

### A CALL TO PRAYER.

In view of the great importance of the varied interests before the churches in this Jubilee year and that the cause of Jesus Christ our Lord might be advanced, the Acting Board of the American Christian Missionary Society at its meeting on Friday, July 21st, voted to suggest to the brethren that the second Lord's day in August be set apart as a day for special prayer in their homes and in the churches for the presence and blessing of God upon our Jubilee Convention; upon the American Christian Missionary Society; its plans and its missionaries that they may be fruitful to the glory of God; upon the Board of Church Extension and its offering; upon our Board of Ministerial Relief and upon the effort to advance our Home work by an offering of \$100,000 in this the Jubilee year of the American Christian Missionary Society.

As the disciples took their five loaves and two fishes to Jesus and came back with the increase sufficient to feed the multitude, so we should take our resources to the Lord and with his blessing we may become an army that cannot be defeated.

We urge our brethren to earnest prayer to the Head of the Church for his blessing upon our work this year.

J. A. LORD, *Chairman.*

BENJ. L. SMITH, *Cor.-Sec'y.*

A good story of Mr. Perry, an old Southern gentleman, who died several years ago, back of Covington, is told by Colonel Fred. Kinsinger. Mr. Perry was an exceedingly polite man. He would go out of his way at any time to avoid offending a neighbor or a friend. One day a neighbor met him on the street with:

"Hello, Mr. Perry! I was just going in to get a drink. Come in and have something."

"Thank you, Mr. —; I don't care for anything," was the answer.

"But come in and take something, just for sociability sake."

"Now, I want to be sociable and all that; I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right, if you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking," growled the friend, and silently walked along in the direction in which Mr. Perry was traveling.

Presently the pair drew near a drugstore, when Mr. Perry broke out with:

"Mr. —, I'm not feeling well to-day, and I think I'll go in the drugstore and get some castor oil. Won't you join me?"

"What, in a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes."

"Naw; I hate the stuff," saying which a chill went over the man as visible in its effects to Mr. Perry as if the ague had seized him on the street.

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me—just to be sociable, you know."

The friend still refused, when Mr. Perry said:

"Your sociable whisky is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you. Don't you think I've as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The pair heartily shook hands, the dialogue was circulated in Covington, and Mr. Perry was never invited to drink again.—*Selected.*

A clergyman and an atheist were in one of the night trains between Albany and Utica. The night being cold, the passengers gathered as close as possible around the stove. The atheist was very loquacious, and was soon engaged in a controversy with the minister.

In answer to a question of the latter as to what would be man's condition after death, the atheist replied:

"Man is like a pig; when he dies, that is the end of him."

As the minister was about to reply, a worthy Irish woman at the end of the car sprang up, the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with animation, and the light of the lamp falling upon it, and addressing the clergyman in a voice peculiarly startling and humorous from its impassioned tone and richness of its brogue, exclaimed:

"Arrah, now, will ye not let the baste alone? Has he not said that he was a pig? And the more ye pull his tail the louder he'll squeal!"

The effect of this was electrical. The atheist was mute for the remainder of his journey.

There is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns, as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery, by unerring laws, throws out all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. The process is a silent but solemn parable to me. Founded, as it is, upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the great day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust; the only hope lies in being of standard weight before they go in.—*Arnot.*

All that we have is from God. In that sense we are wholly dependent on God for the power to will and to do and to receive. We are no more dependent on God for faith than we are for sight; no more dependent on God for the power to believe and to trust than for the power to eat and to drink. The power to do right and the power to do wrong are in our spheres of choice and of action as gifts from God, for the use of which we are responsible. When God tells us to love our neighbor, and to have faith in God, we have a positive duty in each case to obey. Of course, we cannot hear or heed the commands except we are empowered of God; but we have no more business to wait for moral or spiritual power than to wait for physical power to draw a breath or to step one side when we are in the track of a trolley car or a bicycle. We ought to trust as if all depended on God, and to obey as if all depended on ourselves. In this way there will be no conflict of authority or responsibility.—*S. S. Times.*

A lady was watching a potter at his work, whose one foot was kept with "never slackening speed, turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him in a sympathizing tone, "How tired your foot must be," the man raised his eyes and said, "No, ma'am, it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands! That's it."

If you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to go for a helping hand for any new undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing most, who are always willing to do a little more.

The people who are tired of life are not those who work, but those who are too proud or too lazy to do so. Many of the rich are morbidly restless, while those who have to earn their daily bread are comparatively contented and happy. The Bible says that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much," (Eccl. v, 12); and the busy worker has health and blessing which the listless idler never knows.—*Sel.*

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