



CHARLIE'S LIFE

"Mother," said Charlie, "Will Harnish says his mother writes books?"

"Does she?" said his mother. Then she went on sewing and forgot Charlie, who was trying to stand on his head.

"Mother," said Charlie, presently, "is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Mother.

"I am going to write a book," said Charlie.

Just then the doorbell rang and Charlie's mother went to see who called. When she came back her boy was sitting at her desk, busily writing.

"Now, Mother," he said, "I'm done with my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a big, long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming closer to her.

"Its name is Charlie's Life. You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page. When you help Mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Reddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God says that your book is long enough," answered Mother. "He will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life books will be opened and read."—Unknown.

WHAT IT MEANS

A little girl was poring over her lesson with a puzzled face. "What does that mean, father?" she asked at last. "Give me thine heart."

After a brief silence, Mr. Gordon said: "I will try to explain these words to you very soon, dear; meanwhile you have a purse, I think, have you not? Will you give it to me?"

Unhesitatingly the child produced a purse which contained just a few cents, a great treasure in her estimation.

A day or two after this incident Mr. Gordon called Margaret to him and said: "My dear, did you not give me your purse the other day?"

"Yes, father."

"And why do you think I wanted it?"

"I think, perhaps," said the little girl, smiling, "that you meant to put something into it."

"That is just what I have done," said her father, laying his hand on her curly head. "And does my little girl see that when God asks us to give our hearts into his keeping it is because he wants to put something into them? We are empty and poor, having nothing good of our own. Christ wants to make us happy and holy too, and he only can make us

YOUR SHADOW

None of us can escape casting a shadow of influence about us as we go through life, be it good or ill. Try as we will, we cannot be free of the mandatory role of "our brother's keeper." The deeds we commit and just as surely, the deeds we omit, preach sermons that are "known and read of all men." The words we utter and the words we withhold bring bane or blessing according to their quality. Our attitudes, interests and choices will hinder or help others depending on their nature. All we are and do affect someone, somehow. Therefore, so live that your fellowman will be a happier and better man than he was before he was influenced by YOUR SHADOW.—Louise Hollett.

THE SECRET PLACE

George Mueller came to see that the so-called work of the Lord had tempted him to substitute action for meditation and communion. He had neglected that still hour with God which supplies to spiritual life alike its breath and bread. No lesson is more important for us to learn, yet how slow we are to learn it; that for the lack of habitual seasons set apart for devout meditation upon the Word of God and for prayer, nothing else will compensate.

We hurry to a public service without any proper interval for renewing our strength in waiting on the Lord as though God cared more for the quantity than the quality of our service.

GOD OUR VINDICATOR

We make a mistake in trying always to clear ourselves; we should be wiser to go straight on, humbly doing the next thing and leaving God to vindicate us. "He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday." There may come hours in our lives when we shall be misunderstood, slandered, falsely accused. At such times it is very difficult not to act on the policy of the men around us in the world. They at once appeal to law and force and public opinion. But the believer takes his case into a higher court and lays it before his God.—F. B. Meyer.

BUT ONCE

But once I pass this way,
And then—and then, the silent door
Swings on its hinges—
Opens * * * closes—

And no more
I pass this way.
With all my might,
I will assay
So while I may,
Sweet comfort and delight
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way,
For no man travels twice
The Great Highway
That climbs through darkness up to light,
Through night
To day. —John Oxenham

rich in goodness and in all that is precious and beautiful. We may always trust him when he asks us to give up anything to him it is only that he may restore it to us enriched a thousandfold."—Author unknown.

OBITUARY

On July 7th, at 11.00 o'clock in the evening, sudden death again entered the community of Lower Hainsville, and claimed as its victim this time, Eldon King, aged 33 years. Mr King was en route to the woods when the tractor on which he was riding struck a rock, hurling him from the vehicle. He died in about an hour.

He leaves besides his wife and two sons, Ernest and Eldon, his mother, one sister and six brothers.

The funeral service was held from his late home to the Reformed Baptist Church, and was conducted by Rev. J. A. Owens, assisted by Mrs. Owens and the Upper Hainsville Choir. Interment was in the nearby cemetery. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Members of the Canadian Legion acted as pallbearers, and had part in the committal service.

May God comfort the bereaved family.

WEDDINGS

Dore - Ingraham—A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the Reformed Baptist Church, Perth, N. B., on Monday, June 28th, when the pastor, Rev. W. L. Fernley, united in marriage Miss Amy Audrey Ingraham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Ingraham, of Perth, and Peter Arnold Dore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dore, of Southampton.

May God bless this marriage union.

Trail-McGuire—A wedding of much interest in Millville and surrounding countryside took place in the church there July 1st, when Miss Andra McGuire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McGuire, became the bride of Mr. Glendon Trail, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Trail, of Lower Southampton. The double ring ceremony was used. Rev. J. A. Owens officiated.

Malone-Goreham — Miss Emma Goreham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Goreham, and Douglas Malone, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Malone, were united in marriage at the Wood Harbour Church, Friday evening, June 25, by the pastor of the church, Rev. L. D. Saunders.

INWARD STRENGTH AND PEACE

If we accept patiently and trustingly what comes to us from God, there comes with it an inward strength and peace. What we have to add on our part is trust, submission, fidelity. Let us be loyal to our work, whatever it is; whatever our hands find to do, let us do it with our might. Let us forget the things behind—disappointment, sorrow, the unkindness of others, remorse over ourselves. Leave them behind and reach out to things before—to deeper knowledge, larger usefulness, purer love. And so, while the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day.—Selected.

The misconception that praying consists of our talking to God is prevalent. Prayer is communion, but not a one-sided one. This accounts for the statements that for one soul who exclaims, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," there are ten who say, "Hear, Lord, for thy servant speaketh."—Herald of Holiness.

The King's Highway