

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

TOO YOUNG . . .

It is said that a lad, after having been told the Parable of the Ninety and Nine, went home and told his father that he wanted to "be in the fold"—in other words, he wanted to become a Christian.

"Oh, you're too young," was his father's reply.

About dusk a storm was approaching, and the father sent the boy out to put the sheep into the fold. When he returned, the father asked him:

"Did you get them all in safely?"

"I put the old sheep in," he replied.

"What! You don't mean to tell me that you left all the lambs out, do you?"

"Why, of course—I thought they were too young."

"You were right, son, about wanting to be in the fold of God," answered the father. "You can be safe from the storms of temptation only by being in the fold of the Good Shepherd, and you cannot enter too young."
—Teacher's Guide.

WHERE CHRIST Can be Found

I have seen men find Him where the shepherds found Him—in the barn; where Paul found Him—on horseback; where Mary of Magdala found Him—in the garden; where the jailor found Him—in the prison.

I have seen men find Him on the sea, in the forest, down in the mine, and in the most accursed places outside of hell. I saw a man find Christ on his knees in a saloon, with his head over the bar over which he had bartered all of his life's happiness.

There is no spot on earth where Christ will not come to meet us if we will only seek Him with a heart that so thirsts after Him that it will go to any length to find Him. It is not **where** we seek Him, but **how** we seek. If there is any particular place where we lost Him, there must we go to find Him. That is why Mary went to the tomb. He was not there, but it was there that she had lost Him; and so she came back with her breaking heart to find Him, and He was found of her. If you know at what point of the journey you lost Him, for what sin you sacrificed Him, it is there that you must seek Him, and there you shall find him.—Evangeline Booth.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you. Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest the crowd.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile.

Learn to attend to your own business.

—The Friend

THE SURE WAY TO REVIVAL

By Lionel T. Fletcher

All great soul-winners have been men and women of prayer. I have known nearly all the great evangelists of this generation, and many of the last. All were men of intense prayer.

One man moved my soul tremendously when I was a young, unconverted journalist. He was staying with a Presbyterian minister, and I said, "I would like to see Mr. So-and-So." The minister spoke of him with awe in his voice and something wonderful in his face, and said, "I have never had such a man live in my house. I do not know when he sleeps. When I go to his room at night to see if he is comfortable he is in prayer. I saw him go into the church early this morning and he has not been home for meals."

I found the church. I crept in lest I disturb him. It was in the tropics of Australia. I found him divested of his coat and collar. He lay prostrate at the communion rail. I could hear the agony and tears in his voice as he pleaded with God for that great gold-mining city that he might lead souls to God. He had been praying all night, and he had fasted and prayed all day.

I crept to where he lay. I knelt by his prostrate form and put my hand on his shoulder. It was wet with sweat. He had never seen me before but he looked up for a moment and said: "Pray with me, brother. I cannot live if this town does not turn to God." He had been there about three weeks without conversions. I knelt with him and prayed with him, and he opened his heart to God and pleaded as I never had heard a man plead. I went to my office, awed, humbled, trembling. That night I went to the great church where he preached. No one knew he had had no food all day and no sleep the night before, but when he rose in the church I heard several say, "What an unearthly light is on his face." It is true, he was a great Bible teacher, not an evangelist, but that night as he preached, something happened and the whole place broke beneath the power of God. That was the first great ingathering of souls I had ever witnessed.—*Christian Digest.*

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET IN ZION

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date back to the fulfilment of that promise. While historically Pentecost cannot be repeated, spiritually it can. The need of the hour is another outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the Church, bringing inward purity, triumphant victory and a fulness of power to do God's will and work.

"Give us another Pentecost, Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Quicken Thy saints, bring home the lost, revive Thy work again."

That today is the cry of many a heart, for I repeat, it is the greatest need of the hour.

Notice the order: First restoration, then sanctification. First restoration from backsliding, then an outpouring of the Spirit of God. The first prepares for the second.

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion." May God raise up those who will do it; and may we have ears to hear what the Spirit saith to the churches," and hearts to obey.

WEDDINGS

Scott—Dow

On Wednesday, February 20th, Mrs. Edith B. Dow was united in marriage to Angus E. Scott.

The ceremony took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stairs and was performed by Rev. H. E. Anderson.

Horsman - Edgar

On Saturday, February 2nd, at the Reformed Baptist Church, Moncton, N. B., Emily Edgar, of Lutes Mountain, N. B. and Gordon Horsman, of Parkton, N. B., were united in marriage. Rev. E. W. Tokley officiated.

OBITUARY

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Guthrie died suddenly during the morning of Feb. 11th, 1952. The funeral was from the Reformed Baptist Church, Black's Harbour, N. B. Rev. W. L. Fernley officiated. To the parents we offer our sincere sympathy, and trust that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," will be their constant stay.

NOTICE

Those who wish to work at the Beulah Hotel this year please contact the following persons: Rev. R. H. Parks, Milltown, Maine, for waitresses, tea-pourers and bread cutters. Lic. Scott Ingersoll, Westchester, N. S., for dishwipers and dishwashers. Those under fifteen years of age need not apply. Please state your age on your application.

Norman E. Trafton, Chairman
Beulah Hotel Committee

THE HOLY SABBATH

"It is said our great grandfathers called it the holy Sabbath, our grandfathers the sabbath, our fathers Sunday, and we call it the week end. We have substituted the holiday for the holy day, recreation for reverence, games for godliness and dissipation for devotion. In short, we use the gift of the Lord's day to destroy the giver."—*The Philadelphia Bulletin.*

LIVINGSTON'S INSPIRATION

One day David Livingstone stood before the students of Glasgow University. He had spent many long and difficult years in the heart of Africa at a time when conditions were much more trying than they are today. It was the occasion of the commencement exercises, and Livingstone asked, "Shall I tell you what sustained me in my exiled life among strangers whose language I did not understand?"

A hush swept over the student audience. "It was this—'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"—Selected.

KEEP SWEET AND KEEP QUIET

To be in a storm of distress and sorely tempted and tried in manifold ways and yet not to advertise it, but tell it all out to God in secret prayer, and keep a calm, peaceful spirit, and to walk calmly before our fellows, and give them the sunshine even when the heart is bleeding and the mind is perplexed with manifold trials—this is proof of a truly humble, loving heart.—G. D. Watson in Holy Living.

NOTICE TO DISTRICT NO. 2

The Quarterly Meeting of District No. 2 will be held at Moncton, N. B., March 13th-16th. Churches are asked to send delegates and written reports.