

ANDY'S PROMISE . . .

"Goin' to play ball?" asked one of the boys as they walked home from school. Andy hesitated. He wanted to play ball, but he remembered his promise to his mother to come home right after school.

"I told Mother I would hurry right home," said Andy.

"Your mother isn't home," replied one of the boys. "I was just up there a few minutes ago, and no one came to the door."

Andy wondered where she could be. She had not said anything about going anywhere; but, of course, if she were not at home, there was no use of his going home.

"Come on," called the boys. "You don't need to go home now."

Andy wanted to play ball, all right, but he hesitated, and finally said,

"No, I will go home first, and then if Mother does not need me I will come back."

"All right, baby," laughed one of the boys, "go on home."

Arriving at his home, Andy went in and called to his mother. Her voice came faintly from her room. Hurrying in, he found her very sick. She asked him to call right away for his father, and the doctor. He rushed to the telephone and called them immediately.

Andy knew then why no one had come to the door a few minutes before when the boys had called.

"Suppose," he thought with horror, "that I had yielded to the temptation to break my promise, just because I thought I would not get caught! The next time I will not even let them tempt me."

Mother always knew afterward that she could depend on Andy to hurry right home from school, no matter how tempting the invitation from the boys to go somewhere else.

—Our Little Ones.

WEDDINGS

On June 17th at 2.30 p. m. in the Reformed Baptist Church, Fredericton, Marguerite Estella Howe, of Fredericton, became the bride of Junious Prentiss Jones, of Boston, Mass. The double ring service was performed by Rev. H. E. Mullen.

On Saturday, June 6th, at 2.30 p. m., at the Reformed Baptist Church, Fredericton, Mavis Elane Turnbull, of Fredericton, became the bride of Horace Glen Brown, of Moncton. The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. H. E. Mullen.

Miss Norma Deborah Nickerson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Nickerson, of Wood Harbour, Nova Scotia, was recently united in marriage to Mr. Ralph Dugas, of Yarmouth, N. S., at a lovely church wedding in the Reformed Baptist Church of Wood Harbour, N. S., by Rev. L. D. Saunders. Miss Helene Shaw, Yarmouth, N. S., was the soloist.

BIRTH

Born—to Rev. and Mrs. N. E. Trafton, a son, Robert Norman, on July 1st.

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One of the reasons why many people do not have an interest in a good cause is that they do not make any investment in it. Our interest in the great work of Christian missions usually is measured by our investments in it. Salvation is made possible through the investment God made in sending His Son to be our Saviour and the world's Redeemer. The Christian faith is the world's supreme religion because of its supreme sacrifice. No other religion has the story of redemption to tell, such a story as breaks down the stoutest wills and brings down in humble repentance the proud of earth, making them to become true followers of Jesus.

We have heard of a man who was greatly aroused by a dream in which he saw a man of distinction who seemed to bear a strange resemblance to himself, and when he heard the explanation that this was the man he was meant to be it awakened him with a stroke of realism. Are we willing to be the people God meant us to be?

"The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends." So wrote William Penn, Quaker preacher, statesman, philanthropist and the founder of the State of Pennsylvania. Readers of the New Testament are often impressed with the great accomplishments of Paul during the last half of his life, after he met Jesus on the road to Damascus and was converted. Henceforth, he felt the urge to make the most of his life in the service of Christ, and of this he wrote in Philippians 3:13, 14: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," Jesus said to His disciples after the feeding of the five thousand on the shore of Galilee, doubtless referring to the bread that had fallen from his creative hand in this notable miracle and had not been distributed. Few of us succeed real well in the use of the fragments of time and of opportunity that fall to us in life, and which might well be used in the service of Christ.

Another reason for the redeeming of time is the fact that life is a one way road, with no return allowed. We pass this way but once, and what we should say and do should be done when the tide is in and we have the opportunity. We once read of a pilot on the Hudson River boats from New York to Albany. He was getting to be an old man now, and had had a long career in piloting the beautiful passenger boats on the river. One clear night he was in his usual place in the pilot's cabin, standing by the wheel and doing his work as usual. But a heavy mist seemed to come down on the river, making his work difficult and dangerous, and he said to an officer that arrived at his side, report to the engineer that a heavy fog is on the river and we must stop the boat. The officer was able to take him in his arms and let him down on the deck in death. He had made his last run. The fog he saw was not on the river but it was the dark shadow of death that closed out his career. Thus ended the life of an old pilot, but the child of God finds light in the valley, as the Psalmist assures us, "I will fear no evil for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

The Tithe, God's Tenth, is a debt, and there can be no such thing as "giving" or making a free-will offering to God until the debt has been paid. Every man, rich or poor, who fully and promptly pays his debts to his fellow men thereby contributes to his own strength and honor. Certainly our debts to God are no less sacred and binding than our debts to each other, and as for rewards, his own promise is, "He that honoreth me I will honor."

Doubtless the law of Free-will Offerings is as old and as binding as the law of the Tithe, but it is self-evident that the former can not come into operation until the latter has been complied with. Debt paying comes before gifts. Modernized—we should "be just before we are generous."

The divine order is "Tithes and Offerings," the one being an expression of our debt, the other of our gratitude. Both laws existed and were binding as long before Moses as the creation of man, and will be binding as long as man endures. Neither in any sense derives its obligation from the Mosaic Law. Both are moral duties, and all moral duties have their origin in our moral nature. Law defines but does not create them.—A Layman in Wesleyan Methodist.

HE WASN'T PROUD OF THE FINISHED ARTICLE!

In the window of the cobbler's shop was a row of shoes. Above it hung a card on which was written: "These are samples of my work."

Over the way was a public house, and as the cobbler stood at his door one evening he saw the publican turn out two drunken men, who fell helpless on the pavement.

The cobbler, being a kindly man, crossed the street and dragged them into a sitting position against the wall out of the way. As he went back to his shop he caught sight of the card in the window.

A few minutes later quite a crowd began to gather. The publican came out to see what was attracting everyone. Imagine his feelings when he saw two very drunken men propped against his wall and around the neck of one hung a notice: "These are samples of my work."—Margaret Baker.

A CLARION CALL

Today the enemy is coming in like a flood, but the Spirit of the Lord is raising up a standard against him. The call goes forth to all Christians to stand and fight in the present conflict with and for God in home and office, factory and community. To such the fight is more important than earthly gain or ease or pleasure.—W. B. Ball.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—William Cullen Bryant in *Thanatopsis*—
Wesleyan Methodist.