

YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN.

Rev. William Fisk in Baltimore, in 1853, before the Preachers' Aid Society, rehearsed the following dialogue between a preacher of the Gospel and the Lord of the harvest, in which objections to entering the ministry are plainly stated and as plainly answered. It is understood he meant himself, as he had many struggles and inward conflicts before he entered into the work of the ministry:

Christ. Go preach my gospel.

Answer. But, Lord, I have other engagements.

Christ. You are not your own. You are bought with a price.

Answer. But, Lord, I have been preparing myself for another profession. I have been struggling for an education. I have other prospects before me.

Christ. What have you that you have not received?

Answer. Lord, I have strong domestic feelings. I hope one day to have a family and a home of my own.

Christ. He that loveth house or land, wife or children more than me is not worthy of me.

Answer. Lord, I have aged parents—I am an only son. Filial love and duty require that I should look after them.

Christ. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.

Answer. Lord, is there no excuse? May not another answer.

Christ. The gifts and callings of God are without repentance.

Answer. At least let me first stop and bury my father and mother.

Christ. Let the dead bury their dead.

Answer. At any rate I must wait awhile and acquire some property.

Christ. He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.

Answer. Lord, I cannot go.

Christ. Woe unto you if you preach not the gospel.

Answer. But, Lord, wilt thou not pity a poor helpless wretch, who begs for an excuse as one pleads for his life?

Christ. Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might be made rich.

Here he said the dialogue ended. The young man covered his face with his hands and burst into tears, exclaiming:

"Nay, but I yield, I yield;

I can hold out no more."

The bond was signed and sealed and the youth was given over, soul and body, to the church. The next I saw of him he was treading a pathless forest among the Green Mountains, driving his horse before him, because of the roughness of the wilderness, cheerful as an angel, on an errand of mercy. And I heard his song with which he made the mountain tops that hung over his path reverberate. And what, sir, do you think it was?

"No foot of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in this wilderness,

A poor wayfaring man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

Nothing on earth I call my own
A stranger to the world unknown,

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The quarterly meeting of District No. 3 assembled with the church at North Head on Aug 26th.

In the service of that date Miss Slipp spoke from the 12th chapter of The Acts, drawing attention to the 5th verse.

Rev. F. T. Wright preached on Friday night, using as a text Romans 8:28.

The business session was held Saturday p. m. After prayer, work was taken up. Rev. C. H. Hilyard, the president, being absent, Bro. Mullen occupied the chair.

In the election of officers Rev. H. C. Mullen was made president; Miss Jennie Thomas, treasurer; Miss Slipp, Highway agent; Edwin Redmond, secretary.

A letter from Jonesport expressed satisfaction with general church matters. Their pastor, Miss Slipp, is much appreciated as her interest in the work is so strong.

The church at Beals reported by letter. One was also received from the pastor conveying his regret over being unable to attend the quarterly meeting. The church has had sorrow because of an epidemic and death among them. The Lord in whom we trust is able to bring joy out of sorrow.

From Seal Cove the church sends an encouraging report. Their pastor has brought blessings to them and greater things are expected from the Lord.

Brother Wright, speaking of Wood Island, said conditions there were not as he would like to see. It is often the case after revivals that some fall away. But the battle is going on.

Brother McLean reported the North Head church as holding the same. Our last pastor, Rev. I. F. Kierstead, resigned because of ill-health. We trust the Lord will soon strengthen him and his wife, and the cause will be helped by their efforts. Our pastor, Rev. H. C. Mullen, has just got settled with us. We pray the Lord will use him to extend the Kingdom in which he is so much interested.

The Seal Cove church invited the next quarterly meeting to be held with them the first Thursday in December.

Miss Slipp had charge of the service Saturday night, showing the state the church should be in, from Eph. 5:27.

A very helpful prayer and praise service was held Sunday morning after which Brother Wright preached from 2nd Timothy, 1:7.

At the meeting held after Sabbath school, Miss Slipp spoke, using text Acts 1:11. She showed how the conditions in the world today are like those which the Bible says shall exist just before our Lord's return.

Rev. F. T. Wright had charge of the evening service, speaking from Romans 8:7. When the invitation was given, one sister stood for prayer. An altar service followed. The invitation was held open and another young woman came forward seeking the Saviour. These manifestations show that the Lord's power was felt.

The preaching was grand all through the services and the church has been blessed as a result of it.

EDMOND REDMOND,
Secretary.

I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight
And seek a city out of sight
A city in the skies."

—Selected.

RELIGION FOR EVERY DAY.

That religion that isn't good for every day isn't much good for any day. If it doesn't stay with a man on Monday, it was only a cloak and a mockery on Sabbath. If it doesn't show itself in the home, breathing upon every one therein a kindly, and helpful, and strengthening influence, then it will make a fine show in the house of God to very little purpose indeed. If religion doesn't grip a man's soul, if it isn't the one thing in his life, Sabbath and Saturday, day and night, then it becomes so near to being nothing that it is scarcely worth reckoning at all. When we speak of every-day religion, we speak of the only genuine kind of religion that there is. And it is its homely, every-day quality that will commend it to the world, and will in the end win for it the allegiance of the world.

Religion is for every day. Its blessings and benefits, its comforts and sweet consolations, its guidance and its inspiration are for the commonplace days in the commonplace lives of commonplace men and women. It is something to take with one, something that will never be out of place anywhere, something that will add to life's joy its best touch of sweetness, and will mix with all life's sorrows, hope and courage and power. A man who has every-day religion in good, wholesome quality can easily afford to be without a good many other things.—*Christian Guardian.*

DYING! AND "NO MAN CARETH FOR THEIR SOULS."

Dying! Yes dying in thousands!

A hopeless despairing death;

Can we not hear them calling—

Pleading with bated breath?

"Will no one come over and bring us light;
Must we perish in darkness darker than night?"

Dying! and "no man careth!"

Oh, shame that it should be so!

How is it so many are sleeping

When they ought to rise and go?

There are blind eyes here in this Christian land,
Would to God they were touched by a mighty hand!

Dying! in loveless silence;

For there is none to tell

The only message that comforts,

The message we know so well—

That the God of Love, who gave His Son

Has given him freely for every one.

Dying! untaught, uncared for,

While we in this favored land,

Who know that they are perishing,

Lend not a helping hand!

Yet we thank the Lord we are not as they,

That on us He has shed the Gospel ray.

Dying- while we are dreaming

In selfish idleness,

Unconscious that these darkened lives

Are so full of bitterness,

Oh, brothers and sisters for whom Christ died,

Let us spread His message far and wide.

—Selected.

"He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with himself."
—Colton.

"Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's prayer.—*Napoleon.*"