makes reference to those who possess such a character that into the Eternal Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ they have an entrance richly supplied. The old version speaks of an entrance ministered abundantly, but the teaching in each is the same. The Apostle seems to have upon his mind the thought that there are degrees of reward in the Christian life, for some will be saved, though as by fire; some will just manage to crawl within the "ivory gates and golden" but this would be a mean entrance and he sets over against this the entrance which is abundant. The teaching is "do not be mean about your Christian life, live the rich life, the more abundant life the spirit filled life, let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Look at some particulars in which this is made very practical.

FIRST DO NOT BE MEAN ABOUT YOUR MOTIVE. If there was a time when through fear of God's wrath and with a desire to gain Heaven we turn from sin to God, we should be thankful for both that fear and that desire, but now with the experience of years on our heart should the highest motive possible constrain us? When we turn toward our Divine Redeemer we hear him say: For their sakes I sanctify myself," and if we seek for His example in all things we will not stop until we live the Christian life "for their sakes" If each morning we look up and ask: "how can this day bring some one a little nearer to the heart of Christ?" "how can I make the great God more real to myself and those around me?" "how may I make my home and my community more Godlike?"; then we are taking our place beside Him who said;" "I sanctify myself; for their sakes" —About this motive there is nothing mean, and because motive is almost everything we should be contented with nothing but the best.

"Who enters Heaven to save his soul,"
May hit the mark, but will not reach the goal.
Whilst he who walks in love.
May wander for, But God will bring him.
Where the blessed are."

SECONDLY LET US NOT BE MEAN ABOUT GOD'S LIFE IN OUR SOULS. What a difference there is between the sickly man with one in the grave and the robust man with abundance of blood and bone and muscle? Of course they both have life but then look at the difference in them. It was once my privilege to see Sandow the strong man and I shall not soon forget the picture of health which be presents to the observer. "The muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands," and in comparison with some skeleton of a man what a contrast we note! In like manner mark the difference between the serong Christian and the weak one the rich Christian and the mean one. It is the privilege of our life's walk to meet oftentimes a Christian Sandow; a soul who towers above us like a mountain peak, seeking always the things above; one whose whole purpose seems to be to have life and life more abundant. From beholding such a one we turn around to come face to face with one, of these sickly Christians who are asking always, "Can I do this and be a Christian?" "Can I go there and be a Christian?" do not expect to find fulness of life in a soul like that because this is the mean type and the other is the rich type. Imagine a man asking! can I fast and still be strong?" "Can I eat nails and still have my health?" "Can I go without proper clothing and still be robust?" "No man with common sense says that but his one cry is "life", life life. To every one who cries for that, an entrance is ministered abundantly into the kingdom of health.

The Saviour said that his best gift to us was the gift of life and the entrance which we will one day have into the Eternal Kingdom is dependent upon the life we have now, Be mean about nothing, but have special care about God's life in your soul.

NOTICE AGAIN THAT IN THE ETERNAL KINGDOM "HIS" SERVANTS DO SERVE HIM "and fitness for that service we must acquire here and now. Do not be mean about Christian Service! upon the earth anyway you will only be remembered by what you have done and let no man be enabled to say truly that you were mean. Go and ask your Pastor how many of his people he has had come to him to ask for some Christian work to do and the smallness of the number will surprise you, and then ask yourself if this is because we are mean. Suppose that a dozen persons who read these lines were to sit down and plan how they could give another night each week to Christian work, and then when the plans are made were to go to their Pastors and ask them how they could be of service. If that were done I know of twelve preachers who would lay down their heads with a more cheerful heart and I know twelve people who would be preparing for an abundant entrance into a Heavenly Kingdom. Why should any of us be so mean as to sit down and wait so be ordered upon Christian Service, why not let us run after it.

The French have a word ABANDON which we use sometimes and means literally cutting the cords and bands and letting ourself go; and we all know that out in China there is a vast coalfield which would supply all of Europe, but which is held in checks by the obstinacy of the Chinese. Let us as Christians put away our meanness and enter into Christians service with ABANDON; let the church be less mean than the Chinese and break down its walls of obstinacy, of sloath, of meanness, and then all its latent power will be thrown at the feet of God, and young peoples societies and old people societies will renew the richness of their strength, and by and by we will all sweep through the gates into the city whilst the harps ring out and the angels sing. Don't be mean!

### The Country Society.

In planning for the development and progress of our movement it is of the utmost importance that the country society should not be overlooked. Plans and methods which might prove serviceable in town and city organizations are frequently poorly adapted for use in the country, and yet fully one third of all the societies in New Brunswick will be found in the rural districts.

It is to be expected that the workers in such societies should at times compare their service unfavorably with those whom they consider more favorably situated. They have no warm and well lighted church in which to meet. No such opportunities for rendering burial service as lie within the the sphere of city or town organizations.

They are dependent upon themselves and the pastor for the most part in conducting their meetings.

Yet the country society has its points of advantage. There are not so many counter influences at work. And so the membership of the society is very much larger in proportion to the size of the church in the city and the attendance is much more regular.

The members have to depend more fully upon themselves and thus the society is fulfilling more fully its mission in training up workers for service in the church.

It is from the country societies that city and town organizations frequently get their best workers.

And it is from the country societies also that the majority of candidates for the ministry come.

The country society may not be able to present glowing reports of work accomplished or of enthusiastic rallies but it is carrying on a service for the Master that he alone can adequately estimate.

The little church on the hill or nestled in the valley, or half hidden in the forest, is the home of some society that is doing a work viewed from the standpoint of self sacrfice and spiritual results, second to none in the land.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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T. A. LINDSAY
Treasr.

Woodstock.
Nov. 29th, 1901.

### Her Life for Theirs.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM

When Luan Ken came as a domestic into the mission household at Lien Poa, it was with the understanding that her religious views were not to be tampered with, and that she should be allowed to attend the mosque, without being hindered or molested in any way. Her father was a man of consequence in the village where he resided, but being without means, he hired out his daughters as servants, and the exceptionally high wages paid by the missionaries was his only excuse for placing the girl under what he called "baleful influences."

Luan was about thirteen years old, and her plain face was rendered still more unattractive by the dark frown that she wore continually, and to the misfortune of homeliness was added a cross, surly disposition that would have taxed the affection of the most faithful friend. But when one takes into consideration the loveless home-life from which she came, the abusive mother, the cruel tyrannical father and the quarrelsome brothers and sisters who helped to make a home of strife and unhappiness, the heart goes out in pity rather than condemnation to the poor untutored child of misfortune.

It was with this feeling of forbearance that the missionary family endured the scowls and illnature of the little waiting maid, and instead of richly deserved reproof, Luan heard nothing but gentle, loving words from the lips of her mistress. Occasionally when Luan had been specially trying, Dr. Brent or one of the teachers would marvel at the control over self that their co-laborer exhibited. But Mrs. Brent had only to remind them that they were debarred from preaching Christ to the little maid in any other way except through constraining love, to win them over to her way. And Luan, too, in this home of love, was all unconsciously being won over to Christ, the great fountain of love, from which his followers were continually drawing new supplies. Day by day the cords of love were drawing her closer to the pastor and his wife, the children, the teachers and the girls of her own race, who in the school were learning to be like Christ. The other servants, too, were fashioning their lives after the ones being lived out under the roof that sheltered the loving household.

The little serving maid stood alone. For a few weeks she went regularly to the mosque, and then she became more and more careless, but she never went inside the little chapel, though she was frequently seen near the door, listening to the music. Sometimes there was such a wistful expression on her face, that the teachers could scarcely keep from inviting her in, but remembering their promise. they could only pray and live and wait, leaving the sequel in God's hands. And the waiting was brief, for before the end of the first quarter, Luan had turned from her own gods, drawn by the bands of love to the living and true God. The poor child listened to the story of the cross, listened at doors and windows to the sweet voice of love telling of love divine, of the Saviour who died for his enemies, died to make them friends, listened until she could endure it no longer, and the struggle for Christ ended the victory. Then she went of her own accord into the chapel, and was welcomed to the fold and humbly sat at the teachers' feet to learn more of Christ and of his will concerning her elf. By degrees she learned to control her temper and, the frown disappearing from her brow, her face became almost beautiful. Her father was angry when he learned that she had embraced the missionary's religion, but so long as the officials over him made no demands concerning the girl's removal, he was content to leave her in a place where he never had to wait for her wages. But at last the command was given, and the poor girl was compelled to leave the happy home and loving friends, and go back to the tyranny and abuse of the old days.

They can close my lips and take the Bible away from me, she said when parting from her best friend, Mother Brent, but they can't take the glad out of my heart, neither can they blot out from my memory the loving words and promises of my Jesus.

And Luan, daughter, with the help of your Saviour, you can live such a beautiful life as to recommend your religion to them, said Mrs. Brent.

Oh, if I only could! exclaimed Luan, her face lighting up. But I'm afraid the bad will all come back when I go home. It's so hard to be good when you have no one to help you.

The missionaries did all in their power to induce her father to leave her with them, but he would not listen to their pleading, so poor Luan was taken from their love and care and sent to her father's unhappy home more than thirty miles distant. Twice within the first three months after she was forced from the friends who had done so much for her, Luan managed to send them notes, telling them that she was still faithful in heart to the Saviour she loved, though she dared not confess it with her lips.

"I try and try to live sweetly as you all showed me Christ's people should live, but my people mock me and beat me, and make me so angry, that I often wonder if I am Christ's child at all. Oh, if I should lose my hold upon him, what could I, would I do"? she wrote in the last letter.

Luan did not write again, and several times it was reported that she had denounced the Christian faith.

"She may have been tortured into such a denial, poor child," said Mrs. Brent. "How we all wish we had the privilege of helping her bear her griefs; but she has Christ and he is stronger than a host of human helpers."

The weeks and months passed by until a whole year was gone, and still the little band at the mission station received no word from Luan. In the midst of their anxiety for her, they were plunged into deeper distress by the persecution of the "Boxers." In other portions of the Empire their brothers and sisters were sealing their loyalty to Christ with their blood, and there was no assurance that their time was not at hand.

It was on a rainy night in June, that Luan came to them from the deep darkness outside; came to warn them that a band of "Boxers," led by her own father, was marching upon them and that before the dawn they were all to die. She begged them to lose no time in seeking the shelter of a boat waiting below, ready to carry them to a place of safety. They obeyed without delay, escaping just in time to thwart the vengeance of the bloodthirsty rabble, who had planned to torture them in accordance with their methods of warfare. But the brave girl who had walked and rowed all the way from home to give the alarm lost her own life, being slain by the bullet of a concealed foe, just as she reached the river. She lived half an hour after being stricken down, and with her dying breath gave testimony of the sustaining power of Jesus' love. "He is my all, my everlasting portion," she whispered as with dimming eyes, she passed into the shadow of death.

You are not afraid," sobbed Mother Brent.

"Not when Jesus is with me," answered Luan. "He is holding my hand, and all is bright."

A moment later, she asked if all were safe, and when assured that no one was missing, she smiled sweetly and fell asleep. —United Presbyterian.

When there is a meeting, such as at Bethany, between a weeping Jesus and a sorrowful man or woman, only one thing can happen, and that is comfort to the sorrowing one.

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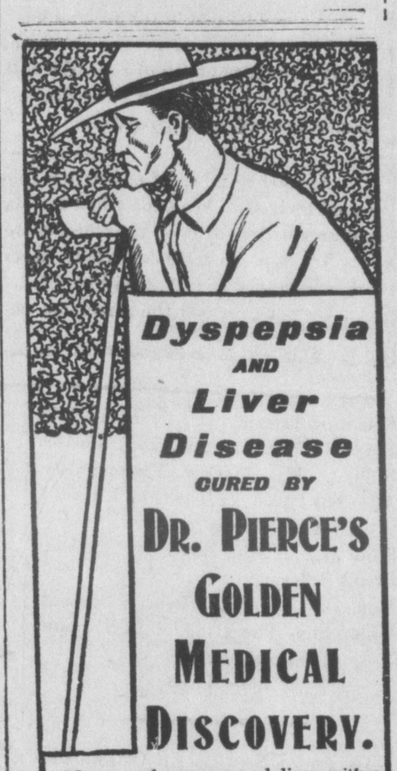
### Be Your Best at Home.

Are you seeking to be your best to those nearest to you? If not, you may be quite sure you are missing some of life's purest joy and highest service How often the teaching of the Christian home is discounted by the want of earnest effort to please and gladden and serve in the family circle. To those nearest to us God has given a stronger claim upon us than to any others in the world. We would have children taught to be their best in speech and manner to those at home; to dress at home more carefully than for going into company, etc. The conscience of a child generally responds at once and heartily to such regulation; and the benefits secured in the home are immense. If all Christian parents were as careful to be considerate and gracious in speech and deed toward the members of their own household as they are toward some of their acquaintances, who have not a hundredth part of the same claim upon them, many grave evils and disasters would be averted.—Life of Faith.



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