

Remember, every time you stay away, you make it that much harder for the minister to reach the unconverted. God is represented as our Heavenly Father. If we love our earthly parents, no place is more delightful to us than their home. You see the analogy. If we really love Jesus Christ, will church attendance be glad some or irksome? The Master said, By their fruits ye shall know them. When we are present we can participate in all the services. Such conduct pleases God, and makes the church prosperous.

It is possible for every man, woman and child to give something of their means to God's cause. In my life I have had the opportunity of meeting every class of society. In all of them I have known hundreds of individuals who wasted more money in foolishness than they ever cast into the Lord's treasury. Can such conduct be right? It is possible for a person to be a church member, and—give nothing. But, after viewing the matter in every possible light, I am at an utter loss to understand how any one can be a Christian and act thus.

We may make the church successful by paying for it. Regularly, every day, how many ask God's blessing upon the services on the Sabbath? In your own families, perchance, you have unconverted members. Moment by moment, are you beseeching God to lead them out of darkness into light?

Are you helping the church by your personal work? Do you speak of its services, so as to attract your friends? Do you invite your acquaintances? Do you set them a good example by always being in your place in the Lord's house? If an individual is foolish enough to call upon you when the church bells are ringing, do you forget all about your appointment with the Master? Have you ever told that man who, week by week works by your side, that you were anxious about the salvation of his immortal soul?

Each of us can help the church by living an untarnished, a godly life. This is even more important than all the rest, because all the rest flows from it. Why do not men attend, give, pray, and work for the church? Because self remains in us. Let us then die unto self that we may live unto God. Do not pray that God will send the Holy Spirit. He is here. God has sent the Spirit into the world. Much rather our constant petition should be that God will enable us more and more to open our hearts, so that the Holy Spirit may enter and reign within us. Behold, says the Saviour, I stand at the door and knock.

But these things are known to all. It is not a time for speech, but for action. Let us go down on our knees before the throne of grace. And may the Holy Spirit of the great God make us willing—nay, eager, to do anything, to do all things, which will bring prosperity to the Church of Jesus Christ.

A Boy's Religion.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against the larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution or deceit. And above all things he ought, now and then, to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement, that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

Never to give up, but ever to keep up and to keep at it, is the duty and the test of heroism in times that are hard and in hours that are dark.—H. Clay Trumbull.

The Ambitiousness of Faith.

By PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There is a great deal of danger of our forgetting that to believe much, and not to believe little, is the privilege and glory of a full-grown man. There will come times—and upon such a time our lot has fallen—when men are led to sing the praise and glorify the influence of doubt. Assuredly it has its blessings, but while we magnify them we ought never to forget that they are always of the nature of compensation. The blessings of doubt are like the blessings of poverty, not to be chosen for themselves, but to be accepted thankfully when they come to mitigate the unmarvelousness of the condition into which a life missing of its true purpose and success has fallen. There do come times when you must cut a tree down to its very roots in order that it may grow up the richer by and by; but a whole field of stumps is not the ideal landscape. The forest, with its wealth of glorious foliage, is the true coronation of the earth. There is a great deal of danger lest the tendency to dwell upon the blessings and culture of doubt may come to make a full and rich faith seem to be almost a burden instead of a treasure; a thing for a man to be pitted for, and not to be congratulated upon.

It is, I think, no very unusual thing for men who believe little to look at one who lives in the richness of a large, full faith with something almost like commiseration, somewhat as there is a tendency in settled invalidism to count exuberant health a somewhat gross and vulgar thing; and their feeling is very apt to communicate itself to the believing man himself, and make him half ashamed and mistrustful of his own belief.

Against such a tendency we want to warn one another, and to warn ourselves. Seek faith—as full and rich a faith as you can, and try to know all you can about God and your own soul. Count every new conviction which is really won a treasure and enrichment of your life. There are dangers in accumulation of every sort—danger lest the thing accumulated should lose some of its value as it becomes more plentiful; danger lest the sense of possession should lose for us some of the discipline that can only come in search—but these dangers are as nothing to the danger of the despair of faith, the terrible danger of coming to think that God is darkness and not light, the terrible danger of ceasing to hear His perpetual invitation to His children to come into ever more trustful and certain knowledge of His purpose, of His love, and of Himself.

Trust.

The following recollection from the *London Academy* gives very subtle and sweet expression to a thought that may carry comfort to many fearful hearts.

"And underneath are the everlasting arms." When I hear these words spoken, when I think of them even, I see a little boy—a tired little boy—sitting in church and thinking: "I am so sleepy; but I must keep awake, father would be cross."

Then the lights in the aisle spout flame, the figures in the painted windows dance, his head nods, his eyes close. A minute later they open with a start to find his father's eyes fixed on him—that stern father in whose strenuous life there was no place for a little boy, a clumsy little boy who knocked against people on the streets, and sometimes fell down when there was nothing at all to make him fall. "Even if I close my eyes for one minute father will be angry," thought the little boy.

The preacher droned on. The little boy's chin sunk upon his jacket. When he awoke, his father's eyes, angrily, the little boy thought, were again fixed upon him. His father moved: the little boy trembled. Then, wonder of wonders! he was lifted from his place, his father's arms were underneath him, around him.

Thus, without fear—indeed with an exquisite joy and in great confidence—the little boy fell asleep in those kind arms. So, I believe, it will be with us who are older when our time comes.

Keep thyself pure, if thou wouldst have power.

Obedience Better Than Sacrifice.

A wealthy man called on his dentist in great distress over a broken front tooth. The dentist told him it must come out. "No, you must build it up," exclaimed the man of riches. "I can't spare that tooth. Its removal would make my mouth look like an open porthole." "Oh, well, I can replace it," complacently answered the dentist. "The old one must certainly come out, but I will put in a new one that will make you look better than ever before. It will be firm and regular and much handsomer than the old one." "Ah!" muttered the wealthy man. "That's what I want, make it as attractive as possible. Say, doctor, couldn't you set a large diamond in the middle of it?" "Oh, no, I wouldn't do that," replied the dentist, hastily. "Of course I know that you could well afford it, but it would look—well, just a trifle too conspicuous, don't you know." Perhaps the rich man was only joking, but there are a good many people who wear their profession of religion like that. It is all show and display, and no loving obedience or humble service in it. One ounce of obedience is worth a ton of showy sacrifice.—Anecdotes and Morals.

Taste For Yourself.

An open-air preacher at Haymarket, Edinburgh, at the close of an address said that a boy in Greenock once had brought to him, as a treat, by his father, a jar of honey. After the boy had tasted, his father asked him how sweet it was. The boy, in attempting to answer said, "It was as sweet as—" and finding no word suitable, he simply said, "It's very, very, very sweet."

"But," demanded the father, "do please say how sweet it is." At the boy's second attempt he said, "It's as sweet as—as—as—Oh, father, it's very, very, very, very, very sweet." The father again demanded a comparison, and the boy, giving up in despair, said, "Here it is, father, taste it for yourself."

"And so," said the preacher, "I may multiply the 'veries,' and tell you its very, very, very, very, very sweet to be forgiven, but if you wish to have an incomparable experience, an experience that words cannot explain to others, come to Jesus. 'O, taste and see that God is good.'"

Died.

FANJOY.—At Lower Newcastle, Queens Co., on the 29th inst., of consumption, Martha A., wife of Duncan Fanjoy, in the 54th year of her age, leaving three sons and two daughters, besides her husband to mourn her loss.

Sister Fanjoy professed religion some thirty years since and was baptized by Elder A. B. Macdonald. She was sustained with a Christian hope and as her sufferings increased she longed to be at rest. Death to her meant a joyful welcome to her Master's presence.

REES.—At Millford, Mass., on the 6th inst., Elder Peter O. Rees, formerly of Zealand Station, York Co., N. B. Bro. Rees has been known in this Province for many years, having labored in various parts as pastor, becoming incapacitated for further active duty in the ministry, he went some two years since to reside with some of his family in Millford, Mass. Here he patiently awaited the Master's call. An attack of apoplexy coming upon him completely overcame him and soon he fell asleep in Jesus. He was 75 years of age.

An aged brother resides at the old family home in Upper Newcastle, Queens Co.,

BELVEA.—At Chipman Station, after much suffering, Mrs. Sarah Belyea, aged 86 years. The deceased had found a hope in Christ many years since, and though deprived of her companion while her children were yet young. She was enabled by the blessing of God to meet all the difficulties and hardships of life's struggles. Two daughters with one of whom she resided, were her comfort and support in her last days. As her sufferings neared the end she longed to depart and be with Christ. On the 8th inst., the call came and she entered the eternal rest.

STEPHENSON.—At Coldstream, Carleton Co., on Feb. 25th Sister Sarah Stephenson fell asleep in Jesus after a lingering illness of heart disease, at the age of 80 years. For many years she had been a member of the Coldstream Baptist church and lived a consistent Christian life. Two sons and three daughters realize the loss of a loving mother.

DAVIDSON.—At Campbellton, N. B., March 12th, Maggie the beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson, very peacefully passed to the heavenly home at the early age of 19 years. Her illness was protracted, but borne with Christian patience and resignation.

WASSON.—At Cumberland Bay, on the 8th ult., Robert Wasson, leaving one son and three daughters to mourn his sudden removal.