

FIGHTING SAINTS.

At the Presbyterian Social Union in Philadelphia, Evangelist Sunday made an impromptu speech as follows:

"We want fighting preachers, not preachers shivering with religious ague. We want fighting saints; men not afraid to get out and fight for the Lord. Men who will throw down the gauntlet to the devil and his works. Men who will throw their hats into the ring and jump in after 'em and take what's coming. I'm looking for the fighting saint; the man who takes the war path for purity and righteousness. We fight for championships, we have champion ball teams, champion fighters, champions in every line. Let's have some champion Christians.

"The church that is purely evangelical is a church on ice, in cold storage; the church that is purely evangelistic, is the church on fire, the fighting church. Fight for Christianity and give the devil pneumonia. Dethrone wrong and enthrone right. Each generation produces a new type and each class is distinguished by different names. This generation needs the fighting saint; we should be aggressive as well as persuasive. I don't mean quarrelsome, or spoiling for a fight when I speak of getting the fighting spirit. But I do mean the fighting spirit in a Christian should make him willing to stake his life for conviction. I'm getting so tired of hearing men say 'I favor' this or that. What are you willing to stand for? Determine that and stand for it. You must have a conviction, take a stand for it, play your part and die if need be. Make your personal influence count for something.

"There are the modern devils: 'drink, graft, adultery, social extravagance, religious formalism. Will you take a stand against them? Will you be a fighting man in opposing them, or say 'I don't favor them'.

"We need fighting editors, who will not sell out to the politicians, and fighting university presidents, who will not sell out to gold. Oh, there are battles to be fought. I am looking for the fighting saint. Don't fool away your time killing mosquitoes; get after the eagles."—*Watchword and Truth.*

NO ROOM FOR OLD MOTHER.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I don't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for a train to go to John."

"John! There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh, John is my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face were noticed by the stylish lady, as the gray head bowed upon the toil marked hand and she waited to hear her story; to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble."

"No, no. I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I would not be in trouble tonight."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls and they would provide for me now—"

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found that they were ashamed of my bent old body and withered face; ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter, for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart; but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day when I'm gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out as if to look for a train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks; while the tears of sorrow and tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties, that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me sometime."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes that inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would turn homeless in the world, to go to John.—*L. B. Calk, in Epworth Herald.*

We plan to hold a tent meeting at Lower Queensbury this summer, probably between Beulah and Riverside camp meetings.

WORTH LEARNING.

"I was only a little child," said a lady, speaking of the lessons we learn and the way in which we learn them, "and some trifling illness or discomfort kept me wakeful for a little while one night. I was not suffering much but keeping vigil while others slept, or tried to, was not to my taste, and I reported upon it every few minutes by calling from my little room to the one adjoining:

"Mother, I can't sleep."

"With a mother's tireless patience, she answered, and soothed, but presently another voice—that of the father, worn by a weary day at the office—replied:

"Well, child, if you can't sleep yourself, you might keep still and let other people sleep."

"Notwithstanding my childish indignation, augmented by my mother's low ripple of laughter, my father's suggestion had its effect, and has never been forgotten. I have always thought since that it was a very sensible one, and I have met many 'children of a large growth' to whom I have longed to repeat it—those who will let no one else rest when they are themselves restless, and who insist on bringing all their petty frets and ailments into notice and keeping them there. The next best thing to being at ease is surely to keep one's discomforts from making others uncomfortable."—*Selected.*

Post Office Department,

Ottawa, Canada.

The Post Office Department, having given notice a week or two ago, in connection with the War Revenue Act, that all letters and post cards mailed in Canada, for the United States or Mexico, and letters mailed in Canada for delivery in the United Kingdom and British possessions generally, or wherever the two cent rate applied, should in addition to ordinary postage carry a one cent stamp as a war tax, and also having notified the public that such war tax, while it should be paid preferably by the postage stamp marked "War Tax," could, if such a stamp were not available, be paid by an ordinary one cent postage stamp, is now issuing further notice to the effect that postage stamps may be used for the pre-payment of war duties on bank cheques, bills of exchange, promissory notes, express money orders, proprietary or patent medicines, perfumery, wines or champagne, as well as upon letters and post cards, postal notes and post office money orders, the intention being to provide facilities in those portions of the country where excise stamps are not readily available. This in view of the fact that postage stamps may be obtained at all points over the whole country, in many places where there is no collector of inland revenue and no inland revenue stamps could be obtained, is a distinct convenience to the public, and no doubt will be largely taken advantage of.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The regular quarterly meeting of this district will convene with the church at Beals, Me., Thursday evening, May 6th. We hope the churches will be largely represented by delegates.

C. S. HILYARD.

Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

So shalt thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.—Pro. 3-9 and 10.