

NOTICE.

The Sunday School Agent, Mrs. F. E. Clark, having taken up her residence in Cambridge, Mass., has asked me to act for her. In compliance with her request I have sent out the blank reports to the various Sunday Schools. The secretaries will kindly fill them in and send to me at Woodstock, N. B., Box 216, by the 16th of June.

Please remember to give a short account of the general condition of your school as requested, as by so doing the Annual Report will be more interesting.
MRS. W. B. WIGGINS.

SPREADING HOLINESS.

It is not only our duty and privilege to spread holiness, but it is the natural and sure expression of every genuinely sanctified heart. If we have ceased to spread holiness to the limit of our ability and opportunity, it is because the fire has gone out and the motive power is dead and we need to repent and do our works. This is the reason the cause lags in some places and the camp and conventions are no longer held, as a rule. Some one has died.

A Christian is aggressive by nature. There is no religion in the world more aggressive than Christianity. This is seen in the fact that it has spread over the world as no other religion has. More than that, its divine founder said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." There is no substance more aggressive than salt. It attacks, permeates and infuses itself into substance with the utmost vigor. He also said, "Ye are the light of the world." Light is intensely aggressive. It will not tolerate darkness. It drives it away. It is stultification and delusion to think we are Christians. The moment we lose the aggressive spirit, that moment we die.

This being true on general principles, it becomes especially true as regards the propagation of holiness. If it be true that regeneration gives an active aggressive spirit, it is doubly true as regards the second work of grace. Jesus said it would make us aggressive when entirely sanctified. "Ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost has come upon you and ye shall be witness unto me." One of the convincing proofs of the claims we make in proffering entire sanctification is its aggressiveness. How can we make people believe we have the great blessing of Pentecost if we show little concern in its spread? The time is short that God has given us to spread holiness. It is the talent God has given us, and he will surely require his own with interest.—Christian Witness.

PRAY, TRUST, BE STEADFAST.

Never in the history of this world was there greater necessity for prayer, faith, and steadfastness than today. Everything is in commotion, and nothing seems certain but God and truth. It behoves us to pray and trust mightily. Thrones are falling. Dynasties are being hurled to dust. Kingdoms are tottering. Government itself, of all kinds, seems to be unsteady and threatened. General unrest and discontent are in the air and evil seems to be

defiant and to flaunt itself and to be aggressive as never before. The religion of Christ is being tried as never before. But there is no need of fear. We are only to maintain our belief and be true. We are to remember that God lives. He is not dead and is bigger than the Devil. God will work out His mighty plan for the ages, despite the enmity of hell and the malice of evil men and seducers. Christ is our Intercessor and our coming King, whose Kingdom will stand and shall know no end. Look up, then, ye hosts of the living God, and hope ye in God the Father, and trust alone in Him, and not in what men say or do. Fear not either what devils may threaten or bad men may say or do. There is absolutely certain help and hope for this weary old world, whatever may seem to betide us. Make this a time for earnest and persistent prayer, and God will hear and heed our call.—Herald of Holiness.

AN IMPORTANT SOCIETY FORGOTTEN

"John, I would like to invite my friend, Mrs. Smally, this evening. Will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear, I must attend the meeting of the Ancient Order of Forresters to-night."

"Well, tomorrow evening?"

"Oh, the Odd-Fellows meet that night; on Thursday I have a meeting of the Knights of Labor to attend; on Friday the Royal Templars of Temperance; on Saturday there's a second meeting of the Masonic Lodge, and I couldn't miss that; and then Sunday night—let me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The Grand and Ancient Order of Christian Fellowship."

"Why, I had forgotten. Am I a member of that—let me see—"

"But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member."

"What's that?"

"Your wife's!"—Sel.

WHAT LOVE DID.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers. "Wait a minute," said the latter as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know whom they're for," she said; "they're for gran'ma."

"Well, I do declare!" observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me! I had no idea you went around leaving flowers with old ladies."

"Just with one old lady," laughing. "You see, it is this way: When I was a boy, this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house where I had been boarding with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away, no one missed me."

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-bye. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him."

"Good-bye, my boy. God bless you," I heard her say.

"No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

"Good-bye, Davie," she said gently, holding out her hands to me. I know my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh, so sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years, 'Davie, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-bye to Danny's mother? Aren't you, Davie?' I turned and took her hands, the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then, gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me.

"Good-bye, Davie," she said, 'I love you too, my boy; may God bless you.'

The gentleman's lips quivered.

"The world grew bright to me then and there," he continued. "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul. 'Good-bye, Davie. I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.' God has blessed me."

"Where is Dan?" asked his friend.

"Dan died six years ago; that is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so."—New York Observer.

BRINGING THEM UP TO THE MARK.

(The following quaint notice was posted recently on a church door in White-church:)

MISSING.

Last Sunday, some families from church.

STOLEN.

Several hours from the Lord's day, by a number of people of different ages dressed in their Sunday clothes.

STRAYED.

Half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of "No Sunday School."

MISLAID.

A quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public house, the owner being in a state of great excitement.

WANTED.

Several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up Sabbath Breakers' Lane, which leads to the City of No Good.

LOST.

A lad, carefully reared, not long from home, and for a time promising. Supposed to have gone with one or two older companions to Prodigal Town, Husk Lane.

Any person assisting in the recovery of the above shall in no wise lose his reward.—Selected.