

busy, he wants us to please and pamper, and condone "the old man"; he tries to make us believe this course is wise, because it involves less conflict and friction with the world, and the worldly minded. But to yield to these temptations soon opens the door for others, and weakness and confusion follow. Beloved let us stand for, what we stand for with out a suspicion of letting down at a single point, not even to "seem to come short of it".

We believe that Paul used the word "seem", to convey the idea of being so decidedly on the right side that there would be no room to doubt.

So it is our blessed privilege to be so completely filled with the Holy Spirit and so diligent in commending it to others, that we can be always located on the right side without a question. The distinguishing mark will be very distinct.

BE NATURAL

One of the greatest faults of preachers is unnaturalness. They talk with one voice, read with another, pray with another, and preach with another. Sometimes they seek to imitate others, and add to their own faults those of some one else, whose style has taken their fancy. Says William Taylor.

"Many good ministers in their earnestness spoil their naturalness. They shoot up like a balloon, about an octave higher than their ordinary tones, and swing, and sweat, and harp thereon one key, dropping perhaps a tone at the close of each sentence. The audience loses sight of the subject through their excited fears that the man will 'burst a boiler' and expire. Finally, with a shattered, squeaky voice, he takes his seat, and the fears of the audience give place to their rising hopes that their dear preacher will escape without any serious injury to himself.

"If a man wishes to test the naturalness of such a performance, let him go into the parlor of one of his intelligent parishoners, and repeat the same thing in the same manner there in his domestic circle. Before he is half through, his parishoner will beg of him; 'O, sir, if you please, that will do! that will do- I understand it all; do, oh, do quit!'"

If preachers will come down from their high horses, dismiss their unnatural tones, and simply talk to people, they will save much strength, and secure the attention of their congregations, providing they have something to say. If they have feeling themselves they will make others feel. If there is no emotion in their own hearts, they will naturally complain of the stupidity and hardness of the hearts of others; but if there is in them "a well of water springing up into everlasting life;" if out of them are flowing "rivers of living water," they will be able to minister blessing and refreshment to many weary and thirsty souls; and will commend themselves and the truths they declare to candid and discerning men, who are only repelled by shams, and disgusted with unnaturalness and pretense.—*The Common People.*

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Ten days away from home labour and care, spent in a beautiful grove, amid songs of praise, and cheering messages from the old Bible, accompanied by the smile of heaven, is the real elixir of life to our spirits, souls and bodies. These conditions can be formed at Riverside Camp meeting.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Charles Trafton.

After a brief illness, at the home of her daughter Mrs. James Atkinson, Richmond, Carleton County, N.B., Mrs. Charles Trafton passed peacefully away in the 89th year of her age. Sister Trafton had been exceptionally active for a person of her age until within a few weeks of her death. She professed religion early in life, and was a strong defender "of the faith once delivered to the Saints." She was married twice, her first husband being Elijah Watson of Medurric, N. B., four children were born, Mrs. A. H. Trafton, C. R. Watson now of Woodstock, N. B., Rev. E. R. Watson of San Diego, Calif., and Mrs. James Atkinson of Richmond, N. B. From her second marriage six children were born. Rev. G. B. Trafton of St. John, N. B., Arthur of California, the late Mrs. Charles McCrystal, and the late Harry Trafton, and Mrs. E. Lundon of Canterbury, N. B., and one child which died in infancy. Twenty one grand children and twenty nine great-grand-children, survive her.

The funeral service was conducted in the Reformed Baptist Church at Woodstock by Rev. H. Smith Dow, assisted by Rev. B. Colpitts, interment took place in the family lot at Green Bank Cemetery.

Stephen McMullen.

Home forever more is what we feel like saying of our dear departed Brother Stephen McMullen, who bid his last farewell to earth on Monday evening the 17th inst, aged 89 years.

Brother McMullen had a remarkable conversion while on his way to Springhill, N.B., and a strong wind blew his raft ashore at Woodstock and while on the street he was attracted by the Salvation Army and went into their Hall and was converted, returning to his home he attended a meeting at Victoria Corner and under the light and power of that meeting he saw his need, and the privilege of being sanctified wholly, and sought and found this great blessing that set a pace in his christian life that never slackened, but made him "a burning and shining light" indeed, and for 30 years he went as often as he could and hunted up his old acquaintances and urged them to seek the great saviour he had found.

Brother McMullen is survived by his widow one son W. P. McMullen, and one daughter Mrs. G. E. Boyer of Hartland.

Since his conversion he lived only to serve his Lord, and the memory of the aged saint will live long. A member of the Reformed Baptist church, he loved all that was good, and his religion was not confined by denominationalism.

The funeral, at the Reformed Baptist Church this forenoon, was largely attended, and he was laid to rest beside his father. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. P. J. Trafton, his pastor.

"I am convinced that the use of the cigaret, more than any other thing, is responsible for the rapid increase of youthful criminals the past twenty years. Some time ago I said to a detective in Chicago who was on the lookout for youthful automobile bandits: 'Have you not to observe that in nearly every case these young automobile bandits are cigaret fiends?' In every case," was the reply.

"Gradually, and I must say unwillingly, I have been forced to recognize and acknowledge that the cigaret addict is about as hopelessly enslaver as is the opium or morphine addict, and that unaided it is about as difficult to give up the one habit as it is the other.

Personals.

Dr. J. E. Jewett has spent two weeks visiting friends at Penniac, returning to Woodstock on the 28th.

Brother F. M. and Mrs. Boyd and Harry, are at Douglas, N. B. being called there on account of the serious illness of Brother Boyd's mother.

Sister A. A. Tracy came from San Diego, Calif., to New York to attend the wedding of her son C. Hayden Tracy and Miss Harriet Mackallor a talented music teacher.

Brother D. F. and Sister Knight is enjoying a two weeks visit at Macinquac, N. B.

Brother H. G. Noble and family are enjoying their vacation at Beulah Camp Ground.

Sister J. C. Arnold is visiting her daughter Mrs. F. W. Short at Brown's Flat N.B.,

"TRAILING THE BEATITUDES"

"There comes Mrs. MacGregor—'trailing the Beatitudes,'" said a young man admiringly as a beautiful elderly woman came out of the hotel door and stopped to speak to a group on the steps.

The girl beside him turned in surprise. "What a funny thing to say!" she cried with a laugh. "What do you mean by such a speech as that?"

"Just look, and I'm sure you'll see," he answered softly. "Watch her face as she talks to those people."

For a moment the girl was silent, studying the face that was turned toward her as Mrs. MacGregor sank into a proffered chair.

"I do understand," she whispered at length, turning back to her companion. "'Blessed are the pure in heart.' That's there, isn't it?"

"Yes", answered the man quietly "and all the rest of them, too. I looked them up at once when I heard someone say that about her and they're all there, and in her life, too—the mercy and the peacemaking; and the hunger and the thirst after righteousness most of all. She's the mother of a friend of mine, so I know her right well."

"What a lovely thing to say about a woman!" mused the girl thoughtfully. "I thought it was funny at first, 'trailing the Beatitudes,' but now I appreciate it. It is as if she were clothed in them, isn't it? Beautiful and blessed! Why it's the most wonderful compliment you could pay!"—*Youth's Companion.*

TESTIMONY.

Dear Brother Baker:

Enclosed please find renewal for the Highway.

My testimony today is, Jesus is very precious, I have not got through praising Him yet for letting me go to Beulah this year, my soul was blessed my spirit refreshed and my courage increased, I purpose to be true and endure unto the end by His grace. He is my all in all. He floods my soul as I talk of His love, Oh Hallelujah, glory to His holy name, I love Him, my best, my dearest friend.

Christian love to you and Sister Baker, only a little while more to shine and shout down here and then see His face. Glory be to Jesus. Your's trusting the precious cleansing blood.

LILLIAN E. YOUNG.

Ravensmere, N. B.,

It is just impossible to preach holiness acceptably to people who do not believe it, and in their heart oppose it.