

DEGREES OF GRIEF.

Dr. Talmage, the celebrated Brooklyn clergyman, was riding one day in a railroad coach, soon after the decease of a favorite son. His grief was constant and acute, and he could not feel that any one had ever suffered as he was doing.

In a seat near him sat a gentleman who, he thought, possessed one of the most cheerful faces he had ever seen. "How happy that man is compared to me!" he thought. "I will get into conversation with him. Perhaps he may console me, or cheer me up a little."

The dialogue ran upon general subjects for a little while, then turned up Dr. Talmage's great loss. "I cannot help envying you," said the preacher. "You seem, from your appearances, as if you had not a trouble in the world."

The other gentleman looked grave and a spasm of grief went over his countenance. "I never saw a sadder face, for the moment," said Talmage, in relating this incident to the writer.

"My dear sir," he inquired, "will you tell me where you are going?"

"Why," replied Talmage, "home; to Brooklyn, New York. I get there this evening, if all goes well."

"I suppose to a wife—perhaps a mother—a live son—a daughter or two?"

"Oh, yes! I have all those awaiting me."

"Now I will tell you where I am going. All my family are dead but one, and that is my wife; and I am making my regular weekly visit to her, at an asylum. She is hopelessly insane. But God has left me my life, my honor, and my faculties; and I am trying to keep patient and cheerful, with the hope of meeting them all again in a better world, by and by."

Talmage rose, and took the stranger by both hands.

"I surrender!" he exclaimed. "My sorrow is as nothing compared to yours. I have learned a lesson, and I hope God will aid me to profit by it."—*Everywhere.*

BREAD OR ALCOHOL.

One day in the Russian Duma a man rose and said:

"I hold in my hand an official report showing that the government now owns and has stored in warehouses and elevators, rye, wheat and oats to the extent of more than 100,000,000 bushels. This grain was purchased for the manufacture of vodka; we cannot use it for bread. The deciding factor in this great war in which we are engaged will be famine. That is, the country that has the greatest food supply will eventually win. If we use our grain for vodka, we cannot use it for bread. I therefore hereby introduce a bill providing that the government shall cease the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors in every form; that it shall also prohibit the manufacture and sale of strong drink; and that, on penalty, no grain or food substances shall be used in this country by anyone under any condition for the manufacture of strong drink."

And behold the bill was passed. The Russian people preferred bread to alcohol. Since which remarkable and yet natural decision they have proven the wisdom of it. Prohibition in Russia came because it was moral, economic and uplifting.—*National Advocate.*

True repentance hates sin, and not simply the penalty.—William M. Taylor.



Sister Sanders and Family at Balmoral Farm, South Africa.

BALMORAL (MISSIONARY) FARM FUND.

Previously acknowledged	\$2,151.40
Amount now needed	994.99
Mrs. D. H. Nixon (monthly)	1.00
Mrs. W. L. Estabrook (monthly)	1.00
Thank Offering	5.00
Frank E. Carr	2.00
Mrs. David Scovil	1.00
Mrs. A. B. Perry	5.00
Mrs. A. M. Adams25
Mrs. David Deplissey	2.00
Joseph H. Brown	1.00

MISSIONARY FUND.

Friend (native worker)	\$15.00
Norton Missionary Society	1.45
Thank Offering	5.00
Chester Culberson	5.00
Mrs. D. H. Nixon (native worker)	5.00
Mrs. David Deplissey	3.00

MISSIONARY MEETING.

The Missionary Society of the Woodstock Reformed Baptist Church held their monthly meeting Friday evening, April 28th. Meeting opened by singing and prayer by Mrs. Wiggins and B. M. Colpitts.

Scripture reading, ninth Psalm, by President, Mrs. Phillips.

After collection of dues, the meeting was handed over to Class No. 7, who rendered the following programme:

Singing—Onward Christian Soldiers.
Responsive reading, led by Pres., Mrs. Phillips.

Singing Quartette—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis True, Mrs. Reynolds and Mr. Baxter.

Reading—Mrs. James Clark.

Singing Quartette—Messrs. Ellis True, George True, James Clark and Pte. George Baxter.

Reading—Miss McClusky.

Solo and Chorus—James Clark and Class

7. Chorus by Class.

Reading—Mr. George True—"The Deacon's Tenth."

Duet—Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Reynolds.

Chorus, by Class.

Reading—Hazel Watson.

Chorus, by Class.

Receipts of evening, \$6.38.

THE TIDE WILL TURN.

You are hindered, slandered, troubled, misrepresented and lied about. Bad men make false statements, and good men believe them; and you find yourself condemned unheard, and cast out and scorned. And if you defend yourself you will be counted quarrelsome, and if you expose the hypocrisy of your assailants, you will put on the garb of injured innocence, and claim to be persecuted for righteousness sake, and you will find your last state worse than the first.

What can you do? Rest in the Lord. Do not struggle like a horse in a snow drift, till you break everything to pieces. Do not try to compete with Satan or his children in abuse or in railing accusations—Michael the archangel knew better than to do that. Wait on the Lord. Let liars lie. Let slanders slander. Let men have plenty of rope, and they are quite likely to hang themselves. The men who wrong you today will wrong some one else tomorrow, and sometime their evil deeds will come to light. The men who wrongly accuse you now, will be accused themselves by-and-by, and will have plenty to do defending themselves, without troubling or hounding you. The men who have believed lies and acted upon them, will by-and-by find that their turn has come, and the venomous tongue which has stung others will turn and sting them, and compel them to speak in their own defence.

Do not fret, the tide will turn. Men will find out who lies and who tells the truth. Men will learn who is selfish and who is disinterested. And men who have climbed up by pulling others down and who have sought to build their own houses by tearing down the houses of others, will see their hopes and plans end in ruin and chaos, while dwellings of the faithful will stand secure upon a rock.

Men who are right can afford to wait. Men who are to live forever need be in no hurry. Men who have God for their friend need not fear what men can do unto them. Wait on the Lord. Keep His way. Trust in Him at all times. He will never leave nor forsake you, and by-and-by the tide will turn and right will flourish and wrong will fail and die.

H. L. Hastings.

A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Dear Brother:

A word from us today. The churches in this place have been open a number of Sundays, but we are feeling the effects of the quarantine in the Sunday School and Prayer Meetings. We are hoping to have some special services to stir things up again.

I am at present sick with la grippe. We have had a hard testing time during the past year, but we are still trusting God and looking for victory, and fighting sin and the devil.

Camp Meeting will soon be on again, and we are hoping that before the meeting of the Alliance the brethren will make a special rally and raise the amount needed for Balmoral Farm. "Let all make a long pull, a strong pull and all pull together," and the thing will be done. And also, on the strength of the high prices for potatoes in Aroostook County this last season, we are hoping to be able to free Riverside Camp Ground. Let us make a try. What do you say, Aroostook?

C. S. Hilyard.

"We are fully able to possess the land."—Ed.