

READ THIS APPEAL.

Then 'whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.'

Every lover of holiness should respond immediately.

The sister who makes the following appeal has presented this little body of people with a very nice house and lot in the heart of this seaside village for a parsonage, and since that they have procured a fine lot adjoining the parsonage lot for a church. Now they have sold the large building that they were using for a church, and have begun to build a snug little church, which when finished will make a every attractive and cozy little place to be devoted to the worship of God.

Money can be sent direct to Miss M. Ella Slipp, Jonesport, Maine, who has the pastoral care of this little church, and she will acknowledge it direct to the contributor.

Rev. S. A. Baker,
Moncton, N. B.

Dear Brother:

For some time we have been asking the Lord to open up the way for us to have our church repaired or let us build, which after many days, it was decided to give up our old church which was dear to us all, and put what we owned in it into a new small building, which of course is a great undertaking for so few to build, but believing the Lord is leading us, and surely we have worked very hard so far, to do all we can. The foundation was completed today, and we have the lumber, but now I wonder to whose heart is the Master speaking, and if it is known how much we need help?

Will you not ask your people if they would like to help us, as we have tried hard to help in all the good work, when we were in need ourselves and were not selfish, and now we have no place of our own, except a small place to hold meetings in, until we can get our church ready.

Your sister in Christ,
MRS. ALICE NEWBURY,
W. Jonesport, Me.

HE HAD A CONSCIENCE.

One day, after a severe storm, a large number of men and boys were out on the roads of a country town to shovel out the drifts. Each workman was paid twenty-five cents an hour, and, as may be supposed, there was no very strict watch kept upon them, but one little fellow seemed to be working with all his might, and his comrades laughed at him.

"Why, Jim, are you after the job of highway surveyor, or do you expect to get more than the rest of us for putting in so?"

"Let's put him out; he is shortening our job; twon't last till night at this rate," laughed another.

"I am getting man's pay for the first time in my life, and I mean to earn it," said Jim. "I don't suppose the town cares, nor that I shall get any more money at night, but I shall feel a big sight better myself."

"You've begun right, Jim," said the surveyor, who was not very strict in behalf of the town, perhaps, but had a business of his own, where he appreciated workmen with a conscience.—Sel.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

It is a solemn thought that every one of us carries about with him a mystical loom, and we are always weaving—weave, weave, weave—this robe which we wear, every thought a thread of the warp, every action a thread of the weft. We weave it, and we dye it, and we cut it, and we stitch it, and we put it on and wear it; and it sticks to us. Like a snail that crawls your garden patches and makes its shell by a process of secretion from its own substance, so you and I are making that mysterious solemn thing we call character, moment by moment. It is our own self modified by our actions. Character is the precipitate from the stream of conduct which, like the Nile delta, gradually rises solid and firm above the parent river, and confines its flow.—Alexander Maclaren.

IT PAYS TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

A prosperous-looking citizen, on a down town corner in Boston, bought a newspaper from an alert little newsboy, who made change instantly, without speaking a word. But the man lingered: "How many papers do you sell here a night?" he said.

"About fifty," said the newsie.

"What is your name?"

"Tim Manning."

"Listen, Tim," said the man. "When I was your age, I had this very corner for a stand. But I sold two hundred papers a night, and I did it by carefully saying 'Thank you' to everyone who bought a paper. I said it loudly so that they would be sure to hear it."

Three evenings later the man came by again, and bought another paper of the little chap on the corner.

"Thank you!" said Tim, not recognizing him.

"How's business?" asked the man.

Then Tim knew him. "I'm selling seventy-five papers every night, sir," he said. "I ain't going to forget that any more, neother," and he grinned all over his honest freckled face.

Tim had learned his first lesson of the value of courtesy to all.—Sel.

UNTO THE END.

There is no grace in all the long list more frequently or urgently asked for in God's Book than the grace of persistence. On almost every page it is iterated and reiterated that any man who puts his hand to the plow and then turns back before the long furrow is turned is unfit for the Kingdom. And no matter what the kingdom is that is sought for, that is absolutely and unqualifiedly true. Everywhere and at all times the demand is for the man who plows his furrow to the end. At times it seems a distressingly long one and the temptation to quit is strong. But quitting is not easier, it only seems so. Stopping before one's task is done is most uncomfortable and unsatisfactory. It is better to push on. Better for oneself. Life has little comfort if controlled by flabby irresolute-ness. And better for one's task. Nothing of great moment gets done easily, and the work of life that both God and our conscience will call good will be the work that we have stayed with, heroically and faithfully.—Christian Guardian.

PREACH THE WORD.

The minister has a great opportunity in presenting God's word to his hearers every Lord's day. Many of the hearers come to the sanctuary to hear the Word of God—but not an essay on philosophy, or on the events and issues of the day, or on newspaper declarations. Geierally speaking, the hearers of a sermon know when they get soul food. The following is taken from a contribution in the Century Magazine.:

"A United States senator met three clergymen in three different parts of the country, and each complained that he could not get a large audience. The senator asked the first man if he believed that the Bible was the Word of God; the cleric smiled pityingly, and said that of course he did not in the crude and ordinary sense, and then he launched into a mass of vague metaphysical phrases. The senator asked the second man if he believed in the future life, and the reverend gentleman said that he did not believe in personal immortality, but that the essence of life was indestructible, or some such notion. The senator asked the third man, a pastor of an orthodox evangelical church, if he believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ; the shepherd of souls replied that all men were divine. The three clergymen had themselves supplied abundant reasons why their audiences were so small. They had nothing to offer them but wind. The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed."

Alas, alas, we must hear so often of late years that ministers do not feed the people who are hungering for soul food. In addition to a lack of food supplied from the Word of God, is the ununctionless presentation of what is furnished. Lack of unction in the delivery of a gospel message cuts the sinews of a sermon, it falls powerlessly upon ears and hearts. The message should be delivered in white heat earnestness as it is becoming a message that comes from God. There was complaint by the people of a charge to one of our bishops that a certain pastor was not efficient. The bishop replied, "That man needs fire under his feet!" Perhaps the fire had done better service if it had been in the heart. Unction, brethren, is more than noise, it is earnestness on fire for God and the people. "Feed the flock of God which he has purchased with his own blood."—Evangelical Messenger.

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"Oh, it is just as different as can be!" said one of my young friends. "What is it?" I asked. "Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected." "What did you expect?" "When you used to talk to me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now, for I shall have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'" "What hard things?" "Oh, I used to think, 'Now, if I become a Christian I shall have to pray and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought!" "Why, James, what do you mean? You go to church and prayer meeting; you read the Bible and pray." "Oh, yes; but then I love to do these things. That makes all the difference. I love Jesus and I love to do all He wishes me to."