

NO SUNDAY DINNER

There is an uncomfortable bit of truth in the weary comment of an overworked pastor who sighed when he said:

"The membership of the average church is the greatest missionary field on earth."

The police records of every city in America will show that the problem of juvenile delinquency is by no means restricted to the slum area. Children from some of the best homes in every city are falling into the hands of the police and juvenile authorities, for no other reason than that parents are not accepting their responsibilities for their own children.

We venture a positive assertion, in the confidence that hundreds of thousands of American parents need desperately to awaken to its truthfulness: No Sunday dinner, no Saturday night gatherings, no Sunday family get-together, no personal inclination, no out-of-town pleasure trip, no amusement is as important in the life of a parent as the responsibility for providing religious and moral training for his child.

In our opinion there is a serious need for some extremely straight preaching, as well as for some courageous pastoral work at this very point. Thousands of church mothers need to be told in plain terms that no Sunday dinner is as important as their presence in the church school with their children. It may even be necessary for someone so far to trespass upon the privacy of some homes that they shall say to some parents, "You have no right to a child you are unwilling to train."—Christian Advocate.

SPEAK THE TRUTH

Many persons, we fear, are careless about their expressions, and are open to criticism. Exaggeration is a fatal error, and when the guilty party has light, it is sin. "Hundreds at the altar," "Scores saved," "a regular torrent of salvation," "never saw anything like it," and similar statements are often wide of the mark.

Again, there is the habit of so coloring a statement that while the truth is spoken, there is a covered lie. The eyes of the world are upon us, and the ears of critics are open to hear; and above all, God is to be taken into account.

Suppressed truth or half-truth, that is meant to mislead, is the meanest kind of lying. "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts."

Our Lord cares not for pretense. He looks to the soul. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Let us give no grounds, either by voice or pen, for the charge of untruthfulness.—God's Revivalist.

IS THE YOUNG MAN SAFE?

"Is the young man Absalom safe?" was David's first question to his returned messenger. And in his agonized cry: "O my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" We see and hear the accents not only of the grief but also of the remorse of a father who felt himself guilty of the waywardness, the sinful life and early death of his loved one. He was only reaping what many another father is reaping today. The harvest of neglect, indifference, excessive indulgence, and an evil example. "Is the young man safe?" For the youth of our day we must do everything possible, with God's help, to make the answer a ringing affirmative.—Sel.

By J. O. House, Observer

If criticism is needed, criticise helpfully, never spitefully.

Do you want Christ to represent you above as you represent Him below?

Suspicion and jealousy never did help any one in any situation.

There is no ignorance like ignorance of God, no poverty like poverty of soul.

By the way they talk, one would infer some people really enjoy bad health.

Greatness is simple goodness; purity of heart, helpfulness of spirit; willingness to serve.

The most untameable thing in the world has its den back of the teeth.

Prayer is the outlet of the saints' sorrows and the inlet of their supports and comforts.

Pliant to God's purposes but unbending toward evil—that is the Christian ideal.

Too many people want faith the size of a mountain before attempting to move a mustard seed.

Character is pretty much like window glass—when it is cracked it is cracked inside and outside.

What you are when you are not trying to be anything, is the real test of what you are.

With the best sinner in the world it is yet "repent or perish, turn or burn."

Christians are like tea—their real strength comes out when they get into "hot water."

A holy life in comparative silence may win more souls to Christ than too much talk with careless living.—The Holiness Worker.

UNKNOWN RICHES . . .

Years ago, an old man living in New Jersey discovered about five thousand dollars in a family Bible. The bank notes were scattered throughout the Book. In 1874 the aunt of this man had died, and one clause of her will read as follows:

"To my beloved nephew, Stephen Marsh, I will and bequeath my family Bible, and all it contains, with the residue of my estate after my funeral expenses and just and lawful debts are paid."

The estate amounted to a few hundred dollars, which was soon spent, and for about thirty-five years his chief support had been a small pension from the Government. He lived in poverty, and all the time there was within his reach the precious Bible containing thousands of dollars, sufficient for all his wants. He passed the Bible by; his eyes rested upon it; perhaps his hands handled the old leather-bound Bible with its brass clasps—but he did not open it once. At last, while packing his trunk, to move to the home of his son, where he intended to spend his few remaining years, he discovered the unknown riches which were in his possession. What thoughts of regret must have come into his mind! If he had only opened the Bible years ago, he then might have used the money to great advantage. Instead of that, the treasure lay idle for thirty-five years, and he might have had it and enjoyed its use all that time.

This is a sad story. But there is something infinitely sadder than the experience of this man. It is the neglect of the Bible by God's people. Our God has given to His people a costly treasure in His own Word—the Bible. In this Book of books, the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God are stored up. Here the riches of His love and grace are

made known and the highest wisdom man is capable of possessing is told out. All the child of God needs spiritually is to be found within its pages—all needs are there supplied. And yet, these riches, placed at our disposal by a loving Father, are unknown and unused riches, to many. Instead of being enjoyed, used, and in using them multiplied, they are neglected. Many of God's people are dragging along in a spiritually impoverished state, when they might have all their need supplied and constantly enlarged in the knowledge of God. Occasionally, we receive letters from aged Christians, including preachers. They tell us how they deplore the fact that they did not know certain truths thirty or forty years ago. "How different my Christian life as well as my service might have been!" is what an old Christian wrote to us recently; and all this time these riches were right there in the Bible, where he might have enjoyed them. Oh, the neglected Bible! May we arise and possess our possessions.—Exchange.

WEDDINGS

Crowel — Power

At the Woodstock Reformed Baptist Parsonage on May 1st, 1951. Rev. A. L. Stairs united in marriage Mr. Percy Crowell, of Truro, and Miss Edna Power, formerly of Westchester.

Bubar - Miller

Ernest Roy Bubar and Muriel Bessie Miller were united in marriage at the Reformed Baptist Church, Fredericton, N. B. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. E. Mullen.

Wallace - Jones

Eldon Roy Wallace and Freda Pearl Jones were united in marriage at the Reformed Baptist Parsonage, Fredericton, N. B., June 7th. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. H. E. Mullen.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Maude Shepherd, of Wood Island, Grand Manan, N. B., passed away at her home, on Saturday morning, May 5th.

The funeral service was conducted from her home on Sunday afternoon by her pastor, Rev. Ronald T. Sabine.

Following a short service at the house, it was continued at the Wood Island Reformed Baptist Church. Music was furnished by a ladies' quartet from the Seal Cove Church. Interment was made in the family lot at Wood Island.

Mrs. Shepherd leaves to mourn her loss, one son, Hugh, Woodard's Cove; three daughters, Mrs. Addie Wilcox, Wood Island; Mrs. Alice McLaughlin, Grand Harbour; and Lila, at home, who tenderly cared for her; one brother, Wellington Green, of Seal Cove; and a host of relatives and friends.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy.

REV. R. T. SABINE

Judy Carty

Infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Carty, who passed away at the Victoria Public Hospital, was buried May 18th. Our sympathy is extended to the sorrowing ones.