

Ministers and Churches.

We are glad that Rev. C. S. Hilyard has begun his work as the Home Missionary. He will be open for engagements. Address him for the present at Penniac, York Co., N. B.

The meetings at Bristol are beginning encouragingly.

The people of Maple Ridge gave their pastor, Rev. E. W. Lester, a generous donation on the evening of the 11th inst.

Revs. L. T. Sabine and E. W. Lester are conducting special services at Lower Southampton.

Rev. W. B. and Mrs. Wiggins returned from Woodstock to their home in Moncton on the 18th.

Revs. H. Smith and C. S. Hilyard are conducting special services at Penniac. The interest is good.

Inspector Colpitts has been stirring up matters along Scott Act lines, and last week succeeded in securing evidence that liquor was being shipped into the county at points outside the town. He detailed Constable Wolverton on the case, and as a result of that officer's investigation Ready's Breweries, Ltd., of St. John, was served with necessary legal papers to appear before Police Magistrate Holyoke on Monday, the 13th inst. Seven cases for shipping intoxicating liquor into the County of Carleton were preferred against the firm, who pleaded guilty to five. A fine of \$50 for each offence was imposed, aggregating, with costs, about \$330, which the firm paid.—*Carleton Sentinel*.

TIMES OF TESTING.

We have come into times of great testing. With the floods of sin, worldliness and unbelief sweeping about, only those who are firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages will be able to keep their footing.

There was an age when Christian devotion was tested by fire, sword and wild beast; the day of persecution and slaughter of the true followers of Christ. The times in which we live will test the souls of men just as thoroughly. There is infidelity everywhere; many men in the pulpits of the land, claiming to be messengers of God, have not only given up large portions of the Bible, but their preaching casts doubt on it all. They preach doubt. You have but to look at men who never have a soul converted under their ministry. They can't win men to Christ; they ridicule evangelists; they do not have revivals; they have given up the faith and the Spirit of God has left them. The time has come when we must give ourselves wholly to the Lord or we shall drift entirely away from Him.

There are multitudes in the church who have rejected the Holy Ghost as their sanctifier and indweller. Many in the pulpits have done the same thing. These empty houses, swept and garnished, but without the heavenly occupant, are ready for the entering in of devils who are eagerly seeking places of abode. Many seem to think they can balance themselves somewhere betwixt and between a whole-hearted piety and dangerous wickedness, but they can't do it. Times have changed; the powers of evil are rampant. Unbelief is so insinuating, so refined, and the devil of infidelity has so transformed himself into an angel of light, that only those who receive the Holy Spirit will be able to detect him.—*Pentecostal Herald*.

MARRIED.

At Woodstock, N. B., on October 15th, by Rev. H. C. Archer, Henry W. Tibbetts, of Stickney, N. B., to Miss Nellie McGrath, of Sherman, Me.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Stephen Tuck.

We are sorry to record the death of Mrs. Stephen Tuck, of Moncton, who departed this life after a lingering illness of several months, on Monday, October 6th, at 9 a.m., aged 49 years.

Sister Tuck was born at Cape Norman, Newfoundland, May 7th, 1864. Her maiden name was Rosanna Warren. On September 11th, 1882, she married Mr. Stephen Tuck, of Hant's Harbor, Newfoundland. Some time after her marriage she was converted in the Salvation Army and subsequently joined, along with her husband, the Methodist church at Hant's Harbor. In May, 1903, Brother and Sister Tuck, with their family, removed from Newfoundland to Moncton, and in March, 1905, they united with the Reformed Baptist Church here, and she continued to be a faithful member to the end, always being ready to take part in the prayer and social services. Sister Tuck, though apparently hearty and rugged, took several heavy colds, which gradually developed into severe bronchial trouble, which she was never able to throw off, and keeping her bed for three months, she gradually wasted away until death relieved her. To her pastor and wife, who frequently visited her, she repeatedly expressed her trust in God, and had no fear of the future. A short time before her departure, looking and lifting up her arms heavenward, her husband asked her whom she saw. She replied, "I see Jesus; I wish He would take me home." Her death is particularly sad for the husband and children, as she is the third one of the family that has died within one year. Beside her husband there are only three left, two daughters and one son. The son is Edwin, of Moncton, and the daughters Mrs. William Cashman, of Lynn, Mass., and Miss Minnie at home. Sister Tuck was a kind and loving wife and mother, and Brother Tuck and family have the deepest sympathy of the people of the city in their bereavement, but the grace of God greatly sustains our brother.

The funeral service was attended by a large number of people, and the writer officiated, assisted by the members of the church, who sang "Rock of Ages" and "He Will Wipe All Tears Away."

W. B. WIGGINS.

SIGNED AWAY HIS LIBERTY.

"And so, Jack, you have turned teetotal? Well, I never thought you'd be a milk-and-water drinker. I always did say how you could take your glass like a man, and leave it alone when you'd had enough, but here, now, I see by that bit of blue on your coat you've actually gone and signed away your liberty."

"Well, yes, I have, Tom; and, do you know, I rather enjoy the change. Before I signed the pledge my toes had liberty to look through my boots, my elbows had liberty to look through my coat, my knees had liberty to look through my pants, and I could scratch my head without taking my hat off. Well, Tom, I've signed away all that liberty, and find myself prisoned up in a good suit of clothes, and I quite enjoy the novel experiment."—*Selected*.

Personals.

Mrs. G. B. Trafton spent a few days at Marysville visiting friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Kimball and daughter Miss Kathleen expect to go to Florida in November for a visit of some six weeks.—*Fort Fairfield Review*.

Brother Charles O. and Sister Mutch, and Brother Herbert Moore, of Woodstock, are visiting friends in Massachusetts.

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER.

Tell me about the Master,

I am weary and worn to-night,
The day is behind me in shadow
And only the evening is light;
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west,
But my heart is aweary, aweary,
And longs like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master,

Of his earthly obedience sweet,
How he wrought at his father's work-bench,
And washed his disciples' feet;
For my hands are so tired of toiling,
Work seems such a wearisome thing,
Yet once 'twas ennobled and hallowed
By the service of Jesus the King.

Tell me about the Master,

Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod;
For to me life's seventy milestones
But a sorrowful journey mark,
Rough lies the hill country behind me,
(The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master,

Of the wrongs that he freely forgave,
Of his mercy and tender compassion,
Of his love that was mighty to save;
For my heart is aweary, aweary
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow

Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered
And knoweth and pitieth all;
So tell me the sweet old story
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was bruised and broken
Grows patient and strong and calm.

—*Selected*.

THE OVERWORKED MOTHER.

It is a mother's constant temptation to serve her children in lesser deeds and rob herself and waste her soul in the routine demands made by her children. But let every mother know that the best way to serve her children is to keep alive in her breast the importance of her own responsibility. Let her know that the time will come when these little ones will need more than the sacrifice of the nursery. Some day they will need her companionship. They will need her intelligence. They will need her to be large-minded, up-to-date, so that they may share their men's and women's problems with her. Happy is that mother who grows with her children! Happy she who keeps herself in their girlhood sacred hours for her own self-culture, renewing ever the oil in her lamp that to them her supreme gift may be a constant and increasing light.—*Christian Light*.