

MISSIONARY MEETING.

The monthly missionary meeting of the Reformed Baptist Church at Fort Fairfield, Maine, was held on the evening of the 2nd inst. Mrs. H. S. Dow presided.

Singing and Scripture Reading, Matt. 25. 31-46.

Prayer by Bros. Kimball, Kilcollins, Rev. F. F. Wright and the pastor.

Reading of Minutes, Collection of dues, and offering taken.

Reading—Miss Marie Dow.

Duet—Mrs. Pearce and Miss Pearl Nightingale.

Reading—Miss Marion Curless.

Rectitation—Lillian Deane.

Reading—Miss Dow.

Solo—Miss Alma Slipp.

Recitation—Miss Hazel Andrews.

Reading—Mrs. Dow.

Reading—Miss Mildred Todd.

Singing by seven young ladies.

Then Rev. F. T. Wright gave us an interesting reading and talk, comparing the Christian religion with the religion of the Chinese nation, which proved instructive.

After singing, the meeting was closed with the benediction by the pastor.

MRS. OTIS AMES,
Corr. Secretary.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

"She lives in the same apartment just down the hall. You have passed her many times, but you were absorbed in your own pursuits. You had your own friends. So you passed her by on the other side. You did not know of the heart-sickness so gravely hidden. You could not see the wound death had left in her heart. It was not until a dear little lady came to live next to you, one of Christ's own, who found her needs and took her to the great Physician. Then you wished you had been more thoughtful."

"Another neighbor was the old gentleman in the next block. He was always sitting on the porch as you passed. You did not know how he longed for just a cheery good morning from some passer-by. He had lived in a small country town where every one knew him and had a pleasant word for him. Then the bank failed. The little home went. He came to the city where his son was employed.

"Another neighbor was a little Italian girl who came with her tambourine and sang beneath your windows. You dropped her pennies. It was one of your pupils who found that she wanted more. She was trying to mother three younger children.

"Another neighbor was a white-haired invalid who looked out of her window right into yours and she longed for some of the flowers growing there. She had many lonely hours while her daughter was away at work and you reminded her of a sister who had gone Home years before.

"It was the same dear little lady who found all these neighbors, and then she found you and you learned the lesson of privilege. Never again will these small neighborly courtesies seem like unwelcome duties, for you have learned the lesson of love. You know, now, that love for God includes all his children. You have learned the secret of true living."—Willa-metta Preston.

WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE DRUNK.

A well-known preacher riding in a London omnibus was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon the one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger.

"I understand you're temperance," began the driver.

"Yes, I'm pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been set against it now for thirty-five years."

"Scared it will ruin your health?"

"Yes, but that isn't the main thing."

"Perhaps it don't agree with you?" ventured the driver.

"Well, it don't really agree with anybody. But that ain't it either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?"

"Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in America with a friend of mine, and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something.' And he says, 'No, sir; I'm saving my money to buy government land at 7s and 6d per acre. I'm going to buy tomorrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for the liquor and buy a couple of acres along with mine.' I says, 'All right.' So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres.

"Well, sir, today those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town, and if I'd taken that drink, I'd have swallowed a city block, a grocery store, an apothecary shop, four lawyers' offices, and it's hard to say what else. That's the idea. Ain't it horrible?"—Exchange.

DEDICATION, ORDINATION AND QUARTERLY MEETING.

A very special series of meetings will take place at Jonesport, Maine, Sept. 25-28.

The quarterly meeting of District No. 3 will convene with the church at Jonesport, Maine, Sept. 25th, continuing over Sunday, the 28th. This will be a special occasion, as the pastor, Miss M. Ella Slipp, is to be ordained to the gospel ministry, and the new recently completed church will be dedicated.

The pastors laboring on the district, Revs. S. H. Clark, C. S. Hilyard, T. W. Moses and the writer were requested by the Alliance to conduct the ordination service. Let each pastor strongly urge upon his people their duty and privilege to attend these services. Let each church pray that it will be a time of refreshing. We are planning big things this year for District No. 3.

L. J. ALLEY,

Com. on Quar. Meetings.

Beals, Sept. 4, 1919.

"A good book is a good friend, always at hand when one wants it. The Book of books is the best of all."

"Wisdom is knowing what to do next; skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it—David Starr Jordan."

"Everyone is to bear his own cross, not his neighbor's; and his cross of today, not of yesterday or of tomorrow."

The man who talks much about himself is advertising a poor article and one in which the public is seldom interested.

"If you want a man to do another good act commend him for the one he has already done. Commend him in any case."

It has now been settled that Evangelist Joseph Owen will come to Riverside Camp Meeting Aug. 6-15, 1920.

THIRTY SECONDS TOO LATE.

Mr. Bell, the preacher, was always punctual. Whoever might be late at meeting, at the funeral, or anywhere else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. If called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the door-step and his hand on the bell when the clock was striking the hour. It was at first quite annoying to his flock to go, according to their old habits, to a funeral and meet it on the way to the grave, or to go to a wedding and find it all over before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Slow waited on the minister, to ask him why he was always in such a hurry, and so afraid of being too late.

"Well, my good friend, I will tell you; and if, after hearing me, you do not think I am about right in this thing, I will try to alter."

"That's surely fair," slowly said Mr. Slow, as if afraid to commit himself.

"When I was a young man, and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant mountain town and preach to a destitute people. I went for some weeks and then returned home for a few days, promising to go back, without fail, the next Sunday. Well, I had a pleasant week among my kind relatives and was so much engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties till Saturday returned, and then my sister and a beautiful friend of hers persuaded me to go out a while in the little boat 'Cinderella' on our beautiful lake. The day was fine, and 'Cinderella' spun and darted under my oars, as if a thing of life. When we got ashore I found it two o'clock, and I knew the cars started in fifteen minutes.

"I left the ladies and ran home, and caught up my carpet bag and ran for the depot. I saw the cars had arrived. I heard the bell ring. With all my strength I ran. I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts, and got within fifteen feet of the cars. Oh, for thirty seconds more! But too late! The next day was a fair, still Sunday.

My mountain people gathering, coming down from the glens and following the rills, filled the house of worship. But there was no minister, and the hungry sheep had no shepherd to feed them! He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a poor old blind man, who lived four miles from the church, and seldom could he get to meeting. That day he ate breakfast early, and his little granddaughter led him all the way down the mountain to the church. How weary, and sad, and disappointed he was! There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a great gathering of children at the Sunday school. And their little eyes glistened, for the minister had promised to preach them 'a little sermon today'; but he was not there. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a sick child up one of the glens of the mountain, and she had been inquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him and have him pray with her. How she hailed the day when he would be there! But no! he was not there.

"That poor old blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble, and never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!

"That little girl was dead before I got back, and I could only shed tears over her corpse! I had been thirty seconds too late!

"On my bended knee I asked God's forgiveness, and promised Him that, if possible, I would never again be thirty seconds too late.

"And now, Mr. Slow, am I not about right in my punctuality?"

"Well, I guess—it—don't—look quite—so unreasonable—as it—might!"—The Family Circle.