

SIX WORDS

[With lines to the Editor.]
Six little words lay claim to me each passing day:
I "ought," "I must," "I can," "I will," "I do," "I may."

THANKING FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVICE.

A sermon preached in Tabernacle Church, St. John, N. B., Dec. 15, 1895, at a union service, by Rev. J. Baker, M. A.

"I thank Him that enabled me, even Christ Jesus our Lord, for that He counted me faithful appointing me to His service."—1 Tim. 1: 12.

Thanking Him for the greatest things in the world. If we do not get beyond what we eat and wear, in our thanksgiving we are much like the cattle of the fields and the beasts of the forest, that wait upon God and receive their meat in due season. We are more than oxen. Jesus said, "Man shall not live by bread alone." Our thanksgiving should go beyond the dumb brute's self-satisfied grunt. It is possible to have an abundant supply of temporal goods, and at the same time be without gratitude; or to have a large admixture of selfishness in our thanksgiving. To eat, and forget those who have nothing to eat, can hardly be called true thanksgiving. It is not an edifying brother in one of our Baptist churches say that he was thankful to the Lord that he hadn't been obliged to make the morning fire for "more in forty years. Sure'd always done it. Our thanksgiving ought to be something more than patting the back of our laziness. Paul found his special reason for thanksgiving in the opposite direction: "I thank Him who appointed me to His service."

Some years ago I understood to raise the clock end of a church debt. In making appeal to a certain brother I pointed out to him the blessings of his comfortable home, his large, well-filled barn, his herd of sleek cattle and his broad acres, intimating that such abundance should make him ready to contribute liberally in return. He said: "Ye-ah-ah I've got these things, but I tell you I've had to work mighty hard for 'em." I need hardly say that I received nothing. Our thanksgiving should be something more than self gratulation. If we have prospered in business while others have gone to the wall, of course it is all owing to our wise foresight and to our diligence. God, who sets up the standard of success, has very little to do with our affairs. We congratulate ourselves inasmuch as we have worked mighty hard! I know, brethren, you do not thus think. Your presence here on this day is an evidence that you recognize God as the giver of every good, and that you want publicly to acknowledge that goodness. There are many things for which we ought to give thanks. We remember with others the care that the Father has had over us. Our land is among the favored nations of the earth. We do not know what it is in this Canada of ours to suffer general want. We have been kept from every pestilential scourge. We have enjoyed peaceful peace. International disputes have been settled in a Christian way. Christian people should praise God for these things. Let it be understood that while we give our attention to one thing this morning, we are not unmindful of these and many other things for which we owe thanks to the God of high heaven. Is not the apostle's reason which he names to the youthful Timothy a theme worthy of our consideration at this time? I thank Him that enabled me, even Christ Jesus our Lord, for that He counted me faithful, appointing me to His service." We are in danger of becoming self-appointed martyrs if our burdens are very heavy. We are generally too ready to be satisfied with the easy place. I do not know how many lone laziness there is in the ordinary Christian. But, even been won't work when they are not obliged to do so for the sake of self-preservation. The young man to whom these words were addressed is exhorted to make himself an example in all things, and to exercise himself unto godliness. The writer, who has wrought a hard day, says he is thankful for his appointment to service.

I thought this morning to thank Christ Jesus our Lord for the privilege of personal service.
Hitherto maybe we have underestimated the greatness of this privilege. Have we risen up to grasp the truth that the Omnipotent has been pleased to harness Himself with your weakness and mine? Jesus says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me shall not die, but shall live, and greater works than these shall be done, because I go unto the Father." Today as we bend before Him and thank Him for all His goodness, let us praise Him especially that He girdeth us with strength and teacheth our hands to war. He makes us weak as we are the instruments of His further glory. That which the king with his well-trained army and his implements of war cannot do, you can do, since Jesus has gone to the Father. Your equipment for this wonderful service is faith in Jesus. "He that believeth in Me," says the privilege of faithful, far-reaching, God glorifying service is not limited to your wealthy neighbor or to your talented educated friend, but to every follower of Jesus who will have the mountain removing faith. I point out to you, therefore, a reason for thanksgiving which each one may find in his own life if he will. Let us not wait till the privilege is taken from us before we fully awake to a sense of its greatness. Some months ago my roommate, during the days of theological study, was called up higher. For many

months he was unable to engage in his usual life of service. He could only stand by and wait while waiting diseases did its fatal work. A friend who preached his memorial sermon and who visited him during these later days, wrote me and said, among other things, how he had longed to work. He had known the privilege of personal service for Christ, but perhaps it had never been so keenly appreciated as when the hour for that special service was gone. Thank God who had appointed you to service, but do not fail to fill the appointment. It is a bitter thing to feel that the day of opportunity is forever gone—to mourn that "the harvest is past and the summer ended." May some of us be so fortunate as to appreciate the privilege of personal service, that when we have reached the border land we shall be obliged to make the soul-wrangling cry, "Must I go, and empty handed?"

This privilege of personal service means personal happiness. Only a few evenings ago I heard a young lady say that she had never known anything about real happiness until she came to the service. Her service for Christ had brought her to the greatest happiness through personal service. Thank God today, my brother or my sister, if this joy is yours. If not, thank Him that it may be yours, and at once seize on the prize. When I was a boy, I obeyed the law. I made it a point to do all my work well. I left no problem unsolved. I enjoyed the work. But when I came to the higher mathematics, with the pressure of other work, I was unable to give time to work out carefully the different theorems and to solve all the problems. I lost my delight in mathematics, and in time the subject became quite distasteful to me. The moment that I was able to work out thoroughly personal work. So it is in this ministry in which you and I, as followers of the Lord Jesus, are permitted to serve.

Thank Him for the privilege of personal service. He has not only made us happy, but He has made us obedient. The soldier who refuses to obey instructions and who makes disturbances in the company is apt to find himself resting in the guard house. But the man who obeys to the letter, who obeys to his superior, prompt and prudent in action, and brave in danger, is on the way to the general command of the forces. The beautiful leopard motif of his tribe, does not spring at once into the open when he is with the herd, but with patient effort, he comes in to perfect being. Do not mourn that your talents are so few, but thank God who has placed them in your hands, and that by their diligent use you may become a ruler over cities. Jesus Christ says that he that overcomes shall sit down with Him on His throne. Thank Him that you are able to labor and subdue, and become a King. Labor is not a curse. In service lies the path to a greater good. God never made man to be idle. He put Adam in the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. "The path of the just is as a shining light that grows more and more unto the perfect day." Thank God today that your way is outward, onward and upward. There is comparatively no limit to the good that may be ours in the way of faithful service. "Grow in grace," is the last word of Peter has to say to his brethren. May we point out then to our brethren and sisters in the churches that in the work that lies at your hand you are to find a reason, not for murmuring but for thanksgiving; for in the work that lies at your hand you are seeking to water other souls your own will be watered.

II. We ought to thank Christ Jesus that as Baptist churches in this city, He has appointed us to service. We surely have our place in Divine appointments. We need to know how and why we are here? I do not know the human means used to plant you where you are. But you are where you are by the Divine purpose, or else your work is wrong and your calling is no. As I come to know something of the service which these several churches, as such, have been enabled to render in the past, I think I find sufficient reason for believing that they are of God's planting. It is much to be thankful for the service which will of God. Believing this, you may thank God for the work which you in your several places have done, and which you could not have done any where else. Be thankful that your church place is not a matter of chance.

Be thankful that each one is appointed to his own service. Each church has a work to do which no other can do. There is the gathering of the children of the neighborhood into the Sunday-school, and keeping them under the religious instruction, for the purpose of leading them to Christ and making them useful Christian citizens. And in carrying out this latter purpose we think that each church does well to take hold of the Young People's movement, so called, and thank Him for the means of training for service thus furnished. Each church has its legitimate field of operation. The borders are not as clearly marked as we think they should be. Duties are not very helpfully to us as Baptist churches in our work in the city if we were to adopt something like the English church parish system. For general guidance. No liberties are to be taken with, but there is a very method the assistance of which is neglected. While we are thankful for what we have, let us not close our eyes to whatever good may be ours if we are willing to take hold of it.

I believe there is a service to which, as churches in a body, Christ has appointed us. We are commanded to thank God that we have been able through the centuries to exalt the Bible with references to church order and discipline, but I fear that one side we have drifted from the Scriptural notion of the church. It will be observed that the letters of the New Testament are written, not to the churches, but to the church in a certain city. When Paul was on his long journey he was sent from Miletus and called to him the elders of the church in Ephesus. And when the Christians in Jerusalem numbered many thousands they still be-

longed to the church at Jerusalem. It is not to understand in such a case what would interest one would naturally interest the whole body of believers. By our system of having a number of churches, each with its own elders, we put emphasis on local interests. But unless we are very careful to consider another's interests, to reckon the good of one the good of all, and the harm of one the harm of all; unless we are ready, heartily, to co-operate as the elders and members of the Baptist church (in a special sense) in this city, we shall fail of the service to which He has appointed us. It is not good for man to be alone. Jesus sent His disciples out by twos. He had elders appointed over the Christian churches. It is well for us to do all in our power to keep the feeling of unity that obtained among the early Christians as strong as possible. In no way can any one of our churches do a certain work that can be done by the united body presenting to God the prayer of "one heart," under the direction of the Spirit the hand in hand service, and to the world the solid front of a great body moving to victory. I thank God, because I believe He has appointed us to this service, and because I believe we shall make honest effort to fill the appointment.

III. Let us thank Jesus Christ because as a denomination He has counted us faithful, appointing us to His service. Organized at the time of a Baptist mission, knowledge of the greatness of this service, consequently we do not know how to thank Him as we ought for the honored place He has given us. Scarcely we are not narrow and bigoted when we thank out in this way, but we are not generally known in the world. We are saying nothing about what other Christian bodies have done. We rejoice in this good as the common heritage of the church of God. But, at the same time, we think that the thanks are due Him for the special blessings which He has conferred on the church and the world through us as a people. I am not speaking now of the evangelical activity that has generally characterized the body, I trust we are not ungrateful to-day for this good, and the honor that has thus been put upon our people. It is something that our great British and Foreign Bible Society was suggested by and organized at the time of a Baptist mission who served as its first secretary. It is a reason for thanksgiving that God has honored us in permitting us to lead in the organized foreign mission work of this country. It may be worth pointing out that we have been generally known, that we were the leaders in the very recent movement of organizing the young people for social training and service.

I have reference to the great principles for which a body we have always stood. These have been held all the way along against strong opposition and often through bitter persecution. Some of these to-day are counted common heritage, but they are here at the price of blood. We stand for God's glory here. We stand for soul liberty—liberty of conscience—the right of the individual to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. He is his own interpreter of the Book. In practice Baptist churches have consistently stood for our own preaching. Write it in large capitals that they never persecuted. We thank God for this. Of what other great religious denomination, whose every rule and principle is written in this regard? Some of the denominations who, in former times, persecuted the old Baptist heroes who stood for soul liberty, are glad to pay homage to them to-day. In most so-called Christian lands, the name of the miller is on the left of the main street, and on the right his four footprints through the avenue of banyans, mango trees, and tamarinds, that bless our path. After a constitutional of two miles we come to a village on our left, and on the right we come to a mill. Here, out doors, in a public square, a blind-folded white ox yoked to a pole, that is hinged on a huge stump, is circling round and round the stump in a beaten path. The whole machine and the ox are made of iron. The ox is in the center is the mill, where seeds are poured and crushed and robbed of their oil. See! The miller has now a cocoon shell in his hand. He has stopped the ox, opened the mill and is dipping out the oil, throwing away the crushed seeds as chaff. Before we leave the mill is again filled and the ox is treading around his beat. If you ask why the poor beast is blindfolded, they will tell you it is so that he may not see the mill, and so that he may not see the miller. Around this mill we preach and talk to the congregated villagers. Then, before coming away, we have informal conversations with individuals, and give gospel tracts or booklets to those who are ready.

Outside the village, along the road, is a great concourse of carts and oxen. The oxen are unyoked and turned around, one on each side of the cart to drag, eating straw out of the cart. If the cart is to be pulled, the oxen are all pulled, we would say, "Hardly there is a meeting house near, and this is where the people have hitched their horses." And indeed here is the meeting house. It is a long, low building with a wooden roof and a chimney. Near it also, as a wing, is a newer building of the same style. The traveller goes in and makes himself at home. He brings forth his mat, spreads it out in the best place he can find and takes a nap. He goes to his cart, gets pots and kettles, rice and curry stuff, etc., selects a spot in the front yard, erects a cook-stove, consisting of three stones the size of his fist, kindles a fire, puts on his food to cook and blows the flame until his dinner is done. This is not a church, but a hotel. There is no furniture, not even a mat. No landlord; no bills. These buildings are put up at public expense for travellers. They are called "Sudhama." They are somewhat like the Inns in Palestine, such as the one that was in Bethlehem when Joseph and Mary arrived, and which was so full that they could find no room. It must have been hard for them to be crowded out of even so lowly a shelter and be obliged to hunt for some place to cook, eat and sleep amongst the cattle. It was here that Jesus was born, and the safest and most comfortable place that Mary

could find for her tender child was to wrap him in swaddling bands and lay him in a manger.

Here around us are a dozen Indian fields. In each field is one or more flocks of sheep or goats. Even if it was half a dozen men and boys who shepherded them and keep watch over them by night. Night after night they crouch under wulmyra leaf umbrellas and guard their flocks.

I remember one moonlight night, when Mrs. Moore and I were driving to Chitwood. It was about midnight. Near the road a number of shepherds were sitting around their sleeping flocks. They sprang up startled at the rattle of approaching wheels, and stared at us as if we were devils. We did not desert their charge. We both spoke at once of the shepherds in the Bethlehem fields; how they sprang up startled and as if they were the angels of the Lord come upon them." In a voice like the flowing of waters, he poured on their amazement, the story of what had taken place at Bethlehem. Then as if the stars themselves had come down like dew upon the pasture, "a multitude of the heavenly host" descended and hailed the filled the sky and field.

I can see those shepherds now, leaving their sheep as they had never left them before in their life, and running straight over the hill to the village, to the shepherds, to the manger. They themselves were born and reared amidst the flocks and would feel perfectly at home, pushing aside the cattle in order to make speedy way to the cradle of their Saviour.

At this Indian stratum we stopped to give a few tracts to the strangers and to tell them about these travellers who found no room in the stables of Bethlehem.

We spent four days in this region and visited nine villages. A long letter could be written about each village. Oh, that we had a good native preacher for each one!

Yours truly, L. D. MORSE, Bimlipatnam, India, Oct. 7.

Dear Girls and Boys: This road runs about north-east and south-west, and on both sides is hedged with beautiful trees of thicker foliage than the most luxuriant parks. Grateful is the shade to the weary traveller and grateful the green canopy to his dangled feet.

Here, working on the road, are not only men and women but a lot of boys and girls. The men are digging up the hard old road with their pickaxes, or are pounding or rolling down the new road material that has been laid; while the women bring pots of water and the boys and girls bring, on their heads, baskets of stones and red earth.

We are about five miles north-west of Bimlipatnam. Under the limbs of yonder coconut tree, under the white walls and pillars of an old traveller's bungalow. On drawing near and entering we find it in a dilapidated condition. The thatched roof leaks, and in several places, there are rustic windows in the black wall, which are broken through and crumbled away the white-washed mud. Back and forth we go up and down the corners inside and out, perpetually, and lively rain inhabit the roof and fall and race around the sleeper's cot by night.

Taking refuge in this grove from the glare of noon, and the pestilence of night, we go forth, morning and afternoon, to the surrounding villages. The villages mentioned in my letter were all seen as I had not written about before. So this is a new region, and these villages which we are about to visit are villages of which I have hitherto told you nothing. Rising at break of day we started on our way to the left of the main road, Appalawaia, and in our footprints through the avenue of banyans, mango trees, and tamarinds, that bless our path. After a constitutional of two miles we come to a village on our left, and on the right we come to a mill. Here, out doors, in a public square, a blind-folded white ox yoked to a pole, that is hinged on a huge stump, is circling round and round the stump in a beaten path. The whole machine and the ox are made of iron. The ox is in the center is the mill, where seeds are poured and crushed and robbed of their oil. See! The miller has now a cocoon shell in his hand. He has stopped the ox, opened the mill and is dipping out the oil, throwing away the crushed seeds as chaff. Before we leave the mill is again filled and the ox is treading around his beat. If you ask why the poor beast is blindfolded, they will tell you it is so that he may not see the mill, and so that he may not see the miller. Around this mill we preach and talk to the congregated villagers. Then, before coming away, we have informal conversations with individuals, and give gospel tracts or booklets to those who are ready.

Thousands of lives are saved annually by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A single treatment of cough or whooping cough, the Pectoral has a most marvelous effect. It allays inflammation, frees the obstructed air passages, and controls the desire to cough.

Minard's Liniment cures garget in cows. Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Skoda's Little Tablets cures head-ache and dyspepsia.

There's Nothing Like SUNLIGHT SOAP

IT DOES AWAY WITH BOILING HARD RUBBING BACKACHES SORE HANDS

Don't Sunlight REFUSE CHEAP IMITATIONS HARDING & BENTON, Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

K. D. C. RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION

could find for her tender child was to wrap him in swaddling bands and lay him in a manger.

Here around us are a dozen Indian fields. In each field is one or more flocks of sheep or goats. Even if it was half a dozen men and boys who shepherded them and keep watch over them by night. Night after night they crouch under wulmyra leaf umbrellas and guard their flocks.

I remember one moonlight night, when Mrs. Moore and I were driving to Chitwood. It was about midnight. Near the road a number of shepherds were sitting around their sleeping flocks. They sprang up startled at the rattle of approaching wheels, and stared at us as if we were devils. We did not desert their charge. We both spoke at once of the shepherds in the Bethlehem fields; how they sprang up startled and as if they were the angels of the Lord come upon them." In a voice like the flowing of waters, he poured on their amazement, the story of what had taken place at Bethlehem. Then as if the stars themselves had come down like dew upon the pasture, "a multitude of the heavenly host" descended and hailed the filled the sky and field.

I can see those shepherds now, leaving their sheep as they had never left them before in their life, and running straight over the hill to the village, to the shepherds, to the manger. They themselves were born and reared amidst the flocks and would feel perfectly at home, pushing aside the cattle in order to make speedy way to the cradle of their Saviour.

At this Indian stratum we stopped to give a few tracts to the strangers and to tell them about these travellers who found no room in the stables of Bethlehem.

We spent four days in this region and visited nine villages. A long letter could be written about each village. Oh, that we had a good native preacher for each one!

Yours truly, L. D. MORSE, Bimlipatnam, India, Oct. 7.

Dear Girls and Boys: This road runs about north-east and south-west, and on both sides is hedged with beautiful trees of thicker foliage than the most luxuriant parks. Grateful is the shade to the weary traveller and grateful the green canopy to his dangled feet.

Here, working on the road, are not only men and women but a lot of boys and girls. The men are digging up the hard old road with their pickaxes, or are pounding or rolling down the new road material that has been laid; while the women bring pots of water and the boys and girls bring, on their heads, baskets of stones and red earth.

We are about five miles north-west of Bimlipatnam. Under the limbs of yonder coconut tree, under the white walls and pillars of an old traveller's bungalow. On drawing near and entering we find it in a dilapidated condition. The thatched roof leaks, and in several places, there are rustic windows in the black wall, which are broken through and crumbled away the white-washed mud. Back and forth we go up and down the corners inside and out, perpetually, and lively rain inhabit the roof and fall and race around the sleeper's cot by night.

Taking refuge in this grove from the glare of noon, and the pestilence of night, we go forth, morning and afternoon, to the surrounding villages. The villages mentioned in my letter were all seen as I had not written about before. So this is a new region, and these villages which we are about to visit are villages of which I have hitherto told you nothing. Rising at break of day we started on our way to the left of the main road, Appalawaia, and in our footprints through the avenue of banyans, mango trees, and tamarinds, that bless our path. After a constitutional of two miles we come to a village on our left, and on the right we come to a mill. Here, out doors, in a public square, a blind-folded white ox yoked to a pole, that is hinged on a huge stump, is circling round and round the stump in a beaten path. The whole machine and the ox are made of iron. The ox is in the center is the mill, where seeds are poured and crushed and robbed of their oil. See! The miller has now a cocoon shell in his hand. He has stopped the ox, opened the mill and is dipping out the oil, throwing away the crushed seeds as chaff. Before we leave the mill is again filled and the ox is treading around his beat. If you ask why the poor beast is blindfolded, they will tell you it is so that he may not see the mill, and so that he may not see the miller. Around this mill we preach and talk to the congregated villagers. Then, before coming away, we have informal conversations with individuals, and give gospel tracts or booklets to those who are ready.

Thousands of lives are saved annually by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A single treatment of cough or whooping cough, the Pectoral has a most marvelous effect. It allays inflammation, frees the obstructed air passages, and controls the desire to cough.

Minard's Liniment cures garget in cows. Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Skoda's Little Tablets cures head-ache and dyspepsia.

There's Nothing Like SUNLIGHT SOAP

IT DOES AWAY WITH BOILING HARD RUBBING BACKACHES SORE HANDS

Don't Sunlight REFUSE CHEAP IMITATIONS HARDING & BENTON, Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

K. D. C. RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION

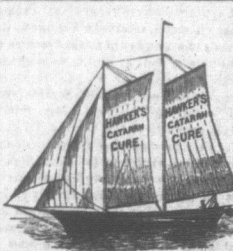


A Racking Cough

Cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Mrs. P. D. HALL, 217 Genesee St., Lockport, N. Y., says: "Over thirty years ago, I remember hearing my father describe the wonderful curative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. During a recent attack of La Grippe, which assumed the form of a catarrh, soreness of the lungs, accompanied by an aggravating cough, I used various remedies and prescriptions. While some of these medicines partially alleviated the coughing during the day, none of them afforded me any relief from that spasmodic action of the lungs which would seize me the moment I attempted to lie down at night. After ten or twelve such nights, I was

Nearly in Despair, and had about decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then occurred to me that I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a spoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning greatly refreshed and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then gradually decreased the dose, and in two weeks my cough was cured."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt act, sure to cure.



The above is a sketch of one of a number of Coasting vessels that coast along the Atlantic sea-board, and carry their mail to the Glad Tidings to mariner and landman alike, that

HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE

is a POSITIVE CURE for CATARRH With all its Attendant Evils of Bad Breath, Nausea, Headache, Deafness, Rumbling in the Head, Etc.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS. MANUFACTURED BY The Hawker Medicine Co. L'td. ST. JOHN, N.B.

M. J. Henry, of Toronto, Ont., says: "I have been a great sufferer for years with catarrh of the bladder, and I have tried every remedy I could get, but I have not been cured until I tried Hawker's Catarrh Cure, which gave me immediate relief and made a permanent cure."

The Wealth of Health

It is Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

possesses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. Try you all run down? Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure and get the genuine.

Prepared only by Scott & Bown, Belleville.

Geo. F. Simonson & CO.

ARE RETAILING GOODS AT WHOLE-SALE PRICES. NOTS, Letter, Bookcase and Legal Cap Papers, over 50 varieties and styles. ENVELOPES, over 100 varieties and styles. ACCOUNT BOOKS, Memo Books, Index Cards, etc.

LEAD PENCILS—4,000 Dozen; 5 cents per dozen and upwards—great variety. PENS AND SLATE PENCILS, 5 cents per box and upwards—great variety. POCKET KNIVES, Solitaires, Razors, Whittens, etc.

TOILET SOAPS, New Island Trine, Toilet Papers, and a great variety of other useful goods.

Sent for Prices or Call and See at 40 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

B. V. The emigration of Baptists... through sailing companies... All Young People's Societies... and organizations are entitled... dependent for our unity not... of means. Our con-... We are our people... Correspondence to this de-... and communications to...

For the Week TOPIC: "What is the SCRIPTURE? M-J. Windows of heaven have to send the when if you get the light. His people were treat would not think of the. The windows are not wants to give us a case. We are very wealthy. God gives from us until we turn (a) Israel was say a witness to it? secret. Worship is takes time to render to God. Do you so busy that you the time? Have appetite for spiritus you saying in yet weakness?" With the Psalmist, thing have I desired? My delight is in the and the same so that that was good if offered to it. Lord. worn out cin of the that on the plate; give God the leg- gles; think that y important that you night and a-r-p-p can shut the window (c) They kept b- portion. You can sh- heavn by the m-l-l- as well as by m- of white tile. So they of a part, even if H- we have the window turning to us sit in- firm in G-d's very year past, and give of the first fruits, windows opened. -The young peo- awake. We hope to Union there a-c-

-Has any one of the monthly sym- These meetings will -President Wilson has been serious y this column will that he is recover- know when he will work. -The Baptist co- an Fairie and other evangelistic service- ple of all the chur- merged their meet- ical meeting of the during the time of These meetings will Baptists of St. John show their colors and which they are ma- open well. Pray for

Rev. E. B. Rowth, Ligne, whom many of these meetings will Baptist of Chicago an evangelisation of new churches rece- Romanism at Maski- moving forward. These meetings will came to the Baptis- and witnessed the b- their number. The will furnish us with conquest meeting. Chris- should be a Canadian and

-Christmas is c- make it mean more fore. The young pe- do many kindly thin- ical sympathy will b- These meetings will but call in the peo- to make Christmas t- those in whose life the- amshine. We want- we hasten to wish all- through all the pro- mas time.

Sabbath BIBLE L FOURTH Lesson XIII. Dec. THE BIRTH A CHRISTMAS GOLDEN "Thou shalt call E- He shall save His- sion."—Matt. 1: 21. EXPLAN L. Now when Jesu- the exact time, but before He was scot- ed as the temple, Ephraim, in a- ing. Heard the G- Herodian family, temple in great maj- lion, which is coun- is, as He said, is- Ephraim, in a- sibly in the 5th and 38th of his- The title of kingd- the other Herods na-