

imp labeled "Fashion of this World." "I can make some people stay at home because the new hat did not come, or because their clothes are out of style, or they have not gotten a new cloak."

"I have a better scheme than that," said another. "These people you keep away are indifferent—generally good-for-nothing folks, who are hardly worth getting into the kingdom of his Satanic majesty, but I have a plan that empties seats of the workers in the church."

"That is just what we want," said the king.

"I make these people overwork on Saturdays. For instance, I make some good man the preacher depends upon, or some devout Sunday school teacher, to make Saturday the busiest day of the week. I just keep him rushed with neglected things till late at night, and then he oversleeps or is sick the next day, and can't get out."

"Splendid plan!" cried Satan.

"Yes, it works well with delicate women. If they clean house, or have Saturday company, they can be kept at home without knowing they have broken the Sabbath the day before. A church party late Saturday night helps with empty seats."

"You are doing finely, my imp," his majesty said warmly—for his breath was a flame of fire. "Preachers may work and pray over their sermons all week, but there will be no results in preaching to empty seats. One of the most important things we have to consider is how to keep people away from churches on Sunday. Your plans are excellent, but I might suggest another good point. All preachers have human imperfections—some have fault of manner or speech. Get Christians to criticize their pastor, especially before their children. If you can stir up a spirit of fault-finding against the preacher, or among the members, it will help empty seats. People who get mad at each other do not care to go to church together. If the seats are empty, the minister may be a saint and preach like an angel to no purpose. See the result of your labor on High street church today. Not only did the 200 people who stayed at home lose a blessing, but each empty seat did its work against the Lord's kingdom. The preacher made unusual preparation, and went with his heart on fire, but the empty seats chilled him, and he did poorly. There was a special collection, but the best givers were away, so it was a failure. It isn't a smart preacher, nor a rich congregation, nor a good location, nor a paid choir, that makes a successful church. It is the church members always being there that draws in the unconverted, and makes an eloquent preacher. As soon as a Christian begins to stay at home, from one excuse or another, I know I have a mortgage on his foreclose on the judgment day."

"You have none on mine!" cried Mrs. Clark, who had been listening with bated breath: "I'll go to church, if only to defeat soul which, if he does not shake off, I will you."

"What's the matter, dear?" asked the doctor. "Have you been dreaming?"

"Perhaps so; but I'm going to church if I get to my seat just in time for the benediction. I'll cheat Satan from this day out of one empty seat." She has kept her word, and influenced many others to let nothing trifling keep them from God's house; and one "downtown" church has begun to grow, and will soon be a great power for God, because of no "empty seats."—Tract.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. W. R. Carson

At Norton, N. B., on Aug. 8th, a prominent and respected resident in the person of Victoria, wife of W. R. Carson, passed beyond this vale of tears, to enter upon her reward for a faithful, well-spent life, when He who said, "Behold I come quickly and my reward is with me," shall appear. Sister Carson had only a brief illness of six days, the last three of which she was unconscious the greater part of the time. The neighborhood was shocked by her sudden death.

She was in her seventy-third year and prior to this illness seemed for several months to enjoy better health than usual.

She leaves to mourn, besides her husband, a daughter, Mrs. R. V. Allaby, of Massachusetts, and a grandson, Master Rayworth Gillis, of Fredericton; also a number of other relatives and friends. She will be much missed by many of the brethren of our denomination as she was of kindly disposition and fervent in her love to God and His people, manifesting such love by her hospitality, generosity and kindness to all.

She will continue to live in the memory of those who loved her and "her works" of love and good-will will follow her. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The funeral service was conducted on Wednesday afternoon at the Reformed Baptist Church at Norton by Rev. I. F. Kierstead, assisted by Revs. S. A. Mullin, L. J. Sears, P. J. Trafton and Rev. Mr. Fraser, of the United Church of Canada.

The following hymns were sung at the house: "Nearer my God to Thee." At the Church: "Alone with God," "No disappointment in Heaven" and "My heavenly home is bright and fair." Her body was laid to rest in the Riverbank cemetery to await the resurrection of the just. We extend our sincere sympathy to the husband and near relatives.

I. F. KIERSTEAD

## PETERKIN'S PUDDING

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," says the proverb, but there is a good deal in what you put into the pudding. People complain that religion is inspired, that they get little out of it. But what have they put into it? They have grudged the expense, and yet they expect the blessing. A cheap religion, like most cheap things, is of little value. "Then, said Jesus unto His disciples, 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and follow Me.' 'Give and it shall be given unto you.' To those who try to be Christians on the cheap, let me commend Mr. Zangwill's tale of Peterkin's pudding:

"You have never heard of Peterkin's pudding," says Mr. Zangwill, "but there is a fine moral baked in it. Johannes came to his wife one day and said, 'Liebes Gretchen, could you not make me a pudding such as Peterkin is always boasting his wife makes him? I am dying of envy to taste it. Every time he talks of it my chops water. 'It is not impossible I could make you one,' said Gretchen good-naturedly. 'I will go and ask Frau Peterkin how she makes it.' When Johannes returned that evening from the workshop where Peterkin had been raving more than ever over his wife's pudding, Gretchen said gleefully, 'I have been to Frau Peterkin. She has a good heart and she gave me the whole

recipe for Peterkin's pudding.' Johannes rubbed his hands, and his mouth watered already with anticipation. 'It is made with raisins,' began Gretchen. Johannes' jaw fell. 'We can scarcely afford raisins,' he interrupted; 'couldn't you manage without raisins?' 'Oh, I daresay,' said Gretchen doubtfully. 'There is also candied lemon peel.' Johannes whistled. 'Ach! we can't run to that,' he said. 'No indeed,' assented Gretchen; 'but we must have suet and yeast.' 'I don't see the necessity,' quoth Johannes. 'A good cook like you'—here he gave her a sounding kiss—'can get along without such trifles as those.' 'Well, I will try,' said the good Gretchen, as cheerfully as she could; and so next morning Johannes went to work lighthearted and gay. When he returned home, lo! the long desired dainty stood on the supper table, beautifully brown. He ran to embrace his wife in gratitude and joy; then he tremblingly broke off a hunch of pudding and took a huge bite. His wife, anxiously watching his face, saw it assume a look of perplexity, followed by one of disgust. Johannes gave a snort of contempt. 'Meine Liebe,' he cried, 'and this is what Peterkin is always bragging about!' Matt. 16:24, 25; Luke 6:38—Heart and Life.

## "HE WENT A LITTLE FARTHER"

Jesus with His disciples entered the Garden of Gethsemane on the night of His betrayal for the purpose of preparing themselves to withstand the oncoming advance of their foes. And how did they prepare themselves? The disciples slept and Jesus prayed. Now, both sleeping and praying are good in their place, and both are appropriate to prepare us for the onslaughts of the enemy in temptation. But Jesus had the understanding heart and "He went a little farther." These last steps led our Lord into the place of conflict and victory. They led Him to prevailing prayer; to strong crying and tears and bloody sweat. Doubtless Satan took such advantage as he could to break down the Lord in this important hour, and who can tell but that much of the conflict of that hour was due to a last terrible attack of that foe! But Jesus emerged with the victory and went calmly and with confidence to His trial and death.

God's work is always in need of such as go a few steps farther in His service. It needs the courageous spirit that ventures out. It needs the vision that sees God at work and steps in where the conflict is on with knowledge of how to win the victory. It needs the spirit of perseverance that holds the ground taken in the advance until reinforcements come, and it is permanently won. Perhaps you have read of the Swiss patriot, Arnold Winkelreid. He stood at the head of his little Swiss Army as they faced the solid ranks of the Austrians, their conquerors, who had taken away their liberty for which the Swiss were now again contending. Winkelreid saw no opening in the long line of Austrian spearheads thrust forward, and he determined to make one with his body. With the shout: "Make way for Liberty!" he rushed forward and gathered in his arms as many of the spears as could be thrust into his breast, and fell down in death. His men followed and won the conflict. The story reminds us of the death of our Lord and the previous night when, "He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed."—The Wesleyan Methodist.