



THELMA'S GIFT

Thelma had been given a Bible for a birthday gift. It was given her by her favorite aunt, whose name was Sarah.

Thelma's name was on the cover in gilt letters, and every time Thelma looked at it she felt very proud.

The Bible had many pretty pictures in it, and Thelma loved to look at each one. She was especially fond of the one of baby Moses in the basket on the water.

One day her Aunt Sarah came to the house.

"Run and bring me your Bible, Thelma," she said. "I want to tell you something about it."

Thelma handed her aunt the Bible with its pretty gilt letters, "Holy Bible" and "Thelma Chase."

"How many books are there here, dear?" asked her aunt.

"Why, one," Thelma answered, surprised at her aunt's question.

"Wrong, little girl," her aunt said. "There are two separate parts, and each one has a number of complete books, sixty-six in all."

"Honestly, Aunt Sarah?" asked Thelma.

"Yes, honestly," her aunt replied. "When I was your age I received a prize for learning and reciting correctly the names of these sixty-six books. If you will learn these and recite them to me without a mistake I will give you a framed copy of the picture of baby Moses you love so much."

"Oh, I will learn them!" Thelma said, "Mother will help me! You are so good to me, Aunt Sarah."

"Now, Thelma," her aunt said, "look at the words on the top cover of your Bible."

"Holy Bible," Thelma read.

"Yes, but it is the word 'Bible' I want to tell you about," Aunt Sarah said. "I learned something about that when I was a little girl, and I have never forgotten it."

"Please tell it to me," Thelma said, "and I will see if I can tell it to my nieces when I grow up."

"This is it," her Aunt said: "B-buy it; I-investigate it; B-believe it; L-love it; E-embrace it. If you will always own a Bible, believe it, investigate it, love it, and embrace it, you will always be a good, pure woman."

"I love my Bible now, Aunt Sarah. I shall love it more than ever because of what you have told me. Thank you." —Junior Boys.

"You can't be religious without religion. You can't be a Christian without Christ."—Bob Jones, Sr.

It is much easier to find fault with others than to live faultless ourselves. It requires no grace to "pick flaws," but it requires great grace to live "without spot."—Spiritual Life.

"SURELY I COME QUICKLY"

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clefts of that rock to which no weapon, no storm, no fire can reach? He alone is safe who has reached the hiding place; and that hiding place stands with its unfolding gates ready to receive you now. Will you enter or will you remain without? Remain without and perish in the fiery storm! "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire." It is now, in these last days, as in the days of Noah, God's purpose of vengeance has been declared, the warning has come, and the judgment is making haste to follow. But the ark is still open, and the preacher of righteousness beckons you in. For 120 years Noah preached, but the unheeding world heard him not. Then he entered the ark, and for seven days he remained there before the deluge came, and standing at the open door of the ark he delivered God's last message of grace, entreating men to come in. It seems as if we were now in the period corresponding to these seven last days—proclaiming God's last moving message to long-resisting man! For what then are you waiting? Are you lingering on the hope that the millennial day will softly steal in upon the world and then you will be converted with all the rest? Alas for you! Do you not know that between you and that glory there lies a region as dark as midnight, and strewn with terrors such as earth has not yet witnessed? Why then do you wait without? There is room enough within, and will you not go in and occupy it: There is love enough, and will you not go in and enjoy it? It will cost you nothing, and you are welcome. the Father bids you welcome; the Son bids you welcome; and the angels bid you welcome; and every saved one bids you welcome; and with so many welcomes will you hesitate or delay?

ACID TEST

Dr. J. M. Buckley, the Methodist minister, was asked one day to conduct an "experience meeting" at a negro church in the south.

One woman rose to tell of the preciousness of her religion as a light bringer and comfort giver.

"That's fine, sister!" commented Dr. Buckley. "But now about the practical side. Does your religion make you strive to prepare your husband a good dinner? Does it make you look after him in every way?"

Just then Dr. Buckley felt a yank at his coat tails by the preacher, who whispered ardently: "Press dem questions, doctor, press dem questions. Dat's my wife."

—Missionary Worker

When you see a rejoicing Christian, one who is not afraid or ashamed to tell what the Lord has done for his soul, you see a man at a banquet. Such an one recommends it, and is not content to feast alone, but longs for others to come and partake with him of his Lord's bounty. It is as free for them as for him.—Haslem.

"Sorrow is a summons to come up higher in Christian character."

"Service is the fruit of salvation."

OBITUARY

Brother Bert O. Clair died very suddenly at his home in Coldstream, N. B., on Tuesday, Jan. 12, following a year of poor health.

Brother Clair was born at Lower Brighton in 1891, the son of the late Randolph and Melissa Clair of Gordonsville.

He spent much of his life at Gordonsville where his wife was a devoted and faithful member of the Reformed Baptist Church for many years. They moved to Coldstream in 1926 where Brother Clair engaged in various enterprises until a few years before his death.

Left to mourn are his wife, Azalea; one daughter, Mrs. Basil Orser, Carlisle; four sons, Claude, Royal Oak; Donald, Coldstream; Eldon, Ottawa; and Preston, of Prescott, Ontario.

Little over a year ago our brother was stricken with a heart seizure which nearly proved fatal. At that time he turned to the Lord with all his heart and was gloriously saved. He recovered his health somewhat and became very active in the Lord's work right up to the time of his death. Through the summer and fall he was a great blessing to the Gordonsville Church as well as other churches. His voice was always raised in song and testimony, for he loved to sing and testify and did so with deep feeling. Many will rise up and call him blessed.

The funeral was very largely attended and was held in the Coldstream Baptist Church. Rev. G. R. Symonds, of Marysville, brought the message, assisted by Rev. H. M. Kimball. Other preachers present were: Revs. F. A. Anderson and W. L. Fernley, Reformed Baptist; Revs. Stockhouse and Murray, Primitive Baptist; Rev. McLellan, Pentecostal Church. Hymns were sung by the McCrea Trio, accompanied by Mrs. Elias Crabbe. Among those attending the funeral was Hon. Hugh John Fleming, Premier of New Brunswick. Burial was in Hartland Cemetery. We expect to meet our brother on the other shore.

H. M. Kimball.

Mr. Staley Chetwynd, Upper Wood Harbour, Nova Scotia, died Jan. 24th, after a short illness. His wife, a member of our church, saw her strong faith and prayers rewarded in his dying testimony that Jesus saved him and all was well.

Funeral services were held from the Wood Harbour Reformed Baptist Church with Rev. L. D. Saunders officiating. Music was provided by the choir. We extend our sympathies to the remaining family.

We request prayer for our Sister Chetwynd as she is very critically ill at this time.

Note the Fruit.—A western farmer pointed out to a friend from the East a grove of trees. He asked him what they were. "Chestnuts," was the confident reply. "Come and see," the farmer said. The ground was strewn with acorns. Greatly surprised, the traveler looked up. The leaves, surely, were chestnut leaves, but the boughs hung full of acorns. It was the chestnut-oak of the west. Not the leaf, but the fruit decides the species. We often detect the chestnut-oaks. What only begins to appear here is made clear to all beings at the harvest, or the judgment.—Monday Club Sermons.

"Make the minutes beautiful, and the hours and days will be radiant."

The King's Highway