

January 30, 1913.

BEULAH FUND.

LADIES' BEULAH FUND.

Contributions received since last report:

Mrs. D. H. Nixon \$ 5.00
Previously acknowledged 680.00
Total received \$685.00

MRS. JOS. BULLOCK, Treas.,
185 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

MEN'S BEULAH FUND.

Previously acknowledged \$2,943.30

The Alliance has appointed Revs. S. A. Baker and W. B. Wiggins as collectors of this fund this year and they expect to divide the territory between them; and if possible to visit all the churches to solicit cash subscriptions to this Fund. They aim at closing off the debt at the Beulah Camp Ground and believe it can be done this year. And it will be done if all help.

One brother, a minister, has already offered \$100, and no doubt others will follow his example. If fifty will do this the load will be lifted. No one is confined to this amount. You may give any amount up to \$1000, if you wish. Come on beloved, let us do our best.

W. B. Wiggins.

You will notice that this fund is being continued. We wish this year to clear the debt off Beulah Camp Ground and we will be able to do this if all who are interested in the work will assist us. Brother Joseph Bullock still continues his generous offer to give dollar for dollar for all we may raise on this Fund. Let us see what we can do. His noble wife still continues her offer to give dollar for dollar for all the sisters may raise in the Ladies' Fund. Send the money for the Ladies' Fund to Mrs. Jos. Bullock, St. John, N. B. The money for the Men's Fund to Rev. W. B. Wiggins, Moncton, N. B., or Rev. S. A. Baker, Fredericton, N. B.

NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

"What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl, her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl: "I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee, but the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me!"

"Mamma," her eyes opened wide as she spoke, "do you like nasty kisses of 'bacco and smoke? They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls I don't think them nice," and she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean, with kisses like yours mamma, that's what I mean? I want to kiss papa, I love him so well, but kisses don't taste good that have such a smell."

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit, and kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet not a bit." Her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust as she gave out her verdict, so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling, your wisdom has seen, that kisses for daughters and wives should be clean; for kisses lose something of nectar and bliss from tobacco-stained mouthes, my dear little miss.—Selected.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

The following, printed in display type, and in two colors, is used as a temperance placard in India. It is printed in several languages, and is pasted on exterior walls and hung up in school rooms and public halls:

"Liquor does more harm to body, brain and soul than anything else on earth.

"Liquor is a man's greatest enemy, because it robs him of health, happiness, home and honor.

"It turns a good man into a bad brother, a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad workman, and a bad master.

"It professes to make a man strong, but it makes him really so weak that he cannot stand up straight or walk straight when under its influence.

"It professes to make a man happy, but gives him a headache and a remorseful heart-ache after.

"It professes to make a man bright and smart, but makes him act like a madman instead.

"It makes a man cruel and heartless toward his loved ones and also toward himself, as nothing else could possibly do.

"Liquor has been the means of blasting millions of most promising young lives and destroying the happiness of thousands of homes.

"If you are wise and desire to live a happy and useful life, please make a solemn vow that you will have nothing whatever to do with that dangerous liquid fire and poison called liquor."—Selected.

THE SHINING LIGHT.

We see very few illuminated Christians now. If every one of us was illuminated by the Spirit of God, how we could light up the churches! But to have a lantern without any light, that would be a nuisance. Many Christians carry along lanterns and say: "I wouldn't give up my religion for yours." They talk about religion. The religion that has no fire is like painted fire. There are artificial Christians. Do you belong to that class? You can tell. If you can't your friends can.

There is a fable of an old lantern in a shed which began to boast because it had heard its master say that he didn't know what he would ever do without it. But the little candle within spoke up and said: "Yes, you'd be a great comfort if it wasn't for me! You are nothing; I'm the one that gives the light." We are nothing, but Christ is everything, and what we want is to keep communion with Him and let Him dwell in us richly and shine forth through us.

I have a match box with a phosphorescent front. It draws in the rays of the sun during the day, and then throws them out in the dead hours of the night, so that I can always see it in the dark. Now that is what we ought to be—constantly drawing in the rays of the Sun of righteousness and then giving them out. Some one said to some young converts: "It is all moonshine, being converted." They replied: "Thank you for the compliment. The moon borrows light from the sun, and we borrow ours from the Sun of Righteousness." That is what takes place when we have this illumination.—D. L. Moody.

I SHALL NOT WANT.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

I shall not want rest: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

I shall not want drink: "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

I shall not want forgiveness. "He restoreth my soul."

I shall not want guidance: "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

I shall not want companionship: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

I shall not want comfort: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

I shall not want food: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

"I shall not want joy: "Thou anointest my head with oil."

I shall not want anything: "My cup runneth over."

I shall not want anything in this life: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

I shall not want anything in eternity: "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."—Selected.

A COSTLY ESTATE.

"What is the value of this estate?" said one gentleman to another with whom he was riding as they passed a fine mansion, surrounded by fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul."

A solemn pause followed this answer, for the enquirer had not sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

The person referred to was the son of a spiritually-minded laboring man. Early in life he professed faith in Christ, and he soon obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He continued to maintain a respectable religious profession until he became a partner in the firm. Labor then increased. He gave less attention to religion, and more and more to his business, and the cares of the world choked the word. Before he became old he was exceedingly rich in money, but so poor and miserable in soul that none who ever knew him would have suspected that he had ever born the sacred name of Him who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

At length he purchased the landed estate referred to, built himself a costly mansion, sickened and died. Just before he died he remarked "My prosperity has been my ruin."

What a price for which to barter away immortal joy! Yet how many do it.—Selected.

"There is nothing that leads higher into the secrets of God's life, deeper into the secrets of God's Word, or deeper into the secrets of our own hearts, than prevailing prayer. Nothing gives us such a view into the secrets of the amplitude and efficiency of the Gospel of the Son of God, or reveals the amazing possibilities of faith, as prevailing prayer."