



Beulah Tabernacle.

Beulah Camp Meeting

JUNE 27—JULY 6, 1919.

EVANGELIST JOSEPH OWEN,
Boaz, Alabama.

Riverside Camp Meeting

AUG. 8-17, 1919.

EVANGELIST DAVID ANDERSON,
of Houghton, N. Y.

DO-IT-ALL MOTHERS.

One sometimes goes into a house where everything "goes like clock-work;" the meals are on time, rooms neat and shining, and children well clothed and cared for. The only draw-back to this beautiful spectacle of efficiency is that the mother and housekeeper is forried and harried to death, and straining every nerve to carry her self-imposed burdens. Such women need a modern Jethro for adviser.

"But what shall I do?" cried one such mistaken mother, warned by her physician that such a state of things must not continue. The housework must be done. The children must be looked after. Their clothes must be made and kept clean—I've just got to keep on till I drop, and that's all there is to it!"

"No, it isn't," said the doctor. "Drop first—drop a dozen things—and then you can keep on."

Thereupon he proceeded to outline the dozen or more things that might be easily dropped from her load of drudgery. Ironing a multitude of garments and household linen, for instance, for he insisted 'rough-dry' clothes were more hygienic. Everlastingly 'picking up' after the children—they must be taught to pick after themselves or find their things in 'pound.' Waiting on them hand and foot was to be eliminated—teach them to be their own servants. And then he set her gasping with a radical system of dividing the load by delegating substantial parts of it to younger shoulders. Nothing of moment was to be neglected or taken from her hands. She might still keep the 'reins' in her hands and attend to important matters. She was not to be shelved or sent to a sanatorium. That is, not unless—

That significant hint of an alternative did the business. She promised obedience and at once instituted a new order of things. From that day she ceased to be a "Do-it-All Mother." Today she is a steady-nerved, healthy woman, with a family of rather unusually thoughtful and capable children. "All due to delegating," said the old doctor. "Families must co-operate."—Mrs. A. B. Bryant.

"The yoke of Christ is always easy to a fully consecrated soul."

"The life of every professing Christian should be a daily illustration of 'the beauty of holiness.'"

SELLING RELIGION.

He was a breezy Western sale manager, spending a few days in New York, and on Sunday morning he found his way to one of the big metropolitan churches. The minister, a vigorous convincing man, of unquestioned faith, preached a remarkable sermon, in which was a strong undercurrent of evangelistic appeal. The expert, who knew the psychology of salesmanship from its every angle, was held spell-bound by the power of the preacher. Frequently he turned to his companion and whispered his admiration. At the close of the service, he went forward to congratulate the minister on the splendid effort he had made.

"That was a marvelous presentation you made this morning," said the sales manager, "and as a stranger within the gates I wanted to stay and have the privilege of thanking you for it; but having said that, honesty compels me to state that if you worked for me I would discharge you."

The preacher caught his breath at the suddenness of this announcement, and begged the gentleman to explain.

"Why, it's perfectly simple," said the successful business man. "You marshaled your talking points in a masterful way, and you had your goods sold, but you made the fatal mistake of not trying to take any orders."

As the minister reflected on the sales manager's criticism, the conviction forced itself upon him that his visitor was right. He had made his case, but had not attempted to crystallize it into what the business house calls "results." Customers that had mentally been convinced and were ready to purchase were sent away without the chance.—Christian Advocate.

Stephen was stoned for setting forth and defending the truth. If the faithful of today are also "stoned" by the enraged enemies of the truth, it is but history repeating itself. The servant is not greater than his lord, nor above the early martyrs.—Sel.

The smallest things become great when God requires them of us; they are small only in themselves; they are always great when they are done for God.—Fenelon.

"The more work love is given to do, the stronger it becomes."

WHAT ONE BOY DID.

Little Ralph Messena, who had been run down by a truck the week before, was lying on his cot in a ward on the third floor of Bellevue Hospital, with an arm and a leg in a plaster cast.

It was visitors' day. Ralph lay and watched the faces of other sufferers brighten at the touch of loving hands, and after a while called the nurse:

"Please, can I be rolled out on the balcony?" he begged. The nurse tucked him up comfortably, and Ralph watched the thousand or so relatives or friends as they passed through the courtyard to or fro on their way to call on the patients.

Ralph's mother is dead. He had no one to come and visit him. His heart was sad and lonely. But he did not cry. Instead, he sang. He raised his face until it was bathed in sunshine, cleared his throat, and sang loud and clear and sweet with a pathos that touched the hearts of all who heard.

The procession of visitors halted, and windows on all sides of the courtyard were raised, until the plaintive notes seemed to fill every corner of the great hospital.

"Say, youngster, you ain't blue, are you?" tenderly asked a man sitting near Ralph on the balcony. "Not now," said the boy, "but somebody has come to see everybody here today except me."

"Say, youngster, don't you fret! You've got more friends here now than all the rest put together," said the man.—New York Christian Advocate.

HOLINESS.

It breathes in prophecy, thunders in the law, murmurs in narrative, whispers in the promises, supplications in the prayers, sparkles in the poetry, resounds in the songs, speaks in the types, glows in the imagery, voices in the language, and burns in the spirit of the whole scheme, from the alpha to the omega from its beginning to its end.

Holiness! holiness needed, holiness required, holiness offered, holiness attainable, holiness a present duty, a present privilege, a present enjoyment—is the progress and completeness of its wonderful theme.

Holiness is gold without alloy. It is peace without variance, strife, unrest and discord. It is the assurance of faith rid of every vestige of unbelief. It is fullness of joy with doubts, blues and despair extracted. It is long-suffering, without any feeling, complaining or repining. It is meekness separate from a self-asserted, bold and arrogant spirit. It is kindness without the roots of hardness censoriousness and uncompassionateness.

It bears sorrow without murmuring, hopes without fatigue, submits without dictating, follows without hesitating, has its fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.—Selected by H. N. Loomer.

If all ministers were to live solely to the glory of God no one would leave the ministry unless he should become convinced that he never had a call from God to preach.—The Herald and Presbyterian.