

RIVERSIDE CAMP MEETING!

August 4 - 14, 1922



REV. JOHN NORBERRY,
Of Lehighton, Pa., Evangelist.

WORKERS

All the Reformed Baptist pastors are expected to be present, with a large number of lay-workers, beside visitors who will help in the services.

MUSIC

Rev. H. S. and Mrs. Mullen will be our special singers. Mr. J. F. Bullock organist; Rev. P. J. Trafton and Rev. E. W. Lester will be the leaders in song; and a great company of singers will swell the glad songs of praise.

ROOMS

In the Hotel 75 cents per day. In the Dormitory 50 cents per day.

BOARD

Per week \$6.00. Per day \$1.00. Dinner 50 cents. Breakfast and supper 35 cents.

RIVERSIDE CAMP GROUND

Is situated on the Bangor and Aroostook Railway at Robinson, Maine. People from N. B. can go via Houlton and Fort Fairfield, Maine, or via St. John Valley R. R. to Centerville, N. B., and cross to camp ground in half an hour by automobile.

Good roads by automobile from all points. Ground for tents free.

These camp meetings are purely evangelistic, with no side issues. We expect this to be a great meeting.

For further information, write REV. S.A. BAKER, Moncton, N. B.

THE BLOT ON THE LETTER

The first thing that you noticed on drawing the white sheet from the envelope was a spot of ink. The pen had caught in the paper and made a bad blot. The letter began, 'You must pardon the blot; I am sorry for it, but this is the only sheet of paper I have here, and I shall have to send it anyway..'

The paper was heavy and rich-looking; the penmanship was beautiful; the sentiment of the letter was most cordial, and the information it contained was pleasant and interesting—but the blot! It was the first thing you saw on opening the letter and the last thing you saw on putting it back into the envelope.

In the circumstances there was no harm in sending the letter, but what if it had been a letter written, not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God? What if it had been written, not on a tablet of paper; but on the tablet of the heart? For God says that his children are the epistles of Christ to the world.

What, then, of the blot on the epistle of life that Christ has written in our lives for the world of men to read? It is true of us, as it is true of the letter, that the blot, if there is a blot, shows above everything else on the page. The life may be as nearly perfect as possible; it may have many touches of beauty and many Christian qualities; it may be most attractive in various ways—but the blot! An unkind word, a selfish act, an unfair attitude, a questionable transaction, and the world will stop and stare at the blot while the beautiful letter of a Christian life, the epistle of Christ to men, is left unread.

What a precious thing is a letter from a friend. It is almost the friend himself. And yet how easily it is spoiled! One false move, and the blot is made, and the page of life is marred.—Youths' Companion.

USING SOUND WORDS.

The writers of the New Testament did

not avoid using "sound words" in their epistles to the churches. The Bible speaks of conviction, repentance, a new heart, newness of life, holiness, sanctification, growth in grace, and so on. The Apostles were not afraid of hurting some one's feelings by using such plain language. They had been sinners themselves, and knew the way they had come, and exhorted others to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" and to "go on unto perfection." They prayed that their converts might be sanctified wholly and preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. The burden of their hearts was that the disciples might be established in grace and sealed by the Holy Spirit.

Such teaching as this runs all through the New Testament, from beginning to end. Surely a man must be blind who says the new birth and holiness of heart and life are not taught in the Bible.—The Way of Holiness.

BIG AND LITTLE SOULS.

There are big and small in body, Angus MacAskills and Anna Swans of Nova Scotia, and Tom Thumbs and Minnie Warrens of other places.

There are big and small in mind—some plan and do great things while others fizzle trifles.

There are big and small in soul—best of all bigness and worst of all smallness—great souls whose heart-doors swing only outward, whose thought is of others, whose joy is doing good; small souls whose heart-doors swing only inward, whose thoughts are of self, who live to get.

There are big souls and small in all stations of life, among all classes and conditions, high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, in hall and hut, on crowded street and lonely trail.

Big souls are happy, the bigger the happier; it is the law of heart-doors swinging outward. Small souls are miserable, the smaller the more miserable; it

is a law of heart-doors swinging inward. One type of small soul is that which is swayed by circumstances. When a short step up in place of purse no longer sees acquaintance the soul is smaller than the conditions. When such change of fortune makes no difference the soul is bigger than conditions.

Size of body and mind is largely beyond one's own control, but the size of the soul may be greatened indefinitely, the small becoming great, the great, greater.

A small body or mind is no dishonour, but a small soul is its own shame.

To grow in soul take Christ into it and give Him control. No soul can stay small with Him in charge.—E. S.

"THE LORD IS AT HAND."

By Horatius Bonar.

I do not know how it may be with others, but I feel that when I can say, "The coming of the Lord draweth near," I have got a weapon in my hand of no common edge and temper. I can go to the struggling saint against whom the battle seems to go hardly, and say, "Faint not, the Lord is at hand, and he will bruise Satan under your feet shortly." To the saint wearied with a vexing world, and troubled with thickening darkness of its midnight, I can say, "Be of good cheer, the Lord is at hand; but a little while and the world shall cease to vex; sooner than you think the morn will break." To the suffering saint I can say, "Weep not, the Lord is at hand; the torn heart shall be bound up, and the bitterness of bereavement forgotten in the joy of union forever." To the flagging saint, heavy and slothful in his walk, I can say, "Up, for the Lord is at hand; work while it is day; look at a dying world, all unready for its judge: cast off your selfishness and love of ease." To the covetous saint I can say, "The Lord is coming—it is no more time for hoarding now—heap not up treasures for the last days."