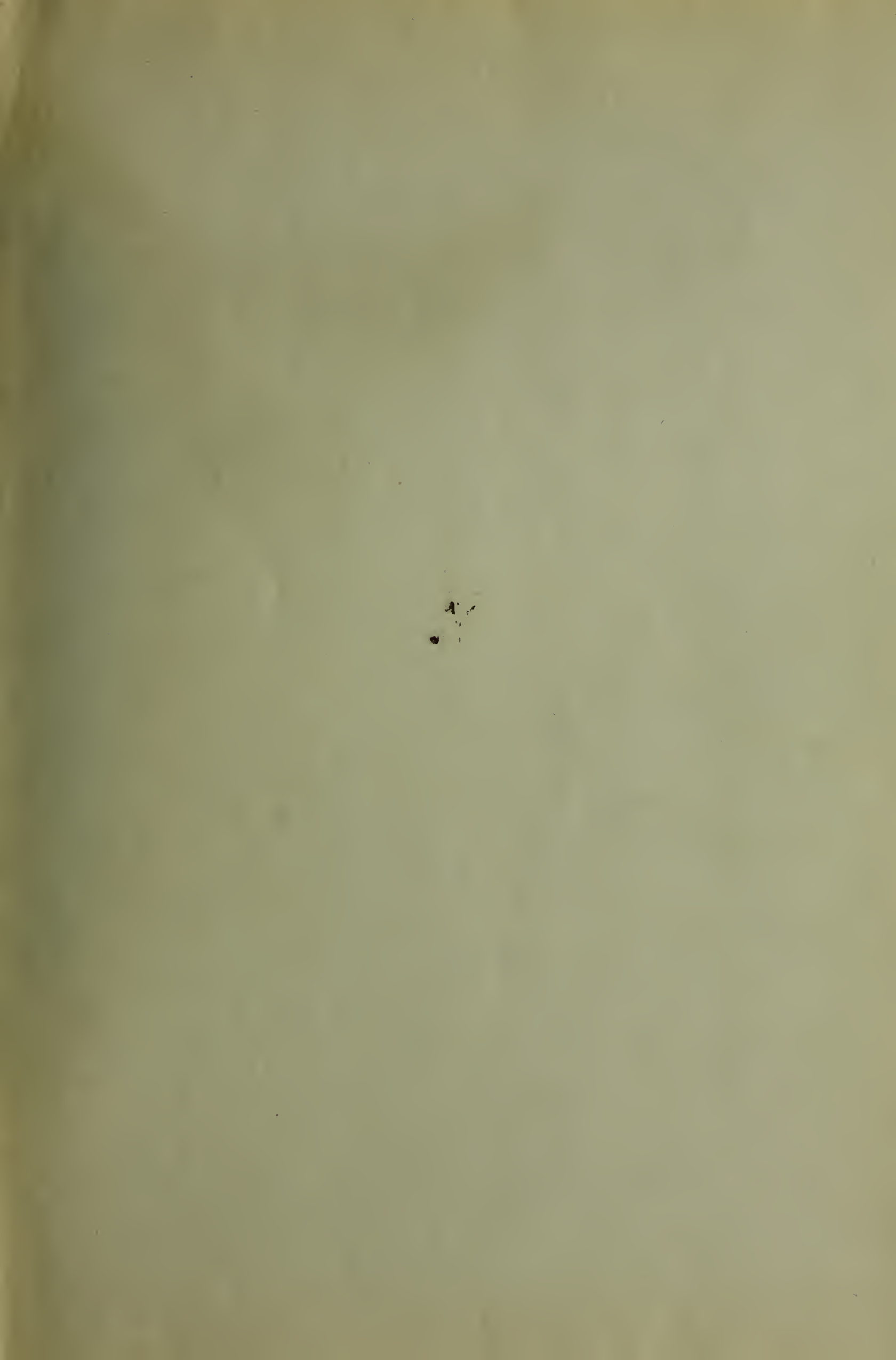


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American Tract Society,

PARK AVENUE AND FORTIETH ST.
NEW YORK.

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PERIODICAL DEPARTMENT

PERIODICALS

April 3, 1919.

The American Messenger

An illustrated religious monthly for all the family. Founded in 1843, it has since been the favorite religious paper of hundreds of thousands of American Christian families. It brings each month a message of inspiration, comfort and good cheer. It is interdenominational, devoted to the up-building of a sturdy Christian character and the promotion of good citizenship. 60 cents per year, payable in advance; 5 or more copies, 30 cents each. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 12 cents additional.

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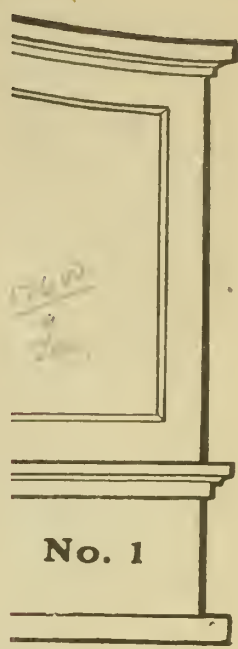
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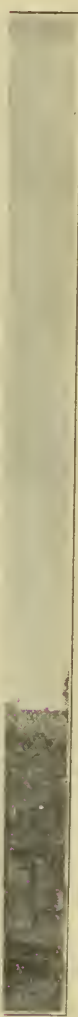
The indexes for volume 74-75-76, which you desire, we regret to state, that these cannot be supplied as we have never printed indexes for this periodical. We are pleased to be able to supply the missing copy of the "AMERICAN MESSENGER".

Very truly yours,
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

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Each applicant should state the reason why the church or school is unable to pay for the books needed, the number and ages of the scholars, and should also contain a guarantee for the payment of the transportation charges.

Happiness for the New Year

BY REV. AME VENNEMA, D.D.

There are three things which greatly disturb the peace of mind of many. Fortunately, these causes of their unhappiness are all covered by definite promises of God. And just in the degree that they trust Him to make good those promises, will they be relieved of anxiety and made happy.

The first of those disturbing causes relates to their temporal necessities. It is expressed in these words: "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, wherewith shall we be clothed?" These bodies of ours and of those dependent upon us—how shall they be provided for? Their wants are so many and so constant; the income is so slender and so uncertain; there is so little ahead for a rainy day or for the time of old age. Shall we not come to actual want?

Here is the promise—it is only one of many relating to the same thing: "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing." That promise has been the only bank account of many a widow and aged one, and has never failed. God's care and support are as constant as your need. Your heavenly Father knows that you have need of all these things. Put yourself in His care. Lean back upon His promise. If you pass through the wilderness, go out each day to gather the manna which rains from the clouds. It will come some way, from somewhere. Not in armfuls or basketfuls, perhaps, but in daily rations. Sufficient unto the day is the provision thereof. Not in dainties and luxuries, but in plain, substantial, healthful diet. It is ours to plan and execute the best we know how; it is God's to do the rest.

The second cause for worry relates to the providences of life. So many things occur that are, oh! so hard to bear. Hard-earned money which it took years to lay by goes up in smoke in an hour, or by mistaken investment is as completely lost. A fair reputation, which it required a life time to build up, is ruthlessly assailed, and we do not know how extensively the confidence which others reposed in us is shaken. One dearly beloved is taken away, and, standing by the new-made grave, our bosom heaves with emotion and the heart is desolate and lonely. Sickness enters the home, and weeks and months are spent watching solicitously by the bedside of one whose life-tide, so recently in its flow, is slowly ebbing away.

Now, one of the best ways of making ourselves miserable is to let our imagination picture all the dreadful things that may come to us in the coming year; or, with reference to what has taken place in our experience, to think that we have been unkindly and unjustly treated; that every one else has fared better than we; that God seems to take delight in blocking our

The American Tract Society

- 1.—It is a GREAT MISSIONARY PUBLICATION SOCIETY, having printed and distributed at home and abroad the Gospel Truth in 178 languages or dialects, thereby multiplying many times the power of the missionary.
- 2.—Its UNION MISSIONARY COLPORTAGE reaches the dense population of the city and the scattered population of the country.
- 3.—Its WORK AMONG THE IMMIGRANTS is most successful. Its colporters are native foreigners speaking Christian Truth in the tongues of those to whom they are sent.
- 4.—By its GRANTS of cash, publications and electrotypes to missions and societies in the foreign field it enables them to print and circulate an undenominational Christian vernacular literature.

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- 1.—Because the printed page finds tens of thousands who would never learn of Christ in any other way.
- 2.—Because through its publications many souls are converted both on the home and foreign fields.
- 3.—Because its volumes and tracts and periodicals develop the spiritual life of Christians.
- 4.—Because its publications counteract the influence of impure and evil literature.

HOW I CAN HELP IT

- 1.—By making an Annual offering.
- 2.—By speaking of its work to my friends.
- 3.—By asking God's blessing upon its work and workers.
- 4.—By increasing the circulation of its publications.

way and in piling peculiar burdens upon us, and to presume to say how wrong everything and everybody is and how things should be in order to be right. To give way to that kind of thinking is to excite rebellion in the heart and to make everything around us black.

Here is the promise: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Do you love God? Then accept the promise and trust Him to fulfil it. He can do it. He will do it. Just the experiences through which you pass are what you and all those affected by them need. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth. Therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty."

Oh, for that sweet and tender, yet firm and unshaken trust in God, that will lead us to put ourselves into His hands in order that He may, by chastening and correction, so mold and fashion us that our characters shall unfold in beauty and our highest destiny shall be worked out. Oh, for a trust in God that will make us feel that what He orders is best, that He can make no mistake, that He does not put one single grain more of bitterness in our cup than is needed to make it medicinal and curative. Begin with God. Accept Him as your Lord! Then believe that all the occurrences of life are surrounded by Him and result in His glory and your good. That will contribute in no small degree to your happiness.

The third cause of unhappiness with many is their uncertainty with regard to the salvation of their souls. They have good reason to feel disquieted if they have not made their peace with God.

The relation of the soul to God is not a matter to be trifled with. It is of the first and greatest importance, deserving and demanding consideration and settlement. And it naturally comes up, when we pass out of one year into another, and are reminded of the flight of time and of the passing away of so many whom we knew and loved.

No question is settled finally until it is settled right. It is so with the salvation of the soul. But note! God would free us from all anxiety about this great matter. He has sent His Son into the world to live as our example and to die for our sins, thus making our salvation possible. Then He gave us a simple direction what to do to make our salvation sure, viz., to repent of sin and trust in Jesus Christ. No one can say, "I cannot do that," for God makes it possible for everyone who really wants to. Oh, what peace is ours when our sins are forgiven! Oh, what assurance we have that all is well when we have left this matter entirely in the hands of our great Advocate and Saviour and Judge.

Trust God to supply you with all things needful for the body! Trust God to bring good to you out of every experience of life. Trust God, above all, through Jesus Christ His Son, to work out for you a free and full salvation!

—EXCHANGE.

The Reason for "Child Labor Day"

The 22d, 23d and 24th of January, 1916, will be Child Labor Days, the National Child Labor Committee announces. Saturday will be observed by synagogues, Sunday by churches and Sunday Schools, and Monday by secular schools and clubs, and if last year's record means anything, at least 9,000 organizations all over this country may be expected to recognize the day.

But why? Why have a Child Labor Day? Surely America is agreed that child labor is not consistent with her ideals? The National Child Labor Committee, realizing that these questions will be asked, has issued the following explanatory statement: "Child Labor Day is a reminder. We have a strong sentiment in this country against the exploitation of children, but, perhaps for the very reason that our sentiment is strong—so strong as to make it hard to believe child labor can exist in America—we have never taken the decisive steps to end once for all the labor of children.

"If a fourteen-year age limit in factories and sixteen-year limit in mines were enforced throughout the country more than 50,000 children would immediately be eliminated from industry. That is, more than 50,000 children are at work in the United States contrary to the primary standards of child labor legislation. If the eight-hour day and no night work in factories were the law for children under sixteen, another 100,000 children would be affected. There are still States in the Union where children nine or ten years old may be found at work in the mills. There are still States where the child of twelve may work eleven hours a day. There are still States where the education of a child under fourteen is not compulsory.

"It is because these things are so and we in America are apt to forget them that we ask our friends to observe Child Labor Day and remind the country of child labor in the United States is a pressing issue."

Welcome Visitor

One of our subscribers in Winthrop, Maine, indicates her regard for this

"I enjoy each copy of the AMERICAN MESSANGER as it comes each month, and I feel badly to be without it."

Our Honor Roll

On our Honor Roll are inscribed the names of those into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSANGER has come for fifty years or more. To this Honor Roll we take great pleasure in adding the name of Miss Clark of Westhampton, Mass., who recently sent us six subscriptions, including her own renewal, and wrote:

"I have had the AMERICAN MESSANGER so many years, from my childhood up to my more than four score years of age, that it would be no small trial to be deprived of it."

Another name which must be added to our Honor Roll is that of R. N. Hodgman of Parma, Ohio, who has written the following delightful missive:

"DEAR AMERICAN MESSANGER:

"You have made your visits to our home since 1846. You have always been a welcome visitor. As a boy I think your pages were looked upon as sacred, standing next to the Bible as a guide to right living. I have copies still of your original four-page form. May God bless you in your ministry and helpfulness to godly living.

"Cordially yours,

"R. N. HODGMAN."

We are very glad to receive these pleasant greetings, and we will be pleased to receive messages from all other friends whose connection with the AMERICAN MESSANGER has dated back for fifty years or more, so that we may add their names to our Honor Roll.

College Students Work for Temperance

That students of today are not limiting their interest in public affairs merely to the academic side is shown by the activity of Ohio colleges in the recent State prohibition campaign.

At least 650 students at eighteen of the largest universities and colleges took active part in that great civic "drive" of anti-liquor sentiment. Sixteen of these colleges, reporting in detail, furnish the following specific data: Number of students engaged in prohibition work during the campaign, speaking, singing, canvassing, using stereopticons, serving without pay for their services, at least 650; of these 52 were young women. Speakers supplied to 243 meetings and singers to 172; number of teams sent out, two, three or four students each, 74; college men speakers at work, 175; singers, 189; women singers, 50; students engaged in canvassing of voters, at polls, etc., 388.

Sixteen colleges sent out an average of thirty-three students each into this laboratory of civic leadership. Their services counted greatly in the campaign. These colleges were: Adelbert (Western Reserve University), Ohio State, Oberlin, Ohio Wesleyan, Wooster, Denison, Otterbein, Ohio Northern, Defiance, Baldwin, Wallace, Heidelberg, Ashland, Hiram, Miami, Mount Union and Lane Theological Seminary.

Wooster scored a touchdown by the use of two stereopticons which were out practically every night for three weeks. Oberlin made a high record by sending out sixty-one different students, with the aid of a professor as coach. In Cleveland Western Reserve men did excellent service at the polls on election day and in the previous street meetings. At Defiance the young women furnished most of the thirty-five students who aided local committees.

The management of this student campaign was under the direction of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, its field secretaries and the Ohio State president of the association. The work was done with the co-operation of the National Anti-Saloon League and the local county and city federation committees.

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The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



REV. EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.

GOD'S METHODS OF SURPRISE

BY

REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York



OD has many ways and methods of surprise for us. He does not tell us everything at once. Some things are withheld for a time until we are ready for them. His wonders are too great for complete unfolding to-day. There must be a to-morrow of surprise and revelation. If we only realized it, we are always on the edge of something new and wonderful in the divine Providence. The things that are not seen are vastly more spacious and wonderful than the things that are seen. That which God has prepared for us is far beyond our comprehension in weight of wonder and glory.

God loves to surprise us often with His unexpected resources. His mercies are new in the morning and fresh in the evening. There is no dullness in God's plans, nothing tiresome or humdrum in His ways of dealing with us. Always there is the old way of love and care, but ever there is something new. There is the opening of new doors, the finding of unsuspected ways, the discovery of undreamt-of resources. God has so much to show us, that a life-time does not suffice to learn the fulness of His possessions.

The Surprises of the New Year

Is it not strange that we never grow tired of the changing seasons? Each season has a charm of its own. Spring fascinates us with its fresh beauty. Summer woos us by its richness and warmth of life and color. Autumn satisfies us with its glory and fruition. And when Winter comes back again, we know that its deadness is but a prelude to a new and bounteous life. The changing year has a thousand surprises. The new year is just as interesting, just as full of fascination and mystery as ever. Let us cross its threshold with the knowledge in our hearts that our Heavenly Father has great things in store for us, manifold surprises of His love to unfold to us, and many unexpected resources to reveal to us.

Nature is a bundle of surprises. Who of us ever tires of the miracle of growth, the mystery of bud and leaf and blossom and fruit? You cannot exhaust nature. She will have ever something new to show to you. You will go out to catch fish from nature's sea, and she will give you something greater than fish—some glimpse, it may be, of a vast and beautiful truth.

God is always challenging us by the surprises of nature, stirring our curiosity, stimulating our sense of wonder and developing our sentiment of reverence.

"O, little bulb, uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?
Have you a crimson gown?
Plant me and see
What I shall be—
God's fine surprise
Before your eyes!"

The discoverer and the inventor live constantly in a world of surprise. They look for something and find it not. But often they find unexpected things, which are better than the expected things, even as the disciples fished all night on the Sea of Galilee and took nothing, but in the morning saw Jesus standing on the shore.

Saul, the son of Kish, went out to find his father's asses, and returned with the oil of consecration to the Kingdom upon his head. Columbus, the discoverer, sought a passage to the Indies in his westward voyage, but found a far greater, though unexpected, thing—a vast and unimagined continent, lying beneath the glow of the setting sun.

Nature's Surprises

It is most interesting to observe how men frequently stumble upon nature's secrets. God's surprises are so near and so ready for us; the partition between the known and the unknown is so thin! Dr. Young was one day watching some beautifully colored soap-bubbles blown from a common pipe. Suddenly his mind grasped the thought of "interferences," and later came the discovery of the diffraction of light. Many a man before Galileo's time had watched the swinging of a pendulum. But when Galileo one day in the cathedral of Pisa watched the swinging of a lamp that had just been replenished with oil, he was treated to a great surprise—he saw unexpectedly the actual principle of the pendulum.

Sir Samuel Brown, pondering upon the construction of a bridge for the river Tweed, walked in his garden one dewy autumn morning, and stopped to look at a delicate spider's web that was thrown across his path. Out of this came the principle of the suspension bridge, which sprang into the builder's mind out of the spider's delicate film. We call such a discovery accidental, but it is not to be forgotten that Brown was meditating as he walked in his garden.

Brunel learned from the ship-worm how to construct a tunnel under the Thames river. He saw how the ship-worm perforated the wood, first in one direction, then in another, until the archway was complete, and then daubed the roof and sides with a kind of varnish. This was his cue for the tunnel. The insensate worm became his teacher and led him deep into the mysteries of the building art. Galvani found that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, but he did not see in this the germ of the electric telegraph. That great surprise was reserved for other minds. Stothard was a diligent student of butterflies' wings, and out of his studies came the art of combining colors, which has made for us a new world of art and beauty.

Our trouble often is that we have no eye for unexpected things. We have an eye and a faith only for expected things. We demand nothing farther than what we can see. We go out to catch fish, and we dream of nothing further and deeper in the enterprise. We look for nothing beyond, we cherish no great expectations of larger and better results. We are fishermen—mere fishermen in the sea. That and nothing more, whereas we might be discoverers also, seers of truth, inventors of new ways of life and knowledge.

It is worth while now and again to fail utterly in catching fish, if only we can find unexpected truths and unlooked for glory behind our failure. All night long as they fished on the Sea of Galilee the disciples "took nothing," we are told, but when the day was breaking they saw Jesus. Let us not be so busy angling endlessly for the fish of the sea that we have no time to look away to yonder shore, and see the outline of a sacred truth or presence that will forever bless us. The chief business of life after all is not to catch fish, but to know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. Many a man needs to have the experience of taking nothing, so that he may be driven to look for higher values.

The Essence of the Divine Method

The essence of God's method of surprise lies in the fine art of substitution. To the disciples there came a heavenly compensation indeed. They caught no fish, but they found the Lord. Wonderful dawn it was that revealed to them the unexpected Presence! This wise principle of substitution is at work in human life at the very heart of things. If we do not find what

we seek for, perhaps we may find what we have not consciously sought for—something better and more glorious. They who find merely what they are looking for only make a beginning at life. It is the unexpected resources of God that enrich us so wonderfully. It is God's methods of surprise that make the Christian life so fascinating, so superabundant in joy and gladness.

We forget that He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." We go about our every-day toil, as the disciples went about their fishing, with dull hearts and lack-lustre eyes. Our souls are not buoyed and strengthened as they ought to be by "great expectations." We are like the prophet's servant toiling seven times up to the top of the mountain to look for signs of promise in the sky. He had ceased to expect anything. Too often surprise, wonder and expectation die away in our souls. We forget the great word of the apostle John—"Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be."

There is more to come. Greater glory awaits us. Boundless possibilities belong to us. It is told of a poor cripple in London who was passionately fond of music, that one day he was seen going down Fleet street with a radiant face, after hearing one of the great symphonies. "You see what I am," he exclaimed to one who spoke to him, "but with this in my soul I can go down Fleet street like a god!"

Children of Great Expectations

Ought we not, all of us who are believers, to be children of great expectations? God's arm is not shortened. His store-house is not exhausted. His capacities are not limited. One reason why we take nothing is because we too often hug the shore. "Put out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." This is the challenge that many of us need. We stay too much in shallow places. We have taken little because we have not let down our nets in the deep places of God's love and power. "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!" Make the venture of faith out into the "unsearchable riches" of Christ.

We do not expect enough in the Christian life. We are dull and listless, while "an eternal weight of glory" is close to us. Lift up your eyes, O fishermen, and see the radiant dawn, and the more radiant Presence which it reveals. Even the commonest of human toil is transformed when the worker realizes that the Master is present.

Behold Jesus standing on the shore of the Sea of Galilee! God's gifts and surprises are very near. They are not far to seek. One need not travel to overtake them. But alas! our eyes are so often holden, as were the eyes of the disciples whom Jesus overtook on the way to Emmaus. Many of us need what was asked for Elisha's young man. "Jehovah, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see." "They seeing, see not," was our Lord's description of the spiritually blind. We see the boats and the sails, and the fishing-tackle and the close-locked sea about us, and we see our own failure to catch anything, but we do not see the Divine Presence, the real glory, the horses and the chariots of fire. We see material values and forces, but not spiritual powers and graces. We have eyes for wonderful things in men and books, but not for the "wondrous things" of God's law and gospel. "Open his eyes! Open his eyes, that he may see!"

God has many surprises awaiting us in the life of faith. It is our lack of faith that hinders the mighty works of God. When we walk by faith and not by sight, the way is crowded with the unexpected. The way of sight produces only the usual and the visible. The way of faith brings forth the wonderful and the invisible. "Faith is a conviction (or test) of things not seen." A heart that has faith enters a new

world on journeys of exploration. The thrill of search and discovery becomes a joyous experience. Such a one learns to expect much of his Heavenly Father's Kingdom; to himself he says, "There is more beyond." Even darkness and mystery invite him, for he knows that God has hidden treasures in the darkness. He endures "as seeing Him who is invisible." There is no dullness in the Kingdom, no humdrum in the Christian life, where faith is strong. Out of strong faith scores of eager visions spring. One may be fishing in Galilee, taking much or taking nothing, but faith looks up and sees the glory of God close at hand. Faith transfigures even a common life, lifts the curtain of a larger world before our limited gaze, and sanctifies the Seen by the grace of the Unseen. God has no surprises for the soul that goes not out to Him in faith. But he who has a strong faith shall find life's facts and meanings coming back to him robed in light and splendor.

And what of the surprises of Providence? How often we discover that God is so much more wonderful than we had supposed. We seemed to be taking nothing, but God had arranged some unexpected substitution. We did not get fish, but we got something better. We failed to obtain wealth, but we grew in grace instead. We had many hard tasks imposed upon us, and often we wondered and almost failed in trust, but meantime patience had "its perfect work" within us, and other flowers of a well-disciplined life grew and blossomed on the toilsome way. Sorrows and losses came also, and more than once we stood stripped and bare as it seemed in our affliction. But no, we were not left alone, for God was with us in sorrow. His rewards were marvellous. The sting of sorrow passed not, the thorn remained; but his grace was sufficient for us. God's compensations to His sorrowing ones are the best of all His surprises. "After two days will He revive us: on the third day He will raise us up." If we trust Him God will bring us up out of the miry clay, and establish our goings. "Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." How often the things which happen unto us fall out "rather unto the progress of the gospel" in us, and even our bonds become "manifest in Christ." Trust God and He will bring "the peaceable fruits of righteousness" out of the blackest trouble.

The Wonderful Region of the Unexpected

And prayer!—what a realm of pleasant surprises this is! What a region of Unexpected is here! Only God requires us to have open eyes and great expectations when we enter this realm. "Hitherto ye have asked nothing." "Ask and ye shall receive." Nowhere are the losses so great to the soul through lack of expectation as in the realm of prayer. We look for so little. Our asking after all is so meagre. We crowd our petitions with temporalities, and lose sight of the wealth of blessings "in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Our prayers are dull and lag-gard. They ought to leap and spring upward, like the joy of "leaping and climbing from rock to rock." God has a world of blessings for men. His resources have scarce begun to be drawn upon. "Seek and ye shall find."

Let your prayers be spiritually eager and strong. Let them mount as on wings. "Seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God. Set your mind on the things that are above." You can afford to think less about the fishing and more about the Master of all fishermen.

The divine surprises in Christian service too—how sweet and wonderful they are. Philip was sent to a desert place, and found an inquiring spirit there. We toil and toil and seem to "take nothing;" then of a sudden God opens the gateway of the dawn, and we see Jesus standing on the shore, as the disciples saw Him that morning by the Sea of Galilee. Blessed are the souls that believe and the eyes that see.

New Year Aims

BY REV. A. MESSLER QUICK

*If we would make, by words and deeds,
The opening year a blessing
To aching hearts and world-wide needs,
Where want and woe are pressing;
If we would by our cheer impart
A thrill of love and gladness
To make each bowed and heavy heart
Forget its hours of sadness,
Our words must be with heart-throbs knit,
And have a deeper meaning,
Than hollow words that quickly flit,
Like weird and senseless dreaming.*

*And we ourselves, for larger yield,
More beautiful unfolding,
Must make the soul a well-tilled field,
And Heaven must have the moulding;
And life must be no empty dream,
No idle indecision,
But active as the mountain stream,
With Heaven our sweetest vision,
Thus New Year aims will not be vain,
Nor life have fruitless ending,
If life eternal we shall gain,
With efforts thither bending.*

Giving and Receiving

BY ANNE GUILBERT MAHON

We are all familiar with persons who seek only to receive and who are constantly on the lookout for their own happiness, their own prosperity and their own advancement. We call them "selfish." They are neither happy themselves nor do they make others happy. Their lives are one-sided and overbalanced, for they think only of what they receive.

There are not so many, perhaps, whose lives balance on the other side and who seek in every way how they may give, but we do know some who are so absorbed in doing for others and in giving out of their own full store that they never think of receiving the blessings which others might bring to them and which might be theirs for the receiving.

Conversation is said by someone to be "a fair system of give and take," but how often does it degenerate into all "give" on one side and all "take" on the other? The woman who chatters incessantly of her own affairs and her own experiences, never pausing to give her friend a chance to speak, loses much herself. There is so much she might receive if she only stopped a moment to allow her friend the same privilege which she is monopolizing, and treated conversation as a fair exchange of ideas and thoughts.

"You have an errand to everyone you meet, or he has an errand to you," said Dr. J. R. Miller.

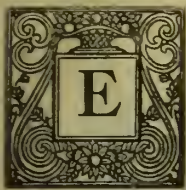
Not always do we have the errand. Sometimes it is the other way. The person we meet may be sent to us specially. Let us not forget to open our hearts to receive the blessing which may be sent to us!

To reach the highest ideals our lives must be balanced between giving and receiving, between doing and resting. If we are giving out our ideas and thoughts all the time, we exhaust our supply without giving ourselves time to receive. Life must be divided into periods of rest and activity, of giving and receiving. We can give out only what we have within us; that is what we receive. If we do not give ourselves time to receive thoughts and ideas, we shall soon exhaust our supply and be forced to pause until we shall have received afresh.

Giving and receiving, working and playing, action and rest—these are essential laws of life, which make for a well-balanced, well-rounded, successful life. Let us see to it that our lives are well balanced, that we take time to receive as well as to give.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN LONDON

By Warren Graham Partridge, D.D.



EVERY traveler who visits the city of London spends some time in St. Paul's Cathedral to study this wonderful triumph of architecture, and to inspect the tombs and monuments of many who achieved fame in English history. It is one of England's most famous halls of fame. It vies with Westminster Abbey in this respect, and appeals most powerfully to the English imagination and patriotism, because so many of her illustrious military and naval heroes are buried here.

St. Paul's Cathedral is the largest and most magnificent of all the Protestant churches in England, and it is the most notable among English buildings in modern times. In the very heart of the commercial center of London, conspicuously situated on a slight eminence, stands this most prominent building in the world's metropolis.

It has been the privilege of the writer to spend much time in this historic building on several different visits to England. Some English scholars claim that in Pagan times a temple of Diana occupied the site of St. Paul's Cathedral. When they were digging the foundations of the present edifice there were found several cinerary urns and other vessels, and many authorities in England believe that these indicate that a church had been built on this spot by the Christians in the time of the Romans, and that this church had been demolished by the Pagan Saxons. It is believed to have been restored by Ethelbert, King of Kent, about 610 A.D. This building was burned down in 961, and rebuilt within a year. It was again destroyed by fire in 1087, but a new edifice was at once begun, although it was not finished for nearly two hundred years.

This church, old St. Paul's, was 590 feet in length and longer than any church building now standing in England. In 1315 a timber spire, covered with lead, and 460 feet high, was added to the edifice. In 1516 the spire was destroyed by a great fire, which also greatly damaged the entire building.

Near the Cathedral once stood the celebrated Cross of St. Paul's, where sermons were preached, Papal bulls promulgated, heretics made to recant, and witches to confess. Here also the Pope's condemnation of Luther was proclaimed, when the great Cardinal Wolsey was present.

In the reign of Charles the First an extensive restoration of the edifice was begun, and a beautiful portico was built. But the famous structure was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Many illustrious persons had been buried here. It had been the scene of Wycliffe's trial for heresy in 1337 and the burning of *John Wycliffe's New Testament* in 1527.

The present edifice was designed by the famous Sir Christopher Wren. It was begun in 1675, and was opened for divine service in 1697. But it was not completed until the year 1710. The great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, received a salary of only \$1,000.00 per year during its erection. The cost of the building was about \$4,000,000.00, and was raised, for the most part, by a tax on coal. So it was built by the state, and the nation was taxed to pay the bills.

St. Paul's resembles St. Peter's in Rome, although it is smaller. But both churches are built in the form of a Latin cross. St. Paul's is 500 feet long, and 118 feet broad, and the transept is 250 feet long. The outer dome

from the pavement to the top of the cross is 364 feet in height. The majestic dome is considered the finest in the world. In size, St. Paul's is the fifth largest church in Christendom.

In front of the church stands the statue of Queen Anne, with England, France, Ireland and America at her feet. There is a flight of twenty-three marble steps ascending to the portals. We heard the famous music produced by a fine peal of twelve bells hung in the north campanile tower. The other tower contains the largest bell in England, called "Great Paul," which weighs more than sixteen tons. The church is so hemmed in by streets and houses, that it is very difficult to gain an adequate conception of its vastness and majesty. The famous Lantern above the great dome supports an immense ball, surmounted by a cross; the ball and the cross, we were told, weigh 8,962 pounds. The ball is six feet in diameter and can hold ten or twelve people.

When we entered the Cathedral for the first time we found the interior very imposing from the vastness and beauty of its proportions. As we walked along the aisles of this national Temple of Fame we were profoundly impressed by the great number of monuments of celebrated Englishmen, chiefly naval and military heroes. For instance, here is the Crimean Cavalry Monument in memory of the officers and men of the British cavalry who fell in the Crimean war from 1854 to 1856. Here is also a costly monument in the form of a sarcophagus, the tomb of Major-General Charles George Gordon, killed at Khartoum, Egypt, in 1885. The monument to the Duke of Wellington is very striking. The bronze figure of Wellington rests upon a lofty sarcophagus, overshadowed by a rich marble canopy with twelve Corinthian columns. Above are colossal groups of Valor and Cowardice, Truth and Falsehood.

Here also we saw tombs and monuments of such celebrities as Sir Joshua Reynolds, General Napier, Admiral Lord Duncan, who defeated the Dutch in the naval battle of Camperdown; Henry Hallam, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Henry Hart Milman, Reginald Heber, John Howard, Admiral Earl Howe, Admiral Lord Collingwood, Turner, the celebrated painter; Admiral Lord Nelson, Marquis Cornwallis, General Sir John Moore, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Arthur Sullivan and many others. The tombs we saw in the crypt, while the monuments adorn the interior of the Cathedral. In the crypt, which extends the whole length of the edifice, we saw the famous tablet on the wall over the tomb of the celebrated architect of St. Paul's, Sir Christopher Wren, bearing the inscription, "If thou seek his monument, look about thee."

It would be impossible in this brief article to describe adequately the splendors of the paintings, frescoes, statues, mosaics, marbles, stained glass windows, immense organ, stone carvings, gilding, and other decorations and ornamentations which enrich this great cathedral. But marble statues of the Church Fathers, and colored mosaics of the Apostles, Evangelists, Prophets, and frescoes and paintings of angels and Biblical scenes, all combine to make this one of the richest and most resplendent interiors in the world.

It was the writer's privilege on one visit to be present on a Sunday when the Lord Mayor of London appeared in state. The great Cathedral was packed with people, and the pomp and gay trappings of the Mayor and his

gorgeous retinue reminded one of the magnificent pageants of the Middle Ages. The music was most inspiring, and the service was beautiful, as the vast congregation took part in the services.

We went one day into the wonderful Whispering Gallery, to reach which we were compelled to climb 260 stone steps. The gallery is famous for its remarkable echo. A friend uttered a slight whisper by the wall, on one side of the gallery, and it was distinctly audible to the writer, who held his ear near the wall on the opposite side of the gallery. This light whisper had traveled a distance of 108 feet directly across the gallery, or 160 feet round the semi-circle. Then we climbed up a flight of 118 steps to the Stone Gallery, which runs round the foot of the outer dome, enclosed by a stone parapet. From this gallery one has a commanding view of the city of London. But we climbed many more steps, and at last reached the dizzy height of the outer Golden Gallery, above the dome and at the foot of the Lantern, to which a winding staircase ascends in the inside of the roof. The ball of the lantern is forty-five feet higher. We had to stop here in our ascent, but we had climbed altogether 615 steps from the tessellated pavement of the Cathedral. The view of the city from the Golden Gallery is wonderful, and fully repays anyone for the long and hard ascent.

When one beholds the magnificence of this historic pile of architecture, and studies its tombs, monuments and art treasures, he can understand how this edifice appeals to the imagination, reverence and patriotism of the English people. Its destruction would be an irreparable loss not only to Great Britain, but to Christian civilization throughout the entire world.



The Gift That Abides

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

One of the greatest tragedies in life is that in which the chief part is played by a man who has given his life and energy to the accumulation of vast riches, and who has found at the end the vanity of it all; or in which the leading part is taken by a woman who has given all for the satisfaction of fine clothes and social position, and who has seen her admirers vanish in the twinkling of an eye. A man of the world of many centuries ago found it to be true that so far as worldly fame and power and possession are concerned, all is vanity. And yet how many millions to-day will not profit by the wisdom he gained after his long life of vain seeking!

Of silver and gold Peter had none for the crippled man, but such as he had he gave him. And what was it that he had? Simply the gift of full, free life. Only that! But what is there on the earth that can equal that gift?

The happiest woman I have ever known was one who had nothing of gold, but she did have a trusting life. Her life was "hid with Christ in God." Her prayers, though simple, were a very revelation of heaven. Was there any gift possible to her that could excel that gift of the love of God!

"If I had only known!" is the cry of thousands of men and women when death comes. "If I had only known that there is nothing in the world that counts but Christ!" A great theologian, dying, cried out, "I have but one passion: it is He, it is He!" He had found the secret of a happy life—and of a happy death.

WITH OUR MISSIONARY COLPORTERS

In the Puget Sound Country

Rev. Francis E. Smith is a colporter evangelist working under the direction of the American Tract Society in the Puget Sound Country. He has distributed a large quantity of Christian literature in this field, and has done most effective work in reaching the homes of the people who dwell in this region.

A recent report from him tells of his work in the island of San Juan, where he came into contact with the men employed in the salmon industry. He says:

"Recently I visited some of the islands in the San Juan group lying in the north end of the Puget Sound on the south side of the Gulf of Georgia.

"For seventeen years the island of San Juan was under military rule, the British and American soldiers both occupying the island in separate camps until the year 1872, when the arbitrators finally settled the boundary line in favor of the United States.

"Ministers of the Gospel have come and have gone, but to-day the religious life of the people seems to be at a low ebb.

"While on this island I preached five times, and promised to revisit the people again at some future time.

"By using my voice and the printed page of Gospel truth furnished by the American Tract Society I hope to win many souls to Christ in these out-of-the-way places."



Among the Slavs

For several years John Martinco has served as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the State of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Martinco has worked especially among the Slavic population and his ministry to the spiritual needs of these foreign-speaking people has been very effective and far-reaching. In a recent report he writes in part as follows:

"The last month I worked in Pittsburgh, Homestead, Braddock, Duquesne and vicinity, visiting from house to house. I had some striking experiences during the month.

"At Homestead, Pa., as soon as I entered one house the wife began to swear and to curse her husband. I asked her why she swore so much at her husband. She replied that it was because he had quit his work at the factory and had rented a pool room and since that time had done little else than to drink and to abuse her. I tried to pacify her, but it seemed impossible to quiet her. Then I asked her if she ever prayed for her husband, and she answered, 'Pray for him! No! I never did such a thing,' and then she began to use more profanity. But I said to her, 'You are really responsible yourself for your domestic trouble, for you do not speak to your husband in the right way.' Then I had a long talk with her, and finally she acknowledged her fault, and said she would try to do her duty toward her husband.

"In another home in Alleghany, a wife told me of the suffering she had to endure. Her husband very seldom gave her his pay, but would spend it in the saloon and then would beat her and the children. Her nineteen-year-old son ran away from home because he could not stand the bad treatment of his father, and she did not know where he had gone. Even the younger children were scattered, but the wife was powerless. She wept like a child as she told me her troubles. I told her that there



TRIMMING A SCOW LOAD OF SALMON ON PUGET SOUND

was only One that could help her, and that was Almighty God, and urged her to pray to Him in the name of Jesus Christ. So she promised me that she would do this.

"At Hazelwood, a suburb of Pittsburgh, I had a conversation with two women, one of whom bought a Bible only a short time ago, and now she urged her friend to buy one, too. She said that she had never read anything like it before. Both of them were much impressed when I spoke to them from the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The result was that I disposed of another Bible and several tracts.

"I have had several other interesting experiences, but I must conclude this report. Please remember me and this work in your prayers."



Reaching All Classes

For many years Rev. Samuel Mueller has been circulating Christian literature among the people in the State of Oregon. His work as a missionary colporter brings him into contact with all kinds and conditions of people, and he shows great tact in adapting the Gospel message to the different individuals whom he meets. He writes:

"One day I met a man driving a flock of sheep on the road. I accosted him, and finding out that he was unsaved, I said to him, 'Whenever you see a sheep, remember that Jesus died as the Lamb of God upon the Cross to save your soul from death.'

"At Troutdale I distributed tracts among the Italian truck gardeners. At the depot in Vancouver I distributed tracts to the men working in a section gang, and also among the passengers on a train.

"At Yakolt I tried to give the Gospel message to two bartenders in a saloon. I found they were very hard to reach.

"Between Sandy and Bull Run I visited a camp of wood-choppers. I spoke to a middle-aged Austrian whom I met on the road. He took my words kindly, and said, 'You are the first man to speak to me about religion.'

"I distributed some Chinese tracts to the workers in three hop-yards, rented by Chinese. I noticed that one read his tract diligently for quite a while. What a happy sight it was for me!

"I visited some American and Swedish homesteaders living eighteen miles from Molalla up in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains at an elevation of 2,460 feet above the level of the sea. Not only did I enjoy the bracing air and beautiful landscape, but I rejoiced to meet some Christian people, who received me cordially, and said, 'We seldom have anybody visit us with such good admonition and advice as you have given us.' These encouraging words fully rewarded me for the long trip up the hills.

"I met two young men while crossing a bridge, and my conversation with them led to the question, 'Who will build a bridge for our souls over the last deep River of Death?' I pointed them to the Cross and the Crucified One and exalted Him as my personal Saviour and the Redeemer of my soul.

"At Canby I spoke with a fifteen-year-old boy who was laid up sick by a fall from a tree in which he came near breaking his neck. I pleaded with him very earnestly to accept Christ. His parents are very dear consecrated Christians and are anxious to see their son saved."



In Porto Rico

A missionary colporter in Porto Rico named Juan Sanchez is circulating Christian literature in the Spanish language among the people of that island. He writes:

"I have had the opportunity of visiting many families to whom I have preached the way of eternal life. In some places I held Gospel meetings in which many people heard with pleasure the message of the Gospel. Yet there is a good deal of fanaticism which constitutes a great obstacle to my work. There is also a good deal of spiritualism. There is much need of prayer and effort for the spiritual progress of this country, and we bespeak your help."

CASSANDRA'S CHRYSANTHEMUMS

By Lloyd Logan



HE twilight was sinking into darkness. The flickering fire cast its wavering shadows over the old familiar library furniture. A peculiar sadness permeated the very atmosphere. It was the end of a rainy day in the late spring. Even the fire seemed incongruous.

From the depths of an armchair Cassandra gazed into the glowing coals at a panorama of memory pictures. The stillness was broken only by the ticking of the great clock on the stairs and the echo vibrating through the long hall. A window rattled, just as it used to do, when she was a little girl.

It was a dear old house. For forty years it had been Cassandra's home. Her father had built it for his bride. It had imbedded her parents' personality. "Homes are as long in maturing as the people that live in them," someone has wisely observed. Most of the trees her father had planted, the shrubs, the flower-beds and the old-fashioned fountain expressed his idea of beauty.

A troupe of children, her brothers and sisters, had danced merrily through its winding halls and many rooms. As girls and boys they had had their parties; then they had grown into college men and women, and on holidays the old house was thronged with jolly college friends.

All of these experiences had been Cassandra's extreme delight and she had been the confidante of many desperate love affairs and various business ventures. By proxy, as it were, she had taken part in life's activities. For Cassandra, whisper it gently and softly, was a cripple. She could not walk very far, even with two crutches.

One by one these younger brothers and sisters had left for homes of their own, returning less and less frequently, as their families and individual responsibilities grew. A withering blast of loneliness swept over Cassandra's soul. Even time had quietly but surely erased the youthful beauty of her face, and touched the chestnut hair with gray.

She stifled a sob. There were faltering steps and voices in the hall.

"Yes, my dear wife," her father was saying, "the golden wedding was a fitting close to our life within these four walls. If it was not for Cassandra we would never leave its shelter and comfort."

"Yes," her mother's sigh pierced the inner recesses of Cassandra's heart more cruelly than a sword's point, because she must live and bear the wound. "But it seems to me that some other way might be arranged. Cassie loves the home, too. We are old people. Both of us are almost eighty. We at best have only a little time to wait."

"That is the reason, my dear, the very necessity for our selling now, while I am still capable of handling my affairs." There was the echo of the energy of years long past in the old man's voice.

"Little Cassie will never marry. She is our responsibility. We must sell this home and buy a house small enough, so that the income will support her. Poor little Cassie!"

The vibration of the tender sympathy, that had been her unfailing shield, sighed and sobbed through these words, "Poor little Cassie!"

"Poor little Cassie," her mother repeated.

Strange to say these words came as a shock to her of whom they were spoken. She shrank even further into the recesses of her chair.

Never in all her life had she heard them before. From the time that she was the tiniest child her father would say cheerily:

"I do not know what we would do without Cassandra. She is the life of the house, positively the hub of the wheel. The children are the spokes. I guess I am the rim," and then he would laugh, for this was a great joke. "But we would all go to pieces if it was not for Cassandra."

And she had believed it.

"You see Cassandra is a Leonard." Her parents were passing down the hall into the conservatory. Cassandra caught the glimmer of undaunted courage, leaned forward, and listened intently. "She could never be submerged," her father continued with pride. "She must be the queen of her own hearthstone. The spirit that dwells within the pitiful, misshapen, home, was made to rule. We must guard it as the secret of our lives and she must never know that she is the cause of our selling the old home."

She buried her face in her hands, and wept. "Poor little Cassie, pitiful, misshapen—the cause of selling the old home."

The words repeated themselves over and over. Except for her the old people would live out their lives amid the surroundings that had grown so dear, through long association. That the alternative was inevitable, was pure, poignant tragedy. To bear your own burdens may require fortitude; but to be a burden is unutterably crushing. Again she heard her father's voice. They were going up the stairs for the night.

"I have always been so proud of being old. I do not understand the shame that some people feel about the advancing years. It always seems to me that in retrospection I see a life full of events, with sorrows, troubles, difficulties, work, as well as happiness and success; I feel that I have done something to have successfully weathered the gale, and still to be able to say that it is worth while."

The sky was gray with the first appearance of the morning light, before Cassandra roused herself. Then she quietly went to her room. She had thrashed it all out, and a sense of serenity rested over her soul.

She attired herself in a fresh muslin dress. She gathered a bowl of early roses. These she was arranging on the breakfast table, when her father and mother came in.

Events followed in quick succession. The home was sold. A small house was bought in the suburbs. Only such furniture was retained as they needed for the small house. All of this required activity, and they had no time for unhappiness.

It was comparatively easy for Cassandra to determine that she would be happy in spite of adverse circumstances. She found that it was not the excitement of the crises that furnished the crucial test, but that it was the long, steady pull that would count.

The little house was small. It was hard for her to adjust herself to it. There was in all of the surroundings a desolation and lack of improvement, that made it apparent that the house had been uninhabited for a long time. Even the paths in the garden and lawn were overgrown with weeds.

With undaunted courage she braced herself. She was a human soul! The part that felt, and knew, and thought, was as much of an entity as if its home had been beautiful and redolent with health. She felt that she was of as much

use and importance as any other human being, and had as much right to demand of happiness its quotient.

Just how this was to become a practical fact she could not fathom. With a smiling countenance she looked about her and determined to do the next thing possible. At least the spot on which she lived could be made beautiful.

Cassandra had never before aggressively taken the initiative. The lawn was cleared, weeded, and, seeing that it was well watered, there was enough grass to spread. The flower beds were put in order. Cassandra could not walk far. But she was capable of doing a great deal of work in one spot.

"Isn't it too late for summer flowers, daughter?" asked the father; "what do you think of planting?"

"I had thought of chrysanthemums. I will start them now for fall."

So the chrysanthemums grew. Whenever Cassandra's spirit flagged, she turned the drift of her thoughts into active work. No chrysanthemums ever had had the care and attention that those received.

In the fall they blossomed, and such blossoms, huge perfect specimens! To Cassandra they spoke personally. It pleased her fancy to think that these magnificent, nodding blooms, of white and yellow, symbolized the natural outcome of work and conquered tears.

It made her very happy. She smiled spontaneously. Her father smiled also, and a smile was reflected on her mother's face.

These chrysanthemums were the delight of Cassandra and the pride of her father. He was quite exultant as he displayed them to his friends. The little house was so attractive in its bower of blooms that on Sunday afternoon it became the rendezvous of the old-time friends. It was the wonder of the neighborhood. Passers-by would stop and exclaim:

"Notice that one! Did you ever see anything so fine as that?"

A little child in the neighborhood had died. Cassandra did not know the bereaved ones, but she sent an armful of the white chrysanthemums. There was enough to completely cover the poor, homely, little casket. The memory of those wonderful flowers glowed in the mother's heart for many a long year.

A golden wedding was the occasion for sending an enormous bunch of yellow chrysanthemums, arranged with long trailing sprays of asparagus fern and decorative golden rod. The golden rod was some of that which she had cultivated in a corner in which nothing else would grow.

So the flowers went into a varied assortment of homes, and for widely diversified occasions. Their fame went about and abroad in the land. The lovely personality of the giver seemed to lend an added charm, many persons whose names she did not even know spoke of her flowers and of her with love and respect.

All things pass away. The winter came and the chrysanthemums faded. But one day the door bell rang, and a large express package was brought into the room where Cassandra and her father and mother were sitting by the fire.

"My dear, this is for you," her father said, as he cut the twine. "What have you been sending for?"

Cassandra laughed. "They are books on the culture of chrysanthemums. I am taking a course. I thought that next year I would scientifically bring them to perfection."

(Continued on next page.)

HOW REVIVALS SHOULD BEGIN

By Rev. Howard W. Pope



THE story of the poor widow and her cruse of oil which is recorded in 2 Kings 4:1-7, presents a picture of the Christian Church at the present day. The natural hindrances to the growth and prosperity of the Church are many, but too often by compromises with the world the Church has been shorn of her strength, and has even lost the respect of humanity. In such a plight the Church is a poor, pitiable object. What can she do? What has she left? Nothing remains save her capacity to know God, and to be filled with the Holy Ghost. That is her hope and her only hope, for she is never so poor but that God has a few faithful souls who are still in open communion with Him, and through whom He can revive the Church, and win converts from the world.

Here then we see how revivals should begin. Gather together the empty vessels, and wait upon God for the filling of the Spirit. That is the way Paul began at Ephesus. As soon as he arrived and talked with the disciples, and especially as soon as he heard them pray, he knew that they were strangers to the Holy Spirit. By a few well-directed questions he brought out the confession that they had never heard that there was a Holy Spirit. Then he instructed them, and together they waited upon God until His power came upon those twelve men, and with these few Spirit-filled disciples Paul began a work which turned the city upside down, emptied the great temple of Diana of her worshipers, and threw the idol makers so completely out of business that they called a great mass meeting to see what could be done to stop the spread of Christianity.

I have read that a pleasure party was once sailing down the Niagara River just above the Falls. They were so far above the Rapids that no one thought of danger. The band was playing, the people were dancing, and all were having a gala time. Suddenly the pilot noticed that the steamer did not obey her rudder promptly. He saw at once that the current was stronger than he supposed, and he put the boat about immediately. But as he watched the trees on the bank, he saw to his surprise and horror that they were not making any headway. He summoned the captain at once and pointed out the danger. The captain's face turned pale as he ordered the firemen to crowd the furnace with coal. They did so, but still the steamer only held her own. Then the captain ordered the men to put on wood, and they smashed up boxes, barrels and furniture to increase the heat under the boiler. By this time the passengers had learned of the danger, and all were watching the banks anxiously to see if they made any headway. The flames roared and crackled, the engine worked furiously, but not a foot did the vessel gain, and all on board could easily see that unless something more could be done their doom was sealed.

Suddenly a clear voice was heard above the din, "Pour on oil! Pour on oil!" The captain recognized at once the value of the suggestion, and rolling a barrel of oil to the furnace they swashed in the head and in a moment the firemen were throwing buckets of oil on the furnace fires. Instantly a change was seen. The flames leaped and roared, the furnace became red hot, the vessel creaked and groaned under the strain of the mighty machinery, and in a few moments the anxious crowd saw that they

were gaining on the current. The vessel and its precious cargo were saved, but no power on earth could have done it had it not been for the oil.

Even so the Church at times runs so near the danger point that she loses her power to resist the tides of worldliness, which are ever bearing her downward. Instead of being aggressive, she simply tries to hold her own, and even that is not accomplished. She not only has no conversions, but she is constantly losing the members she has. She resorts to worldly methods. Possibly she engages a preacher who attracts a crowd with sensational sermons, but when the crowd has gone the Church finds that nothing has been accomplished except to expose the people of God to ridicule and reproach.

What can a church do in such a condition? There is only one way to save it, and that is pour on the oil of God's grace. Gather together the few empty vessels that remain, and wait on God until He comes in mighty power and restores the Church to her rightful position in the community. It has been done again and again. It can be done, and, please God, it shall be done by many a poor and feeble church this year. Does your church need a revival, my dear reader? Here is one sure way by which it may be brought about.

This story of the widow's cruse of oil also illustrates the unusual way which God often employs to do His work. The usual way of obtaining oil is to plant a seed which in six or eight years grows into an olive tree, and begins to produce fruit. The roots draw from the earth and the leaves draw from the air the various elements which, combined in certain proportions, make the olives. The usual process of gathering these elements together by the tree requires several months, but in this instance God ordered the different elements of which the air and earth is full, to unite instantly in that little cruse which the widow held in her hand. The usual method requires several months, but it was just as easy for God to combine these elements in an instant as to follow the slow process of growth on the olive tree. The slow method is just as marvelous as the quick method, and both are wholly impossible to anyone but God. We think of the quick process as a miracle, and see nothing wonderful in the slow method because it is so common, but a moment's thought will show us that the one method is just as easy for God as the other.

Even so we think that the way for a person to be saved is to be born in a Christian home, to receive instruction in the Bible and to be taught to pray, and when he is old enough we look for his conversion. This is the usual way, but let us remember that God is not confined to the usual ways, but has an endless variety of methods of accomplishing the same object.

Recently several instances of conversion have come to my knowledge, each of which was entirely different from the other, and all of them unlike the usual way of conversion. One of them was the case of a young man who was lost in the Rocky Mountains with a party of men; what added to the danger was the fact that forest fires sprang up and surrounded them so that the searching parties sent out to hunt for them could not reach them. For seven days they had not a particle of food. Fortunately, they had some tea with them, and this was all the nourishment they had.

One night as they lay on the ground, one

of the party asked this young man what he thought of the prospect. He shook his head and said that he saw little hope of ever getting out alive. Then the man inquired, "Have you any hope for the life to come?" "No, sir; I have not a particle of hope." The man said nothing more, but as the young fellow realized what it meant to die without Christ, there came into his heart a longing to be saved. He went into the woods a little and, kneeling down, he promised God that if He would spare his life he would devote it to God's service.

That night a heavy shower fell which extinguished the fires, and they were soon found by the searching party and brought into camp so weak that they could hardly walk. For two days they fed them on water in which a cracker had been dipped and soaked a little, giving them nothing stronger because they could not bear it. As soon as he reached home the young man went to his church prayer meeting and there stood up and confessed Christ, and to-day he is a preacher of the Gospel. Out of it came a revival.

Let us not be discouraged because we cannot get all the unsaved ones into a church to hear the Gospel, but let us remember that God has other ways we know not of, and pray on in hope everlasting.



Cassandra's Chrysanthemums

BY LLOYD LOGAN

(Continued from preceding page.)

So with intelligence and care in the following spring the garden and much of the land were devoted to these flowers. Long beds containing many varieties bloomed in profusion. All this required constant effort. Cassandra felt the necessity and importance of her work. Her father aided her and was grateful, as he grew more feeble, that his work still counted for something. Many happy hours they spent together, working up and down the long beds.

Charitable institutions and churches received the flowers graciously, but individuals refused to accept them without remuneration. Strangers asked to be allowed to buy. Letters came from nearby towns. So, perforce, Cassandra was constrained to sell her chrysanthemums.

This added another avenue of interest. It laid the foundation of a future competence, which would have grown large quite rapidly, but there was always some little convenience or some added comfort for her father and mother that she wished to buy.

"You know, my dear," her father said, smiling, one bleak December day, when the ground was covered with snow. "I see your chrysanthemums blooming everywhere. They are reincarnated in mother's lounging robe and my choice books! Why, from the attic to the cellar, in some form or other, they are everywhere. I do not know what we would do without Cassandra, the chrysanthemum of our lives."

Cassandra gave with a glowing heart, filled with the wonder of it. For the glory of these fall flowers was greater than the modest violets of spring, or the many flowers of summer. She realized, as never before, that, "A garden is a mystical place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment." She could say with the poet:

"We labor,

At the task of the deep-eyed dreamers, that the mighty dream come true

When the real and the ideal are welded forever, and then
In the last Rose-dawn's full flower, the Master shall pay his men."

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Editorial Notes

Make This an Evangelistic Year

As we stand upon the threshold of the New Year, the question doubtless arises in our minds as to the character of the year that lies before us. We know not what the future has in store, but we ought to aim to make this year a better one than any that have preceded it. As Christian workers, especially, we ought to have a definite purpose before our minds, which will help us to accomplish larger and better results in the work of the Kingdom.

There are many directions in which we may turn our efforts for the advancement of the Kingdom, but perhaps there is no more fruitful line of activity than that of evangelistic work. Let us then seek to make this an evangelistic year. Let us bend our energies to the proclama-

tion of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and unite our efforts in the endeavor to win souls to allegiance to Him who is the Captain of our salvation.

Some men are distinctly called to the work of evangelism, and the world owes much to those who have labored in this special field of Christian activity.

But while not all are called to be evangelists in the special sense of that word, yet every Christian is called upon to do evangelistic work. And the progress of the Kingdom depends, humanly speaking, upon the extent to which Christians everywhere engage in evangelistic service.

One of the religious magazines has proposed a "Win-One Campaign," to be carried on during the ten days immediately preceding the coming Easter Sunday, which falls this year on April 23, 1916.

It has been estimated that 4,000,000 souls would be led to Christ if every Church and Sunday School would participate in this united effort. It means simply direct, personal, evangelistic work of a kind that every Sunday School teacher and officer and every church member should be willing to undertake for the extension of the Kingdom.

But let us not wait until the ten days before Easter to begin this beneficent work. Let us start with the New Year to seek to win others to Christ. The evangelization of the world will be finally accomplished not by mass movements, but by the use of direct, personal, evangelistic methods, such as the Master Himself employed in winning His first disciples.

So let us strive to make this entire year an evangelistic year, and in so doing we may rest assured that we shall find it a fruitful and a blessed year not only in our own lives, but in the lives of those whom we are the means of bringing into the joy and light of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Tracts for Free Distribution

The usefulness of tracts as an agency for effective Christian work has been established beyond question. Multitudes of pastors, evangelists, missionaries, personal workers, Sunday School teachers, mission workers and other Christian toilers have testified to the helpfulness of tracts in their work.

The American Tract Society is always ready to aid Christian workers, so far as its means will allow, by furnishing them with tracts suitable for their particular needs. Ordinarily the Society makes a grant of one-half the cost to all those who are engaged in regular Christian work—that is, for the sum of one dollar the Society will give any Christian worker two dollars' worth of tracts.

In special cases, however, where the recipient is unable to pay even a part of the cost, the Society will make a full grant of the entire value of the tracts.

As the Society is desirous of circulating a large number of tracts during the coming months, applications for grants will be gladly received, and all reasonable appeals will be answered, so far as the Society's resources will permit.

In applying for such grants, kindly specify the kind of tracts that are desired, the uses to

which they are to be put, and specify whether a whole or a half grant is desired. If a whole grant is requested, please be sure to explain why the applicant is unable to pay any part of the cost.

It is urged that applications be made as promptly as possible, so that there may be an immediate and wide distribution of tract literature throughout the land. All applications should be addressed to the General Secretary, American Tract Society, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York.

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Spanish and Portuguese Publications

In view of the interest that has been aroused in Christian work for Latin America, it may be stated that the American Tract Society has published and circulated in the Spanish and Portuguese languages a total of 536,873 volumes, and during the past fifteen years has printed and circulated tracts and leaflets in these same languages to the number of 810,241 copies.

Using these figures as a basis for average, it is estimated that since the Society began its work it has printed and circulated 5,398,319 copies of books, leaflets and tracts in the Spanish and Portuguese languages, the majority of these being in Spanish. In this total are included 126,000 copies of Spanish hymnals. *Manzanas de Oro*, the beautiful little weekly paper for the Spanish-speaking children, has reached a total circulation of 10,160,400 copies, and the number of its subscribers is increasing.

The grand total of the Society's publications in the Spanish and Portuguese languages thus amounts to 15,558,719 copies, their estimated value being \$700,000.

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A Good Suggestion for the Railroads

A vigorous letter has been addressed to the presidents of railroads operating in New York State by Mr. William H. Anderson, the State Superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League, urging that all the railroads adopt the temperance policy already adopted by one or two large railroads, and banish liquor from every train.

This is surely a good suggestion, and it is to be hoped that ere long every railroad throughout the land will commit itself to this policy, which is in line with the most advanced sentiment and which accords with the rule of practically all railroads, prohibiting their employes not only from using liquor themselves, but from frequenting places where liquor is sold.

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"America for Christ"

This was the inspiring watchword of the annual meeting of the National Reform Association, recently held in Pittsburgh. The objects aimed at by the association are worthy of the consideration and active support of all Christian citizens, for they include the recognition of Jesus Christ as the Civil Ruler of this nation and of all nations, the promotion in our national life of such laws and such administration of law as will be in accord with the expressed will of the Supreme Ruler, the overthrow of the crimes and treasons of Mormonism, the suppression of the liquor and white slave traffics, the recognition of the Bible in the public schools, and the better observance of the Lord's Day.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By Rev. Henry
Lewis, Ph.D.

JANUARY 2.

What Is Consecration?

Mark 12:28-34.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 27. Consecrated childhood. 1 Sam. 1:24-28.
T. Dec. 28. Consecrated youth. 1 Sam. 16:1-13.
W. Dec. 29. Consecrated manhood. Isa. 6:1-3.
T. Dec. 30. Consecrated service. Acts 13:1-5.
F. Dec. 31. A way set apart. Heb. 10:19-21.
S. Jan. 1. Consecrated time. Eph. 5:8-20.

Once each month during the New Year upon which we have entered we are to consider the subject of consecration.

The Meaning of Consecration

Doubtless our readers have studied the meaning of the word consecration over and over again. Yet its significance can never be fully comprehended, for it is one of those words whose meaning is exhaustless.

Consecration may be defined as a setting apart to sacred and holy uses. In this sense we may speak even of inanimate things as being consecrated to divine use. Thus the vessels in the Jewish temple were consecrated to God's service, and so to-day we speak of the consecration of a church building to the worship of the Almighty.

Consecration is a solemn dedication to the Lord. It is a giving to Jehovah of something that we prize and that we deem a fitting offering to the Most High.

Consecration means the whole-hearted devotion of ourselves and all our talents to the worship and service of God.

We ought, first of all, to consecrate ourselves to Christ, our Saviour and Lord. He rightfully claims our supreme allegiance. When we consecrate ourselves to Christ, we also yield ourselves to God our Heavenly Father, for Christ said, "I and my Father are one."

But one who has consecrated himself wholly to Christ will find that he bears a new relation to all things else. Consecration to Christ will inevitably lead us to the consecration of ourselves to the uplift of humanity, for our Master taught that service for others was an essential part of the Christian faith.

The Need for Consecration

This is to a large extent a superficial age, and what the world needs is consecrated lives to bring it to a realizing sense of the eternal verities.

The Christian Church needs consecrated men, women and children who shall lift it above the plane of trivial service and make it the strongest possible factor in the work of the redemption of the world.

Our country needs consecrated men and women to keep it true to the highest ideals and to lead it into the paths of highest service in the new internationalism, which will alone rescue it from the abyss of misery into which selfish aims and interests are threatening to plunge it.

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JANUARY 9.

Why Join the Church?

Ephesians 3:8-21.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 3. For its fellowship. Eph. 1:1-12.
T. Jan. 4. For its strength. Matt. 16:13-19.
W. Jan. 5. For its service. Matt. 20:20-28.
T. Jan. 6. For its testimony. Eph. 4:11-23.
F. Jan. 7. For its truth. 1 Tim. 3:14-16.
S. Jan. 8. For its ideals. Phil. 2:1-11.

This is a vital and important topic. Several excellent answers to the question, "Why join the church?" may be found in the Daily Bible Readings. Other helpful considerations will suggest themselves to those who will give this subject careful thought.

For the Master's Sake

The church is the body of Christ. He founded it and gave His life for it. Therefore we ought to join the church for the sake of the Master. If we really love Him, we ought also to love His church.

We ought to join the church in obedience to Christ's command, for certain

of His commands can only be properly carried out by those who are united in the membership of His church. The administration of the sacraments which He enjoined and the evangelization of the world which He urged upon His disciples can only be accomplished successfully through the agency of a united body of believers.

For the Sake of the Church

We ought to join the church for its own sake. The Christian church is the most valuable asset which Christianity has to-day. It is the greatest factor for good that exists anywhere in the world. Such an institution deserves our support and should have our closest sympathy and co-operation.

Actual membership is the final test of our real attitude toward this noble and divinely blessed organization. For the sake of what the church has already done, for the sake of what it is doing now, and for the sake of what it may do in the years to come, we ought to throw in our lot with it and give to it our best talents and service.

For Our Brother's Sake

Let us think for a moment of what this world would be without the Christian church. Think of what the church is doing, not simply for its own members but for the benefit of humanity in general. Think of the wonderful charitable, benevolent and missionary work which it carries on and by which it ministers to both the physical and the spiritual needs of our brother man both at home and abroad. For our brother's sake, therefore, let us join the church, that we may thereby better minister to the needs of our neighbor and help in establishing a spirit of far-reaching brotherhood that shall benefit all mankind.

For Our Own Sake

We ought to join the church because we can be better Christians inside of the church than outside of it. We ought to join the church not only because of what we can give to it but because of what that church can give to us. We need the help, the comfort, the strength, the inspiration, the fellowship and the many other blessings that follow in the train of church membership.

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JANUARY 16.

How to Work with Others

Isaiah 41:1-7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 10. Comparative offerings. Ex. 25:1-9.
T. Jan. 11. Building together. Neh. 4:1-18.
W. Jan. 12. Effect of envy. Num. 12:1-10.
T. Jan. 13. Mutual humility. Rom. 15:1-7.
F. Jan. 14. Mutual respect. 1 Pet. 5:1-7.
S. Jan. 15. Use your gift. Rom. 12:1-8.

This is an exceedingly practical topic. It bears on all phases of human life, for man is a social being and the measure of his success is usually found in his ability to work with others.

In the Home

In order to have a happy home it is absolutely essential that the different members of the family work harmoniously with each other. It is essential that each one learn to bear and to forbear. Consideration for each other's welfare must be the ruling principle, and love and unselfishness must be the controlling factors.

In Social Service

Social service is one of the distinguishing characteristics of this age. Effective social service calls for the largest possible measure of co-operation between those who are working for the attainment of high and noble ends.

To work well with others we must have confidence in each other. If we are called upon to be leaders, then we must be brave and courageous. If it falls to our lot to be simply followers, then let us follow with loyalty and devotion those who are selected as the

leaders of the work in which we are engaged.

Co-operation is one of the great key-notes of success in all social service work, as it is in other fields of human endeavor. A daily newspaper, as some one has pointed out, is a wonderful example of the result of working together. So in accomplishing the uplift of humanity, which is the most important enterprise in which we can possibly engage, it is important for us to employ the principle of co-operation to the utmost.

In the Church

The secret of success in church work is found in working with others and with Christ.

There are often great difficulties to be overcome in mountain climbing, especially in regions where snow and ice abound. But the more difficult the ascent, the more closely do the mountaineers bind themselves together so that they may help each other over the hard places. So in church work the more closely we are bound together by the ties of Christian love, the more successfully shall we overcome the trials and difficulties that must be met in every church.

We cannot work effectively with others if we yield to the spirit of criticism and fault-finding. Idle gossip is very detrimental to the spirit of true fellowship that is essential to successful church work.

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JANUARY 23.

Amusement That Is Worth While

Ecclesiastes 3:1-15.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 17. Bodily exercise. 1 Tim. 4:7-11.
T. Jan. 18. Song. Jas. 5:13; Ps. 100.
W. Jan. 19. Orchestra. 1 Chron. 15:16, 28.
T. Jan. 20. Nature-study. Ps. 19:1-6.
F. Jan. 21. Literature. Eph. 3:1-13.
S. Jan. 22. Sociability. John 12:1-8.

This is a vital subject, especially for young people. Every Christian young man and young woman is entitled to enjoy the wholesome pleasures of life, but those amusements that are questionable or harmful should be avoided entirely.

Communion with Nature

One form of amusement that is surely worth while is found in communion with nature. There are many out-of-door sports that are both health giving and mentally uplifting. When we draw near to nature's heart we also come close to the heart of Nature's God. By cultivating an acquaintance with the birds, trees, plants and flowers in God's great out-of-doors, we secure a certain amount of physical exercise and we learn something of the wisdom and skill of the Creator of this universe.

Entering the World of Music

In the world of music we may find amusement that is of the choicest variety. The use of song is a means of recreation which appeals to all classes and conditions of people. Young and old alike may find in music a pastime of which they will never weary.

In this age we are most highly favored in the variety and the perfection of the musical instruments that are available for our use. The great composers of a century ago did not possess as fine a piano as may be found in some of the most modest homes of to-day. And the clever devices for the reproduction of music which are everywhere at hand to-day are the product of comparatively recent years.

Reading for Recreation

Pre-eminent among the worth-while amusements stands the privilege of reading. "Books are friends which every man may call his own," and in the enjoyment of these friends many people find their greatest delights.

In reading for recreation we will find it profitable to vary the kind of literature

that we use. Let us read not only the best fiction but the best biographies, the best essays and the best histories. Sometimes young people are under a mistaken impression and fancy, for example, that essays are always dry reading. But there are essays, like those of Thomas B. Macaulay, that are as interesting as a romance; there are biographies that are more fascinating than any fiction, and there are histories that will rivet our closest attention, if only we turn to them with sympathetic interest.

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JANUARY 30.

Great Foreign Missionaries

2 Corinthians 8:16-23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 24. Paul: traveler. 3 Cor. 11:16-33.
T. Jan. 25. Peter: pioneer. Acts 10:7-23.
W. Jan. 26. Barnabas: comforter. Acts 9:23-30.
T. Jan. 27. Titus: organizer. Tit. 1:5-16.
F. Jan. 28. John: conqueror. 1 John 3:11.
S. Jan. 29. Apollos: orator. Acts 18:24-28.

The topic here assigned for our study is a very broad one. The number of missionaries who have devoted themselves to the work in foreign lands is really legion, and to select from them those that we may call great is no easy task. Perhaps it will be helpful if we adopt a line of distinction laid down by Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D., in his masterly book entitled, "Pioneer Missionaries of the Church," and focus our attention upon the men who have acted as the forerunners of the Gospel in heathen lands. (For the benefit of those who are interested it may be stated that Dr. Creegan's book is published by the American Tract Society, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, and will be sent postpaid, on receipt of 60 cents.)

Pioneers in China

Robert Morrison was the great pioneer missionary to China. He was born January 5, 1782, and died August 1, 1834. He went forth under the auspices of the London Missionary Society and arrived in Canton, China, on September 8, 1807. It was nearly seven years before he baptized his first convert, but during that time he had been busily engaged in the work of learning the Chinese language and in translating the Scriptures and other literary work.

Dr. Morrison spent twenty-seven years in his noble missionary work for China. Then he was called up higher, but the foundation which he laid has proved to be a substantial one, and much of the remarkable progress of Christianity in China may be traced to the indefatigable efforts of this heroic pioneer missionary.

Dr. Morrison was the first but not the only pioneer missionary to China, for there were other pioneer workers that followed close upon his footsteps, among whom may be mentioned Peter Parker, M.D., John Livingston Nevius, James Hudson Taylor and S. Wells Williams.

Pioneers in India

One of the early missionary pioneers in India was Rev. Christian Friedrich Schwartz, who went to India a generation before William Carey, and who has been called "The Apostle of the East."

Other pioneers in the missionary enterprise in India were Bishop Reginald Heber, Alexander Duff, John Murdoch, John Everett Clough and Henry Martyn.

Pioneers in Other Lands

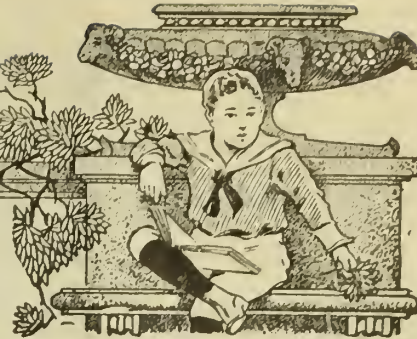
Guido Fridolin Verbeck was a pioneer missionary to Japan, and others who helped to lay the foundation for the Christian church in that island empire were Samuel Rollins Brown and Colonel Jerome D. Davis.

Among the pioneer missionaries to Turkey were Cyrus Hamlin, the founder of Robert College; Crosby H. Wheeler, the founder of Euphrates College, and Elias Riggs, the great linguist and translator.

David Livingstone and Robert Moffat will ever be remembered as pioneer missionaries in Africa.



Our Little Folks



"The Children's Hour"

BY MRS. A. R. PERHAM

*How pleasant is the children's hour
At closing of the day,
When Mother lays aside her cares
And children leave their play.
For dearly they enjoy this hour
Of all the day the best,
And bed-time stories have a charm
Ere they retire to rest.*

*So closely to their mother's side
They come with happy look,
And listen as she reads to them
A story from some book.
The Christmas story which they love,
She often tells to them,
The story of the Christ-child, who
Was born in Bethlehem.*

*What artist would aspire to paint
A scene than this more fair?
Happy the children who are blest
With such a Mother's care.
The loving words, the good-night kiss,
The prayer at Mother's knee,
In after years, with grateful heart,
May long remembered be.*

*O Mothers guard the children as
You would a tender flower,
And when your daily cares are o'er
Give them "The Children's Hour."
The good seed sown in early youth,
The right instruction given,
May well repay you for your care
And bring forth fruit for heaven.*



Getting a Good Start

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS"

"I WISH that I knew just how to begin," said Hilda Montgomery, snapping the scissors together a bit vigorously in cutting the thread with which she was sewing some filmy lace on a doll's party dress of pink silk.

The junior class of girls in the Ross Avenue Church were spending the last Saturday forenoon before Christmas in the church parlor, making their own gifts for the tree that was to bear its fruit the next week for the members of the little mission church and Sunday-school for which Ross avenue members were sponsors; and the conversation had turned upon the first "theme" that Miss Preston had used in her "Story-Telling Week," ended some days ago. The theme had been "How to Make Your New Year's Wish for Happiness Come True."

"Why, don't you remember, Hilda, that she said the very first thing to do is to be happy yourself? Because you can't, surely, make a happy New Year for someone else if your own face is clouded," said Margaret Olney, holding up the last one of a set of table napkins that she was hemming, to see if her stitches were even and daintily small.

"Yes, indeed, I remember that; and I remember, too, that she also said that if that seemed too hard, for us just to try to keep sweet, smiling, and pleasant to everyone, no matter how we feel, until noon. Then begin fresh after lunch each day to take care of the afternoon and evening; but that doesn't help me much when I can't see just how I'm to be happy at all, with this big disappointment hanging over me like a cloud every day," and the voice weakened, the lips quivered, as the words came out

brokenly, although the tears that welled up to the eyelashes were held bravely back.

The girls knew just what was on Hilda's mind, for she had been looking forward to spending the coming year in New York with her favorite uncle, known as "Montgomery Montgomery" in the directory, but as "Uncle Mont" in the family. His wife, Aunt Alice, was as popular as himself with the juveniles of the large family, who, with their elders, were scattered in the states of Ohio, Minnesota, Maine and Tennessee.

Hilda belonged to the Minnesota contingent; and she had had the promised visit so long in contemplation that when a telegram came to her mother from a relative in Maine, saying "Ade-laide has had a stroke. Come if you can," Hilda felt intuitively, as older people sometimes do in such cases, that her "dream castle" would tumble down now, perhaps never to be rebuilt. And her intuition had been so far verified; for her mother had left, almost at once, to be with her sick sister-in-law in Maine, and Hilda's trip to New York was given up, of course, as she could not be spared from home.

Unless you have had some great disappointment like Hilda's you can hardly

have been really envious of Hilda's good fortune, had they not loved her so well. Besides, they, too, had a "disappointment" in hers—which was none the less keen because it was to have been only a "share" in her pleasure by way of her letters; for Hilda was a wonderful letter writer, and once a week the class was to send her a "round-robin" letter, and she was to send to the class a letter for all, detailing her adventures for the week; and all the letters—theirs and hers—were to be kept, and later bound, for other girls in interior towns to enjoy.

Try this plan yourself, even if you are not going away, just to see how much you can put into the every-day life that is worth writing about, and how much you can get out of it for the benefit of other people.

But, to get back to our story: None of the girls quite wanted to speak for a moment, for fear of the break in their own voices; and yet they did want to comfort Hilda, and that first theme in the "Story-Telling Week" had gripped their little hearts as the true, the good, the pure, the beautiful always sinks into a real girl's real heart—even when she "pretends" not to care, for fear someone will know the real depth of her real emotions. Girls—of all ages—like to

"Good!" said Margaret. "That's both bright and practical. Now let's 'get together' right there, at that point, and think of something that Hilda can do to forget her disappointment, and something that we can do to forget our own; and let us try to help each other!"

"Good!" came from Florence Adams, who had not spoken before. "Hilda can write all her letters, just as if she had taken her trip. We'll write our 'Round Robin' just the same. Then we can have both to send to our country cousins and 'shut in' friends, as we had planned; and maybe we shall find other simple ways of making other people happy and so make our New Year wishes begin to come true right away!"

And "it was so ordered." Do you want to know the result? I can tell you, of course; but I'd prefer to have each of you begin the New Year in some such way, and live out your own stories—making the result come out just as you want it to. Isn't it just grand that you can? I'll tell you a little, however: Hilda's mother didn't have to stay in Maine, all the year, as Hilda had feared she must!



The Sabbath Day

The Sabbath day is one of God's choicest gifts. The Christian Sabbath is the Lord's day, and we should use it for rest and worship.

God's commandment is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Yet there are multitudes of people who neglect this holy day, and who use it for their own pleasures, instead of for the worship and service of God.

The Sabbath day will be a means of great blessing to us if we use it aright, but if we misuse it, God will surely show his displeasure with us for not honoring his holy day.

It is always right to do good on the Sabbath day. And besides going to church on the Lord's day we may visit the sick, comfort the sorrowing, help the distressed, and do many things to help others, and in doing such things we know that we are pleasing the Lord Jesus Christ, for he went about doing good on the Sabbath day.



Talking Shoes

Like the native Africans, the South Sea Islanders are very proud if they can get hold of a pair of European shoes. They are especially gratified if they acquire a pair that squeak, or, as the Africans call them, shoes that talk.

A story is told of a South Sea Islander, who came into church with shoes merrily a-squeak. He walked proudly to the front and removing the shoes, dropped them out of the window, so that his wife might also have the pleasure of coming in with "talking" shoes.



Sunshine Further On

The mountain's base is wrapped in gray
And chill and cheerless is the way,
As slow I tread the shadowed trail
That stretches upward still and pale.
But as I rise I see it glow
With what seemed mist and cloud below.
And soon I stand amid the dawn
Of warmth and sunshine—farther on.

O, soul, that beats the shadowed air
About the base of summits fair,
Be brave and patient. Mists obscure
The lower way, but hold secure
The higher path. For thou must rise
On toiling wings to clearer skies
And though the way seems dull and gray,
It lightens toward the summit day.
Thou, too, shall stand amid the dawn
That flowers in sunshine—farther on.

—THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.



ON GUARD

realize what it meant to her; but suppose you just shut your eyes now and see the panorama as Hilda had seen it for days, weeks and months—each hour bringing it a little nearer. First, the trip itself in a parlor car by day and a sleeping car by night—for Uncle Mont never did anything "by halves"; and Hilda had never been in anything but a day coach, and that only twice in her life! Then, and perhaps this weighed more than even Hilda knew, she was to have an entire year away from school, with its home work, report cards, tests, and examinations; but, in their stead there were to be concerts, lectures, visits to art galleries, museums, the "zoo," places of wonder and of historic interest, the great stores, bridges, ferries, subways, "tubes," elevated, "Little Italy," and all the fairy-tale places and people of which she had ever heard or read about in New York!

Again, she was to go on short trips with Uncle Mont and Aunt Alice to Washington, Florida, perhaps to Boston, and all by way of the big, wonderful Atlantic Ocean!

I'm not surprised that she was disappointed; nor were the girls, who might

hide some of their best emotions, as a rule.

Julia Fitzgerald was the first to speak, and she did it timidly: "You know, Hilda dear, that the second step toward having a Happy New Year, and toward making one for others, was said to be the doing of something to bring happiness to someone else."

"Yes," replied Hilda, "but that's traveling in a circle. I'm right where I started, because I don't know just how to begin; and I can't take the second step until I've taken the first one."

"Do you remember the first thing that we did in our school-garden, Hilda, to get the ground ready for our seeds?" asked Julia, suddenly.

"Why, yes," laughed Hilda, joyously; "we pulled up all those ugly burdocks and the wild-carrot. But I wish you'd help me in my problem of how to start the new year—so as to get the right answer, instead of going back to spring-garden work"; and Hilda wiped away a tear that would fall in spite of her.

"Why, I was just thinking that we might all manage our thought-gardens as we did our flower-and-vegetable gardens," answered Julia, seriously.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Manse for Hopedale Church

By J. L. Glover

HOPEDALE Church might have been called a church-let, so small was it in point of numbers, so poor as to funds and so insignificant as to the size of its house of worship. But in faith—the kind that moves mountains—it was strong.

A church which numbers among its members two such women as Mrs. Wentworth and Mary Hope need not despair, however poor in earthly things it may appear.

Mrs. Wentworth was the widow of the first pastor of the little church. Sixty years ago she had come to Hopedale as a bride, full of hope and plans for the work they were to do together. But before five years had passed, John Wentworth, having been faithful over a few things, was called up higher, and his young wife, thus early left a widow, made her home in Hopedale, filling her empty life with service.

The church owed more to her prayers than anyone knew, and the poor and sick, of whom there were some, even in green, pleasant little Hopedale, loved and blessed her name. A genial, gracious, charming old lady at eighty, she was still the leading spirit in the church, and nothing was ever done without her approval and co-operation.

She lived by herself, save for a faithful old servant, in a pretty cottage close to the church; and because there was no manse, and it was more convenient for her than anyone else, she had always provided board for the minister. She had plenty of room, and when the pastor was a married man with a large family, she said it kept her young to have the house full of life and noise; and when he was a young man, she said it was a rest to have it quiet for a while. Either way, she said, it did her good.

Just across the way from Mrs. Wentworth's cottage lived Dr. Hope and his daughter, Mary, who had kept house for her father ever since her mother's death when she was only eighteen years old. Mary was now twenty-five; a pale, slender girl, with quiet gray eyes and a mouth of wonderful sweetness. She and Mrs. Wentworth, two lonely women, were much to each other. To Mary, the old lady was like the mother she had so early lost; and Mrs. Wentworth had taken the girl to her heart, in that desolate time, almost as if she had been her own little daughter, another Mary, who had but paused a little while in this world, and then passed on to the next.

"I'm getting old, Mary," the old lady said, one day. "It begins to be almost too much for me to board the minister. If Mr. Raymond wasn't such a quiet man, giving no trouble at all, and his wife helping me about the house, I hardly see how I could manage it any longer. I must surely be growing old."

She laughed—a sweet, silvery laugh. She was a pretty old lady, with a soft, blush rose tint in her cheeks, and hair like spun silver framing a fair face with eyes as deeply blue as when she was a girl. Mary looked at her, startled at this confession of failing strength. It had never occurred to her that Mrs. Wentworth was old at all.

"Then Hopedale Church must have a manse," she said, decidedly. "We have needed one a long time, only you have spoiled us. Now it has to be done."

"Let us work for it, then, and pray while we work, child," returned the old lady.

When Mrs. Wentworth and Mary Hope made up their minds that a thing must be done, it generally came to pass. They prayed with fervor, and supplemented their prayers with such earnest work, that before long the enterprise of raising funds for the manse was fairly

under way. The Ladies' Aid held meetings, and sewed, and had sales of fancy-work, and devised little entertainments of various kinds. Even the children caught the prevailing enthusiasm, and made candy and picked berries for sale, adding their pennies to the fund, which grew slowly, but surely.

In two years more the amount had grown to five hundred dollars, and the manse seemed almost in sight.

"If we had five hundred more, we could begin to build," said the trustees.

"We'll keep on working and praying, and it will come," returned Mrs. Wentworth, stimulating the workers with her faith that never faltered.

That fall, the old lady failed suddenly, and Mary gave up all her time and thoughts to her; and thus for a time the work for the manse fund languished a little. Finally Mrs. Wentworth died, on a soft, beautiful Indian Summer day, when the woods were brown and golden, and the sky was like a glorious gateway into Heaven. She passed quietly, painlessly away in Mary's arms, with Mary's name on her lips, mingled with words of prayer; and through her tears for her own loss, Mary Hope thanked God that the brave, patient soul had gone to meet her reward for long years of faithful service in the Master's name.

When all was over, and Mrs. Wentworth's affairs were settled, it was found that she had left her small property to Mary, consisting of a few hundred dollars and the pretty cottage by the church.

"So now you are a rich woman, I suppose you will be wanting an automobile, and a trip to Europe," said Dr. Hope, teasingly, to his daughter.

"If you will go with me, it would do you good," returned Mary, with her quiet smile, well knowing that no earthly consideration, short of absolute necessity, could drag her father out of Hopedale. "On no other condition, Dad."

Hopedale, which took a vivid and kindly interest in everybody's affairs, was much exercised to know what Mary would do with her legacy.

"The money she can put in the bank, of course, and have the interest to spend," said the neighbors, settling the matter for her, in true neighborly fashion. "But what will she do with the house? Rent it? Sell it? Live in it herself?"

"No; why should I, when I have a comfortable home with my father?" said Mary, quietly, when this solution came to her ears.

"But it is such a pity for a nice house like that to stand idle and shut up," ventured the inquisitive neighbor.

"I shall think of something," was all the satisfaction Mary gave.

But a thought was forming itself in her mind, taking shape gradually into a plan; and one moonlit night, as she and her father sat on their piazza, looking across the way to where Mary's house—Mrs. Wentworth's home of so many years, hallowed by such sacred memories—stood, white and fair and silent in the silver radiance, she told him of it.

Dr. Hope turned and looked at his daughter.

"Are you in earnest, Mary? Do you mean that you want to give that house and lot to the church for a manse? It means a good slice of your little property. Think well before you decide."

"I have," said Mary. "The money I shall put in the bank, as Mrs. Conway recommends," with a fleeting smile. "It will be pleasant to have something to give away, and to know that there is a little in case of a rainy day. But the house I should like to give to be the manse for our church. I could not bear to have it occupied by strangers; but I

think *she* would like this, father." Her lips quivered.

"It shall be just as you wish," returned the doctor, gently. "Only be sure, child, before you decide finally. Take another night to sleep over it."

"I have decided," said Mary, but she took the night, as he advised, and did more than sleep over it. Morning found her quietly resolved, with a look of deep, solemn joy on her pale face.

The matter was then laid before the trustees; and in due time it was settled, and the Manse for Hopedale Church became an established fact. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, the quiet couple, who gave no trouble and "helped about the house," lived on in it for a time; and when he was called to another and larger field, there came a young pastor with a sweet-faced wife and a group of rosy, happy little ones, who filled the quiet rooms with youth and brightness.

The little white-walled manse is the happiest of homes, and from it there flows out the spirit of love, and of work "while it is day."

"It is what she would have wished," said Mary to herself, looking across from her window, as she had formed the habit of doing, at the Manse of Hopedale Church; and to her sometimes, as she looks, it seems as though, could she only see a little more clearly through the "mists and vapors" of earth, she might discern among its dwellers a white-robed form which lingers lovingly there.

Do Not Be Discouraged

On a Clyde River steamboat, we are told, a gentleman was distributing tracts. Among those who received them was a Christian man, a resident of Glasgow, who made the remark that he used to give away tracts himself, but stopped doing so many years before, as he had become convinced that such work did not result in very much good; in fact, he thought the time spent in tract distribution was little better than wasted.

The other man, on hearing this, said that his own conversion had resulted from a tract that had been given him, when a lad of twelve on the street one wintry night. The person who gave him the leaflet also invited him into a

gospel meeting. He accepted the invitation and heard words at the service that awakened him to serious thoughts. Later he turned to the tract, seeking knowledge as to how to become a Christian, and from it he learned the way to God.

The gentleman who had referred to tract distribution as a work of very little importance then asked the other when it was he received the tract, and before the conversation had proceeded much further, learned that it was from himself that the lad had received the leaflet that had been so fruitful in results. Thus did he realize that tract distribution is a work of importance, and that his criticism was far from justified.

Religious literature contains abundant proofs of the value of this kind of Christian work, and presents many instances where a tract was the means of the conversion not only of one person but of several, among whom were some who became efficient workers in making the gospel known to others. And the wonderful thing about such work is that no person is so poor that he cannot engage in it. It is work that all of us can help along.

We Give Thee Thanks

For the discipline of sorrow,
For the angel of distress,
For the unseen hands that draw us
Into greater blessedness;
For the lips that close in silence,
For the strong hands clasped in prayer,
For the strength of heart that suffers,
But sinks not in dull despair;
For the penitence and patience
That are meek beneath the rod,
And for hope's glad resurrection,
We give Thee thanks, O God!

For the hope that right shall triumph,
For the lifting of the race,
For the victories of justice,
For a coming day of grace,
For the lessons taught by failure
Learned in humbleness and pain,
For the call to lofty duties
That will come to us again,
For the hope that those who trust God
Never shall be put to shame,
For the faith that lives in home-land,
O God, we praise Thy name!

—SELECTED.

USEFUL AND ATTRACTIVE PREMIUMS

Splendid Pocket Knives are offered to those who secure new subscriptions for the AMERICAN MESSENGER. These knives are manufactured by the well-known firm of T. F. Curley & Co., of New York City. All blades are hand forged from the best steel. Only the best material and the finest workmanship are used in the making of these knives.

A Beautiful Pearl-Handled Knife

Given free and postpaid for only 3 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each

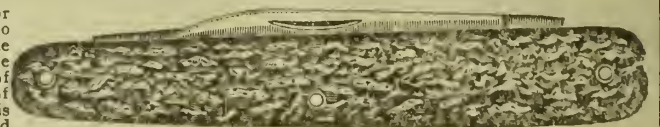


The handle is of heavy iridescent pearl. The bolsters and lining are German silver. The two blades are fine English hand-forged steel, carefully tempered and hardened. The large blade is a regular cutting blade and the other is a nail cleaner and file. The Knife is 2 3/4 inches long. This knife is suitable for either lady or gentleman.

Pocket Knife No. 2174

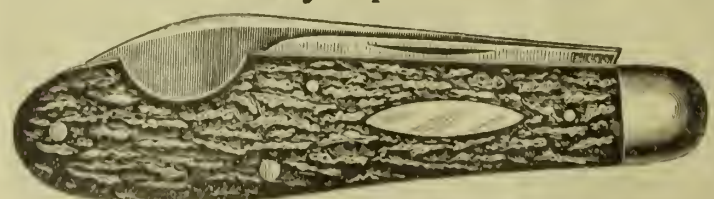
Given free for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50c. each

This Knife for gentlemen has two blades. Each blade opens easily. The blades are made of finest quality of steel. The handle is of patent stag, and is brass-lined.



Easy Opener Knife

Given free for only two yearly subscriptions at 50c. each



This Knife is called the "Easy Opener" because of the way the handle is cut so as to secure a good grasp of the blade when opening it. No broken nails or sore fingers from trying to open this knife. It has two good, strong, polished, hand-forged steel blades, stag-handled, shaped so as to give a good, firm hold. It has a German silver bolster and name plate, and is brass lined. It is a handsome, strong, serviceable knife for either man or boy.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave. and 40th St., New York City

IN THE MISSION FIELDS

Korean Ancestor Worship

A very interesting picture was recently received by the American Tract Society, of which a reproduction is presented on this page.

This picture portrays a typical example of Korean ancestor worship. It shows us three sons who have prostrated themselves at the grave of their father. In accordance with the established ritual of their faith they have presented offerings and are worshipping on the anniversary of their father's death. In accordance with Korean custom they have removed their shoes, which may be seen in the picture upon close inspection. They are robed in full mourning costume, for in Korea white is the emblem of mourning.

Filial piety is a virtue, but superstitious practices such as those represented in this scene are greatly to be deprecated. It is to combat such superstition and to exalt the worship of the one true God that Christian missionaries have entered into the land of Korea.

One of the most effective agencies for the spiritual enlightenment of the people is the Korean Religious Tract Society, whose headquarters are in Seoul and whose efficient superintendent, Mr. Gerald Bonwick, has furnished the photograph from which the illustration has been taken. This Korean society is one of many that are aided by annual cash appropriations from the American Tract Society.

In South Africa

In a recent issue of *The South African Pioneer* Mr. Scott Searle, a missionary at Lutubeni, in Tembuland, tells of his work in the following words:

"The Lord's command is to preach the Word, instant in season, and out of season. If this injunction were only more fully obeyed there would be much more good done than there is in this dark and needy world.

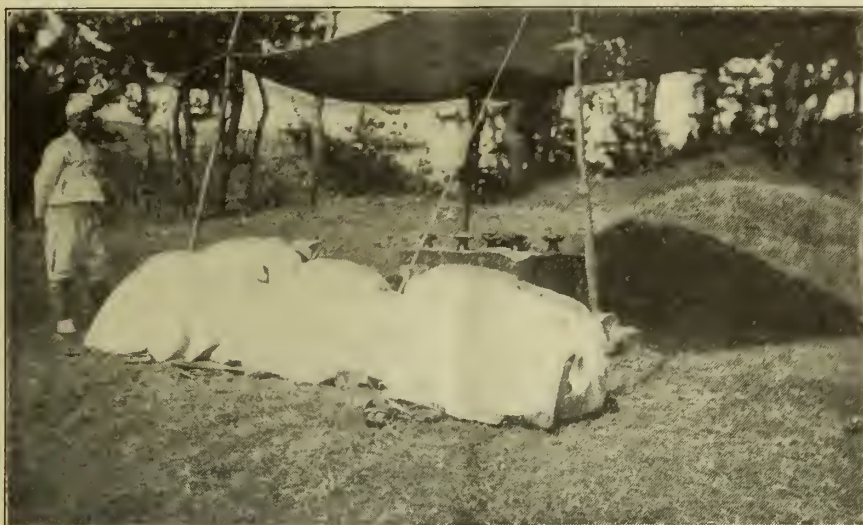
"A woman, while passing here, met with a serious accident, which proved fatal. We seized the opportunity to point her to Jesus. The word was effectual, for she died trusting in the Lord.

"A young man was working here. We approached him about his soul. He was the son of Christian parents, but had never made any Christian profession. During some revival services he came out fully for Christ, but, sad to say, through some indiscretion he caught a severe cold on his lungs, and after a short illness passed away. On his death-bed he gave a bright testimony of his faith in his Saviour. If the above injunction had not been carried out, these precious souls would probably have been lost.

"We have been holding revival services here at Lutubeni and at the out-stations, Wilo and Putuma. At these three places there have been unmistakable signs of the Lord's working. I will merely mention one case from each place.

"At Lutubeni the greatest sinner of the neighborhood has been converted. My readers would be horrified if all the misdoings of this man were enumerated. For years he had been the devil's cat's-paw, but now I believe God has gripped him. To listen to his testimony and prayers is most encouraging.

"At Putuma an old woman, old also in sin and iniquity, came to Jesus to be made clean. Many years ago she was a Christian in Pondoland, but on coming to these parts she relapsed into heathenism. Later she was reclaimed, but again she forsook the way of righteousness. The difficulty with her was her unwillingness to make a clean cut with her heathen friends. Under our ministry she again came back to God, but, although she had repented, yet it was evident to all that she knew not the joy of sins forgiven. Like the people of



KOREANS WORSHIPING AT THEIR FATHER'S GRAVE.

whom Paul wrote, she was going about to establish her own righteousness. She was a stranger to the way of faith, but in the revival the veil was removed, and the heavy burden of her many sins rolled away.

"At Wilo we will not mention the case of a great sinner, but of a young woman who was a professing Christian, a church member who lived a consistent life, but was ignorant of the glorious teaching of justification by faith, the teaching which shook Europe under the mighty preaching of Luther. She did not even believe that one's sins could be forgiven this side of the grave. The Spirit of God worked, and she came right into the light; now she can give a clear testimony of her justification. We thank God for these cases, and for others also blessed during these services.

"Let me mention one case—a heathen woman, who has often attended morning prayers, as she has been constantly doing odd jobs for my wife. It was noticed that she listened attentively, and there did not appear on her face the hard, indifferent look characteristic of the heathen. When the revival came, some of the Christians were sent out to hold a meeting in her kraal. There, at the first opportunity, she knelt at the mercy-seat and gave herself to God. Yesterday we were surprised to see her in the church clothed as a Christian and in her right mind. We were also agreeably surprised as we listened to her prayer, in which she said that she believed God had accepted her."

Chinese Are Eager to Learn

Rev. G. P. Bostick, of Pochow, China, tells of a splendid Bible class consisting of seventy-five men and boys. He says: "There were over seventy-five men and boys registered, ranging in age from fourteen to sixty-three, and in education from those who knew a very few characters—being present for absorption purposes—to one man with a Lin Sung degree in the old days and also a graduate of a government normal school.

"Some of these walked over two hundred miles to attend this class. They were all furnished free lodging, tea, water and fuel, and for some of those not in the employment of the mission or churches, the actual cost of their food was also paid. Most of this expense is provided by the churches and missionaries of these interior stations.

"On the Sunday before this class closed we baptized fourteen, most of them living at Pochow, but several from the Pochow out-stations. These have been interested from one to ten years. Several of them were of the teacher class and three or four of them are students in our recently opened day schools. We feel deeply grateful for these additions and are encouraged to hope that some of them may prove very useful men."

A Genuine Conversion

Rev. H. C. Tucker, the Agent of the American Bible Society in Brazil, tells the following story of the conversion of a young Brazilian. He says:

"About three years ago a young man had occasion to call at the house of a believer who handed him a small tract entitled 'Evangelical Religion Before the Public.' At the same time he saw on the table in this gentleman's house a book entitled 'The Bible.' He began reading the tract and was impressed with the fact that it must deal with the real truth in matters of religion. He was at once interested to know something more of the Bible, from which there were many quotations in this tract. He read some passages from the Bible for the first time in his life and felt at once that this must indeed be the Truth of God. As he seemed interested, the gentleman told him that he could take this book with him if he wished. Up to this time he had had no contact with the Bible; this was the first time in his life; he had had no special interest in religion, except to attend the festivals and the processions, or when there were great displays or any merriment or fun-making. He now became interested in the Bible, and as he read the Word he received light and found peace with God.

"Shortly after, a missionary was induced to visit the community and this young man had occasion then to make public confession of his faith in Christ and at once became deeply interested in bringing others to the knowledge of the truth and to reading of the Word of God. His desire to do active service took direction in the work of organizing a small day school in which he could teach the children the truths of the Bible. Previous to his receiving the Bible he had learned to read and was thus able to do something as a teacher. He began at once to ask for other religious literature and became a subscriber to two evangelical papers. At the convention held during my visit to Castro he showed very great interest in the discussions of the Bible work and in the Sunday schools. Two of his brothers were induced to accompany him and take part in this convention. It was exceedingly interesting to see these three brothers as they sat side by side, taking in every word that was said and at the same time making record of all said, in their minds, as well as suggestions that they proposed to follow out on their return home.

"This young man asked me to buy for him a Portuguese dictionary, and handed me some money and asked me to send a small Bible and any other books and literature that might be helpful to him in enabling him to organize a Sunday school and carry forward Christ's work in his community. He frankly lamented his lack of education and preparation for service in the cause of Christ, but said

he had resolved by the grace of God to do the very best he could. He and his brothers, and others in his community, have combined together their small offering and have bought a piece of ground and are proposing as soon as possible to put up a small church building. It was indeed refreshing to hear them tell their experiences and give expression to their great joy in finding peace and pardon through Jesus Christ.

"We are constantly running upon these interesting incidents of individuals who have been brought into the light and into the knowledge of Jesus Christ through the reading of God's Holy Word."

The Power of One Child's Life

May we not catch a spiritual glow from the simple story of a nine-year-old child, Gnanakanammal, of India, who had been a pupil in a mission school, "where she had learned Bible verses, Christian songs and how to pray." The child was taken ill, and while on her sick-bed she repeated verses and sang Christian hymns and urged her people to accept Christ. When the family recognized that the end was approaching they allowed the minister to come and baptize her. The impression made by this young life, dedicated to Christ, was so strong that after her little body was laid away forty members of the family, with relatives, renounced heathenism and accepted Christ. The girl's father, now known as Solomon Rangaswami, has stated that he will not rest until he has brought a hundred souls to Christ. Who can measure the power of one little child filled with God's Spirit?

Effects of Missions on the Eskimos

When the first Moravian missionaries in 1764 visited the Labrador coast, says a writer in the *Christian Herald*, no Eskimo-Rajak could be trusted within gunshot. Murderous bands would go for hundreds of miles in summer to the southern part of the coast, where under the cover of fog or night they would suddenly approach a lonely fishing schooner. If they found themselves in the majority, they would draw the dagger, secretly concealed in their left sleeve, and do their murderous work.

And to-day we have not only Christian congregations, but practically a Christian Eskimo nation.

A specially striking contrast between the Eskimo of old and of today is seen in the condition of the aged, the infirm and orphans. In olden times the relatives usually got rid of such, simply by abandoning them on some lonely island. Now the old and sick are mostly well cared for; an orphanage is not needed, either, as nearly anyone is ready to take an orphan into his house if near relatives are wanting.

A Union Christian Paper for Korea

At the last annual meeting of the Federal Council of Missions in Korea, after full discussion it was decided to begin a Union Christian paper for all Korea. The funds for starting it (4,000 yen) will be loaned from the Hymn Book fund. The Korean Religious Tract Society will manage the paper—thus insuring thorough business methods. Both the Methodists and Presbyterians felt that their denominational papers had not been accorded such a measure of success as to warrant continuing them. This new paper will be the only one (theological papers excepted) that will be published by the co-operating Missions. The new paper is to appear this January. With the strong committee in charge of it and its opportunity to fill a much-felt want it should soon become a power for good in Korea, thus furnishing an additional evidence of the unity that marks Korean Missions.



The Family Circle

The Mountain of "If"

By Jane Ellis Joy.

FATHER," said John Vaile, Jr., "I'm going to speak a piece at the New Year celebration to-morrow."

"Very nice," responded his father absent-mindedly, without taking his searching eyes from the business ledger that he was examining under the electric light. He had brought the book home for a final review.

Mrs. Vaile saw that her husband was preoccupied, and she quietly led the children into her own room, so that their prattle and play might not disturb their father.

John Vaile did not perceive that they had left the room. He only knew that his business was going from bad to worse; that the coming New Year would see him deluged with bills which he saw no way of meeting. When he realized, a few minutes later, that the eyes of neither wife nor children were upon him, he put down his pen and bowed his head over the book that recorded his losses and failures.

In imagination he saw himself informing his wife that housekeeping expenses would have to be cut down; that the pretty home that was partly paid for would have to be given up; that contemplated luxuries would have to be foregone. In the humiliating vision he heard acquaintances say: "If John Vaile had only had a little more 'push,' this wouldn't have happened." John felt no

resentment at this depreciation of himself. He acknowledged that the criticism was justified.

He said to himself that he never should have branched out as he had done. The small success that he had enjoyed some ten years ago had naturally caused him to overrate his abilities. Those early results of his efforts he now attributed to luck—mere luck, and youthful enthusiasm.

If he were only younger, he believed he would begin all over again. The current was hard against him. If he could borrow sufficient money on easy terms, or if his creditors would accept notes, he thought he might weather it out. He recalled a number of friends who were doing well. If he had only had a college education, like Robert West, or if he possessed the personal magnetism of Charles Hart, he was sure he could take hold of something in their line. Confidence in one's self was a great asset. How he longed that he only had more of it!

He wished that he was only one to make friends more easily. He was painfully conscious that he didn't invariably make a good first impression. Men had to know him to trust him.

"If I'm a failure at thirty-five, where will I be at fifty?" he thought miserably. "I seem to be getting out of touch with modern methods. I'm like one fighting the battles of to-day with the weapons of yesterday. Between me and all that I would accomplish there rises the great Mountain of IF!"

The door leading to the hall opened, and a boy stepped into the room. "Father," asked John, Jr., in the high treble tone of a nine-year-old, "have you done your counting? Because, if you have, I want to tell you about my piece. I don't know it all yet."

"Oh, you don't know it yet!" repeated John Vaile, somewhat relieved. He was not in a mood to listen to a child's recitation.

"I don't know it quite well enough to say it off by heart," explained John, Jr. "I have to look over some of the verses. I'm surely going to get every line of it before I go to bed. But I can tell you now what it's about."

"Well, go ahead," said father, closing his ledger resignedly and folding his arms.

"It's the story of two workers in stone," began John, Jr. "Long ago they were building a temple. An artist started to carve a statue to stand at the front door. He began all right; but his tools got dull as he worked on the stone, and he broke the point off his best chisel. And what do you s'pose he did?"

"Sharpened them up again," guessed father.

"He ought to have done that, but he didn't. He just threw the tools away and said they were no good; he couldn't do nice work with a broken chisel. 'Twasn't then like it is now; there were no tool shops in that country. And the worst of it was, a war broke out and the men who made tools were kept busy making swords and things to fight with. The other men working on the temple went on building, and the temple was finished—all but this one statue. The king sent word to the stone-carver to finish the statue. The man said he would if he could get another chisel like the one he broke. But it appeared he couldn't get it."

"One day another stone-carver came along and stopped before the temple,

looking at the unfinished statue. To the chief constructor, who happened along, he said: 'This unfinished statue spoils the appearance of the building.'

"Yes, it is a disgrace to the city," replied the chief constructor, "and the king is vexed about it. If the artist would only take up the work and finish it as well as he can with the tools to be had, it would look better than it does now. As it is, another artist could hardly do justice to the statue, not knowing the design."

"The chief constructor walked on, and the stone-carver stood studying the unfinished statue. He came the next day and studied some more, and by-and-by he felt that he knew what the other artist had intended to carve. 'I can finish it,' he thought to himself. He had no tools, and he was too poor to buy any; but he looked around among the weeds and grass near the temple door for the tools that the other man had thrown away. Fortunately, he found the old broken chisel, and with this he got to work. I guess he asked the chief constructor first, though the poetry doesn't say so. Well, he had to work pretty slowly, for fear of spoiling the figure on the stone. But he loved his work and was awfully careful, and after a while he finished the statue."

"Everyone said it was mighty fine. People came to look at it. Everybody was pleased, and the king was more delighted than anyone else, for he said that the stone-carver who had finished the statue was worthy of honor above all artists; because, not being able to get the best kind of tools, he had made very good use of the ones which he could get."

"That's a good story," said father. "If it sounds as well in verse as you tell it in prose, I'll be glad to hear the poetry to-morrow. Good-night, Johnny, and a happy New Year to you."

To himself John Vaile thought, as the door closed on the boy: "I'm not the first man to see the Mountain of IF. That mountain is an old institution. The stone-carver who threw away his chisel was discouraged by it. Perhaps, after all, I've been underrating my ability, just as he underrated the quality of his chisel."

Making the comparison, a quality long dormant in John Vaile stirred. It was as if the pressure that had held him captive to his fears had been withdrawn. In the little boy's story—that it was not so much the tool as the mind behind it that made for success—John Vaile saw his own mistaken attitude toward everyday things illuminated. Was this a lesson from heaven—a note of warning and encouragement?

Ah, that vague term, "faith!" Had it not a wider meaning than the one commonly given it? Did not faith in God include faith in one's own God-given powers of mind? Was it not a sort of treason to belittle one's own capacities? Napoleon had declared there were no Alps. Should not a nobler faith say there is no Mountain of IF?

Inspired by this thought, he rose and, parting the curtains, looked out. The snow that covered ground and shrubbery was a surprise, as he had not noticed the scattered flakes falling early in the evening. The world seemed new to him again.

His thoughts began running in new currents. Plans concerning his business long since abandoned as impractical were seen to be within the measure of attainment. Instead of being at the bottom of his resources, he saw that there lay within his reach many untouched opportunities.

The door opened quietly and Mrs. Vaile stepped in. "I'm sorry you had to be disturbed hearing Johnny's piece when you were so busy," she said. "Is the business in as bad condition as you feared?"

"No, my dear, not half as bad as I thought," said John Vaile cheerfully. "In fact there is every reason for believing that the New Year holds good things for us." As he spoke the clock struck twelve, and innumerable gongs and public bells announced that the old year was no more.

Our Superb Calendar

Already many hundreds of our subscribers have availed themselves of our Special Calendar and Subscription Offer, but for the benefit of those who have not yet secured a copy of the charming Calendar for 1916 entitled, "The Children's Hour," we make the following final announcement:

This superb Calendar has been secured by special arrangement with the Osborne Company, one of the largest producers of Art Calendars in the world. It measures 11 x 17 inches, and is printed in a rich sepia. When the year is ended, the date pad may be detached, and the Calendar will make a beautiful subject for framing.

We will give the Calendar, postpaid, and one year's subscription to the American Messenger (either new or renewal) for 60 cents.

We will give the Calendar as a premium to any present subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1916, and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all; in case the new subscriber should also desire a Calendar, the sum of \$1.10 must be remitted.

For every Canadian subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted and for every foreign subscription 24 cents, to cover the extra cost of postage.

No better remembrance for the New Year could be sent to a friend than a copy of this exquisite Calendar, together with a year's subscription to the American Messenger, whose monthly visits will be a constant and delightful reminder of the donor.

We will, upon request, send a copy of the beautiful Christmas issue for 1915 to every new subscriber, in addition to the full year's subscription for the coming year.

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Significant Facts

The following interesting facts regarding the progress of the prohibition movement in all parts of the world have been compiled by the Temperance Society of the Methodist Church:

Absinthe has been prohibited in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Holland and in France.

King Haakon, of Norway, closed the breweries on the outbreak of war.

The people of Iceland have banished alcoholic beverages from their island.

The Czar has broken the second serfdom of Russia with his prohibition ukase.

Germany has prohibited spirits in military districts and cautions its troops against all alcoholic beverages.

Public men and patriots of Great Britain denounce the liquor traffic as the country's greatest foe.

Australasia and Canada have a prohibition movement of promising proportions.

Many royal houses of Europe now oppose social recognition of the drink habit.

Nineteen States in America have State-wide prohibition laws and other States are hastening toward the prohibition column.

Local option victories are won by the temperance forces in the proportion of three to one lost.

A majority of the House of Representatives of the United States voted to submit a constitutional amendment.

Five hundred and fifty daily newspapers have notified the Temperance Society of the Methodist Church that they now decline all liquor advertising.

An investigation reveals that the use of alcohol as a medicine is decreasing in more than nine-tenths of the hospitals of leading American cities.

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"About a year ago," writes a Kansas woman, "my little six-year-old niece left the invigorating and buoyant air of Kansas, where all her life she had enjoyed fairly good health, to live in Ohio. She naturally had a change of diet, and of course a change of water, and somehow she contracted typhoid fever.

"After a long siege her case seemed hopeless, doctors gave her up, and she was nothing but skin and bones, couldn't eat anything, and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents, in trying to get something delicate and nourishing that she could eat, finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food, and it turned out to be just the thing.

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings and began to gain strength so rapidly that in a short time she was as well, playful and robust as if she had never been ill.

"We all feel that Grape-Nuts was the predominating factor in saving the sweet little girl's life."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

Crossing the Rubicon

BY FRANK B. M'ALLISTER.

THE historian Suetonius has related how, in one of his important campaigns, Caesar came to the banks of the river Rubicon, but delayed before crossing over. After he had revolved in his mind the importance of the step he was about to take he turned to those about him and said: "We may still retreat; but if we pass this little bridge, there is nothing left for us but to fight it out in arms."

While the general and his followers were hesitating, a decisive incident occurred. A person of noble mien and graceful aspect appeared close at hand sitting and playing on a pipe. Soon a number of soldiers gathered about him to listen, and among them were some trumpeters. Suddenly the musician snatched a trumpet from one of these, and, sounding the advance with a piercing blast, rushed down to the river and crossed to the other side. Caesar took the occurrence as a sign from heaven, exclaiming, "Let us go whither the omens of the gods and the iniquity of our enemies call us. The die is cast!"

So Caesar crossed, and with results that were important even to you and me. We know how he marched on Rome, how the empire was established, to be itself destroyed in time, that amid its ruins Christianity might arise and be spread throughout the known world along those famous roads that the imperial Roman government had established. It was surely an important decision that Caesar made by the banks of that little Italian river. Our lives are different because he crossed over.

Every day people are called to make decisions that, if not involving such tremendous historical consequences, are yet of vital importance to themselves and to a larger or smaller circle of friends. The prophet Ezekiel in his vision saw "multitudes in the valley of decision." The same multitudes are on our streets and in our homes to-day, only they are greater than those the prophet saw because the modern world is bigger than the world of yesterday.

Much sympathy should be given one halting between two opinions. A chronic

inability to "make up one's mind" may prove as great a handicap as some actual physical defect of lung or limb. Even in the range of smaller concerns a choice between two alternatives may tax conscientious minds with a stress that matter-of-fact people never know. The young housewife, shopping in the rug department, may consume real mental energy as she finally chooses one pattern as over against another. Shall one spend a vacation here or there, shall one purchase this garment or that, shall we paper the front room in blue or in pink? Such problems as these are entering into the average day of the average man or woman to make the day complex.

In more important fields decision is correspondingly more difficult. There are choices that almost inevitably affect the happiness and the usefulness of the whole after life. With the constant possibility of wrong judgment and mistake, we must all admit that to be a solemn hour which binds one irrevocably to some life partner, which leads one to enter some particular business or profession, or to cast in his lot with some particular part of the country. Great sympathy and wise counsel are due the young man or the young woman who is deciding these weighty questions on which so much of future weal or woe depends.

In making any choice careful consideration of the *pros* and *cons* should be given. No wise person makes a great choice blindly or through impulse. Some minds there are that can marshal all the facts in the twinkling of an eye and choose their course as by a sort of divination. Other minds work more slowly and may even find it serviceable to write out in parallel columns the advantages and disadvantages of a given situation, that the weight of the opposing arguments may be more plainly apparent. It is no mark of weakness to take time to consider. Half of the world's unhappiness might have been spared if we dwellers in it had acted less in haste.

To count the cost and to measure our resources is a Christian duty. Jesus said: "Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it." Hesitation before a step of far-reaching importance may prove a grace of high degree. Of another military leader, Caesar's own equal in prowess, we read that "Joshua rose early in the morning, and came to Jordan, he and all the children of Israel, and lodged there before they passed over." It was a wise caution to learn first the strength and position of the wild tribes dwelling beyond Jordan before they passed over to the attack.

Let the novice in any craft or profession be careful to count the cost. Let him pause long enough to weigh his own powers in relation to the opportunities open before him, and the demands to be made upon him. Forethought will reduce the number of round pegs in square holes. It will do away with the haphazard method of choosing life pursuits, a kind of selection which, in the case of college men as well as of high school boys, is, as Dr. Richard Cabot has said, "infinitely unintelligent."

When decision is carefully made, it is generally better not to reconsider it. Continually to canvass our reasons, after the step is taken, is to bring confusion into the whole situation. After Caesar had crossed the Rubicon he did not sit down on the opposite bank wondering whether he had acted wisely. He pressed on with energy to meet his enemies. There is a time to stop balancing arguments and get to work. A cautious man is in the path of ultimate and large success, but a "double minded man is unstable in all his ways."

A Wonderful Instrumentality

In an American city a godly young woman placed a searching tract upon the dressing-case of her mistress, whose eyes fell upon it while preparing for a fashionable fete. Her attention was arrested, her heart was touched, deep conviction of soul took possession of her, and soon she was led to know Jesus through the pardoning of her sins. Though possessed of great wealth and worldly

honors, being a leader in society, she laid them aside, became a humble Christian, and devoted her talents to the Lord, giving part of her time to tract work.

The circulation of tracts as a means of preaching the gospel is older than the art of printing. Wickliffe, the Reformer, was a great writer and distributor of tracts, employing his friends and pupils to multiply copies. Luther was a worker on the same line, but with the help, however, of the printing press, which came to his aid. Two hundred years after, Count Zinzendorf, another devoted German reformer, made extensive use of the printing press in the spreading of gospel tracts, etc. Toward the close of the eighteenth century Hannah More, from her own pen, produced the Repository Tracts which were so extensively used in her day. Still later on, Christians of various nations have been utilizing the facilities afforded by press, paper and ink for preaching the gospel by the printed page.

Harlan Page, that devoted soul-win-

ner, was possessed with a burning desire for the salvation of others, and it is asserted that through his instrumentality over one hundred were brought "out of darkness into light." He was a faithful tract distributor, and was for years identified with the publication of tracts.

A professional diver, while at the bottom of the sea, along the coast, noticed an oyster holding a piece of printed paper between its closed shells. The diver secured the slip, and through the goggles of his headdress began to read. It was a gospel tract, and coming to him thus strangely, so impressed his heart that he said: "I can hold out against God's mercy no longer, since it pursues me thus." He became while at the bottom of the sea a penitent and, as he was assured, a forgiven man.

Tracts have advantages peculiar to themselves. Their very silence commands the notice of those to whom a verbal appeal might not be acceptable. They often confront the reader, too, unexpectedly.—A. H. GOTTSCHALL.

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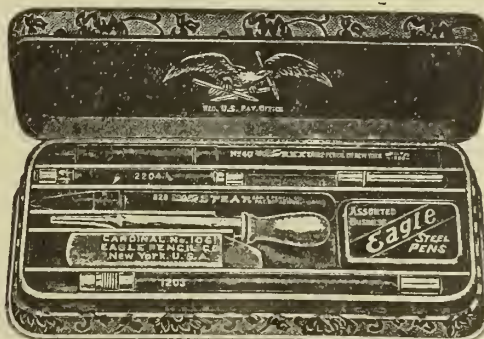
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OUR BOOK TABLE

Publishers will confer a favor by sending us announcements of their new books. So far as space will allow, we will ask publishers to send us for review such books as in our judgment will be of interest and value to our readers. We do not promise to review books that are sent to us unsolicited.

Any book here mentioned will be sent upon receipt of the given price, if ordered from the "American Tract Society," Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York City.

Peloubet's Select Notes.—This is the forty-second annual issue of a volume which many regard as indispensable for the study of the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons. It is prepared jointly by Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and Amos R. Wells, Litt.D., LL.D. The present volume deals with the lessons for the year 1916, which are selected from the Acts, Epistles and Revelation.

Each successive issue of this series shows an advance on the preceding, and the volume for 1916 compares favorably in this respect with all its predecessors. The results given have been gathered from a study of thousands of books, and the material is presented in the most scholarly manner. A broad view is taken of each lesson, and a successful effort is made to weave the entire series of lessons into one consecutive whole.

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No pastor, Sunday School superintendent, Bible class teacher or Christian worker who uses the International Uniform Lessons should fail to secure a copy of this invaluable commentary. (Cloth, 384 pages. Price, \$1.00 net; \$1.15 delivered. W. A. Wilde Company, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.)

The Sand-Table.—By Lillie A. Faris.

This book presents a novel and graphic method of object-teaching, particularly adapted to the needs of the Primary Department of the Sunday School. It presents a solution to the problem as to how to interest and instruct the children of tender years, whose undivided attention it is often so hard to secure. The authoress tells how to construct a sand-table, how to care for it and how to use it. Illustrations are given as to how best to tell a Bible story to the children by the aid of the sand-table, and useful suggestions are given as to map-making by the help of this unique device. (Cloth, 87 pages. Price, 60 cents, postpaid. The Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, O.)

Alleluia.—A Hymnal for use in Schools, in the Home, in Young People's Societies and in Devotional Meetings.

This is the latest addition to the admirable series of hymnals published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. It contains over 300 hymns and tunes, together with several Orders of Service and Responsive Readings, adapted both for general use and for special occasions. This book presents an excellent selection of hymns for the purposes for which it has been designed. It is well printed in clear type and makes an attractive volume to the eye. An extensive Topical Index adds greatly to its value and usefulness. (Cloth, 316 pages. Single copies 40 cents, postpaid; \$30.00 per hundred, carriage extra. Presbyterian Board of Publication Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Presbyterian Handbook.—Edited by Rev. W. H. Roberts, D.D.

This convenient little manual contains facts respecting the history, statistics and work of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., together with a list of the International Sunday School Lessons, Daily Bible Readings

and Weekly Prayer Meeting Topics. (Paper, 112 pages. Price, single copy, five cents, postpaid. Presbyterian Board of Publication, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Some Merits of the American Standard Bible.—By William M. Langdon.

This pamphlet emphasizes the advantage of the paragraph method of printing as used in the American Standard Revised Version of the Bible instead of the verse division of the Authorized or King James Version. It also points out the advantage of the use of the august name, "Jehovah," rather than the mere title "Lord," which is another distinctive feature of the American Standard Version. (Price, paper, 15 cents. For sale by Wm. M. Langdon, 50 Orange Street, Asheville, N. C.)

The Lure of Books

Books are an open door to a whole world of mental interests and delights. They constitute a treasure-island which all may visit and where all may obtain booty. Domains closed to one in the world as it really is may be frequented in fancy by one who cares to read.

America is the land of opportunity in this particular especially, that thousands of books are instantly available to the reader. It is possible for ambitious young people to work their way through college. It has been done thousands of times. But where circumstances positively prohibit going to college, the world of books makes self-education possible. Young people do not have to walk as far as Abraham Lincoln did to borrow a book nor do they have to read it by the light of a log fire. Facilities for reading are multiplying all the time. Libraries and reading rooms invite all to come and enjoy the pleasures of reading without money and without price.

What opportunities for travel the world of books offers! It is given to very few men to penetrate into the heart of Africa, or brave the terrors of the icy north, or scale the heights of the highest mountains, or visit the countries of the earth with all their objects of interest. But these possibilities, so remote to the average man, are brought nigh in the world of books. We remember that the great philosopher, Im-

manuel Kant, spent all of his eighty years in Königsberg, but he was an omnivorous reader of books of travel and the wide, wide world was familiar to him. He enjoyed the delights of traveling without traveling.

Through books we have access to all sorts and conditions of men. The world we live in may be strictly limited to our own station, but we may read ourselves into the most select society and gain admittance into the atmosphere of the great underworld. No region of human intercourse and action is unexplored. We may learn to know our fellowmen, their ways of thinking and living, their hopes, their fears, their sorrows and joys, their gifts and needs. It is a great privilege thus to be able to bring the distant near and to see elemental man in his close kinship to all mankind.

Vocational books enable a man to add to his equipment in his chosen occupation. All branches of human knowledge are brought to our doors in books. The same conflicts, emotional, moral, intellectual and spiritual, which we are called upon to face in the exigencies of human experience and along the common way of life, have been met by many before us and the story of their struggle is told in books for our profit and guidance. No individual taste need go unsatisfied in the world of books. There is nutriment for all our varied and complex needs. Information, instruction, inspiration, guidance, exhortation, warning, tears and laughter, life and death, all are found in books. The insistent demand of our common possession of books is that we read, read, read.

The average reader is entranced by fiction. Fortunately our best novels are on the right side of moral issues. Novels run a close second to actual life in demonstrating that the wages of sin is death. We always expect the wicked to be brought to account in fiction. Before we finish a story, we expect justice to crown virtue with happiness and villainy with punishment. Thus books become preachers, guiding us into the paths of righteousness. They lay down the principles of the moral world and reveal the folly of sin.

In our reading it is necessary to avoid monotony of diet. Novels afford pleasure, interest, reproof and incentive. But other branches of literature are even

more charged with idealism and beauty of thought. Poetry, essays, biography, history, etc.—what helpful and nourishing comrades these are. Our reading must include these. And the greatest and best book of all, the Book, the blessed Scriptures—these, too, we must search. For if all other books are the voice of men, the Bible is the Word of God. At the last, we are poor, indeed, if we have not lived by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God.

—THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

A Devout Policeman

Mr. Kimura, a Japanese evangelist, has been holding successful meetings in a tent near the Parliament buildings in Tokyo. This holds 1,500 or more people. Large numbers of decisions for the Christian life are reported—in some cases fifty to one hundred in an evening. Among them has been a policeman sent to keep order. He subscribed from his meager income for twenty New Testaments for distribution among inquirers.

A Strange Race

The Dinkas of the Eastern Sudan, among whom an Australian mission has recently started operations, are a people of cattle herders. They have the habit of knocking out their two lower front teeth, which makes utterance indistinct and, so far, renders more difficult for the missionary the task of conversing with them in their own language. Another curious habit which distinguishes these blacks is that of standing for hours on one leg while watching their cattle.

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The Way Is Short

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints! At least it may be said:
"Because the way is short, I thank thee,
God!"

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Be Alive

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE, D.D.

This is much the same as saying,
Don't die before your time; don't be
dead while having a name to live. Some
corpses stay altogether too long above
the ground unburied; or, at least, some
people have too close a resemblance to
that unpleasant mass of motionless,
nerveless tissue; they are moribund, if
not worse. While not actually or liter-
ally defunct, they are fundamentally
deficient in vitality; they are practically
blind and deaf and dumb, eyeless, ear-
less, voiceless and hopelessly somnolent.
We have all seen such, and it is not an
agreeable sight. We must prefer to be-
hold those who are wide-awake and
alert, with abounding vigor and down-
right earnestness. It is these who
achieve and arrive and enjoy. They
revel in the happy things to the produc-
tion of which they contribute. They are
enterprising, enthusiastic, energetic.
They effervesce not unfrequently, and
their neighbors experience a rejuvenes-
cence by rubbing up against them. They
are a good deal given to expressing
themselves; their testimony, at fitting
times, is not withheld. They take an
interest in public affairs, and are not
satisfied unless they feel that they have
done their part in promoting progress
and forwarding reform. They can be
relied upon to be a factor in producing
change for the better, and in fighting
for the right.

Some people are half-alive—dead and
alive, we designate them. Others are
all alive—brisk, active, vivacious, assid-
uous. They have a dash, a spirit, a
promptitude about them which makes
them delightful to look upon and help-
ful to associate with. The former say:
"Let well enough alone: what answered
for the fathers will answer for us;
there is a lion in the path; it will slay
us." The latter say: "There is a lion
in the path; we will slay it; we are
fathers; those who went before us are
our children, belonging to a younger
day, with much less experience; noth-
ing is well enough which can possibly be
made better." The favorite Scripture
of the former is: "Ask for the old
paths, and walk therein." The latter
prefer to quote: "Say not, what is the
cause that the former days were better
than these, for thou dost not inquire
wisely concerning this."

Some are fully alive physically. The
glow of health is on their cheek, power
is in their arms, their step is firm, their
glance high, their shout resounds. They
know how to be well. They have
learned the laws in this department, and
found that it pays to keep them. They
do their duty by their body, and they
have their reward.

Some are fully alive mentally. They
are keenly interested in the topics of
the day and the books of the season.
They enjoy a good talk with people of
intelligence, can hold their own in brisk
conversation, can think a theme through,
and produce a paper on it worthy of at-
tention. Their information is exact and
full, their intellectual capacity decidedly
above the average, their pleasure in
using their brains very manifest to
every one.

Some are fully alive spiritually. They
delight above all things in doing the will
of God, and in benefiting their fellow
men. With them to see an opportunity
of usefulness or of improvement in
goodness and righteousness is to seize
it. They are quick to lay hold of such
chances, and to make them. They plan

to gain a little more of the spirit of
Christ each day, and to fill up increas-
ingly the measure of their privileges in
religious growth. A high ideal of purity
and of piety beckons them forward, and
they cannot be content with mere ordi-
nary attainments.

But how few there are who com-
bine these three excellencies and are
alive at all points, bringing the energy
of their nature into play in every di-
rection! How few are developed sym-
metrically! If in robust health and
with a fair degree of mental vigor, they
may astonish us with a total lack of
interest in the things of the Spirit. Or
if they have a considerable enlargement
in the latter particular, their character
may be very sadly marred, their useful-
ness depleted if not wholly destroyed,
by ignorance and lack of common sense,
or by a total disregard of the funda-
mental rules which control the matter
of health.

Also to be noted in many quarters is
a deplorable misapprehension of what
constitutes true vitality. In physical
matters some confound it with bustle
and flurry, or with mere bigness and
bulging muscles; whereas real strength
is oftener indicated by quietness and
repose and self-control. Many there are
who needlessly expend every day an
amount of nervous energy sufficient to
prolong their lives not a little and im-
part a quality to their work now sadly
lacking. There is much strength shown
in sitting still. Verily our American
manners need a larger infusion of self-
restraint. The pushing and struggling,
the running and rushing—what boots it
all but to wear out the nerves the sooner
and with smaller genuine accomplish-
ment?

In mental matters it is not necessarily
the sign of high and generous life to
take up with every new idea, to adopt
quickly whatever strange theory knocks
for admission at the door of the mind
or of society—to become, in short, a
fadist. Nor does it show strength of in-
tellect uniformly to resist innovation,
unmindful of the truth that "new oc-
casions teach new duties." Spiritually
many make the sad mistake of confound-
ing noise, vociferation and emotional
demonstration with real power; nor can
they understand that "in quietness
and confidence shall be their strength,"
and "he that believeth shall not make
haste."

Let us, then, be thoroughly and gen-
uinely alive in body, mind and soul;
alive in thought, in business, in society,
in church and in our individual spiri-
tuality! Electricity is in the air these
days. Wake up! Keep moving! Push
ahead! Do your best! Nearly all of
us need to hear these salutations, and
lay to heart these cogitations. If we
think of them long enough, it may
arouse us to a more sedulous activity,
and produce within us a greater fulness
of immortality. —EXCHANGE.

Ohio Gaining Ground

As a result of the last election Ohio
remains speckled black and white on
the prohibition map, with white pre-
dominating. The voters of the State—
to be more exact, the voters of its two
large cities—defeated the prohibition
amendment to the State constitution by a
majority of 40,000. The dries, how-
ever, are rejoicing over the marked ad-
vance in prohibition sentiment. A year
ago State-wide prohibition was rejected
by a majority of 84,000 (which is, it is
well to remember, only five per cent.
of the total vote); this year that ma-
jority was cut in two. Last year sev-
enty of the eighty-eight counties voted
dry; this year seventy-four. Cincinnati
alone, it is said, keeps the State in the
wet column. The brewers' "stability"
measure, which would have prevented
for six years a vote on any constitu-
tional amendment which had been twice
defeated, was lost.

Our Bridge

No man can meet the whole burden
of man's sin. Only God Himself can
do this. So God became man in Christ
Jesus in order that he might do it. For

the first and the only time in all history
God and man were completely and
uniquely one in Jesus. Because God
became the Man Jesus, Jesus was and
is God. This fact is the guarantee of
the sufficiency of the atonement which
the God-Man wrought for us by his
death. His atonement would not have
been sufficient had he been only a per-
fect man. As Bishop Moule has said,
"A Saviour not quite God is a bridge
broken at the farther end." But, thanks
be unto God for His unspeakable gift,
our Bridge reaches from the lowest
depths of our hopeless sin to the heights
of the very holiness of God himself.
Christ carries us from the uttermost to
the uttermost, and keeps us safe every
step of the way.

—THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

The Comfort of God's Word

The latest report of the Leper Society
mentions a poor sufferer of Fusan who
died full of faith in the life to come.
His poor body, covered with many fear-
ful ulcers for years, had been wasted by
the terrible disease so that he was indeed
a pitiable object. Last year the leprosy
attacked his eyes, and knowing that he
would soon lose his sight he committed
to memory as quickly as possible pas-
sages from the Bible. After his eyes
were wasted away till but the empty
sockets remained he still comforted him-
self by meditating upon the assurances
of God's Word.

HARD TO DROP

But Many Drop It

A young Calif. wife talks about cof-
fee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java
and give Postum a trial, but my nerves
were so shattered that I was a nervous
wreck and, of course, that means all
kinds of ails.

"I did not want to acknowledge coffee
caused the trouble, for I was very fond
of it. At that time a friend came to
live with us, and I noticed that after
he had been with us a week he would
not drink his coffee any more. I asked
him the reason. He replied: 'I have not
had a headache since I left off drinking
coffee, some months ago, till last week,
when I began again here at your table.
I don't see how anyone can like coffee,
anyway, after drinking Postum!'

"I said nothing, but at once ordered
a package of Postum. That was five
months ago, and we have drunk no cof-
fee since, except on two occasions when
we had company, and the result each
time was that my husband could not
sleep, but lay awake and tossed and
talked half the night. We were con-
vinced that coffee caused his suffering,
so he returned to Postum, convinced
that coffee was an enemy, instead of a
friend, and he is troubled no more by
insomnia.

"I have gained 8 pounds in weight,
and my nerves have ceased to quiver.
It seems so easy now to quit coffee that
caused our aches and ails and take up
Postum." Name given by Postum Co.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:
Postum Cereal—the original form—
must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pack-
ages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—
dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water,
and, with cream and sugar, makes a de-
licious beverage instantly. 30c and
50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and
cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During November, 1915

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$203.73 for Special Objects), \$4,740.83.

ALABAMA, \$5.
Mr. Rodda, \$5.

CALIFORNIA, \$12.35.
Miss Brown, \$5; San Francisco, church collection, \$5; Mrs. Hancock, \$0.35; Mrs. Tupper, \$2.

COLORADO, \$7.
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DELAWARE, \$13.
Miss Spotswood, \$10; Miss Janvier, \$3.

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Miss Robertson, \$25.

FLORIDA, \$5.
Mr. Doan, \$5.

ILLINOIS, \$50.75.
Mrs. Paul, \$10; Mr. Hochstetler, \$16.45; Anonymous, \$2; Miss Powell, \$3; Mr. Schmidt, \$10; Mrs. Eggemeier, \$0.30; Fosterberg, church collection, \$2; Woodburn, church offering, \$3; Salem, church collection, \$4.

INDIANA, \$3.
Mr. Faulkner, \$2; Mrs. Wince, \$1.

IOWA, \$49.30.
Mrs. Walker, \$1; Mr. Breer, \$1; Mr. Meier, \$0.30; Miss Vaughn, to constitute herself a life member, \$30; Mr. Liebesknecht, \$5; Mr. Schluter, \$5; Mrs. Muller, \$1; Mr. Silliman, \$1; Mr. Bocking, \$5.

KANSAS, \$8.65.
Mrs. Parsons, \$1.40; Mrs. Krehbiel, \$3.95; Sister von der Smissen, \$0.30; Mr. Carlson, \$2; Mr. Lefebvre, \$1.

KENTUCKY, \$12.50.
Miss Graves, \$10; Mr. Kelly, \$2.50.

LOUISIANA, \$3.
Mr. Tiebout, \$3.

MAINE, \$15.32.
Miss Perkins, \$1; Miss Lord, \$2; Mrs. Hawkes, \$0.82; Mrs. Dow, \$1.50; Mr. Mitchell, \$10.

MARYLAND, \$2.
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MICHIGAN, \$150.70.
Rev. Mr. De Witt, \$1; Zealand, church collection, \$25; Rev. Mr. Rowland, \$0.25; Grand Rapids, church offering, \$12.45; Rev. Mr. Godard, \$5; Rev. Mr. Roese, \$5; Mrs. Krakowska, \$1; Mrs. Walton, \$1; Mr. Newberry, \$100.

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MISSOURI, \$112.95.
Mr. Jeffers, \$10; Mr. Peters, \$100; Mrs. Nulmeyer, \$0.65; Mrs. Toedtmann, \$0.65; Mrs. Humburg, \$0.65; Miss Handfield, \$1.

NEBRASKA, \$4.30.
Mr. Graham, \$3; Mrs. Schroeder, \$1.30.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$10.
Mr. Robinson, \$5; Mr. Wetherbee, \$5.

NEW JERSEY, \$2,680.47.
Atlantic City, church collection, \$3; Miss Morris, \$0.50; Mr. Walter, \$10; Miss Gossman, \$1; Franklin Park, church offering, \$12.04; South Orange, church collection, \$26.18; Atlantic City, church offering, \$12.09; Miss Dennis, \$2; Mr. Conover, \$2; Mrs. Lynde, \$10; Mr. Morse, \$2; Miss Allison, \$2; Mr. Mankin, \$1; New Brunswick, church collection, \$5; Miss Drury, \$1; Mrs. Spafford and daughters, \$6; Mrs. Voorhees, \$2.512.41; Mrs. Douglass, \$5; Miss Soper, \$1; Mr. Cutter, \$25; Mrs. McDonald, \$2; Mr. Phelps, \$1; Miss Williamson, \$1; Miss Stephens, \$5; Dr. Hepburn, \$5; Mr. Peters, \$0.65; Rev. Mr. Gruhnert, \$1; Miss Handcl, \$2; Miss Archer, \$5; Miss Sheldon, \$5; Mr. Abbott, \$2; Miss Van Master, \$1; Flemington, church collection, \$5.

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NORTH DAKOTA, \$6.
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Rev. Mr. Hege, \$5.

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Knoxville, Sunday-school collection, \$2; Mr. Anderson, \$2.

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Unknown, \$4.65; Rev. Mr. Schwab, \$2; Mr. Powell, \$5.

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Mr. Paul, \$200; Bishop Peterkin, \$5.

WISCONSIN, \$15.18.
Mrs. Knoll, \$1.18; Mr. Holt, \$10; Mr. Falkenstein, \$4.

FOREIGN.
Cuba, Habana—Church collection, \$5.

LEGACIES, \$485.
Clarion, Pa., Estate of Mrs. Margaret Bittenbender, \$285; Springfield, Mass., Estate of Mrs. Ellen B. Derby, \$200.

INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$650.
Income for annuitants, \$50.
Income for Missionary Work, \$600.

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth street, New York, N. Y.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied to within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

Notice to Authors

AUTHORS who submit manuscripts for publication to the American Tract Society are reminded that the Society does not hold itself responsible for the return of any manuscript. If a remittance is sent to cover the full cost of postage and registry, the Society will transmit a manuscript by registered mail upon the request of the author.

The Call of the New Year

The call of the New Year is

Build thee more stately mansions,
Oh, my soul;
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past.

It is the part of wisdom to take from the past the best it has to give, transform it into the terms and uses of the present and then move on to the building of "more stately mansions."

Life holds many hazards, and the happenings of the future are so uncertain that we need to use the present with wise discrimination. Yet no fear need fill the heart of one who trusts the future to God's hands. He guides and controls and we can say under all circumstances, "That's best which God sends; 'twas His will; it is mine."

The thoughts of the New Year should not be thoughts of the ease of attainment, but rather of opportunities for service. With all our plans we must be willing to let God have the most prominent part. We must seek His will, obey His voice, follow His guidance, and trust His love.

Dr. Theodore Cuyler's favorite text for the New Year was: "Let thine eyes look right on and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." There is profit in looking backward, but there is more good in the forward look. It is wise to study the past until we see the mistakes we have made, but it shows more wisdom to look forward and concentrate our gaze upon the things that may be done in the future.

No plan for the New Year is complete without a purpose to pursue definite study of the Bible. To read the Bible daily, to read it through in course or to read it for its poetry, history and philosophy, or to read it to learn the lessons from the life of the Master will infuse into the soul strength of purpose, loftiness of ideal, and loving sympathy with the work of God in the world.

It will help us if we remember during the New Year that only as we give in this world do we get good. The study of the life of some great missionary, such as Verbeck, of Japan, will burn into the soul the truth that the only life worth living is the life of Christian love. This life may be spent on the foreign field, in home mission work, in your own home, or helping the poor and needy in your own community. But if it is a life lived because of love for Christ, and a life patterned after His life, and a life poured out for others as was His life, it will bring blessedness and joy and peace.

Set before you a high ideal, push toward it with unflinching purpose, put your faith in God, and claim His gracious promises.

A poor young man once saw on a scrap of newspaper the sentence, "Push with energy; plod with patience; endure with pluck, and you can do anything that God approves." The words had been written by the president of Walden University. With three nickels in his pocket he plodded to Walden University. He earned his first dollar cleaning up the cellar of a warehouse. He did it so well that he never lacked work, and graduated from college and seminary with credit. He had a goal, and pressed forward to it.

Full well I know my soul's true goal
Lies still, lies ever, there before me;
I could not turn me if I would,
Though clouds and darkness gather o'er me.
And, though I fail and though I die
Far from my goal, my crown unwon,
No meaner star can tempt the eye
That once has known the steadfast sun.

—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

A Congenial Companion

A lady in Texas (Mrs. H. T. Shine of Itasca) has sent us this pleasant message:

"I enclose renewal subscription for the AMERICAN MESSENGER, as I see my time is about out. There are so many bright gems of thought in its columns, I love to linger in its atmosphere. It is a congenial companion. Send it on for another year."

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 791,142,050 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$796,137.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$15,439.05. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,617,820.90, which is the equivalent of over four billion tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 202,877; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 59,431, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last 73 years 17,326,937, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,406,676.

Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

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Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

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founded in 1843, is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, editorial contributions from prominent writers, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Christian Endeavor Prayer-Meeting Topics, News from the Mission Fields, a page for the Little Folks, and much other interesting and instructive matter, for both young and old. The price is very low, being but 50 cents a year, or in Clubs of five or more, 30 cents apiece for a year's subscription. Postage on foreign subscription, 24 cents additional; Canadian subscriptions, 12 cents additional.

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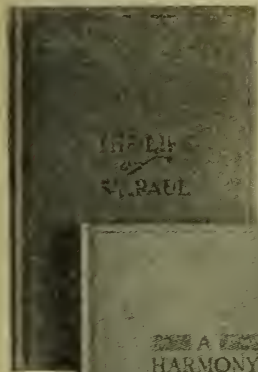
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1916—Sunday-school Supplies—1916

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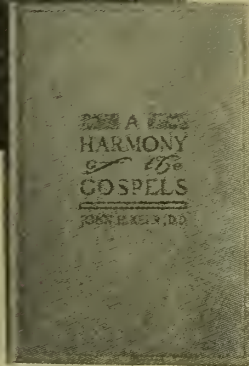
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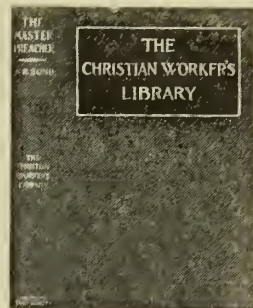
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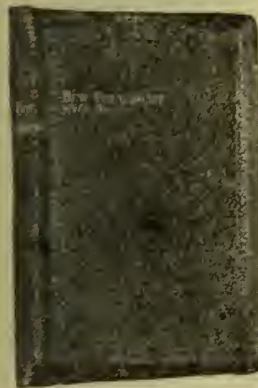
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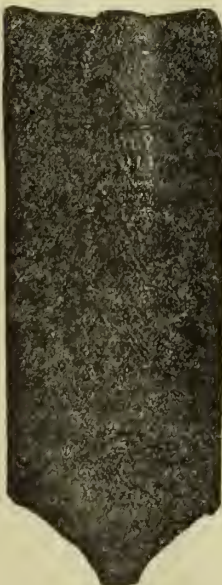
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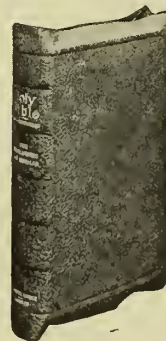
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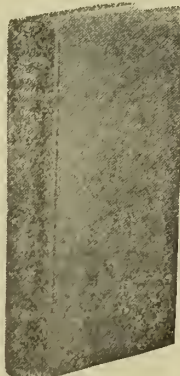
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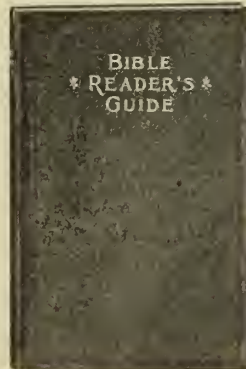
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Here Is Another

Of The BIBLE PICTURE CONTEST Scenes.

Which Verse in the Bible Describes It?



And here on the left we reprint Picture No. 1 which appeared last month in the American Messenger. HAVE YOU ALREADY FOUND ITS ANSWER?

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Search the Scriptures for Pleasure and Profit

Let 1916 Be For You
A Bible Year—A Happy Year

Here We Tell You How To
Take Part In The Contest

Grown-ups, Youngsters
Equal Enjoyment For All

The hundredth anniversary of the printing of Bibles in America is indeed a fitting time for the inauguration of a popular Bible movement such as the Bible Picture Contest.

Combining work and play, the Contest offers you a veritable pastime of absorbing interest at the same time that you are confronted with a stimulating problem, which you will have to solve, yet which you know you can solve. That is a modern principle of worth-while, enjoyable activity, endorsed by authorities. And once you have started in the Contest, your own satisfaction will be the highest authority of all.

Do you know your Bible? If you feel warranted in answering in the affirmative, you need not be told that there is no such thing as knowing the Bible too well. The Contest will please you all the more because of your familiarity with the subjects presented; and your insight into things Biblical should increase in depth. Further, the process of the Contest as such will be found by you a profitable mental exercise.

Don't you know your Bible as well as you might? Undoubtedly you are about to make a New Year's resolution to bring yourself nearer to the lasting fount of comfort and inspiration during the months of 1916. Let us help you keep that resolution! Let the Bible Picture Contest lead the way. You will be having real pleasure while taking part in the Contest, and you will be happy with the result.

Family circle and classroom can both derive advantage from the Bible Picture Contest. It teaches while it pleases, and pleases while it teaches. Instructors and parents can easily see what fine amusement the Contest will give the young folks, and what splendid entertainment they themselves will be afforded by it, while important facts and worthy thoughts are spontaneously assimilated.

Spread the news among your friends, young and old, whatever their tastes or occupation. They will all like the Contest. Everybody is eligible and there is room for all. Each contestant will acknowledge receiving unbounded benefit from the Bible Picture Contest itself, even though no reward is earned; yet you have a very good opportunity to achieve a considerable reward in addition to the pleasure of the Contest for 419 rewards will be given away for the best answers to the Pictures and, in the event of ties, each tying contestant will receive the full reward without diminution; so there may be even more winners than the numerous company of over four hundred. The result is in your own control all the time.

If you are glad to be in the Contest, think of the men, boys, girls and women who would also appreciate this novel feature. Pass on the good word. Tell everybody you know. Those you tell will thank you. We are doing our utmost to make the Contest interesting and naturally we should like to reach all the people who might be interested. Won't you lend a hand?

You yourself should not delay. Read on the right how the pictures are to be solved, and in the last column note the details regarding the obtaining of all the pictures, the list of eligible answers, etc. Let the Contest fill your spare quarter and half hours. The answers to the pictures are NOT to be sent in now. Wait until you have received all the pictures; then you will be asked to send in your complete set of answers for the whole series of pictures.



OBSERVE THIS OBJECT LESSON!

The small picture shown directly above is a specimen.

It was chosen purposely just because you might, at first sight, say it looks hard, for it does not represent any very famous historical incident, known to all. But, in this Bible Picture Contest, that fact makes no difference. Your minute knowledge is not up for examination. It is your observation that is being tested, your ability to "put two and two together," for you need only pick your answer, according to your own judgment, out of a given list.

In the case of this illustration you are invited to choose what is most suitable, from among the following quotations:

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Psalm 124:5.

The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.—Proverbs 13:11.

And I saw the seven angels which stood before God; and to them were given seven trumpets.—Revelation 8:2.

And the dove came into him in the evening and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.—Genesis 8:2.

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up.—Matthew 13:4.

And when they had kindled a fire in the midst of the hall, and were set down together, Peter sat down among them.—Luke 22:55.

Isn't that easy?

You do not have to search the entire Bible from cover to cover, for answers to each picture. A list of 2,000 verses has been set up as the standard of eligible Bible verses to be submitted as answers to the pictures. The Contest will consist of your choosing the most appropriate texts out of the selected 2,000 verses. That is fair.

You may use your own Bible or that of church or reading room. That goes without saying. You may freely obtain the standard references. However, we should not be surprised if you were soon wishing that someone had taken all the available Bible verses together, for ready reference in the Contest. In response to expected demand we are fortunately able to announce the offer (as explained below), of "Gems from the Bible," containing the answers to the pictures, and representing a uniquely valuable book that you should be glad to own.

The Bible Picture Contest consists of sixty pictures, two of which appear on the upper part of this page. Space will not permit the reproducing of all of them here. However, the pictures up to date will be given with "Gems from the Bible" and will in such cases be followed by all the pictures in due course.

The full Rules of the Contest are free on application (please send two-cent stamp, if you wish a copy), and in no way is expense required in the Contest. As we announced in the preliminary statement of our December issue, the Bible Picture Contest is backed by the well-known national weekly, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (Bible House, New York City).

Our motive in bringing this Contest to you is, we need scarcely say, to earn your good will, keep your interest and enlarge our circle of readers. So we undertake to have the complete Outfit sent to those persons who send us their subscriptions. The subscription may be new, or renewal (that is, to extend a present subscription for another year, no matter when the present one would naturally expire); and may be for yourself or for some other person, from whom you have solicited the subscription or to whom you present it as a gift. And, undoubtedly, in addition to receiving THE AMERICAN MESSENGER regularly during the Contest, you will desire THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our offer is, therefore, to give the Bible Picture Contest OUTFIT with one yearly subscription for THE AMERICAN MESSENGER, and one yearly subscription for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, upon receipt of \$2.10 for the combination. The two subscriptions may be for the same person or for different persons.

COUPON for the Bible Picture Contest OUTFIT THE AMERICAN MESSENGER.

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Gentlemen:—I hereby enter the Bible Picture Contest. Please send me the OUTFIT consisting of "Gems from the Bible," the sixty pictures in due course and the Reply Book, with a yearly subscription for THE AMERICAN MESSENGER and for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to pay for which I enclose \$2.10. The subscriptions are to be credited to me (or, to the persons whose names and addresses I give you on separate sheet of paper herewith; or, if I put a cross in this space..... I mean to send the names later.) Send the Outfit, right now, to

Name.....

Full Postal Address.....

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 74



FEBRUARY, 1916



No. 2



THE EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN BUILDING AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN SEOUL, KOREA.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.



Gift Subscriptions

A number of friends have responded to the appeal for funds with which to provide gift subscriptions for those who are unable to pay the subscription price of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. One valued subscriber remitted the money to pay for sending the paper to frontier Christian workers, and as the result eight home missionaries in North Dakota are now enjoying the monthly visits of this paper, who otherwise would not have received it.

Other gift subscriptions have been sent to the sick in hospitals, to the poor, the aged and to various other needy ones.

But though there have been numerous responses to the appeal, nevertheless additional gifts for this purpose are still needed. A large amount of money could be wisely spent in furnishing gift subscriptions to those who are richly deserving of the paper, but who are themselves utterly unable to meet the cost. All contributions for this purpose will be gladly welcomed and will be applied to meet the neediest cases.

Please send all such subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York City.



The Winning Christian Life.


BY REV. CHARLES H. MORGAN, PH.D.

There are two senses in which a Christian life may be a winning life. The first and major question with everyone who has yielded himself to Christ must be: Is my Christian life a winning life in the light of the consciousness, purpose and hopes of my own heart? Then the second and no less vital question remains: Is my Christian life a winning life in the eyes of my fellows, and in the light of its possible service in leading others to Christ and furthering the whole work of the kingdom?

I pray that I may be able in this brief article to take the gloriously winning lives of a few Christian workers and leaders of recent decades, and gather out of them three conclusions which may serve as guide-posts pointing us forward into the winning life.

First, nearly all the marvelously winning lives that have been mightily used by our Lord seem to be marked by crises, or points where they were suddenly uplifted by the transforming power of the Spirit of God into the more victorious and abundant life which they sought. There is something rhythmic, epochal, or even cataclysmic in the history of life, along with its periods of silent growth. Have you had your epochs of sublime new vision, your hours of tremendous self-searching, your days when faith rose on strong pinions and ranged the empyrean, your Gethsemanes when the soul wrestled before God in overwhelming sorrow and abasement, your "heavenly places" when the whole being was suffused with love divine?

F. B. Meyer has told us how he came to such a crisis when he was pastor of a church in an interior town in England, having what might be called prosperity, and yet feeling as if the ship of his life were just rolling in the trough of the wave. One of the athletic young men of Cambridge, coming back from missionary service in China, stood up in Mr. Meyer's pulpit in the joy and freedom of complete abandonment to the Divine good pleasure. His words, thrilling with victorious fulness of life, bore home to Mr. Meyer a sense of his spirit-poverty. Later, in contrite prayer, he seemed to be offering to Christ the ring with its keys to the chambers of his life, but he was reserving one little key to a cupboard by the back-stairs of his nature holding a trivial indulgence which he presumed to think was a matter of indifference. Then came the agonizing sense that Christ was going away, saying: "If you do not trust me with all, you do not trust me at all." Meyer at



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BY pasting a "Go to Church" Stamp on all your outgoing mail and packages you will be helping the American Tract Society to spread the Gospel by bringing the people to Church.

The sending of one of these Stamps may be the means of winning over one or more souls to Christ by way of the Church.

We wish to have the Millions who do not attend any Church or Mission receive a Message by the receipt of a "Go to Church" Stamp and we ask you to assist us in doing this.

We sell these stamps at cost.

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PARK AVE. AND 40th ST., NEW YORK.**

the very summit of his crisis held out the little key in his hand, saying: "Lord, I do not seem to have the strength to give it, but if you will come back and take it, it is yours." Christ came and took it, and it was not a month before the little cupboard and its contents were forever cleared away, and Mr. Meyer went forth to his many years of world-ranging service and power.

There were several remarkable points of crisis in the development of the spiritual life and soul-winning energy of Mr. Moody. One was, of course, his conversion. Another was the farewell prayer-meeting in Chicago of a consumptive young man and his Sunday-school class of disorderly girls, all of whom had been won to Jesus by the pleadings of the teacher in their homes. The pathetic, melting atmosphere of that meeting set Moody on fire, and made him a lifelong seeker of the unsaved. Again, when Henry Varley declared in England, "The world has yet to see what God will do with a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to him," Mr. Moody said humbly to himself, "I will try my best to be that man," and thus made it one of the great uplift points in his course. Once again, he found that two devoted women in Chicago were praying intensely that he might receive the power of the Spirit, and shortly afterward in New York, in answer to his own repeated cry, a marvelous baptism of the Spirit came upon him. He says: "I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different, and yet hundreds were converted. I have been growing younger ever since. I used to be very tired when preaching three times a week; now I can preach five times a day and never get tired at all." Similar crises can be seen in the progressive and winning power of the lives of Charles G. Finney, David Livingstone, Horace Bushnell, Frances Ridley Havergal, Bishop William Taylor and others.

Another and the very central guide-board toward the winning life which we may gather out of the experience of those who have greatly won is complete and, in the end, delighted embracing of the will of God. This is not mere submission to or acquiescence in God's will, but joyous and perfect oneness of heart with that will when the relationship attains completeness. Says Stephen Olin: "I rest in God. I am satisfied with Him. His will is mine. Mine is swallowed up in His." Horace Bushnell puts it as "the trusting of one's being to a Being, there to be rested, kept, guided, molded, governed and possessed forever." Miss Havergal says: "He has granted me fully to rejoice in His will." The last of Charles George Gordon's four great standards of his life was, "To follow in all things the will of God."

The third precious index pointing us to the winning life is likeness to Christ. Gladstone's most intense desire was that he "might grow into the image of his Redeemer." Moody said of Henry Drummond: "He was the most Christ-like man I ever knew." Shortly before his death Phillips Brooks, in writing to a young man, said: "These last years have had a peace and fulness which there did not use to be. I am sure it

is a deeper knowledge and truer look of Christ. He is here. He knows me, and I know Him. It is not a figure of speech. It is the realest thing in the world." Likeness to Christ thus takes on a certain identification with Him. Charles G. Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times*, used these words about the great change which recently came to him: "I had always known that Christ was my Saviour; but I had looked upon Him as an external Saviour. But now I know something better than that, that Jesus Christ is actually and literally within me; that he has constituted Himself my whole life, my very self."

—PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



Canada's Whitening Map

The vote for prohibition in Newfoundland was more than four times as large as the vote against it—24,965 for, 5,348 against. The law required that forty per cent. of the voters registered at the last election vote on the question. Of the fifteen electoral constituencies, eleven gave more than the required number of votes, and all others except two recorded large majorities in its favor. The election was held last November, but on account of stormy weather ballot boxes in the St. Barbe district could not be collected for some weeks—and it was this district which turned the tide for prohibition. The law becomes effective January 1, 1917.

Canada has set out to "make the map all white." Province-wide prohibition obtains in Prince Edward Island and in Alberta. In Nova Scotia it applies to all the province except the capital city, Halifax, which may outlaw the drink traffic by popular vote. Saskatchewan has a law abolishing liquor in all bars and clubs until after the war—then a vote of the people is to decide the question. The sale in shops is at present under control of the provincial government. In the other provinces a large proportion of territory is under prohibition through local option.



A Welcome Grant

The grant of a library, which was recently sent by the American Tract Society to a Sunday-school in South Carolina, has brought forth this acknowledgment:

"I was surprised and delighted yesterday to receive the package of fifteen beautiful books by express, and to-day there comes a letter to say they had been sent free of all charge, except that of transportation which we will gladly pay.

"I cannot express to you how much pleasure these books will give to our small community, both children and their elders. I think the selection is excellent and the volumes look delightful and promise much enjoyment for a long time to come.

"The Sunday-school wishes me to express to the American Tract Society our warmest thanks and appreciation of this generous gift."

Libraries Free

The American Tract Society is ready to give a limited number of excellent libraries free of all expense except the cost of transportation to needy Sunday-schools, mission churches and Christian schools among the negroes and mountain whites.

This offer is made to cover only those cases in which the recipients are themselves unable to pay anything toward the actual cost of the books that they urgently need.

Application for such libraries should be made at once to the General Secretary of the American Tract Society, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Each applicant should state the reason why the church or school is unable to pay for the books needed, the number and ages of the scholars, and should also contain a guarantee for the payment of the transportation charges, if a library is sent.



Action of the Church Peace Union

Dr. Frederick Lynch, Secretary of the Church Peace Union, states that the union is unqualifiedly opposed to the present-day demand for increased armaments for the United States, and that the trustees have decided that not only should an appeal be made to the people to withstand such a demand, but that Congress should be asked to discover how the \$250,000,000 now spent annually on our defenses may be more effectively expended, if it is true that neither the Army nor the Navy are in a state of efficiency, in spite of that enormous expenditure.

The stand of the Church Peace Union is outlined in a resolution calling upon men everywhere to renounce the policy of armed peace, which was passed at a meeting of the trustees held in New York City at the residence of the Right Rev. David H. Greer, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York. Bishop Greer is the president of the union. The resolutions follow:

"Whereas, The world is passing through an awful crisis, and men everywhere are sorely confused in their notions and bewildered in their judgments, and

"Whereas, It is the duty of God-fearing men to increase in the world the stock of good-will, and to devise means by which the recurrence of the present world tragedy may be rendered impossible, and

"Whereas, The United States, because of its position and power and traditions, is under bonds to do what it can toward the reshaping of the opinion of nations, and the molding of a new and nobler world policy, therefore be it

"Resolved, That we ask all the pastors and teachers and other religious leaders to bend their minds to the great task of creating and fostering a deeper spirit of racial sympathy and international good-will, and of exalting in men's hearts the divine ideals of human brotherhood, and be it

"Resolved, That we appeal to the American people to withstand the present demand for increased armament for the United States. We are already spending each year the enormous sum of \$250,000,000 on the Army and Navy, and if neither of these is now efficient we would ask that Congress discover how the money of the people may be more effectively expended.

"Upon the hearts of the American people we would enroll the duty of national preparedness in mind and spirit, that we may worthily meet the crucial situation by which we are now confronted. Military preparedness having proved to be inadequate as a safeguard to the world's peace, we call upon men everywhere to renounce the policy of armed peace and to seek and follow a better way."

The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

Vol. 74 No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1916

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Single copy, 5 cents

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM.

"THE TREASURES OF THE SNOW"

BY

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

Associate Minister of Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, New York

In the North country the month of February is the period not only of snowstorms, but of accumulated snowbanks. It is the time for re-reading "Snow-bound." It is also the time for turning again the pages of the history of our country.

February is of interest to many as being the only month—though the shortest in the year—containing two national holidays. To all real patriots it is notable that both these days are set apart in memory of men whose birth month it is and who outrank all others in the national gallery of fame; each through loyal admirers claims the first place in the hearts of their countrymen; each stands out in the annals of the past, like a snow-crowned mountain summit, rugged, stern, almost awesome, rising above lesser peaks and dominating the landscape.

We can learn notable lessons from the lives of these two Greathearts of the past. We can also learn the mightier lessons, of time and eternity, from nature's strangest, most fascinating, yes, most miraculous, gift of the season, descending at this time of the year like manna from Heaven. We have therefore a double object lesson presented—one from biography and one from meteorology.

Thus the almost blinding glare of the snow suggests the effect upon the hero-worshipper of the immaculate shining characters of the two men we so greatly revere, making it difficult for the worshipper to see his hero's simple, practical, every-day humanity. Again, as there is a certain cold and chill in the presence of snow, so there was in our first President a reserve of manner, a stateliness of action, a calmness of speech that kept men at a distance; but as God never spread a warmer coverlet over the grasses and the wild flowers than that of the snow mantle, keeping the heart of sleeping nature pulsating till the Springtime, so beneath the Washingtonian dignity there was a deep and genuine sympathy for all mankind, for the Indian, the Negro and the alien, as well as for the neighbor in homespun.

What of the wider and more profound teachings of these winged messengers of the skies? In the epic of Job, Jehovah himself is represented as asking, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" It is a supreme chal-

lenge—for men of to-day as well as for the patriarch of old.

The treasures of the snow—not its beauties. The latter we all recognize—the delicate varied formations of the separate crystals, the brilliancy of the white garments woven over night for hillside and meadow land, the dazzling jewels that bedeck the forest trees to the topmost, endmost twigs, the ice palaces over rocks that before were hideous in their bareness. Oh, yes; but what of the *treasures* of the snow?

The treasures—not the pleasures of the snow. We have shared the latter—snowballing, skating, sliding, sleighing, with all their accompaniments. But what of the former?

The treasures of the snow—the word indicates mines to be worked, storehouses to be opened; marvels of material energy, laws of physics and perhaps of ethics as well, principles of philosophy and without a doubt, a new, though old, religion of hope. Have you entered into the treasures of the snow?

Consider *the power of co-operation* as taught by these fairy missives, these diamond discs, dropped from above. Tyndall, the great physicist, tells us somewhat of this concealed energy; listen!

"I have seen the wild stone avalanches of the Alps which smoke and thunder down the declivities with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer. I have also seen the snow flakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed; yet to produce from aqueous vapor a quantity of that tender material which a child could carry, demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone avalanche I have ever seen and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell."

We brush the feathery whiteness from our coat sleeve as it falls, and before it reaches the ground it ceases to be. Yet an hour and the "baby blizzard" has become a giant which stops the locomotive as with a single hand. Business is blocked, armies are halted—even defeated.

So a Washington in Colonial days and a Lincoln in times of civil war, gathered together the atomic flakes of human patriotism, and, as with resistless hosts from the unseen, snowed under the opposing forces, or at least

impeded the enemy's approach. Alas, that our Christian leaders seem unable to crystallize and organize the infinite forces of righteousness in the battle with unrighteousness. We stand ashamed in the presence alike of statesmen and of snowstorms.

Then, too, our apathy indicates a loss of enthusiasm. It is always warmer when the snow is falling in battalions, and there is always an *esprit de corps* that comes with the mere assembling of men and women for a common purpose.

Again, the white clad spokesmen of Winter tell of a *purity*, pristine but evanescent and *easily lost*. The saddest poem ever written was entitled "Beautiful Snow."

Supposedly autobiographic, it told of a human soul (maidenly and crystal fair) that had fallen from heaven to earth; alas! that was but half the tragic truth—"from heaven to hell!" How? Because, though "pure as a snowflake," her life had been trampled upon by the greed and lusts of men, till only the filth from their heels was seen, and the divine image was lost to sight in the slow accretions of that which was of the earth earthy. So you and I have seen the oft-repeated melodrama of the snow—white, matchless, beautiful, defiled and unrecognizable in the open sewers of life.

On the woodwork that framed the picture of a baby boy, the artist painted the words:

"What is so pure as the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from God's hand and therefore undefiled."

Alas, how often, as the boy grows to manhood, he wanders into the far country, and there with his fellows comes under the sceptred blandishments of the modern Circe and, afterwards, finds his all too congenial though shameful abode, failing to distinguish a trough from a table and still calling his sty a palace, till Ulysses draws near.

God be thanked! there is an Ulysses. As he liberated the men of Ithica; as Washington released this land from a foreign yoke, as Lincoln brought a greater freedom—freedom from our own national wrongs and system of injustice, freedom from the slough of slavery; even so Christ comes to "save the lost"—to purify His people from their sins.

One of the religious editors has told of the water drop in the gutter longing for the purity of the overarching blue and, in answer to the inarticulate cry, came a whiteness of soul even

beyond the knowledge of its heart for, lifted from its slimy prison by the sunlight magnet, it was wafted here and there in ever varying, ever more rarified altitudes, till at last it was gently laid upon some distant mountain crest—a spotless, perfect flake of snow. So the Sun of Righteousness shines upon our bemuddled souls “with healing in his wings” and transforms and regenerates when our longing permits Him to will it so.

Washington and Lincoln were worthy of the old Roman “*toga virilis*,” the robe of white, emblematic of unbesmirched, unselfish citizenship. And you and I—if we are worthy—may yet put on the Gospel “wedding garment.” But what an “if”—what if we are found without it! Is there no need of the prayer, “Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.”

Hearken once more to these snowy harbingers from on high. For there is a note we do not like—most of us—to hear. It concerns the *brevity of life*. So perfect are the snowflakes, yet, in an instant perhaps, they are gone, or at most their lifetime is a single season.

How typical of man. His life is as a watch in the night, as a flood at its height, as a sleep, as grass that groweth up only to be cut down, as a tale that is told, or (according to a marginal reading) as a sigh. You may remember the inimitable summary of Joseph Cook:

“Man’s life means
Tender teens,
Teachable twenties,
Tireless thirties,
Fiery forties,
Forcible fifties,
Serious sixties,
Sacred seventies,
Aching eighties,
Shortening breath,
Death,
The sod,
God.”

If we are thoughtful we cannot look at the falling snow without repeating once again and with a new emphasis, “Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation.”

The youth of our land are taught to see in the great heroes of this month models whom they are to copy. Happy are they, and happy will their country be in them, if on the twelfth and on the twenty-second of February they are mindful of the manner in which these men used the hours of their youth, seizing upon the minutes as golden sands in the ever-onward flowing stream of time.

Let us, young and old alike, while the year is still in its waking hours, take as our motto Longfellow’s clarion verse:

Trust no Future, howe’er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead.
Act! Act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o’erhead.

But if the soft singers of this surpliced choir tell of the “shortness of the span of human life” they also hint that this life is not all. Rather, they tell us that Heaven is our goal. They seem to chorus, as they fall, the poet’s words, “trailing clouds of glory, do we come from God, who is our home.” Thus the snowflakes remind us whence we come and whither we go. We see them softly descending their Jacob’s ladder, or again, in dizzy whirl, hurtling downward as from the very battlements of Heaven. Then in the time of sudden thaw or of the spring freshet, they disappear, but we know that by combined waterways and pathways, by the stream, the sea and the sunbeam, they return to the aerial cloudlands where they were born. Not otherwise with us. Heaven-born, earth-loaned, as they, so we, too, muse be Heaven reclaimed.

He who told of God’s care for the sparrow, had He lived in our wintry latitude, surely would have dwelt upon the divine graciousness as evinced in the tempering of the wind, not merely to the shorn lamb, but to the water globules so that, in an instant of time they “are

changed from glory to glory,” from the iridescent perfection of the rain drop to the pellucid perfection of the snow crystal with its spangled filaments, its varied symmetry, its frosted delicacy, its matchless grace and beauty. Through every icy particle, every one of these myriad and miraculous bits of congealed moisture, Christ says to us, “Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith.” How can we look upon the fast falling flakes without thinking of the author of these words and His quiet, assured statement, “In my Father’s house are many mansions.”

There, not here, is Home. Who can describe it? None. Even John the Beloved Disciple can only hint with his marvelous metaphors, and the Apostle Paul must confess, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

Nevertheless we may look forward to blessed associations with old-time acquaintances and friends and relatives, and with others known to us only through the medium of the printed page—Washington and Lincoln, Shakespeare and Homer, Galileo and Socrates, John and Paul, and many others of whom they are but the high representatives—and finally with Him, the friend that sticketh closer than a brother, known through the mystical experience of a Christian faith; for He will be waiting to receive us unto Himself that where He is, there we may be also.

A Wonderful Transformation

In a brief but blustering blizzard a commuter made his way homeward slowly and with difficulty. Passing through the Italian settlement at the foot of the mountain path, leading up to his home, he noted, even in the deepening darkness, a great change.

That very morning, although democratic in spirit and a true Christian at heart, he could not but feel a sense of irritation, of repulsion and almost of shame that (so close to his sequestered woodland home with its vistas, horizon wide and valley long) there should exist this community with its down-at-the-heel houses (rather shacks) and its much be-patched fences, with its gutters and even its roadway and door yards reeking with filth, pledging vermin and threatening disease. Now all was covered over with a white mantle as by the charity of God, and he found his heart stirred by a strange new sympathy and he wondered if they had wood to burn and food to eat.

The next afternoon, when at last the seemingly endless pathway was cut through to the street, what a change! To be sure, all the world was new—it was indeed a miracle world—but here the transformation was beyond words to paint. Hovel and hut, hedge-row and hodge-podge were gone and in their place, against a background of ice-clad trees and snow-mantled crags (a veritable fairy land) were massed miniature, but Aladdin-like palaces, minaretted mosques and crystal temples, telling so significantly not only of God in His heaven, but of God in His universe—even the worst of it—even where seemingly belittled and ruined by the carelessness of man.

The world was better because a Washington was born. It is better because Lincoln lived and loved and labored. Will it be better because we have had a part therein?

Will we give God a chance to do permanently through us—what every winter He does with the snowflakes—“make all things new?” This world would be not decadent, but resplendent, if we all filled our particular though infinitesimal niche or covered our assigned though minutest twig end—if we took our place with a multitude of others in clothing and changing individuals, and so society itself, with and through the magic of love—a love that forgets, forgives and regenerates.

Stringing the Beads

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

SUCCESS in life depends largely on what may be metaphorically described as finding a string for the beads. Human experience is made up of a multitude of items of knowledge, choice, affection and service. What we deal with most of the time is trifles, concerning which a famous artist once said to his pupil, “Perfection is made up of trifles, and perfection is no trifle.” The raw material of our daily experience comes to us, as it were, in the form of a handful of beads. Thrown promiscuously into a bowl these beads hardly interest us, but when strung on a cord, itself hardly visible, they begin to disclose their charm, and add beauty to the person. It is the string that lends order, arrangement, coherence and charm to the beads.

So in dealing with the varied experiences of our daily lives we need to find the string on which to thread these activities, thus binding them together into one whole of practical utility and moral beauty. This is what we mean by “organizing the life” and “unifying character.” In this distracting age, when all sorts of appeals to think this or to do that are made to us hourly, we need to find some working principle for selection, and to apply a supreme moral test to these claims and causes, or we shall be lost in a maze of perplexity and indecision, dissipating our energies on a mass of insignificant incidents.

The Strand of Christian Consecration

The one strong strand of systematizing purpose, which will provide an “order of the day” for every possible situation in life, is Christian consecration. This is the golden string on which should be threaded all the affairs, little and big, in which we have a right to be interested, and if there are any thoughts, feelings or actions which are not in harmony with that consecration, we have no business to be occupied with them. In consistency with this ruling passion to serve Christ in all that we do, we shall find, if we seek for them, many special purposes on which, using now one and again another design, we can string our thought and interest. A particular campaign of evangelism, a special course of study, the organizing of a Home Department, a term of teaching, a tour of visiting, or a plan for social service, may knit together our otherwise random efforts, lend proportion to our plans, supply the emphasis in the right place, and give definite, positive, and practical efficiency to our Christian consecration.

Not all kinds of beads require precisely the same kind of threading, nor will all lives be organized for Christ in the same way, but all alike should be mastered and unified by a high and heavenly purpose, and presented at last, like so many clustered jewels, as a precious offering to the King of kings.



Winter

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

The flowers all are dead on the bare hills
Where summer’s fairest gold-eyed daisies stood,
While hushed in frozen silence are the rills,
And silence reigns in all the solemn wood.
Yet winter with its sere and frozen fields
Has charms that golden summer never knew;
For Beauty still her magic scepter wields,
And crystal blossoms hang where roses grew.
The frost-sprites carve bright emblems on the pane,
And whitened grass blades glisten everywhere;
A solemn peace envelops hill and plain,
And there is strength in winter’s frosty air.
Let others grieve for verdant summer gone,
But I sing winter’s praise till spring shall dawn.

Evangelistic Work at the Korean Industrial Exhibition

By Gerald Bonwick

FIVE years have passed since Korea became an integral part of the Japanese Empire. During that period many important improvements have been made in the system of government, in roads, railways and other transportation facilities, in educational matters as well as in industrial and agricultural methods.

To celebrate the five years of annexation and to afford an opportunity for demonstrating the progress that has been made, the Government recently held an exhibition in Seoul.

It was the first time that the people of Korea had seen anything of the kind, and large crowds came from all parts of the country to see this exhibition, which was held on quite an extensive scale. The popularity of the enterprise is attested by the fact that over three-quarters of a million people passed through the turnstiles during the two months of the exhibition.

The Christians of Korea felt that a unique opportunity was presented for preaching the Gospel, and they determined to organize an evangelistic campaign on a suitable scale. The Government authorities were most sympathetic and granted the use of the finest site in the city, located on the main road leading to the entrance to the exhibition.

Money was subscribed by the churches in all parts of Korea, a donation was sent by a friend in America and the missionaries themselves made substantial gifts toward the expenses. By the aid of these contributions the committee was enabled to put up the building, designed by the writer, a picture of which appears on the front page of this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. This building contained three separate halls. The large "Union Evangelistic Hall" in the center was used for cinematograph services. The hall on the left was used for Japanese and the one on the right for Korean services. Each hall was provided with inquiry rooms, and the Korean Religious Tract Society and the Bible societies had prominent bookstalls in the front of the building. Verses of Scriptures in four languages, as well as international flags, helped to decorate the exterior, and large colored pictures with suitable texts served the same purpose within.

The cinematograph services ran daily and were an admirable means of preaching the Gospel through the eye. "The Life of St. Paul," "Belshazzar's Feast," "The Story of the First Christmas," and a number of Indian missionary films were most popular. Over eighty displays were given and 21,500 people attended these moving picture gatherings.

Continuous preaching services in the Korean language were held every day except at the hours when the cinematograph was running. Every church in Seoul and vicinity supplied workers and preachers in turn, each denomination being responsible for certain periods in rotation, and there were no failures to keep the appointments made. Scores of voluntary tract-distributors met the passers-by and personally invited and conducted them into these gospel services.

Daily services were held in Japanese, and, considering the small proportion of Japanese in the crowds outside, the results were good. The Rev. S. Kimura, who has been called the "Billy Sunday" of Japan, came specially from Japan to conduct services at this hall for three days.

The approximate attendances at all meetings during the campaign was 100,000 people. At the Korean services there were 73,500; at the

cinematograph services 21,500 and at the Japanese services 5,000. During the campaign 11,627 names and addresses of inquirers who had been personally dealt with were registered and particulars were forwarded to the churches in all parts of the country. This may seem a large proportion of the attendances until it is remembered that almost all those attending were new to Christian teaching.

A missionary who has been in the thick of work writes: "It has been the greatest hand-to-hand evangelistic opportunity I have seen in years. In spite of the noise and tumult in the building, with crowds going and coming, man after man that I have talked with has come at once to the most earnest consideration of the question of his own soul. Over 200 names were taken during one day, but the effect upon the Christians of the city goes far beyond what those numbers tell. There were about fifteen men at my church last Sunday who had given in their names at the Campaign Hall. Two of the men with whom I talked in the hall are going home to establish churches in their own houses. One said he had attended church a couple of months in a southern province, but since moving to a non-Christian town he had lapsed. He will begin at once to hold services with an intimate friend to help him. The other was a man of good family from the far south. He said his house was the biggest in his town, and if a helper or pastor would come and stay there a week, he would let them use his house for a church, and become a Christian himself. I wrote to the missionary in charge of the district where he lives to look after him at once."

In acknowledging names and addresses of inquirers that had been forwarded to him, a missionary in the far south reports that some of these new believers had already called upon him before he had time to visit them, and are attending church services. Another missionary who is working in the north of Korea says: "A great impression has been made on the minds of the people in the country villages who have visited Seoul and the exhibition. To find a large tabernacle just outside the exhibition grounds, and services continually in progress without let or hindrance from the officials has given them a different opinion of the 'Jesus Doctrine' Church. Many of them had scarcely seen anything outside of their own village, and in many of these places the church consists of a very few people who meet together for worship in a Korean house."

Another missionary in Seoul says: "My wife has long been interested in a certain woman living close to our home, but she never dared to attend a Christian service because of opposition on the part of her husband. On the way to the exhibition one day the husband was laid hold of by a tract distributor, and, after a short conversation, he was induced to enter the Campaign Hall. There he was led to surrender to Christ, and on his return home he told the joyful news to his family. They all commenced to attend church together the following Sunday, and now the whole family are earnest believers and preparing for baptism."

And so the story might be continued with the records of many other acknowledged results of this campaign, but the full number influenced will never be known. It may be that hundreds who registered their names may never be found, but it is evident that thousands have been stirred up to a spirit of inquiry and faith, and we believe that church workers throughout Korea will find a great joy in helping them into the full light of the Gospel.

Responding to the Right Influence

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR

Thomas Wentworth Higginson once told a neighbor that her fears lest her younger sister should grow up ignorant were groundless. "There is a large and finely selected library in your house," he said. "She will not grow up ignorant. You see, she is exposed to books. She is certain to get something of what is in them."

Ah, that depends, Mr. Higginson! Suppose that younger sister turned her back upon that fine library and never opened one of those choice books. Suppose that she chose to give herself wholly to drudge work, or to trifling pleasures, or to a life of petty complainings, or to miserly earning and hoarding, and gave that "large and finely selected library" no place in her life—what then?

Many a man might receive the crown offered to him by angels hovering in the air just over his head, but never gets anything but a muck-rake, because he refuses to lift up his eyes from him muckraking and to reach upward for the proffered crown.

Jeroboam was privileged to know God, but he foolishly turned away from Him. Asa, on the other hand, "renewed the altar of Jehovah," and very soon large numbers from the northern kingdom were coming to join themselves to Judah when they saw that greater security and freedom were assured them there than in the territory of Israel. God was with Asa because Asa drew nigh to Him.

The pressure is strong upon some of us, perhaps, to be turning away from God. Some are saying that no man can hold a place in the business world of to-day and be true to the teachings of our Divine Lord and Master. A devout soul sends out, through the columns of one of the religious weeklies this prayer, which we might well make our own:

"Keep me from turning back!
My hand is on the plough, my faltering hand,
But all in front of me is untilled land,
The wilderness and solitary place,
The lonely desert and its interspace.
What harvest have I? Just this paltry grain,
These dwindling husks, a handful of dry corn,
These poor lean stalks! My courage is outworn—
Keep me from turning back!
The handles of my plough with tears are wet
The shares with rust are spoiled—and yet—and yet—
My God! My God! Keep me from turning back!"

Searching the Title

BY CORA S. DAY

"That's a fine old place," remarked Ben's college chum, Edward. Ben was taking him home from the station for a week-end visit at his pleasant village home.

"Yes, that's the old Denton place," Ben returned. "It is owned now by a man named Wright. He bought it this spring and fixed it all up in fine shape again, after it had been empty and neglected for years." He paused, then added: "A funny thing came up when he bought that place. Before the final settlement he had the title searched. You know, they look up all the court records of deeds and every transaction in which the property has figured for years back, to make sure of a clear title. They found that straight through the middle of the house ran a street, according to an old village plan. It had never been opened, yet there it was, a strip to which the Denton estate could neither claim nor give a title. They had to get a village ordinance drawn up and passed releasing all claim on the street right of way. Then they gave a clear title. It was worth the cost."

"I suppose so," agreed Edward. "They have to be careful. I was just wondering if we're as careful to read our title clear to mansions in the skies, as the old hymn puts it?"

"We ought to be," came the emphatic response, as the two young men turned in at the home gate.

WITH OUR MISSIONARY COLPORTERS

In the State of Louisiana

Rev. J. J. Hawkins, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in Northern Louisiana, has sent the following description of his method of distributing Christian literature:

"I visit on an average from ten to twenty-five families weekly. Many are entirely destitute of books, excepting perhaps a New Testament, a spelling book, or some old volume about the care of domestic animals. I usually succeed in introducing some new books into each home, and so my visits make many homes richer in Christian literature than before.

"My visits also serve to make known various good books, and experience has shown that many, who have no money when I call for the first time, will buy later when I visit them again. There are so few books in the homes that if I can introduce a good book it usually has the field largely to itself."



In Arkansas and Alabama

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage at the Southern Agency of the American Tract Society, presents two extracts from the reports of missionary colporters who are working in his field. One of these, who is scattering Christian literature in the State of Arkansas, writes:

"The books that I circulated this month went into the homes where there is very little literature of any kind. The children read any book that comes into their hands, for they have very little to read except as colporters carry it to their homes.

"When I am entertained by a family I leave a good book behind me as a gift or a reminder of my visit. Frequently I pray with families at whose homes I have stopped for a word of Christian exhortation and to whom I show the literature which I carry. Sometimes we have quite an interesting gathering, as there are frequently young men and women as well as boys and girls in the home, and all will be seated and listen with great respect to a Bible reading, and many will even kneel during prayer. In many cases I find that quite a number are church members and really devout Christians, who are much encouraged by my visit."

The other colporter, who is located in Central Alabama, writes:

"I find many 'moonlight schools,' which parents and children attend. They are taught by good people who are trying to promote intelligence by gathering all the people who desire instruction into night schools. Many learn to read in those schools, and even if not very intelligent scholars, yet they generally become interested in books and paper. The books that I carry are helpful to them."



In the Empire State

Rev. Samuel Goddard, who for many years has served as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the Empire State, has sent the following report of his recent labors:

"My field of labor during the past month has been confined to Buffalo, New York and four towns in the vicinity of that city. I have made about 4,220 visits and have circulated 213 books, 65 mottoes, 150 cards, 220 tracts and 475 papers, amounting in value to \$100.34.



COLPORTER J. J. HAWKINS AT A HOME IN LOUISIANA

"Upon taking a review of the past year's work, I find that I have traveled some 750 miles and have canvassed twenty-five different towns and villages. I made 60,365 visits and held 62 religious meetings. I circulated by sale or grant Christian literature to a total value of \$1,164.25.

"In the course of my work it has been my privilege to lead many a wayward and wandering one back to the fold of the Good Shepherd. I would like to mention two cases which go to prove the truth of God's promise that His Word shall not return unto him void. The first case was that of a poor woman upon whom I called, who had been compelled to separate from her husband on account of his drinking habits. She told me her trouble with tears streaming from her eyes. Leaving her, I sought out her husband, but was met by the bluff retort, 'Mind your own business!' I reasoned with him and he calmed down. Then I handed him the little book entitled 'Daily Food,' and also one of the tracts, 'Buy Your Own Cherries.' I begged him to read these, and to seek his dear wife and to comfort her. Afterwards I presented their case at the Throne of Grace in my prayers. Two months later I called again, and to my joy I found them happy and contented together. The poor woman, grasping my hand, exclaimed, 'O, sir, it was your kind words and the blessed tract that did it! May God bless you in your labor of love! I will always pray for you.'

"The other case was that of one of the young women at the Ingleside Home, who came to me after I had made an address there, and begged me to pray for her. I assured her that I would do so, and she said, 'Oh, if I can only be better! My young man has promised to marry me and give me a good home.' Three months afterward I called at a house in Buffalo. A woman opened the door, and when she saw me she exclaimed, 'Oh, it is the dear preacher!

Come in, and see my nice home!' I did so, and found it was indeed a very happy home. There was the open Bible and the cards and the tracts I had given to her. She told me that they had joined the church and her husband was a member of the Sunday School. And she added, 'It was that beautiful tract and the Scripture cards that you gave me that led me to the blessed Jesus!'

"I am now entering my seventh year in the service of the American Tract Society. Will you kindly remember your humble servant at the Throne of Grace, praying that strength may be granted unto me to continue my labors for the Dear Master."



From Salt Lake City

Rev. Henry W. Pratt has been serving for several years as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in Utah and the adjoining States. In the course of his work he meets with both Mormons and non-Mormons. He has been very successful in carrying forward the distribution of Christian literature, which experience has shown to be one of the most effective antidotes to the errors of Mormonism and infidelity. In a recent report he writes:

"The month of December was spent in Northern Utah, almost entirely in Mormon communities. I met several people who were much pleased with the Christian literature I carried and who liked the class of books I showed for Christmas use. One lady to whom I delivered the books she had selected said, 'Whenever you come to our city always call with your books.' Another said, when I delivered the books to her, 'I had been hoping someone would come along who had some high grade books. I am familiar with the authors of a number of your books, and felt that I would do well to order some of them.'

"All such words are pleasing and encouraging. Of course, I met with several who would not even look at the books. This must be expected, and I have to come in contact with such every month.

"I helped out some poor people and two poor Sunday Schools by making them a grant of some books for Christmas. They had very little for the children.

"In looking back over the past year I think of the many experiences through which I have passed in my visits to the homes. I have prayed daily as I started out in the work that our Lord would open the way before me, open the doors of the homes, open the hearts of the people and open their purses so that I might circulate His Word among them. I have realized prompt answers to my prayers, for the Lord has led me, and has given me entrance to many homes. His Word is not spoken in vain. On these hard fields God does make the ground productive for the good seed. It takes divine grace to work, for the ground is so rocky and the impediments are great.

"With but very few exceptions the books and cards I circulated in December went to non-Mormons. I consider this a very fruitful work. The publications of the American Tract Society have never had a wider circulation among Mormons than in the few years just past. A large measure of this success I attribute to the character of the books, for I never hear adverse criticism of the Society's literature, but rather good words. The books appeal to the people and especially to the young people."

"WHEN THE HEART SEEMS EMPTY"

By L. D. Stearns



RS. WINNISTON replaced the coffee pot with an ominous click. Her brow was crossed by innumerable frowning lines; her hair drawn tightly back into a hard, uncompromising knot. "Judith Winniston," she announced decisively, "I said no. Will it make it either more or less if I repeat it a dozen times? Why is it that one no is never enough?"

"But, ma ——" two tears rolled down the small girl's cheeks, "I told——"

"Never mind what you told." Dr. Winniston's tone was sharp. "I wonder if every family chooses meal time for their bickering!"

Judith's sobs became suddenly audible. "I ha—a—ate—this—old—ho—o—me!" she wailed.

Ted, aged fifteen, grinned approvingly. He was still smarting under reproof. "A fellow doesn't hear a thing," he grumbled half under his breath, rising and starting toward the door, "except no, no, and don't, don't, from morning to night. It's a 'no, no, house,' all right, all right!"

The mother's frown grew deeper. "It's always the same," she said wearily. "I don't know what a body can do!"

With an impatient gesture, Dr. Winniston arose. "Go to your rooms," he ordered sharply, "both of you." Then, without so much as a glance at his wife, he closed the door with a bang and strode hurriedly through the hall. His face was dark. A second bang, a moment later, proclaimed the closing of the street door.

The house was still.

A flitting breeze rustled through the open window, touching gently the burning cheeks of the mother. Her head ached; also, a strange, tight ache was clutching somewhere in her throat. She glanced at the clock. "I must," she said slowly, "call on that new family to-day."

It might, she realized vaguely, mean a new patient, and Heaven knew they needed one badly enough! But even with the thought upon her, she did not move.

Unseeing, her eyes wandered across the table; her limbs felt like lead; a dull depression, against which she seemed to have been striving vainly for months, surged, unchecked, through every fiber of her being. Listlessly, she watched the woman across the way come out and walk leisurely to the gate with her husband. They chatted a moment; then, bending, he kissed her and walked whistling down the street.

Outside the screen a bird chirped merrily in the sunshine.

Reaching up, Mrs. Winniston wiped a tear from her cheek. Then she arose and began piling up the dishes as, book in hand, the new neighbor settled into the piazza hammock.

Mary Winniston's lips drew into a straight, tight line. Once, she also had loved to read; once, too, she had been loved. Mechanically she put down a plate and stood gazing out upon the lawn. Even the children never kissed her now!

Little flicks of light and shade glinted along the lawn. Half unconsciously, her eye noted them; half unconsciously, her ears heard the noon train rumble in and out, while her mind busied itself in long forgotten paths. For the life of her, she could not tell just where, or when the sun had changed to shadow; or whose the blame.

She thought of the nights she had sat sewing and mending into the wee small hours; she remembered how she had put aside her woman's desire for pretty things in order that Frank and the children might be supplied; she recalled the numberless evenings spent in helping the children with fractions, grammar and essays. And, remembering, she sighed. Then she glanced, half unconsciously, into the mirror. "I guess," she said, half aloud, "one can't expect to be loved, unless they're young."

The next moment, as in a strange, sharp flash, she saw herself standing by a sick bed on which her mother, with crown of snowy hair, lay scarcely breathing. Beside her a man, bowed with many years, held a thin hand in his big, furrowed one as the slow hours came and went. Youth, with both, was long past; but love, and a great, stern loyalty, such as is given few souls to know, touched the grim face of the man. It made not the slightest difference that the frail figure on the bed was unconscious of the vigil; hour after hour he sat on—wordless—unsleeping, merely waiting, lest the eyes should open and not find him there.

Drawing in a slow breath, Mrs. Winniston brushed a stray wisp of hair upward, with the back of her hand. "I guess," she reflected shakily, "some have it, and some don't. That's all. If I'm going to make that call, I'll have to hurry."

Rising, and stooping, she picked a paper from the floor, but as she started to fold it a chance word caught her eye, and sitting suddenly down again she read on: "When the heart seems empty, all you have to do is give the sweetness of yourself into the world. Life will do the rest. But you cannot give sweetness, and be sour. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, you know. Weary heart—rest and pray, and when you are rested, think."

With new resolution in her eyes she folded the paper and placed it on the stand; then she packed the dishes into the pan, brushed the crumbs from the table and lowered the shades. "I guess," she said, "that call can wait. For once, I'm going to rest."

Going to her room she slipped out of her dress and into a kimono. Then she stretched at full length upon the bed. Reaching out her arms she drew in a long, luxuriating breath. "I never imagined," said she, "anything could feel so good!" and her voice seemed to linger over the words; but the next instant she sat upright.

"Rest and pray, and when you are rested, think."

"I never have done things half way," she declared slowly, "and I'll not begin now. God knows, my heart is empty enough! If I'm going to try half the treatment there isn't the slightest reason why I shouldn't try it all."

It had been—she didn't know how long—since she had stopped to rest during the day; in fact, there had been few occasions during all her life. And—how often did she pray to her Heavenly Father?

She recalled, in a swift going-back of her mind, her childhood prayers; a few perfunctory words, since. Then came a blank; for years she had neglected even that.

In a half-shamed fashion she slipped to her knees, while a sort of silent awe enfolded her. Her lips seemed suddenly stiff. "God," she whispered, unknowing what to say. The next instant, all the ache of depressing loneliness and despondency swept suffocatingly across

her. Her head dropped lower. "God," she said again—"Oh, God!" and even with the words something came, softly, and very sweetly, filling her soul.

Lower, and still lower, sank her head. All thought of time vanished. In the great silence of infinity she was face to face with God.

When she arose a few moments later the drawn look had left her face; a little touch of solemnity lingered about her eyes.

Crossing to the window she stood, as before, looking far outward; but this time her gaze was on the sky. "I don't believe," she said thoughtfully, "I ever prayed before." Then, turning, she went back to the bed.

"Rest and pray, and when you are rested, think."

The next half hour she lay with closed eyes. Over and over, keeping time to the tick, tick of the little clock on the stand the words she had read sounded in her brain, "Give the sweetness of yourself into the world—sweetness—sweetness—into the world! Life will take care of the rest!"

She arose, and a second time dropped to her knees. Then, definite resolution lighting her eyes, she crossed the hall and opened Judith's door.

The little girl lay stretched on the floor, gazing from the window with wet, rebellious eyes. Mrs. Winniston smiled. "Dear," said she—and something in her voice caused Judith to turn wondering eyes sharply upon her. "Mother's been resting. Now, I think I'll make a call, and I wonder if you couldn't do the dishes and mind the telephone?" Bending, she touched her lips lightly to one flushed cheek in an unwonted caress, and without waiting for an answer stepped backward and opened the door of the next room.

Ted was glowering by the window, and as in the flash of an eye her own childhood was with her once again. All at once she seemed to be facing life, not from her woman's standpoint, but from theirs—her children's. "I don't blame you a bit, Ted," she declared frankly, "for grumbling. The fact is, I've been too tired out lately to remember how to be nice. We're not going to have a no, no, house any more. I'm going to be—nice, after this, if you'll help. I'd like, Ted," a little wistfulness crept into her voice—suddenly, she remembered the sweetness of her mother's smile—"to be not only mother, but friend."

Long before she had finished speaking, the big boy was on his feet, and Judith's small, dimpled hand slipped caressingly into hers. "May I—kiss you?" she whispered shyly; and Ted, his boyish face aglow, bent and touched her cheek. "You don't need to be helped," he stammered. "Why, mother, you're a—a—a—brick!"

"Amen!" came in a muffled voice from the doorway.

Turning, Mary Winniston saw something in her husband's face that set her heart to beating like a girl's. But she only smiled, a little gravely. "I didn't hear you, Frank," she said, and Dr. Winniston answered, in a matter-of-fact tone, "So I judged. I forgot to take Lee Holt's bill." But he held out his hand, and slipping hers within it they went, like sweethearts, down the stairs, while in the wife's heart, set to a new tune, the words were sounding softly—"sweetness—sweetness—into the world!"

FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST

By William Thomas McElroy



AS the Divine Master during his life on earth went about through the land of Palestine, now and again He came upon someone in whom He perceived great possibilities of service, and in every such case His call was, "Follow Me." To the lowly and to the great, to the poor and to the rich, to the ignorant and to the wise, to the hard working fishermen on the sea of Galilee, and to Matthew, the rich publican, the call was the same, "Follow Me." And now and again it is recorded of those to whom the call came, "They left all and followed Him."

The Call That Comes To-day

The call that came to the disciples of old is the same call that comes to us to-day. Whatever our station in life, whether our talents be many or few, the same call from the Master comes to all—"Follow Me." The sad fact is that so many, like the rich young ruler whom Christ loved, refuse to obey the call, and miss the wonderful possibilities of a life of Christian service. They choose rather to ignore Christ than to lay up for themselves "treasures in Heaven," where glorious mansions are prepared for those who have given their hearts to Him and are willing to follow as nearly as they may in His steps.

It is true that literal obedience to this command of Christ is not always an easy obedience. The road that He trod was a difficult one—sorrowful, sacrificing and heart-breaking. And while it is not His desire that His followers should suffer, yet for their own good and the good of others suffering is oftentimes necessary. The road is a straight and narrow way, and one in which the Christian disciple must always be on guard against the temptations of sin and the evil devices of Satan.

One of the Greatest Difficulties

One of the greatest difficulties is the difficulty of following constantly. So many are quite willing, or even anxious, to follow Christ, but they want to follow in their own way. They are not willing to follow in the way He has laid out for them, that is to follow in His steps. They want to go the way that seems best to themselves, relying on their own strength, doing as seems best in their own wisdom, instead of asking, "What would Jesus do?"

"I should like to do some definite work for Christ," said a church member recently to the minister who was pleading with him to employ his great ability in a certain form of Christian service, "but I feel that my life is not such that I can conscientiously endeavor to lead others."

Nor was this an unusual case. There are thousands upon thousands of men in the world to-day who have given practically the same excuse—to themselves, if to no one else. It is such followers as these—who are not willing to make an effort to follow constantly—that bring reproach upon the Church. They are ashamed to refuse to join the church perhaps, but they become church members and do nothing more. They think it too hard to give up cards, or the theater, or the dance, and yet knowing in their hearts that such things will go far toward destroying the influence of anything they might say, they cling to their worldliness and follow, as did the disciple on the night of Jesus' arrest, afar off—if indeed they can be considered as followers. What such as these need is to get the vision of whole-hearted Christian service; to go to the Throne of Grace

in prayer that their hearts may be purged of sin and worldliness, and made to know the happiness of true consecration to Christ; they need to become real Christians instead of nominal Christians.

But even those who are really endeavoring to follow Christ find there are difficulties in the way. It is so easy to make mistakes, so easy to fall into temptation, so easy to overlook or neglect the opportunities of service. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, and it is only by constant watchfulness that we are enabled to follow closely. But, as in all other things, one step makes the next step easier, and we are enabled more and more to look away from the things of the world and to become daily more efficient servants in the vineyard of the Master.

Another difficulty of following is that perhaps after long continued effort and devotion to the cause, we are apparently getting no results. It is true that the more learning a man acquires the more does he realize how little he really knows. So it often is with the Christian life. We know something of the joy that it brings, but as we go forward we see so many places behind us where we might have done better, so many opportunities that we have overlooked, so much to be done and so few to do it that now and again we become discouraged. One of the bravest remarks ever made was that of a missionary who several years ago said to the board that was sending him out: "I am prepared to work ten years before I receive a single convert. Are you willing to back me up?" Ten years of whole-souled, untiring effort for a single convert! It is such men and women that bring honor to the Christian religion, but how few are those who are willing to so sacrifice themselves.

The Richest Reward

The greatest reward that comes from following Christ is in knowing the joy of a whole-hearted affection for one who has so loved us that He gave His life that we might have eternal life. It is a love that transcends all other love, something that is sacred, and yet something that we long for others to share with us. One of the distinctive marks of Christianity is that it is an unselfish religion, one that makes its possessor long to help others to the joy that he is himself experiencing.

How often do we find in the Word of God the word "joy" connected with the love and service of Christ. "These things have I spoken unto you," said Christ, "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy may be full." Again He says, "These things I speak in the world, that they might have My joy fulfilled in themselves." And again, "Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

These are but a few out of many examples that might be given. Those who have never experienced the joy of following may look upon the consecrated Christian as something of a fanatic, but when once a person has known this joy, when once he has given himself devotedly to the service of Christ, it is an enlistment for life. One may waver a little through fear, as Peter did; or may let passion or greed or hate obscure their love for a time, as David did; but the true follower comes back in sorrow and repentance and his love and service become even more consecrated than before.

Not the least joy of the follower of Christ is the joy of unselfish service to others. It is by such service that we show the strength and

depth of our devotion. "It is yet to be seen," was the remark of the famous Dwight L. Moody, "what God can do with a man who is entirely devoted to Him." As we in our earthly relations find our greatest happiness in serving those we love, so in our Christian life our love for Christ is shown by our service. The greater our love the more constant and the more consecrated our service. "This is My commandment," said Christ, "that ye love one another as I have loved you." And in our endeavors to carry out His commandments it is inevitable that we shall seek to help each other and to help those who are in need, and thus in giving so much as a cup of water to His needy ones it is as though we had done it unto Him.

How beautiful are the lives of those who have grown old in the service of the King. They may have known sorrow, but it has served only to make them more sympathetic with the sorrows of others. They may have known trouble, but it has served only to teach them how to share and soften the troubles of others. They may have heavy burdens to bear, but they find joy in the thought that they are bearing them for the Master, and never are they so burdened that they cannot find a way to lighten the burden of others. Servants of the King, going about their Master's business, they are a blessing to the world and to mankind.

How great is the joy of those who know the promises of Christ to His followers and who can have the blessed assurance that they will be sharers in the fulfilment of these promises. The Word of God is veritably a "Book of Promises," promises that we cannot doubt will be carried out to the last letter. One writer has counted more than three thousand promises in the Bible. Here are a few of them: "In My Father's house are many mansions * * * I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself." "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger." "If ye shall ask anything in My Name I will do it." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

These are but a few out of many, for page after page might be filled with the promises that are so precious to the children of Light. Every reader will think at once of many that are not given here, many that are favorites, and on which we are basing our hopes for the eternal life. For the gifts of God are so boundless, so immeasurable, that one might spend a lifetime in enumerating them.

Therefore, of all persons, the Christian, the follower of Christ, is the most happy. And only as we are followers of Christ are our lives a source of joy to ourselves and a blessing to others.



The Battle Song of Truth

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

*What though the day be lost, and every warrior slain!
A million years are His to win the field again.
The triumph is to God, however long the strife;
For sin and death must yield to Him, the Lord of Life.*

*The planets are in league against the hosts of night;
The sun itself goes forth to battle for the right.
The ages fight for God! Shall we the contest yield?
Arise, ye sons of Truth, and sweep the hostile field!*

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Editorial Notes

Foreign Mission Work Increasing

Many encouraging facts with regard to the progress of the Kingdom abroad were presented at the annual meeting of the Conference of Foreign Mission Boards held in Garden City, Long Island, last month.

It is also gratifying to notice that the gifts to foreign missions through the nearly two hundred foreign mission boards and societies of the United States and Canada increased during the past year by the sum of \$1,625,379.

The offerings for religious, educational and medical missionary work in foreign lands through the organizations comprising the Foreign Missions Conference were reported as amounting to a grand total of \$18,793,990.

During the year two of the leading boards, representing the Baptist and Protestant Episcopal churches, succeeded in wiping out large accumulated debts, while several others were successful in materially reducing their financial obligations. Only a few boards increased their debts, and these represent churches in the South, where the depression in the price of cotton has had some effect upon missionary giving.

The substantial gain in receipts in spite of the European war is a cause for rejoicing, and it is hoped that the results of the new year, upon which we have just entered, will be even more gratifying.

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The Day of Prayer for Students

There has been some diversity as to the matter of date in the observance of the Day of Prayer for Students. The last Sunday of February has been designated, however, by several representative organizations, and it would be well if Christian people everywhere would unite in the observance of that day (February 27, 1916), as a Day of Prayer for the young people in educational institutions.

The young men and young women who are in the colleges and universities are destined to become the leaders of our nation in the years to come, and it is therefore most important that around them should be thrown the strongest possible Christian influences, so that they may be led to consecrate their lives to the Master. Soon these young people will be grappling with national responsibilities and world problems of the most vital significance. Let us pray that they may be fitted for the duties that await them in the great arena of life by the possession of a sterling Christian character and an unswerving devotion to the cause of Christ.

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Social Service and Evangelism

In both the Presbyterian Church and the Methodist Church of Canada a successful effort has been made to link together the two great departments of activity known as Social Service and Christian Evangelism.

It is altogether proper that these two lines of Christian effort should be correlated, for the one is really incomplete without the other. Christian philanthropists have come to realize that the great schemes for the reformation of society will ultimately fail unless they are permeated by the spirit of evangelism.

As has been well said, "The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." Efforts at reform with Christianity left out are like painting the outside of the pump in order to purify the water in the well. On the other hand, that is but a narrow view of the scope of evangelism which devotes itself solely to the saving of the individual while ignoring those abominations in civic life which make it practically impossible to reach great masses of humanity with the uplifting influence of the Gospel.

Evangelistic work should have as its aim not only the winning of the individual to Christ, but the promotion of personal, social and political purity, the advancement of the temperance cause, the institution of moral reforms of every kind and the enactment and enforcement of laws making for righteousness.

A Notable Jubilee

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States is to be observed during the present month.

The first Young Women's Christian Association in this country was organized in Boston, Mass., fifty years ago, when the ladies of Boston formed a society in behalf of self-supporting girls who came to the city to seek employment. The work soon broadened out along religious, educational and other lines. Women's Christian Associations soon sprang up in other cities, and now there are nearly a thousand city, county and student associations, with an enrollment of about 343,000 members.

The Young Women's Christian Association is to be congratulated upon the splendid showing which it has made. It is doing a noble work for the welfare of a vast number of young women. It has demonstrated its efficiency in a multitude of ways, and it deserves the heartiest support from Christian people everywhere.

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Federal Censorship for Motion Pictures

In view of the possibilities for evil that inhere in moving pictures there is a general agreement among all the friends of good morals that some kind of supervision should be exercised over the character of the films that are presented to the public.

Excellent work has been done by the voluntary National Board of Censorship in New York, but it is felt by many that the time has now come when this matter should be put under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government. Accordingly a bill to that effect has been introduced in Congress, and hearings on it are now being held by the House Committee on Education.

The proposed bill authorizes the President to establish a Motion Picture Commission of five persons to have such supervision over the motion picture interests as the Interstate Commerce Commission exercises over the great railroad interests. By refusing copyright and interstate commerce privileges the commission may suppress pictures depicting bull-fights or prize-fights, and all those that are obscene, immoral, inhuman, or of such a character that their exhibition would tend to impair the health or corrupt the morals of children or adults or incite to crime.

About a year ago this same proposed bill was reported favorably to the House of Representatives, but was not passed. Earnest efforts are now being made to induce Congress to pass this salutary measure and thus to provide for safeguarding the morals of the nation in a more effective way than can be done by depending upon merely local action.

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The George Wood Premium Fund Prizes

Owing to the large number of manuscripts received in competition for the two prizes offered by the American Tract Society for the two best manuscripts for book publication, the Publishing Committee has not yet been able to reach a decision. It is hoped, however, that ere long an announcement can be made as to the result of this competition.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By Rev. Henry
Lewis, Ph.D.

FEBRUARY 6.

Christian Endeavor Fidelity and Force

Matthew 25:31-46.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Jan. 31. Faithful service. 2 Tim. 4:1-5.
T. Feb. 1. Faithful obedience. John 15:4-15.
W. Feb. 2. True to death. Rev. 2:8-10.
T. Feb. 3. Spiritual power. Acts 1:1-8.
F. Feb. 4. Conquering love. 1 Cor. 13:1-8.
S. Feb. 5. Force of goodness. Rom. 12:17-21.

This topic has been selected for Christian Endeavor Day. February second will mark the thirty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the first Christian Endeavor Society. What a mighty power for good it has become during these thirty-five years! And there is assuredly no reason why the next thirty-five years may not prove even more fruitful than the past has been.

Christian Endeavor Faithfulness

One reason why the Christian Endeavor Society has accomplished so much is because it has stood for fidelity in all things. Its members have been faithful to their duties and obligations, and the result of their fidelity is shown in the strength of the Society to-day.

Christian Endeavor exalts the ideal of fidelity. It teaches its members to be faithful to their pledge. It is not the making of a pledge but the keeping of it that counts. It is pleasant to note that Christian Endeavorers with rare exceptions have shown marked fidelity to the pledge which is the distinctive feature of their organization.

At times voices have been raised calling for a weakening or even a discarding of the Christian Endeavor pledge, but wiser counsels have prevailed, and the members of the Christian Endeavor Society to-day realize that this pledge is still and will ever be the greatest element of strength in the organization.

Christian Endeavorers have been faithful to the church. Fidelity to the church and to all its services is most strongly inculcated in the Christian Endeavor pledge, and pastors everywhere have found that the young people who have taken this pledge are usually the ones upon whom they can place the strongest reliance for help and co-operation in carrying forward the work of the church.

Christian Endeavor upholds the ideal of faithfulness to Christ. It is the aim of every Endeavorer to be true to Christ, and in this fidelity to the Master may be found the mainspring of the organization which has done so much during the past thirty-five years for the advancement of His Kingdom, both at home and abroad.

Christian Endeavor Power

Christian Endeavor has already shown its force as a means of evangelization. Both at home and in the foreign field Christian Endeavorers have been active and energetic in pushing forward evangelistic work. And there lies in the Christian Endeavor Society the possibility of still greater achievement along this important line of service.

In Christian Endeavor there is a great power for social service. The passage of Scripture chosen for use in connection with this topic plainly indicates some possible lines of social service. Christian Endeavor workers are helping to minister to the needs of the hungry, the sick, the poor and those who are in prison, realizing that in this way they are doing service for the Master.

Christian Endeavorers may be a power for peace. Peace—the peace that is founded upon righteousness—is the Christian ideal. And Christian Endeavorers throughout the world may do much to promote peace by insisting upon the observance of those principles of justice and uprightness which alone can form a secure and lasting basis for peace among men.

FEBRUARY 13.

The Consecration of Influence

Hebrews 10:19-25.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Feb. 7. Penetrating influence. Matt. 5:13-16.
T. Feb. 8. Influence of giving. 2 Cor. 9:1-7.
W. Feb. 9. Home influence. 2 Tim. 1:5; 3:15-17.
T. Feb. 10. Influence of sacrifice. Acts 20:28-35.
F. Feb. 11. Revealing influences. John 14:1-9.
S. Feb. 12. Influence that abides. Heb. 11:1-6.

This topic is the second in the series dealing with the subject of consecration, which subject we are to consider once each month throughout the entire year.

The Greatest Asset of Personality

Influence is the greatest asset of personality, and the right use of influence is a most important subject for us to consider.

The Daily Bible readings give us some useful hints upon the subject of influence. Some very pertinent considerations are also suggested by the verses in the Epistle to the Hebrews which have been chosen for our special study.

The Influence of a Good Confession

An open confession of our allegiance to Christ is the first and the most important step in the consecration of our influence. A secret disciple cannot win others to the faith which he fails openly to acknowledge.

Who can measure the influence of the follower of Christ who makes an open confession of his faith in the Master, and who holds unflinchingly to the profession of that faith?

Let us remember in this connection that we confess Christ not only by what we say with our lips but by what we are and what we do in our lives. And if our lives fail to corroborate the confession that we make with our lips, then our influence will not count for the cause of Christ.

The Influence of Example

Example is mightier than precept. What we are, speaks far more emphatically than what we say. Actions speak louder than words. All these considerations remind us how potent is the force of example.

Jesus calls us to consecrate ourselves to Him so that our example may be an influence for good that will tell for time and for eternity.

No Christian should be satisfied unless he feels that his example is such as to benefit others and to stimulate them to a higher life.

The Influence of Association

Influence is exerted upon others through the association which we have with them. Christians should ever be careful to make only such associations as the Master would approve.

There is one association in which our influence should always be felt, and that is the assembly of those who love the Lord.

In these modern days, with the temptation to neglect church attendance which is presented by the attraction of automobiling and other pleasures, there is danger that the church of Christ may not receive the support to which it is entitled from every Christian. The exhortation of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews is therefore very timely, when he urges that we forsake not our assembling together.

The Immortality of Influence

Our influence, for good or for evil, is immortal. Some one has used this apt illustration: Plants are often started in a cold frame and then transferred to flowerpots; so often a noble character is started in one life and then flowers in another.

In view of the eternal character of our influence, how careful should we be to strive that the influence we exert may be such as to ennoble and uplift all with whom we come into contact!

FEBRUARY 20.

How to Put the Bible Into Life

Psalm 119:105-112.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Feb. 14. Bible study. Psalm 1.
T. Feb. 15. Apply its precepts. John 13:17.
W. Feb. 16. Study its examples. 1 Cor. 10:1-13.
T. Feb. 17. Memorize it. Deut. 6:4-9.
F. Feb. 18. Utilize it. Matt. 4:1-11.
S. Feb. 19. Practise it. Jas. 1:22-27.

This is a most practical topic. As some one has well said, "The Bible was made for life, and life is made for the Bible; they correspond perfectly."

The Word in the Mind

The first step toward putting the Bible into the life is to get it into the mind. The way to do this is by reading the Bible. Daily Bible reading is an essential factor in Christian growth and development. To feed upon the divine Word is just as essential for the Christian as to nourish his body with food.

In reading the Bible the best results will be gained by adopting some regular system. A haphazard method of reading the Bible, while better than utterly neglecting it, falls far short of what is to be desired.

There are various helpful plans for Bible reading available, any one of which may be adopted to advantage. Some read the Bible in connection with the Christian Endeavor topic, some in connection with the Sunday School Lesson, and some in connection with the topics used in the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. These plans are all excellent, but in addition, it is to be recommended that the Bible be read in course, that is in some method by which its entire contents will be covered in either one or two years.

The Word in the Heart

The next step toward putting the Bible into the life is to store it in the heart. This can be done by memorizing as many choice passages as possible. Young people, especially, should make an effort to lay up choice verses and selected chapters in their memories, for in youth it is far easier to commit Scripture to memory than in later years.

In memorizing Scripture a good plan is to take at least one verse a day and learn it by heart. If this plan is consistently followed it will result in a year's time in the acquisition of a considerable number of chapters.

The Word in Action

If the Bible is faithfully stored in the heart, it will assuredly make itself felt and known in the life. The Word that is hid in the heart will not remain concealed but will make itself evident in word and deed.

To read and to memorize the Bible is not enough—we must practice the Bible, that is, we must carry into action its precious teachings and precepts.

Bible verses stored in the mind and heart are like seeds planted in the ground, which sooner or later are bound to spring up into blossom and fruit.

The Word Multiplied

When the Bible has come into our own lives we should not rest content until we have succeeded in implanting the sacred Word in the hearts and lives of others. "Bible truths are like grafts," says Amos R. Wells; "they can be fixed in any evil life and they will cause it to bring forth good fruit."

Experience has shown that the best way to learn a science is by teaching it; so the best way to put the Bible into our own lives is by striving to put it into the lives of others.

It is more than a life task to put all of the Bible into our lives. But the more of the Bible we succeed in putting into our lives, the richer and sweeter will they become. There is nothing that we can put into our lives that will bring to us such a rich reward as the honey of God's Word.

FEBRUARY 27.

Exterminate the Saloon

Habakkuk 2:1-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Feb. 21. It brings ruin. Prov. 22:29-35.
T. Feb. 22. It is anti-social. Luke 12:45.
W. Feb. 23. It breeds decay. Isa. 56:12.
T. Feb. 24. Build the city of God. Rev. 21:23-27.
F. Feb. 25. Resist the devil. 1 Pet. 5:8-11.
S. Feb. 26. Kill the menace. Exod. 21:28-36.

On the closing Sunday of this month of February, with which are associated the memories of two of the greatest patriots that our country ever produced, it is fitting that we should consider ways and means to exterminate what is undoubtedly the greatest foe to true patriotism.

A Political Curse

The saloon is unquestionably the greatest curse that exists in our political life. The influence of the liquor traffic is always to be found on the wrong side of every moral question, and its power is always strongly exerted against every move for civic betterment or real social uplift.

There is only one way to take the saloon out of politics, and that is to exterminate the saloon itself.

A Social Evil

There is no evil in society so great as the saloon evil. Where saloons exist, there drunkenness is sure to be found, and drunkenness is the prolific source of every kind of misery and crime. Under the influence of strong drink men and women will commit crimes, from which they would shrink in their sober moments. An intoxicated man knows no restraining influence; purity and impurity, honesty and dishonesty, kindness and cruelty—such distinctions are all blotted out for him, and woe to the one who stands between him and the attainment of his end.

The saloon is the open ally, or the secret accomplice, of every form of evil. The social evil, gambling, and all other vices flourish in connection with the saloon. Every gang of cut-throats usually has its headquarters in some saloon. Evil-doers of every kind find in the saloon a convenient resort.

A Foe to Religion

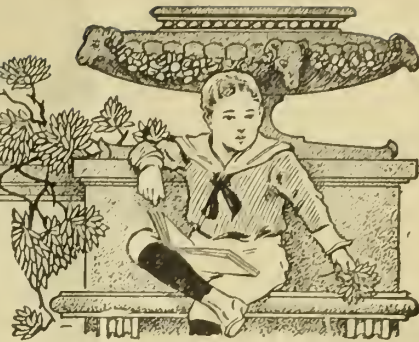
The saloon is the implacable enemy of all that is spiritual. Religion and drunkenness are irreconcilable. The saloon knows no respect for the Sabbath, and it is at constant enmity with the church. The prophet Habakkuk reproved the Chaldeans of old because they were addicted to wine, and every true ambassador of the Cross must likewise rebuke all who, at the present time, in any way countenance an alliance with the saloon.

How to Displace the Saloon

There are some who say that in order to displace the saloon we must first provide some kind of substitute for it. But there is really no substitute for the saloon. What the saloon does is to substitute itself for the home, the church and every other beneficent institution from which it can draw people away. The only way to preserve the home, the church and the other institutions of society that are worth-while is to abolish the saloon.

Two lines of action are essential for the extermination of the saloon. One is personal and the other is political. Personal total abstinence on the part of the individual will aid in the destruction of the saloon, for the more numerous the army of abstainers the fewer will be the possible patrons for the saloon. The political line of action lies in the adoption of prohibition for the State and the nation. Many States have already adopted this policy, and the day is surely drawing near when throughout our nation the cause of temperance shall become victorious, and the saloon shall be forever exterminated.

Our Little Folks



Keeping Watch

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

*I'll keep a guard o'er all my words,
For once they're said, they fly like
birds;*

*My carrier doves—oh, may they be
Kind, true and thoughtful when they're
free!*

*And I must watch with care each
thought,*

*For they like children, can be taught
In faith and love and joy to grow—
'Twill make me happier I know.*

*And mother says if this I do,
That noble deeds will follow, too.
Where loving thoughts and words
abound,
There unkind deeds will not be found.*

"Fix Up Your Room"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

WHY are you so late, Tom?" asked Mrs. Pitt, as Tom came home an hour later than usual one bright afternoon.

"Oh, nothing much, only Miss Richmond kept me after school to clean up my desk, put the books in order and pick up the papers from the floor. Honestly, mother, she didn't scold—not a bit! But I just wish you could have seen the way she looked at me, and it all came when she was being specially nice to me, too! I was by the blackboard, putting away the erasers, when all of a sudden my nose began to bleed. Quick as a flash she gave me her handkerchief, and oh, it was so soft and white, and it smelt so good I just hated to use it; but I even more hated to have her see my mussy, dirty one! Well, presently my nose stopped bleeding, and I went back to my desk. But when school was over and all the rest of the boys had gone home she said—oh, so sweet and softlike, 'Tommy, I don't care to let you go yet—not quite yet—until we see if there's to be any more trouble with that nasal organ of yours. And, meanwhile, this will be a good time for you to put your desk and the floor underneath in good order.' And I did it, for I knew just what she meant, and she never says 'do' and then forgets to see that we do it, like Miss Maxwell. Oh, no! I wouldn't a bit wonder 'f she's there yet, watching that old desk, to see 'f I left it in perfect order! And her idea of perfect order isn't any cinch to live up to, I can just tell you! But she's so good that none o' the boys wants to displease her," and Tommy actually hung up his hat and put away the few school books that he had brought home.

"I'm sure that I'm more than much obliged to this new teacher of yours if she's given you even one impression that it's only decent to be both neat and orderly," said Mrs. Pitt. "I really believe I'd better invite her over to spend the day and show her over the house, including your room! She might be able to give you some pointers on its daily care and condition."

"Huh! Do you think I can't fix up my room without her?" asked Tommy, aggressively.

"Well, I'll try you once more," said Mrs. Pitt, blandly just a little too blandly for Tommy's peace of mind.

"But you know how long I've been trying to teach you some things."

"Well, I'm taught now all right, all right," said Tommy with more than usual decision. "And what's more, mother of mine, I'll make that stand for a permanent proposition. I'll tackle the job at 6.30 a. m. to-morrow, even if 'tis Saturday. And by noon you'd never believe but it had always been occupied by some young lady friend, of fairy-like taste and proportions," and smiles chased the gloom from Tom's face as sun-line chases darkness after rain, while he and his mother cheerfully sat down to supper by themselves, the rest of the family being off on a jaunt for the week.

As he took the things from the tops of his dresser and "chif," as he shortened the word, he carefully wiped them—a damp cloth for the china, glass, metal and wood, a dry one for the paper and pasteboard, and using a soft brush for those of velvet. You see that Tom was well provided for by a careful father, loving mother and thoughtful sisters, so that he ought to have been as neat as a new pin; but—well, he was a boy, big for his age, and much preferred all sorts of outdoor sports to any indoor work!

Then Tom began to clear out his closet, and oh, my! Such a sight! It makes me shudder to even think of it. Shoes, with mud dried on, until they

out all his surplus—and that always means sacrifice.

His clothing was carried to the yard, shaken, brushed and fastened to the line to get sunned and aired—always good for things that have been shut in.

Then he washed the floor, room and closet, using a big cloth and a pail of hot water, and truth compels me to say that he had to refill the pail a good many times!

He washed the windows in warm suds, rinsing in hotter water, wiping with a clean cloth and polishing with soft newspapers.

With a damp cloth he wiped off shelves, hooks, doors and other wood-work and the outside of all his furniture. My, but things began to shine—and how proud he was that he could do it all without help, even to the remaking of his bed, putting on a white spread—which he used to hate—and hanging clean shades of white holland at the windows.

Well, he was more than repaid, when the whole family, returning that night while his room was yet in its pristine freshness, exclaimed over its attractiveness, even his dignified father saying: "It now looks like a room worthy of my son; and if he needs to be toned up to fit into its clean and orderly atmosphere I hope that he will be equally successful in that. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness' and 'Order is Heaven's first law,' my son."

But his richest reward came on Monday when Miss Preston, the School Superintendent, came to the schoolroom to talk with the class about "What Made Washington Great" and "Things About Lincoln That We May Well Imitate," because the lives of both these men had been under discussion in the history classes the week before, and Miss Preston had been invited to say to the classes what she had said to the teachers. Meanwhile Tom had had a very confidential talk with his teacher, Miss Richmond, telling her in high glee what he had done to his room and she in turn had told Miss Preston.

So, when Miss Preston had drawn from the class various statements as to Washington's neatness, orderliness and habits of doing things systematically and with forethought she added, "These habits helped make Washington great, just as they will help to make you successful in school, at home and in business. Look in your desks now and put them in neat order and see who will be ready for my inspection first." Tom's hand went up at once, for his desk was all in good order, and when Miss Preston looked at it she said: "Well done, Tom! You surely have learned the lesson of neatness and order, which are the secret of success in every well-ordered life."



LOOKING AFAR

True to his word Tom was "up and at it" bright and early the next morning. If you are a boy, you know pretty well what he found to carry out, to throw away or to clean up, sort, classify and put in the proper places; but so you may make your own room "spick and span," I'll tell you what he did with "what" and how he did it.

First, he opened both the doors and windows while he "unloaded" first the bed, then his chiffonier and dresser, carrying all the bedding to the back yard, where he hung it over the clothesline, fastening each piece broadside to the sun. He put the mattress on the back porch, to be beaten later, the grass still being dewy.

looked like some of the old relics that they've been digging out from the buried cities! Rubbers, with "leaks" all through them—but just splendid to be cut into strips as "foundations" for the best balls you ever saw. "Trumpery" all over the floor and shelves; shells, stones, bits of bark, nuts and other trophies of his long walks and short studies; an old aquarium (also homemade), whose tenants had long since been liberated—after one of Miss Preston's talks to the school on "Cruelty to Animals"; papers, books, cards, etc., helped to form a "conglom-er-ate" that was not exactly ge-o-log-ic-a-l; but he worked patiently and with the real spirit of sacrifice, for he meant to clean

Industry

Let us work on!
Truly and wisely; ever persevere;
Nor faint, nor fear;
True, prudent industry hath ever won.

Let us work on!
Work bravely; prove our faithfulness by
deeds.
Sow wide the seeds
(Of toil, if we would reap! Let us work on!

Let us work on!
Work through all barrenness, nor count the
cost:
No toil is lost;
Work prophesieth triumph: on! aye on!
—W. J. LINTON.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Flood Cloud's Silver Lining.

By Jean Mateer Beeman



FROM the midst of the fearful war, flood and famine conditions that existed for many months in the Province of Shantung, North China, there comes to us a bright story of heroism and devotion.

A blind young maiden lived alone with her father in a small mud hut on the outskirts of a village in the western part of the Province; her mother was dead and she herself had lost her sight only a few years previous, but she tried to the best of her ability to be an efficient little housekeeper and homemaker.

At the time of the dreadful floods about a year ago, her father carried her on his back through water in the house up to his shoulders. The night was dark and the clouds raining torrents, but he finally succeeded in getting his daughter to a grave—which in China consists of a huge mound of earth placed over the burial spot. Others were there ahead of them and had crowded to the higher portions, so that the blind girl was obliged to remain about half way up the mound. The water kept rising, first over her feet, then up to her knees, and still it rose a little higher—inches by inch.

Suddenly she felt a tugging at her garment and a kindly voice spoke to her out of the raging storm: "Come up on top, my friend. We were here early and secured a safe refuge, at least for the present."

"No, no!" protested Kwei Hiang. "It is very good of you, but I couldn't think of putting you in any danger on my account."

But strong young arms fairly lifted the blind maiden to the place of safety, in spite of her protests to the contrary.

"You stay here with mother, she will take good care of you. I'll go down to the seat your father is holding for me. Don't be afraid, little friend, we are all in the keeping of the loving Heavenly Father, Who will not allow any harm to befall us!"

With these comforting words of reassurance, An Whei, the Christian school girl, slid bravely down the mound to the spot vacated by her new acquaintance. Still it rained and the angry waters kept rising, until An Whei was barely able to keep her head above the torrent; but in her heart there was no fear, for she prayed and had faith that her petitions would be answered.

Then suddenly, as though a voice from the high heavens had commanded the storm to cease, the rain stopped, the waters began to subside, and shortly the bright stars gleamed from a clear blue sky overhead and the moon shone here and there between the drifting white clouds.

Just as soon as it was practicable the inhabitants, who had taken refuge upon the graves, made preparation to return to their ruined homes in the village.

In a brief conversation with the blind girl and her father, Widow Mu and her daughter, An Whei, learned of the straitened circumstances of their new friends. Their own home chanced to be situated upon a little hillside, and there was a great hope in their hearts that perhaps they had not fared quite as badly as some of their neighbors.

"You must come with us, Kwei Hiang, both you and your father. Even though we may have lost all our earthly possessions, mother and I are well and strong; we have a little savings laid by for my education, and all we have we shall gladly share with you!"

"It is too much to ask, An Whei!" replied the blind girl, with deep grati-

tude ringing in her words. "But since we have nothing, we shall gratefully accept your hospitality for the present, hoping that soon we shall be able to repay all we owe you."

It was indeed a strange and sad procession which slowly wended its way through the water-soaked fields and back into the village, where dire desolation and starvation greeted them on every hand. The Japanese soldiers, who were in the province fighting the Germans, had helped themselves liberally to all the grain and provisions which the people had stored away against just such emergencies, so there was now little or nothing left upon which the people could live until the next harvest.

"Oh, mother! See, see!" cried An Whei, almost beside herself with joy. "The courtyard is flooded, but the house has only a little water in it, and that is rapidly going down. Come quick, Kwei Hiang; get up here upon the bed while I try to find a bit of dry kindling which I hid over the beams in the ceiling, and I'll soon have a cup of hot tea for you and some millet gruel!"

Sure enough, the only Christian home in the village, because of its slightly elevated location, had been spared much of the damage sustained by the other houses. True, a part of their grain was water-soaked, and their furniture would never be as it was before, but An Whei had put several sacks of corn on top of the great boxes containing their clothing and bedding, all of which had been placed on the kang (or bed), which stood nearly three feet from the floor and was dry and clean and ready for immediate use.

The tears of thanksgiving streamed unchecked down the faces of the Widow Mu and her bright young daughter as they bustled about their home in the night watches and spared nothing in their efforts to make it warm and comfortable for their guests, as well as for others who crowded into their little rooms, seeking shelter and food and clothing, all of which was given gladly and unsparingly until they had provided for all within their means to serve.

Mrs. Mu, herself a graduate of a Christian High School for Girls, had also taken a three years' training at a mission hospital, and always kept on hand sufficient medical supplies to enable her to administer to the ailments of her neighbors. Such treatment was always given free of charge, her only request being that her patients listen quietly while she told them of the Great Physician.

The night of the flood the heathen people nodded their heads gravely and whispered in awe-stricken tones among themselves: "There must be something, after all, in this 'foreign devil's religion,' since its followers are spared so wonderfully, while we—who have burned incense at the altars of our idols—are homeless and penniless. It is time we investigated this 'Jesus doctrine!'"

The "investigation" was entered into very zealously, and it was not long before men, women and children began to study the new and better way, which brought to many of them such a joy and radiant happiness as they had never dreamed of in all the years they had worshipped at the shrines or in the temples.

When the roads became safe for traffic the long vacation came to an end, and a day was set for the opening of all the Government and mission schools of the Province of Shantung. An Whei, who was a senior at the Wei

Hsien High School for Girls, returned to her studies, and with her went Mr. Sung and his blind daughter, who appeared before the session of the church for baptism and membership.

The missionaries were deeply interested in the newcomers and were astonished at the real knowledge the young girl displayed of the Bible stories and the earnestness and sweetness of her Christian life.

In vivid, glowing sentences Kwei Hiang told the foreigners of the unselfish act of heroism on the part of her friend, An Whei, the night of the great flood, and of the precious days and weeks of companionship which had followed in the home of the Widow Mu and her daughter, who demonstrated their religion in such a practical way that she and her father had been won heart and soul for the Master.

She concluded with these words: "I am so happy that I am blind. Before I lost my sight I was engaged to a man who was very cruel, and I believe he would surely have killed me after I lost my sight."

"But now I am engaged to a good young man, one of the flood victims, who has been studying at the home of Widow Mu. Soon he, too, will unite with the Christian church. In a short while we are to be married, and we shall strive to make a happy home together, where the true God will be worshipped day by day, and where we hope many now outside of the fold will be led from darkness to light!"

Mona and Her Shoes

They were beautiful new shoes, with dull black tops and shining toes. Mona's mother had bought them for her only three days before—and now they were lost. Mrs. Hull and Mona's Aunt Kate looked all around the room for them, and suddenly Mrs. Hull, with a very white face, said, "Kate, those shoes are not in the house."

Aunt Kate's eyes flashed as she answered, "No, but I think I know where they are. They are down in Simon Kline's shop."

In Kline's shop? Mona asked herself why her shoes were in Kline's shop. She knew the place—a little dark store with three gilt balls hanging in front. She put on her old shoes and said nothing more about the new ones, for the tears were running down her mother's cheeks. But after breakfast she went out to find those shoes. On the porch next door was her neighbor and best friend, Dora Mintur.

"Dora," she called, "come down to Kline's shop with me."

Dora came running over. "What are you going there for?" she asked.

"Why, Mr. Kline has my new shoes and I am going for them," and Mona gravely explained the situation. It was so serious that neither thought of asking the usual permission, and the two five-year-old tots were soon on their way down-town.

Mr. Kline was making the dust fly with a large feather brush when they entered, and the very first thing Mona's bright eyes saw was her shoes in a glass case among dozens of other small articles.

"Mr. Kline," she said, "those are my new shoes. I came to get them back."

Mr. Kline came up to the case. "Your shoes?" he said. "And you bring me the money?"

Mona was astonished. "Why, no," she gasped, "my mother paid for them when she bought them."

Mr. Kline looked perplexed. "I pay money for them," he said, slowly, "and—and I guess Mr. Ryan down at the corner has got the money."

"Come on, Nora," said Mona, and the two little girls flew out of the shop and down the street, to the great relief of the old second-hand dealer. He had known pleasant-faced John Hull for a long time, but of late he had noticed that the man was frequenting the new hotel on the corner. He had been really sorry to buy the pretty shoes from John the night before. "Ach, I see," he nodded to himself as he went on with his dusting.

"They keep money away from him, and he begins to sell things. Too bad!"

Mr. Ryan had been a popular groceryman in the town for a good many years, but longing to make money faster he had gone into the hotel business six months before. He prided himself on his clean, orderly house, and he was sitting on his porch this particular morning chatting with a traveling man as the little girls came up the steps.

"Why, here," he exclaimed, jumping up to meet them. "I am to have company this morning. Good morning, good morning!"

Mona shook hands with him gravely; and looking straight into his eyes she said, "Mr. Ryan, Mr. Kline has my new shoes, and he says you have the money for them. Will you please give it to me so that I can get them back again?"

Mr. Ryan stood some minutes without speaking; then his handsome, well-shaven face flushed scarlet. "Yes, Mona," he said, "I'll go with you to Mr. Kline and we'll get your shoes," and the big man walked up the street between the two small girls.

"It's a miserable business," he declared to the traveling man when he returned, "and if I must ruin my best friends and make brutes of them, I'll go out of it forever."

And he did go out of it. A week later this notice was put up where the bar had been. "This house is run on strictly temperance principles."

—SELECTED.

Can We Be Happy?

Methods by which happiness is sought are countless. One seeks it in the possession of yellow gold and shining jewels; another seeks the same thing by denying himself every luxury, and by withdrawing from human society. Another seeks happiness in human society and cares for nothing else. Each method is the extreme opposite of the other, yet each person is seeking the same thing—happiness.

It does not concern us so much now whether perfect happiness would result from perfect goodness; there is little doubt of that. It is not an ideal theory of happiness that concerns us, but happiness as it touches our lives today, and as it will touch them tomorrow, and the next day. You and I, with all our limitations and passions, with our ignorance and want of charity, how can we be happy?

Many times we want happiness without counting the cost of retaining it. We are often like the young man who admires the attractive uniform of the army general, but who laughs at the years of service that earned it. He wants the uniform of the general, but not his duties. So if we want happiness without the burden of its requirements, we are no better than this young man.

Victor Hugo wrote, "The supreme happiness of this life is in being convinced that you are loved for yourself alone." Be convinced that your fellow-men love you; be convinced that God loves you. Then you will be happy. But you cannot separate this happiness from your character, for the very fact of the existence of this love tends to produce character that will merit the love which it receives.

Wotton includes the following as elements of a happy life:

"His armor is his honest thought.

His passions are not his master.

His conscience is his strong retreat."

There are three degrees of happiness. The happiness that has its basis in material things, such as houses, lands, wealth; its appeal is to the physical nature. The happiness that has its basis in the family, and in one another; its appeal is to the social nature. The happiness that has its basis in God; its appeal is to the spiritual nature. Do not limit yourself to the first or the second, or to both of them. Include all three, for each has a rightful place in every life. These three elements of happiness complete God's design for the happiness of His creatures. To seek happiness through one and not the others is wrong. It is like using one of the senses, as the sense of sight, saying that it alone is sufficient. Whereas God wants us to use all, and thus to have complete happiness.

—KIND WORDS

IN THE MISSION FIELDS

A Bible Woman of India

In Oriental countries it is found that the most effective way of reaching the native women with the Gospel message is by means of Christian workers of their own sex. Hence it is customary to employ native Christian women as Gospel workers, and these consecrated toilers are known as "Bible women."

Bible women do effective work in India. The picture that appears on this page shows an actual scene, in which a village Bible woman is instructing the group gathered around her in the way of eternal life.

The photograph from which the picture was taken was sent to the American Tract Society by Rev. Joseph Passmore, Secretary of the Christian Literature Society for India.

Hospital Evangelism

Dr. Lester H. Beals, a missionary of the American Board at Wai, India, tells the following interesting story of the effect of a stay of a Hindu patient in the hospital at Wai on the family of which he was a member. Dr. Beals says:

"Almost invariably one or more relatives accompany the patient and remain in the hospital as long as the patient does. This adds greatly to the scope of the evangelistic work. A few days ago our hospital pastor went out to a village eight or ten miles away over the mountain to call on a former patient who had become deeply interested in Christianity while in the hospital. They were good caste Hindus, and perhaps you can imagine the surprise of the pastor when the family of the patient invited him in to dinner with them. They all sat down and ate with the pastor—good caste Hindus eating with a Christian, an all but unthinkable event in these parts.

"The explanation was that not only had the patient been for about two months under the leavening influence of the hospital, but also his mother—who rules the home—and his wife—who will rule it after his mother is gone—were with him in the place where the pastor became their intimate friend, and where low caste and high caste have to live in close proximity and all but eat together. The old father, too, paid several visits to the hospital for a day or two at a time during those two months, and the whole family had breathed an atmosphere of which they had never dreamed before.

"This former patient brought in to sing to the pastor a class of village boys to whom he had taught a lot of Christian hymns that he himself had learned at the hospital. The pastor was very enthusiastic over the singing of this village boy choir. This patient has given up all idol worship now—declares openly that he will never have anything more to do with idols. Another former patient in that same village the pastor considers ready for baptism. This man also is a good caste Hindu. He gave up caste before he left the hospital, to the extent of eating freely with Christians. I certainly know of no such effective way of reaching this caste system among the common adult population as a hospital."

In West Africa

The American Presbyterian Mission at Elat in West Africa has been at work only nineteen years. Of the 7,500 admitted to the church last year 5,000 were brought to Christ by native workers. Every one of the 15,000 contributing to church work in this mission has envelopes and a card which is punched weekly for offerings and attendance. There are two catechism classes in the mission with 13,000 and 2,000 members, respectively, under instruction. The Elat church employs 107 evangelists and Bible readers; also teachers in 70 village schools with 4,000 pupils.

The United Evangelistic Campaign in Japan

A United Evangelistic Campaign is in progress in Japan. This campaign, planned to cover the whole of the Japanese Empire and to last for three years, is now in its last year. It has been both initiated and conducted by Japanese Christian leaders.

The editor of the *Japan Evangelist* says: "The results accomplished with comparatively meager resources in both men and money are nothing short of marvelous. When one considers how the distractions of the war and politics, the conflicting demands of various localities, the differences of theological and ecclesiastical conviction, have all been transcended one is compelled to recognize not only the vigor and resourcefulness of the Japanese Church but the mighty working of the Spirit of the living God."

Rev. E. N. Walne, Field Secretary of the Christian Literature Society of Japan, has summed up the general results of the campaign in these words:

"The methods of work used in the present National Evangelistic Campaign,

the service on a big open space in front of our tents, the church being far too small. It was a wonderful sight to see the procession of Christians from different villages wending their way through the cornfields to our tent for service, singing as they came, each procession being headed by drums and cymbals. Some of the people had walked several miles; nevertheless when they arrived at our tents, instead of sitting down to rest after their journey, they stood round in rings, singing Psalms and hymns, their faces lit up with a wonderful joy. It was a grand service, or rather services, for they lasted all day and it was a Sunday that we missionaries will not easily forget. I took my stand underneath a tree and all around seated on the ground were the Christians and beyond them a very large gathering of Hindus and Mohammedans. We concluded our services with the Holy Communion. Towards evening the different processions, for they represented no less than nine villages, started on their way home, apparently not in the least tired after the day's services, for they went off singing as heartily as when they came."



A BIBLE WOMAN OF INDIA

and the results achieved, indicate that great progress has been made along many lines. While the weaknesses of the campaign which have been pointed out cannot be denied, it must be conceded that during the past year Christianity has asserted itself as a factor in the life of the nation as never before. The success of the campaign in Tokyo afforded ample proof of what could be accomplished by the united efforts of all the city churches, especially in the way of distributing literature and advertising. It was estimated that at least two-thirds of the people who attended the tent meetings were unbelievers. Most of the preaching in these meetings was thoroughly evangelical. Two hundred and fifteen letters of inquiry were received by the committee which had charge of the newspaper campaign. A large number of such letters, enclosing postage for reply, have also come to the office of the Christian Literature Society, not only from Tokyo but from all parts of the country where the society's tracts were distributed."

A Christian Pilgrimage in India

The Rev. R. Force-Jones describes a pilgrimage such as is dear to the hearts of Hindu Christians. It was held at Shikar in the Batala District. "We held

A New Chinese Concordance

Rev. Henry G. C. Hallock Ph.D., has been a missionary for twenty years in China, stationed for most of the time at Shanghai. For ten years of that time he, with a number of Chinese assistants, has been preparing the manuscript for a Chinese Concordance of the whole Bible. It has been ten years of hard and self-denying work, but at last the work is going through the press and will be in the hands of the people within a few days. It is being issued in three volumes of one thousand pages each and contains five million of Chinese characters. It contains nearly four hundred thousand direct or indirect references. It follows the Radical order of characters, and is the first Concordance in the language after what we know as the Word Plan, like Cruden's or Strong's. It will meet a long-felt need for a full, accurate and easily used Chinese Concordance of the whole Bible. It is just what Chinese preachers, teachers, helpers, Sunday school teachers, Bible women, Christian Endeavorers and all intelligent Chinese Christians need in their study of God's Word. Tens of thousands of dollars have been required for its preparation and printing.

Dr. Hallock is founder and now secretary and treasurer of the National

Tract Society for China, and is issuing the Concordance at cost price, in order that it may be widely used. He says of it: "My one ambition and prayer has been and is to have it inexpensive—for the good of all—in the reach of all, and that God be glorified."

For twelve years he has issued a Chinese Christian Almanac, of which several millions have been sold. It is a booklet of nearly one hundred pages, printed in the Chinese character, and sells for what would be about two cents in American money. It is in use among the native Christians all over China. It displaces a Chinese Almanac that is full of pagan superstitions. Dr. Hallock has written many tracts in Chinese and not a few hymns, especially hymns for Sunday school use. He conducts a number of Sunday schools in the native districts of Shanghai.

A Wooden-Legged Hospital Convert

At Tsangchow, China, in the field of the London Missionary Society, there has arisen a Chinese worker who has been much used by the Lord in the past year or two. Mr. Arnold G. Bryson writes concerning this man, Wong Kwo-hsiang:

"The thousands of unevangelized villages have already made their appeal to his generous, sensitive nature, flaming with a passion to win men to his Saviour. He has already done great things in his first year of service, things that have put to shame men who have worn the armor for years, but whose poor allegiance pales before the undaunted faith and complete self-denial of this valiant knight of the Cross.

"Mr. Wong's wooden leg has made him at once a subject of engrossing interest to Christians and heathens alike. It provided him invariably with a peg for his discourse and a text for the story of his conversion. There are many tales that lose their lustre after much repetition, but this testimony of how God called Wong Kwo-hsiang, and sealed him for a life of service, while on the operating table of a mission hospital, like the story of what happened on the Damascus road, will never grow stale to some ears. If I have heard it once, I have heard it a full score of times, and in many varied circumstances, but never without an indescribable thrill of joy and thanksgiving.

"This is the gist of his addresses, delivered with intense earnestness and unconscious dramatic skill: More than twenty years ago a little boy was brought by his mother to the temple and, in fulfilment of a vow, devoted to the service of a celebrated god. Some time later, by a common trick practised upon the unsuspecting idol, the boy was withdrawn from the temple by relatives and restored to his home. The process was very simple: the head priest was handsomely bribed, the little fellow bundled over the wall, and to satisfy the properties a donkey left in his place! 'I was that boy,' continued the preacher. 'But for that subterfuge, I might to-day have been a priest in attendance upon the god. However, since I grew to manhood I have come to know the one true God, and the renegade priest stands before you today in the haunts of his childhood, as the messenger and servant of Him whom God sent to be the healer of all sinful men.'

In the Philippines

The wonderful educational work which the American Government has built up in the Philippines has brought into being a magnificent body of 9,000 English-speaking teachers of native Filipino stock. The fact that these are in touch with Anglo-American ideals and literature, rather than with Spanish, will have an enormous influence in bringing the Philippines into the channel of a reformed type of Christianity.



On St. Valentine's Day

By Grace Boteler Sanders

THE invalid chair was rolled nearer the window and two hungry gray eyes peered out at the snow-covered lawn and the gate swinging on its sagging hinges and on to the highway. The road was a series of snow-covered ridges and ruts, for yesterday, when the mud was soft, Chet Spore's lumber wagons, loaded down with logs, had passed on their way to the mill and left their impress upon the highway. During the night cold winds had come and frozen the ridges, and then the mud and ice had been covered with snow which was as fine as powdered sugar. Travel was almost impossible. No wonder folks stayed at home, for who would care to brave the piercing winds and the awful shaking which they must take if they journeyed over that road?

"There'll be nobody along to-day," soliloquized poor Miss Jennie, looking up and down the highway. "I most die of loneliness when there isn't anybody, and it's Valentine Day, too. O dear me! I wish I was a girl again."

It had been an unusually lonely morning. The rest of the family were in the kitchen, and Miss Jennie could smell soapuds and hear the rub-a-dub-dub of the washboard as it struck the sides of the metal tub in the cleansing process. But she could not help in the work, for she was a cripple.

Rheumatism had crippled her feet twenty-one years before, and after a while her hands and fingers had become so twisted and distorted that they bore no resemblance to fingers, and even refused to carry a bite of food to Jennie's mouth. Her neck had stiffened until she could not turn her head either to the right or the left. Her eyes had become dim. She could not read or crochet or sew. Truly life spent thus in an invalid chair for twenty-one long years was hard enough—but that was not all.

Her brother Louie had married a sour little woman, who was always scowling. Minnie grumbled when Jennie's company stayed for dinner and lingered after tea. "I've enough to do with three children and a mother-in-law and two men without caring for sick folks and entertaining company," said Minnie. "If they want their dinner let them stay at home."

The kind country people soon heard of Minnie's remarks. The callers who had thronged Jennie's room in the beginning of her illness dwindled until visitors were rare and she was obliged to sit all day alone in the invalid chair and think of the misery of the present, the joy of the past and the horror of the future.

"I can't see why I was left in the world when nobody wants me," groaned poor Jennie to herself, "and on Valentine's Day, too!" Her nieces and nephews were talking in the dining-room of the gifts which they expected to receive. Somehow the thought of St. Valentine's Day brought back pictures of a happy past.

It was on St. Valentine's Day twenty-five years ago that Jimmie Johnson's father had caught her when they were playing "Drop the handkerchief," and whispered in her ear, "I love you." He had walked home with her from school and talked of it all the way and had put his mother's ring on her finger. They were to have been married soon, but on that memorable sleigh ride, when the horses ran away and left Jennie unconscious in the snow the seeds of

disease were sown and later King Rheumatism showed his power.

"I won't marry you so long as I limp," objected Jennie, and although Jim Johnson begged and said he did not mind about that Jennie repeated, "I'll never marry you until I am better."

She expected an improvement to come soon, but as the days grew longer, her affliction grew worse, and one spring day Jim Johnson married the young school teacher and took her to his home. No one knew that the invalid was thinking of love and marriage. How could she forget when she had once known love's fond dreams?

Jim Johnson's new wife soon became a constant visitor at the farmhouse. She brought young baby Jim to Jennie, first of all. When he was old enough to walk he ran away, and when his mother pursued him, he hid his face in Jennie's skirts and begged to stay.

When his mother was too busy to listen to stories of childish troubles, the invalid Jennie shared with him the sorrows and pleasures of his inmost soul. One day his mother died. He hardly felt his loss, for he still had his Aunt Jennie.

"I can't see what I am left for," repeated Jennie to herself, but there was no one to reply. It was almost noon when she saw the old flea-bitten horse drawing the mail wagon over the rutted road. Her small nephew ran to see and came back with his arms filled with bundles and letters. "Everything's for you, Aunt Jennie," he panted; "I never saw such a lot. Grandma, do come and see what Aunt Jennie's got!"

Minnie, wiping her sudsy hands, came with the children and their grandmother, and they all sat down to hear the reading of the letters. The first one was from Chet Spore himself, who often passed the house and to whom Jennie always spoke a kind word or sent a cheery greeting. It was dated from Tallahassee, Fla., and it ran thus:

"I was thinking about you yesterday, Miss Jennie, and I concluded to write and tell you that I'm doing fine, thanks to your kindness. I was getting pretty rough and was drinking some. I don't know that you knew it, but I was all out of sorts that rainy day when I stopped to see you. Things had gone wrong, and I'd made up my mind to go to town and get gloriously drunk. I remember I said to you, 'I don't see how you can stand it to sit here all day!'"

"Your answer fixed me. You said, 'The Lord is good enough to give me shelter and food and someone to care for me. Why should I complain?' I believe you knew what was in my thought, for you said, 'Chet, boy, you don't gain anything by sinning. Drink will take you to the gutter and to hell. God will forgive and help you to quit. Cut it out!'"

"I hadn't an idea of what a struggle it would be, but I did quit and all because of an angel in an invalid chair. Your valentine is in another package. I wish I could pay you for what you did for me."

Jennie's reverent voice interrupted, "And I was just murmuring because I thought I was useless."

"Here's your flowers, Aunt Jennie," cried her nephew, opening the box and thrusting two creamy magnolia blossoms with their waxy leaves under her nose. "Say, that's some valentine!"

Jennie was holding the flowers in her hand when her mother began to read the next letter.

"Dear Miss Jennie, I don't know what made me think of you unless it was be-

cause St. Valentine's Day is near. Perhaps you remember Veny Rose, who used to wash for your mother. I disappeared one night and it was rumored that I had gone just like my mother did. To tell the truth, I was preparing to run away with a married man. I remember telling you that it didn't matter what I did, that nobody cared for me and everybody thought me wicked and low. But you said, 'I care for you, Veny, and God cares, and no matter where you are, we are thinking of you.'

"It broke me all up. I thought afterward of how patient you were in all your affliction and how I, who had been given a strong body and good mind, was getting ready to be an outcast because things didn't go to suit me and I concluded to face about. So I went to the city and hired out as a house servant to one of God's angels. She took me to church and I was converted in a revival meeting in a great tabernacle. She sent me to night school and I was married from her house to a good Christian man, who does not look down upon me for the sins of my mother, but praises me for what I am. I owe it all to God and to you, dear sufferer in the invalid chair, for had it not been for your words and your faith, I would have been an outcast to-day. I am sending as your valentine my baby's picture. Her name is Jennie."

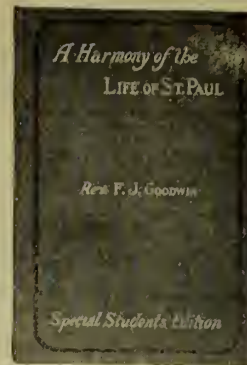
Minnie's sour face relaxed a bit as she looked at the photo of a dimpled babe. And then as other valentines there were bits of lace, paper and flowers, there were crocheted mats and pictures and fancy articles, and lastly there was a long, legal-looking envelope with the return address of a lawyer upon the back.

Minnie exclaimed when a deed dropped out. When she saw the document she burst into grateful tears. There was a letter with it which ran as follows:

"MY DEAR JENNIE:

"For the sake of old times and because you have saved my boy, I am sending this canceled mortgage as a slight token of my gratitude and esteem for what you have done. My son Jim says that had it not been for you he would have gone down on the launch *Oriole* last night with a party of drunken men who were drowned. He was on his way to join them yesterday, but concluded to stop and say good-bye to you. He tiptoed up on the step to frighten you as he often does, he said, but he saw that your head was bowed and your hands clasped. O my angel of the invalid chair, my boy heard you

(Continued on next page)



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AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave. and 40th St., New York

On St. Valentine's Day

BY GRACE BOTELER SANDERS
(Continued from page 34.)

praying for him, and he went back home instead of to the wharf. He says to tell you that he has gone away, and he will not return until he is such a man as will please even you. He has signed a pledge and he has gone to a missionary friend of mine who is working in the mountains, and there he will stay until he is sure that he is able to meet and overcome the enemy. I enclose a valentine. I hope the folks will be good to you and appreciate the angel within their midst.

"Your old friend,

"JAMES JOHNSON."

Minnie was sobbing tempestuously. "I'm glad, so glad that I don't know what to do," she cried, falling at Jennie's feet and covering the poor twisted hands with kisses. "I've been nearly crazy lately and so has ma and Louie. I didn't care so much for myself, but when I thought of what would become of our angel of the invalid chair, when we were turned into the big road, I thought I'd lose my mind."

"What do you mean? Minnie, tell me," persisted Jennie's mild voice. "What has Jimmie sent?"

"It's the mortgage," replied Minnie; "we had to borrow money. Oh, it has been running these ten years. It was in Squire Hankin's hands, and we knew that hard old man would foreclose at the first chance. I went to him and so did Louie and begged him to wait and he said 'No.' But now Mr. Johnson has settled with him and sent you the canceled mortgage. O Jennie, what would we ever do without you? We'll try to be better to you than we have been in the past. Will you forgive us? We

NO "FRILLS"

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"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use, but finally to humor her I tried a little and they just struck my taste. It was the first food that I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocket-book. In fact, I am thoroughly made over and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

were so discouraged and blue. We weren't responsible."

"Will I forgive you?" Jennie's voice was awed but gloriously happy. "Will God forgive me, you had better say. I was just grieving because I was tied to an invalid chair, where I could do nothing for Him. What an ungrateful creature I am! I was wishing for a valentine," she laughed girlishly. "I wonder if anyone in the whole wide world had such a splendid one as I. Open the box of candy, Minnie, and give the children some. Put the flowers in a vase at my elbow and blow the horn for Louie. Shan't we have a praise meeting here right now?"

"We shall," laughed happy Minnie, putting the horn to her mouth and going to the door where she stood and blew two great blasts. "Poor Louie, I'm only too glad to send him word to come."

Louie came quickly at the summons, and together they kneeled down by the table and poured out their thanks to the Giver of all good.

Sunshine for All

"If we cannot all have a piazza, everyone may feel the sun," says an Italian proverb which is characteristic of that patient, cheerful race.

But after all, it is the exceptional life which has not in it much of the sunshine. There is always gloom for those who wish to dwell in shadow, but an effort of the will often carries one out of that morbid desire into the clearer, sunnier mood.

Difficulties and troubles, if bravely met, make strong men and women, but endless worry and anticipation of evil cannot fail to weaken the will and the character.

Laugh and be glad now, today. If you wait till you conquer your little world, you will never laugh and be glad. It is better to live in a castle in the air than in the dungeons we allow our low spirits and forebodings to build for us.

"Boys, We Don't Have to Come Back"

BY MILDRED WELCH.

The most dangerous point on the Atlantic Coast is the Life Saving Station at Cape Hatteras, commanded by Captain Pat Etheridge. He is a big, tall man with a splendid, strong body, keen eyes, kindly face and long, bushy beard. He has asked several times to be removed, for he is more than sixty years old, but the Government insists on keeping him at this station.

The peculiar danger of this post is that the wrecked vessels are not thrown up on the beach in easy reach of the Life Saving Station, but go to pieces on the Diamond Shoals ten miles out to sea and the crew must go that distance to save them.

Several years ago a vessel foundered on these shoals in a fearful storm. Her signals of distress were seen from the lighthouse and Captain Pat got ready the self-bailing lifeboat, which is fitted up with mast and sails as well as oars. Meanwhile the storm grew worse and the wind, which was off shore, grew more violent every moment. He ordered the crew to launch the boat—but they hesitated. They were men who had risked their lives in a hundred brave adventures but now they paused. They looked at the hungry sea running so high, and off to where the breakers thundered on the shoals and they listened to the roar of the storm. Then one of them spoke: "Captain Pat, it's no use with that wind. We can launch the boat and we can reach the ship, but we can never come back." There was silence, except for the wail of the storm growing louder, then Captain Pat said: "Boys, we don't have to come back."

The crew looked into the flashing eyes of their captain, they understood and as one man they launched the boat. They reached the wreck, took off the survivors and the wind changing a point or two, after nine hours of the most heroic toil, they got back to the station. The captain's words, "Boys, we don't have to come back," are repeated by men at all the Life Saving Stations

on both our coasts wherever there are dangers to run, deeds to do and lives to save.

You would like to have done it, wouldn't you, boys? Not many can do a thing like that, but there is a hero's job waiting for you if you have the hero's spirit. The calling of the ministry doesn't sound as if it offered you that chance, does it? It seems rather dull and commonplace. Still it is the hero's job, for like every hero's work it means a life of service.

It may send a man to the home mission field in the great southwest where his hard work and his discomforts will far outnumber his pleasures—but did you ever hear of a hero in an easy place? It may send him to the twilight land of Africa, to the cold north or to the hopeless and wicked of our own cities. But suppose it does and you have to stick it out and you never come back to a life of pleasantness among friends, loved ones and easy goodness.

Boys, you don't have to come back! It will not matter, if only you have given your life in service to God and your fellow-men and joined the immortal band of the "unreturning brave."

—THE ROUND TABLE.

The Power of the Word

In 1860 the British fleet lay at Dalny on the Chinese coast and someone on board gave a Chinese Testament to a trading villager. For thirty years it lay unread. Then the wife of the man started to cut it up for use as wall paper. A Chinaman who was interested in accumulating merit by collecting printed paper protested against this dishonoring of the printed page and offered the woman unused paper in exchange for it. The bargain was struck, the stranger took the book, read it carefully, read it again, was finally converted, became himself a pastor and was followed into the church by friends and his whole family for four generations. His village has been transformed, there being two Christian schools there now, and some of the people evangelize the surrounding country.

Our Christian Duty

Some one has wisely said, "When we make out a note we acknowledge the receipt of a loan; but that does not do away with the necessity of paying interest. So when we join the church we acknowledge our dependence upon God; but for all that our entire life as Christians should be one of acknowledgment."

Another Opportunity

So many glowing words have been spoken in praise of our Calendar for 1916 entitled, "The Children's Hour," that we have decided to give our readers another opportunity to obtain it.

This lovely Calendar has been secured by special arrangement with the Osborne Company, one of the largest producers of Art Calendars in the world. It measures 11 x 17 inches, and is printed in a rich sepia. When the year is ended, the date pad may be detached, and the Calendar will make a beautiful subject for framing.

We will give the Calendar, postpaid, and one year's subscription to the American Messenger (either new or renewal) for 60 cents.

We will give the Calendar as a premium to any present subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1916, and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all; in case the new subscriber should also desire a Calendar, the sum of \$1.10 must be remitted.

For every Canadian subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted and for every foreign subscription 24 cents, to cover the extra cost of postage.

We again remind our friends that it would be a material help to the welfare of this paper if each subscriber would forward at least one new subscription when sending the renewal.

All those who have not yet attended to the renewal of their subscriptions for the year 1916, are earnestly urged to send in their remittance at once, accompanied with an additional ten cents for "The Children's Hour" Calendar, if they desire to receive it.

AMERICAN MESSENGER

Park Ave. and 40th St., New York



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AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue & 40th Street NEW YORK CITY

"A Splendid Piece of Work"

BY SARAH N. M'CREERY.

LEVEN girls, with bright, sunshiny faces, were already on the Freeman porch when Margaret Hopkins came up the walk. She stopped on the first step and looked around in surprise. "Am I intruding or is it a party?" she asked Jessie Freeman, the daughter of the house.

"It is not a party and you are most welcome," was the smiling answer. "I almost thought a surprise had been planned for me when five girls had arrived. I just delight to have my friends drop in this way."

"It shows how popular you are, Jessie," remarked Beulah George. "You see each of us thought of spending the afternoon with you when we had a little leisure."

Jessie Freeman was popular. Her sweetness of disposition, her kindness, her helpful spirit and her unselfishness made everybody like her.

Margaret, reassured that the other girls had just "dropped in," as she had removed her hat and joined the circle. There was soon a hum of conversation, and the tongues kept pace with the busy needles and crochet-hooks. It was just five o'clock when a little maid, in a white cap and apron, appeared with a tray on which were dishes of ice cream.

"Why, Jessie Freeman, you have gone and ordered ice cream," said Blanche Acres, accusingly.

"I am not guilty," declared Jessie. "I think mother and Lydia are responsible for this."

When the ice cream was served the little maid brought in small cakes. "Why how lovely," exclaimed Jessie to Lydia. "You made those cakes just for us and we will show our appreciation by eating a lot of them. Lydia does make fine cake, girls," she told her guests.

The maid's face flushed with pleasure at the words of praise. She nodded her thanks, for she was too timid to speak in English before all those strange guests.

"What nationality is Lydia?" Florence Ward asked as soon as the girl had left the room.

"Bohemian. Her name is Lydia Stedry," was the reply.

"Well, where did you ever find a

Bohemian girl in this town?" It was Pearl Starr who asked the question.

"Father found her at the railway station. She has been in America just two years. She went to Greggsville first because some friends from her own land live there; she found these friends had illness in the family, there was little demand for work, as one factory had failed and it was a small town; she could not be a burden on kind friends, so she drifted to this town. She stopped here because her money had given out; she had no place to go, and father saw her in the waiting-room all alone, crying as if her heart would break. She told her story to him, and as mother needed help he brought her home, and she has proved a jewel. She speaks English quite well and she is very bright. We have had her a year; she has learned to cook nicely and she takes pride in her work."

"Her eyes just haunt me," asserted Lucile Austin.

"Why," Jessie was surprised. "Her big eyes have such a lonesome, homesick, wistful look. Why, they remind me of a deer held at bay by dogs."

Beulah George laughed softly. "That's exactly like Lucile to see the look of—well not unhappiness exactly—nobody could be unhappy in the Freeman home—but the longing look. I expect the girl does get lonesome for people of her own kind."

"I know she does, for I have noticed her on the street sometimes, and she looks so lonely. Why, just think how you would feel to be the only person of your nationality in a town. Strange people, strange habits and customs, strange language, everything strange; why I think Lydia Stedry is so courageous to stand it; she's a heroine, that's what she is! I always think what I would like to do when I see her," Lucile's voice was low with earnestness.

"What?" the question was a chorus of voices.

"Perhaps Jessie and her mother would not like me to say it, but I always feel like I would like to help send Lydia to school. I have a cousin in Sparta—that's a large city—and there is a Bohemian quarter; this cousin teaches in a settlement school in that part of the city. I would like to send Lydia there. I wish we could do it, girls; it costs just fifty dollars a year, tuition, board and everything."

"Fifty dollars; how would we get fifty dollars?" queried Daisy Frank.

"We could earn it," was Lucile's calm answer. "We can begin now or wait until school closes."

There was silence in the little group for some minutes. "That would be a

fine thing to do," it was Jessie who spoke. "If we could do that for Lydia, mother and I would be so pleased. We would lose a splendid helper, but we would enlarge the girl's outlook. However, it would take twelve of us a long time to earn fifty dollars. Yet we twelve girls don't have to do it alone. We can ask thirteen other girls of our own age to help. That would mean that we would each have to earn two dollars apiece. I know I can earn two dollars during summer vacation, if I have to take in washing to do it," Lucile ended with a laugh. "School will soon be out, and we would not need the money until the first of September, for Cousin Alice's school does not open until the middle of that month."

There was more discussion, and by the time the last cake had disappeared from the plate it was decided to raise money to place Lydia in surroundings that would be more congenial to her. When she came to gather up the plates, each girl looked at her with a new interest and a feeling of responsibility for her future. A list was soon made of the girls who should be asked to help in the undertaking, and a meeting was set for a week later.

On the next Saturday all the twenty-five girls were present. The final plans for the work were all made, and it was agreed to keep the object of the undertaking secret, so that it would be a complete surprise to the lonely girl. The decision was to have no further meetings until the third Saturday of August, when the money would be handed in. The meeting was to be held at the Freeman home, so Lydia could be told of her good fortune.

After school closed the days and weeks of vacation passed quickly, and the third Saturday of August found every girl in town interested in the "School Fund," as they called it. When the Freeman clock chimed the hour of three, Grace Lockwood was the only girl absent. Grace had the reputation of never being late at anything, but it was not until twenty minutes later that she appeared, hot and tired.

"I'm here," she announced, "and there's my two dollars." She tossed the money into Lucile's lap, because she was the originator of the plan. "I have found out how useless I am; I have had such a time making two dollars, because I have never really learned to do anything well. I made the last quarter by delivering groceries for 'John Holt and Sons.' I told them I just had to make another quarter, so they employed me for an hour this afternoon." Then everybody laughed at Grace's frank confession.

"That's a capital idea to tell how the money was made. Let's do it in as few words as possible, no speech to be longer than three minutes. Lay the money on the table as you tell how you earned it," suggested Jessie. "Grace was first. Lucile you next, then take turns in the order in which you are seated."

"Made and sold Boston brown bread," was Lucile's brief comment. Then came twenty-two other reports, which included all kinds of work from selling potato chips at forty cents a pound to scrubbing the kitchen floor and porches all summer.

"And we have the whole fifty dollars!" Lucile exclaimed as the last contribution was added to the pile on the table. "Some of you thought we might not succeed, but I knew we could not fail!"

"Let's tell Lydia right away," Helen Graves could scarcely wait, so anxious was she to see what the girl would say.

"Let's have Mrs. Freeman tell her," suggested Florence Ward.

Jessie called her mother and then went for Lydia. The girl came shrinking and almost startled, looking as if she expected to be accused of something. Slowly and carefully, so she could understand, Mrs. Freeman told her how the girls, her friends, had worked all summer to earn money to send her away so she would be among her own people and could attend school.

Lydia looked dazed. "My peoples," she repeated. "I sometime so—what you call sick, not outside sick, but here," she pointed to her heart. "Want to

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hear talk like mine, nobody talk it. No face like mine," she looked at the money and the smile that came to her lips spoke all she could not say. "I tank you," the tears came and she fled to the kitchen.

Dr. Butcher, pastor of the church the Freeman family attended, stepped into the room. "I will confess that I have been an eavesdropper," he remarked with a smile. "I saw there was company, so I went to the side door, and Mrs. Freeman said I might keep out of sight and hear this great secret of yours. As I listened to the reports and heard Lydia told what the money was for, I thought a better piece of missionary work had never been done in this town. I shall tell the ministers about it at our meeting on Monday. I feel prophetic on this occasion, and it would not surprise me a bit if Lydia would become a missionary among her own people as the outcome of this enterprise. I regard it as a splendid piece of work. When anybody does a thing to make life better, larger and sweeter for others, it is real missionary work."

Lucile had always wanted to do what she termed "real missionary work." The words caused her to say, "Oh!" aloud as the light of a new understanding and a new vision dawned in her face.

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AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and 40th Street New York City

The Perfume of the Sick Room —Its Patience

BY MALCOLM JAMES MACLEOD.

The root meaning of the word "patience" is to suffer. It is the secret of suffering with fortitude. It is power, but power in restraint. "Stand therefore." It is playing the soldier in sorrow. Cicero, speaking of the death etiquette of a gladiator, asks, "What gladiator ever groans?" To be great it is not always necessary to be great in action. Sometimes greatness consists in being great in repose.

Usually we define this grace in negative terms. We call her "the angel that guards the couch of the invalid." But in the good Book patience is far from being a valetudinarian virtue; it is never a frail, drooping, languishing flower; indeed, quite the opposite. It is a healthy, hardy crocus rather, blooming oftentimes on most unpromising heights.

One cannot delve very deeply into the epistles of the New Testament without remarking what strong, virile company the word keeps: "Strengthened with all might unto all patience," "Patient continuance in well-doing," "The testing of your faith worketh patience," "Running the race with patience." This is not effeminate language. Patience is the whole man thinking, suffering, working; but, like nature, working quietly, smoothly.

Perhaps few things have done more harm to religion than some of the narrow views of sainthood that have obtained. And in the inventory of the wronged saintly virtues patience must be listed. Some have made it the synonym of calmness, but falsely. A man may be calm because he is asleep. Patience is heroic. It is the courage of the

conqueror. "Patience," said Aristotle, "is so like fortitude that she must be her daughter." "Beware the fury of the patient man," says the old proverb. "Make us patient and enduring."

How often in Scripture the word is linked with hoping and waiting! "I waited patiently for the Lord," the Psalmist muses. "Your patience of hope," says the apostle. "If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." The trouble to-day is, we do not dare to hope enough. We have fallen on a hopeless age. That is why we are so furiously and feverishly impatient. Hope is the great physician in the school of patience. One cannot but note how, when unbelief takes possession of the heart, patience is straightway slain.

"One moment in annihilation's waste,
One moment of the well of life to taste;
The stars are setting and the caravan
Starts for the dawn of Nothing—oh, make haste."

I watch this queenly virtue sometimes in amiable wonder. Who does not stand in silent admiration before the patience of the scientist—the Audubons and Pallasys and Pasteurs. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood he delayed announcing it for twelve years. That is a fine thought of Emerson's when, speaking of this very thing, he reminds us how quiet and patient nature is and how she seems to lay her hand on us and say, "Why so hot, my little man?"

Then to be patient under injustice. To be misrepresented and yet to be unruffled. To listen to slander and still to make a prisoner of one's tongue. How it wins my praise! I follow Columbus on his great risk. I see him stake everything on the perilous venture. I hear the threats and the mutiny. I watch him through the slow, weary weeks of waiting. Truly, it is beautiful.

And I am attracted, too, most invitingly by the patience of the teacher. I admire the "patient continuance"; patience with the boy, patience with the mischievous boy, patience with the mercurial boy, and patience with the dull boy. "Why do you scold me, sir?" said the lad to the great Arnold. "I am doing my best." The patience that stops to gently unravel a whole skein of silk that has got mentally twisted; or the patience of the Christian sportsman untangling his line and renewing his bait, and waiting pluckily and serenely for months, or maybe years; the patience of a Judson sowing seed for almost a decade in India before he cut a single sheaf; or the patience of a Tyler in South Africa watching fifteen summers come and go before the first Zulu was won over to discipleship. What patient pioneers were Carey and Morrison and Chalmers and John Williams! Is it not altogether admirable and glorious?

Then, too, do we not sometimes need patience with God? How often we cry, "Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?" Ah, dear heart, "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure." He will meet thee in His own time at the trysting place. Be patient with your fellowmen, of course, but be patient also with thy God. Theodore Parker used to say, "The trouble is, God is not in a hurry and I am." Patience lays hold of the great things that really matter. She does not clutch nervously at the bubbles sailing past her, because she knows that the enduring things are not without, but within. The reason why men are impatient is not because their lives are so full, but because their hearts are so empty. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

But it is when we see patience in the sickroom that she wins my heart and wonder and applause. Here she is perfect. "Let patience have her perfect work." How comes it that as you come out of some sick chambers you feel as though you had been drinking from a spring of bitter waters; while in others it is as though there were odors wafted from the gardens of Beulah Land? Such sunshine, such sweetness, such peace, such uncomplainingness, such perfume! There is a morning freshness. "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall blossom as the lily. His branches shall spread and his beauty shall be as the olive tree and his smell as Lebanon."

I conducted the funeral of a young woman who had been an invalid from childhood. For twenty years she was a constant sufferer; the last two years her life was a veritable martyrdom. Deformed in body, and worn to a skeleton, yet never once did she murmur; giving half of her little income to other sufferers; sending every December to the poor fifty Christmas presents of little knick-knacks that she had made with her own hands; writing bright short stories for the magazines; never talking about her trouble; always smiling, always saying that if somebody had to suffer it was good that it was she—and then passing away at only thirty-three. Verily the rose opened its heart to the sting of the bee and gave up the nectar. Like the fabled nightingale, she sang with her breast against a thorn.

There is a famous drawing by Millais. It is the figure of a woman lashed to a pillar. The sea is pounding away at her feet and the tide is rising, and a ship, in full sail, is beating by, but paying no attention to her or her doom. Birds of prey are circling over her head. But she is indifferent to all. Her eyes are looking into the glory behind the golden gates. And this is the secret of her peace. I watch the great, patient Man Himself, going quietly about His work, resting in His Father. What patience with the disciples, with Peter and James and John, with Mary, with Pilate! What patience on the Cross! And, remember, it was for the joy that was set before Him that He endured.

—THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER.

The Battle for Temperance

The progress of temperance reform is an outstanding feature of our national life. Nineteen States have already outlawed the traffic in alcoholic liquors and several more will do so within a year. State after State is closing in on the traffic until probably twenty-four States, one-half of all the States in the Union, will be under State-wide prohibition in the near future.

Great as these victories are, they are but single battles, however, in the war whose area is nation-wide and whose objective is National Prohibition. This is the greatest single reform ever undertaken in this country. That it will be carried to a successful conclusion is conceded by practically everyone who keeps adequately informed concerning its movements.

The call of this reform comes to every person, clergyman or layman, whose moral sense is touched with the appeal for a citizenship saved from the liquor traffic—a traffic condemned by industry and science, outlawed by legislatures and electorates, and denounced by courts of justice, from the lowest to the highest.

One of the important factors in the campaign for 1916 will be the national convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America, which will be held in Indianapolis, Ind., from June 26 to 29, inclusive. All friends of the temperance cause are urged to co-operate in the effort to render this an epoch-making gathering.

A Mighty Man of God

Mr. F. S. Brockman has told the story of the life of Pastor Ting in a few short sentences which, in spite of their brevity, are big with meaning. The record is this: "Born in Shantung, the province which produced China's two greatest sages, Confucius and Mencius. Educated in Shantung Christian University. Pastor in Shantung in 1900 (Boxer year), when he was beaten with many stripes by the magistrate and left as dead; he still bears upon his body, like Paul, the marks of the Lord Jesus. For ten years evangelist at large in all China; thousands have been turned to Christianity by the power of his preaching and force of his wonderful life. In 1909, under the quiet influence of his message, 108 men out of 320 in the college department of the Shantung Christian University decided to enter the ministry. Since then, in his endeavor to meet the greatest Christian need in China to-day, he has led more than 500 young men to give their lives to the ministry."

A Korean Evangelistic Method

A special campaign of evangelism has been inaugurated in some of the fields attached to the Kwangju Mission Station in Korea. The following quotation describes the plan of one of the evangelists: "Every church in my field has made a large map of the church's territory and posted it up in front of the church, where all can see it every time they meet for worship. This map has all the villages within a radius of eight miles located, and those having believers living within them are marked with a cross, and those having no believers are marked with a zero. All have agreed to pray for those villages daily, and every time they meet for worship, and to work among them, trying to establish at least one Christian home in each village. About one hundred and fifty or two hundred have also pledged to select one heathen each, to pray and work for until he believes. A number of new believers have been won already by this new method."

Buddhism Not a Spent Force

Buddhism is not a spent force or dried-up stream in Japan yet. There are still in that land, in round numbers, 72,000 temples, 37,000 Buddhist halls and numerous small private shrines. The city of Kyoto, not many years ago, saw the erection of a temple that cost over \$1,500,000. It is said that the massive pillars of this structure were raised to their places by long ropes made of the hair of devout Buddhist mothers and daughters.

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"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak-all-over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual flavor of the 'coffee' and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it that I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had been very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time she felt much better, had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was well and hearty.

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Mrs. King, \$4; "A Friend," \$10; Mr. Harwood, \$30; Mr. Vanderveer, \$25; Mrs. Williams, \$10; Mr. Bruce, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. Mead, \$1; Mrs. Taylor, \$2; Mr. Gabelmann, \$0.30; Mr. Vandewater, \$2; Mr. Pullen, \$0.50; Mr. Zimmermann, \$7; Miss Reeves, \$2; Mr. Sweigard, \$5; Mrs. Armstrong, \$2.50; Mrs. Fischer, \$2; Mr. Stewart, \$10; Miss Hills, \$2; Rev. Mr. Wiebe, \$3.25; Rev. Mr. Butler, \$5; San Francisco, church collection, \$1.75; "Friends," \$1.10.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$8.
General Breckenridge, \$1; Miss Bradley, \$1; Miss Wood, \$4; Mr. Hallock, \$1; Mr. Roth-ermer, \$1.

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"A Friend," \$600.

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INDIANA, \$5.65.
Miss Newcomer, \$2; Mr. Taylor, \$3; Mr. Rothert, \$0.65.

IOWA, \$47.18.
Breda, church collection, \$5; Mr. Jones, \$1; Mrs. Loeb, \$0.85; Mrs. Nieslander, \$3; Mr. Juengling, \$0.65; Mr. Brandt, \$0.18; Mrs. Mathews, \$1; Mrs. Warner, \$5; Mrs. Brou-er, \$4.50; Keokuk, church offering, \$10; Mr. Jones, \$1; Mr. von Hoorn, \$5; Mr. Fluth, \$2; Ackley, church collection, \$8.

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Mrs. Krehbiel, \$5; Mr. Krehbiel, \$1.65; Mr. Wilson, \$2; Mrs. Kilbourn, \$1.

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Mr. Alexander, \$15; The Misses Kobs, \$1.

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Miss Kittredge, \$5; Mr. Fuller, \$1; South Paris, church offering, \$1; Mrs. Eaton, \$5; "A Friend," \$1; Mr. Barrows, \$1; Mrs. Jordan, \$1.

MARYLAND, \$37.
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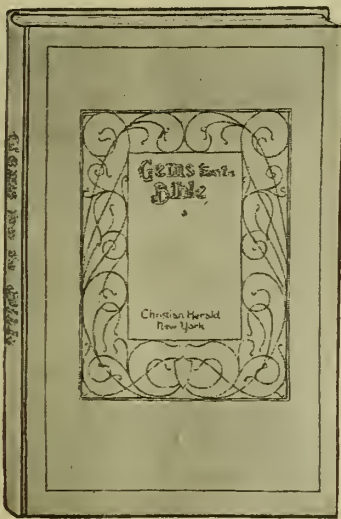
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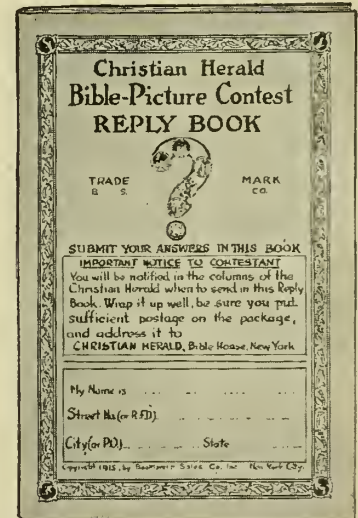
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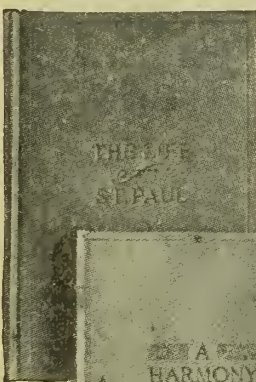


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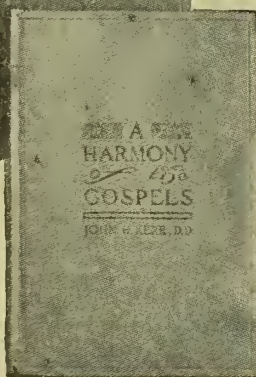
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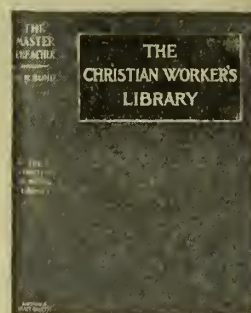
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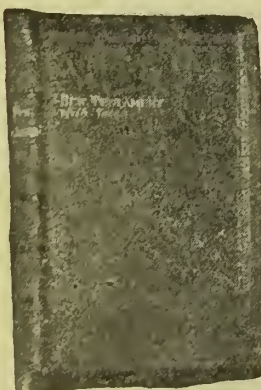
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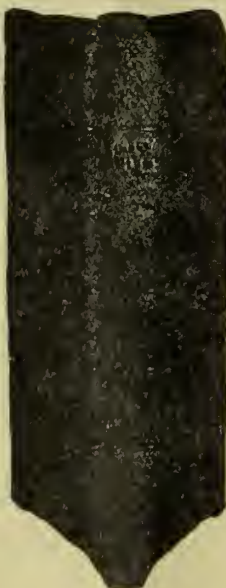
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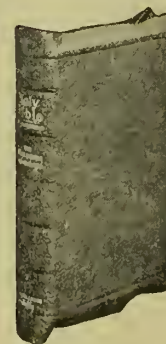
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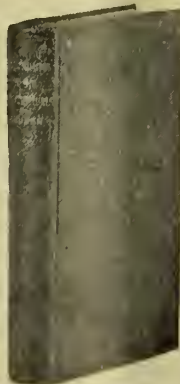


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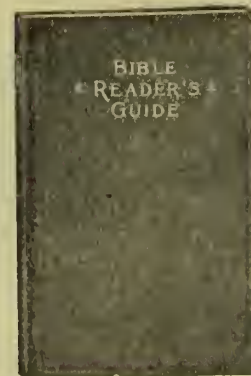
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By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

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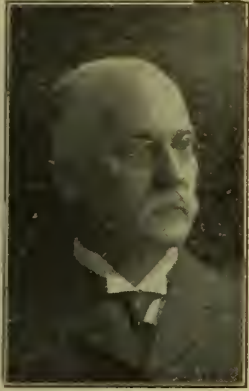
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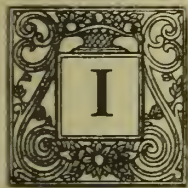
DR. DAVID J. BURRELL

“PREPAREDNESS”—FOR WHAT?

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City



IN one of his discourses to the multitude, Jesus said: “What king, as he goeth to encounter another king in war, will not sit down first, and take counsel whether he is able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?”

This is a fair question. A king under such circumstances would naturally be in a strait betwixt two. The enemy draws near with a mobilized army of twenty thousand men. Not only the throne, but the presumably important principles on which it is founded; not only the government, but every man, woman and child whom it is under bonds to protect are in grave danger. What shall the king do? If unprepared, he must needs send an ambassador to humbly ask conditions of peace. If prepared, he will meet the invader, save his country and vindicate his divine commission by defending his own.

The question is one that presses upon us. One-half of the world is now engaged in war; the other half is facing the possibility of being involved in it. Preparedness is therefore the question of the hour. Preparedness for what? Are we to prepare for war in time of peace? Or for peace in time of war? It works both ways.

So far as our country is concerned, the question must be considered from the Christian point of view. For ours is a Christian nation, founded on the principles of the Christian religion and so understood from the beginning until now. This fact, established by frequent decisions in our highest courts of law has never been formally called in question except by unaccustomed foreigners—most of them fugitives from persecution in other lands—whom our Government has prematurely equipped with rights which they do not comprehend, privileges which they cannot appreciate and a civic franchise which they abuse to their own harm, like children permitted to play with edged tools.

The determining factor in the solution of the problem is, therefore, the teaching of Christ. What did the Master have to say about it?

To begin with, *He indubitably taught the doctrine of personal non-resistance.* “I say unto you that ye resist not him that is evil;

but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.” (Matt. 5:39.) That is to say, there must be no revenge for private wrongs. It is plain, however, that this must not be so interpreted as to encourage a truckling spirit, or to overthrow government and courts of law. Our Lord Himself, when struck with a rod expostulated with the man who smote him. (John 18:23.) But there was no retaliatory spirit in Him; moreover, in this instance, no real good was to be gained by resenting the wrong.

When Peter drew his sword against the soldiers who laid hands on Jesus in the garden, He said, “Put up the sword into the sheath;” but this was because Peter was standing directly in the way of Christ’s purpose of redemption, for He said, “The cup which the Father hath given me shall I not drink it?” (John 18:11.) In other words, Peter was here fighting against God. If he had been waylaid by a band of ruffians and had drawn his sword in self-defense, does anyone suppose that Christ would have reproved him? To surrender one’s life, in such a case, without resistance would be suicidal, and suicide is self-murder. Or if Peter had drawn his sword to protect a child from brutal violence, would not Christ have praised him for it?

The attitude of Christ must not be construed as one of cowardly acquiescence in wrong. He who entered the Temple with a scourge of small cords and drove out the money changers was no craven. Such “‘umbleness” as that of Uriah Heep was an abomination to Him. He was the last man in the world to “bow the pregnant hinges of his knee that thrift might follow fawning.” His calm submission to personal injury was precisely that of which Milton speaks: “A lowly loftiness of mind which is exalted by its own humiliation.” He stooped to conquer, and He stooped like a man.

We must observe here that nations and individuals are not controlled by the same laws. In the nature of the case governments are vested with authority which individuals have not. They can do many things which are unlawful for their citizens to do.

This raises the question, *What are governments for?* They exist “by the consent of the governed.” But why this consent? How shall we account for the voluntary surrender

of individual rights and privileges which is involved in such covenants? What is to be gained by it? The civic franchise. Mutual defense and protection. This is what governments are for, and this is why they are approved as “ordained of God.”

They are certainly not so “ordained” for selfish conquest or mere national glory. Listen to Paul as he speaks on Mars Hill: “God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon the face of the earth and hath determined the bounds of their habitation.” What measureless bloodshed would have been averted if only the nations had been willing to abide within their predetermined “bounds of habitation!”

The first business of a nation then is to protect its citizens. It is in consideration of such mutual defense against aggression of every sort that men agree to merge their individual rights in social compacts. The closing words of our Declaration of Independence are these: “For the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.” As to the purpose of that Declaration the opening words of our national Constitution are explicit: “We, the people of the United States, in order to secure a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States.”

This being so, the lives of those who went down on the *Lusitania* together with all exposed to a similar danger rest as a solemn responsibility upon our Executive. Otherwise the mutual compact has no value. It is important, of course, that our commercial interests should be protected; but all problems that express themselves in dollars and cents can safely await the solution of the more serious problems that involve the security of life. Here is no “hymn of hate.” We seek no mere avengement for the past; but as a nation we are under bonds to secure to the humblest of our citizens that protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness which is guaranteed in our national bill of rights.

The second business of a nation is to defend its own life. No passenger is safe on any vessel that is ill prepared to face the opposing

winds. No government can protect its citizens unless it is in a position to defend itself; that is, to defend the underlying principles which constitute its life. The game of politics, carried on by demagogues with the cry, "What is the constitution among friends?" has in it the potency of national death. The service of statesmanship, on the other hand, by perpetuating the fundamental principles of our government, is calculated to prolong and perpetuate it.

There is no necessity of prognosticating an invasion from either the Atlantic or the Pacific in order to justify the policy of preparedness. The mere mention of a remote contingency is enough to warrant the safeguarding of our borders. Let sciolists discuss the right of self-defense; no man of reason doubts it. As well might one commit suicide to avoid the semblance of a quarrel with a lunatic, as for a nation to jeopardize its existence for fear of being thought belligerent toward a maddened foe.

When Governor Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, received from Canonicus, the king of the Narragansetts, a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake—indicating a proposed massacre—he very properly answered by sending back the snake's skin stuffed with powder and balls—signifying that he was ready to meet it.

A man who, finding a burglar or ravisher in his apartment at night, will not defend himself and his household, is something less than human. By the same token, the people of Leyden were justified in resisting the Spanish siege. Let them hurl stones upon their enemies! Let them pour blazing pitch on their heads! Self-defense is the first law of nature. And this is certainly as true of nations as of men.

The Vaudois, the Huguenots, the derided "Beggars of Holland," and our revolutionary sires are held in universal honor for adventuring their all in defense of convictions which were dearer than life. "Better not be at all than not be noble." Lexington was a protest against an unjust stamp act. Our Revolutionary War was fought to vindicate the proposition that there can be "no taxation without representation." Shall the sword be drawn, then, to resist a paltry three pence on a pound of tea? Aye, when those three pence spell tyranny! Shall thousands die at Gettysburg for one black chattel? Yes, if Gettysburg rings the bells of freedom for ten million men! The life of a nation that does not stand for the principles which constitute its life is not worth living. When Nero fiddles with Galba's army at his gates, it is high time for Rome to die.

The third business of a nation is to champion the weak. For no nation liveth unto itself; its vine must needs grow over the wall. Americanism is good, but pan-Americanism is better. The Monroe Doctrine is the largest contribution ever made by any government to the welfare of the race, because it pledges us not only to self-defense, but to the protection of neighbor Republics which would otherwise be a helpless prey to every ambitious foe. Cuba, living next door, was wounded by Spain and left for dead on the Bloody Way. What could we do? Pass by on the other side for fear of a foreign entanglement, or take her under our wing by annexation? Neither one: "Loose her and let her go!" To-day her chains are off. This is the very essence of Christianity, expressing itself in terms of Christian government, as I understand it.

*"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
His truth is marching on."*

There is a patriotism which speaks on this wise: "Our country right or wrong." There is a larger patriotism which regards our country as an agent of humanity, not only within its borders, but within the entire purview of its

influence. The United States lost one of the most glorious opportunities of our history when we failed to intercede for Belgium. It is fine to be an American, but finer far to be—as an unhyphenated American—a citizen of the world-wide Commonwealth of Man.

It is this going out of patriotism that throws open our gates to the oppressed of all nations. "Liberty enlightening the World" is our noblest work of art. A Russian friend of mine on landing at the Battery went straight up to Cooper Institute where he heard a new-made citizen discourse on American Freedom; whereupon, as he tells me, he "wept two hours for joy!"

These are the functions of a Christian nation, and they all involve preparedness. Preparedness for war, if God sounds the tocsin; not otherwise. Preparedness for peace at any price, short of the sacrifice of national life and honor. "First pure; then peaceable." War is not the worst of evils; nor is death the darkest fate that can befall a man. As the Roman poet Horace said, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Blessed is he who lives for the truth's sake and stands ready to die for it.

But there is one thing more—vastly more— which a Christian nation like ours can do and is under bonds to do; and this involves no possibility of war; namely, it can stand for the world-wide propagation of the Gospel.

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to souls benighted
The lamp of God deny?"

There is no militarism in this. It requires no dreadnoughts or vast armaments. The only preparedness needed is a willing mind on the part of those who are in personal covenant with Christ. Without that we shall fall immeasurably short of the beneficent purpose of Him who has "made and preserved us a nation." Here dreams of conquest are in order. The world for Christ! God grant that our country may be a fountain whose radiating streams shall flow forth, even to the remotest of the regions beyond, to make glad those who as yet dwell in darkness and the shadow of death, with no such privileges as ours; no light, no freedom, no humanity, no Christ! This is the peaceful mission of America to the world.

To this end our country lives, by the grace of God. And with this purpose in mind we pray for its perpetual life and usefulness:

"Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!"

The Storm—and After

BY CORA S. DAY

As the war clouds lower and storm after storm of battle breaks over the nations, more than one timid heart questions the present and the future. Why does God permit such trouble upon earth? Let us go back to a certain olden time and place; a certain placid lake with a frail boat filled with men whose names we know well. One, leader of them all, sleeps, worn out by fatigue. It would seem as if then, if ever, nature would be held in leash and the slumber of that one unbroken. Yet a terrible tempest arose suddenly, and to save themselves the disciples aroused Him whose word stilled the storm.

God gives no man full wisdom or full knowledge of His reasons for the storms of life that come to all. But so far we may be sure, those who are in company with Jesus need fear no evil. He in His own good, wise time will still all our tempests and give us peace. "The winds and the waves obey His will," when He commands, "Peace, be still." So we may rest on the sure faith and hope that when the time is ripe He will speak peace to His war-stricken world.

Modern Heroes

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

THE heroes are not all dead. The material out of which martyrs are made is not exhausted. There is more heroism in the realm of religion to-day than ever before. There are millions of men and women who would gladly give up their lives rather than do dishonor to their Lord.

The general secretary of one of the missionary boards recently told the story of the return of a missionary to the home office from Turkey just after the horrible massacres in that country had begun. Many thousands of the Christian Armenians had already been slaughtered by the fiendish Turks, and the results of the many years' work of the missionaries seemed to have been wiped out. The missionaries were recalled to America. The general secretary told of the coming to the office of the board in Boston of this particular missionary, and of his declaration that he was willing to go back again to Turkey if the board so desired, or to go into any other field if that was their wish. The secretary said that every member of the board was stricken with self-reproach at the spirit of utter self-sacrifice shown by this devoted herald of the cross. Although his sacrifices of twenty years had been apparently made of no avail, yet he would return to that same dangerous field and continue the fight till death, if that were deemed the best thing to do.

This same speaker told of a letter that the office had received from one of its missionaries to China at the time of the Boxer massacre several years ago. This young man was about to go to his death and he wrote a message to the missionary leaders of the denomination in this country, saying that he was about to die, but that he wanted them to see to it that his little son be trained to take his place in the land of China when he should become of age.

Several years ago another of the missionary boards sent down to the Congo region in Africa one of its choicest young men. He had been a football hero, and was strong and fitted for the difficult task given him. He took out with him his newly-wedded wife, and at once began his pioneer mission work as carpenter, blacksmith, physician, teacher, preacher and governor. For he had to become all things to all men, since he was the only white man within a radius of a thousand miles. After three years his wife died, and she was buried there in the savage wilderness. He would not return to his native land even after this calamity, but said he would continue, and urged the home board to send helpers. But helpers could not be found who were willing to take up the African work. So this lone man worked on month after month. He resolved to make a journey into the surrounding country, doing what he could to bring the light into still other regions than that in which his chief work was being done. While out on this tour, much of it being through swamps and over rivers, he was drowned, and the sad message of his death came to the board from one of the workers. No message had ever brought so great a shock to the denomination which this young man served as this story of his tragic and heroic death. His three children are now in this country. The last word to come from this African worker was one of enthusiasm and hopefulness for the outlook for the Gospel in the dark continent to which he had devoted his life.

Surely such men as these of the twentieth century are worthy of having their names enrolled alongside the names of those of olden days who "had trials of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment," who were "stoned," "sawn asunder" and "slain with the sword."

A GREAT BIBLE INSTITUTE



THE Bible Institute of Los Angeles, Cal., traces its origin to a young men's Bible class in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, and a young women's Bible class, which met in a room in a department store. The young men's Bible class was organized by Rev. T. C. Horton, Bible Teacher of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church in the summer of 1906. It made rapid growth and assumed the name of "The Fishermen's Club," suggested by the words of Christ as recorded in Matthew 4:19, "Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men." The young women's class also increased rapidly in numbers, and in 1907 was named "The Lyceum Club." These two classes, wielding an influence that extended to every section of the city, and constantly growing in numbers and power, became the nucleus of the Bible Institute as it exists to-day.

In the fall of 1907 the co-operation of Rev. A. B. Prichard, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, was secured, and some day classes were held in the lecture room of that church.

The next step in the development of the Bible Institute was the securing of a building. A structure was found on South Main street, which seemed to be the best available at that time. By making certain alterations an auditorium, a dining-room, a reception room, a class room and some small office rooms were provided. Thus a plant was provided, which met the immediate needs for the next few years.

The permanent organization of the Bible Institute was formed at a meeting held on February 25, 1908. The following officers were elected: President, Lyman Stewart; Vice-President, Rev. A. B. Prichard; Superintendent, Rev. T. C. Horton; Associate Superintendent, R. A. Hadden; Secretary, B. C. Atterbury; Treasurer, Leon V. Shaw.

A rapid development followed the installation of the Bible Institute in its own headquarters. Messrs. Horton, Hadden and Prichard formed the Faculty and took up the teaching work. From the beginning the Bible Institute has been evangelistic in character. Shop meetings which had been conducted under the auspices of the Church Federation were taken over by the Bible Institute. The Bible women's work was organized, the workers giving their whole time to visiting the homes and holding neighborhood Bible classes. A converted Jewess was found, specially qualified to work among her own people, and a work was commenced among the Jews. The Union Rescue Mission of the city had inaugurated a Spanish work, opening a mission for that purpose, but after a two years' trial decided it was wise to discontinue, and that mission was taken over by the Bible Institute. The work now assumed larger proportions and the Rev. J. H. Sammis was called to the Faculty. There was a great need for evangelistic work among the oil fields of California, and two men were engaged to give their whole time to this service. Many sections of the State were not reached by evangelists, and the Rev. J. R. Pratt, of New York, was called to the work, which was abundantly blessed of God. Extension classes were organized in the city and surrounding towns by Mr. Hadden, assisted by one of the resident pastors, Rev. W. Leon Tucker. The Fishermen's Club also had evangelists in the field.

With twenty-five workers giving their whole time to the work the Bible Institute made re-

markable progress in the first three years of its existence, and in the summer of 1911 the Board of Directors decided upon an advance movement, and determined to secure the best available man in the country for Dean. After much prayer they were led to call Dr. Richard A. Torrey, whom Mr. Moody chose twenty-five years ago to be the first superintendent of the Bible Institute of Chicago, a position which he filled admirably for fifteen years until he resigned, after Mr. Moody's death, to take up the world-wide evangelistic campaigns that have made him known everywhere. Dr. Torrey accepted the call as a result of his deep conviction that the Pacific Coast was a most strategic point for large service, and entered upon his duties as Dean of the Faculty in January, 1912.

Under the leadership of Mr. Lyman Stewart, the President of the Bible Institute, and a most generous supporter of its work, a successful effort was now made to provide the permanent building needed to properly house the ever-enlarging activities of this growing enterprise. This effort culminated in the erection of the splendid building located at 536-558 South Hope street, a picture of which appears on the front cover of this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

With the completion of this edifice Los Angeles has added one more claim to its long list of superlatives. Representing an investment of a million and a half dollars and towering thirteen stories, this great structure is said to be the largest of its kind not only in the United States but in the world. The frontage of the building is two hundred and forty feet and the depth one hundred and sixty-five feet. A Spanish and Moorish touch is given to the architecture.

The great auditorium is the central edifice linking the two lofty pylons, which represent many-storied dormitories for men and women. The arches open with a vestibule one hundred and twelve feet long, thirty-four feet wide and thirty feet high. The auditorium with its balconies has a seating capacity of four thousand five hundred and sixty-four.

The basement under the men's dormitory is devoted to the business of the school, and under the women's dormitory is the printing plant. On the first floor of the north wing are the executive offices for the women students and the Biola Book Room. The dormitories contain a total of six hundred and eighty-three rooms comfortably furnished. In the upper floors are club and lounging rooms and in the basement a large cafeteria, with a seating capacity of five hundred persons.

The work of the Bible Institute is interdenominational. The Institute classes are for the training of men and women in the knowledge of the Bible for any field to which God may call them. There is no charge for tuition.

In its theological position the Bible Institute holds to the historic faith of the Church as expressed in the common creed of evangelical Christendom. It stands for the integrity of the Holy Scriptures and for their supernatural and plenary authority. It believes in the trinity of the Godhead, the deity of Christ, the personality of the Holy Spirit, the necessity of the New Birth, the resurrection of the body, the immortality of the spirit and the life everlasting of believers.

In its "Yokefellows' Hall" the Bible Institute maintains a mission for men, where hundreds of men are faithfully dealt with, street meetings are held and a Sunday School is conducted for bootblacks.

A Music course is offered at the Bible Institute which makes it possible to obtain a knowledge of gospel music from every standpoint. It is especially designed to thoroughly equip evangelistic singers, choir leaders, Sunday School workers, organists, pianists and music teachers.

The course includes the Theory of Music, Harmony, Composition, Sight Singing, Men's, Women's and Mixed Chorus work, Voice Placing, and Solo Singing, Conducting and Normal Training.

Many opportunities present themselves at the Missions, Churches and Sunday Schools of the city for practical application of all the theoretical work of the class room. Students are assigned regularly to these different places as a part of their school work. When confidence and ability are acquired, positions as choir leaders can generally be secured for such students, and there is continually a call for evangelistic singers who are really proficient.

As the whole aim of the Bible Institute is to turn out efficient Christian workers, not mere theorists, the instruction given in the different class rooms is at once translated into practise as a part of the training.

Students are required to attend and assist in missions, street meetings, tent meetings, to visit people in their homes, to conduct adult Bible classes and Sunday School classes, and to engage in various other forms of aggressive Christian work, and always with their eyes open for opportunities for personal work.

These assignments are made by the Superintendents, and every student is required to hand in each week a written report of their work.

A weekly report meeting is held at which the work of the preceding week is surveyed and difficulties discussed. This is one of the most helpful and inspirational hours of the week.



"The Mission of the Master"

Some months ago the story of "The Mission of the Master" was told in the columns of the AMERICAN MESSENGER by Rev. George Ernest Merriam. It will be remembered by those who read the story that it told of the plan to present to the churches of America a very remarkable painting by a very eminent artist. The painting is a portrait of "The Christ" entitled "The Master," which is regarded by many competent observers as one of the greatest of modern masterpieces. The artist is Darius Cobb, of Boston, whose historical paintings have a national renown, and who spent more than thirty years in completing his wonderful masterpiece.

It was Rev. C. F. Hill Crathern, of Worcester, Mass., who conceived the idea of exhibiting this painting by Darius Cobb throughout the land, and under his skilful leadership a tour of the country was made from Maine to California in which "The Mission of the Master" was attended by over a hundred thousand people.

The results of this effort have demonstrated the possibility of evangelism through art. Rev. Oliver Huckel, of Baltimore, Md., has declared that this Mission of the Master will be an untold blessing to the ages. Glowing tributes to the spiritual value of this artistic representation have been given by both press and pulpit in the various cities where "The Mission of the Master" has gone. The simple but impressive recital by the venerable artist of his motive and purpose which he gives at every exhibition under the title, "Why I Painted the Christ," and the sympathetic introduction given by Mr. Crathern, when he unveils the painting and presents the artist to the audience, have constituted a service at once educational, inspirational and deeply religious.

"The Mission of the Master" is still in progress and all who can possibly see this great painting should avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered for receiving a vital and uplifting spiritual impulse.

WITH OUR MISSIONARY COLPORTERS

The Mexican Mission in Dallas, Texas

One of the important features of the work that is being carried on in the Southern and Southwestern States by the missionary colporters of the American Tract Society is the distribution of Christian literature in the Spanish language among the people of Latin-American origin who are found in that section of our country.

Several of the colporters in the Southern Agency are making special efforts to reach the Mexican population who have drifted over the border into the State of Texas, and the Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of that Agency, has recently sent us a photograph which illustrates one phase of that work. The picture that appears on this page has been reproduced from that photograph, which is explained by our missionary colporter, Rev. A. B. Carrero, in these words:

"In this picture are seen the children of our day school. In this school we teach the children in their own native tongue, which is Spanish. After they have gotten a good foundation in elementary work we send them to the American public schools in the city of Dallas.

"The preparation we give them enables them to advance fairly well, as they have obtained good ideas as to how to study, and they have learned how to read and write in Spanish. It, therefore, becomes quite easy for them to advance in the courses that they receive in the public schools, in which they readily acquire the English language.

"Without this preparation they do not succeed very well in the American schools, and sometimes when they come to the third grade they are discouraged and drop out because the studies seem very difficult to them.

"All of these scholars are Roman Catholic children, but they come to our Sunday School, study our Catechism and learn of Christ."

In the accompanying picture Rev. A. B. Carrero may be seen standing at the extreme left. He has been a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society for many years, and is also Pastor of the Presbyterian Mexican Mission of Dallas, Texas.

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From Home to Home in Cuba

For several years Mr. Pedro Pozo has been circulating Christian literature in the Spanish language as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in Cuba. He gives a report of his activities during a recent month in the following words:

"I spent the first week in the city of Havana, where I saw heartrending poverty and distress as the result of indolence, gambling and other vices. I held many conversations with the indifferent and the unbelieving. As I went from house to house many said to me, 'We have not the wherewithal with which to buy food and pay rent, and how can we buy books?' But here and there hearts were opened to hear my message, and I tried to leave at least a tract wherever it would be received.

"From Havana I went east to Jaruco, and visited the sugar mills of Loteria and Carmen. Going on to Santa Cruz and Canesa I held several services in the country districts, always trying to explain clearly some portion of the Scrip-



DAY SCHOOL OF THE MEXICAN MISSION IN DALLAS, TEXAS.

tures. I was able to dispose of quite a number of the smaller books in this locality. At San Antonio I held a meeting with twenty-four persons present, to whom I read the Ninetieth Psalm and explained its sublime teaching. At the close of the service I sold several books and was cordially urged to repeat my visit.

"Thence I proceeded to Matanzas, where I labored for two days and then went on to Lemonar, visiting two sugar mills and circulating several volumes. At Juanacaro, San Francisco and Juneo I held services, at each of which at least a dozen or more persons were present.

"At Junilla I worked for one day and I spent four days in Cardenas and its environs, holding conversations on religious subject with the people in the homes and stores. In one place they said, 'Yes, the books you carry are good. Some other day we will buy, when you come back.' I answered, 'I do not know that I can return, nor whether I shall live to do so. Now is your opportunity.' Then they took a New Testament and a copy of 'The Heart of Man' in Spanish. They said to me, 'It surely takes patience to sell books, and we must believe that you labor in faith.' I replied, 'What I desire far more than that you should purchase books is that you look to Jesus as your only Saviour.'

"This brief narrative gives a fair idea of my work, as I come in contact with truth and falsehood and with light and darkness. May the Lord bless the distribution of the printed page of gospel truth to His own honor and glory!"

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An Interesting Incident

Rev. Samuel Mueller, a missionary colporter who is scattering Christian literature in the Far West, tells the following incident:

"One morning I met a young Hebrew in the street car. I gave him a tract in the Hebrew language, which he read through with great interest. He said to me, 'Have you any more of these tracts? One is not enough.' I gave him two more, which he read through with the same intense interest. Before I left the car he thanked me with a radiant face, and said, 'That was good!' To see his joyful face was heavenly bread and water for my soul. I thought to myself, 'Will I be privileged to meet that dear son of Abraham in the new Jerusalem?'"

Winning Souls in Porto Rico

Juan Sanchez, a missionary colporter, who is circulating the Spanish publications of the American Tract Society in Porto Rico, writes:

"In one meeting which I held there was a man present who was unsaved and whose evil life was an obstacle to the progress of true religion in that place. I preached on the parable of the Prodigal Son, and in that sermon the man saw the picture of himself, and repented. He has a good deal of influence in the town and I am sure his conversion has meant much for the cause of Christ.

"I have had the privilege of preaching in many places to large congregations of people and God has manifested His power in the conversion of many souls. I had the opportunity of co-operating with the pastor of one important church in the city of Ponce. Through the agency of prayer and personal work we carried on a campaign in which eight souls were won for Christ.

"In one town of the Arecibo district the Spanish version of 'The Heart of Man' was instrumental in leading a family of twenty people to Christ. This little book is a great help in the work. I am also circulating the Spanish Commentaries on the Bible, written by Rev. Henry B. Pratt, among Bible students and Sunday School teachers. I have received strong testimony as to the efficiency of these books.

"I sold a copy of the Spanish translation of 'The Bible in Picture and Story' to one family and that opened the way for a missionary to bring that family to a Christian church."

"During the past month I have been laboring both in Ponce and in some other cities. At the opening of the month I preached in the suburb of a town in this district. This suburb was inhabited by the worst people of the town. The holding of an evangelistic meeting in such a place was a great surprise, and to my joy there was considerable interest shown.

"I visited also another town which was a stronghold of Romanism. There I preached in company with some other brethren in Christ. Some threats were made against us, especially when the people began coming to hear the preaching of the Gospel. But the Lord strengthened us, and we continued our preaching with favorable results for the extension of the Kingdom."

DOES NO ONE CARE?

By Allan Phillip



THE air was cold with a thick mist from the sea, while the glow of the fires in the ship-yards, reflected on the low hanging clouds, cast a lurid light through the mist which struggled with the glow of the street lamps, flickering in the gale that was blowing in from the dark sea.

"Good night, Fred!"

"Good night!"

So the two men parted as they passed from the dock gates at the end of another day's work.

It was a wild night and the two men turned each his own way to find pleasure now that the work of the day was over.

Tom Roaden's mind was filled with thoughts of the thrilling gatherings in the Town Hall, where a mission was being carried on that seemed to be stirring the whole town to its depths.

The hymns sung on the previous night had been ringing in his mind all the day, and the burning words of the speaker had echoed and re-echoed in his ears as he bent to his task and went to and from the works. He was impatient to be back in the hall amid the enthusiasm of the crowds, and to feel again the power of the speaker's message.

As he walked he turned to look after his friend and saw him pass into the open door of a saloon. It was Fred's place of pleasure for the evening.

"Poor fellow!" murmured Roaden to himself. "If he only knew the joy of the Lord and what it is to be a follower of Christ he would never want to go in there again!"

A little later Roaden was in the hall. Again the place was crowded, and the volume of sound, as a thousand voices joined in the old Gospel hymns, floated out into the stormy night and drowned the wild moaning of the wind.

The message of the evening was a call to work for our fellowmen—a summons to try to save the lost and to win others to Jesus Christ.

As Roaden listened he saw before him the picture of his friend Fred entering the public house, and he could not escape the thought that he must do something to save him from the ruin towards which he was hastening.

Why had he not invited him to the meeting that night? He felt uneasy. A sense of neglected duty lay as a burden upon his conscience, and, when the speaker appealed for all to rise who would undertake to speak to someone definitely on the morrow about their spiritual life, Roaden rose at once and made the promise.

On the following day he met his friend on the way to work and they walked together to the gates; but, somehow, all the way Roaden felt that he could not say what he intended. He was afraid of his friend—afraid he would be laughed at, or have questions put to him which he could not answer, and he was silent.

They separated at the gates, going to their respective places of labor, and Roaden worked that morning with the voice of conscience accusing him of cowardice and fear.

Dinner hour came and the two men met once more and sat together at their meal. Roaden watched his companion and thought he was ill at ease; some trouble seemed to be weighing heavily upon him. This was his opportunity to speak; but again it was as though a hand were laid upon his mouth—the hand of fear—and he could only speak of the work and the passing events of the day.

So the dinner hour passed and with it another opportunity.

They had not long resumed work when a great cry was raised, and Roaden, rushing to the spot, was just in time to see that a heavy crane had fallen on a group of workmen. With a terrific crash it had hurled itself to the ground killing some and injuring others who could not escape in time.

It was among those men that Fred Barrton worked, and as Roaden ran forward, he prayed that God would give him just one more chance of speaking to his friend, although all the time a voice was sounding in his ears, "Too late!"

It was not, however, too late, for his prayer was answered. Barrton had a miraculous escape and was only slightly injured. He was unable, however, to continue his work and was therefore conveyed to his home in a cab.

That evening, instead of going to the crowded mission hall, Roaden sat with his friend, taking a chair at the bedside and looking for an opportunity to speak of the deep things of life.

The sufferer awoke from a brief sleep and, seeing Roaden at his bedside, put out his hand and grasped the other by the hand and said, somewhat faintly:

"It's good of you to come, old fellow. What about your meeting at the hall?"

"How did you know I'd been there?" he asked.

"I knew it by the way you've been humming those tunes all day long."

"Why didn't you go, Fred?" said Roaden.

"Nobody asked me to," he replied. "And you know I'm not used to that sort of thing. The saloon's more in my line."

"Fred, why don't you make a new start in life and give up drink and all that sort of thing, and accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour?"

The other looked at him silently for a moment and tears rose to his eyes as he answered:

"No one has ever asked me that before, mate. I've often worried myself about it, but I could not make head or tail of it, and no one seemed to care or to trouble about me; so I tried to forget it."

"Well, I've wanted to speak to you for a long time, Fred, but I kept putting it off because I didn't know just how you would take it."

"It's a wonder you're not too late!" said the sufferer. "When I saw that crane falling and knew I could not get out of the way I felt that my last chance had gone and, in less time than it takes to tell you, I wondered what lay before me and how I could face death and—and—you know what I mean."

"You wouldn't be afraid if you had taken Jesus Christ to be your Saviour, Fred."

"Tell me what it means," the other replied.

"Well, it just means that we have all sinned and it's only by accepting Christ as our Saviour that we can be pardoned."

"It sounds easy, but what becomes of all the wrong I've done? I tell you, mate, I've done some terrible things in my time and I don't know that I dare ask for them to be forgiven. I'd suffer for them if it would do any good, but to get rid of my sin for nothing seems too easy."

"That's just where the love of God comes in," said Roaden. "It is all without money and without price. He has borne the burden and paid the price and we are forgiven if we will accept Christ as our Saviour."

"I can't think of that, mate. I'll have to

suffer for it yet, and to tell you the truth I'm afraid of what it means. I don't see that God is going to forgive so easily as that."

"Fred, if your little girl had disobeyed you, perhaps stolen something you valued, and had run away and broken your heart, and if she came back on such a night as this in the rain and the storm and stood crying at the door for you to let her in and asking you to forgive her, what do you think you would do?"

"Why I should just throw my arms around her—ah! I see it now!"

"Yes, Fred, that's just it. God loves us. We don't know how much; but God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. That's all I've got to say about it, and if we forgive those we love, even when they break our hearts, God will forgive us if we come to Him and ask."

A wonderful light came into the face of the injured man as he said:

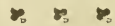
"Tom, you've made it so plain that I can see it all. I never knew before that God loved like that. Tom, I'll take it now. I'll take Him as my Saviour. I feel as if the burden had gone already, and when I get out again, I'll do my best to let others know about it. I believe there are hundreds who would do it, if only someone would tell them how."

When Fred Barrton was able to be at the works again, one thought seemed to rule his life. It was that God loved. He had never realized what it meant before, and it seemed so wonderful that he told everyone the secret that had changed his life.

Gradually a great change came over the men at the yards. One after another felt that God loved and cared for them. They gave up their swearing, and forgot the saloon, and into their hearts and lives and into their work there came a happiness they had never known before.

In this busy world there are thousands of men and women crushed by the burden of their daily toil, broken by misfortune, hardened by the cruelty of others, sinking deeper and deeper into sin, and all because they think that no one cares.

Though there be cruelty and unkindness among men there is always love in heaven. God loves, and we are all His children, even though we have gone far astray. He loves. He waits to pardon. It was for those who have wandered far from the truth that Jesus came to suffer and die. On the cross He bore the burden of our sins, and He has said: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."



The Things Needful

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

*I do not ask for power and place;
I ask for strength to bravely face
The daily test, and not give ear
To counselings of doubt and fear.*

*I ask for love that will not turn
From any human cry, nor spurn
The friendship of the humblest heart—
Thus would I know life's finest art!*

*I ask for faith that can not doubt
That God is good, though all about
My life's ambitions fall away.
These gifts, O Lord, give me to-day.*

A STUDY IN SMILES

By Philip Wendell Crannell



DISTINGUISHED philosopher in a very profound and systematic fashion has recently analyzed the subject of "Laughter," but people will continue to laugh or not to laugh just about as before. It may be that the writer's present effort to arrive at a classification of smiles may not cause two smiles to grow where only one grew before, but it is hoped that at least it will not lessen their number.

The analysis of the smile is even more important than that of the laugh. The laugh is more intense and vociferous, but the smile is more effective. Laughs may cheer, excite or exhilarate, but smiles win and mould. The laugh rarely goes as far as the smile. It stays with its maker, or upon the surface of the recipient. The smile penetrates.

How many different kinds of smiles there are! Some are involuntary and some voluntary; some are concerned only with the emotions of the one who smiles, and some find their end and aim and object in an effect to be produced on the person to whom the smile is directed. Smiles have all sorts of origins, all sorts of aims, and all sorts of flavors and spirits.

The smile of contempt or sarcasm is common enough, but it does not look well. It has been said that no child sneers. However that may be, we may well believe that no angel ever smiled sarcastically; that sort of smile is born of the pit; it has malevolence or sour self-aggrandizement in it. The smile of ridicule is assuredly not from heaven; for ridicule would give pain, and love assuredly never wants to do that.

Some smiles are purely caricatures; they are not smiles at all, but only look like them; they are mechanical or counterfeit smiles. When the sufferer from lockjaw is under the power of the resistless muscular contraction his face muscles draw his lips away from his teeth in that most fearful and pitiable of all grimaces, the *risus sardonicus*, or sardonic grin. We have often been misled by looking into a baby's face into thinking that the angels were whispering pleasant secrets into its ears, when in fact the source of the facial movement was quite otherwise, paregoric being indicated as needed in the case, rather than a celestial interpreter. The soul, as well as the body, has its *risus sardonicus*, which may mean the precise opposite of what it says.

When a mechanical or manufactured smile is overdone it is like the manufactured smile of poor Gymplaine in Victor Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs;" it is a grin. If unthinking, it is the grin mechanical, which let no one offer as a substitute for a smile, for having no depths nor heart it reaches none. If it embodies more of the involuntary, the excessive, or the distorted, it may be like Gymplaine's, the grin grotesque, which does not express, but misrepresents. If it is more voluntary and malevolent, it may be called the grin fiendish, as when one looks at a speaker, whom he would like to discomfit, or at least to flout, by the show of his countenance; but that is no proper expression for a human face. The grin is never, by any effort or by any chance, a genuine smile.

Automatic smiles are not unknown, nor are all of them wholly bad. Some of us would give, and ought to be willing to give, almost any price if, without any exercise of the will, whenever our faces settled into repose, there

rested on them, not the broad smile of inanity sometimes seen which is cousin to "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," but a smile underlying the surface like a solar light, which on even the slightest appropriate occasion bursts forth like the sun through a bright cloud. The automatism of mere mechanical habit, however, is no true congener of this kind of smile. Yet, even so, how much to be preferred is an automatic smile to an automatic frown!

Some really genuine smiles are very shallow. They are like the wrinkling of the surface of Tennyson's "little bitter pool upon the coast," soon stirred, soon stayed, and signifying little, while others spring from deep interior founts of cheer, good will and hope, which no outer air can freeze or chill. It is a variety of this sort that has been popularly called "the smile that won't come off," because, unlike beauty, it is not skin-deep, and is maintaining its own jovial or genial temperature by the power of abundant inward flame and fuel.

Between the smile assuring, so needed by our fellowmen, and the smile ingratiating, there is a clear cut difference, as to motive and sometimes as to method, but there is also a strong family affinity. The smile honestly assumed to win our way to others' hearts, or win them to our way, is entirely legitimate; in fact, it is highly praiseworthy, and its absence is really a sin. The mother whose small child had run a board out of the third-story window and was practising the "tight-rope act" on it, simply had to smile the youngster back into the house, or run the risk of startling it to destruction, but her smile redemptive would have lost its power if it had changed to tears or frowns or reproaches when she had got the child safely in. Parents whose children are in sober earnest "out of the ark," could learn the lesson that a denunciatory or a lachrymose mood offers no inducement to lure the vagrant feet into the door of hope.

There is a smile one greatly likes to see when it has a real basis of actual fact, and that is the smile assured. In times of stress we watch with eager eye some strong, balanced character to note what reflection the outer circumstances bring out upon his face (for curiously enough that kind of a reflection comes from within much more than from without). If in the howling of the storm the man on the steamer's bridge wears a smile we augur well either of the final promise of the weather, or of his sufficiency to meet the crisis. In the storms of life what untold strength we receive in that way. It would seem that our Master's deep seriousness in presence of the storm on Galilee must have been lighted up by this smile, assured and assuring, as He looked into His disciples' troubled eyes.

How beautiful it is when we are convinced that what beams out of those eyes, and plays around the mouth, is just pure, benevolent good will! Humor, hope and spiritual health we like, but how our hearts love to lean back on love! People who say Jesus never smiled have no imagination. Little children would never have come to Him if this were true. With the smile of love in His heart, how could Jesus keep it out of His face? And in the deep assurance of God's love and power, flowing out through Him, there was that which illumined, potentially at least, every human destiny with the glory of the eternal sunshine. He who knew how saddened is the heart under the shadow of sin could not have failed to flash into that darkness a beam from His own inner

depths of light. This seeker after men whose supreme desire was to win some—would He fail to use that element of winsomeness, which is the best bait that can be used by the fisher of souls.

After spirit-filled Christian living, has the Christian worker any better asset than a loving smile? This straight shaft slays the black hosts of despair and suspicion, lights up the pathway of the darkened heart, draws the hungry soul with an appetite that cannot fail to respond, and under its genial ray triple barred gates of ice, or even of steel, are melted out of the way; its tonic doeth good like a medicine.

Only the smile must be genuine. It may be assumed, but the assumption must be simply a bringing of the outer appearance and expression into correspondence and conformity to the real climate of the soul. There must be some fact of heart power, or of divine purpose, or of inward longing and benevolence which makes the facial smile simply the outer surface of the soul-smile within. For as the glow in the stove must perforce reveal in zero weather whether it is anthracite or only a tallow candle behind red paper, so will this look on the human face. "Company smiles" find it difficult to endure the hard knocks of extremity, or even of daily life, but this "brick" is gold all through.

An unflinching faith in God, a child-like trust in His promises, a tenacious grip on the eternal facts of His love and grace and care, a sturdy optimism and faith in the possibilities of human nature, under God, and a deep love for humanity, engendered and maintained by the indwelling Christ, these are the roots, the great central fires, of that most heartening, most strengthening and most winning of all human expressions, the smile triumphant.



Comity

BY REV. A. MESSLER QUICK.

*Just a word of sweet surprise,
With a look from kindly eyes,
How it warms, and wins the soul!
Swift of pace to reach its goal,
Like the echo back it flies,
Wafting soft and sweet replies,
Just a word, with love aglow,
Deeper plows than mortals know.*

*Just a look, a beam of light,
Quickly puts distrust to flight,
Like the veil of gloom withdrawn,
By the rosy tints of dawn.
When the love-lit mirrored eye,
Beams its light where shadows lie,
Doubts and gloom soon speed their flight,
Just a look, a kindly light.*

*Just a smile of winning grace,
From a true, ingenuous face,
Is the richest, sweetest art
Life is able to impart.
By its soft bewitching tone,
Life is tempered like its own,
Just a smile of winning grace
Always finds responsive place.*

*Just a tear at love's behest
For the sorrowing and distressed,
Like the dew's distilling art
Soothes and heals the troubled heart,
Trickles down to aching sores,
As the yearning soul implores;
Every tear with sweet design,
Has its source in Love Divine.*

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Editorial Notes

The Panama Missionary Conference

The meetings of the Congress on Christian Work at Panama are in progress as this issue of the *AMERICAN MESSENGER* goes to press. The American Tract Society is represented in that gathering by its General Secretary, Rev. Judson Swift, D.D., and upon his return we shall secure an account of the proceedings of that important conference, which we hope to publish in the April issue of our paper.

This Congress on Christian Work in Latin America is one of the most epoch-making missionary assemblies ever held, and it is expected that as the result of its deliberations, evangelistic work in the hitherto "Neglected Continent" will be pushed with unprecedented vigor.

The Battle for Temperance

Public interest in the fight against the saloon now centers in the struggle that is taking place in New York State to enact the "Optional Prohibition Referendum Bill."

The object of this bill is to give the voters in every part of the State, whether dwelling in the city or the country, an opportunity to drive out the saloon. There are about ten millions of people in New York State. About two millions live in towns or townships where it is possible under the existing law to abolish the saloon, and under this law 485 out of 932 towns have voted entirely dry, thus giving an indication of what the people of the State as a whole would do with the liquor question, if they had a really fair chance. But the fact is that nearly eight millions of people, constituting almost four-fifths of the total population, are living in cities and under the existing legislation they cannot vote at all on the liquor question.

The Optional Prohibition Referendum Bill, which is being vigorously supported by the Anti-Saloon League, is designed to give the right of self-government on the liquor question to those now deprived of any option in this most vital matter.

It is claimed that there are only four States in the Union which have not passed any really advanced temperance legislation during the last ten years. These States are New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Nevada. It is to be hoped that the fight for the optional prohibition referendum bill may be crowned with success in New York, and that the other States named may enact similar legislation so that the saloon power which is so defiant in those sections of our land may be crushed. Temperance is destined to win in the battle that is now on, and the sooner the victory can be gained, the better will it be for the homes of our nation.

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For the Welfare of the Children

There is a growing interest in the matter of protecting the children of our land from the evils of child labor. This was evidenced by the recent vote in Congress in favor of a bill designed to eliminate child labor so far as possible within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government. Another evidence of this increased interest was shown in the proceedings of the twelfth annual conference on Child Labor which was held recently at Asheville, N. C., at which delegates were present from twenty States in the Union, and it is estimated that at least fifteen hundred people attended the meetings.

Another movement for the welfare of the children is shown in the designation of the first week in March as "Baby Week." Thousands of different communities have indicated their intention of observing this occasion, and all indications point to a nation-wide recognition of the claims of the little ones.

The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor at Washington, D. C., is keenly alive to the importance of "Baby Week," and is issuing a series of valuable leaflets giving all possible information as to how to promote the welfare of the children in the days of infancy.

New Spanish and Portuguese Publications

In view of the pressing need for Christian literature in Latin America an earnest effort is being made by the American Tract Society to meet this exigency. As most of our readers know, the Society has been publishing evangelical literature in Spanish for many years, and the list of titles in the new catalog of its Spanish publications, which has just been issued, constitute the finest body of Christian literature in that language that can be procured anywhere in the world.

Excellent as is the material already on hand, the Society has realized the necessity of supplementing it by new publications suited to the immediate needs of the present day, and during the past few months it has issued four new books in the Spanish language, which have met with a very cordial reception.

El Mejor Camino (The Better Way) by Rev. Juan Orts Gonzalez, is a masterly treatise by a skilled theologian, who shows that the best way to find Christ and His Church is by means of the teachings of the evangelical faith and not by the medium of Romanism.

Compendio de la Historia del Antiguo Testamento (Syllabus of Old Testament History) is a translation by Miss Elise V. Lee, of the splendid volume written by Prof. Ira Maurice Price, Ph.D., LL.D., which has run through eight editions in its original form in English, and is now presented for the first time in Spanish.

Como Estudiar la Biblia (How to Study the Bible) is a translation into Spanish by Alfredo S. Rodriguez y Garcia of the suggestive treatise prepared by Dr. Richard A. Torrey, Dean of the Los Angeles Bible Institute, who is recognized as one of the ablest Bible scholars in the country.

Manual Normal (Teaching Manual) is the first volume in Spanish, so far as we know, which is devoted to the subject of "Teacher training." The book is made up of four parts, which deal respectively with the Bible, the Sunday School, the Teacher, and the Scholar. It has been prepared for the use of the teachers and pupils in Sunday Schools and for Bible Class students in colleges and universities. The authors of this volume are Messrs. D. A. Wilson, S. A. Neblett and A. L. Story. It has been approved by the National Sunday School Teachers' Association of Cuba.

Principios de Interpretação da Biblia (Principles of Biblical Interpretation) is a translation into Portuguese of the valuable work of Dr. E. P. Barrows. The translators are Rev. Dr. J. M. Kyle and Rev. Franklin do Nascimento, who have performed an inestimable service in putting Dr. Barrows' scholarly treatise within the reach of all Portuguese students of the Bible.

It is confidently hoped that these new publications in Spanish and Portuguese are but the precursors of a host of new books in those languages which shall minister to the spiritual needs of the people of Latin America. The American Tract Society looks to its friends and donors to render the largest possible support in the effort that it is making to bring the light of a pure Gospel into the lives of those who have been dwelling so long in the darkness of ignorance and superstition.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By Rev. Henry
Lewis, Ph.D.

MARCH 5.

The Consecration of Strength

Psalm 29:1-11.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Feb. 28. Dedicated. Num. 6:1-5.
T. Feb. 29. Strength of youth. 1 Sam. 17:32-40.
W. Mar. 1. Strength for battle. 1 John 2:12-17.
T. Mar. 2. Full consecration. Rom. 12:1-3.
F. Mar. 3. Consecration of mind. Phil. 4:6-9.
S. Mar. 4. Strength to love. Mark 12:30.

This is the third time this year that the subject of consecration has come before us. We have considered the general question, "What is consecration?" We have also thought upon the "consecration of influence." The topic we are now to study comes with special force to young people, for youth is the time of strength.

A Religion of Strength

Christianity is a virile faith. The Psalm assigned for our study in connection with this topic presents Jehovah as mighty in strength. In the closing verse it is significantly stated, "Jehovah will give strength unto his people," and this constitutes a promise which all Christians may claim.

Elements of Strength

We may think of every human individual as possessing a body, a mind and a soul. To cultivate strength of body, mind and soul should be the aim of every man and woman, and to consecrate this triple strength to the service of God should be the purpose of every Christian.

Strength of body is a highly desirable asset in every human life. The Christian who has great physical strength will find manifold ways of devoting that strength to the service of the Master. The work of missions in both the home and the foreign field calls for strong physical endurance, and one way of using a splendid physique to the honor and glory of God is to devote oneself to the proclamation of the Gospel as a missionary of the Cross.

Strength of mind is a desirable quality. To be "strong-minded" is not always admirable, but to have strength of mind is a characteristic that may be wisely sought by every one. A strong mind, consecrated to the work of the Kingdom, may achieve great results. On the other hand, it is the weak-minded people who do incalculable harm to the cause of Christianity.

Strength of soul comes only by contact with the divine. There are many who are strong in body and vigorous in intellect, but they have no soul-strength, because they are not in touch with the Infinite. Yet there can be no well-rounded character without virility of soul.

Some Practical Hints

Strength must first be gained before it can be used. It is therefore a pertinent question to ask how we may secure strength of body, mind and soul.

We gain strength by exercise. Inaction tends to weakness, but activity brings vigor to all human powers. Athletic pursuits will result in a strong body; mental occupation will develop strength of mind, and the use of the divine means of grace will result in a soul imbued with power.

To know how to conserve our strength is perhaps as important as to know how to gain vigor. One way in which to increase our strength is by taking proper rest. Rest of body and mind is just as essential as is exercise, if we are to preserve unimpaired the strength which is our rightful possession.

We are not all endowed with the same measure of strength. But the essential thing for us to remember is that whatever our strength, it belongs unto God, and we are in honor bound to use all our powers of body, mind and soul for the advancement of His Kingdom and the upbuilding of His church. If we belong wholly to Christ, then may we say with the Apostle Paul, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

MARCH 12.

The Causes of Failure

Proverbs 10:1-32.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Mar. 6. Timidity. Ex. 3:10-14.
T. Mar. 7. Self-confidence. Josh. 7:1-5.
W. Mar. 8. Selfishness. Hag. 1:1-11.
T. Mar. 9. Materialism. Luke 16:1-13.
F. Mar. 10. Dishonesty. James 5:1-8.
S. Mar. 11. Drunkenness. 1 Kings 20:13-21.

The word failure is a relative word. To fail is not always a disgrace. Socrates failed to convince the Athenians of the truth of his teachings, and from one point of view his life might be called a failure; but in reality Socrates was one of the greatest men that antiquity ever produced. The kind of failure against which we are warned by our topic is that involving any moral delinquency.

Handicaps in Life.

There are some who have to struggle against heavy odds in the battle of life. Heredity and environment have much to do with shaping the course of every human destiny.

Yet it is not a sufficient excuse for failure even though the influence of both heredity and environment be unfavorable. No battle can be won without fighting, and the more unequal the odds, the greater the honor that belongs to the victor.

Some Causes for Moral Failure

The Bible Readings assigned in connection with this topic enumerate some of the prevailing causes for moral failure. Cowardice, self-confidence, selfishness, materialism, dishonesty and drunkenness—these are a few of the more common reasons for the moral shipwrecks that we see around us.

But this enumeration does not complete the list of causes for failure. Covetousness is a prolific source of failure. This vice has besmirched many a character, and has brought down in ruin and disgrace many a life. Many a trusted bank official has become an embezzler, because he coveted more than what rightfully belonged to him. Many a government official has become a robber of the people instead of their servant, because of the desire to appropriate that which was not his own.

Impatience is another frequent cause of failure. True success comes only as the result of long preparation, and the effort to grasp at great things without giving the preliminary effort that is needed to secure them properly must always result in disaster.

Indolence furnishes the explanation for a great many of the failures of life. Unremitting industry is the pre-requisite for lasting success. Work is the foundation stone for all true achievement, and the effort to succeed without giving the required amount of toil must needs result in a tottering structure that will inevitably collapse.

Remedies for Failure

It is important to avoid the known causes for failure. It is also desirable to know how the failures that we all make may be most satisfactorily remedied.

A sincere acknowledgment of wrongdoing is one of the first steps towards remedying a moral delinquency. Repentance for sin is one of the essential requirements for the divine pardon.

An earnest effort to make reparation is one of the surest ways to make good a past failure. Men who have failed in business have often redeemed their moral character by making full payment of their debts in after years, long after they had been freed from any legal obligation to make restitution.

From an earthly point of view the life of Jesus was a failure. But from the divine standpoint that life was the most sublime success that humanity has ever witnessed. The power of God will always redeem our lives from failure if we will entrust them to the care of our Heavenly Father.

MARCH 19.

Getting Power from Our Pledge

Psalm 25:1-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Mar. 13. Keeping covenant. Num. 30:1, 2.
T. Mar. 14. Israel's covenant. Ex. 34:28.
W. Mar. 15. Power through remembering. Num. 16:37-41.
T. Mar. 16. Power from devotion. Eph. 1:17-23.
F. Mar. 17. Power from service. 2 Tim. 2:1-15.
S. Mar. 18. Power from faithfulness. Luke 19:11-19.

It has been suggested that this be an Honorary Members' meeting. If this idea is carried out, some of the Honorary Members may be asked to give their experience as to how to secure power by means of the observance of the Christian Endeavor Pledge.

The Value of Pledges

The real value of any pledge lies in the added power which the keeping of that pledge confers. The intrinsic worth of any pledge lies not in the mere pledge itself but in the performance of the duties and obligations which that pledge requires. A pledge is a stimulus to the faithful execution of a promise which otherwise might be neglected or forgotten.

The Christian Endeavor Pledge

It has long been recognized that the Christian Endeavor Pledge is one of the best helps to the leading of a Christian life which any young man or woman can find. There is nothing in this pledge which any young Christian ought not to consider both a privilege and a duty, and it is an undeniable fact that the taking of the Christian Endeavor Pledge gives a stimulus to the Christian life of the average young person and imparts a power which otherwise would not be gained.

Power to Testify

The duty of taking part in every Christian Endeavor meeting which is enjoined in the pledge imparts to those who faithfully keep their pledge a power for giving Christian testimony that is most valuable. This age needs testimony of every kind to direct the minds and the hearts of people to Christ.

The word of spoken testimony, when backed up by a consistent Christian life, is a most valuable factor for the spread of the Kingdom. Those who have learned to testify for Christ in the Christian Endeavor meeting may be trusted to give expression to their loyalty at other times and on other occasions as the opportunity may occur.

Power to Serve

The Christian Endeavor Pledge furnishes a strong incentive for service. Those who promise to try to do whatever Christ would have them do are pledging themselves to render service of every kind, according to the necessity that may arise. Furthermore, there are some specific forms of service that are called for by the pledge which should result in making every Endeavorer a more faithful and efficient member of the Christian church.

Power to Persist

There is a great tendency to sporadic effort among Christian people. The making and the keeping of the Christian Endeavor Pledge tend to correct this tendency and to enable the young people to persist in their efforts for Christianity and the Church.

The secret of Christian achievement is found in patient continuance in well doing. The consciousness of having taken a pledge is a decided help to such patient continuance.

Fidelity to the pledge means victory at last. Someone has said, "Our pledge is a mountain to climb. If we fail at the first trial, the mountain is still there, and we try again."

The more faithfully we keep our pledge, the greater the power that we shall receive, and the more glorious will be our final triumph.

MARCH 26.

Great Home Missionaries

Luke 10:1-20.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Mar. 20. The man that said "No." Jonah 1:1-17.
T. Mar. 21. A shepherd-missionary. Amos 7:14-17.
W. Mar. 22. Philip. Acts. 8:26-40.
T. Mar. 23. Peter. Acts 10:9-20, 44-48.
F. Mar. 24. A nameless woman. John 4:27-42.
S. Mar. 25. Timothy. 1 Tim. 1:1-20.

When Jesus sent forth the seventy disciples to preach the coming of the Kingdom which He had come to establish, He was laying the foundation for home missionary work down through all the ages.

Every home missionary is a herald of Christ, and his business is to prepare the way for the Master.

Home missionary work is just as heroic as work in the foreign field. The annals of Christian home missions give us some illustrious examples of men and women who have hazarded their all for the sake of preaching the Gospel in their own home land.

Noble Home Missionaries

In his capital little book entitled, "The Endeavorer's Daily Companion," Prof. Amos R. Wells gives some striking instances of men who have rendered splendid service in the home mission field. He writes:

"William Duncan, a glorious home missionary, single-handed, civilized and Christianized the Metlakahla Indians of British Columbia, and built up with them a beautiful Christian community.

"Charles H. Cook, a consecrated city missionary in Chicago, was impressed with the feeling that he should go as a missionary to the wild tribe of Pima Indians in Arizona. He went without money, and in a marvelous way has won them to Christ, and made a civilized nation of them.

"Marcus Whitman, impressed with the great importance of Washington and Oregon, with splendid heroism led immigration thither, founded missions, and by a wonderful ride across the continent reached the city of Washington and persuaded the government not to surrender that vast territory to Great Britain.

"Joseph Ward, the great missionary to Dakota, founder of Yankton College, became the most influential man in the Territory.

"John M. Peck, a home missionary in Illinois in 1824, was a leader in the work of saving Illinois from slavery and preventing the adoption of that giant evil in the State constitution.

"The famous Iowa Band was a company of eleven consecrated young men who went together to that new territory, and labored faithfully all their lives to take it for Christ. Their arrival in Iowa in 1843 was the most notable home missionary event up to that time in the West.

"The Yale Dakota Band consisted of nine young men who went out to that Territory in 1880 and did valiant service."

The Standard of Greatness

Our topic speaks of "great" home missionaries, but it should be remembered that fame is not the true standard of real greatness. Many an obscure home missionary has rendered great service for the Kingdom, and in our thought we must not overlook the heroic wives of home missionaries—women whose names are seldom mentioned but the value of whose contribution towards the cause of home missions is beyond computation.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Mar. 27. Youthful days. Eccl. 12:1-7.
T. Mar. 28. Consecrated days. Eph. 5:14-21.
W. Mar. 29. A motto for every day. 1 Sam. 21:8.
T. Mar. 30. A consecrated day. Mark 11:1-11.
F. Mar. 31. Time well-used. John 9:1-7.
S. Apr. 1. Prayer-time. Acts 10:1-8.

Our Little Folks



Marty-Jane's "Movies"

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

"I DON'T it a shame, Dick, that Marty-Jane can't go with us this evening to see the 'movies'—all those lovely pictures of birds flying, and swimming, and everything, just as if we were looking at the real birds!"

"Course it's a shame, Dolly, and if 'twould help Marty-Jane's broken leg any I'd stay at home, even if 'movies' don't come to the Corners oftener than once in a long while."

"Oh, I know, Dick, Marty-Jane would feel dreadfully if we stayed at home. And, of course, the best thing we can do is to go, and come home with our minds so full of the pictures that we can make Marty-Jane just see them."

"That's the idea, Dolly!"

"You hurry with the chores, Dick, and I'll hurry with the supper dishes, so we'll have a little time to play dominoes with Marty-Jane before we start."

That is what Dick and Dolly did; and it was a very cheerful little nine-year-old sister who wayed to them from the window that evening as they drove off in Uncle Richard's big sleigh.

The "movie" birds were even more wonderful than Dick and Dolly had imagined them; and the man who showed the pictures loved birds so truly that they could have looked and listened for hours. He had carried his moving-picture machine to South America, the Arctic regions, and all parts of the world, just to take pictures of the little feathered creatures that he loved so well.

At last he said, "There is one more picture—the one I love best of all." All the people sat forward eagerly, expecting to see a more wonderful nest, or a longer tail, or a bigger beak, or more brilliant plumage than they had seen before. Then the picture flashed on the screen. And what do you think it was? You'd never guess. It was a snow-scene, with the big flakes falling, and the trees loaded with them, and the rail-fence almost covered, and an old farmhouse, with the snow drifted almost up to the window-sills, and before one window a stout post, capped with a wide firkin cover, and on the cover one, two, three—they kept coming, more than you could count—little birds such as Dick and Dolly had known all their lives—hopping, fluttering, eating—especially eating—oh, how they were eating! And at the window a sweet-faced little girl was flattening her small nose against the pane.

Everybody was still for a moment. Then the applause came. And such applause! Everybody realized, suddenly, that they had very dear little bird neighbors—just as charming and interesting as those in Europe, or Asia, or Africa.

Dolly nudged Dick. "Marty-Jane's 'movies,'" she whispered.

"Sure," nodded Dick. "And right away in the morning, too!"

Father thought it was a fine idea, and so did mother. So in the morning Marty-Jane was carried out into the dining-room and put in a big chair by father's big arms, and Dolly amused her while father and Dick worked like Trojans. It was snowing, but they didn't mind that. The ground was frozen too hard to dig a hole for the post; but they brought big stones from the garden wall after they had shoveled the snow all away right under Marty-Jane's window, and when they had heaped these about the post it stood as firmly as ever need be. The firkin-cover had already been nailed to the top, so they had only to

"set the table" with the dainties that mother brought—corn, sunflower seed, squash seed, crumbs, and a big lump of suet nailed down so that it would not roll off when the guests pecked at it vigorously.

Two chickadees had been watching from the old birch by the garden gate, and father and Dick had hardly gotten into the house before down they came in great glee, calling "Chickadee! Chickadee-dee! Chickadee-dee-dee!"

Oh, but they were hungry, for the winter food supply in the woods and fields was running low, and most of what was left was covered by the snow. They had hardly settled on the table edge when "Whirr!" came a brisk little nuthatch. My! but he was glad to see those sunflower seeds!

When father brought Marty-Jane into the sitting-room it was almost time for Dick and Dolly to go to school; and she was thinking, "Oh, dear!" though she was bravely smiling. Then she caught sight of the bird table.

"Oh!" she breathed. Then she clapped her thin little hands and said it out loud, "Oh!" And Dolly hopped up and down and Dick shouted, "Marty-Jane's 'movies!' Marty-Jane's 'movies!'"



"HOW GOOD IT TASTES!"

Marty-Jane never tired of her "movies." And mother, too, had to stop in her work often to watch some new little "actor." Uncle Richard caught the enthusiasm; and the next time he went to the city he brought home a "Bird Book," with colored pictures of all the birds in their part of the country, and a little story about each one, telling which ones went South in the fall and when they came back North, which ones stayed to keep people cheered up all winter, and what kinds of nests they built, and when and where they built them, and what sort of eggs they laid in them, and what they liked to eat. Such an interesting little book! Uncle Richard gave it to Marty-Jane, but it seemed to be common property, and you never could tell which one you'd find reading it.

Late in the spring the post got shaky as the ground thawed. "We can't spare that," said father, "even if Marty-Jane is all well again." So he set the post deep and firm, and painted the cover green, and mother brought a wide shallow yellow bowl and set it in the middle. And every day it was filled with fresh water. And the winter guests, and a number of summer boarders, came there to take their bath, and a light lunch, all summer long. And so it goes, all the year round.

Pearl's Narcissus Bulbs

BY EDITH M. LARRABEE.

PEARL stood by the window gazing at her narcissus buds.

"It's too bad I couldn't have put all the bulbs in this dish," she declared for perhaps the fiftieth time since she had planted them. "They would have been so lovely all together."

She had saved her spending money in the fall and had bought the bulbs for the pretty bulb pan which Aunt Eleanor had given her on her birthday. It had troubled her from the first that the new dish held only four of the six large-sized bulbs, and that the other two must be placed in an old earthen flower pot. The plants had been brought from the cellar several weeks before and now they had buds nearly ready to open.

"They'll have yellow trumpets with white leaves around them," continued Pearl, who had studied the bulb catalogue carefully for the variety she wanted. "They'll be handsome anyway, but I'm sorry they couldn't all have been in this pretty pan."

She had made similar remarks every time that she watered her plants or whenever she looked at the eagerly

of her dissatisfaction with the earthen flower pot. At least she would have beautiful blossoms and she had four bulbs in the pretty pan. The other little girl had only a buttercup in a cellar window.

Suddenly a new thought came to her. For a few moments she hesitated. Then she clasped the pot of precious bulbs in her arms and carried it into the other room.

"Here are some narcissus blossoms," she explained to the caller. "I want to give them to that little girl. You don't care, do you, mamma?"

Her mother looked up somewhat surprised.

"Certainly not, if you wish to," was her answer. "They are yours."

"This is very kind of you," the lady thanked Pearl. "I am sure the other little girl will appreciate them. How would you like to go with me to-morrow and carry them yourself?"

"Oh, that will be lovely!" Pearl exclaimed. Then she told the visitor about the earthen pot.

"I'm glad now there wasn't room in the bulb-dish for them all," she declared. "That must be why these bulbs were left out."

And when Pearl went the next day to visit the little girl who lived in a tenement she felt richly rewarded for the unselfish thought which had prompted her to share her pretty narcissus buds with one who was less fortunate than herself.



Queer Little Gypsies

We usually think of gypsies as bands of people who roam about from place to place rather aimlessly, staying as long as they can sell the things they make or tell fortunes, and moving when it is necessary to find more profitable places in which to stay.

What would you think if I were to tell you that there are birds that remind us very strongly of these very gypsies?

You know that when spring comes you look for certain birds such as black-birds, bluebirds, robins, etc., and they come at just about the same time each year. They also leave us at just about such a time in the late summer. There are, however, a few birds that we cannot depend upon at all. They seem to be notional, coming and going just when they see fit, and being very irregular.

The crossbills, linnets and pine grosbeaks are the gypsies that most attract us. They usually live in the far north where they find snow for a great part of the year either in the forests of spruce and pine, or still further north amid the beautiful white birches. They may come into our own northern states during any winter at some time during the season. Years ago it used to be said that if the Canadian crossbill or pine grosbeak came to make us a visit, it was a sure sign of a very cold winter.

—THE ROUND TABLE.



Winning One

A North Dakota pastor told his Sunday-school boys of a church in Korea in which one condition of membership was that the applicant must first win at least one to Christ. A boy who listened to the story had already been accepted for church membership and was to be received the next Sabbath, but at the close of the meeting he went to his pastor and said that he was going to put that Korean spirit into operation and win someone else for the Christian life before entering the ranks of the church.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

"Choose Your Partners"

By the Author of "Preston Papers"

CHOOSE your partners," cried the dancing master; and at these words Robert Elmer came smilingly toward Lucile Mitchell as she sat in the corner of the room in the dancing school which they both attended. Robert crooked his arm in the conventional way, but instead of accepting it, as had been her custom, Lucile moved a bit, to make room for Robert on the sofa beside her.

"Don't sit, Robert, if you really want to dance; but ask someone else. I'm not going to dance to-day," and she flushed slightly at his rising color, indicative in his case of rising temper.

"Not dance!" he exclaimed. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Robert, except that yesterday was my birthday and I had a pretty serious letter from Uncle Barney, one that set me to thinking, and I've about made up my mind that I can spend my time and strength to some better purpose than in dancing."

"Do you mean it? Is that final?" he asked, somewhat icily.

"Yes, Robert," his manner giving added strength to her but half-formed resolution. "I love the exercise. To me it seems the very poetry of motion, and its effect on my nerves is extremely exhilarating. But I go home fagged from the lessons, and I have no right to do this."

"Then good-bye, Miss Prim. I've no further use for you. I'll find someone more to my taste, who will at least dance to please me," he replied, briefly.

Lucile was both surprised and hurt; surprised, because she had never seen this side of Robert's nature, and did not even dream of its existence; hurt, because he had deferred to her wishes for so long that a deviation from it was a "cut" from which she could not readily recover.

However, consoling herself with the thought: "It's better to know the worst side of him before it's too late to mend matters," Lucile watched the one set danced almost to a finish, then rose, a bit drearily, it must be confessed, and started for home. Now, more than she had dreamed, she missed Robert's manly attentions, so long given that they had unconsciously become a part of her every afternoon, or evening, or both.

He had been her regular escort for months, although she had not fully realized it until now; and, deciding not to call a taxi, as he had been accustomed to—opening the door for her, helping her in and out, showing all those little courtesies that are so dear to the feminine heart—she concluded to walk the short distance.

"How odd it seems! Almost like being a widow"; and her usually elastic step was less buoyant than usual.

"Hello, Lutie! Where's Bob?" was the greeting that fell upon her ears, and which jarred just a little, even though the salutation came from her favorite, but older, brother, Ernest.

"I suppose he's still at dancing school, but as I am not there myself I cannot state this as an absolute fact," she replied, a shade wearily, but with so obvious an attempt at hilarity that Ernest did not press her for the truth, but instead helped her up the long flight of steps that led into the front hall of their beautiful Riverside home, opened the door with his latch key, helped her divest herself of her wraps and drew her into his "den," off the library, and seated himself close, oh, how close and "brotherly," on the sofa beside her. She felt and appreciated his tender sympathy, but was not quite ready for words yet, so asked: "Won't you read 'Locksley Hall' to me, again?"

And then he knew and read; then, saying quietly: "I, too, have had my lesson; but, mayhap, it's been easier for me, because Elizabeth 'proved-up' when tested. She seems, now, like an ideal wife-to-be. Coming out from the dancing lesson last evening I asked her how much of a sacrifice it would be to 'cut' it all and lead a sufficiently simple life to give time for study of great questions and for some work for the general good. To my surprise, she said: 'Not one bit of sacrifice. I miss the Sunday School and church work that I used to do more than I can ever miss these conventional events and duties, and I would like to drop everything that interferes, not the dancing alone, but all similar things; and she promised, too, to be my wife.'"

"And I will be your Old Maid sister," half laughed and half sobbed Lucile, smiling through misty eyes, as the rainbow smiles after a storm.

"Not necessarily, Lutie. The good men, with domestic tastes, are not all dead yet," striking a pose and pointing to himself; "and it is just as easy to be attractive to them as to men of lighter weight. Besides, you are so young that your taste, as well as your entire character, may change for the better, and the man of your future vision may have to be of a much higher type and of broader standard."

And this proved to be a fact; for, with the knowledge that affection might be held in leash in its incipient stage, however difficult later, Lucile studied character in the young men of her set more closely than she had ever done before, and it was almost five years before she even allowed herself to become specially interested in any of them, and then it was a young business man of sterling qualities, but without money beyond his own ability to earn and increase it. But the marriage was happy, "Each for the other, and both for God," not only being the inscription inside her wedding ring, but the sentiment written into their very lives.

As the letter from Uncle Barney, that started Lucile's train of thought and Ernest's prompt action, may be as helpfully suggestive to others as it was to these two orphaned "children of the rich," I will quote some of its salient points.

"I note that you are enjoying the dancing lessons, which is quite natural to healthy youth; but, Lucile, dearest, beware the effects on mind and body. Does the exercise leave a 'clean taste' in your mouth? Is any part of it suggestive of evil, or is it purely a pleasing form of exercise? Does its practice inspire to good work or works? Or does it lessen your taste for things of common daily need, and for study of the higher life and better things?"

"Right here, too, Girlie, only daughter of my dear dead sister, I want to say just a few other things, which may or may not be timely, but which you will know come from the depths of your old uncle's heart and from a long and full experience.

"First of these concerns your future and your future partner—if you choose one. You may think, Lucile, that you have no choice in the matter; that 'Love goes where it is sent.' But in choosing your associates, you to a certain point do choose a possible future mate—one who may make or mar your entire future. So be careful in scanning the character of those with whom you are brought into contact, whether through social conventions, public work, or however.

"Again; while in no way negligent of the demands of the heart, be mindful, too, that the head has an equal right

to be heard in all questions that relate to future happiness or possible misery; and 'Use your judgment,' as my good old father used to say—that being the purpose for which judgment is given to us.

"And bear in mind that it is easy to keep the emotions of the heart within guidance of the will at the outset; but that their control, even but a short time later, may be very difficult. It is easy to let affection run out, but hard to reel it in; so keep it wound up on its own spool until you are sure beyond a 'peradventure' that you want to say 'Yes, and thank you, sir'—if given the opportunity.

"Having found that 'possible He,' don't 'stick' on non-essentials, nor demand perfection—unless you can also offer it. Only a perfect man or woman should expect perfection in another here. Heaven is the home for all such. "Finally; remember that each must yield something of personality, some habits, some preferences. Neither should do it all; for that is equally harmful for each; and neither should ever yield a principle of Right. In this way 'Choose your partners'—and be 'happy ever after.'"

Joy in the Morning

BY PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM, D.D.

A preacher friend of mine was asked one time why he preached. He replied: "To make people willing to live another week."

His parish was in the poorer part of a manufacturing city, and he was surrounded by people to whom life showed its seamy side. He rightly interpreted and fulfilled his office. His brave, strong words cheered many a drooping spirit, and roused to new endeavor men and women who were sinking under the burden of labor and care and unsatisfied desire.

In Pandora's Box, whence countless ills had escaped to plague mankind, Hope remained. All was not lost if the world still possessed hope. The old myth is full of meaning. It is the expectation of "joy in the morning" that makes our nights of sorrow and pain endurable.

It is the peculiar mission of the gospel to inspire hope, because the gospel is the revelation and pledge of God's good purpose toward humanity. This truth has often been obscured by narrow interpretations and faint-heartedness, but it is the great, sweet, divine truth which Jesus Christ embodied, and which the true preacher must perpetually utter so that weary, heavy-laden and discouraged men and women may have courage and strength "to live another week"—to fight another battle, to bear another load, to endure another grief.

But hope is not alone for the sad and despondent; it is also for the aspiring—for those who strive to do tasks worth doing, and make plans that reach far into the future, and who for the sake of these ends are willing to spend themselves without stint. The "morning joy" is the fruition of their dream and endeavor, and it is hope that keeps their purpose steady and tenacious.

It was said of Jesus that, "for the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame." In this He is not singular, save in the heaviness of His cross and in the breadth and depth of the joy that He coveted—a joy that was to be His own, because it was to be also the possession of all whom He loved. How true to life and fact is this note of comment on the life of the Master! Of every brave and potent soul it is true that for the joy set before him he endures the cross.

We have a right to hope. Why? Because labor is meant to have result, aspiration is meant to have fulfilment, and patient endurance is meant to have reward. This is God's evident purpose. We have a right to hope also because evil and pain and weariness and disappointment are not finalities; they are not ends, but incidents and means. Nothing has a guaranty of perpetuity but that which is good. The good is the only really lasting thing, because that has in itself a divine reason of being.

But, more than this, we have a duty

to hope. We often make false moral distinctions. We say: One *must* do right, and, One *may* hope. No; there is an obligation to hope if we believe in God. For, after all, hope springs out of trust. Faith in God is the basis of rational and enduring optimism.

However black and bitter our night, we must believe in the morning joy. It will come though it seem long delayed. There is no loss in God's wide and far-reaching economy. One of the last words that Jesus spoke to His disciples before His death was: "Believe in God, and believe in Me." It is as if he said: Sorrow will come; it is near at hand; but believe and hope; with the morning joy will come.

This is not mere pitiful and pious exhortation; it is the soundest and deepest philosophy of life. We are not born to be forever fooled by shadows. Life is itself a pledge of progress and attainment. The darkness is the germinating time of the seeds of joy. "Light is sown for the righteous," but sowing is a sort of burying. The grave of a seed is the matrix of a new and larger life.

Hope on, weary soul; toil is not in vain. Hope on, sorrowing one; grief is fleeting. Hope on, aspiring one; the dream foreshadows the divine and imperishable fact.

How often the morning brings to us, not merely a new lease of life, but new life itself. We sink down on a troubled pillow with dark cares brooding over us and with vague fears, magnifying dangers and ills; but at last sleep comes with its blessed unconsciousness, and then morning with its new vision, and gladness dawns with the rising sun. This experience is a parable of life. The night of sorrow will pass, though it be dark and long. The night of ignorance with its tormenting alarm will vanish. Even the night of sin with its misery and shame will depart; and, with the morning, joy will flood our souls with the sweet, new meanings of God-given triumphant life.

—PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Temper in Control

BY REV. FRANK B. M'ALLISTER.

The steam that is let off never runs anything. It is steam repressed and controlled that speeds our trains and our ships. And so it is with temper. While some relief may be afforded to over-charged nerves by an occasional explosion the energy expended in anger is largely wasted.

There is an old Latin maxim to the effect that "anger is a brief madness." Surely the truth is as patent to-day as in olden times that a man who loses his temper loses himself. It is well to have a temper, but if one fails to keep it, we can only say that he is not in full possession of his faculties. One function of his personality has slipped from his control.

Habitual "sputtering" means weakness, while righteous indignation steadily directed to worthy ends means strength. Power in control is desirable in morals as well as in athletics. Says "Smokey Joe" Wood, crack pitcher: "The only secret I know anything about is that of control. It makes or unmakes every pitcher. I know many a pitcher who has more speed than I have, and of course, plenty of them have curves. But they are unable to make the ball break and pass the batter where they want it to."

A temper controlled and directed to worthy ends is a great possession. "Be ye angry and sin not," says the Scripture. One can be angry in a constructive helpful way. He may set his face against wrongs still allowed under the permits. To turn one's wrath steadily against these things is to play a noble part. The man of patience and of righteous purpose accomplishes something worth while when he gets angry. Every ounce of his energy is gathered and directed toward a good result. It is the moral steam controlled and made to hit a definite piston that sends this old world upward and onward.

—EXCHANGE.

IN THE MISSION FIELDS

In Old Umtali Land

A striking scene is presented to us in the picture that appears on this page. It not only illustrates the native method of preparing one of the staple articles of food, but it also shows us the style of dress and the kind of houses that are found among the people of Old Umtali Land.

Old Umtali Land is in Rhodesia. Rhodesia is a part of British Africa, of which Mr. W. T. Stead once wrote: "British Africa is the product of three forces—British conquest, British trade and British missions. And of the three forces the first counts for the least, and the last for the greatest factor in the expansion of Britain in Africa. British missionaries have been everywhere the pioneers of empire. The British frontier has advanced on the stepping-stones of missionary graves. Deduct the missionaries from the sum total of the forces which have colored the African map red from Table Mountain to the Zambezi, and the empire disappears. It was David Moffat, the missionary, who led the way into Central Africa from the South. It was his dauntless son-in-law, the missionary Livingstone, who pierced the heart of the Dark Continent in which he laid down his life; it was Moffat's successor, the missionary Mackenzie, who secured the open road from the Cape to the Zambezi along which Cecil Rhodes subsequently marched to empire."

The field in which Old Umtali is located is occupied by the East Central Africa Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. Strenuous efforts are being made to civilize, educate and uplift the natives. The value of the printed page is not overlooked, and the Mission maintains a Press, which is aided in its work by an annual cash appropriation from the American Tract Society of New York.

A Strange Present

When a sorceress in Korea accepted an invitation to go to the Chai Ryung hospital for treatment of a serious illness she took to Mrs. A. A. Pieters a remarkable present, we are told. Determined to become a Christian, she packed up all the "tools" of her sorcery, though they filled an oxcart, and delivered them to the woman she had to come to trust. The gift included fans, cymbals, swords, bells, hats, dozens of garments, ancient Buddhistic and Shamanistic pictures and a huge drum.

A Missionary's Invented Language

"Gilbertese," the written language of the Gilbert Islands, is the work of one man, Dr. Hiram Bingham, who died some years ago after having devoted the greater part of his life to missionary work in those islands. When Dr. Bingham went out to the Gilbert group, many years ago, he soon found out that one of the chief difficulties before him in his mission was the fact that the islanders had no written language. Accordingly this ingenious missionary set about to supply the deficiency and to build a language, being obliged to collect his own vocabulary and construct his own grammar.

The good doctor experienced much difficulty in finding a Gilbertese equivalent for "prayer," a circumstance that led him into a ludicrous mistake. The word he did use meant "to practice incantations," a meaning precisely the opposite of what the missionary meant to convey. He had the New Testament about three-quarters translated when, by reason of ill health, he was compelled to return to this country. Ten years later, however, when he had gone back to the Gilbert Islands, he undertook the great task of translating the Old Testament into the new language. At that time he was quite advanced in years,



NATIVES POUNDING CORN IN OLD UMTALI LAND

and the work involved a direct translation from the Hebrew, with which the doctor was not very familiar. In 1890 he was enabled to read the proof of the last chapter of the last book of the Bible as done into Gilbertese.

Even this laborious task did not end the missionary's labors. He started to write a Gilbertese dictionary. When it was ready for publication a messenger to whom the work was intrusted for delivery to the printer lost the manuscript and the work had to be done all over again.

Whole-Hearted Devotion

Dr. W. R. Funk, writing on Sierra Leone for the United Brethren mission study course, states that the African people do not give a half-hearted assent to their religious beliefs, and gives as an illustration the following personal experience he had with an eighteen-year-old boy:

"One evening, after the service in the church at Freetown, during the conference, this boy came to me when I was out in the street, and said, 'Please, sir, may I walk at your side when you are alone?' For beauty of expression, this is hard to excel. I answered that I could not see him alone then, as there were many people about us, but that I could see him at the mission house the next day. He glided away in the dark-

ness, and was prompt in coming the next day, and when I asked him what he wanted to say to me, he answered, 'I came to ask you how I can be a perfect Christian.' What a question! The deepest that the human mind can ask. After an hour of talk with him, he said, 'But you have changed me.' I told him I did not understand. 'Oh,' said he, 'you see when Doctor and Mrs. King put me in school I signed a contract that when I graduated I would spend seven years in missionary work, and now I want to change it.' I said, 'Do you want to break your contract?' 'Oh, no, but,' said the boy, 'I want to change it to read, instead of seven years, for life.'"

The Conversion of a Brahman

The British and Foreign Bible Society cites the following as an illustration of the strange power that the parable of the Prodigal Son exerts upon unregenerate hearts:

"Thirty years ago a Hindu schoolmaster gave a farthing copy of St. Luke in Hindi to a Brahman priest, who was in charge of a temple in the Central Provinces. The priest read the book with great interest until he reached the parable of the Prodigal Son. But the killing of the fatted calf aroused his anger—for in the eyes of a Hindu the cow is a sacred animal—and the book

was cast aside. Later, he took up the Gospel again, and having carefully torn out the page telling about the fatted calf, he read it to the end. A Scottish missionary subsequently opened up work in that district, and, needing a 'munchi' (i. e., a teacher of language), engaged this priest for the purpose. They read the Bible together, and the truth entered the heart of the priest—with the result that he was baptized, in spite of the bitter opposition of his relatives and friends. The whole village rose in an uproar, and the new convert had to flee for his life. After a while he returned, and was eventually ordained pastor of the Christian church in the same village. Soon after his conversion he married a Christian girl, and he has a family of five grown-up sons and daughters, all of whom are now engaged in mission work."

A Hospital for Porto Rico

A hospital in Humacao, Porto Rico, is in process of erection by the American Missionary Association. It is an enterprise of great interest and promise. Disease is more prevalent in a tropical country like Porto Rico, as is well known, than in our temperate zone. Poverty during the old Spanish days was very common and exceedingly bitter. "Beggars' Day," on which hosts of sick and smitten people—men, women and children—gather on the corners of the streets, was a stated institution. Under American administration leper colonies have been organized and they and other diseased people have been segregated. This contributes, of course, to decreasing disease, but the conditions are still painful. The American Missionary Association is erecting a hospital which will be of great value, especially in the eastern part of the island.

A Wonderful Opportunity in Burma

Thirteen thousand converts have been baptized on the Kengtung field in the extreme east of Burma. About 4,500 of them are on the Chinese side of the line. With the exception of eight churches near the border, these converts have not been organized. When the first ingathering took place on this field eleven years ago, within a month groups came from across the China border, both of the Wa and Lahu tribes, begging the missionaries to come to them at once with the gospel. This same appeal has been sounding ever since. Native workers who have toured the section regularly report many villages where the entire population has expressed a desire to be baptized. In one of these, Ho Hko, whose 130 families all desire baptism, the teachers stayed a few days, and eighteen villages from the surrounding country sent in representatives saying their entire villages desired baptism at once. Rev. W. M. Young, in writing of this situation, says: "If we open this work on a proper basis and give them the gospel I have no doubt we will soon have more converts on this field to the north than we have in all Burma to-day."

Russians in America

New York City has 80,000; Scranton and vicinity, 46,000; Pittsburgh, 40,000; Newark, N. J., 25,000; Chicago, 30,000; Philadelphia, 13,000; Boston, about 5,000; Milwaukee, 5,000. There are probably about 50,000 more in various other centers. In both South and North Dakota and in California a considerable number of Russians are to be found in permanent settlements. This is one of the greatest missionary opportunities confronting the Church. If these Russians are left to themselves their Christian experience is likely to be arrested and a type of faith developed which cannot be assimilated into the American ideals.



A New Departure in Dressmaking

By Hilda Richmond

"M Y, but that's pretty!" said Mrs. Dorsey, striving to banish the heavy frown from her daughter's face. "I'll be the finest lady at the party, sure enough. I do think, Elizabeth, that you have the knack of doing things better than anyone I ever saw. And this lovely, rich material, I declare it almost makes me feel vain! I have such fine clothes and the best daughter in the world, so it's hard to be properly humble."

But Elizabeth did not smile. She gave a little twitch to the exquisite material and sighed deeply. "If we have to wear made-overs all the days of our lives," she said, somewhat impatiently, "I wish the original owners would take a little more care of the things. I could have made the prettiest little overdress of the lace that went with this gown, but Aunt Margaret had evidently come in contact with a nail or hook, for it was torn to tatters in two places and there was not enough."

"It couldn't be any prettier," said Mrs. Dorsey, smiling at the stylish looking lady in the mirror. "My dear, you ought to be proud of your ability."

"I am, mother, but just the same I'd like to put my scissors into brand new material some day. You know I dream of being a city dressmaker some day and there really isn't any inspiration in sponging and ripping and turning and contriving with old goods."

"But we couldn't afford such materials as these in new goods, dear."

"O well, as to that," said her daughter, ungraciously, "I'd love to have a

pretty simple gingham or a cheap lawn some day. I know I could have them," she added hastily, "but this everlasting making over takes too much of my time. There comes Mrs. Young to tell me they've chosen me to take charge of the Mission Sewing School. People seem to think I have nothing to do. Maybe I'm selfish, but I'd like to have a little time to myself occasionally. I must say that the neighbors haven't been quite so bothersome lately as they used to be. They used to come running in here at all hours to get me to help contrive a ten-yard dress out of four yards and a half of material or some other impossible thing, but lately—How do you do, Mrs. Young? Walk right in! I'm fitting a dress for mother."

"How perfectly lovely!" panted the guest, dropping into a chair. "Is it for the party? Mrs. Dorsey, you are always the best dressed woman at every gathering in this town, but this time you'll outshine even yourself. My sister-in-law was showing me a dress when I was in the city last week that she gave a woman twenty-five dollars to make, but it wasn't half so stylish as this. Do you really look at the things in the magazines, Elizabeth, and then reproduce them?"

"I have to," said Elizabeth, bitterly. "I never have time to go any place to see new things. If I could be in the city once in a while, maybe it wouldn't be so hard to reproduce things. Seeing a gown and seeing a picture of it are two different things."

Mrs. Dorsey slipped out of the dress and ran down to see that the bread was not burning and the guest plunged into the business in hand at once. "We've decided to hire a teacher from the city for the Mission Sewing School. Elizabeth," she announced without preamble. "You have?" cried Elizabeth, unable to keep the amazement out of her voice.

"Why, I—that is—"

"Your name was the first mentioned," said Mrs. Young, who prided herself on her ability to speak right out, "and some of the ladies thought we'd best take you because then we wouldn't have to pay a salary, but finally they voted for a pay teacher from the city. You see, Elizabeth, we want somebody who is cheerful and happy and who will make the best of things. Without that kind of a person the whole thing would be a failure. You can't be beat at sewing, everyone will say that, but you say such bitter, pessimistic things. It's been hard enough, goodness knows, to persuade the factory girls to come to the night school at all, and I don't half believe any number of them will ever get to the meetings, but we must have a cheerful teacher."

Elizabeth bent over her sewing to hide the tears of anger in her eyes. "I was in favor of taking you in spite of that, for we can hardly afford to pay a girl from the city fifty dollars a month, but the rest outvoted me. Of course, I believe that the majority ought to rule, and I'll keep up my end of the expense somehow, but that fifty dollars would do a lot of good in other ways. Our society isn't so rich that we can afford to throw away that much each month. None of the rest would come and tell you, but I believe in speaking right out, and I said it was all on my way home so I'd drop in and tell you."

By this time Elizabeth was getting control of her tongue once more. "It's certainly very considerate of the ladies," she said, bitterly. "I didn't want the place and I'm glad I didn't get it, but

it isn't very pleasant to be picked to pieces by a pack of women I've helped out of hundreds of difficulties with their sewing."

"That's just where they learned to know you so well, Elizabeth," explained the guest. "They said you were never thankful for the pretty things your aunt and cousins sent, and they were afraid you might sour the factory girls. Well, I must be going. Tell your mother goodbye for me."

The bread took more time than Mrs. Dorsey had expected and when she came back she was disappointed not to find Mrs. Young. "I wanted to hear about the meeting," she said. "I could not go this afternoon, but I depended upon Mrs. Young to tell me all about it. When do you have to begin the night school?"

"Never!"

"Didn't they start it? O, I'm so disappointed! You could help those factory girls so much."

"Yes, they are going to start it, but they will hire a teacher from the city. Mrs. Young said they decided I was too cranky, soured, pessimistic, grouchy and altogether unfit for the place. Even the fact that they expected me to work for nothing did not weigh sufficiently to induce them to have me. There! That's what people think of your wonderful daughter!"

"But you said you didn't want the place," said Mrs. Dorsey, weakly.

"I didn't, but they might have been decent about it."

Mrs. Dorsey was silent. There seemed to be nothing to say. "Mother, is it true?" burst out Elizabeth, suddenly. "Am I soured and fault-finding and ungrateful and—"

"My dear, don't you think you are a trifle discontented?" interrupted Mrs. Dorsey. "I know you have a great many things to vex you, but so does everyone. For example, these materials from Aunt Margaret and the girls. You think it is a great misfortune to have them, but ever since your father has been ill they have helped us wonderfully."

"But I don't like to accept charity. If I could go away to the city I could make enough to keep us all, only father won't hear of it. Here we merely exist and if I had a salary we could live."

Mrs. Dorsey had heard those statements over and over, so she did not try to argue. She merely changed the subject and asked Elizabeth to put aside her sewing and walk down to Mrs. Kent's at the edge of the town for two dozen fresh eggs, thinking the fresh air would put her into a better frame of mind. "The dear child sews too steadily and it gets on her nerves," said the loving mother, as she tidied up the sewing room a little. "I must contrive to get her out into the fresh air more."

For years Mr. Dorsey had been somewhat of an invalid and his ability to earn money had been sadly impaired, but the fact that they lived in a big, overgrown village where living was not very expensive enabled them to keep comfortable and out of debt, while Aunt Margaret Frisbie, Mrs. Dorsey's rich relative, kept them well supplied with beautiful and expensive clothes. Their friends really envied them sometimes as they appeared exquisitely clad at every village affair, thanks to Elizabeth's skill with her needle, and Mrs. Dorsey and the others were truly thankful for this piece of real good fortune, but Elizabeth rebelled with might and main even while she turned out the dainty and attractive clothes. She longed for a career and an establishment in a great city with elegant conveyances drawn up before her door and fine ladies going and coming to see her new creations. As it was, the only people coming and going were the kindly neighbors, who ran in with their making-over problems for help and paid her back in hot rolls when they baked or quinces from the bushes in the back yard or a big bouquet and the oft-repeated statement: "Elizabeth will make a good wife for somebody, and the young man who gets her

will be fortunate." The only equipage ever seen before the door was Old Fan and the weather-beaten surrey coming to bring Mrs. Lake and her elaborate caps for Elizabeth to make artistic lavender bows to hide the bunchy sewing and lack of skill in the making.

The day after Mrs. Young had called and made her frank speech Elizabeth determined to watch her speech and see if the neighbors really were correct in their judgment. She was shocked to find that more than twenty-five times that first morning harsh, sarcastic or bitter words rose to her lips, and it was with difficulty that she kept them back. It frightened her, for she did not want to be disliked by young or old, and she resolutely set herself to conquer the habit. Elizabeth was only nineteen years of age and she supposed that it was an easy thing to do to conquer a habit which she felt sure she must have acquired lately, so it was not long before she dismissed the subject from her mind and plunged into the deep study necessary to evolve a school frock for tall Katherine from the remains of a severely plain tailored suit which short Helen Frisbie had grown tired of and had packed off with the last shipment of clothes.

"I—I beg your pardon," said a strange voice, as Elizabeth opened the door one dark evening and peered into the darkness. "Could you help me a little? I'm the new sewing teacher at the Mission Sewing School and I'm in trouble. I never dreamed the work was as hard as it is. The ladies wrote that they wanted a sewing teacher and I jumped at the chance. You see my mother has been ill and the doctor said she must get away from the noise of the city, so I thought out here I'd have a chance to take care of her. I must succeed."

"Come in," said Elizabeth, recovering her wits. "What is the trouble?"

"They want things made over," said the girl, wiping away a few tears. "I never dreamed it was that kind of work. I thought it was plain hemming and patching and such things when they said it was a class of beginners. Folks have told me you know all about making over, so I wondered if you'd help me. No, I can't sit down. Mother's all alone. You know we live in the

(Continued on next page.)

DAME NATURE HINTS When the Food Is Not Suited.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is apt to be with the food. The old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried various kinds of breakfast food, but they were all soft, starchy messes which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterward.

"A friend persuaded me to quit coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice.

"The change it worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I don't have headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way.

"Grape-Nuts makes a delicious as well as a nutritious dish; and I find that Postum agrees perfectly—never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

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A New Departure in Dress-making

BY HILDA RICHMOND.
(Continued from page 54.)

rooms back of the hall where the school is held. I thought maybe you'd be willing to come down a little while to-morrow and show me something about making over."

For an instant Elizabeth had it on her tongue to refuse, but the light fell on such a shabby, dejected little figure that she had not the heart to refuse. "I'll go down with you to-night," she said. "My brother Jack is going to a school entertainment and he can stop for me on his way home. Wait till I get my wraps."

So that evening Elizabeth sat quietly in the back room and quickly cut and basted a half-dozen garments for the teacher to demonstrate to the class. The trimmings were skilfully arranged to eke out the materials and the goods turned and contrived to bring out every advantage.

"They actually warmed up and thawed out!" cried the scared little teacher when the session was over. "I believe they think I know something now. One of the girls basted up a waist and when it was tried on she said that it looked almost as good as if Elizabeth Dorsey had cut it. Thank you, ever and ever so much!"

That night when Elizabeth reached home she threw herself before the cheery fire in a comfortable chair and said cheerily, "Another job of making over, mother! That poor little teacher has never had a bit of experience ex-

cept with unlimited supplies of pieces for patch work and remnants for doll clothes and the easiest kind of beginners' sewing. Her mother is ill and they are both discouraged. I think I'll have my hands full for a few weeks getting her started. There were only ten girls there this evening, and if more do not come the Dorcas Society will discontinue the school. That's what worries that little Helen Turner."

But with a few common sense directions and the fact that Elizabeth sat in the back room nightly to help and encourage her, Helen Turner lost the scared expression and actually began to feel that she could hold on. Each night a few more girls dropped in with new or old materials, and each night saw better and better work done. Elizabeth fairly longed to rush out and take charge of things herself, but that was out of the question, so she had to sit behind the scenes and cut and baste as if her fingers had wings and make no noise doing it all.

Of course, Helen soon heard of Elizabeth's ambitions, even to the desire to see a smart carriage before her door in the city or a stylish automobile, and for a wonder she did not tell Elizabeth that she was better off in the village, even though she knew that was true. She only smiled a wise little smile and slipped down to the post-office to buy an unusual number of stamps that very day, without saying a word to anyone but her mother as to why she had so many letters to mail.

A week later Elizabeth was on her knees fitting a delicate party frock to her little sister Mary's wriggling form when her mother ushered two strange ladies into the sewing room. Mary's ecstatic wriggling about and her little exclamations of delight over the pretty dress took up so much of Elizabeth's attention that she did not at first notice the strangers. As she rose stiffly from her knees she knew instinctively that they were city ladies.

"We came to see about getting you to make some clothes for us," said the younger lady. "My mother wants a black silk and I need a morning frock. Is this a sample of your work?" She touched the filmy dress on the now silent girl with appreciative fingers. "Child, you are a genius!"

Elizabeth could hardly wait to ask how they found out that she could sew, but the ladies only said quietly that a friend had told them. They seemed more anxious to talk over the dresses to be made than to tell how they found the dressmaker, and when they left each had given an order for two dresses.

Long after Elizabeth had established a very pleasant and lucrative dressmaking establishment in the big, old sewing room where she had spent so much time wishing she could go to the city, she still wondered exactly how it all came about.

"Well, Elizabeth, I'll tell you about it," said Helen one day as she took lessons in collar making from her friend and helper. "You made over all my ideas and made me over, too, so I thought I'd try my hand. I knew you couldn't leave home to work in the city, but there was no reason why the city could not come to you, so I wrote to Aunt Emily and told her to send her fashionable friends out here. It is only a short distance, you know, and they like to come. In short, I tried the making-over business on your plans and succeeded a little."

"But the best thing that ever happened was when Elizabeth made herself over," said Mrs. Dorsey, happily.

"I didn't do that," said Elizabeth, softly and reverently. "I tried it and made a sorry failure, but finally I learned enough to ask help from One who understood and He made me over. Sometimes I'm sorry I don't have to wrestle with the scanty materials and stained and torn garments that Aunt Margaret used to send, for I am sure that He could make it possible for me to enjoy even the hard things."

"I am sure of that," said Helen, happily, "but I like everything as it is, for now you have time to show others how to make-over, and that helps, too."

A Great Battle Line

BY GEORGE A. HENRY.

The reading world is becoming accustomed to long battle lines. There are battle lines in the present European war extending hundreds of miles. But the battle line in this country against the saloon is thousands of miles in length, extending, literally, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to the international boundary.

Some of the great central States occupy critical positions in this line. Indiana, for example, where the liquor interests literally spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in their battle for the preservation of their saloons during 1915. During this period they succeeded in re-opening only twelve saloons in communities which had formerly voted dry, but in the same period of time the dry forces succeeded in closing a total of 120 saloons. This is a wonderful record when one considers the fact that this work has been done under city and township local option laws which were created in the interests of the brewers and distillers.

The city of Indianapolis is considering the possibility of calling a local option election. Friends of the dry cause point to the fact that if Minneapolis and Boston can come so near to closing their saloons as a result of local option elections, Indianapolis will stand a still better chance of going dry. Prominent men in that city claim that it can be voted dry by a majority of 20,000.

The National Convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America will be held in Indianapolis from June 26th to 29th, inclusive, 1916. Coming as this convention does, so soon after the national conventions of the great political parties, it will be one of the most momentous gatherings of temperance forces ever assembled in this country. Plans are now on foot to make it a great school of methods where the latest and most scientific word concerning the war against beverage alcohol will find utterance. Men of national and even international fame will be on the program. Recognized leaders in the fight against the saloon throughout this country will be there and will have prominent parts.

**A GOOD CHANGE.
A Change of Food Works Wonders.**

Wrong food and drink cause a lot of trouble in this world. To change is first aid when a person is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration: A lady in Missouri was brought around to health again by leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with her.

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Postum comes in two forms: **Postum Cereal**—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER
Park Ave. and 40th St. NEW YORK

Sarah Blake's "Mania"

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.



ARAH BLAKE never seemed to be quite satisfied with anything. No small portion of her life was spent "trying to fix things a little different," to use the words of Cousin Diantha Platt. "Either the furniture in some part of the house must be rearranged," Cousin Diantha went on to explain, "or the sleeves of her new waist must be ripped out and made over because the seams do not happen to come just so, or she must be sending her shoes, that she's worn for three months just as she bought 'em, down to the shop to have the top button on each one set in just a sixteenth of an inch, or she gets to asking Silas most every night if he don't think he'd better sleep in the house now when she knows he just loves—in man-fashion, of course—to sleep out on the upper balcony that they've curtained off on purpose for a summer sleeping porch for Silas, or she wishes she could exchange the shade of the electric reading-lamp for one that flares more at the bottom, or she thinks she'd better keep the table-cloths and napkins in the drawer where she's been keeping the sheets and pillow-cases for as much as four months, and find a place somehow for the sheets and pillow-cases in one of the dresser drawers in the back bedroom, or something or other—anything to be fixing things different. She isn't exactly a discontented mortal—Sarah isn't—for she's just as sweet as roses in June in her general disposition. But there seems to be some sort of a streak in her that just keeps her aching to be changing things around. She actually told me one day—that woman did—that she did wish Silas's name had been something besides Blake, because 'Blake' has an 'e' on the end of it, and she don't see how the spelling of it can ever be changed and still have it *Blake*. 'Now, if it had only been Brown, or Graham, or Dunn, or Hart, or Horn,' says she, 'we could have added a final "e" to it, or left off the "s" sometimes, just as we pleased, and it would have been the same name and still not have been so all-the-time-the-same, like Grandmother Haskell's parlor. I don't believe a new thing went into that parlor of Grandmother's for thirty years,' says she, 'and nothing was ever taken out and left out, either. Each chair had its place, and each picture on the walls its place, and each little glass or shell thing on the mantle its place. She was good at house-cleaning, Grandmother Haskell was,' so Sarah said, 'but everything had to go back into just exactly its place every time. I'd about as soon live in an empty house with nothing in it but four square, bare walls to look at,' says she, 'as to live in one that had everything in it always just so. I'd die of *rigidity*, or some other disease of that sort, in less than a year.' And I guess she would have. It ain't in her to put things down and let 'em *stay put*. And that's all right enough in some cases. But the trouble with her is, she carries it to such lengths that she's wearing herself all out, to say nothing of everybody around her. I think it's a sort of abnormal something-or-other she's got—some mania, mebbly, like kleptomania or dipsomania, only it isn't quite so downright wicked as those manias are. And I believe she could be cured of it, if just the right thing could be made to act on just the right nerve in her. It's a sickly nerve, or two or three of 'em, that's at the bottom of the whole thing, I verily believe. There's nothing like an unhealthy nerve, in my opinion, to make one restless and never quite satisfied with things as they are."

Cousin Diantha is always a welcome visitor at our house. Her volubility is sometimes a bit trying, or would be if we were not cordially inclined toward her because of her many virtues; but she is not a gossip. A more considerate woman it would be hard to find. She likes to talk, but she has a conscience when she is talking about *people*, and she lets her conscience and her discrimination work out for her the problem of a proper auditor. She always considers whom she is talking to when she discourses concerning the faults and foibles of other folks.

She came over one moonlight evening about a month after her outbreak concerning the mania of Sarah Blake, and in the seclusion of our west veranda she rehearsed another chapter of that good woman's story.

"You remember, I was telling you a while ago about the way Sarah Blake was getting into, of fidgetting around from morning till night trying to fix things a little different, don't you? Well, she's fixed things different for her and Silas now, and I'm sorry for her as I can be; but mebbly this was just what was needed, though, to help her to see what hard work she was making of life—which has a good deal of pull and tug in it for most of us, anyway, without adding on any that's unnecessary.

"I suspected that she had made a muss of things with her mania for having things different when I was telling you about her a month ago. And that's the reason I came out with it. For I didn't know but I might have to have a little of your help sometimes to furnish crumbs for her table.

"You know Silas is an easy-going sort of a man, and he thinks the-world-and-all of Sarah, and just laughs good-naturedly at her freakishness, and lets her do about as she pleases—which is a good thing in a husband provided the wife is pretty well balanced. But when the wife has a weak nerve or two in her, and has an easy-going husband, too, who don't firmly but kindly put on the brakes when things get headed toward the down-hill road, then there's likely to be a smash-up.

"And that's just what's happened with the Blakes. It seems that Silas had quite a bit of rainy-day money laid by that he's been saving up along, and he had it and a thousand dollars which his Uncle Silas Lathrop that he was named after left him, all in the Ashton Savings Bank.

"And Sarah took a notion one day some time ago, that that money had been in one place long enough. Now, Sarah ain't close-fisted nor very much of a money-grabber—I can say that for her. It was that mania nerve working in her just at a time when she happened to be thinking a little about that money in the Savings Bank—I'm sure of it. And so all at once nothing would do but that they must invest every cent of it in some pieces of property down in Braceville.

"Lots of folks has bought Braceville property and sold it in less than six months, some in less than a month, for a good deal more than they paid for it, and some's doubled their money,' she said to Silas. And then she went on to picture to him how foolish it was to be letting that money lie in the Savings Bank month after month and year after year, bringing in nothing but a paltry four-per-cent, when they might just as well be buying and selling and making with it, same's other people were doing. And if Silas didn't let her have her own way, same's he'd always done!

"That was five years ago; and they've got their Braceville property yet, and are likely to have it for five more years; and they'll be lucky if they sell it by that time for what they paid for it. And so instead of getting in their little four-per-cent regular as the sun, and having something, too, that they could draw on for bread and butter if they'd ever have to, they have been paying out for taxes and things and not getting in a cent on their investment.

"But that ain't all: neuritis has developed in Sarah's right arm and shoulder, and it's so painful sometimes that she just can't do a thing but set down and have a good cry. I couldn't help thinking when she told me, that in all probability it's the unnecessary part of her work that she's done for years that has brought on that neuritis; but that's neither here nor there—she's got it, and at times she's almost helpless with it.

"And then that ain't all: Silas ain't been feeling very well lately, and this morning Dr. Burchard hustled him off to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis. So there they are. The rainy day is on 'em, and their rainy-day money is all in town lots that don't sell, and they hav'n't a dollar hardly, of ready money, and nothing they can turn into money.

"Now I want you to take hold with me, Cousin Martin, and help them out for awhile until Silas can get around again and get to doing something. You and I are both a little forehanded, and we musn't let those good people suffer, though it's delicate business trying to help them much, for they are sensitive as the leaves on an aspen tree.

"I, for one, don't think it pays for anybody to get so bent on changing things around that she, or he, either, can't be happy if something stays put for awhile. It's clean Martha-foolishness, it seems to me, to be cumbered with much unnecessary serving. I know there's lots of sympathy expressed, in these hustle-or-you'll-never-get-there days, for busy, practical Martha—and she has my sympathy, too, for I'm sorry for her. But 'twas said in the olden time that 'twas Mary rather than Martha that chose the better part; and according to my notion that's right."

The Miff Tree

Once upon a time, so a fireside legend runs, a chorus of song birds began to make tuneful the roadside by which they were perched. It was only a post and rail fence that they had chosen as a choir loft, yet so inspiring and melodious was the volume of song which poured forth from their throats that the listener might have imagined himself to have been in one of the suburbs of Paradise, if not within the jasper walls. Yet suddenly, so the story runs, there came a serious marring of the harmony. Not by directly discordant notes, but by the silencing of certain of the songsters' tones. It came to some of them that the warbling of others was clearer, if not sweeter than their own; and not able to endure the thought of being outclassed by others they suddenly betook themselves to the "miff tree," which stood near-by, sullenly hiding their bills in their plumage instead of continuing to praise their Maker to the best of their ability.

We are glad this is only a folk-lore tale. We have yet to meet the person who has witnessed the exhibition of such a spirit among the feathery tribes. Would that we could say as much of mankind, made in the image of the Creator, redeemed by the priceless blood, refashioned into the same image by the Spirit of love! But who of us has not known those who refuse to serve unless there be a conspicuous recognition of their gifts?

It is said of Michael Angelo that he wore a miner's lamp on the front of his workman's cap that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work. If this precaution was needed in order to obtain the highest efficiency in the chiseling of marble, is it not even more necessary on the part of those who would help fashion immortal souls in the image of the Redeemer that the light of His love shine always with such brightness in the workman's face that no shadow of ourselves fall over and mar the work to which we have given our hearts and lives!

The Joy of Service

Some one has well said: "One of the joys that Christ gives his disciples is the joy of service. The brook that turns the mill wheel sings on its course; it is only the stagnant pool that has no song."

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The Power of the Word

Mr. Oldfield, a missionary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance at Liuchow, South China, tells of selling a Gospel to a Chinese farmer nine years ago. The farmer took it home and read it, perhaps, but never attended to its teaching. It fell, however, into the hands of his hired laborer, who became immensely interested, reading and studying it night after night by the light of a peanut oil taper. By chance he learned that there was a missionary at a distant point of the province who could explain the Gospel to him more clearly. He determined to visit him, and with this in view began to save his cash. While others in the neighborhood were hoarding money to buy coffins in preparation for death he began to put by his money for a journey in search of life. After nine years of waiting he made the journey, found the missionary, received instruction and has been baptized.

A Winning Church

What is necessary that a church may be truly successful in the work of the Kingdom? To begin with, it must have profound faith in the eternal realities. A church that is not sure of itself cannot, in the very nature of the case, be an instrumentality of power in God's hands. The times of greatest achievement in the history of the Christian church were times of strong, rugged faith in God. Unless we believe something with all our hearts we shall not be able to conquer. The modern age has been characterized by Henry Van Dyke as "an age of doubt." Even the great fundamentals of the Christian faith have been called in question by many people; such fundamentals as the fatherhood of God, the divinity of Christ, the atonement of Christ, the resurrection of Christ and the life eternal. The spirit of doubt has permeated to a considerable degree the Church itself. A winning church must have a vital, intense faith in God, faith in His eternal fatherhood, faith in the Christ whom God has sent into this world as Redeemer, faith in the Cross of Calvary, faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness, faith in the life immortal. When once the Church of Jesus Christ believes with all its soul it will be invincible. It will take the world for its Master. It will bring all nations at His feet.

There is also necessity for a comprehensive program of social redemption. We are organized not only for the purpose of leading individuals to Christ; we are concerned not only with saving persons; we are obligated to save society. The Church needs to-day a new social vision. It should formulate a program big enough to meet the world's needs. A study of modern human society reveals the absolute necessity of the Gospel of Jesus. It has many grievous wounds to be healed. Large sections of our population are aptly described as belonging to the "submerged tenth." Who can look upon the slum sections of a great city without a sinking of the heart? Who can contemplate the woes wrought by the liquor business without feeling that the demons of the pit have been let loose on earth? Consider the havoc wrought by moral uncleanness; consider the oppression of the poor by unscrupulous men of power. Human society desperately needs Jesus Christ. This is our day of opportunity. May the Church be blessed with social vision and with a social dynamic sufficient for its mighty task!

A winning church is characterized by a zealous evangelism. The supreme business of the Church is to win souls to Jesus Christ. That there is crying need for more enthusiasm in this essential work of the Church is very apparent. Still there are multitudes of men who can join in the sad complaint of the Psalmist, "No man cared for my soul." The average church member of to-day is doing practically nothing in the way of personal evangelism. We wonder sometimes what proportion of church members are praying for unsaved persons and are following up their prayers with practical endeavor. The Church will never Christianize human society until it is literally on fire with the passion for human souls, the passion which possessed the heart of Jesus Christ when He gave Himself to die on the cross of Calvary.

A winning church must also realize that it is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. Graham Taylor remarked a few years ago that "the business of a church is to build up the community, not to build itself up out of the community." Many a congregation is guilty of selfishness; its chief concern is with itself, with increasing its membership, building up its various departments and gaining for itself a great name. Such a church misses the chief end for which it exists. It is the business of a church to do the work of the Kingdom of God in the community. It should love the community more than itself. It should consider itself as a means toward building up community life—intellectual, social, moral, civic, spiritual. A church should conform to

the law which Jesus laid down for the individual when He said, "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

The ideal church is described by Paul in his letter to the Ephesians, the fifth chapter, where he says that "Christ loved the church and gave Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water with the word, that He might present the church to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

—THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.

Helped to Help Others

BY THE REV. C. H. WETHEREE.

If one be a true Christian, he has a desire, more or less strong, to somehow help other people. He cannot be contented to go along in life without any special efforts to be helpful to his fellows. A zealous Christian makes it a practice of asking God to help him to do some kind of good to those who are in need. This ought to be the ambition of all of us who claim to be Christians. We should have the high motive of thinking more of helping other people than we think of getting help from God solely for our own benefit. Too often we want God to help us, whether anyone else gets help from Him or does not. This is a low and very selfish motive.

It is certain that Paul was free from it. His ruling passion was that of earnestly seeking the help of God that he might thereby especially help many other people. He often asked Christians to pray that God would abundantly help him; but he never made such a request for the sole benefit of himself. He was all the while thinking more of what he might be enabled to do for others than he was of being personally profited. He never used God's help for the promotion of his own interests. We may be sure that he would not expect that God would confer power upon him if he had no desire to use the power for the high welfare of as many as he could serve. And God always did help him, because He knew that Paul would employ the help for the betterment of others.

When we ask God to help us, what is usually our main purpose? Is it to merely minister to our own relief, our own advancement, our own comfort? If we have no higher purpose, then we have no reason to expect large help from God. We should ask great help from God that we may greatly help all that we can serve.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

to all our subscribers

The Publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who have promptly renewed their subscriptions for the year 1916, and to express grateful appreciation for the many words of kindly commendation that have been received from our readers.

There are still some of our subscribers, however, who have not yet complied with the request to forward their renewals. As our fiscal year closes on March 31, 1916, it becomes imperatively necessary to collect all outstanding accounts and have all arrearages settled before that date.

We would, therefore, urgently request all our friends who have not as yet renewed their subscriptions for the current year to do so at once.

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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

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Mr. Duncan, \$8; Miss Harmon, \$1; Mr. Emery, \$1; Mr. Norris, \$10; Mr. and Mrs. Booth, \$2; Mrs. McKee, \$5; Mr. Bacon, \$2; Wellesley Hills, church offering, \$25; Granby, church collection, \$1.65; Dorchester, church offering, \$5; Mrs. Hall, \$10; Mr. Churchill, \$1; Rev. Mr. Tomhlen, \$1; Mrs. Gillfillan, \$1; Miss Deane, \$1; Plymouth, church collection, \$1.05; Mrs. Knowlton, \$2; Mr. Sharp, \$3; Rev. Mr. Towne, \$5; Winchester, church offering, \$0.80; Holbrook, church collection, \$11.22; "A Friend," \$1; Mrs. Reed, \$5; Miss Pressey, \$2; Mrs. Jenkins, \$1; Miss Kendall, \$2; Mrs. Jennings, \$5; Mr. Robinson, \$1; Miss Houghton, \$10; Miss Munroe, \$1.50; Mr. Woods, \$3; Rev. Mr. Hincks, \$3; Mr. Orne, \$1; Miss Murdoch, \$1; Mrs. Shannon, \$10; Mr. Ward, \$2; Mr. Roberts, \$1; Mrs. Robertson, \$1; Miss Mann, \$2; Mrs. Peabody, \$1; Mr. Talbot, \$1; Mr. Mehauffey, \$5; Mr. White, \$5; Mrs. Lyman, \$1; Brookline, church offering, \$10; Miss Sylvan, \$2; "A Friend," \$1; Mr. Harrington, \$3.50; Mrs. Duncan, \$10; Mrs. Hall, \$1.
- MICHIGAN, \$51.18.
Mrs. Mueller, \$0.50; Hamilton, church collection, \$24.84; Mr. Blackmon, \$16.10; Mrs. Hock, \$0.65; Jackson, church collection, \$10.
- MINNESOTA, \$52.25.
Mr. Wesenberg, \$0.65; St. Paul, church collection, \$10; Mr. Mitchell, \$5; Miss Clymck, \$1; Mr. Eaton, \$5; Munciepolis, church collection, \$27.60; Miss Green, \$3.
- MISSOURI, \$105.87.
Mrs. Krachenbiel, \$4; Mr. Bunte, \$0.15; Miss Hoffman, \$1; Miss Hammacher, \$0.65; Parkville, church offering, \$4.62; Mr. Engelbrecht, \$5; St. Louis, church collection, \$3; Mr. Siegfried, \$20.65; Mr. Chman, \$3; Mr. Cathon, \$5; Mr. Forbes, \$10; Mrs. McCluney, \$2; Mr. Perkins, \$2.50; Mr. Plant, \$10; St. Louis, church collection, \$5; Mr. Wurdack, \$10; St. Louis, church offering, \$10.80.
- NEBRASKA, \$11.45.
Mr. Menshorn, \$1.65; Mrs. Kilzer, \$1; Mr.

- Bock, \$1.50; Mr. Siebert, \$0.65; Mr. Hahn, \$1; Mr. Latter, \$0.65; Mr. Siebert, \$5.
- NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$19.
Miss Balch, \$2; Miss Wood, \$2; Mrs. Estey, \$2; Mr. Morgan, \$3; Miss McFarland, \$10.
- NEW JERSEY, \$141.95.
Miss Cook, \$30; New Brunswick, church collection, \$8; Mrs. Von der Heyden, \$1.15; Hackensack, church offering, \$4.77; Miss Carson, \$2; Mr. Hess, \$1; Mrs. Brine, \$5; Mr. Tjork, \$5; Miss Silberhorn, \$1; Mrs. Erhardt, \$0.68; Dr. Hascall, \$10; Freehold, church collection, \$2.44; Newark, church offering, \$5; Miss Rasch, \$10; Mrs. Robinson, \$0.50; Mr. Boardman, \$1; Miss Day, \$2; Passaic, church collection, \$34.91; Mr. Gerber, \$1; Atlantic Highlands, church offering, \$3; Mr. Morse, \$5; Dr. Lemmer, \$2.50; Burlington, church collection, \$5; Miss Ballard, \$1.
- NEW YORK, \$447.05.
Mr. David, \$9.82; Mr. Averigg, \$5; Mr. Esbloh, \$5; The Christian Herald, \$1; N. Y. Ladies' Miss. Soc., 4th Gr. Refd. Ch., \$10; Mr. Benton, \$5; Mrs. Osborn, \$25; New York, church collection, \$10; "A Friend" (for illust. tracts for India), \$35; Little Falls, church offering, \$10; Miss Ames, \$3; Wappinger Falls, church collection, \$3; Mr. Sayre, \$50; Mrs. Holmes, \$5; Miss Williams, \$10; Mrs. Marvin, \$2.50; Miss Veltman, \$1; Brooklyn, church offering, \$27.26; Mr. Meyers, \$5; Mrs. Watson, \$1; Mrs. Finch, \$10; Mrs. Gardner, \$2.50; Mrs. Hoag, \$3; Mrs. Cook, \$3.50; Newtown, church collection, \$8.50; Rev. Mr. Dell, \$1; Brooklyn, church offering, \$10; Lyons Falls, church collection, \$3.20; Yonkers, church offering (additional), \$58.34; Mrs. Baucher, \$2; Miss Harmon, \$5; Mr. Auken, \$3.60; Setauket, church offering, \$13.60; Mr. Ham, \$10; Dr. Van Doren, \$1; Mrs. Yeisley, \$5; In Memory of Mrs. Gaul, \$5; New Hackensack, church collection, \$4.83; Mrs. Barnett, \$3; Brooklyn, church offering, \$13.60; Mrs. Smith, \$15; Mrs. La Moreaux, \$0.50; Miss Van Blankenstein, \$1; Miss Brown, \$5; Interlaken, church collection, \$7.80; Rev. Mr. Sholl, \$1; Otsego, church offering, \$1; New Brighton, church collection, \$25; Mrs. Edwards, \$0.50.
- NORTH CAROLINA, \$1.
Mrs. Phillips, \$1.
- OHIO, \$113.15.
Mr. Hopfinger, \$5; Wooster, church collection, \$11; Mrs. Misloh, \$0.65; Homer, church offering, \$0.75; Mr. Bevan, \$1.50; Mrs. Powell, \$5; Cincinnati, church collection, \$33; church offering, \$10; Mr. Braun, \$0.90; Mr. Fetzer, \$4.65; Miss Thorpe, \$2; Mr. Russell, \$1; Mr. Bard, \$2; Miss Breneman, \$3; Messrs. Kuhns Bros., \$5; Mr. Dodd, \$1; Mr. Hunt, \$3; Norwood, church collection, \$6; Miss Jones, \$5; Miss Willard, \$2; Troy, church collection, \$5; Miss Litzenberg, \$2; Youngstown, church offering, \$3.70.
- OKLAHOMA, \$1.
Mr. Hill, \$1.
- OREGON, \$11.
Mr. Cole, \$1; Mr. Bartelt, \$1; Mr. Reichen, \$2.50; Mr. Schulz, \$0.50; Eugene, church collection, \$5; Mrs. Parker, \$1.
- PENNSYLVANIA, \$466.29.
Franklin, church collection, \$9.12; Mr. McClean, \$1; Brookville, church offering, \$6; Miss Converse, \$10; Miss Coleman, \$10; Miss Hubbard, \$2; Mrs. Dull, \$15; Mr. Follanshee, \$25; Mr. Bailey, \$100; Mr. Potter, \$2; Mr. Keely, \$1; The Misses De Haven, \$6; Mrs. Frederick, \$0.65; Mr. Spencer, \$5; Mrs. Painter, \$1.35; Mr. McClure, \$2; York, church collection, \$10; Mrs. Morris, \$2; New Castle, church offering, \$5.50; Mr. Schmidt, \$1; Mrs. Demuth, \$1.50; Derry Church, church collection, \$3; Mr. Salathe, \$4.15; Miss Berger, \$1.32; Mr. Carter, \$10; Rev. Mr. Kern, \$2.50; Penfield, church offering, \$3; Clearfield, church collection, \$5; Mrs. Kilzer, \$25; Phila., church offering, \$25; Bridgeport, church collection, \$5; Mrs. Clawson, \$2; Coraopolis, church offering, \$8.18; S. S., \$0.82; Mr. Bickel, \$10; Mr. Browne, \$15; Mr. Dorman, \$5; Hon. Mr. Mehard, \$5; Mr. Lyon, \$5; Mr. Palmer, \$5; Mr. Rae, \$10; Mr. Seymour, \$5; Mr. Shaw, \$10; Mr. Shae, \$10; Mr. Stevenson, \$2; Mr. Succop, \$25; Mr. Wilson, \$1; Mr. Struthers, \$3; Mrs. Walker, \$1; Wilkingsburg, church offering, \$21.20; Butler, church collection, \$15; Middlesex, church offering, \$2; Chester, church collection, \$5.
- RHODE ISLAND, \$38.
Mrs. Carpenter, \$5; Mr. Dixon, \$5; Mrs. Sprague, \$25; Mrs. Knowles, \$1; Miss Knowles, \$2.
- SOUTH DAKOTA, \$6.65.
Mrs. Dodden, \$1.05; Mrs. Van Bockern, \$5.
- TENNESSEE, \$5.
Miss Tilden, \$5.
- TEXAS, \$3.50.
Mr. Lassig, \$2.50; Rev. Mr. Morhinweg, \$1.
- UTAH, \$6.
Mr. Pratt, \$2; Mrs. Tuttle, \$4.
- VERMONT, \$2.
Miss Worcester, \$1; Mrs. Merrill, \$1.
- VIRGINIA, \$3.
Mr. Blencowe, \$3.
- WASHINGTON, \$3.
Mr. Young, \$2; Mrs. Burns, \$1.
- WEST VIRGINIA, \$102.
Fairmont, church collection, \$2; Mr. Hervey, \$100.
- WISCONSIN, \$33.20.
Mr. Abt, \$1.65; Miss Fagg, \$2; Mrs. Guntley, \$0.65; Mr. Lothe, \$1; Mrs. Wittenberger, \$0.65; Mr. Kratt, \$1.60; Mrs. Freitag, \$10; Miss Freitag, \$1; Miss Hoffman, \$10; Rev. Mr. Dallums, \$2.50; Rev. Mr. Stucki, \$1.60; Mrs. Eichelkraut, \$0.65.
- FOREIGN, \$10
Canada—Mr. Shepard, \$5; Mr. Troedel, \$5.
LEGACY, \$34.33.
Palmyra, N. Y., Estate of Justin Durfee, \$34.33.
- INTEREST from Trust Funds.....\$248.75
Income for Missionary Work.....\$248.75

A Vital Message

In an article recently published in the *Christian Observer*, Rev. J. Addison Smith, D.D., pays this tribute to the value of leaflets or tracts which may be enclosed in a letter to a friend. He writes:

"After the experience of years the writer is more and more impressed with the great value of letter-slips. The wonders they have wrought, the good they have achieved will never be fully known until all the records are in at the last great day. Some years ago, the writer had occasion to write a banker one thousand miles away, and as his custom was he enclosed a slip. In return that banker wrote a personal letter thanking the writer for sending the same, stating that it came at a most opportune hour when he needed the help it had to offer.

"We must remember that our noble business men who are battling to make an honest living amid our modern complex commercial life meet with hours that are dark and crucial. Ofttimes the 'immortal hope may burn low in the soul,' and they need inspiration and help, and a slip at the psychological moment may do them amazing good. Of this the writer is so convinced, that he pleads with all the redeemed never to seal a letter without a slip to inspire, or mark, or mellow, or sweeten and enrich the life. There are so many such slips published in our time. Some of them are wondrously suggestive, and, under God, are bound to uplift the life into higher and divine forms."

A large number of leaflets and tracts suitable for use as letter-slips are published by the American Tract Society, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y. A carefully arranged descriptive catalogue of these publications under the title of "Silent Evangelists," may be had for the asking.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 791,142,050 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$796,137.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of hooks and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$15,439.05. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,617,820.90, which is the equivalent of over four billion tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 202,877; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 59,431, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last 73 years 17,326,937, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,406,676.

Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE PERIODICALS for the Home, Church and Sunday School

The American Messenger

founded in 1843, is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, editorial contributions from prominent writers, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Christian Endeavor Prayer-Meeting Topics, News from the Mission Fields, a page for the Little Folks, and much other interesting and instructive matter, for both young and old. The price is very low, being but 50 cents a year, or in Clubs of five or more, 80 cents apiece for a year's subscription. Postage on foreign subscription, 24 cents additional; Canadian subscriptions, 12 cents additional.

Apples of Gold

is a delightful paper for the little ones in the home and at Sunday school. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for primary departments and infant classes; charming illustrations; good clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copies, 30 cents; five copies to one address, 25 cents each; ten or more, 20 cents each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cents per copy additional. Subscriptions accepted in clubs for 3 months, 6 months or a year.

Amerikanischer Botschafter

is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription price is 85 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more 20 cents apiece.

Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large, clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is 26 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more, 20 cents a year.

Free Sample Copies on Request.

American Tract Society Park Ave. and 40th St. New York

What a Tract Did

That girl did not lose her reward who handed a tract to a young man in a stage coach in England. He tore it up in fine pieces and threw it out of the window, but one little piece was blown back and alighted on his knee. He wet his thumb, and, taking it up, made out on one side the word "God." On the reverse side he made out only the word "eternity." These two words fastened themselves on his mind. Reaching the house of the young lady he was about to marry, on which mission he was bent, he said, as she met him at the door, "God.—Eternity." She thought he had lost his reason. A conversation soon led her to the same conviction which had seized his soul, and they both, on their knees, gave themselves to God before being married. Nothing done for God and souls in prayer is lost. This girl prayed earnestly as she handed the tract to this young man. Here was the secret. —EXCHANGE.

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

Our Superb Framed Photo Portrait Enlargement Premium Offer

A Photo Portrait Enlargement is the result of a new process in artistic photography, developed by a concern well known for its beautiful art reproductions. Its earliest conception appeared with the artist Jean de Gallois in Paris, but it has since been worked out along technical lines, until it now appears as one of the finest creations of the photo-portrayer's art. This work is really delightful—not mere crayon or chalk finishes, but soft lines finished by hand under the direction of skilled artists. You are bound to be pleased.

We have made an arrangement with the AMERICAN CONVEX CO., INC., of New York, whereby every reader of the AMERICAN MESSENGER may secure an incomparable WONDER ART PORTRAIT PAINTING—complete and handsomely FRAMED of Father, Mother, Sister, Brother or Baby, upon complying with the conditions at bottom of notice.

Whose photograph do you wish enlarged, reproduced and finished like a masterpiece portrait painting? Select a picture of yourself or of a loved one NOW and send it to us. An Artograph Portrait Painting Enlargement will delight you with its beautiful, natural and permanent results. Something you have often wished you could afford is at last placed within your easy reach. Think of it! An oil-finished portrait painting reproduced absolutely true to life and of the highest artistic standard, made by hand by skilled artists, together with your choice of a fine quality frame in either Circassian Walnut, Mahogany, Mission or Gilt; size of painting with frame 12½ by 15½ inches. You have a choice of Sepia, Brown or Black and White Oiled finish. There is no additional charge for groups. When sending photos, be sure to have name and address of sender on opposite side of picture.

Results are guaranteed if Photograph is clear and distinct. Photo will be returned in good condition.

We will give one Photo Enlargement, Free and Postpaid, for only seven yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give one Photo Enlargement with one year's subscription for \$2.00. These offers are good only in the United States.



Compare the size of the enlargement with the small photograph of the child held in the mother's hand.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

Our Honor Roll

The publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER are placing upon a Roll of Honor the names of those who have been receiving this paper for fifty years or more. To the list already published we are glad to add the name of Mr. William H. Shotwell, who writes:

"For sixty years I have been reading the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I have taken the paper through the First Presbyterian Church of Plainfield, New Jersey."

We should be pleased to receive the names of any others who have been in receipt of this paper for fifty years or more, so that we may place them on our Honor Roll.

The True Gentleman

Over an English mantelpiece in an ancient manor may be found this striking delineation: "The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own. Virtue is his business; study, his recreation; contentment, his rest; and happiness, his reward. God is his Father; Jesus Christ his Savior; the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain; chastity his chamberlain; sobriety his butler; temperance his cook; hospitality his housekeeper; providence his steward; charity his treasurer; piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter to lead in or out as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues and he is master of the house."

English Quakers and the War

BY REV. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND.

Ruskin once declared that humanity honored the soldier, "not because he goes forth to slay, but to be slain." The Quakers are, by virtue of the constitutional principles of their faith, prohibited from participating in war. But over against their conscientious objection to war arise instincts of patriotism, defense, and their consciences are thus between conflicting senses of duty. The issue has been met by one group of Friends in England in a manner that illustrates Ruskin's words

Philip J. Baker, twenty-five years of age (son of Hon. J. Allen Baker, M.P., President of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches), an Oxford man, former President of the Oxford Union, and a world-famous athlete, not only at Oxford but while also a student at Haverford College, with other virile young Quakers proposed the Friends' Ambulance Unit to solve this conflict of conscience and duty, his chief helpers being his wife and his brothers, Allen R. Baker, Joseph S. Baker, and Bevan B. Baker, with the well-known writer, George M. Trevelyan, who became commandant, with Philip Baker as adjutant, and Mrs. Baker as head matron of the hospital section.

The work of the Friends' Unit has become one of the institutions of the European War. It has secured the confidence and commendation of the Military Authorities of three countries, both in the field and at home. And it has gained its unique position among voluntary units by none of the usual social or influential channels. It has been assisted by no decorative or sensational personalities. It has hardly been mentioned in the Press.

It has won its position by the courage, tact and patience of its Officers in recognizing and seizing opportunities of service and in establishing cordial relationships with officials of all classes and of three races, and by the discipline, goodwill, self-abnegation, and unwearying work of its young men.

On their way to Dunkirk, to constitute the Belgian Unit, the first piece of work, crossing the Channel, was the manning of boats to save the crew of the torpedoed "Hermes" in October, 1914. At this time they numbered only forty-three workers, but they attended, redressed and assisted 1250 men the first five days and nights.

Their next point was Ypres, where they organized a second hospital, the method being to find and care for cases of the greatest need and neglect, and within a couple of months the staff grew to about 250 workers of all kinds for relief and restoration.

After the organization was established in what was left of Belgium and Northern France, the leaders moved on to Italy and organized the Italian Unit.

Many of them served entirely at their own expense as well as without pay.

In addition to the work of gathering up the wounded from the field and caring for them in the hospitals, provision is also made for religious service and spiritual ministrations.

The staff at Dunkirk now consists of about 500 trained men and 40 women. There is a large fleet of motor ambulances and two ambulance trains. There are seven hospitals. The newer Italian Unit is also assuming large proportions.

The Quakers of England have thus entered the war, not to take a single human life, but to save, and have vindicated their self-sacrificing sense of patriotic duty without violating their consciences or their religious faith.

It Will Outlast the Ivy

In a little down-east churchyard there is still growing a sprig of ivy taken from the yard of the historic church of God at Jamestown more than a hundred years ago and planted in the new ground, in memory of a dearly beloved minister.

There, through all these years, the bit of ivy has been twining itself about the tombstone of the man of God who once went in and out before the people. Wonderful that the ivy should last so long! Many a plant has sprung into life, flourished and gone back into the dust since the ivy was brought from Virginia.

But even that ivy will one day lose its power to climb up the stone over the resting place of the minister. Then will he be forgotten? Will his memory then fade into oblivion?

One day he spoke a kindly word to a soul that was in trouble. It was not on the Sabbath day. The minister may have been making the simple round of his parish. But the word he spoke that day will live on forever!

On another day he knelt by the side of a young man who had never known the way celestial. Never again did his feet turn away from the pathway to heaven! A new song was set ringing beyond the gates of glory, just because Peter Bours planted the word of hope in that young man's heart.

Ivy vines cease to clamber over the stony wall; their roots die down and are forgotten. But the loving, tender min-

istrations of a consecrated heart live forever!

How men rejoice when the spade brings up out of the dust of ages some building that was once a part of the city of Antioch! Antioch? Why that makes us think of Paul, the great apostle. Who knows but that his voice once sounded through the now silent halls of these houses just now being lifted back into the sunlight? Wonderful, indeed, the thought!

And still years yet to be will send the sand drifting again over those walls. It must be so. Time laughs at man's best efforts to rear and to preserve costly structures of stone or of wood. But the things Paul said in Antioch will linger in memory forever and ever. It was a glad day when "the whole city" came to listen to the gracious words which fell from the lips of Paul and Barnabas, and "the people were glad, for the word of God was published throughout all the region."

This is the thing which will outlast the ivy vine—the Word of the Lord.

—KIND WORDS.

A Brave Struggle

Dr. W. W. Colborne, a volunteer medical missionary of the Church Missionary Society, who died in Hojo, Japan, in the year past, was one whose fighting was within as well as without, having been plagued during his whole missionary career with ill health. He worked in South China for six years, but sickness sent him home. Then he proceeded to the Hokkaido in 1897 and labored there until 1909, when he again went to pieces. The next year he took up the battle again, returned to Japan and worked among consumptives with much success, both spiritual and medical, until his death.

Dr. Colborne dedicated himself to the mission field as a consequence of impulses received at a Moody and Sankey meeting in London in the seventies of the last century. His missionary fire glowed strongly to the end. He was often seen in his wheel chair out on the sands of Hojo gathering the fisher folk about him, marking a cross on the sand with a few Japanese characters, and preaching the Gospel from these symbols.

419 REWARDS

For Finding Bible Quotations To Fit a Series of 60 Pictures

\$3,500 WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE BEST ANSWERS

Unique Combination of Educational Benefit, Enjoyment and Reward

The Big Question

Observe the six little object lessons, making up the outline of our question mark. The question is: who is going to win the twelve hundred and fifty dollar prize? Full rewards to all tying contestants. 419 Rewards to begin with. Young or old, you may be a winner.

All the possible answers to the 60 Contest pictures are in this book. The illustration of the book is in miniature. The book itself is 7 1/8 x 4 3/4 inches, a handsome volume.

The Book "Gems from the Bible" Is Given in Connection with Special Offer Explained at the Right.

How the "Gems" Will Help You

You do not need to worry because you are not a Biblical scholar. Every answer you want (that is, a suitable title or text for a picture before you) is in the standard list contained in "Gems from the Bible," waiting for you to pick out on sight.

While playing this amusing and absorbing game, you will nevertheless have the added satisfaction of knowing that you are not wasting your time; for you will be initiating and renewing contact with the Book of Books and you will be pleasantly training observation and judgment.

The square picture here in the lower left hand corner of the page is one of the 60 contest pictures. Whether you recognize it or not, you would soon find a suitable text in the standard list of references, "Gems from the Bible." The pictures are being published in the Christian Herald at the rate of about a dozen a month. You can have all the pictures to date, free (as explained in our offer in the next column), and the rest would come to you in due course.

Note the further information on this page.

Full List of Prizes

First Reward, \$1,250

Second Reward, \$625

3rd Reward, \$350

4th Reward, \$250

5th Reward, \$150

6th Reward, \$100

7th Reward, \$ 75

8th Reward, \$ 50

9th Reward, \$ 20

10th to 24th Rewards, Each \$2.50

25th to 419th Rewards, Each \$1.50

All in Cash.

You Can Enter the Contest Now.

The Contest has been inaugurated and "Gems from the Bible" is offered to you free to introduce to your attention a splendid, national weekly publication: The Christian Herald, of New York.

The Contest is open to all, without obligation of any sort. For your convenience, the extremely helpful "Gems from the Bible," and with it the handy special blank book known as Contest Reply Book (into which you can write the answers of your choice), as well as rules, object lessons and other information, and Contest pictures of course, will all be sent to you at once as a premium with the following offer:

Offer of Contest OUTFIT as a Premium.

The Bible Picture Contest OUTFIT consists of the fullest possible equipment for taking part simply, easily and conveniently in the \$3,500 Contest, viz., as just mentioned, "Gems from the Bible" (containing all the eligible answers), Reply Book (into which you can write as many as five answers for each picture), Contest pictures, and all information.

\$3,500 CONTEST COUPON.

The American Messenger,
Park Ave. at 40th St., New York City.

Gentlemen: I hereby enter the \$3,500 Bible Picture Contest, in which I may win \$1,250. I enclose \$2.10 to pay for subscription to the American Messenger (12 months) and to the Christian Herald (52 weeks), and the Bible Picture Contest OUTFIT which you are to send me at once with necessary pictures. (Note.—The subscriptions will be credited to the name and address on this coupon unless otherwise indicated on separate sheet of paper. The Outfit of books, etc., will go to the address herewith, in any case.)

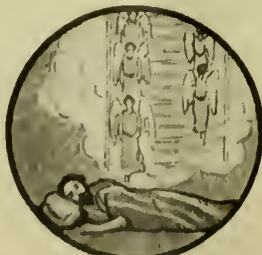
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The Outfit of "Gems from the Bible," Reply Book and pictures, is offered in combination with subscription to the American Messenger and the Christian Herald for one year each, at the combination price of \$2.10—which pays for everything. Either or both subscriptions can be new or renewal, for yourself or someone else.



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Vol. 74



APRIL, 1916



No. 4



THE RESURRECTION, BY JEAN-LÉON GÉRÔME

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.



CHRISTIAN PREPAREDNESS

"Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee."—(Matt., 11:10.)

Just as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so the American nation cannot rely on mere statistics of soldiers and sailors under arms or in reserve, but must depend in the last analysis on the strength of personality in the individuals who make up the nation—on their intelligence, character, devotion.

More important than guns are the spirits of men and women.

The Puritans under Cromwell, in England, and the Pilgrim fathers, in New England, manifested wisdom that has won the sanction of history insofar as they looked for guidance to Him who of old protected Israel from their enemies and brought them to a promised land. And to-day the truth still shines forth in the words of the prophet, "Prepare your hearts unto the Lord; and he will deliver you out of the hands of the Philistines." (I. Sam., 7:3.)

Hark to the living word! Turn to the rock of ages, the book of books, the Holy Bible.

Let the words of the divine Messenger, referred to in the text from Matthew quoted at the head of this page, be your preparation for life.

But that is not enough.

How about your neighbor?

How about your friends, relatives, children?

Is the Bible to them the source of inspiration and joy that it should be?

In short, do you find room around you to spread the seed of thorough Bible contact? If so, we can help you accomplish that end, or you can help us to do it—put it whichever way you will; and the goal can be achieved in a new and unique yet effective manner, combining instructive benefit with absorbing pleasure. The means to which we refer is receiving enthusiastic indorsement on every side; it is none other than the Bible Picture Contest which The Christian Herald is conducting in combination with The American Messenger.

Bible Study Made Attractive and Yielding a Lasting Impression

ARE YOU A

Mother, Father, Minister, Teacher, Aunt, Uncle, Big Brother or Sister, Grandparent, Godparent?

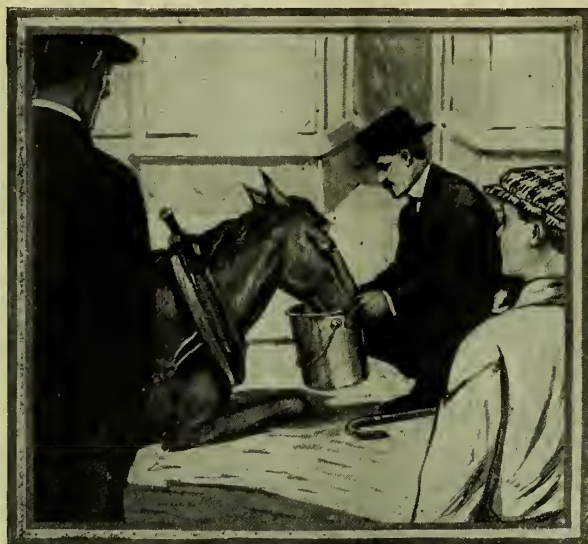
How old is your girl, or your boy? If the answer is "nine" or "nineteen," or anywhere between, you are concerned in this discussion.

Granted that you have made provision for schooling, church attendance, Sunday School, good reading, moral training, social development, excellent home surroundings, and all that—

Yet the fact remains that Youth can't constantly be at these things. Young people must have recreation in plenty. Now, masters of pedagogy insist that we inject the element of entertainment into study, if we would get the best results with Youth. And behold, evolved a method whereby the routine study of the Bible and religion may be most refreshingly re-enforced in accordance with this pedagogical principle!

The Bible Picture Contest makes a tremendous appeal to the play instinct that is in youth—and in most of us. The serious worth of this Contest is proven in many ways, and its full educational value will be almost unconsciously obtained by every participant, young and old.

So, if there is a boy or girl in whom you are interested and whose mind you would have stored with Bible truths, by all means introduce that boy or girl quickly to our Bible Picture Contest.



What verse from the Bible fits this picture?

ARE YOU A

Banker, Farmer, Mill Hand, Housewife, School-mistress, Clerk, Storekeeper—Whoever you are

Whatever your occupation, education, training, tastes or age, we venture to assert that, when you know all about the Bible Picture Contest, you will agree it is the kind of home recreation to give perfect delight both to yourself and to the other members of your family as well as to your friends.

You will not be helped nor will you be hindered, essentially, in the Contest, by deep learning or special familiarity in Bible matters; yet you cannot fail to learn a good deal in the Contest. Its object is to test your powers of observation and common sense judgment. You are presented with a series of fascinating problems; and you will not rest until you have solved them. In the meanwhile the significance and force (sometimes in an unexpectedly new light) of a number of selected Bible texts will naturally and pleasurably—and seemingly without effort—lodge themselves in your mind and soul.

Consider, for example, the picture shown on the left. The modern setting is proof conclusive that no Bible scene is here represented. Yet the Contest requires that you match a Bible text to the illustration. In order to do that, you will come to perceive a fresh meaning in some possibly familiar quotation. You can find an appropriate answer in the available list of eligible Contest verses.

\$1,250
IN GOLD
FIRST REWARD

For the Most Fitting Bible Tests to Match
a Series of Pictures like the One on this Page

\$3,500
IN 419
CASH REWARDS

Everybody Is Eligible

You who read this announcement are invited without qualification or obligation of any sort to participate in the Bible Picture Contest.

The Contest consists of a series of pictures, to each of which you are to submit a Bible verse as an answer. As many as five answers are allowed for each picture. After the contestants have submitted their answers, a Committee of Judges will approve the best of those answers. The contestant's primary aim should be to submit the greatest number of correct answers for the pictures.

You are not required to search the whole Bible. The Contest is limited to a list of 2,000 selected Bible verses. As only such verses will be accepted, you know that you have only to look in that list in order to find every possible winning answer. Everybody is on an equal footing.

Some of the pictures have already appeared. The rest will soon be published. As no answers are to be submitted until all the pictures have appeared, nobody is ahead of you. If you haven't all the pictures to date, you can obtain them at one cent each, or entirely free as is explained further on.

The exclusive standard list of eligible answers can be located by you in your own Bible (as provided in the Rules, obtainable on application), or conveniently consulted in the handy little volume known as "Gems from the Bible," which practically constitutes the key to the Contest.

For the writing down and eventual submitting of the answers of your choice, there is a specially designed booklet known as Reply Book.

The Bible Picture Contest OUTFIT, consisting of Contest pictures, "Gems from the Bible" and Reply Book, is offered to you as a premium. See next column.

Now Is the Time to Enter

June 7, 1916, is the date before which no answers will be received by the Committee. So you have plenty of time in which to find suitable quotations in "Gems from the Bible" to correspond with the Contest pictures.

Utilize your spare quarter or half hours, of an evening. Don't delay too long, however. You may as well try earnestly to excel in the Bible Picture Contest. Therefore, take your time and thoughtfully select your answers. Don't leave it all to the last. Begin now.

While the chief reward of this Contest is obviously the spiritual profit that will accrue to all the contestants in the form of precious thoughts and happy phrases, retained almost involuntarily as a sequel to interested and stimulating activity, this delectable gain will be supplemented in at least 419 cases by the award of sums of money which can be devoted by the proud recipients to innumerable worthy aims.

The first reward is \$1,250, the second is \$625, the third is \$350, the fourth is \$250 the fifth is \$150, then \$100, \$75, \$50, \$20 and four hundred and ten additional rewards. All are in cash. And in the event of ultimate ties, each tying contestant will receive the full reward tied for.

The Outfit, already mentioned ("Gems from the Bible," Contest pictures and Reply Book), should help you earn one of these rewards and add to your enjoyment throughout. We shall send the Outfit to any address, prepaid, and without further charge, as a premium with a subscription order for the American Messenger and the Christian Herald (weekly), each one year, at the total price of \$2.10.

Either or both subscriptions can be new, renewal or extension, for yourself or any other person.

Address: THE AMERICAN MESSENGER, 40th Street and Park Ave., New York City

The American Messenger

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

"RISEN WITH CHRIST"

BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

It is a fine thing to have a high ideal in life, but it is not always easy to reach the ideal. For example, many of the teachings of Confucius were excellent. As a sage and leader of men he said many great things, but the ideals of Confucius only mock the people who consider them, because there is no strength given to them to attain unto the ideal. With the teachings of Christ the case is entirely different. Christ not only raises before us the ideal, but He gives us strength to reach it. Jesus plainly said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." We ought as Christians to live resurrection lives. I cannot conceive of the son of the widow of Nain, after he had been raised from the dead, going back to worldly pursuits, nor can I imagine Lazarus, after he had been released from the bonds of death, living a life of inconsistency, and yet as Christians risen with Christ we are often impatient, unkind, unfair, and in so many ways inconsistent and unfaithful representatives of Jesus Christ.

A Telling Illustration

I have found in the New Testament a telling illustration of this great truth. It was in Bethany at the time of the Passover Feast when Jesus was present, and Lazarus also, "whom He had raised from the dead." The Passover was a great event in the history of Israel. Before the keeping of the feast the highways were made smooth and easy to travel. The night before the Passover every Jewish house was made clean, and when the last cleansing act had been performed every Jewish father is represented to have said something like this: "And now, if any leaven remains in this house, it is here against my will." The Passover lamb was slain. In the morning, by the sound of trumpets, the people were aroused; they all joined in singing one of the psalms, and then they enjoyed the feast together; when the day was ended they turned their faces homeward. When Jesus attended His first keeping of the feast in Jerusalem Joseph and Mary were with Him. They tarried for a little while in the city, and then started home. They had gone a day's journey when they missed Jesus. They searched for Him among their kinsfolk and acquaintances, and did not find Him. They went back to the city of Jerusalem again, and there they found Him questioning and answering the questions of the wise men. Every feast of the Passover from that one until the last one kept during His life was memorable.

The special Passover feast to which I am now referring was of particular interest to one of the homes in Bethany. Lazarus had previously sickened and died in that home. Jesus had visited the family in their sorrow, had

gone out to the tomb, and had raised Lazarus from the dead. And now that they have the feast prior to the Passover, Jesus is again a guest in this home. There we see Mary, Martha and Lazarus, who had been dead—and Jesus. And that is a significant addition to the circle. No family circle is complete without this addition. It does not make any difference how beautiful your house is, it is not a real home until Jesus is there, because there are too many sorrows to meet without Him; too many storms to pass through without His presence; there is too much pain to endure without His healing touch. No home is complete until you can say, "This family circle includes the father, the mother; the children and Jesus." And no business is as it should be until you can add Jesus to it. It seems to me that it would greatly simplify all our industrial troubles to-day if we could find out whether or not Jesus could be taken in as a partner in the concern. There are some places of business in every city which would have to close if this test was applied. There are some great manufactories that could not run, because, if they put Jesus into the company, they would have to revise all their plans, and would have to change their principles. And so I say again that no business is really worth while until you can add Jesus and all His teaching to the company.

The special fact to which I have referred above is stated in the twelfth chapter of the Gospel of John. Great crowds of people had heard that Jesus was to be in that part of the country, and they had also heard of the sickness, death and resurrection of Lazarus. The part of the story which I am emphasizing reads as follows: "Much people of the Jews therefore knew that he was there, and they came not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see Lazarus also, whom He had raised from the dead." (John 12:9.) It seems to me a very striking fact that the people came to Bethany not only that they might see Jesus, but also that they might see Lazarus, the man who they knew had passed away, had been placed in the tomb, and now by the power of Jesus had been raised from the dead. What a wonderful thing it would be now if someone who had passed away should suddenly return to us after having been on the other side of the River. But it was quite as wonderful in the days when Jesus lived and when Lazarus was thus called back after he had really died. I have imagined his old-time friends and neighbors coming forward to look at him. I can see them as they study every expression of his countenance and as they listen to every word that falls from his lips, for they had a right

We read in the Epistles of the New Testament that as believers we were crucified with Christ. It is also the clear statement of Scripture that as Christians we were buried with Christ in accordance with the plan and purpose of God, and in this same Holy Word it is suggested that we have risen with Christ.

It is a great encouragement to know that when once by faith we have accepted Christ as our Saviour God never again considers us apart from Him.

There is a reciprocal indwelling in Christian experience. When we are born again, Christ comes to live with us, and when we live as God would have us live we are dwelling in Him.

"So near, so very near to God,
Nearer I could not be;
For in the person of His Son,
I am as near as He.

"So dear, so very dear to God,
Dearer I could not be;
For in the person of his Son,
I am as dear as He."

When traveling in Southern waters we beheld the sponges floating in the sea, and we found that the sea was in the sponge, and the sponge was in the sea. Thus it is with Christ. He is in us and we are in Him. We put the iron rod in the fire and it becomes red hot. The fire is in the iron and the iron is in the fire. Thus it is with Christ and ourselves. It is not possible to find language strong enough to express the intimate relationship that exists between us and Christ as God has planned it.

If we have been crucified with Christ, then the question of sin is settled. God has stated in His Word, "The wages of sin is death." He has also said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," but He does not forget to declare that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." If we were buried with Christ, then death shall have no more dominion over us, and we may approach the end without fear.

If we are risen with Christ, then there is presented to us the ideal for Christian living, and we are plainly told just what is expected of us as the followers of Jesus Christ.

to believe that having been raised from the dead he would be an altogether different man in every respect.

Did it ever occur to you that Lazarus, as he stands there in the presence of his friends and neighbors after his resurrection, is a perfect illustration of every Christian of to-day who is living up to his privileges? There are three things that we should remember in connection with our Christian lives. The first is that, judicially, we were crucified with Christ; the second, that in the thought and plan of God we were buried with Christ, and the third is the glorious fact that by the power of God we were raised with Christ—so that it is literally true that everyone who is a true Christian is a resurrection Christian; that is, such an one has been raised from the death of sin into newness of life in Christ Jesus, and therefore St. Paul says, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

If, when the people came to that Bethany home to see Jesus and Lazarus whom He had raised from the dead, they had found Lazarus impatient with Mary and harsh with Martha, or if they had heard him unkindly criticizing somebody in Bethany, or if they had found him in some way disloyal to Jesus, I think they would have looked at him in a strange, sharp sort of way, and then I think we might have heard them saying, "That is, indeed, a poor way for a man to live who has been raised from the dead. After such an experience as his, he ought certainly to be a different sort of man."

How would it be, do you suppose, if one should go into your home and mine and note the way we live? What do you think would be the judgment which they could honestly pass upon us? If one professes to be a Christian and then lives in his home in an inconsistent manner how faithless such a profession is to Christ!

What impression does your life make upon the one who rides with you on the car as you go to your business, or listens to you when you speak to your office boy, or take an unfair advantage of someone with whom you are trading? I ask these questions, because if we are resurrection Christians the smallest acts of our lives should show to all who come in contact with us that we not only have been with Jesus, but that in all things we are different because we have risen with Him.

Now, to go back to the story again of Lazarus and Jesus, it is to me most suggestive that the people seemed quite as anxious to see Lazarus as they were to see Jesus. I am quite sure that I have learned from this story how to fill the pews of a church. In the first place, of course, it goes without saying that we must have in the pulpit a minister with a positive message. Men have doubts enough of their own without having others suggested to them by the man in the pulpit. I am sure that people do not come to church to listen to essays or orations, or to hear sensational discussions of the topics of the day; I think they come to church with aching hearts, and weakened wills and bruised lives, after they have been saying all through the week, "Oh, that I knew where peace might be found!"

It is an inconceivable thing to me that, with the distress of humanity the same to-day as it has always been, so many of the churches should be so nearly empty; for the message of the church is the cure for all this; if we meet the primary condition of having a man in the pulpit whose message is positive—positive that Jesus Christ died, and lives, and is seated at the right hand of God, and has power to change lives. If the church is to be filled there is one sure way by means of which one could have a great crowd. Invite Jesus to come and occupy the pulpit. If one could only secure Him, the greatest building in the world could

be filled many times over. People would come just to see Jesus. But, you say, that is an impossibility. Very well, if that is an impossibility, according to the teaching of this Bethany story which I am using, we may have an attraction which in the olden times was quite as great as Jesus. "And that they might see Lazarus also, whom Jesus raised from the dead." I will tell you how to get an empty church filled. Show the people a few specimens of conversion; just exhibit a little bit of the work which has been done. I know why so few people attend some of the churches. It is because there is there so little of that spiritual life which is always present when people are being born into the Kingdom. If one should be saved this week, and then it could be announced that the following Sunday night that man will tell how he was converted, the church would be packed. "Oh," but you say, "that is not according to our form." Well, change the form. If people cannot see Jesus, they want to see the man whom He has set free from the power of sin and raised from the dead.

I believe there is an increasing interest to-day in spiritual matters throughout the entire country. I am persuaded that many ministers are very eager that a spiritual blessing should come to themselves and to their people, but from observation I believe that the very greatest interest is being aroused among the laymen of the church. I have never known a time when Christian laymen seem to be more concerned regarding the interests of the Kingdom than at the present time, and with God's willingness to pour out His spirit upon us in the greatest possible measure, I am persuaded that if we should keep in mind the following suggestions a remarkable blessing would come to God's people everywhere.

Some Vital Suggestions

First, let us get clearly in our minds that we are risen with Christ, and therefore our lives must be lived in separation from the world. It is, however, always to be borne in mind that we are to be separated from sin and unto Christ; in giving up worldly things we take on that which is spiritual. Let us not make the fatal mistake of giving up one without taking on the other.

Second, there are certain helps which are within our reach, and by means of which we may come to be as God would have us. We ought to be more careful in the matter of Bible reading. It is a very great mistake to start the day without God's Word. One verse of Scripture a day would keep our hearts singing, and an ever-increasing familiarity with God's Word would save us from many a sad fall. We ought to be more faithful in the matter of prayer. The day which begins with prayer goes on to victory. The day beginning without prayer ends in defeat.

Third, we ought to be interested in seeking to win others to Christ. I have heard of the man who was traveling over the mountains without a guide. He knew that the way was dangerous, and that if he stumbled and fell it might possibly be to his death. Pushing his way up the mountains he did fall, and for a moment he gave up. Then his hand touched something hidden in the snow, and by intuition he knew it to be the body of another man. He began at once to attempt to save this life. He chafed the man's hands, rubbed his face, and as he continued to do this found himself all in a glow. He saved the man's life, and in doing so he saved his own.

I have never known of one who was faithful in the matter of personal work who drifted into worldliness or sin, but I have known many who neglected this form of service to make shipwreck of all that they held dear.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

A Bit of Her Birthday

BY GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP

AN invalid sister of mine is compelled to spend much time away from home for change of climate or medical attendance. Often her homesickness is so great as almost to counterbalance the benefits obtained by the change, and while absent from home, she practically "lives on her mail."

Understanding this, not only her immediate family but also her loving neighbors and friends snatch many a moment from other pleasures or duties that she may have a cheery letter or some other pleasant reminder of home and friends.

One day in early spring as the invalid was feeling particularly depressed and her homesickness had become almost unendurable, the postman brought her a box of hothouse flowers—her favorite yellow roses predominating, and with them was a cheery letter from a dear, sunny neighbor living just across from her own little home which seemed so far away. "I send you a bit of my birthday," she wrote.

The thoughtfulness, the home news and the odor of the flowers she loved loved "came to her like a breath of Spring," so she told me months afterwards, and a train of pleasant memories was started which helped to beguile the tedium of many a lonely hour.

It seemed such a beautiful thing for this neighbor to do to send a sick friend a "bit of her birthday." The same sweet thought is a part of the Kindergarten plan, where birthdays are celebrated, not by receiving, but by giving, sharing and serving rather than by expecting special favors and attention.

Life would mean infinitely more and this old world would be a far happier place if we would but teach our children from infancy, and if we ourselves might even yet learn to say more often of cherished possessions, "This is *mine* and *you* may have it," the *mine* being emphatic merely to show that we have the right to bestow and it is our privilege to share.

Death Vanquished

BY REV. A. MESSLER QUICK

*Alleluia, Mighty Victor,
Of Thy conquests we will sing;
Praise to Thee that death is vanquished,
'Tis our joy in song to bring.
Choirs of heaven, with us be joyful,
Let your notes with rapture swell;
Sing of life, of life immortal,
Of the Saviour's triumph tell.*

*Nature, don your brightest mantle,
Rousing from your torpid dream;
Join our song in Easter gladness,
Blooming life your happy theme.
Sing with us of resurrection,
Of your triumph over death;
Woo the buds to fragrant blossoms,
By the warmth of vernal breath.*

*Alleluia! Alleluia!
Clouds of doubt are rolled away.
Monster Death, thy prey surrender,
Light and life have won the day!
Gates of darkness, swing wide open,
Heed the mandate from the skies!
Soar, ye ransomed, to the mansions
Christ hath made in Paradise!*

*Lord of Life, our Intercessor,
Plead for us, on high enthroned;
Through Thy death and resurrection
We have hope, through sins atoned.
When from sleep or death awaking,
May we see Thy glorious face,
And with all the ransomed legion,
Praise Thee for Thy wondrous grace.*

THE CONGRESS ON CHRISTIAN WORK IN LATIN AMERICA

By Judson Swift, D.D.



THE CONGRESS ON CHRISTIAN WORK IN LATIN AMERICA IN SESSION AT THE HOTEL TIVOLI, PANAMA.

THE much-talked of and written-about Panama Congress on Christian Work in Latin America has come and gone. Its influence and results will abide as the everlasting hills. There were between three and four hundred delegates present representing all the Republics of the Western Hemisphere, also Great Britain and Europe. The purpose was to consider the religious, moral and spiritual needs of Latin America, and to promote plans for bringing into service by means of co-operation the religious forces of the two continents. It was undoubtedly the greatest religious gathering ever held in the Western Hemisphere. The invitation was broad and far-reaching, including both Protestants and Catholics who were interested in the religious life of the South American republics. The delegates were representative men and women from the Mission Boards and the mission fields. Seldom, if ever, has so fine a body of Christian workers been brought together. Across their countenances was written consecration, high purpose and firm resolve.

Señor Le Fevre, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Panama, made the address of welcome. He was received with hearty applause, saying, among other things, "I desire to express the deep appreciation I feel for the honor you have conferred upon me by this kind reception. It is my desire to return this compliment in the most hearty manner, not because of the formalities of etiquette, but because I wish with all sincerity to contribute to the success of meetings like these which bring to my country elements of the highest civilization, to which all good citizens aspire."

Dr. John R. Mott, chairman of the Business Committee, whose strong personality was constantly manifest throughout the Congress, responded to the address of welcome. He spoke of the comprehensive and representative character of the Congress, and said, "We are looking at the whole of this great hemisphere; we are taking into account the whole need, the whole possibilities and the whole of our resources, and it is not too much to expect that from this date there will begin a new era in the Christianity of Latin America and North America as well." He also expected a more scientific method to emerge, and a profounder unity of the Christian forces in both continents. He further said, "What we need also in this day is what the French speak of in the present world war as grand strategy; that is, strategy which takes in the whole map; I mean the strategy that seeks to make the most of our comparatively meagre forces as we face a clamant and urgent need."

Dr. Robert E. Speer was elected chairman of the Congress. In his address on "Our Attitude and Spirit" he struck the keynote which was held throughout the Congress. As always, he was deeply spiritual in interpreting the purpose that had assembled the delegates. It was "to bring some sweet word from our dear Lord," a phrase uttered by a Filipino teacher when Dr. Speer and some of his traveling companions were expected to address a certain school in the Philippines. He said in part:

"As we come together in this congregation, it is with the assurance resting on sufficient evidence that we gather in unity of heart and with one single controlling aim. There is not one of us who has any other desire in his life than to do the will of God, and our one great longing is

to see the Kingdom of God come in all of our American nations, and throughout the length and breadth of the world. Our attitude would be an imperfect one, and so far not truly a Christian one unless in all the days of this Congress we abide in Jesus Christ—here in our discussions, alone and wheresoever we may go."

Continuing, Dr. Speer said, "We may not evade the question of our attitude toward what we regard as error and falsehood. We must hate the false and love the true. We need to walk in love, and very tremulously. Moreover, we need a spirit of energy which 'works the works of Him while it is day,' and the spirit of expectation, which does not limit our faith in what our God can do. We must be stripped of all selfishness." He referred to the last birthday message of David Livingstone recorded in his diary, "Oh, divine love, I have not loved Thee deeply, richly, tenderly enough. We have not been equal to our work because we have been deficient in our love." At the close of this unusual address there came upon the audience the desire and experience of silent prayer.

The real work of the Congress was taken up on Friday morning, February 11. The commissions or reports presented for discussion were as follows: (1) Survey and Occupation, (2) Message and Method, (3) Education, (4) Literature, (5) Women's Work, (6) The Church in the Field, (7) The Home Base, (8) Co-operation and the Promotion of Unity.

The discussion of the report on "Survey and Occupation" brought into the full light the almost startling religious and moral needs of Latin America. It showed eighty millions of people long neglected so far as having received the plain and simple Gospel Message that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners! The



A SNAPSHOT OF OUR DELEGATE, DR. JUDSON SWIFT

moral resultant has been a minimum. The situation is set forth in the following words taken from the report:

"The decline of faith is proceeding co-extensively with modern education among both men and women of every social rank. The resident forces able to check indefinitely without arresting the spread of free learning are negligible. Several millions of savage or semi-civilized Indians are without any contact with vital Christianity or its representatives. Vastly larger numbers of neglected classes of population are in a state nominally Christian but relatively pagan. They remain grossly superstitious and in stagnation spiritually without the vital forces of Christianity visibly working among them for moral transformation and for social uplift. Thus far the Church, outside the limited evangelical Churches, maintains indifference toward movements for moral reform and openly or secretly opposes those calculated to further social justice."

Some of the most eloquent addresses were made by the missionaries from Latin America representing the Evangelical Mission Boards.

"Message and Method"

The report on "Message and Method" had to do with carrying the true Gospel to the many millions sitting in darkness. The discussions covered the distinctive aim in Christian work; how to reach the educated classes and the masses of the people; what should be the main trend of teaching and the tone of appeal of the Christian workers, etc.

Bishop W. F. Oldham, of New York City, clarified the situation by urging that the emphasis be placed upon Christ's redeeming love. He said, "I would bring to my hearers a Christ who is not only a God, but a God-man touched with the feeling of our infirmities and tempted in all things as we are. I would seek to be evangelical rather than Protestant, would trust the clear light of my positive, constructive Biblical statement to supplant the wrong idea because it is the function of light to shine away the darkness."

In speaking of the Roman Church the report frankly stated, "Its moral life is weak and its spiritual witness faint. At the present time it is giving the people neither the Bible nor the Gospel, nor the social uplift which they need. It is weighted with medievalism and other non-Christian accretions. Its propaganda has by no means issued in a Christian Latin America. Its emphasis is on dogma and ritual, while it is silent on the severe ethical demands of Christian character. It must bear the responsibility of what Lord Bryce calls Latin America's 'grave misfortune'—'absence of a religious foundation for thought and conduct.'"

The report on "Education" took under consideration government schools and universities and the schools and colleges established by the Evangelical Mission Boards, also the requirements of a theological education for students and candidates for the ministry; it asked how

can higher efficiency in Christian education be realized; what is the greatest weakness in our education work from the point of view of its religious results, and so on.

The Question of Christian Literature

Commission Number Four discussed the all-important subject of a greatly increased supply of Christian literature; inquired what can be done to raise up able writers both among Latin Americans and missionaries; how best can there be prepared the suitable literature so urgently needed—first, for the educated classes who do not accept the Christian position; second, for less educated non-evangelicals; third, for the building up of evangelical Church members; and, fourth, for the training of ministers and other Christian workers.

It is pleasant to note that the work of the American Tract Society in this line of service was very generally appreciated. The fact that this Society has published a grand total of 14,748,588 copies of volumes, tracts and leaflets and periodicals, including 126,000 hymnals in the Spanish and Portuguese languages, at a total value of \$633,546, is most encouraging.

A Committee on Christian Literature has been appointed by the larger Committee on Co-operation for Latin America, which will give serious consideration and seek by practical measures to greatly increase the output of Christian literature to meet the constantly increasing demand.

The Commission on Women's Work had under consideration the question, how may Christian ideals and the Christian spirit most profoundly and extensively influence home life; in what ways can the present methods of education of women in Latin America as conducted under the auspices of Missionary Agencies be improved so as to make them contribute more effectively, first, to the home and community; second, to national aspirations and ideals; and, third, to the developing Church?

"The Church in the Field"

Commission Number Six discussed the Church in the Field, setting forth the importance of establishing living Churches seeking to secure the open acceptance of Christ as a personal Saviour; what is meant by a self-supporting Church; the spiritual life of the Churches in the field; how can the Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies be made more effective as evangelical agencies.

The Commission on the Home Base dealt with the necessity and urgency of realizing the present situation in Latin America; how to meet the almost unprecedented needs; the vital secret of an adequate offering of our lives for missionary service in Latin America; how to influence the clergy at the Home Base to devote themselves with conviction and self-denial to promote the missionary task of the Churches in Latin America; how to increase the missionary gifts of individual Christians and also the Churches to supply the funds necessary to make the missionary work an ever-increasing success in Latin America.

A Marked Spirit of Christian Unity

The Eighth Commission had to do with the Co-operation and the Promotion of Unity. It was possibly never more deeply felt that a united Protestantism was necessary in order to make a solid impact upon those outside of the Evangelical Missions and Churches. Throughout the Congress denominationalism was without emphasis, the delegates feeling that they should engage in their work as Christians and ambassadors of Christ rather than as representatives of any particular denomination. One of the most impressive features of the Congress was the perfect unity with which all the discussions were carried forward, the one thought being, how can we as a united force realize the largest results in extending the

Kingdom of Christ. A readiness to co-operate in educational work, in the providing of Christian literature and, indeed, in all phases of the work, was everywhere present.

The Evangelical Churches and Mission Stations throughout the Canal Zone and in Panama City were occupied by the delegates on the two Sundays that obtained during the sitting of the Congress.

The results and influence of the Congress will be emphasized and extended by the "Regional Conferences" held in Havana, Porto Rico, Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro this spring and in Mexico City during the coming autumn.

In conclusion it should be stated that the Congress was most emphatically a working Congress; never did men and women assemble with a keener realization of the importance and greatness of the task they had in hand, nor give themselves to its performance with a greater self-abandonment and consecration. There was continually apparent the willingness to lose one's life for the sake of the Gospel.

It was also a Congress of Faith and Hope. Every member present was conscious of the quickening of his spiritual life and felt the assurance of final victory.

It was moreover a Congress of Deep and Earnest Prayer, also Spiritual Uplift. At every morning session the half-hour from 11 to 11.30 was spent in devotion, and some of the most spiritually minded of the delegates were asked to lead the devotional services. Again and again we seemed to be carried to the Upper Room, where the apostles of our Lord prayed and waited for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in all of His fulness and power. Passing out from these heavenly places, there seemed to be a feeling that no task was too large, no difficulties too great, to be performed and overcome, helpless ourselves, but able to "do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us."

The closing service on Saturday afternoon will never be forgotten by those who shared its blessings. Rev. Dr. George Alexander, of New York, preached the sermon. At the close followed a brief devotional service and over all came the hush of silent prayer. All were conscious that the Congress was ending; heart responded to heart in both interest and fellowship; a real halo of the Divine Presence filled the room. Never were a company of Christ's followers more conscious of the Divine leading and power. The final hand-shaking and messages of "God bless you and speed you on your way" were everywhere audible. Missionaries returned to their respective fields with a new and mighty inspiration; the secretaries and delegates from the various organizations which they represented began their homeward journey, thanking God for what their eyes had seen and their ears had heard.

The Call of To-day

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

*It is easy to dream of the mighty deed
We shall do in the years to come;
We shall scan with care the great world's need,
And then, if we must, we will gladly bleed,
That wrong may be righted! But, brother, say,
Have you spoken a helpful word to-day?*

*It is easy to tell how our sad hearts burn
When we think of the great world's woe;
And we sigh as we say we would gladly turn
From fortune and fame; all joys we would spurn
To die for the helpless! But, brother, say,
Have you aided the needy who sought you to-day?*

*It is easy to speak of the far-away
With zest, and a swelling heart;
But oh! when a call comes to act to-day
Toward a fellow man in a tender way,
How we falter and fail! O brother, say,
Will you fruitlessly dream, and despise to-day?*

WITH OUR MISSIONARY COLPORTERS

Interesting the Children

Missionary colporters find that one good way of approach to the homes of the people among whom they are striving to circulate the message of Gospel truth is by winning the favor of the children. A capital illustration of this is given in the picture that appears on this page, in which we see Mr. Alexander Stanke-wicz, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, standing with the children whom he has formed into a singing class.

Mr. Stanke-wicz has been engaged in mis-sionary colportage for several years, and his efforts to spread the Gospel message among the foreign-speaking population of the State of Pennsylvania have met with considerable favor. He belongs to the Slavic race himself, and he has been particularly successful in his ministry to the spiritual needs of his own fel-low-countrymen.

The colporter who interests the children finds ready access to the homes of their par-ents, and so by training the children in the art of singing, Mr. Stanke-wicz is preparing to lead both these children and their parents to a sav-ing knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.



A Year in the Puget Sound Country

Rev. Francis E. Smith, a colporter evangelist who is laboring under the auspices of the Amer-ican Tract Society, has sent the following nar-rative report of his work in the region around Puget Sound:

"This is the fourth annual narrative of my work as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society. Some people might think that colportage work would grow distasteful with the passing of the years, but I have found that this method of preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ never becomes irksome to one who has a desire to spread the Good News in story and song. Indeed, the longer I con-tinue in the work the better satisfied I am, and the better I become acquainted with the books published by the American Tract Society the more I realize that I am publishing the Gospel by circulating them.

"My labors during the past year have taken me into seven counties of the great Puget Sound country, in which the land rises from sea level to the summit of what is the highest mountain in the United States with possibly a single exception. Tourists visit this mountain in large numbers during the summer season; in winter time it is buried deep under the snow. On a bright clear day this mountain may be seen nearly a hundred miles away. I myself have seen it at a distance of eighty miles.

"The attractions of this part of the country and its delightful climate bring people to us from every part of the globe. Settlers come from Asia, Africa, Europe, the islands of the sea, and from all parts of America. I meet peo-ple in every walk of life. On the same day I distribute books both in the homes of the wealthy and in the homes of the recently ar-rived settlers who are just getting a start in the wilderness. The need for introducing good reading is much the same in either case.

"All along the line I find a marked destitu-tion of good Christian literature. Everywhere I find a low grade of books creeping into the homes, and the only effective antidote appears to be the books distributed by the colporter.



COLPORTER ALEXANDER STANKEWICZ AND HIS SINGING CLASS.

"The books published by the American Tract Society are adapted to the needs of the average people. A short time ago I entered a home where the young daughter was beginning a Bible Study course in connection with her pub-lic school work. When she came home she would ask her mother questions about the Bible. Her mother bought one of our Bible Diction-aries, because it was a book her daughter could use. This lady has bought books from me for several years, and as I was leaving the house she said for me to come again, which I prom-ised to do next year, all being well.

"I have visited the homes of ranchers, fisher-men, lumbermen and pleasure seekers, all in one day. One finds almost every nationality rep-resented. When touched by the Gospel they are all one in Christ Jesus. As fine a specimen of young manhood as I have ever met was a young Chinese boy who was working in a fish cannery on San Juan Island. I have also met some splendid Christian men among the Japa-nese and the Hindus. Many of these people have learned to read and to speak the English language and are glad to talk about the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

"Altogether this has been a year of joy and gladnes to my soul. The opportunities of speak-ing a word for Jesus have been numerous. Pos-sibly the great European War has softened the hearts of the people and made them more pli-able and more willing to listen to the Gospel message. The work has been more precious to me than ever before, and I hope for good re-sults during this coming year."



Active Service in Pennsylvania

For over a dozen years Mr. John Martinco has served as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society. During that time he has circulated Christian literature to the value of many thousands of dollars. He has also been instrumental in winning many souls for the Master. In a recent report he writes:

"During the last year most of my time was spent in Pittsburgh and vicinity. I covered one hundred towns and villages, inhabited largely by people of foreign nationality who represented many different countries. During this same period I traveled about 4,000 miles by train, trolley, and on foot. I visited 5,195 families, held 118 Gospel meetings, and circu-lated Christian literature by sale and grant to the value of over \$400.

"Besides my daily house-to-house work as a missionary colporter, I also taught a class in Sunday School and took part in other Chris-tian activities such as Christian Endeavor gath-erings and evangelistic street meetings, which are held every Sunday during the summer season.

"In my house-to-house work I always try to speak at least a few words about religion to every person with whom I come in contact, and some day I believe a harvest will be reaped as the result of these efforts.

"About six years ago I met a man in the town of Davidson, who bought some Christian literature from me. Afterward I lost all trace of him. But last month I visited the same town, and on entering a certain house I met this same man, who asked if I had any more Christian literature. Then he told me that after he had bought the first lot of books, he had gone to Europe and remained there for two years. Just before the war he returned to America and was very anxious to find some-one to supply him with the same kind of litera-ture as I had given him, but had not been able to find anyone to supply his wants. He was exceedingly glad to see me once more and took a good supply of Gospel literature.

"I have had many such experiences as those I have related. In olden times the Lord said, 'So shall my word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' And I believe that the Word of God will per-form many miracles to-day."

"IF WE HAD FULNESS OF FAITH"

By Rev. James Mudge, D.D.



We would have *profound peace*, if we had fulness of faith. For inward disturbance comes from striving after the unattainable; while faith puts us into such harmony with God's plans that we do not strive and the inevitable is recognized as His beneficent will. Unrest arises from defeat and disappointment, but faith prevents us cherishing these thoughts by showing us clearly that the divine ordering of things is best, and hence a prompt acceptance of it is the only sensible course to take and the only way to happiness. Faith brings stillness of soul while the outward activity goes on unimpeded; it prevents perturbation of spirit, but not vigorous movements of the body; it produces tranquillity of mind without diminution of usefulness.

We would have *joy and gladness* all the time, if we had fulness of faith. Not but that pain would come in its due season, but its indispensable mission would be so clearly perceived that it would lose its sting and be turned into joy. In one sense there might indeed be "seas of trouble," but there would be such spiritual buoyancy as to make our destruction out of the question, and there would be such leaning on God as to take away all terror and remove all strain. Sadness and gloom cannot possibly occupy the same heart with perfect faith, for the latter brings "the hallowed bliss of our eternal home." Complaint or murmuring is not possible, no matter how heavy the chastening rod, to one who perceives the hand of the Father holding it.

We would have *perpetual patience*, if we possessed fulness of faith. We are impatient because we are unwilling to wait God's time. We see only a certain thing that we wish to have accomplished immediately. We fail to perceive that He is quietly moving toward the accomplishment of His plans and that His plans are wisest. Faith would remove this fume and fret, and steady us because we would understand that a thing is done quite soon enough when it is done in the divine order.

We would have *light and guidance*, if we had fulness of faith. For faith would roll the clouds away and dispel the darkness, opening windows in heaven through which the sun would continually shine. We stumble and go astray because we will not take God's hand or lean on the Almighty arm. He can make the night to be as bright as day, and will do this whenever the hand of faith reaches up to grasp the promises which cover all our need.

We would have *stability* if we had full faith. There would be no wavering nor wobbling nor flabby fluctuations. These come from our varying emotions. So long as we walk by feeling instead of faith we shall be unreliable, and neither God nor man will know where to find us. But faith "keeps the narrow way till life's last hour is fled." For God does not change, nor do His promises alter, and they who are firmly grounded in Him, looking not at the waves and winds, but only at their omnipotent Ruler, remain unmoved, unflinching and fixed, in spite of all adversaries.

Victory and success come to those who have fulness of faith. For faith is the victory, the weapon by which we overcome all foes, whether they be of the flesh, the world or the devil; it is the instrument that makes us more than conquerors. Valor is easily his whose eyes are so opened to the invisible hosts as to behold the overwhelming preponderance of force on his side. And he cannot fail in the conflict who

knows how to link his weakness with infinite strength.

We would have *no worry or anxiety*, if we rested on fulness of faith, because trust is the antidote to care, dispelling it instantly and always. It is lack of confidence in the Higher Power that begets worry, which is the unhappy, uneasy feeling that everything depends on us and we are not competent or sufficient. Faith shows us the folly of this feeling, and turns our thoughts above, so that serenity takes the place of discomposure and calm succeeds to storm.

We would have *no fear* if we rejoiced in fullness of faith. Fearfulness and faithlessness are identical with each other. So faithfulness and fearlessness are essentially the same. The more of faith we have the less of fear there is always. Faith "will not shrink though pressed by every foe," nor "tremble on the brink of any earthly woe." Instead it shouts, "The Lord will provide," and finds this comprehensive promise an answer to all questions. Safe sheltered on the breast of its Almighty Friend, faith has a courage that is proof against all alarm.

We would have *Christ dwelling in the heart* if we cherished fulness of faith. For He dwells in the heart by faith, as St. Paul says. While He is ensconced within, making the heart His home, His tabernacle and His temple, our bliss is surely guaranteed, and all else that is of value. If Christ dwells there, we are filled with love, and in an important sense we incarnate Deity.

By abiding in faith we have *God's continual presence*, and all which that implies. Faith's especial province and office is to bring God close, to make Him real, to dispel the mists and fogs that conceal him, to reveal Him as the ever-nigh, to place Him behind and before us, leaving no spot and no moment unoccupied with Him. When that is the case, how swiftly "temptations lose their power." Immediately under the eye of the great Commander how bravely we can fight! With Him at our right hand the world seems very small, and difficulties disappear.

Why then should not all Christians have this faith? If the failure of faith robs us of all these inestimable blessings, privileges and glories, why should it ever fail? Why, indeed? There is no possible reason. To trust God and believe in Him is the most reasonable thing in the world. When Satan robs us of faith he triumphs at the very center of our spiritual life and enters the citadel of the soul. Why do we allow it?

How shall we help it? How shall we cultivate and strengthen our faith? Christ said, "Have faith in God," as though it were simply a matter of our choice, of our mental, moral and volitional action. And is not this the fact? Will power is the main thing! O well for him whose will is strong, if he knows how to put it to the noblest and most profitable ends. Happy he who says and keeps saying:

"I will not doubt though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails.
I will believe the Hand which never fails,
From seeming evil worketh good for me;
And though I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry while my best hopes are shattered,
I trust in Thee."

This is the ground to take, the only ground. We must summon up our utmost resolution, and recollect that doubt is the worst conceivable sin. We must present the firmest possible front against all temptations to distrust the Lord, resenting the suggestion and harboring this sentiment not for a second. We must *practise* faith at every opportunity, for thus

only can it become strong. It grows feeble by disuse, but mighty by exercise. Our changeable weather gives a good chance for the exercise of faith almost every day. So do the thousand little unpleasantnesses that throng our pathway. Every one of them puts us to the test, for by faith we can see God in them all, and, accepting His will in these minute matters, we may become ready for the larger things which will prove easy in their turn.

"A faith that shines by night and day
Will lighten every earthly load."

"Forgive us, Lord, our little faith;
And help us all, from morn till e'en,
Still to believe that lot the best
Which is, not that which might have been."

Wonderful Watchfulness

BY WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

IT is said that the scientist and naturalist, Alexander Humboldt, in his researches in South America, made this discovery. He noticed that troops of wild horses displayed a wonderful faculty for watchfulness against their enemies, avoiding capture, both from wild animals and from savage beasts. The wild horses were constantly hunted both by men and ferocious beasts, yet they discovered the approach of their foes at great distances and made marvelous escapes. But at last the great naturalist discovered the secret. The wild horses in their flight across the country divide themselves into three groups, as regards the direction given to their ears. Those which lead the van direct their ears forward, those in the center turn their ears toward either side, and those in the rear turn their ears backward, so that the whole troop is made aware of danger threatening from any quarter. They travel hundreds of miles in this splendid order, and thus they are able to make wonderful escapes from their ever-present foes. They save themselves and each other by their watchfulness.

We should watch against the world, and the flesh, and the devil, for temptations lurk about us on every side. We have as many foes as the wild horses of South America. "The devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

Eternal vigilance is the price of soul-liberty. We must watch the enemies of our souls on every side, both for ourselves and for our friends and companions. "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren," said the Master to Peter. We should remember that we are our "brother's keeper." By unceasing watchfulness we can save both ourselves and others.



Easter

BY ELIZABETH D. PRESTON

*With what sad hearts they rose that morn—
The faithful few who had not slept
Through all the watches of the night—
Who had but prayed and wept!*

*One more than Master, more than Friend
Had died upon the Cross in pain;
Fond hopes were killed, faith crushed to earth,
And loyal trust seemed vain.*

*But with the rising sun came joy,
Grief vanished with the shades of night;
The Lord of Life and Lord of Death
Stood radiant in light!*

*No more for them could death be sad,
Nor down the ages carry gloom;
By every open grave stands Christ,
And empty every tomb!*

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Editorial Notes

Our Easter Issue

We are glad to present to our readers this Easter issue, which is one of special interest both on account of the unusual character of its leading articles and because of the superb quality of the illustrations which are found on various pages throughout the paper.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has given us a message that is particularly appropriate for the Eastertide, and his inspiring thoughts upon our relation to the Risen Christ will furnish abundant material for stimulating the Christian life of every believer.

Dr. Judson Swift, who was the delegate of the American Tract Society at the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America, has given

us a magnificent report of that great gathering. His account of what was done in the interest of the advancement of the Kingdom of God among the Spanish and Portuguese-speaking peoples of the Western Hemisphere is a most informing and inspiring presentation, and everyone who reads his masterly report will secure a bird's-eye view of the Congress at Panama that will be of permanent value.

We cannot enumerate all the other features that make this Easter number one of special value, but it may be said that every page contains something of particular interest or timely application, and we bespeak for the entire issue the careful attention of all our readers.

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A Memorial to the Late General Booth

Not only the rank and file of the Salvation Army but the Christian public at large are interested in the proposition to establish a worthy memorial to the late General William Booth, the founder and organizer of the Salvation Army.

General Booth was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable characters of the world. He had a real genius for the organization of humanity in the war against vice and for the uplifting of what would be ordinarily regarded as the most hopeless cases of immorality and crime.

For years the Salvation Army, which he established, was looked upon with ridicule, and in many cases it was bitterly opposed and even persecuted. But General Booth persisted in the development of his great idea, despite all opposition, and now the Salvation Army is rightly regarded as one of the most important forces at work for the uplift of humanity and the redemption of the race.

The Salvation Army has steadily enlarged the sphere of its operations until now it occupies fifty-nine different countries and colonies. It preaches the Gospel of Christ in thirty-four different languages, and publishes seventy-eight different periodicals whose aggregate circulation per issue is over a million copies. It has 9,004 corps and outposts, 996 social institutions, 523 day schools and ten naval and military homes.

In the service of the Salvation Army are 15,875 regular officers and cadets; there are 53,121 local junior and senior officers and 25,232 bandmen.

Social service activities of various kinds are maintained by the Salvation Army. It has established industrial institutions, labor bureaus, village banks, children's homes, rescue homes, maternity homes, inebriates' homes, shelters and poor men's hotels, and prison gate homes for discharged convicts.

The aim of the Salvation Army is to reach the "submerged tenth," to reclaim the outcast, to help the unfortunate, to lift up the fallen, to rescue the perishing and, above all else, to win men and women to Christ.

One of the great needs of the Salvation Army is for trained officers to carry forward its beneficent work. It is, therefore, proposed that the memorial to General Booth shall take the form of establishing and equipping two training colleges for Salvation Army officers, of which one shall be in New York City and the other in Chicago.

This is surely a worthy and desirable way in which to honor the memory of the man who gave his life to the establishment of a form of organized effort which has already resulted in large blessing to humanity, and in which there are the possibilities for still greater service in the years to come.

The good wishes of all Christian people will surely go toward the effort to establish this noble and enduring memorial to General Booth, and we shall hope for an early realization of the plans which have been made for the erection of these training colleges in the two important centers that have been named.

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World-Wide Sunday School Activities

The World's Sunday School Association is pushing forward its work with great vigor. Missionaries at home and abroad are realizing as never before the need for systematic and scientific Bible School methods, and they find in the World's Association an efficient ally in all that pertains to that important branch of work.

An advance step has recently been taken in the management of the World's Sunday School Association by electing to its executive committee representatives of the various denominational Mission and Sunday School boards of the country.

In pursuance of this plan twelve members representing the Foreign Missions Conference have been appointed to serve on the executive committee of the World's Sunday School Association, together with six members selected from the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations, and it is expected that this new arrangement will result in materially strengthening the effectiveness of the World's Sunday School Association.

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The National Missionary Campaign

Cheering reports have come from time to time concerning the progress of the National Missionary Campaign which has been carried on at scores of different centers throughout the length and breadth of our land.

In the great Northwestern States ten conventions were held between Duluth and Portland. These gatherings were remarkable for the enthusiasm manifested and for the large registration of delegates in attendance, sometimes under the most adverse conditions of wind and weather.

In several cases the churches could not hold the crowds that endeavored to attend the meetings. Deep earnestness prevailed at the sessions of the conventions, and in some cases whole cities were profoundly moved. The reports that have been received from other sections of our land where this great missionary campaign has been in progress are equally encouraging.

The culmination of the campaign will come during the present month, when the Men's National Missionary Congress will be held in the city of Washington, D. C.

Christian people everywhere should remember this coming gathering in their prayers, for a great opportunity will be there presented to make a lasting impression that will have world-wide results in the prosecution of the missionary enterprise.

Notes upon the Topics used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By Rev. Henry
Lewis, Ph.D.

APRIL 2.

The Consecration of Time

Psalm 90:1-17.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Mar. 27. Youthful days. Eccl. 12:1-7.
T. Mar. 28. Consecrated days. Eph. 5:14-21.
W. Mar. 29. A motto for every day. I. Sam. 21:8.
T. Mar. 30. A consecrated day. Mark 11:1-11.
F. Mar. 31. Time well used. John 9:1-7.
S. Apr. 1. Prayer-time. Acts. 10:1-8.

The Psalm chosen for the Scripture lesson in connection with this topic is an inspired commentary on the duty of consecrating all our time to the service of God.

We ought to consecrate all our time to God, because all time belongs unto Him. He is the Eternal One. Whether our days and years be few or many, they are but an infinitesimal fraction of the eternity which belongs unto Him, who is our Heavenly Father.

Watch the Moments

If our hours are to be well spent, we must be careful as to how we dispose of each flying moment, for it is by the wise use of minutes that we make good use of the hours.

We are complex beings, and some of our time must be spent for work, some for play, and some for rest. In order to utilize our time wisely we must try to apportion to each of our legitimate daily pursuits the amount of time that properly belongs to it.

A well-balanced disposition of our time will result in a well-balanced life. Work, play, and rest should each have their proper allotment of time.

Time for God

It is a sad fact that there are a multitude of people who find time for everything in this world except for the service of God. They are diligent in business, they take proper recreation, they care for their health, they are reasonably faithful to their family obligations and their ordinary civic duties. But they are utterly oblivious of their obligations to God, and they give no part of their time to worship or to Christian service.

All our time belongs to God, and a reasonable portion of it should be used for definite and explicit service for the Kingdom.

An Eternity of Bliss

It is an inspiring thought to remember that the right use of our time here and now will result in an eternity of bliss. Our earthly life is a probation, as it were, and if we yield our time unto God now, He will care for us throughout eternity.

Wasted time is sure to bring lasting regret. Time is like a precious jewel, and it should be treasured as a costly diadem. There are certain railroad trains, which run on so close and rapid a schedule that if once they fall behind they can never reach their destination at the scheduled time. So in human life we can never really "make up for lost time." We can only do to-day's duty in to-day's time. We can not possibly do two days' work in one day's time. As has been wisely said, "You will have other days, but you will never again have *this* day. It is your last chance at this special portion of time."

APRIL 9.

What My Denomination Expects from Its Young People

Psalm 84:1-12.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Apr. 3. Co-operation. I Cor. 12:1-12.
T. Apr. 4. Gifts. II Cor. 9:1-5.
W. Apr. 5. Earnest prayer. Ps. 122:1-9.
T. Apr. 6. Zealous service. I Tim. 2:1-13.
F. Apr. 7. Willing testimony. Acts 5:17-29.
S. Apr. 8. Clean lives. Eph. 4:1-15.

The Christian Endeavor Society from its first inception has always strongly emphasized the principle of denominational loyalty. The wording of this topic is such as to suggest a renewed emphasis upon this thought.

While each denomination lays particular emphasis upon some distinctive

feature, yet there are many things which are equally emphasized by all the various denominations comprising what may be called the evangelical Protestant church. In other words, what the Presbyterian church expects from its young people is the same as what is expected from the young people of the Baptist, the Congregational, the Methodist and all the other evangelical churches.

Loyalty to Principle

Each denomination expects its young people to be loyal to the fundamental principles that underlie the formation and the history of that branch of the Christian Church. The strength of any human organization lies in the degree of its solidarity, and there is no solidarity so great as that imparted by a common adherence to vital principles.

Each denomination expects the active support of its young people in the prosecution of the local church work. This includes attendance at the services of the church, the maintenance of the mid-week prayer meeting, the support of the Sunday School and the carrying forward of the Young People's Society and other forms of local church effort.

Each denomination expects its young people to sustain its missionary work in the home and foreign lands, both by giving their financial support and by offering themselves as missionary volunteers to fill up the ranks of those who are on the firing line of the missionary enterprise.

The Power of Denominational Effort

The strength of each denomination is in proportion to the closeness of the union which binds together the individual churches of that denomination. This union may involve strong denominational control, such as is illustrated in the Presbyterian form of government, or it may consist simply in the spirit of denominational fellowship which forms the link that binds together the churches of the Congregational form of government. But in any case it is the degree of real spiritual unity that exists between the individual churches of a given denomination that determines the actual strength of that body. And each denomination depends upon its young people for the development of that spirit of union which shall make it a strong power for good.

The one great reason why each denomination should strive for strength is that by united effort the world may be won for Christ. Strong churches make a strong denomination, and a strong denomination may in turn aid many weak churches to become strong.

APRIL 16.

Good Prayer Meetings and How to Have Them Always

Acts 12:1-17.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Apr. 10. Regular attendance. Heb. 10:23-25.
T. Apr. 11. Home prayer. Dan. 6:4-14.
W. Apr. 12. Love for the church. Ps. 84:1-12.
T. Apr. 13. Using our gifts. I Cor. 12:13-25.
F. Apr. 14. Studying the Bible. Ps. 119:106-112.
S. Apr. 15. Interest in others. Luke 6:27-38.

This is a vital topic, not only for the Young People's Society, but also for every church that maintains a mid-week service. Our Scripture selection tells of a prayer meeting which may well serve as an example for us in these modern days, for it had a definite object and it brought forth the desired result in the release from prison of the Apostle Peter, for whose welfare the church had united in earnest petition.

A Good Prayer Meeting

There are many elements that enter into a good prayer meeting. In the first place, a prayer meeting—to be really successful—should be full of prayer—not mere formal petition, but heartfelt communion with God the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

Hearty singing contributes a great deal toward making a good prayer meeting. The music at such a meeting should not

be regarded as merely incidental, but should have as careful attention and as competent leadership as in the Sunday services of the church.

Prompt participation on the part of the laity is an essential factor in securing a worth-while prayer meeting. When the meeting is thrown open there should be no delay in using the time to the best advantage. Many an otherwise good prayer meeting has been killed by a painful pause, and many a pastor has gone home after the meeting utterly discouraged by the failure of his people to respond to the call to witness for the Master.

Genuine personal testimony is a helpful element in the making of a good prayer meeting. Some churches have abandoned the effort to elicit any verbal expression from those who are present at the prayer meeting, and depend entirely upon the minister to do the talking. But there is a power in testimony, and this power should not be overlooked.

The Scriptures should play a large part in every prayer meeting. They are the bread of life, and spiritual enlightenment comes only to those who feed upon the divine Word.

The presence of the Holy Spirit is a most essential element for a good prayer meeting. Without this there can be no lasting benediction. And the presence of the Spirit can be had only through much prayer.

To have such a meeting as has been outlined requires definite planning on the part of the leader and those who take part. It involves regular attendance, and the consecrated loyalty that finds expression in the Christian Endeavor pledge.

Where there is sincere effort to have a good prayer meeting along the lines that have been indicated there we may be sure of the Master's presence, for He has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

APRIL 23.

The Lessons of Our Immortality

Romans 6:1-23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Apr. 17. Life a pilgrimage. Heb. 11:8-10, 14-16.
T. Apr. 18. Life a preparation. I Pet. 1:13-25.
W. Apr. 19. Life a growth. II Cor. 3:18.
T. Apr. 20. Life a responsibility. II Cor. 5:5-10.
F. Apr. 21. Death a doorway. Phil. 1:15-26.
S. Apr. 22. Hope breeds patience. II Cor. 4:14-18.

The most precious thought which the Eastertide brings to our minds is the blessed assurance of immortality through our risen Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The subject of our immortality teaches us many lessons, of which we may emphasize, first, the privilege of exultation. It is natural and right that we should exult in the blessed truth that Christ has brought immortality to light. What was the dim conjecture and the faint hope of past generations has become the assured certainty of those whose life is hid with Christ in God.

The fact of our immortality brings to us the lesson of renunciation of sin. This is the great truth which the Apostle Paul develops in such masterly style in the chapter which has been assigned for this topic. The idea of living in sin is incompatible with the thought of eternal life, and Paul therefore urges those who have accepted the Gospel to show that they are truly saved by renouncing the dominion of sin in all its forms.

The assurance of immortality brings to us a great inspiration toward a high and noble life. Indeed, there is no greater incentive to a pure and noble life than the consciousness that we are to live forever. If man is but an animal whose life is terminated by the dissolution of the body, then there is a great temptation for him to live a purely animal life—a life that is of the flesh, fleshy. But

if man is an immortal soul, then there is the greatest incentive to him to live a life that is spiritual.

The truth of our immortality imposes upon us the solemn duty of preparation for that eternal life which is the free gift of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. It is a solemn and yet a joyful duty, for the Christian life is essentially a joyful one, and righteousness brings gladness in its train.

The one thing that we can carry from earth into heaven is character. When we pass from the life that now is into the life that is to be eternal, the only thing that we can possibly take with us is the character that we have formed. In the light of this truth, how vital it is that we seek to build up a character that will stand the test not only of time, but of eternity.

APRIL 30.

Using Sunday for This World and the Next

Isaiah 58:1-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Apr. 24. Sabbath rest. Jer. 17:19-27.
T. Apr. 25. The Sabbath a reminder. Deut. 5:12-15.
W. Apr. 26. Sabbath worship. Acts. 16:12-24.
T. Apr. 27. Sabbath work. John 5:1-9.
F. Apr. 28. Sabbath meditation. Rev. 1:9-20.
S. Apr. 29. Sabbath fellowship. John 20:19-29.

The poet Longfellow has beautifully said that the Sabbath is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week. Let us consider carefully how we may realize this poetic description and make the Sabbath indeed the crowning day of all the week.

For Worship and Meditation

The primary use of the Sabbath is for worship. It is the day set apart for the services of the sanctuary and for the observance of the divine ordinances of our Christian faith. We should be in touch with our Heavenly Father at all times and in all places, but the Sabbath is the time and the sanctuary is the place of special privilege in the matter of holding fellowship and communion with God.

We live in a rushing age, but each Sabbath comes to us with an invitation to pause and meditate on the goodness of God. We are missing our opportunity if we fail to set apart some hour during the Sabbath Day when we can sit quietly and think on the things which are unseen but eternal.

For Fellowship and Service

The Sabbath is given to us not only for worship and meditation, but also for fellowship and service. It is a day wherein we should cultivate spiritual friendships and yield ourselves to Christian service for our brother man.

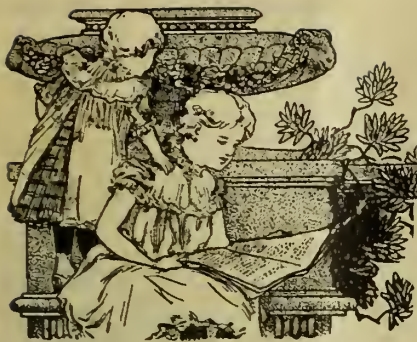
The sweetest fellowships that earth offers are those which are found in the association of believers in the work of the Kingdom. Let us make the most of these opportunities to enjoy fellowships which while formed on earth may continue in Heaven.

Guarding the Sabbath

In connection with this topic it would be well to sound a note of warning against the neglect and misuse of the Sabbath which are so prevalent in many quarters. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety, both with reference to this and other great features of our Christian civilization.

It is a mistake to think that we may become wealthy by robbing God of the Sabbath. To attempt to work seven days a week is to act in violation of the divinely-ordered plan, and disaster is sure to follow. "We are not poorer, but richer," says Macaulay, "because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven."

The beneficent result of faithful Sabbath observance is well stated by Chief Justice Hale in the following words: "I have found that a due observance of the Sabbath has ever had joined to it a blessing on the other part of my time."



The Prince's Visit

BY BEULAH RECTOR.

NOTHING but a piece of news could have traveled through the village so rapidly. Within twenty minutes not a person could be found who hadn't heard the Prince was coming.

The Prince had never before been to Woodland, but it was said that he liked to go into the homes of the villagers to see what they were doing.

"And he has been known to leave a reward where he was most pleased," said the Valley Woman. She it was who saw the Prince when he arrived. "But he's come in the plainest style, only one servant, and on foot; I'm goin' to save that bottle of elderberry juice father gave me for a treat and give the Prince lemonade instead," she told her friend who lived on the hill.

"We must make a good beginning," counseled the man who had been chosen to guide the Prince's party through the neighborhood, "and so we will go first to the Millionaire's."

How the Millionaire did bustle round, showing them the great house that stood whitely against the blue sky, the rose gardens and the splashy fountain! And all the while he babbled about the cost of everything.

"Oh—oh!" exclaimed the Prince as they returned to the drive in front of the house, and the Millionaire began saying good-by, "this is all, then!"

"All?" The rich man's brows went together. "All? Why, there isn't a soul in the village who has the seventh of what you have seen here. I've spent all my life accumulating this."

"Yes, I begin to see; it has taken all your time to make yourself and your family comfortable." And he left the Millionaire with one pucker in his forehead and another in his heart.

The Landscape Painter's house was the next stop on their way up the road. In his workshop Joe Potter sat before a wide canvas. The visitors halted when they saw the picture.

"This is going to a home for crippled city children. They've never seen country woods in autumn, and I'm trying to put into this all the beauty I can."

"No business head—that fellow," muttered the guide in an undertone. "He has been offered a thousand dollars for that picture, and he's giving it away to a lot of cripples."

But the Prince turned to the artist with a glad smile. "You are a good man, else you could not paint as you do. May you live to bring beauty into many lives."

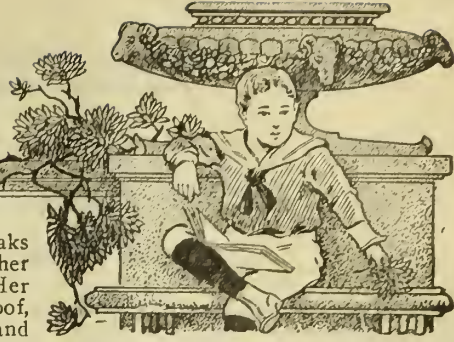
And the Landscape Painter was left with a new glow in his heart.

As the party journeyed up the road they overheard the high voice of Widow Rowe. "It's lucky I didn't pay but fifty cents to a dollar on my husband's debts or what would I have to-day to show the Prince? I'll tell you—not a roof over our heads."

"No?" said the onion man, already regretting he had not bought his supply of Grandma Seaver, who surely needed the money much more. "Maybe it isn't just houses the Prince has come all this way to see."

They had bidden the Widow Rowe good-day. The guide jerked his thumb toward the left. "Sam Pratt's farm," he announced. "Great worker is Sam. Milks fourteen cows night and morning. Spends all his time right here, seven days a week. Never goes to church nor anywhere else."

Our Little Folks



Sam himself limped out, showed them his cattle, his sheep, the fat mowings and quiet apple orchards for which he had slaved fifty years.

"Fine place, ain't it?" queried the guide afterward.

The Prince sighed. "A splendid farm, and no more."

In the grocery store they interrupted the old Grand Army veteran who was telling a story to the little chap who sat at the counter.

"How do you make your living when you spend so much time with your customers?" the guide asked.

"Oh, well, maybe I don't make such a wonderful living," chuckled the grocer, rubbing his palms together, "but I

it's not fit for a Prince. Her roof leaks and when there's a shower she fills her rain-barrel in the sitting-room. Her nephew was going to mend the roof, but he had to work early mornings and the hammering disturbed the Millionaire. And the house never's been painted, though Joe did get out his brushes and pails to do it. You can see 'em yet where he left 'em on the woodshed. But he had to paint early mornings and the light of his lantern shined in and woke up the Millionaire. So he quit."

"What does this Grandma do?" asked the Prince.

"Oh," panted a little girl who had scrambled up the hill behind them and

"Millionaire's place, Joe Potter's, Sam Pratt's farm, what the widow saved not payin' Orin Rowe's debts—"

Tears stood in Grandma's eyes. "Dear, dear! what a lazy old body you'll think I be, havin' so little to show. Now I did have some preserves—"

"But she gave them all away," the little girl whispered behind her chubby hand.

"And in the winter I made some rag rugs."

"And paid out the money from them for the minister's lame boy's operation," put in a neighbor when Grandma had gone from the room to get the refreshment that she had saved for this great day.

"I generally have spice cakes along of this shrub," explained Grandma as she filled the glasses.

"But she's been away two days, takin' care o' a sick baby, an' 'as 'ad no time at the cookin'," quietly remarked a little woman.

"Maybe you'd like seein' these?" Grandma called, opening the door of an old-fashioned cabinet and lifting out a child's pewter cup. "My Georgie's that died," she told them, "and these be some garnets he picked up in the sand under the eaves when he was a little baby."

The Prince's face wore a wonderfully gentle look as he turned toward the poor old woman and said:

"In all this day I have not seen such treasures as you have accumulated, Grandma. You are a rich woman, with rubies of unselfishness, pearls of kindness, and diamonds of well-spent days. Now I want you to leave this little village where you have lived so beautifully all your life, and this cold, leaky house, and come back with me to the royal family in the Castle of Service to Others."



As the Lilies Do.

Yes, leave it with Him; the lilies all do,
And they grow,
They grow in the rain, and they grow in the dew—

Yes, they grow;
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night,
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light—
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting, they need not your care
As they grow.

Dropped down in the valley, the field, anywhere—
There they grow;

They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white;
They grow, clothed in glory, by heaven's own light—
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed and the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved and guarded and led
How much more

Will He clothe you, and feed you, and give you His care!
Then leave it with Him; He has, everywhere,
Ample store.

Then leave it with Him; 'tis more dear to His heart,
You will know,

Than the lilies that bloom, or the flowers that start
Neath the snow.

Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, you are His care,
You, you know. —SELECTED.



A NATURAL BRIDGE.

do get a sight of comfort as I go along. Little chap's pretty lonesome," he said as the child left the store. "Mother died last week. I haven't forgot what that means," drawing the back of his hand across his eyes.

The Prince nodded, as though he well understood, and his smile was something the faithful old soldier often remembered.

"An' that's everywhere," said the guide.

"There?" The Prince pointed to an old gray place that looked as though it had seen all the varieties of weather for all the years.

"No, of course not," pouted the guide. "Only a poor old woman lives there. She hasn't anything to show you. And

heard the question. "she waves her hand and smiles at us when we go to school—Jimmy and I. And gives us cookies, an' tells us 'bout the log-cabin that used to be where her house is."

Before they had time to knock, Grandma was in the doorway in a clean apron.

"Well, well, well; I've been a-waitin' and a-waitin'." She opened the door wide. "Come in. And here be some more folks that I cal'late's hankering to see you," straightening her glasses to look up the road. "Come in, neighbors; come in, all of you."

"Where you been to-day?" the little girl asked, following the party indoors and sitting down by the guide. "And what did you see?"

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

"Precious Jewel"

By Jean Mather Beeman

ONE Autumn afternoon there arrived at the Missionary Compound at Wei Hsien, Shantung, China, a very weary, sad-faced, terrified young Chinese girl of fifteen years.

Groping her way into one of the foreign homes, she told in faltering words the following story:

"I have come two hundred miles to study your 'Jesus Doctrine.' My husband has just died. He learned something about your faith, and it was his dying request that I come here to Wei Hsien to study at the Bible Training School taught by your Mrs. Lu. His last words to me were these: 'Gin Bao (Precious Jewel), as soon as I am buried, I want you to go at once to Wei Hsien and learn all you can about Christianity—then I want you to go forth to tell others the Good News.'"

The little widow wiped away the fast-falling tears with a large flowered handkerchief as she continued:

"It seemed such a very long way to come—and I was so afraid! But a neighbor of mine gave me a charm which she said would surely ward off all evil influences and protect me during the journey and all the time that I was here in the Compound among strangers. When the funeral expenses were all paid there was not anything left, but some good friends raised the money with which to hire a donkey for me—so here I am!"

Mrs. Lu Kwei Lan, the wonderful leader of the Bible Training School for Women at Wei Hsien, was immediately summoned. She gave a very cordial welcome to the tired little traveler, taking the girl to her own home for a hot supper and a good night's rest before she inquired further into her story.

However, Mrs. Lu's curiosity prompted her to inquire, as she and her guest lingered over their delicious tea-drinking:

"How does it come that you, a heathen girl, are called 'Gin Bao' (Precious Jewel)? That is a very unusual name!"

The maiden's face instantly brightened as she made reply:

"My parents called me simply 'Kou' (Enough) because I was the fourth girl in the family and they wished no more daughters. My husband called me that, too, until he began to study your religion. One day he heard a Christian Bible woman singing the beautiful hymn, 'Precious Jewels,' and immediately he decided that he would change my name and so he called me 'Gin Bao,' showing that he truly loved me, and it made me very glad!"

The days that followed were filled with new and strange experiences for the girl-widow, who for the first time in her life saw what the missionaries were really doing for the people of her Province.

Soon it became known that the "charm" was the cause of many mysterious whisperings in the Training School, and one day Mrs. Lu heard of it, when a young woman came to her, saying in a voice of horrified awe:

"'Full of Grace's Wife' is wearing a charm lent her by 'Precious Jewel' as a cure for some trifling illness!"

Going at once to visit the patient and to investigate the "charm," it was discovered that to an old American compass in a somewhat battered case was all the virtue attributed!

Naturally very bright and eager to learn, "Precious Jewel" put forth every effort in her book-work and her quietness grew steadily. She thoroughly enjoyed the delightful associations with the new students, and her spirit of

helpfulness and her readiness to see and do anything wanted was very marked. Her growth spiritually and mentally was a great joy to Mrs. Lu, who had become devotedly attached to the young girl. One Sabbath morning in the Spring of the next year "Precious Jewel" united with the Wei Hsien Church, publicly confessing her faith in the Master and her desire to dedicate her life to His work.

Just as the second year in the Bible Training School came to an end, a Christian young man from a village about twenty miles west of Wei Hsien City, made inquiries through a "go-between" as to the possibility of winning Gin Bao as his bride. All the various preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged, they were married at the Compound Church, the students of the Institute joining together in giving their favorite a great feast, long to be remembered by all who were present.

"Precious Jewel" and her husband, Mr. Wing, went to live in a village five miles nearer Wei Hsien, opening up a little dry goods shop, and immediately they began in the newly established home to gather in a number of inquirers, both men and women. From time to time there reached the Wei Hsien friends very glowing stories of "The church that is in their house" and of the earnestness and activity of both in spreading the sweet old Message of the Christ.

At the urgent invitation of "Precious Jewel," Mrs. Lu and one of the missionary ladies of Wei Hsien went to pay her a visit. When they reached the village a warm greeting awaited them! Their young hostess stood outside her door with a bright smile on her pretty face, and her husband from behind his shop-counter beamed all over his honest, rugged countenance!

After giving her guests a refreshing lunch, "Precious Jewel" took them to see the little "church" in their house. The front guest hall had been fitted up and set apart as a chapel; it was furnished with nice benches, and had a combined desk, lectern and pulpit, which stood at one side of the top of the building; in the center, behind narrow rails, stood a miniature Holy Table and along the top of the covering cloth were the Chinese characters for the words: "This do in remembrance of Me." Upon the front of the cloth was a cross of gold paper. The walls were adorned with various scrolls, presented at the church opening, and high up, over the table, was a red silk one, bearing in black velvet letters the words, "God is Love."

The whole place was so well cared for and so immaculately neat that her friends felt it was no mere place of assembly, but a veritable house of God, to its owners. The "Prophet's chamber" was equally attractive—a room in which it was a real pleasure to rest.

Next "Precious Jewel" led her guests out along the streets of the little village to visit some of those to whom she had already carried the Message of life, and of whom some had not only listened to it, but had accepted it, too, and their faces fairly shone with "the Peace which passeth all understanding."

In the evening quite a few of the villagers gathered in, most of whom "Precious Jewel" had taught regularly, with the result that they were able to answer well the questions put to them regarding their knowledge of the "Jesus Doctrine."

The Sunday services were generally conducted by Mr. Wing, who, as a voluntary worker, made himself responsible for them. Pastoral supervision and visits came from Wei Hsien whenever

possible, and soon it is hoped that they may have a pastor all their own who will devote his entire time to work in the village.

When Mrs. Lu and the lady missionary were ready to start homeward toward Wei Hsien they were given a royal send-off, not only by their host and hostess, but every by the heathen people, who joined heartily in the friendly adieus.

The guests with very full hearts bade "Goodbye" to "Precious Jewel." They had been greatly strengthened and encouraged by all they had seen in that gracious Christian household. They realized that it was only a Divine power which had so transformed the shy, ignorant, terror-stricken girl-widow of a few years previous into the intelligent, efficient and radiantly happy Christian wife and earnest worker for the Master in the new home where God had placed her, and where she is daily influential in leading other lives from darkness to Light!

Why the Japanese Welcome the Sunday School

One of the movements fostered by the World's Sunday School Association is a campaign in one hundred of the cities of Japan to arouse pastors and Sunday School teachers to the importance of religious education. The Secretary of the National Sunday School Association of Japan, Rev. H. Kawasumi, reports a visitation of sixteen cities as a part of this program. In the town of Tsu they found an Episcopal minister who had five hundred students enrolled in his Sunday School as the result of three years' work. The Chief of Police told this minister that they had had many criminal children in Tsu, but the number had greatly decreased since the Sunday School had been started.

The reason for the great interest in the Sunday School, which is felt in Japan, is found in a significant statement made by Baron Shibusawa during his recent tour of America. The Baron said that for many years he had had a longing in his heart for something that would build up the moral character of the Japanese youth—a "Something" which seemed to be lacking; and that, as he had gone about through the land, he suddenly realized that the Sunday schools in Japan were securing exactly the results he had had in mind. "If this is what the Sunday School can accomplish," he said, "we will welcome the next World's Sunday School Convention to Tokyo."

The Easter Lily

By Helen M. Richardson.

*A sunbeam kissed a bud of green;
Its folded leaves uncurled,
And sent an Easter lily out
Into a frost-bound world.
Its subtle fragrance filled the air,
And people turned to see
The beauty of the perfect flower
The sunbeam had set free.*

*It gave its sweetness without stint
Or thought of a return;—
So much from e'en a simple flower
Our untrained hearts might learn.
The folded sweetness of a life
No one can truly know,
Unless, like Easter lily buds,
God's sunshine bids it grow.*

Testaments for Russian Soldiers

A recent cablegram from Petrograd to the Associated Press states that the Empress of Russia has sent a letter to John Kilburn, secretary of the National Bible Society, expressing thanks on behalf of Grand Duke Alexis, the nine-year-old heir apparent to the Russian throne, for a number of Testaments given by American Sunday School children to the Russian soldiers. The letter was prompted by an installment of 8,000 Testaments which, it says, will be sent to the army by the Empress' own supply train, in the name of the young Grand Duke. Thirty-three thousand Testaments have already been distributed among the Russian soldiers.

The World's Sunday School Association has collected—principally from the Sunday School children of America—over \$21,000, which has been the means of supplying more than four hundred thousand Testaments among the soldiers of Europe. There is an increasing call for these Testaments. One soldier writes: "These books are precious to us in ordinary times, and are much more precious in critical moments as now."

Quakers on the War Path

The liquor traffickers have aroused a fighting spirit in the Quakers. These quiet, peaceful Friends object to the liberties taken with their name by the brewers and distillers, and they are back of a bill now before Congress prohibiting the use of that name in advertising. They will fight until "Quaker" whiskey and "Quaker" beer are eliminated from the list of poison drinks.

A NEW EASTER BOOKLET

AN ABIDING EASTER MESSAGE

BY GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

Associate Pastor,
Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Mary Magdalene is the feminine prototype of love for the Master. She is the embodiment of this love and superbly exemplifies how such a love, when firmly instilled, carries us over stern earthly realities. Who this Mary was, what her part was and how she enacted it on

that first Easter morning is here candidly and carefully handled. It furnishes food for thought, especially during the Lenten season and at Easter time.

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IN THE MISSION FIELDS

Burden Bearers of India

Some time ago Rev. A. C. Clayton, Secretary of the Tamil Publication Committee of the Christian Literature Society for India, sent an interesting photograph to the American Tract Society, which is reproduced on this page.

This picture shows us two Indian coolies, husband and wife, who, after the typical custom of India, are carrying bundles of considerable size upon their heads.

One interesting feature in the woman's apparel should not escape our notice. It is referred to by Mr. Clayton in these words:

"Every respectable Tamil woman wears jewels in her ear, and, as a rule, the wealthier her husband is the more jewels she puts into her ears as a visible proof of her prosperity. Even the women of the poorer classes have their ears bored for jewels, especially the lobe of the ear, where a large ornament called the 'Kammal' is worn.

"Sometimes, however, as in the case of the woman that appears in this picture, the woman may never gather enough money to buy the coveted 'Kammal.' In that case, she makes the best of things by rolling up a long strip of palm leaf like a watch spring and inserting that into the lobe of her ear where the 'Kammal' should be put, as may be seen in the picture. And so there is a Tamil proverb which runs, 'The ear with a strip of palm leaf in it is better than the ear that has no ornament at all'—which is another way of saying, 'Half a loaf is better than no bread.'"

Mr. Clayton goes on to compare the insufficient means provided by American Christians for the support of the missionary work in India with the strip of palm leaf used by the poor woman in place of the more costly ornament that is worn by her more fortunate sisters. The situation serves to remind him of another Tamil proverb, which reads, "The orphan must use the juice of the Iluppai tree for sugar." The juice of the Iluppai tree, says Mr. Clayton, is very insipid stuff, but the orphan must take what he can get. Sugar will not come his way, so he must be content with the sap of the jungle tree. Yet even the meager remittances that are received from the home field are "more cheering than the juice of the Iluppai tree," says this brave and devoted missionary, who is giving his life for the enlightenment of the heathen through the ministry of the gospel in the printed page.

The Mission Press in North Siam

A Mission Press is maintained among the Laos people at Chiang Mai, in North Siam. This Press has been aided for many years by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society. Rev. Dr. D. G. Collins has been the manager of this Press since it was first founded in 1892 and has sent the following report of the past year's work:

"We now have six presses, two of them being of the cylinder type. Throughout the year we have employed twenty-five men and five women.

"Many times during the year visitors have spoken of the new addition to the press building as being so light, cool and roomy; we certainly have appreciated it after our former years of cramped quarters.

"In Mission and Bible Society work we keep five men employed all the time setting Laos type, while we employ three and sometimes four setting Siamese and English.

"Two items are of special interest. Early in the year Second Epistle to the Corinthians was printed, which completed the New Testament in the Laos language. One of the first jobs that we did for the American Bible Society, twenty-five years ago, was to print the first edition of Matthew. Not since the

press was established has the Mission ever been able to set a man apart for direct translation work. Our missionaries have had their hands more than full with evangelistic and medical work, so that translation work, of necessity, has had to take second place. We trust the work has been so well done and so thoroughly revised that from this time on very few changes in the text will be necessary.

"The other item of special interest is the publication of the Laos hymnal. This also was completed early in the year. We issued an edition of 1,000 copies with the music and 6,000 with words only. The book contains 369 hymns. A good many hundred copies have gone out during the year. With the whole

Press has been supplying each station and missionary, free of cost, with tracts, small hymnals and leaflets as called for in our evangelistic work. We are grateful to the American Tract Society for its gift of \$50 to help meet this additional expense. During the year a total of 192,118 copies of publications were printed, comprising 7,674,000 pages."

A Year's Work in China

The Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D., of Chefoo, China, in sending in his report of the year's work, tells several interesting facts concerning the recent additions to the church. He writes:

"One of the men baptized was a military man aged sixty-four years. He had

Chinese army for ten years. He was able to read well and had carefully studied the Bible and Christian books. He said there were several soldiers in the same camp with him who believe in their hearts in Jesus, but had not yet the grace and courage to profess conversion openly.

"Work at Chefoo Station Chapel and Museum has been carried on as follows: During six days each week this place is opened from 9 a. m. to 12 noon and from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Preachers take turns in preaching, not only in the front chapel, but also in the guest room, where many assemble after visiting the Museum. During the past five months, by actual count, 39,161 persons have heard the gospel preached there. During one holiday, when only women and small children were admitted to the Museum, 5,275 visited the place. Our Bible women and many others of the Christian women spent the day giving all a hearty welcome and doing all they could to make known Jesus and His power to save. Each was given a short printed prayer and tracts to take to their homes. During the entire year there has been fully 80,000 in attendance. Tracts have been given freely and many gospel portions and Christian books have been sold. It is hoped a great revival will soon bring many to a saving knowledge of the truth."

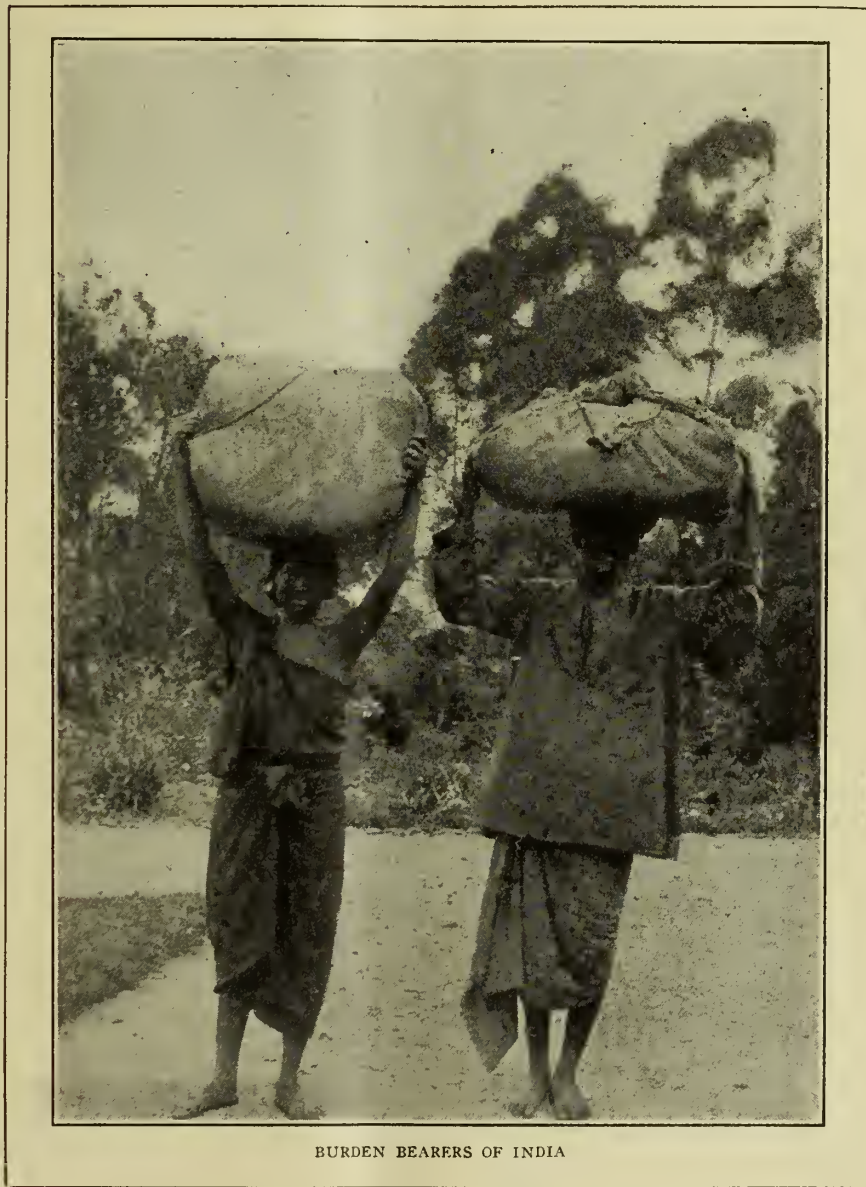
A Faithful Witness

A little over a year ago, in one of the counties of Korea, there was organized into a church a group of forty earnest Christian men and women. Among this number was a young woman by the name of Mary, the daughter of Peter Kim. At the time of her conversion she was eighteen years old. After the conversion of her parents she became possessed of a passion for spiritual truth and a hungering and thirsting after the grace of God and the cross of Christ. However, before she became a Christian she had been betrothed by her parents into a heathen home. This was a great disappointment to her, but she began to pray that God would lead her betrothed and all the members of his family to Christ. In October of last year she bade farewell to all the loved ones in her home and turned her face to the home of her future husband. She arrived on the day set for the ancestral worship in the home.

As she saw them arrange the ancestral tablet and the sacrifice to be offered to the departed spirits of the family she was deeply grieved, but receiving great courage, she stood up before the ancestral tablet and, facing this company of strangers, among whom was her husband, she began to exhort them to put away such heathen customs and to believe in her God. This was a great insult to this heathen company. They all became excited and cried out, "She is crazy." Their excitement soon turned into rage, and in a great uproar exclaimed, "If the King of heaven had not brought this daughter here we would have had a good time." The company broke up and, needless to say, there was no sacrifice that day. The guests all greatly repined over this affair.

This girl now faced a difficult and delicate situation, but God gave her grace and wisdom to meet it. She entered upon her duties as a wife and daughter-in-law in a beautiful Christian spirit and was obedient, faithful and unselfish to all the household. Not a day passed but what in the midst of all her work and changed surroundings she looked up to the Unseen and breathed a prayer that her husband and all the members of his family might soon become Christians.

Her prayers were soon answered. The family, being wonderfully touched by her life, soon sought her Christ, and now she, her husband and the other members of the family, nine in all, are living a united and happy life.



BURDEN BEARERS OF INDIA

of the New Testament and nine books of the Old Testament printed in Laos, the hymnal and three catechisms, besides a number of other works already printed, there is no good reason why our Christian people should not grow both in grace and knowledge.

"The native paper in the vernacular, with the Sabbath School helps, has been issued every month. Over 1,000 copies of this valuable paper go into the homes of our Laos Christian people. The Laos News (in English), with about 1,000 names on our mailing list, has been issued quarterly. No other new work of importance has been issued during the year, but 70,000 copies of old and new tracts have been printed. There is always a growing demand for our Christian tracts; in fact, many of those who are searching for light prefer a tract to a portion of Scripture, even though it be a child's catechism.

"As in previous years, this Mission

been for a number of years at the head of the Chefoo police. When the revolution visited Chefoo three years ago this man came to us in the night saying there was a plot to take his life and he requested permission to sleep on the school premises. By paying a large sum of money to the leaders of the revolution he was permitted to resign his office and promised protection. He began studying the Scriptures and attended the church services. Last September he sent to inquire if the session of the church could not visit him in his home, as he wished to openly profess Jesus Christ and receive baptism, as he was unable to leave his room. He gave good evidence of faith and trust in Jesus and was received. He died soon afterward a peaceful death. His last words were pleading with his family to believe in Jesus and meet him in heaven. Another man received into the church was a soldier aged thirty years. He had been in the



The Family Circle

Among the Beauty of the Lilies

By Grace Boteler Sanders

SINCE eight o'clock that morning there had been a stream of people pouring up the stairs and into the Court Room. There were negroes in tattered garments and white men in shabby clothes; there were women and children whose drawn faces told stories of lives of suffering, and there were present, too, sitting over against the wall, as far away as possible from the unfortunates, business men who had come as spectators—men with smiling and sarcastic faces, men in good clothes, with glittering watch chains and dazzling diamonds and pockets well filled with jingling coin.

Just as the great clock in the Court House tower rang out in sonorous tones the hour of nine the reporters took their chairs before a table in front; the prosecuting attorney seated himself; the policeman assumed an air of importance and the Judge, a tall young man with piercing black eyes, scanned his audience. He nodded to the row of business men sitting against the wall; so far as the others were concerned, his face might have been made of stone, for all he appeared to care. Then suddenly another man rose in the foreground and the would-be witnesses were all attention.

to unlock the grated door which separated the court room from the temporary jail. There was an echo of feet as he passed down the corridor and in a moment he returned with his first prisoner.

A murmur of surprise passed over the room. No one in that motley throng was connected with this girl. A quick survey of the astonished faces indicated that this prisoner who stood before the bar of justice was a stranger. She was a slim, young woman in a shabby black gown, but her face was dainty and delicate as a flower and she swayed as uncertainly before the wave of public opinion arrayed against her, as a flower sways when attacked by a March wind. There was a frightened look in her eyes, like that of a hunted deer, and she nervously brushed back the dark hair which lay over her high, white forehead. Her lips, which once had smiled, were compressed until they were but a scarlet line to relieve the whiteness of her face.

"Your name?" demanded the Judge. "State your case."

The girl swallowed several times and moistened her thin lips, but the words would not come. How could she speak? But again she heard the words, "Your name?" and the voice was terse and commanding.

"You may call me Clara Conover," she said, brokenly. "No, sir, I don't live here. I came from the country last fall and have been working here ever since. I lost my position a few weeks and so the landlady concluded she couldn't keep me any longer, since I was not sure of work. I started yesterday and walked all day. I did without my lunch, and when night came I was so discouraged and tired that I felt I couldn't walk another step. I went into the depot to rest a little while, but they saw I wasn't traveling and told me to move on. I'd never asked for charity," the girl's white throat swelled, "but I concluded I'd have to, just for one night," her eyes pleaded with her audience for clemency. "I didn't know the way to the Mission and there was no one to ask. I left the depot and started down the street. I didn't even know the way and I felt that, as tired as I was, I must not waste any steps. I saw a nice looking old man coming around the corner. He reminded me of my father." There was a sob in the confession. "I didn't think of any harm when I started to ask him the way, but the policeman was coming out of the saloon and saw me and he came up and accused me of all kinds of awful things," a red line spread from forehead to cheek, "and when the man would not accuse me the policeman took me to jail, anyway, for something I never thought of doing. Your honor, I am only a country girl who had no thought of evil. Oh, let me go home!"

The Judge looked expectantly to the officer, who stood listening. There was a sarcastic smile upon his face. He shrugged his shoulders. "If she hadn't done nothing I wouldn't have run her in, believe me," he swaggered. "She's pretty smooth, but not smooth enough to fool Paddy Ryan. I tell you she's an old offender."

The testimony of a by-stander came next and the outcome of the matter was that a sentence of thirty days' imprisonment and costs was imposed upon the prisoner. For a moment the girl stood speechless; then with a shriek and a spring she covered the distance between herself and the Judge and fell at his feet. "Oh, don't," she gasped. "Think

of my mother! We're nice folks back home, the best in the country, though we're not rich. I was foolish to leave there, but I wanted finery"—a queer expression passed over the Judge's face—"and mother couldn't give it to me."

"Many a girl has gone on the rocks because of the same thing," remarked the Judge. "Spend your time in jail and repent. I believe you'll go home a better girl."

"I'm not a bad girl, I'm not, I'm not," shrieked the accused, but the policeman led her away, thrust her into a cell and the wheels of justice ground on.

For a long time the girl lay on the dirty floor of the cell, but after a while the Judge's mocking voice, the policeman's face and the rattle of the cars faded away and memory showed her a little white house among blossoming apple trees and a little white bedroom where she had every morning opened her eyes to glory in the sunshine, and a little mother whose hair was as white as her face and her life. Why had she left all this?

Spring birds were now beginning to sing there. Her mother was praying, possibly for her. Why was she here? When her father died and all the property had gone except the little home and a few acres, which were barely enough to keep mother and daughter, the girl fretted because she could not have silk dresses and a motor car and a summer trip to the seashore, like her more fortunate companions. She had begged and teased, and when all these things were ineffectual she concluded she would go to the city and make a fortune. And when her mother would not consent to that plan, the angered girl took matters in her own hands.

Early one morning, when the red sun was just opening its eyes, Eda crept away from the white bedroom and the white life, and when daylight came and her mother called she was on the Fast Flyer going farther and farther away. She had intended to write home as soon as she reached the city, but she was too ashamed. She thought she would wait until she made a success.

She planned how she would send her mother a splendid check and ask for forgiveness, but when her money was gone she found it hard to pay expenses, and when spring came and the clerks came out in pretty new garments she was given her discharge because she was so shabby. She asked the manager how she could "dress fine and live on five dollars per week," but the door was slammed in her face for her pains. It had ended thus. Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year had gone. Unless someone interfered, she would spend Easter in a cell. Oh, the awfulness of it!

But who in that great city could know or care? The patrol wagon took Eda Harris with a crowd of others to the city jail and she was set to work. Her hands were busy during those trying days and her thoughts were busy, too, but it was not repentance of which she was thinking. It was of the injustice of it all and the awfulness of the thought that she could never go back home! How could she take a jail record, however innocent she might be, into that snow-white house?

One bright spring morning, when the sun was shining and the crocuses on the Court House lawn had opened their golden eyes, Eda Harris walked down the steps of the prison and out into God's outdoors. Spring was changing things even in the city. The parks were robed in green. Tulips and daisies nodded in the round beds. The big trees were covered with flowers and she thought hungrily of home and the creek bank where the early violets bloomed.

Drearily she walked down the street to the great stores which were filled with things. She stopped before the window of a department store, a pathetic figure in her shabby winter garments, but she was not looking at the dainty hats or gorgeous laces.

(Continued on next page.)

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When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset. "I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became nervous, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to keep up in the office.

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food, which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day.

"To-day I am free from dyspepsia and the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

What would the above letter? A new one appeared from time to time. They were genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Among the Beauty of the Lilies

(Continued from page 74.)

She was scanning memory's fond pictures of the beauties of the farm. Oh, how she longed for home! How differently Easter was celebrated here and there.

Last year and every year since she could remember, Eda Harris had carried a sheaf of lilies from her mother's garden to the little church on Easter Sunday. When she could scarcely lisp His name she had sung a song, "God Will Take Care of You." And she had believed it and rejoiced in it. But had He taken care of her? He had, but—again a song reminded, "It May Not Be My Way, It May Not Be Thy Way." He had cared for her, but He had allowed her to suffer for her sin. She must go home. She whirled abruptly and started across the street, and then an old stone church seemed to suddenly rise from the midst of the rush of the city.

The church had been there for many years, but Eda Harris had not noticed it. To her just now the open door seemed a haven of refuge, for, coming down the street, with heavy tread and swinging club, she saw the policeman with his sarcastic, evil face. Like a poor little bird fleeing from a hawk, she darted into the church door and up through the darkened aisles. Trembling, she sank into a pew and buried her hot face in the velvet cushions.

For a long time she lay there trembling. After a while she gained courage enough to open her eyes. She could not keep them closed, for the place was filled with the perfume of the lilies. Yes, she sighed blissfully. The dim light which burned over the altar showed her lilies—golden-hearted, such as were blooming even now in her mother's garden. There were palms and ferns all about them, but they were lilies just the same. She sat up and took a long breath. A girl stood by the organ.

MORE THAN EVER Increased Capacity for Work Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left; had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit which followed the change from coffee to Postum was the improved action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steadier.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:

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Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Eda saw her quite plainly, but the girl's eyes were fixed upon a window high up in the gallery where the risen Christ was pictured ascending and accompanied by a host of angels.

"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply."

It was the same hymn—the very same which they had sung at home. Eda Harris began to sob. She sobbed until she could not control her voice, and just when she thought she could not stand her sorrow another moment a firm hand was laid upon her shoulder and a voice asked, "What are you doing here?"

Self-preservation was her first thought. She sprang to her feet and glared into the face of a kind-faced man in clerical garments.

"I wasn't doing anything—only listening," she replied, almost sullenly.

"Why were you crying? Don't think me interfering. I am your friend and wish to help you," was the response.

It was the first kind voice, the first sympathetic face which she had seen in many a day. "Sit down. I am pastor of this church. No one will annoy you," persisted the minister, gently laying his hand on her shoulder and looking into her eyes. "Sit down and tell me all."

Her story did not take long to tell. The minister's face grew very serious when she sketched the scene in the court room. But when she had finished, he looked at his watch. "You have done wrong, child, in leaving your dear mother and keeping her in ignorance as to your safety all this time," he said; "but pride often leads us into sin. Pride drove you away. We must be content with what we have. Pride kept you here. Pride, I fear, would have still kept you from home and mother and, eventually, God, if I had not found you. You must go home."

"I haven't any money, and even though I had, maybe mother wouldn't want me," she objected.

The minister smiled a slow, sweet smile. "There are few mothers who will not receive a penitent child," he said. "Mothers are like the Christ in that way. They are always calling their prodigals. Even though your sins had been as scarlet, your mother would have forgiven you at this Easter time. I have a fund which our girls have placed at my disposal. They call themselves the King's Daughters and are banded together to help just such cases as this."

Eda Harris was sitting up very straight, watching with starry eyes the minister's kind face. "We have just time to catch that evening train. Come, I will buy your ticket and see that you are started right, and when you get back to the country, my dear, give thanks to God who opened your eyes at this Easter time, and stay with your mother. Will you?"

"It will be like heaven to have the chance," sobbed Eda.

Later, when the evening train shot out from the city's grime, a young girl in a shabby black gown sat among the red cushions of the observation car. Her face was shining and her lips were smiling and she was singing under her breath.

The Easter sun had arisen when Eda Harris had reached the little house among the apple trees. She stopped to gather her sheaf of lilies, and then, with reverent feet, she sought her mother's chamber. Mother was kneeling by her bed. Her hair and her face were whiter than ever before, and as the girl waited there she heard the plaintive cry: "And, O God, if it is Thy will, send my child home today."

Eda Harris sank upon her knees. "Mother, I have sinned against heaven and against thee"—she began.

But there was time for no more. Her mother turned, looked, clasped her in her arms, then cried in reverent, worshipful tones: "Glory to God in the highest. My child who was lost is found. Come, let us go to the house of the Lord and praise Him for all his benefits."

On that Easter day Eda Harris sat by her mother in the old pew and worshipped with reverent heart among the lilies.

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Keeping the Line Clear

BY JOHN L. PERHAM.

When taking a drive recently I noticed that the telephone men were busy cutting down both dead trees and young growing ones that were reaching up toward the wires, so that they might not interfere with the telephone service. The business of the telephone company is only begun when a line has been established connecting one town with another, for the line must be kept clear. All visible obstructions must be removed, and threatening ones must be anticipated and eliminated before they cause trouble and inconvenience.

There is a line of communication between earth and heaven. It has been established by the Triune God of the unseen world, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and it is for the use of all who will conform to the rules given in the inspired Book of instructions which is furnished to users of the line.

If the Christian allows some obstruction to interfere with his communication with the spiritual world, it is his own fault. The task of keeping the line clear has been left in his hands. Nevertheless he sometimes becomes negligent of his task and, finding that the line is not clear, he complains that the service is not good.

Whatever comes between the Christian and his God must be removed or the connection will be broken and repeated endeavors to establish communication will prove a failure.

Not long ago a man who is an official in the church said to me, "I cannot pray with liberty when a certain person is present; there seems to be something in the atmosphere that hinders me. I feel that that person is a hypocrite and my enemy, and perhaps he feels the same way toward me. There must be something wrong somewhere."

I could but admit that there surely must be some serious trouble. For one to acknowledge that the line by which he communicates with heaven is not clear, shows the need of something being done to remedy the existing conditions. If the other party shares the same feeling, then two fellow church members are allowing an unchristian attitude to develop which will continue to interfere with their free use of the system of communication given by the Lord until they set themselves to the task of keeping clear the line.

The line between earth and heaven must be jealously guarded, for it is only

by eternal vigilance that the liberty intended to be man's priceless blessing is retained.

Keep the line clear, dear reader. You not only need to use it yourself, but you will need to use it for others who have not yet become patrons of it.

Keep the line clear, as you value your own spiritual advancement and your ability to help others.

It is high time that the axe was laid at the root of whatever has become or threatens to become an obstruction on your prayer line, lest at some time of dire need you find that the connection has been severed through allowing some unchristian act or attribute of character to flourish at the expense of your Christian life and influence. Keep the line clear.

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Wishbone and Backbone

"Don't carry your wishbone where your backbone ought to be," says a writer in a current magazine. A piece of excellent advice which we all need, is it not? How much time we waste in wishing that things were other than they are; that our environment were different from what it is; that we were physically or morally or spiritually stronger than we know ourselves to be! Is it too much to say that the two little words, "I wish," express the normal attitude of mind of a large number of people? I do not suggest that the exercise of will power can altogether change our environment or give us bodily health, but it might help to do both. It is of no use to ourselves or to others to spend our time and energy of soul in wishing that we and the world were better. It would be of a very great deal of use were we to exercise our will power in the matter; if, instead of saying, "I wish I were better," "I wish the world were better," we were to say, "I will be better, and I will do my part in making the world better, God helping me." If we, you and I, are to do any good work in our own souls or in the world, we must leave off saying, "I wish," and begin to say, "I will."

Have you read the
announcement on the last
outside cover page of this
paper? You will surely
be interested.

Missionary Work

If humanity is in need, to supply that need is missionary work.

If a cup of cold water, or a cup of hot tea, or a loaf of bread is borne to the suffering, that is missionary work.

If a kind word is spoken to one in sorrow, that is missionary work.

If a dime is given to one who is in penury, or a luncheon served to one who is famishing, that is missionary work.

If a burden is lifted from the shoulders of a neighbor in his weakness and carried upon one's own shoulders, that is missionary work.

If a call is made on one who is in trouble, or a prayer offered by the bedside of one in pain, that is missionary work.

If one goes out in the name of Jesus to tell of His great salvation, that is missionary work.

If another is sick, and unable to plow his field or reap his harvests and one perform a neighbor's duty toward him, that is missionary work.

If one lies bleeding on the field of battle, or suffering in a hospital, and you, in your sympathy, bring what help you can to alleviate that one's distress, that is missionary work.

If you have a book in your possession which might prove a blessing to a wayward friend, or to one needing instruction in right things, and you loan or give that book to such a person with the request that it be read, that is missionary work.

If you have a flower which you can give, and by giving it bring a smile of hopefulness, or kindle a happier desire in the soul of another, that is missionary work.

If there is a poor boy or girl anywhere who is longing for an education, and who is without means to gratify the desire of the heart, and you give what help you can, that is missionary work.

If you send one to stand in your place in the foreign field, or in the home field, to do Christ's work, that is missionary work.

If you desire to go to any spot in God's great universe where you can be of service to the Lord of us all and by God's grace bring that desire to its realization, that is missionary work.

If in your soul you desire to be of help to your fellow man, even though that desire may never be accomplished, even that desire, in God's sight will be counted unto you as missionary work.

If you train your own soul and make your life a lighthouse for Jesus, and shine for Him in the home, and on the farm, in the workshop, and the street, that is missionary work.

This old world is as full of opportunities for missionary service as the heavens are full of stars and he who will look up will see more than he can count.

—EXCHANGE.

Moonshine States

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports that 810,503 gallons of moonshine liquor were confiscated by government officials last year. Of this amount only 3,582 gallons were seized in prohibition States—in Arizona (which was a dry State only the latter half of the government's fiscal year), 2,146 gallons; Georgia, 1,209 gallons; North Carolina, 357; Tennessee, 12½; and in the prohibition States of Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Oklahoma and West Virginia not one gallon. Nearly 807,000 gallons were seized in wet States, New York State contributing more than any State which was under prohibition the whole of the last fiscal year—June 30, 1914, to June 30, 1915.

The Beauty of Work

The beauty of work depends upon the way we meet it—whether we arm ourselves each morning to attack it as an enemy that must be vanquished before night comes, or whether we open our eyes to the sunrise to welcome it as an approaching friend who will keep us delightful company all day, and who will make us feel at evening that the day was well worth its fatigues.

—LUCY LARCOM.

The Keeping of the Soul

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACCOLL.

I SUPPOSE there is no subject on which it is quite so difficult to speak to a modern congregation as the keeping of the soul. To many minds it is at once suggestive of dreariness and distance. "Modern democracy," says an English writer, "offers the spectacle of a man running down a road followed at a more and more respectful distance by his own soul"—here is the soul conceived as a handicap in the race of life. "Did you not realize," said a candid friend to me the other Sunday, "that you were living in a different world from your congregation, talking about things they aren't interested in?" Poor preaching that! Or poor living! And yet the keeping of the soul is almost the only thing worth talking about in a Christian church, for it is the sum of all human values, the one priceless possession which if kept aright can never be destroyed and never be taken away. It is no selfish possession separating a man from the needs and struggles of his fellows, enabling him to sit and sing himself away to everlasting bliss, while they starve and suffer. And the soul is no mysterious germ of a future existence secreted somewhere in the recesses within. No, it is the man himself, the man separated from the garb he wears, from the house in which he lives, from the tools with which he works, from the toys with which he plays, the man as he lives with himself and with God. And how much the keeping of the soul means in this age—to be busy, alert and earnest every waking hour, but never burdened; to have large interests, great responsibilities, wide sympathies, exciting ambitions, but no fears, and no frets; to succeed, success after success, and be unelated and unspoiled, ever beholding summits far beyond the poor attainments of today; to fail and rise resolutely, eager for the next tussle; to suffer tortures with a smile; to lose everything that has been dearest and, never despairing, work on bravely and hope on confidently; at last to put aside calmly all that has constituted life here and do the day's work of dying without fear, with sorrow only for others, with eager anticipation of the marvels beyond. For one's self and for others is there anything quite so great as the keeping of the soul?

Now no small part of the good news which the Christian revelation brings us is that, if we are Christians, the keeping of the soul is not our business; it is God's. This is where we fail. We are like that Scotchman who, spoken to by his minister about his non-attendance at church, answered, "It's no that a'm growin' remiss; a'm jist tinkerin' awa wi' ma soul mase!" What uncomfortable hours of soul-tinkering some of us have—analyzing moods, dissecting motives, worrying over physical symptoms, arguing ourselves into calmness, despairing about our despair. But what does the Bible say?—"The Lord is thy keeper," "The Lord shall keep thy soul," "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus," "I was just on the border of despair in 1845," writes George Bowen, the infidel who became the missionary, "till on the 4th of December I saw that all I had been seeking in myself I had in Christ."

But now is the keeping of the soul God's work alone? No; I wonder sometimes if there is anything in this world which God does alone. "We are His workmanship," says Paul, but he goes on, "created in Christ Jesus for good works"; and these good works "God afore prepared that we should walk in them." We are "workers together with Him." Of all the larger efforts and ideals of life the message that seems to come to us from the lips of God is that which came from the Almighty to Lot about the city which he sought to save, "I cannot do anything till thou be come thither."

So with the keeping of the soul. A verse in the letters of Peter makes our part very definite. "Commit," he says,

"the keeping of your souls to Him as well-doing as unto a faithful Creator." The first thing is to "commit" the keeping of our souls to our great Partner. The word means to deposit a valuable thing in trust. It is the word Paul used as he said farewell to the friends for whom he could do no more, "I commit you to God, and to the word of His grace." It is the word which was upon the lips of our Lord in his last human utterance, "Father, into Thy hands I commit My spirit." What a strength to be able to say of the spirit one is to bring to his life's work, of the perplexities and uncertainties that mark its course, of everything that lies beyond one's own power to achieve or to change—"I have given that up to God, it is in His hands who doeth all things well." This done, of course, we must cease to fret about that which has been committed. The old illustration of the packman who, given a lift by a carrier, rode with his heavy pack strapped over his shoulders, is a picture of much of our "committing"; we forget that God will carry us and our burdens too if we will but lay them cheerfully at His feet.

Then Peter gives us the ground of this confidence. "As unto a faithful Creator." Your soul is the handiwork of God. He knows it better far than you do. He has not made it and deserted it. Its struggle is His present thought and toil. How much the Bible

has to say about the faithfulness of God. "The faithful God, which keepeth covenant." "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able." "The Lord is faithful, who shall establish you and guard you from all evil." "Faithful is he that calleth you; who will also do it." "There is one word on which I am resting more than any other," a mother wrote to me, bereft suddenly of her splendid husband, left with six children, "God is faithful." He has not forsaken you; He never will.

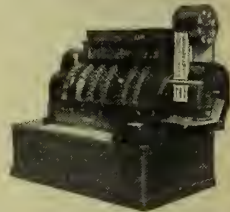
But we have one thing more to do. We must commit the keeping of our souls to God "in well-doing." God cannot keep a sullen, stubborn, selfish soul—it has never been committed to Him. The committing of the soul to God is not a speech one makes some day; it is a service one renders every day. In persistent loyalty to the work that seems often scarce worth doing, but is laid to your hand, in brave and cheerful acceptance of life's limitations and sufferings, in every struggle to be true, to be helpful, to be forgiving, in every effort to make life a richer, freer thing for others, you are committing the keeping of your soul to God in well-doing.

"No one could tell me where my soul might be; I searched for God, but God eluded me; I sought my brother, and I found all three."

—THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.



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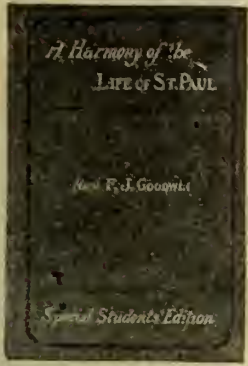
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Our Honor Roll

For some time past the AMERICAN MESSENGER has been gathering upon a Roll of Honor the names of those into whose homes this paper has been going for fifty years or more. To the list of names already published we are glad to add the name of Mrs. Swallow, a Massachusetts subscriber who writes:

"We find the AMERICAN MESSENGER very helpful. It has the true ring of the Gospel. My husband appreciates it it as much as I do. My mother took it more than fifty years ago, when I was young. The remarks on the Christian Endeavor Topics as printed on the Prayer Meeting page are good, and I have used them in our C. E. meetings on Sunday evenings.

"Since the year 1868 I have been a life director of the American Tract Society by virtue of a donation from Henry F. Durant, afterwards founder of Wellesley College."

We are very pleased to receive this letter from Mrs. Swallow. We should appreciate it as a favor if we might hear from others who have been receiving the AMERICAN MESSENGER for fifty years or more and whose names have not yet been placed upon our honor roll.



A Wonderful Chrysanthemum

A special train was used recently for taking a large chrysanthemum from Ardley, N. Y., to Cleveland for the annual exhibit of the Chrysanthemum Society of America. This plant, which resembles a huge mushroom in shape, measures seventeen feet across and is six feet high.

In order to get it into the exhibit building a door had to be removed and the partition opening enlarged. The owner of the plant, Mr. Lewisohn, had to consent to reduce his plant twelve inches before the railroad would handle it.

In Cleveland the plant received the same sort of attention that is accorded the head of the government on a tour. Crowds turned out, lining the sidewalks, to see this mass of flowers.

Its only rival in the world is one in the possession of the Emperor of Japan, which is six inches wider. The plant was placed on its side in a specially constructed frame and covered with glass. This was driven through the streets of Cleveland escorted by mounted police. The chrysanthemum is of the yellow variety, and had twelve hundred blossoms.



The Secret of Efficiency

BY REV. CLELAND B. M'AFEE, D.D.

Prayer and Bible study are two sides of one great fact—that God and man have business with each other. They can communicate, and certainly from man's side they need to communicate. In Bible study a man finds God speaking to him; in prayer, he speaks with God. They are the two sides to the conversation which must be carried on if the man is to keep in close relation with God. Bible study by itself is like the people of a congregation sitting silent, listening to the minister as he does all the talking. Prayer by itself is like a man talking to others without answer. The two together keep the man sure of God and give God the chance He seeks to make Himself known.

Efficient Christian service is service that does what service ought to do. It requires three traits in a marked degree—energy, persistency and wisdom. Energy is not merely nervous hurry, but poised power, and the poise is as important as the power. Bustling about is not Christian work.

One of the earliest signs of failure is a willingness to give up, the lack of persistency. The country is strewn with the wrecks of enterprises in religion over which men once threw up their hats and exulted. Bible classes, clubs, societies, and all such things are easy to start; plenty of people will give them an opening blessing. But the

number that will hang on, that never know when they are defeated, is not a large one. They are the men of poised power and persistency. The Church needs them, as every institution of society needs them.

Even so, the need for wisdom is not less. Energy and persistency will not make up for lack of gumption. Common sense is an asset beyond description. It is wisdom at its simplest, but also at its highest value.

These three traits of efficient Christian service all grow out of relation to God, and prayer and Bible study are the outgoing and incoming currents of that relation. Both help to put things in their right proportions. They make petty things look petty and big things look big. They help to clear the air of dust, so that a thoughtful man can see what are the things that are worthy of his energy, that are worth his holding on to, and worth the expenditure of his wisdom.

No strong movement has ever appeared in the Church which was not rooted in both these exercises of religion. If a group of men want to get

together in a church without being stirred to service, they must be careful to study something else beside the Bible and they must avoid prayer. No man can pray honestly and earnestly about anything without being driven to ask what he can do about it. And no man can study the Bible faithfully and persistently without knowing that there is something he can do about things that need to be done.

For both prayer and Bible study, time is needed, but it is time saved from fretting energy, from false starts that must be abandoned, and from foolish endeavors. There is an old motto: "If you want to know who is boss about here, just start something." It is a good test for a church. If you want to know who is really the head of that church, watch it while it starts something, and see what happens to the thing that is started. If it has passed fully under the Headship of Christ, it will start the things which in prayer and Bible study it has found needful and will maintain them in the full loyalty which both those habits form and enforce.

—EXCHANGE.

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National Missionary Congress

The Men's National Missionary Congress, to be held in Washington, D. C., April 26 to 30, under the direction of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, will be one of the most momentous religious gatherings since the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh in 1910. It will be the climax to the series of great conventions of the National Missionary Campaign now being held in the leading cities of the United States.

All the important foreign and home mission agencies are making preparations to participate actively in the Congress. Missionary leaders regard the gathering as a potential event. The assemblage will face new world conditions of opportunity and need and is expected to exert a profound influence on the missionary activities of the next ten years.

The arrangements for the Congress are being made by the Laymen's Missionary Movement. All the sessions will be held in the beautiful Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, opening Wednesday evening, April 26, and closing Sunday evening, April 30. The Congress will be a deliberative body, and the delegates, limited in number, have been allotted to the various Protestant religious denominations upon an equitable basis. Each denomination is selecting its own representatives and delegates are registering from every part of the United States.

Among the outstanding leaders of Christian activity and thought who have accepted invitations to speak at the Congress are: John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Dr. Shailer Mathews, Dr. W. D. MacKenzie, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, George Sherwood Eddy, Raymond Robins and Silas McBee.

Application for membership in the Congress should be made at once to the missionary agencies of the religious denominations or to the Laymen's Missionary Movement, 1 Madison Avenue, New York. The registration fee is \$5 and should accompany the application. The Congress will be self-entertaining. Detailed information concerning hotels, rates, etc., will be sent to all registered delegates.

THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During February, 1916

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$513.21 for Special Objects), \$2,375.32.

ARIZONA, \$2.

Mr. Evers, \$2.

CALIFORNIA, \$10.46.

Merced, church collection, \$5; Mr. Mast, \$2.65; Mr. Nolting, \$0.65; Miss Dalen, \$1; Mrs. Clark, \$1.16.

COLORADO, \$15.

Canon City, church collection, \$5; Mr. Bemis, \$10.

CONNECTICUT, \$297.50.

Naugatuck, church collection, \$2; Miss Reynolds, \$5; Mr. Gardner, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton, \$3; Mrs. De Voir, \$1; Prof. Farnum, \$10; Hon. Mr. Baldwin, \$10; Miss Belden, \$3; Mrs. Kelly, \$5; Mrs. Peck, \$5; Mrs. Eggleston, \$5; Mrs. Coit, \$5; Miss Ely, \$10; Waugreton, church offering, \$5; Mr. Jennings, \$5; Miss Crafts, \$15; Mrs. Wiley, \$2; Mr. Platt, \$10; Mrs. Mead, \$25; Mrs. Baldwin, \$1; Mrs. Camp, \$10; New Britain, church collection, \$15; Mrs. Willard, \$1; Miss Clark, \$2; Mr. Wells, \$2; Mrs. Lewis, \$1; Mrs. Williams, \$2; Mrs. Stearns, \$2; "A Friend," \$1; Westchester, church offering, \$2.50. For Russian Soldiers' Text-book, as follows: Hon. Mr. Baldwin, \$10; Mrs. Merrill, \$10; Miss Talcott, \$10; Miss Wakeman, \$100.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$57.

Church collection, \$50; Miss Bradley, \$1; Mr. Abbott, \$1; Mr. Baldwin, \$5.

FLORIDA, \$1.

Memory of Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, \$1.

ILLINOIS, \$52.50.

Chicago, church offering, \$10; Elizabeth, S. S. collection, \$4; Mr. Frew, \$2; Mr. Appel, \$2.50; Mr. Blosser, \$1; Lake Forest, church offering, \$30; Mrs. Reinbach, \$3.

INDIANA, \$10.

Dr. and Mrs. Hawk, \$10.

IOWA, \$53.

Aplington, church collection, \$5; Rev. Mr. Agena, \$0.65; Lenox, church offering, \$2.30; Mr. Middents, \$0.65; Hull, Y. L. Miss Circle, \$5; Mr. Potgeter, \$5; Mrs. Koop, \$10; Mr. Kriemeyer, \$1; Mr. Pfenninger, \$0.65; Mrs. Nielander, \$10; Mrs. Krehbiel, \$2.75; Mr. Hardin, \$5; Mr. Kramer, \$5.

KANSAS, \$69.45

Mrs. Entz, \$2.50; Mrs. Bergman, \$1; Mr. Entz, \$2; Unknown, \$5; Mr. Bauman, \$0.65; Mrs. Krehbiel, \$5; Mr. Haury, \$2; Moundridge, church collection, \$35; Mrs. Raemer, \$1.65; Mr. Abrams, \$5; Mrs. Christians, \$2; Mr. Schmidt, \$0.65; Mr. Wilson, \$5; Mr. Lichte, \$2.

MAINE, \$51.

Mrs. Hooper, \$2; Mrs. Neal, \$1; Rev. Mr. Kelley, \$1; Bath, church offering, \$5; Rev. Mr. Means, \$5; Mr. Murch, \$1; Mrs. Moses, \$1; Mr. Parkhurst, \$1; Deacon Pope, \$1; Mr. Evans, \$1; Miss Fairbanks, \$1; Miss Sewall, \$30; Mrs. Duren, \$1.

MARYLAND, \$29.

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MICHIGAN, \$60.

Mr. Moeclman, \$5; Grand Rapids, church collection, \$40; Sunday School offering, \$10; Mrs. Dicker, \$5.

MISSOURI, \$5.80

St. Louis, church offering, \$5; Mrs. Backer, \$0.50; Mrs. Berkeimer, \$0.30.

NEBRASKA, \$26.05.

Valley, church collection, \$5; "A Friend," \$5; Mrs. Schroeder, \$1; Mr. Jantzen, \$1.65; Mrs. Schnackenberg, \$4.65; Mrs. Boell, \$2.25; Mr. Paulsen, \$0.20; Campbell, church offering, \$4; Mrs. Dein, \$2.30.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$57.

Deacon Weatherbee, \$2; Mrs. Williams, \$1; Mrs. Bartlett, \$2; Mrs. Rowell, \$1; Miss Burr, \$1; Mrs. Hill, \$1; Mrs. Hodson, \$1; Mr.

Marden, \$1; Mrs. Blake, \$1; Miss Marden, \$2; Mr. Eaton, \$5; Mrs. Kimball, \$15; Rev. Mr. Robbins, \$1; Mrs. Horr, \$20; Mrs. Hayward, \$1; Mrs. Aiken, for Russian Soldiers' Text-books, \$2.

NEW JERSEY, \$192.64.

Newark, church collection, \$5; Mr. Machlet, \$20; Mr. Peters, \$1.15; Mrs. Brenning, \$4; High Bridge, church offering, \$3.16; Anne Vaughan Heins, to constitute herself a life member, \$30; Orange, church collection, \$10; Trenton, church offering, \$5; Westfield, church collection, \$29.60; Mr. Priest, \$5; Mrs. Ballantine, \$25; Mr. Sutphen, \$5; Miss Lutz, \$0.50; Miss Ferric, \$1; Mr. Higgins, \$5; Mrs. Woodruff, to constitute Maxwell Riddle a life member, \$30; Miss Woodruff, \$2; Mr. Boardman, \$1; Princeton, church offering, \$10.23.

NEW YORK, \$271.85.

King Testimonial Fund, \$18; Mr. Handshaw, \$1; Mr. Walter, \$10; Miss Holgate, \$2; Mr. Scovill, \$10; Miss Rice, \$1; Mr. Wendels, \$25; Miss Strong, \$20; Miss Lockwood, \$25; Mr. Blauvelt, \$3; Freeport, church offering, \$5; Mrs. Kaufman, \$5; Rochester, church collection, \$20; Mr. Blank, \$5.30; Rochester, church offering, \$2.50; Miss Van Duzee, \$0.50; Miss Doscher, \$3; Mrs. Budelman, \$3; Brooklyn, S. S. collection, \$5; Mrs. Reed, \$1; Mrs. Cowel, \$5; Oriskany, church offering, \$5; Mrs. Gardner, \$4; Mrs. Oliver, \$1; Brooklyn, church collection, \$5; Mrs. Miller, \$10; Mr. Francis, \$6; Mrs. Duncan, \$10; Germantown, church offering, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. Tinning, \$10; Mrs. Lawrence, \$1; Mr. Sprague, \$10; Miss Warner, \$0.35; Miss Rogers, \$5; Mr. Otis, \$10; Mrs. Beebe, \$2; Mrs. Goldsmith, \$0.20; Hammond, church collection, \$5; Miss Math, \$1; Otsego, church offering, \$1; Mrs. Carrier, \$8; Morristown, church collection, \$5.

NORTH CAROLINA, \$1.

Rev. Mr. Price, \$1.

NORTH DAKOTA, \$5.58.

Langdon, church offering, \$5.58.

OHIO, \$282.50.

Mrs. Schubach, \$0.65; Mr. Riegenbach, \$3.85; Mr. List, \$1; Miss Kimmel, \$1.50; Belaire, church offering, \$10; Mr. McCracken, \$2; Dr. Fitzpatrick, \$2; Mr. Hopkins, \$5; Mr. Kirkpatrick, \$5; Mr. Kite, \$5; Mr. Simpson, \$5; Messrs. Mabley & Carew Co., \$5; Mr. Meininger, \$10; Messrs. Morton & Sons, \$5; Mr. Richardson, \$1; Messrs. John Skillits Co., \$5; Dr. Walton, \$1; Dr. Withrow, \$2; Mrs. Burke, \$15; Mr. Adair, \$1; Mr. Baker, \$3; Mr. Bright, \$2; Mr. Copeland, \$25; Mr. Dunn, \$5; Mr. Harrington, \$2; Mrs. Holmes, \$7; Mr. Hughes, \$1; Mr. Knowlton, \$10; Mr. McManigal, \$1; Mr. Martens, \$2; Mr. Putnam, \$1; Dr. Timberman, \$5; Mr. Carr, \$5; Mr. Clapper, \$0.50; Dr. Dunkam, \$10; Judge McCann, \$2; Mr. McKee, \$2; Mr. and Miss Binder, \$2; Messrs. Benninghofer, \$10; Hamilton, bank collection, \$5; Dr. Francis, \$2; Mr. Stearns, \$10; Mr. Barret, \$1; Mrs. Black, \$1; Dr. Bliss, \$0.50; Mr. Brain, \$3; Miss Brain, \$1; Mr. Brain, \$2; Mr. Carson, \$5; Mr. Corry, \$1; Mr. Craig, \$1; Dr. Davy, \$1; Mr. Elliott, \$2; Mrs. Fried (including \$1 for text-books), \$2; Rev. Dr. Fullerton, \$1; Mrs. Geiger, \$5; Dr. Gotwald, \$5; Mrs. Gotwald, \$3; Mrs. Grant, \$0.50; Miss Hunt, \$2; Mr. Kay, \$2; Colonel King, \$2; Miss King, \$15; Dr. Oldham, \$0.50; Mr. Price, \$5; Mr. Pierce, \$1; Mr. Rogers, \$2; Miss Rodgers, \$1; Miss Smallwood, \$0.50; Miss Starrett, \$1; Mr. Thomas, \$5; Rev. Mr. Thomson, \$3; Mrs. Tressler, \$2; Mr. Wilson, \$3; Mr. Winger, \$1; Mr. Winger, \$2; Mrs. Yeazell, \$1.

OKLAHOMA, \$2.

Mrs. Ringelman, \$2.

OREGON, \$21.25.

Portland, church collection, \$15; Brownsville, church offering, \$2; Mr. Voorhies, \$4; Mr. Mueller, \$0.25.

PENNSYLVANIA, \$287.99.

Mr. Brown, \$1; Mr. Orbin, \$1; Miss Lehman, \$5; Rochester, church collection, \$5; State College, church offering, \$3.20; Steelton, church collection, \$1.42; Mr. and Mrs. Walp, \$2; Miss Beadle, \$5; Mr. Tyler, \$10; New Park, S. S. offering, \$8.52; Mr. Borden, \$10; Mr. Miller, \$5; Port Carbon, church collection, \$1; Mr. Barclay, \$10; Mr. Dennis, \$5; Mrs. Dickson, \$10; Mr. Styer, \$5; Miss Wallace, \$5; Mr. Denny, \$10; Miss Robinson, \$1; Mrs. Allison, \$5; Mr. Knittle, \$0.40; Mrs. Kelly, \$25; "H. C. F.," \$5; Miss Strong, \$5; Miss Marshall, \$2; Mrs. Blight, \$1; Mrs. Burns, \$2; Mr. Reed, \$2.50; Mr. Lockhart, \$100; Mr. Moore, \$15; Pittsburgh, church offering, \$5.95; church collection, \$10.

RHODE ISLAND, \$46.

Miss Salisbury, \$1; Dr. Whitmarsh, \$5; Mr. Johnston, \$5; Mr. Reynolds, \$5; Mrs. Goff, \$15; Mrs. Tinkham, \$5; Dr. Moore, \$2; Miss Olney, \$1; Miss Simmons, \$2; Providence, church collection by Dr. Leonard, \$5.

SOUTH DAKOTA, \$10.

Lennox, church offering, \$5; Sioux Falls, church collection, \$5.

TENNESSEE, \$27.50.

McKenzie, church offering, \$2.50; Knoxville, church collection, \$25.

UTAH, \$2.

Mr. Pratt, \$2.

VERMONT, \$29.

Mr. Sykes, \$5; Mrs. Crowell, \$5; Deacon Powell, \$5; Mr. Taylor, \$3; St. Johnsbury, church offering, \$6; Miss Green, \$2; Mrs. Chamberlin, \$1; Mrs. Forsythe, \$1; Hon. Mr. Page, \$2.

VIRGINIA, \$5.

Mr. Simmons, \$5.

WASHINGTON, \$10.

Mr. Acker, \$10.

WISCONSIN, \$11.75.

Mrs. Kolb, \$3; Mrs. Kreul, \$2; Rev. Mr. Kempf, \$4.75; Mrs. Sitte, \$1; Mrs. Hillier, \$1.

WYOMING, \$2.

Mr. Bocking, \$2.

FOREIGN, \$13.

Canada, Mr. Wicna, \$10; Rev. Mr. Lehrer, \$1; Mr. Machado, \$2.

LEGACIES, \$2,855.83.

Cedar Creek Hundred, Del., Estate of Jas. E. Gilchrist, \$1,425; Harrisville, Pa., Estate of Elizabeth E. Bingham, \$476; Newark, N. J., Estate of Miss Mary A. Wyckoff, \$955.83. INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$315.61. Income for Missionary Work, \$290.61. Income for Annuitants, 26.00.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 791,142,050 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$796,137.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at missions stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$15,439.05. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,617,820.90, which is the equivalent of over four billion tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 202,877; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 59,431, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last 73 years 17,326,937, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,406,676.

Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

Gratefully Received

Within the past few months the American Tract Society has made many grants of books and tracts. A Christian worker in Hot Springs, Ark., thus acknowledges the receipt of one of these grants:

"I was so much delighted with the tracts you sent me. The people all say that these tracts are solid Gospel. I am so glad to have made the acquaintance of the American Tract Society, as your publications suit me better than any I have ever seen, because they are thoroughly undenominational."

A Pleasant Message

A lady who has long been a subscriber to the AMERICAN MESSENGER writes thus:

"This dear paper, which, like a noble and genuine Christian character, seems to grow riper, sweeter and more benignantly wise and lovely with every passing year, is a most welcome visitor in our little home nest."

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

HAVE YOU MADE A WILL?

If you have, did you remember the American Tract Society, and in proportion to the good it has been doing for nearly a century? If you have not made any bequest in behalf of the Tract Society, you are earnestly asked to add a codicil to your will to that effect. If you do so, you certainly will be happy in the thought that when you have been translated to your Heavenly home you will still be doing something to perpetuate and enlarge the great and important work of the American Tract Society. Please do not forget.

ATTRACTIVE PERIODICALS for the Home, Church and Sunday School

The American Messenger

founded in 1843, is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, editorial contributions from prominent writers, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Christian Endeavor Prayer-Meeting Topics, News from the Mission Fields, a page for the Little Folks, and much other interesting and instructive matter, for both young and old. The price is very low, being but 50 cents a year, or in Clubs of five or more, 80 cents apiece for a year's subscription. Postage on foreign subscription, 24 cents additional; Canadian subscriptions, 12 cents additional.

Apples of Gold

is a delightful paper for the little ones in the home and at Sunday school. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for primary departments and infant classes; charming illustrations; good clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copies, 30 cents; five copies to one address, 25 cents each; ten or more, 20 cents each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cents per copy additional. Subscriptions accepted in clubs for 3 months, 6 months or a year.

Amerikanischer Botschafter

is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription price is 35 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more 20 cents apiece.

Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large, clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is 25 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more, 20 cents a year.

Free Sample Copies on Request.

American Tract Society
Park Ave. and 40th St. New York

VERY ATTRACTIVE WATCHES AS PREMIUMS



VENUS

This is a Lady's Nickel Silver Watch, Stem Wind and Set with second hand. Splendid timepiece.

This watch will be given for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the watch and a year's subscription for \$2.25.



ARCALA

This is a very pretty 20-year gold-filled Lady's Watch, plain polished case, fitted with a high-grade 7-jewel lever movement and is guaranteed.

This beautiful Watch will be given for only 22 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Watch with a year's subscription for \$7.25.

OVERLAND

Here is an excellent timepiece for boys and men. It has nickel case, stem wind and set.

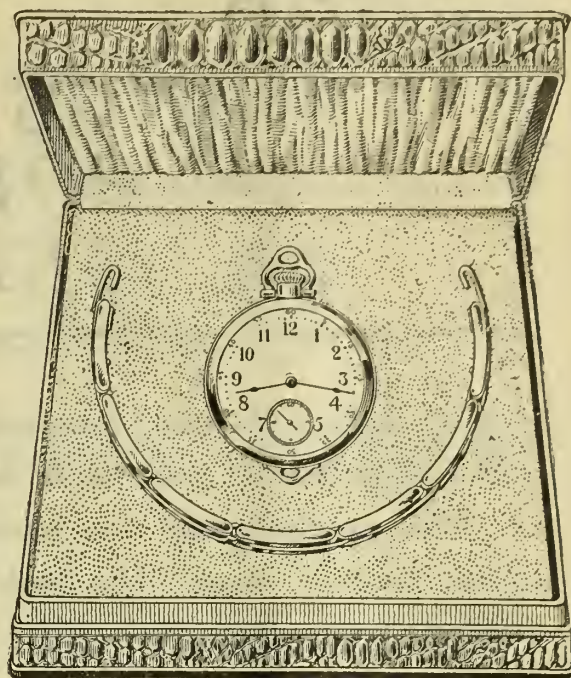
This watch will be given free and postpaid for only 4 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the watch and a year's subscription for \$1.50.



BARCLAY

This is a 20-year gold-filled, plain polished Gentleman's Watch, fitted with a high-grade 7-jewel lever movement, fully guaranteed in every particular. White dial.

We will give this Watch free and postpaid for only 20 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the Watch and a year's subscription for \$6.50.



The EVANGELINE

Convertible Bracelet Watch

A beautiful little watch with many uses. Bracelet can be removed so that watch can be worn on a chatelaine pin, leather or ribbon strap, sautoir, lavalliere chain, lorgnette chain or in a leather wristlet. The bracelet has patent expansion links adjustable to any wrist, and can be shortened by removing the centre link which is jointed.

The movement is of high grade lever construction, jeweled and adjusted to positions, an accurate and durable mechanism that we unhesitatingly guarantee against mechanical defects for five years.

Cased in twenty-year guaranteed heavy gold stock case, with bracelet of the same quality. This offer includes a handsome plush and satin lined case with alligator skin finish, as illustrated.

We will give this beautiful Watch and Bracelet for only 30 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at Fifty Cents each, or we will give the set with one year's subscription for \$9.00.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

Wireless Telephony

The editor of one of the current magazines has this to say concerning a recent invention:

"Wireless telephony is a fact. It has been established in so amazing a fashion that it is hard to grasp the wonder of it, to express even a tithe of its potentialities. Sitting in his office in New York, Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, has carried on a conversation by 'wireless' with John J. Carty, the chief engineer of his corporation, who responded from Mare Island, in San Francisco Bay, a distance of 2,500 miles.

"Also a telephone message was transmitted by wireless from near Washington, D. C., to the Hawaiian Islands, a distance of 4,600 miles.

"This is the latest dazzling gift that Science has wrested from Nature's storehouse for the use of man. What does it mean? How is it going to affect us in our ordinary relations of life and in our endless struggle forward toward a fuller, more complete, and happier existence?

"All that it will mean one cannot venture to say, but there is one big, pregnant meaning that thrusts itself forward and seizes the imagination: Wireless telephony has removed forever earth's frontier; it has given a voice to the hitherto silent vastness of the Arctic and Antarctic; it has linked civilization with the remotest parts of the earth, the ocean wastes, the desert sands, the mountain peak, the jungle depth. Those hardy souls whose spirit

urges them into Nature's most hidden fastnesses need never now be out of touch of the voices of their fellows to cheer them forward, share their discoveries, respond to their cries for aid. The inventors of wireless telephony declare they can send the human voice to places where no wire could ever reach—that the sailor in mid-ocean, the explorer in equatorial Africa, the adventurer on the Himalayan slopes can by the help of a comparatively simple apparatus, communicate with his fellows in the centers of civilization."

Let Go

A man on a dark night, rolling down a steep place, caught a bush growing out of the rocks and held on in the grimness of despair. His muscles strained, and his grip was maintained with frenzy. At length endurance reached its limit. In despair he let go and dropped just six inches. The kindly ground received him safely.

Some people worry and struggle, with nerves at the utmost tension, when all the time they only need to let go of all struggle and worry and tension to find they have God right under them, the same God who cares for even the sparrows.

Many who are straining away in fear and worry can increase their effectiveness for God and man at this moment. If they will only let go they will not drop even six inches. Instead, they will discover how firm the foundation is on which they stand.

—EAST AND WEST.

Living Up to Prohibition

Long lists might be given of breweries, distilleries and other liquor places, wholesale and retail, which have been transformed into centers of bigger and better business by prohibition. Empty buildings and jobless bartenders are conspicuous exceptions to the rule in the newly dry States. Drink factories and dramshops are being converted into industrial concerns which employ a greater number of men than did the alcoholic beverage traffic in its palmiest days.

For example, the Reymann brewery, Wheeling, W. Va., employed eighty-seven men; the packing plant which takes its place employs 136. Other breweries have become manufactories for soap, ice, milk products, soft drinks, and so forth.

One at least is being utilized as a "movie" studio, and one was bought and is being remodeled for a church. Distilleries have been turned into canneries and into plants for the production of necessities and luxuries for which under prohibition there will be increasing demand.

In buildings once occupied by saloons there may be seen to-day in these dry States, jewelry stores, groceries, men's and women's furnishing shops, confectioneries, restaurants, moving picture places—all doing a thriving business. Saloonkeepers are going into more reputable lines of trade, thus bringing more satisfaction and self-respect to themselves and more lasting happiness to their families.

Topics for the Easter Week of Prayer

A list of topics suitable for use during the Easter Week of Prayer, April 16-23, 1916, has been issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. These topics are also approved by the Evangelical Alliance of the United States. In a general way these topics follow the days of "His last week." Pastors and others who desire to secure these lists in quantities may obtain them at the rate of fifty cents per hundred from the Office of the Federal Council at 105 East 22d street, New York. The topics are as follows:

Sunday, April 16.—Sermons on the King of Kings and His Kingdom in Its Growth and Glory. The Redeemed City.

Monday, April 17.—Thanksgiving and Cleansing. Psalms 65:1-4; 139:23-21. Matthew 5:8; 21:22.

Tuesday, April 18.—Authority and Courage. Psalm 2. Ezek. 33:7-9. Matt. 22:21. Romans 13:1-7. I Peter 2:13-17.

Wednesday, April 19.—Loyalty and Unity. Psalm 122. Isa. 52:8. Matt. 22:37-38. John 17:20-23. Eph. 4:1-16.

Thursday, April 20.—Heart Searching and Consecration. Psalm 51:10-13; 139:1-6, 23-24. Isa. 6:8.

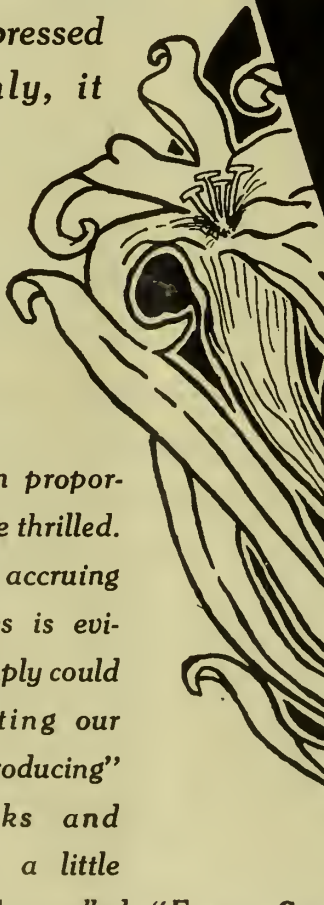
Friday, April 21.—Sacrifice and Service. The Cross and Its Glory. John 1:29; 12:24-32. I Cor. 2:2. Gal. 6:14.

Saturday, April 22.—The Kingdom and Its Triumph. Psalm 110. Isa. 9:6-7. Rev. 1:4-8.

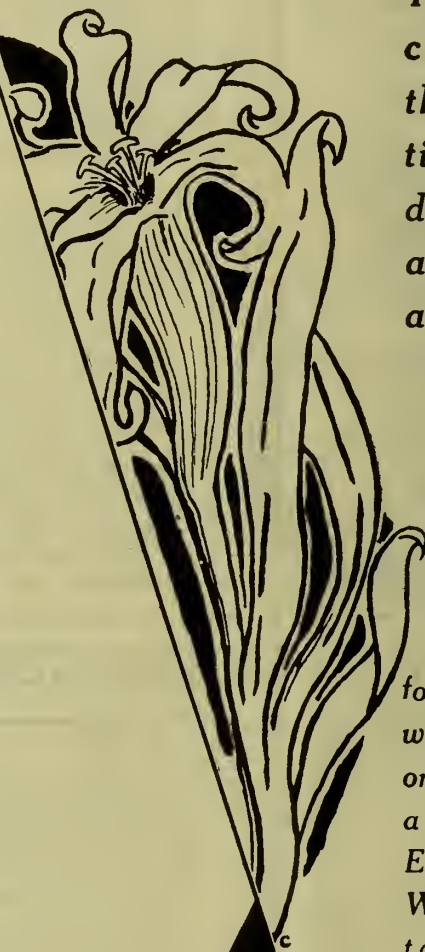
Sunday, April 23.—Sermons on the Resurrection.

GOOD THINGS FOR EASTER

"They touch the right spot" may seem a peculiar phrase to apply to Easter books, but it explains better than anything else we could say precisely what we mean. If a book dealing with the Easter subject strikes just the right chord and produces a resonance within you, it has given pleasure, it has impressed itself firmly, it has become part of you, and you respond to yourself and those around you in proportion as you are thrilled. The benefit accruing on both sides is evident. We simply could not help putting our "resonance producing" Easter books and booklets into a little six-page folder called "Easter Season 1916" because we wanted you to know more about them. When you know you will be interested. And the rest—well, that is entirely for you to say.



EASTER
SEASON
1916



This is what we will do.

Easter comes on April 23 and there is no time to lose. So we suggest that you send at once for this little folder and we will enclose with it a new Scripture post-card which we have just purchased in a limited quantity for the purpose.

The post-cards are the regulation size, delicately and artistically colored and each contains a verse of Scripture.

You must act at once in return for which we will send you one of these attractive Easter cards. We want you to see this

Easter folder of good things because we are sure you will agree with us

that our books are of the "resonance producing" kind. They sure do touch the right spot.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

Park Avenue and 40th Street
New York

Publishers and Dealers in Books that are Right

MM

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 74



MAY, 1916



No. 5



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A. H. BARNES

MOUNT TACOMA, AS VIEWED FROM INDIAN HENRY'S PARK

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention

The thirty-ninth international convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America will assemble at Cleveland, Ohio, at 10:30 o'clock (Eastern time), Friday morning, May 12, 1916, and will continue in session until Tuesday afternoon, May 16th, 1916.

The convention will be a gathering of large significance to the entire religious and moral life of the continent. Leaders, not only from the United States and Canada, but from Europe and the Orient, who have earned the right to be heard because of their achievements or because of their wisdom and foresight, will take part in its deliberations.

The convention will determine the main lines of policy for the association movement for the years immediately before it. In order to do this, questions which are at the present time perplexing the most discerning leaders will challenge the united thought of the delegates, such as: how to dominate the material interests of the association movement by the spiritual objective and life; how to flood the movement with the evangelistic passion, and how to preserve its vitality and conquering power. The relation of the church to the young men of North America, the forces now tending most to disintegrate faith and character, and the untouched fields and latent forces among young men and boys will be discussed. The convention will also face the task and the opportunities of the association movement in the reconstruction of the Orient, Latin America, and Europe.

The convention affords the one opportunity within the next three years for the association leaders and members from all parts of North America and from all phases of the association work to take counsel together.

The convention will have unusual meaning for the railroad associations, because it will commemorate the founding of the first Railroad Association forty-four years ago in the city of Cleveland. The need which the student associations have long felt for a thorough consideration of student problems will be met by the student sectional conventions, while the convention as a whole will bring the student delegates into living contact with the entire movement and with one of the greatest opportunities for life service open to them. The problem of the administration of the City Association, its religious message and method of work, and its outreach of influence throughout the entire city, has become one of new and compelling urgency. It is expected that this convention will frankly face this problem and make real progress toward its solution.



The Straight Gate

A thousand gates are open all about us. We lift up our eyes and we find them everywhere. Some are closed awaiting the hand that yet shall swing them. Some are open, and from their portals, well-trodden paths lead into the hereafter. They lead invitingly into the lands of the good, the true, the beautiful; but they lead likewise to the walled-in terminals of temptation and sin and mortal overthrow.

We are in the midst of opportunities. Like the strands of a spider's web life's paths lead out and away and far beyond and all around. They are crossed and recrossed by pathways which other hands have builded and other feet have trodden; hard pathways they are, beaten down by those who have passed with silent footsteps into oblivion. Many gates lead to many paths, and the paths converge and diverge, and into the maze and tangle every one must pass, his future unknown, his destiny unwrought and in his hands an indeterminate day to work out his desires. Can he do it on the wrong road? Into this vast complexity we call life all must go. There is no holding back. Through the gates willingly or unwillingly, into confusions and reversions, unconsciously, irresistibly, inevitably we go, and there is no returning.

But whatever the possibilities that face us, whatever the opportunities that master us, this should be remembered

A Special Trial Subscription For Only Twenty-Five Cents

The Special Trial Subscription Offer made in our last issue has met with a very cordial response. A number of our friends have availed themselves of the opportunity thus presented, and in this way the AMERICAN MESSENGER is being introduced into many homes, into which it will undoubtedly bring its glad message for years to come.

In view of the reception thus accorded to our Special Trial Subscription Offer, we have decided to give all our friends another opportunity to introduce the AMERICAN MESSENGER into homes where it is not now received, at a merely nominal cost.

We will send the AMERICAN MESSENGER to any New Subscriber from May to December, 1916, for only twenty-five cents. That is, we will send the paper for eight months in return for a sum which represents but half of the regular price for a year's subscription.



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN."

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave. and 40th St., New York City

as a cardinal truth: The straight gate leads to the straight path. Whatever roads may cross it, or intersect it, or lead into it or out of it, it bears persistently, heroically, straight ahead. And there is no questioning its terminal. The one gate leads to the one way that leads unto life eternal. We cannot afford to get onto the wrong road or miss the right road. The way may be narrow, but it is straight. It is no thoroughfare. Shadows may fall across it; but each shadow has its mission. Storms may break over it, the winds and the rains may assail it, but the bowed head will see diamonds in the mire where diamonds were never seen before. The stones of the street will be jasper and sapphire and amethyst. Opals will be washed up and rubies vie with emeralds. When God sends a storm to the outbound traveler on the narrow way He sends likewise His compensations. The straight gate leads to no storm where God has not swung His rainbow. He sends no shower where He has not planted a flower.

The straight gate saves from many a snare. He who swings it open in the name of Jesus finds there what is found nowhere else, the up-springing of an indestructible hope. Not on any of the highways nor on all that intersect the great circle of time will you find one Rose of Sharon or Lily of the Valley; nowhere the fountain of life. The ways of the world may be inviting; they may furnish little resistance to him who is on the downward way. The primrose path may beckon, the fragrance of untasted sweets may lure, and the heart may rejoice in the joy of the evanescent hour, yet every way is a descending way. But the path through the straight gate leads to the eternal stars. Its joys are worthy, and they are many, and they are true. If its hills are sometimes steep, they are worth climbing. If the Anakim are in the mountains, God will furnish a Caleb to drive them out.

Always the straight gate means endeavor. It is a well-beaten, oft-trodden, toilsome road, but a road whose

encumbrances lead to victories, whose mysteries lead on to masteries. Joseph must reach the throne by way of the prison cell. Moses must fellowship with the desert before he can interpret the voice in the burning bush. The straight gate means a Red Sea, a Wilderness of Sin, a flooded Jordan. But it means also a cleft sea, a manna-filled desert, a riven river. The beauty of the mosaic lies in the variety of its colors. A picture all white is no picture; and a picture all black is worse. God gives variety that our lives may be complete. From the straight gate to the pearl gate the divine Spirit is leading, selecting the colors and shaping them into beautiful characters, and fitting us for a welcome at the terminal. The more we trust Him the finer will the picture be.—THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.



Human Touch

A visitor to a glass manufactory saw a man moulding clay into the great pots which were used in shaping the glass. Noticing that all the moulding was done by hand, he said to the workman, "Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?" The man replied: "There is no tool that can do this work. We have tried different ones, but somehow it needs the human touch." There is much of the Lord's work that likewise needs the "human touch." The Divine Hand would have been too glorious, too dazzling, too bright, if it had been reached out of heaven to help, to lift up and save, to wipe away tears, to heal heart wounds, to be laid in benediction on children's heads; and, therefore, God took a human form, that with a human hand He might touch the sinful and the sorrowing.

And now that Christ has gone away again into heaven, He does not reach out of the skies that glorified Hand, which burns with splendor, to do His work of love in this world, but uses our common hands, yours and mine, sending us to do in His name the gentle things He would have done for His little ones.

—EXCHANGE.

Our Honor Roll

On the Honor Roll of the AMERICAN MESSENGER are placed the names of those who have received this paper for fifty years or more. We are pleased this month to add to our Honor Roll the name of Mrs. Jane McCall of Connecticut, who writes:

"I am eighty-five years old. I have had the paper to read from girlhood days, and profit by it."



The Voice of the Flowers

BY W. H. JORDAN.

One day I said to the flowers, "Tell me who you are." What a confusion of happy voices. They all spoke at once. From mountain and valley, from river bank and dewy dell, from wayside and hillside, from jardinière and garden plot, from many lands and many climes, came sweet harmonies. And this was their message to me:

"Who are we? You must know us, for you see us everywhere, in the windows of the poor and the gardens of the rich, in the park and in the wild wood. A flowerless world would be like a sunless day or a starless night. You consciously or unconsciously feel our beauty and purity.

"We are rainbows of promise and cheer—products of the artist's brush when dipped in sunlight and shower—weapons of light and love, putting to flight the demons of darkness and woe. "We are heralds of beauty, for God looked on us and smiled.

"We are angels of mercy to whom you must give wings. We utter the unuttered thoughts of lovers, and the voice of the flowers rings true. Our coming tolls the knell of winter, for the resurrection of the flowers marks its final judgment day.

"We gladden the heart and fill the hands of romping children, and grace the bridal train with added beauty. We cover the marriage altar and fill the banquet hall with cheerful coloring, emblemed wreath and festooned thought.

"We enter the room of the sick and the dying.

"We speak the deepest language of your inmost soul, and with such speech call forth the deep love of other hearts. Our presence purifies and glorifies childhood, youth, and age.

"Upon the soldier's grave we keep alive sweet memories, and speak undying love and loyalty to God, to home, and to our country's flag. Ofttimes baptized with tears, we tell of hearts, which like the broken alabaster box, pour forth the sweetest ointment.

"We cover the casket of death. We veil the horror of the grave, and breathe the promise of the life that is beyond. The voice of the flowers rings true."—HERALD AND PRESBYTERIAN.



Some Chinese Proverbs

Think twice and do not speak at all. Only those become priest who cannot earn a living.

At seventy man is a candle in the wind.

A thousand soldiers are easily obtained; one general is hard to find.

Do not lace your shoes in a melon patch.

Easy to open a shop; hard to keep it open.

Of all important things the first is not to cheat conscience.

All pursuits are mean in comparison with learning.

In a united family happiness springs up of itself.

He bought a dried fish to spare its life.

Win your law suit, lose your money. Better do kindness near home than go far to burn incense.

If you suspect a man don't employ him; if you employ him don't suspect him.

Unskilful fools quarrel with their tools.

It's a little thing to starve to death; it's a serious matter to lose one's virtue.

—WORLD OUTLOOK.

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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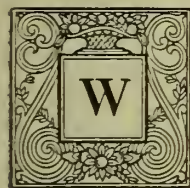
CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.

THE BEAUTY OF TIMELINESS

BY

REV. CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D.D.

Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York



WE all know there is beauty in color and in combinations of colors. It is this which gives some flowers their chief attraction: the blush of the hawthorn; the blue of the wild violet, "rhyming with the sky"; the crimson of the rose; the yellow glory of the goldenrod, and the snow of the water-lily. Some gems are valuable chiefly because of their color. There are artists who refresh their color-sense by often looking at the liquid green of the emerald, the soft blue of the sapphire and the blazing fire of the opal.

That there is beauty in color and that such beauty has an educational value, Frederick Froebel knew, when he urged mothers to soothe their fretful children by the sight of many-colored balls. Excellent substitutes for Froebel's "gifts" we have in boxes of celluloid balls of various hues now sold in almost every notion store. A nervous child has been known to rest contentedly for hours, feasting his vision on these balls, drinking in, unconsciously, the beauty of color.

There is beauty in symmetry of form, whether it be in the human body, most perfectly illustrated in the sculptures of the Greeks, or in architecture, as in great cathedrals, like those of Milan, Strassburg, Rheims, and Cologne.

There is beauty in harmony of sound. We recognize it in the hum of insects, "the shrill complaining sweetness of the cricket," the ripple of water, the warbling of birds, the sighing of the wind among pines, and even in the hoarse thunder as it echoes among the cloudy caverns of the sky. We recognize it more plainly in the notes of musical instruments, and, most perfect of all, in the tones of the human voice.

There is beauty in motion. The motion of the fish in its element is full of grace. The ceaseless, stately rolling of the river toward the sea, and of the planets that move in majesty along their immeasurable orbits, are beautiful to the degree of sublimity.

It requires a finer eye, certainly a finer mind, to recognize beauty in order. What is more pleasing to see than the orderly array of a regiment of soldiers keeping step as one man to martial music, keeping step as one

man even when the music has ceased? The child's eye is attracted by the colors of the uniform, the flashing arms and the waving plumes, but the mature mind sees beauty most of all in the orderliness of the arrangement. As the mind matures it acquires the power to see beauty in that which never before seemed attractive.

The beauty of orderliness has never entered some minds, and so they are still in the infancy of art. The highest ethical development of the soul is really only a continuance of esthetic development; that is, beauty of life, of love, of truth and of honor, is simply the projection into a higher realm of the same kind of beauty which, in lower realms, constitutes the artist's study and delight.

When humanity is full-grown, we shall perceive beauty that inheres only in the invisible. Here art ends and religion begins. Here religion becomes the highest art, the art spiritual and the art divine. He is an artist in the finest sense who perceives the beauty of holiness, the beauty of moral courage, the beauty of patience and sacrifice for high ends.

There is beauty in timeliness. A wise thinker of old affirmed, "Everything is beautiful in its time." Is this true? If it is, and if we could apprehend the truth of it, the world were veritably transfigured. It can not be denied that there is much in the world which does not seem beautiful. Flowers are beautiful, but how about weeds? Are they ever beautiful? When we discover their uses, they may be found quite as beautiful as flowers. Indeed, many of our flowers are simply cultivated weeds. It is almost incredible, but it is true, that the great chrysanthemums, twelve inches in diameter, have been developed from the wild chrysanthemum, no larger than a fingernail. The glorious asters of our autumn gardens are the lineal descendants of the wild asters of the New England hills which many pass in utter scorn.

Summer is beautiful, when June lays upon the brow of earth her crown of cloudless glory. But how about winter? Is winter beautiful when the north wind smites us with icy sabers and pelts us with arctic hail? Is it beautiful when trees are bare and stretch their leafless arms towards the bleak sky that has no tear-drop of pity, and only fitful

gleams of cheer? Yes. Even winter is beautiful. Children and vigorous youth rejoice at the first snowfall. See the crowds at St. Moritz as happy as at any summer festival. Then think of the economy of winter. Snow has been rightly called "the poor man's fertilizer." The harvests of summer and autumn are greatly enriched by the elements that sink into the soil from the melting snows. The invisible dust of the atmosphere falls with the snow, and helps to make fruitful the impoverished soil.

Life is beautiful. Who can see children at play and not have his heart glow in the reflected joy of abundant living? There is beauty in life whether it be in the higher or lower orders. Such a man as Fabre has found in insect life material for half a century of joy-filled research. But is death beautiful? It seems almost never so. Yet, it may be so when we consider the possibility of its timeliness. Consider sleep. The beauty of sleep depends upon its timeliness. After a day's labor, when "silence is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er a calm and pulseless world," sleep is beautiful. But it is not so pleasant to see a man asleep in church, or to find a sentinel asleep at his post. Now suppose we find it is as natural to die as it is to sleep. The same wise man who said that everything is beautiful in its time, said also that there is a time to die. When is that? We may not know. How is it determined? That, too, is unknown. Do years determine the boundary of life? Some of us fulfil literally the scriptural prediction, "Thou shalt come to thy grave as a sheaf of corn fully ripe." Of such it may be said,

"Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest."

If ever death is beautiful, it is at such a time. It is like the setting of the sun which has illumined the day of labor. It is like the falling of a parent tree in the midst of the saplings it has sheltered and which it will enrich by its own death. It is as if the well-worn body had broken the husk and let the spirit free.

Sometimes the number of years apparently does not determine the boundary of life. Some children and youth die before they have fairly begun to live. If it is time to die

when we reach our three-score years and ten, or four-score years and ten, what shall be said of those who die before they reach a single score? Is not such death unbeautiful? Let us not pronounce upon this question hastily. It may be that quite another matter determines the timeliness of death, namely: the accomplishment of the work God gave us to do. When that is done, it is our time to "go home." That did not seem a beautiful death when the youth of twenty fell in the forefront of the battle and was buried uncoffined in an unmarked grave. Yet the words of Ross to Siward in "Macbeth" have comforted the father of that soldier-boy:

"Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man; the which, no sooner
had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died."

In a recent book of "free verse" the author pays a rare tribute to Anne Rutledge, Abraham Lincoln's sweetheart, whose early death plunged him into a long period of profound melancholy:

"Out of me, unworthy and unknown,
The vibrations of deathless music;
'With malice toward none, with charity for all.'
Out of me, the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Rutledge who sleeps beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!"

In the saying of that wise old Hebrew writer to which I have already alluded, there is one word which in some versions reads differently from the rendering that I have quoted. It means much more to say that "everything is beautiful in His time." Things are not always beautiful in our time, but they are in God's time. How differently our lives would read if we but had reference to His time. Jesus said to some of His impatient friends who had urged Him to manifest Himself to the world—by which they meant some form of physical manifestation—"My time is not yet come, but your time is always ready."

Jesus seems to have been the only man in history who was never in a hurry, who never suffered Himself to be pushed by events. His birth was in the beauty of timeliness. There was a timeliness in His departure; to have tarried longer in the sight of His disciples would have limited His power by localizing it. Better was an invisible Saviour, universally present, than a visible Saviour in Judea. "Where is Jesus now? we ask, and lo! from the open heavens through whose portals He passed to the throne of eternal Mediatorship there falls a voice, like a falling star, 'Now He is with His people everywhere until time's end.'"

Courage is one of the most beautiful of moral qualities. It requires courage to confess Christ in the face of a critical world. But there is a time to confess Him, and if we would serve Him in the beauty of holiness, we must serve Him in the beauty of timeliness. "It is good that a man bear the yoke in his youth." "They that seek me early shall find me." "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

Is there a time when He may not be found? Yes, for as the years pass, we lose moral power by inactivity. Religious capacity may be "extirpated by disuse." Augustine prayed, "Too late I loved Thee, Thou Ancient of Days, yet ever new." To us God speaks, "Today if ye will hear my voice." To us the Spirit speaks, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

Dearest of All

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

*So many glad things fill this beautiful world,
Such joys round our daily path fall,
The bright golden sunshine and flowers so gay—
But mother is dearest of all.*

*In all the wide world not another we find
So gentle, so patient and sweet;
'Tis well that we keep one bright, happy day
Our mothers with gladness to greet.*

*The kingdom of home is the place where she rules,
With patience she answers each call;
Come, give her the homage that well is her due,
For mother is dearest of all.*



At Our Doors

BY HOPE DARING

The Italians have a legend of an artist who desired to carve, from wood, a statue of the Madonna. Long had he studied and prayed to fit himself for the work. At last he felt that he was ready to begin. He had decided that the figure must be carved from sandalwood, and he went up and down the land seeking for a block of wood worthy to be used for his purpose. Again and again his hopes were dashed to the ground; never did he find that for which he sought. At last, despondent, sick at heart, he returned to his home. On his first night there, worn by his long journey, he slept soundly, and in his dreams an angel appeared.

"You have looked in the wrong place, O weary man," the angelic visitor declared. "The block of wood you seek is the oaken log that is at your door, ready for the kitchen fire. From that your masterpiece may be carved."

The artist woke in the gray dawn. At his door lay the log of oak and, as soon as it was light, he began work upon it. The statue he carved was not only the pride of his native town, but also the comfort and solace of many.

Many times the little drama of the artist is re-enacted in our own town. Sometimes you or I play the principal part. If we could have been fitted, by years of study, for a position as one of a college faculty, we should have laid a shaping hand upon many a young life. If we had been given a voice of strength and sweetness, and the means for its cultivation, we might have lifted the earth nearer heaven by our songs.

Yet all this time that we are cherishing these thoughts there are classes in our own Sunday School without competent teachers. There are lonely shut-ins on our own block, longing for cheer and companionship. Everywhere there are tired mothers, tempted youths, needy children, all lacking the things you and I can do. These are the opportunities at our own doors.

It is through service that we are privileged to co-operate with the forces for good in the world's onward progress. Service must be, at least in its beginnings, individual. It may be that the beginnings lie, for you and me, in the simplest, the most familiar events. Still, to make a harmonious whole, we must start at the beginning and go on logically. The future may widen. God may will it to be our privilege to do valiant work in the arena of great world movements.

The opportunities that are at your door and mine to-day may not be there to-morrow. Had the artist waited too long to obey the angel's command, the block of wood that came to be a Madonna might have gone to light the kitchen fire. A great sun-dial that long graced one of the Oxford college buildings bore a Latin inscription that translated ran, "The hours perish and are set down to our account." So we who long to serve man and God, who wish to live to a high purpose, may well heed the command to grasp the opportunities at our doors to-day.

Our Ascended Lord

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children like lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then."

MOST Christians never outgrow the longing expressed in this old Sunday-school song. We would esteem it a priceless privilege to look into the face of Jesus and feel the clasp of His hand, as the disciples did nineteen hundred years ago. Some of the world's greatest artists have attempted in some degree to meet this natural desire, and have given us their highest ideals of manly beauty in famous paintings of the Saviour.

But perhaps our conceptions of the ascended Christ are more spiritual than was possible while He trod the earth in human form. "It is expedient for you that I go away," He Himself said. Moreover, though absent in the flesh, He would not have His followers think of Him as dead or unreal, so He sent this message to the churches, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."

A few glimpses of Him after His ascension, assure us of His continued love and care. "We have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God." "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin." (Therefore we may come boldly to the throne of grace.) And again, "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Moreover, He who loves us will be our judge. "The Lord Jesus Christ," says Paul, "who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom."

And our ascended Lord is making ready for us a heavenly home. "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

The ascended Christ is the glorified heir of all things, "who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high: being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they." He is the Prince of Peace. He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords, crowned with glory and honor. To Him the Father saith, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of Thy kingdom."

And we may share this glory of our ascended Lord. "We are the children of God: and if children then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."



Life Triumphant

BY LOUIS M. GRICE.

*Bleak, devastating Winter now hath fled,
And glowing Spring with glory garbs the seas;
Gold buttercups emerge from violet seas;
The shy arbutus lifts its pearly head,
And myriad blossoms snowy petals shed,
As joyous zephyrs sing incessant glees
Among the murmuring boughs of flowering trees—
Hail! radiant resurrection of the dead!*

*This magic life that comes with power divine,
To burst the bonds of icy-fingered Death,
Arraying Nature in resplendent hues,
Gives token of God's wonderful design;
For to the seeking soul of man it saith,—
"At last shall Death its black dominion lose!"*

BIBLE PRESENTATION AT WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY

Address by Rev. Harlan G. Mendenhall, D.D.

A VERY impressive service was held in the Chapel of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., on Sunday morning, April 9, 1916, when the forty-sixth annual presentation of Bibles to the members of the graduating class was made by the American Tract Society. The entire cadet corps, numbering nearly six hundred men were present in full uniform. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. H. Percy Silver, Chaplain of the Academy.

The Bibles were presented to the cadets on behalf of the American Tract Society by its General Secretary, Rev. Judson Swift, D.D.

The graduating class numbers one hundred and twenty-five men, and each cadet received a Bible in the version of his own choice. The majority selected the Authorized or King James Version, but others chose the American Revised, Spanish, French, German and Douai Versions.

Colonel C. P. Townsley, Superintendent of the Academy, and other officers were present at the service. Among the cadets who received Bibles was Señor Garcia y Larrosa, a native Filipino, who has taken the course at West Point under a special act of Congress.

The presentation address was delivered by Rev. Harlan G. Mendenhall, D.D., of New York City, who spoke with great forcefulness and appropriateness on "The West Point Spirit." We are glad to present to our readers a summary of his inspiring address.

"The West Point Spirit" Presentation Address

BY REV. HARLAN G. MENDENHALL, D.D.



DR. MENDENHALL

A letter from a United States Army officer stationed at Fort Slocum recently appeared in one of the metropolitan newspapers, in which he characterized the "West Point Spirit as the spirit that gets things done, no matter how great the difficulty or odds; the spirit of respect for lawful orders; and the spirit of unhesitating obedience." This characterization sets forth the efficiency of this institution and its influence on its students and on the country at large, and emphasizes the words I have selected for our thought from the Book to be given to the members of the graduating class: "The word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword" (Hebrews 4:12).

The West Point spirit is the spirit that does things in the face of insurmountable obstacles. No task is too hard to undertake, no road too difficult over which to march, and no height too high to climb. This spirit is the same force that dominated Napoleon Bonaparte, who, when his officers stated it was impossible to march across the Alps, said, "There are no Alps."

The word of God is quick or alive, and it energizes with unconquerable power the life that it influences. It has in it a force that produces results.

Arrayed against the small band of Christian disciples who began the circulation of God's word were the authorities of the state. Men became martyrs for their faith in its truth. Its believers had to face fire, wild beasts, and suffering in most horrible forms; but these only inspired them with greater zeal. Slow-



THE CHAPEL OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.

ly, quietly, but irresistibly the word of God moved against the army, the religion and the social influences of its day until it became the victor and then dominated the world.

Dead nations are the nations without the Bible. A group of native princes from Africa visited Queen Victoria after they had seen much of England, and one of them said to her, "Your Majesty, we have seen your great city, its big buildings, its ships, its bridges, its monuments, its banks, and its beautiful homes. Will you not give us the secret that we may make our country like the white man's land?" The Queen picked up a Bible on the table, and handing it to the African prince she said, "This is the secret of England's greatness and glory."

The man who made the Dark Continent his monument, dying on his knees with his Bible near at hand, was David Livingstone. He carried this book with him because it was the foundation upon which he had builded the new Africa.

The word of God gives an energy to individuals that brings success. It puts a pure mind into a pure body. It inspires with high ideals, lofty purposes and a holy devotion to the best things of life. It creates an atmosphere for people and for nations which transforms and lifts them up until their ideals touch the stars.

The West Point spirit has respect for law and order. We feel safe in times of danger, when that spirit dominates the situation.

The word of God is powerful to subdue the disorders of the world, to bring order out of chaos and peace out of war. Our great Captain laid down this law, to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's. Our Lord was no anarchist. He was the one man who stood for order amid the howling mobs of Jerusalem. Cool, calm and collected, "he faced a frowning world." He was conscious of the power which He possessed to overcome the world and eventually bring it to His feet. He transformed men, and these men transformed society. He brought peace where there was war, subdued the angry passions of men and established divine order in a world that was fighting to its death.

The West Point spirit stands for unhesitating obedience. That spirit is illustrated for us in the New Testament incident of the Roman captain who had such faith in Jesus that he believed that He could heal his servant at a distance, for he said, "I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it."

Sharper than any two-edged sword is the word of God both for offense and defense. It commands and it has power to enforce its commands. "Go ye into all the world," said the Lord to His first disciples, and they went, never questioning their authority, never hesitating but obeying promptly. "Follow me," said the Lord on a prior occasion, "and I will make you fishers of men." And they straightway left their nets and followed Him, and did it immediately.

The word of God says, "Obey them that have the rule over you," and no democracy is safe until its citizens have learned the meaning of obedience. But this word also says, "We ought to obey God rather than man." This is the meaning of the transformed life, a life that has brought itself into fellowship with God and is willing to give obedience to His Son, who inspires us to go out and subdue the world to righteousness.

This word of God makes the body obey the soul. The power back of the man makes him a conqueror, and this power is divine. The flags that hang in this beautiful chapel are loved by us all, and wherever the starry flag goes, it means safety to its citizens.

Back of the Word is God, for it is God's word. His power is great enough to enable us to accomplish the tasks He has set for us. It is great enough to keep us from falling and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

The men who have given the spirit of life, order and obedience to this West Point Military Academy have unconsciously given to it the influence of the Bible. The Bible is presented to you to-day so that through its power and influence this same spirit may control and dominate your lives.

WITH OUR MISSIONARY COLPORTERS

At Cape Flattery

Rev. Francis E. Smith, a colporter evangelist of the American Tract Society in the State of Washington, meets all classes and conditions of people as he goes about distributing the Gospel message in the printed page. Recently he sent an interesting photograph which is reproduced on this page. The picture shows us the Cape Flattery Mission on Neah Bay. The Indian boys and girls who appear in this scene have the distinction of attending a Sunday School that is situated further west than any other Sunday School in the United States.

This Sunday School has been visited by Rev. Francis E. Smith, and he has preached the message of salvation to the Indian people who gather in this church.



At Ellis Island

The tide of immigration has greatly decreased on account of the conditions caused by the European war. Some immigrants, however, are still arriving at Ellis Island. Moreover, there are large number of detailed immigrants at that point, who have been refused admittance to this country, but who on account of the war cannot be sent back to their own native land.

Mr. Charles A. Carol, the missionary colporter stationed at Ellis Island under the auspices of the American Tract Society, is indefatigable in his ministry to the spiritual wants of the immigrants. He distributes the Gospel message by means of books and tracts printed in many different languages. In a recent report he tells these incidents of his work:

"An English woman who has been in the Dardanelles as a Red Cross nurse told me the story of an English soldier who was in a hard battle. When the day was ended, many of his companions were dead and many were wounded. The soldier was unharmed, but he found a bullet in the New Testament that he carried in his pocket.

"A woman who was on her way to join her husband was in great distress because she had lost her only child, who died in the Ellis Island Hospital. She did not seem to want to speak to anyone, but brooded continually over the loss of her little one. I gave her a tract and a copy of the New Testament, which comforted her.

"A young Pole, who came here by way of Denmark, was very glad to receive the Christian literature that I gave him."



In the Old Dominion State

For many years Rev. J. M. Carter has served as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the State of Virginia. He thus reports his recent labors:

"I have been serving on the firing line in missionary colportage, covering on foot a territory forty miles long. I find the need of Christian literature as great as ever. I distributed all the books and tracts that I had on hand, and doubtless I could have distributed five times as much in the same territory if I had had the material.

"In some of the homes where I stopped over night the people would listen most earnestly and



INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS AT THE CAPE FLATTERY MISSION.

attentively to God's Word, lest they might lose something that fell from the colporter's lips. And after I had gone to bed, I could hear them reading the books which I left out of my grip. In one case before I could get up from bed in the morning, the good man of the house came into my room, telling me of the consolation that he and his family had received from my visit and saying that he wanted a copy of every book I had. He said that the books gave him and his family the best satisfaction. I told him this is why the American Tract Society sends their missionary colporters into the homes, so that the people might see Jesus as He is revealed in His Word.

"This is why I so often say in my narrative report that on my field the people are thirsting for Christian literature. On my last trip I visited a little group of women who had banded themselves together for the purpose of improving the conditions of their neighborhood. It was indeed a treat for me to bring the message of Jesus to them and to encourage them to go forward, for it is none other than the Master's Will for us to make the world better for having lived in it.

"The women of this little band greatly need books in their work. Those that they were using I distributed to them about three years ago. One of the women said, 'This little band of women gathered here today is the outgrowth of your coming and distributing good, wholesome Christian literature among us some few years ago.'

"This statement was indeed encouraging to me, and it recalled this text to my mind, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'"



In Cuba

Mr. Pedro Pozo, for many years a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the island of Cuba, thus relates some of his recent experiences:

"Some time ago I visited the sugar mills of Tinguaro and Reglita. At these places one finds himself in an atmosphere of utter indifference and immorality. They said to me, 'You are always after us with your books about the Bible.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and until such books have found a place in your hearts and lives, all efforts at regeneration and reform will be in vain.' I said this, because some of them were socialists. After a long conversation two young men said to me, 'We like your books, for so many other books only leave us confused and perplexed.' I finally circulated a considerable number of books at this place. From there I went on to Colon, Manacas and Cascajal, holding several Gospel meetings.

"At one place on the road I met two men on horseback, to whom I offered my books. One of them held up his horse and I handed him a Bible, a book called 'The Words of Jesus' and another book called 'The Life of St. Paul.' The man looked at them and said, 'I am a priest. These books that you offer are well known to me and ought to be burned.' Then, giving spurs to his horse he left me before I could say another word to him.

"Passing on to Sancti Spiritus, I spent three days there, and then went down to Turnas and the coast region, where I held several meetings. I found the people very poor, but simple, well-disposed and receptive. I circulated several books among them, also two Bibles and two New Testaments. After this I went on to Guasimas and visited the sugar mills in that vicinity. Here I had long talks with travelers and the people generally. It is an important railroad centre, and as yet there is no Protestant mission there. One of the men bought 'El Padre Clemente,' and said, 'We meet you wherever we go. You seem to be always at work.'"

This report shows how zealously Mr. Pozo is working for the advancement of the Kingdom. Some one has well said of him, "This man is untiring in his efforts to make the Gospel known in Cuba."

WHEN THE SANDS RUN DOWN

By H. P. Holt

OLD DAVID FARRANT took the envelope containing his weekly wages. As he did so the foreman said in a voice that was not devoid of sympathy, "Mr. Mulholland wants to see you."

"Me!" exclaimed David, his hand trembling a little.

"Yes. He's in his office. Better go now and get it over."

David's vision seemed hazy as he turned away. A summons of that kind on pay day had grim significance. Usually the foreman gave the fateful message to employes whose services were no longer required, but the old man had served the firm faithfully and well for fifty years, and doubtless it was in consequence of this that the chief was undertaking the unpleasant duty personally.

There could be no other explanation. David Farrant's hand had lost its cunning in consequence of the weight of years, and before his hair had grown as white as it was now, a younger and more active man had taken his place. At times he had felt like the fifth wheel of a coach since the change, for he knew that authority was no longer his. The big Irishman who had stepped into his shoes was not unkind, and even consulted him at times. But David Farrant knew in his heart that his own day was over, and that O'Brien, though thirty years his junior, was more fitted for the responsibility.

The veteran stumbled on the steps of the chief's office. His sight was not as it had been a score of years—nay, twelve months ago.

"I want to have a little chat, David," said Mr. Mulholland. "There's a chair there."

"Thanks, Mr. Charles."

Unconsciously he addressed the chief as everyone had done forty years before when he was just beginning to grapple with the tentacles of his father's huge steel business.

"You're not looking well," said the chief.

David sat up squarely.

"Ay, I know what you mean," he replied. It was not his way to play with words. "One doesn't look like a three-year-old when there's three score and eight years behind one; but I'm as sound today as ever I was."

The chief moved uneasily in his chair, and his teeth were dug deeply into a cigar. The task before him was not a congenial one.

"Yes, but we cannot go on forever, you know," he said. "Already I find myself leaning to some extent on my son in business matters."

David held his head high.

"You want me to quit?"

Mr. Mulholland nodded.

"New blood, you know," he explained, knowing perfectly well how keenly the man must feel the position.

David turned his cap over and over for a few moments. The clang of mighty hammers was life to him. Almost half his waking hours since he was a boy had been spent in the works. Sometimes, vaguely, he had contemplated the time when his sands would have run down, but now that the moment had arrived it was more bitter than he had ever thought possible.

"Of course, if you say so, Mr. Charles," he said, keeping a stiff upper lip. "I'd be glad, all the same, if you'd try to save me some sort of a job, such as, maybe, night-watchman. I'm—I'm not finished, you know, sir, and it's the old woman I was thinking about."

"No, David. You must leave altogether," replied the chief; and a hard glitter came into the other man's eyes. "You have been with us far longer than anyone else, and my idea is to put you on a pension of two-thirds your present wage."

The glitter died out of David's eyes. He just nodded, but the chief knew what was in his heart. Men prefer to be silent when their voice would have tears in it.

"You can either have that or three thousand dollars down," went on Mr. Mulholland. "It comes to the same thing so far as I am concerned, but you must make the choice. Don't decide now. Let me know when you have settled which you think would suit you best."

The worker rose to his feet.

"God bless you, sir," he said; and impulsively he put out his hand which the chief gripped.

David Farrant had been a tower of strength to the firm in his younger days, and none knew it better than Mr. Mulholland.

* * * * *

The eyes of love, even in the December of life, are wonderfully keen, and Mrs. Farrant looked at her husband carefully when he returned home.

"Nothing wrong, Dave?" she asked, realizing full well there was something he had to tell but cared not about the telling.

"How would you like to go with me to Australia, Bess?" he replied, pulling at his shoe laces. A queer pain shot through the woman's frame.

"Have they—have they finished with you?" she asked in a voice that was not very firm.

"It's come at last," he said, "but Mr. Mulholland is showing good. I'm to have a pension or three thousand dollars down."

"I always thought he'd do something like that for you, Dave. We shan't be in want with that and what we've saved."

"No," he answered thoughtfully.

And in the next few moments there was silence but for the click of the old clock. David was thinking of their son who so long ago had emigrated to Australia, and from whom they had heard nothing for eight years. No word had ever reached them of the fate that had befallen him, and they rarely referred to the boy, as it only conjured up a vision of his lonely grave. David had more than once said he would like to go to the distant country some time to see if anyone knew what had happened.

"We could afford to go, and have plenty left for the rest of our days," the man added, without looking at his wife.

"But, Dave, we're too old," she replied softly, seeking to lessen the tug at his heart strings.

Her real thought was that he had no idea of the magnitude of the task he was setting himself. She had heard that Australia was such a large place that a man might spend a month going from one part of it to another, and Dick had never stayed in one place long.

"It was Allaguash, wasn't it, that he wrote from last?" he asked, as though the word were not branded on his brain. "I remember looking it up on the map. It's in the west, somewhere."

Finding a needle in a bundle of hay would be child's play to the search in Australia for the grave of Dick Farrant with weeds eight years old growing over it. The woman sighed.

"It's too far for me to go away and leave you," David said. "You'd come, wouldn't you?"

She passed her hand over her brow saying, "I don't see what good we could do, Dave." "Maybe, but we'd be easier in our minds afterwards."

"Ay, if we found any trace of Dick. But we've nothing to guide us, and I guess that if either of us get back safely we'd have cause to repent ever having left this country."

David sat thoughtfully for a few moments.

"You'd never stop me going, Bess?" he asked at last.

"If you feel the call as strong as that," she replied, "you'd better go, and I'll go, too. Perhaps we'll need one another."

The man's hand sought hers, and he stroked it gently. She had stood by him many a time in the hour of need, and he would rather have contemplated her as an escort than a regiment of soldiers. A faraway look had crept into his eyes. He seemed to be seeing straight through the walls, over thousands of miles of ocean waste.

"Then we'll be able to sail soon," he said slowly.

"Yes, in a few months, when the weather gets warmer," she replied.

There was yet hope that David might see the stupendous folly of his mission if the start were delayed long enough.

"Weather makes no difference," he pointed out. "You see, we've got to go to places where it's never cold, and they say it's always pretty hot in Australia. So you see," he added, stealing a quick glance at her, "it's all the same whatever time we start."

Mrs. Farrant dropped a stitch in her knitting, and bent over it to hide the tears that were so hard to keep back. David's whole being seemed wrapped up in the idea of the journey now that the long-sought opportunity had arrived. After all, it was no selfish desire on his part. She, too, would have worked day and night to provide the necessary money, had the project offered some glimmering of hope. But all their days they had kept to their own home, and neither of them knew much of the great outer world.

For some time the old man interested himself in nothing but lists of sailings, accommodation on steamers, routes, and fares. The shipping offices were all very polite in their correspondence, but among them they offered so many alternatives that it was a full week before he was able to arrive at a decision. Then, with a map spread on the table, he pointed out to his wife the seas they were to pass through and the ports their vessel would call at.

With a heart heavy as lead, Mrs. Farrant managed to make some display of enthusiasm, though uneasiness was apparent in her questions.

"I s'pose there aren't any natives—I mean wild ones—at any of these places?" she faltered.

"I never heard of it," said David, with a tinge of anxiety for her well-being. "You see, these ships are always running there, so it must be all right."

"I s'pose so," agreed his wife, more convinced than ever that they were to embark on a desperate and wasted adventure.

He looked up at her, and, eagerly scanning her face, put a hand on each of her shoulders.

"Are you afraid?" he asked bluntly, but there was no reproach in his voice.

If he had been convinced that she was, David would have folded up the map and put the

matter right out of his mind, whatever it might have cost him in the silent watches of the nights to come.

"Me afraid!" she replied with a sad smile. "Have I ever been afraid while I had you? No, Dave, if you go to the end of the earth you can count on me to be there, too. We'll get through right enough, and who knows but what we'll get back just the same as we start?"

"You've only got to say the word, Bess," the man observed, "and I'll have no more to do with it."

"I've told you once, I can't say it any plainer."

David started studying the map again. Everything seemed to have been arranged. There were a few clothes they must get. The boat he had decided on was to sail in three weeks, and he was going to the shipping office the next day to book their passage. Mrs. Farrant slipped from his side.

The man's brows wrinkled. He was wondering how much money they ought to take with them and how it would be safest to carry it. Perhaps Bess had better sew it into the lining of his vest.

"I was just wondering—" he began, turning round.

She must have gone through into the bedroom. He followed, making no sound in his slippers, and then stood as if rooted to the ground. Bess was on her knees. Her voice, low, but full of poignant grief, came to his ears, and he caught the words:

"—if it is Thy will, and I will take care of him while Thou givest me strength. But is there no other way?"

Silently as a shadow David Farrant drew back, leaving his wife to commune with her Maker, before whom she had bared her heart.

"Ay, there is another way," he said aloud. "We're too old to be globe-trottin'. I must have been crazy to think of it."

The man slipped on his shoes. He would go for a walk and, on returning, would break the news gently that he had changed his mind. As he went out of the door the postman passed and gave him a letter.

David's frame shook. There was a difference in the writing, and yet it was unmistakable. The letter was addressed to her, but they had no secrets apart. With trembling fingers he tore the envelope open and read these lines:

"DEAR MOTHER—If all goes well, I shall be back with you a week after you get this. I meant to stop out here until I made my pile, and now I've done it. Tell dad there won't be need for him to do any more work, and I will see you have an easy time for the future, but will you bake me one of those cakes you used to make when I was a kid? Somehow now I'm thinking of home I got a great fancy for one. With love.—DICK."

"Bess, Bess," David cried, stumbling back into the house, torn between the desire to tell the news and to avoid giving her a shock, "there won't—p'r'aps there won't be any cause for us to go to Australia. I shouldn't wonder if, after all, Dick—"

"You mean—you mean you've had a letter," she said quickly, intuition leading her with a rush over the gap. The man put the sheet of paper into her hand, and she fumbled awkwardly for her glasses. All her fingers seemed to be thumbs, but in a moment she was reading her boy's message.

"It was the chocolate flavor he used to like," she said in a choking voice. "P'r'aps they didn't make them my way in Australy. I'll go and get the things now."

David drew the old woman's head down on to his shoulder. He did not take any notice of the tears that were running down her cheeks, for he had a lump in his throat, and his own eyes were wet.

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE AND LIFE

By Kate Anderson

"You've seen the world—
The beauty and the wonder and the power,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!"



THE Bible has helped mankind to reach the highest levels of intellectual and moral achievement. It mixed the colors for Murillo's "Holy Family" and was the inspiration of Raphael's Sistine Madonna.

No picture is better known or more famous than Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper." Only its mouldering remains are visible now on the wall of the refectory of a Dominican convent in Italy. But so many copies of the picture are extant that even after the lapse of centuries we know what the great original was like when its colors were fresh from the hand of the master.

In Michael Angelo's great paintings and sculptures we find Biblical history as the inspiration. The dead Christ on the knees of His mother, the famous statue of Moses, the paintings in the Sistine Chapel—all these attest the influence of the Scripture upon the mind and the heart of genius.

When we think of the French painter, Millet, there is a picture which rises at once before our mental vision. We see two figures in a prosaic potato field, their heads bowed in reverence to the chimes of the Angelus. Millet had power to see spiritual beauty in common things and humble people, and his artistic skill immortalized that beauty in "The Angelus."

The famous composer, Haydn, was the son of simple, pious, laboring people. He always attributed his facility in music to the Deity. While composing his great oratorio, "The Creation," he says that he knelt down every day and prayed God to strengthen him for his work. At the last performance of the great oratorio, Haydn was present. When the sublime passage, "And there was light!" was rendered, the composer arose, pointed upward and said, "It came from thence."

Biblical history also furnished the greatest of his themes to Handel composer of "The Messiah." He always felt as if this oratorio were too sacred to be used merely for making money, and allowed it to be given only for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital and other charitable institutions. Concerning the magnificent Hallelujah Chorus, Handel said: "I thought I saw all Heaven before me."

We find the influence of the Scriptures in Mendelssohn's work, especially in his "Hymn of Praise," in "Paul" and in the grand oratorio of "Elijah."

In this last composition the composer used words taken altogether from the Scriptures, for he said, "The Bible is always the best of all."

The pages of every nation's history declare the fact that it is the God-fearing rulers, the men that know the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, who have always done the most for the elevation of their people.

Oliver Cromwell, the stern advocate of civil and religious liberty, created constitutional government for England. He drew his wisdom, sober-mindedness and magnanimity from the Bible; and though he ruled England with a rod of iron, yet his laws were humane and just.

William Ewart Gladstone, England's "grand old man," never ceased to uplift his voice on behalf of the victims of despotic cruelty in every part of the world. His passionate description of the conditions in the prisons of Naples startled and thrilled the whole civilized world.

It was the influence of a lifelong acquaintance with the Bible that secured Shaftesbury's legislation for factory operatives. Prince Bismarck

used to read a psalm every night. Man of iron and blood though he was, his spirit could still find solace and inspiration in the pages of Scripture. Our own President Lincoln was an attentive and reverent reader of the Bible through his whole life.

It was the influence of the teachings of the Book of books that struck the shackles from the limbs of slaves in the United States; and it was the same resistless power which, working through William Wilberforce and his associates, secured the abolition of the slave trade in England and her colonies.

The Bible took John Howard, the great philanthropist, into the English prisons, that he might see with his own eyes the condition of the miserable inmates. He brought bill after bill before Parliament, wrote books on the subject, and finally succeeded in securing such legislation as made the jails and other houses of detention more suitable for human beings.

It was a Christian inspiration that took Florence Nightingale to nurse the wounded in the Crimea; and now that there is a terrible conflict waging in Europe, the spirit of that heroic woman is still to be found in those who are caring for the wounded there.

The noblest of the world's leaders in war have been God-fearing men who believed and loved the Scriptures. When George Washington and his soldiers, in their encampment at Valley Forge, were enduring the rigors of a severe winter, it was Washington's daily custom to go apart from his men and pray for the success of the American army.

While General Gordon was in Egypt, there was a white handkerchief to be seen fluttering beside the door of the commander's tent for one hour every day. It was a signal which none might disregard—General Gordon was at prayer within.

Innumerable Christian martyrs gave up their lives gladly, because, with an unfaltering reliance upon the promises of the Sacred Book, they believed that death was but the entrance to a radiant immortality.

St. Augustine, St. Bernard and St. Francis of Assisi are active forces in the world to-day. With the Bible as their guide, they devoted themselves to the service of others; and the world is the better to-day because they lived and labored centuries ago.

In literature we find that the Scriptures have influenced the writers of all ages. Milton's work teems with Biblical quotations, allusions and references. His "Paradise Lost" is based upon Old Testament history; and in "Paradise Regained" we are carried to the scene of Christ's temptation in the wilderness. John Bunyan, the inspired tinker of Elstow, wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" with the Bible as its basis. This story of the Christian pilgrim is the delight of both youth and old age. Many people hold this book second only to the Bible.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam" breathes the spirit of the Master when He uttered those immortal words: "In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you." Browning's work is charged with apt Biblical references and allusions.

So it is that the Scriptures have entered indissolubly into all literature and life. The Bible comes home to each of us, with its record of human frailties, its tragedy and its drama. Whoever knows this Book of Books may find medicine for his soul; he has access to the highest wisdom; his thirsty lips may drink of that fountain whose waters are forever springing up into everlasting life.

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Editorial Notes

The Bible Society Centennial

A notable anniversary occurs this month in
the centennial celebration of the organization
of the American Bible Society.

The story of the founding of this beneficent
agency is one of almost romantic interest, for
it carries us back to the early days of our ex-
istence as a nation, and many of the men who
took a prominent part in the organization of
the American Bible Society were also promi-
nent in the affairs of our country. Elias Bou-
dinot, the first president of the society, had
served as president of the National Congress
in 1783, and in this capacity had signed the
treaty of peace with Great Britain after the
Revolutionary War. John Quincy Adams

was one of the society's first vice-presidents,
and among the other distinguished men who
took an active part in its formation were
Samuel J. Mills, Dr. Valentine Mott, Rev. Dr.
Nathaniel W. Taylor, Rev. Gardiner Spring,
Mr. Joseph C. Hornblower, Rev. Dr. Elipha-
let Nott and James Fenimore Cooper.

The convention at which it was decided to
organize the American Bible Society was held
in the Garden Street Dutch Reformed Church
on Wednesday, May 8, 1816. A committee
was appointed to prepare the draft of a con-
stitution for the society and also an address
to the public. Two days later an adjourned
meeting was held, at which the committee
presented its draft of a constitution and an
address to the public, both of which were ap-
proved and adopted. A board of thirty-six
managers was elected in accordance with the
provisions of the constitution, and on May 11,
1816, this board met in the City Hall, which
had just been completed and chose these of-
ficers of the society: Hon. Elias Boudinot,
LL.D., of New Jersey, as president; Hon.
John Jay, LL.D., of New York, and twenty-
two others as vice-presidents; Rev. J. M. Ma-
son, D.D., as secretary for foreign correspon-
dence; Rev. J. B. Romeyn, secretary for do-
mestic correspondence, and Col. Richard Var-
ick, treasurer.

A final step in the founding of the society
was the holding of a ratification meeting in
the "New City Hall," on Monday, May 13,
1816, in which gathering several persons of
note took part, and various resolutions were
adopted in support of the newly-founded or-
ganization.

The primary object in the founding of the
American Bible Society was to provide an
agency by which the Word of God might be
carried all over our own land and especially
into the far West. But the scope of the work
soon became world-wide, and now the society
prosecutes the work of Bible publication and
distribution on five continents and in over 150
different languages. It has nine home agen-
cies and twelve foreign agencies. It has nine
printing centers scattered all over the world
from the Bible House in New York to Bang-
kok, Siam. Its total issues up to date have
been 109,962,214 volumes.

The officers and members of the American
Bible Society are to be congratulated most
heartily on the splendid showing that has been
made during the one hundred years of its ex-
istence. The circulation of the Word of God
without note or comment has been an ines-
timable service to the Church of Christ and
has contributed immeasurably to the progress
of the Kingdom.

The American Tract Society, which has
now entered upon the last decade of the first
hundred years of its own existence, extends
most cordial greetings to its sister society
upon this centennial occasion. Between the
two societies there has always existed the
most cordial relations, and they are linked to-
gether by many common ties. May the use-
fulness of the American Bible Society be in-
creasingly multiplied and may its efforts to
spread the Word of God be rewarded with
ever enlarging success until the whole earth
shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.

Ninety-first Anniversary of the American Tract Society

The ninety-first anniversary of the Amer-
ican Tract Society will be held in the Mar-
ble Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-
ninth street, New York City, on Wednesday,
May 10, 1916, at 4 p. m.

A report of the year's work will be pre-
sented by the General Secretary, Rev. Judson
Swift, D.D., and officers for the coming year
will be elected. Mr. William Phillips Hall,
president of the society, will preside.

The evening session will begin at 8 o'clock,
and will be addressed by Mr. Harry Wade
Hicks, General Secretary of the Missionary
Education Movement, on "Outstanding Fea-
tures of the Program of Christian Work in
Latin America," and Rev. Henry J. Scudder,
for eighteen years a missionary in India under
the Foreign Mission Board of the Reformed
Church in America, on "The Claims of India."

The National Exhibit of Religious Forces

Under the leadership of Mr. Guy B. St.
John, the National Exhibit of Religious
Forces has been displayed in various cities of
the West with encouraging results. The ex-
hibit made a strong impression in Seattle and
Tacoma, Wash., and the press reports stated
that the American Tract Society's section of
the exhibit proved of considerable interest.

The scope of this National Exhibit of Reli-
gious Forces has been broadened, and it has
served to emphasize the need of social service
and of applied Christianity, wherever it has
gone. An added feature is the Palestine
Pageant, which has served to present in real-
istic fashion scenes from the Holy Land.

An Ambassador's Tribute to Missions

Hon. Henry Morgenthau, the American
Ambassador to Turkey, has had the oppor-
tunity of inspecting the work of the Christian
missionaries in Turkey at close range under
the most trying circumstances. He has thus
expressed his judgment concerning the value
of the missionary enterprise:

"A residence of over two years in Turkey
has given me the best possible opportunity to
see the work of the American missionaries
and to know the workers intimately.

"Without hesitation I declare my high opin-
ion of their keen insight into the real needs
of the people of Turkey. The missionaries
have the right idea. They go straight to the
foundations and provide those intellectual,
physical, moral and religious benefits upon
which alone any true civilization can be built.
The missionaries are the devoted friends of
the people of Turkey and they are my friends.
They are brave, intelligent and unselfish men
and women. I have come to respect all and
love many of them.

"As an American citizen I have been proud of
them. As an American Ambassador to Tur-
key I have been delighted to help them."

Ambassador Morgenthau has shown his ap-
proval of Christian missions not only by his
words of commendation, but by his active
service in behalf of the important missionary
interests that are centred in Turkey. At a
clergymen's luncheon recently tendered to
him in New York City under the auspices of
the Clerical Conference of the New York Fed-
eration of Churches, the highest tributes were
paid to his zeal and efficiency.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

MAY 7.

The Consecration of Talents

Matthew 25:14-30.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. May 1. The teaching talent. 1 Tim. 4:6-16.
T. May 2. The witnessing talent. 1 Cor. 9:16-27.
W. May 3. Varying talents. 1 Pet. 4:7-11.
T. May 4. Trade talents. Exod. 31:1-11.
F. May 5. Consecrated gold. 1 Tim. 6:17-21.
S. May 6. Entire consecration. 1 Thess. 5:23, 24.

In previous months during this year we have considered the consecration of influence, strength, and time. We come now to a very vital subject, which concerns every Christian, for it is the plain inference of the Master's parable that every one is entrusted with at least one talent.

Special Talents to be Used for God

Many men and women in this world are gifted with what may be called special talents. One has a talent for speaking, another a talent for music, another a talent for art, and so on. Some are gifted as teachers, some are skilful with the needle, some are adept in the use of languages, and some have a genius for mechanics. The variety of talents with which men and women are endowed is almost endless, but whatever the special talent that we possess, let us remember that it is our duty and privilege so to use it as to advance the Kingdom of God.

The Master calls to His service all kinds and conditions of men, and there is a place in His Kingdom for the wealthiest and the most cultured as well as for the poorest and humblest. The one condition is that we show our allegiance to Christ by the consecration of whatever talent we have.

Ordinary Talents Not to be Despised

The world is full of "one talent" men and women. Yet the possession of but a single talent is no excuse for inactivity in the Master's Kingdom. And no matter how ordinary or commonplace our talent may be, we are required to use it so as to honor our Lord and Maker.

The world's work would never be done unless the men of ordinary talent did their share. So in the Kingdom of God the great bulk of the work must be done by those to whom has been entrusted but a single talent.

The Penalty for Misusing Our Talents

The talents that we possess may be used for good or for evil. God calls us to use every talent to His honor and glory, but it is a solemn fact that the best of talents may be prostituted to the worst of ends. An orator may use his talent to exalt the good or "to make the worse appear the better reason." Music may be used in the worship of God or it may be employed in the gilded haunts of vice.

The misuse of the talents that God has given us brings its own punishment. Sorrow and remorse are the portion of those who use for wicked ends the God-given talents with which they might bring rich blessing into the lives of others.

Simply to fail to use our talent is a sin in the eyes of God. The man who buried his talent in the ground and thus neglected to put it to use was most severely condemned and doomed to punishment of unutterable woe.

"I have no talent for it," is often given as an excuse for not undertaking some form of Christian service. But, as has been well remarked, this is a valid reason for not undertaking a task only if we know what our talents are, and are using them faithfully and fully.

The Reward of Fidelity

The crowning truth in our lesson is the assurance of rich reward which is given to those who fully consecrate all their talents to the service of the Master. Those who are faithful in the use of a few things will be given the direction of many things, and they shall be privileged to enter into the eternal joy of their Lord.

MAY 14

What Does Christ Want Us to Do?

John 15:12-16

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. May 8. To follow Him. Matt. 4:18-23.
T. May 9. To love Him. John 21:15-17.
W. May 10. To witness for Him. Matt. 10:32, 33.
T. May 11. To love men. Gal. 5:13.
F. May 12. To shine. Matt. 5:14-16.
S. May 13. To serve Him. John 12:26.

It is suggested that this topic be used for a union meeting with the Junior Society. It is eminently suitable for this purpose, since the wording is such as to be understood by the youngest child, while the question which it raises is one that applies to both old and young alike.

To specify all the things that Christ wants us to do is not practicable within the limits of our space. We can set forth simply a few of the many things that the Master may rightfully expect of His followers.

The Supreme Requirement

The supreme duty of every human being is to love God. This is the first thing which Christ wants us to do. In loving God we also love Christ, for Christ and God are one. We cannot please God unless our hearts are filled with love to Him who first loved us.

If we love God, then it will not be hard for us to do what God wants us to do. Love is the mainspring of action, and if our hearts are full of devotion to Christ, then we shall take pleasure in doing the things that He wants.

Our Relation to Our Neighbor

Life consists largely in the adjustment of our relations to God and our fellow-man. Christ has made very plain what our relation should be to our fellow-man, for He said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This gives us a principle of action that covers the whole range of our duties to our brother man, and constitutes an acid test for all our relations to those about us.

If we adopt this as our rule of action we do not need a list of specific things which Christ would like to have us do, for love will constrain us to do the things that we ought to do for our neighbor, and to refrain from the things that we ought not to do.

Practical Christian Duties

There are a great many things that Christ would have us do, which are included under the heading of practical Christian duties. This means to visit the sick, to care for the widow and the orphan, to comfort the sorrowing, to succor the poor, to support the church, to sustain all good works, and to guard and cherish the home. It means numberless other ways of promoting the advance of the Kingdom of God which need not be enumerated here, but which will suggest themselves to us all, if we simply give the matter careful thought.

The Fruit of Our Labors

The most rewarding work in this world is to do the things that Christ wants us to do. Sometimes it may seem very hard to do the things that we know we ought to do, but there is no peace so satisfying as the peace that comes from the consciousness of having done our duty in accordance with the will of Christ.

If we do the things that Christ wants us to do, we may not accumulate earthly riches, we may not have the comforts and the luxuries of this world, but we will have something far better, and that is the Master's approval and the divine benediction that rests upon those who seek to do His will.

The Best Guide to Conduct

If the question is asked, how may we know definitely just what Christ wants us to do, the answer is this, that in the New Testament we may find just what He requires of us. The Bible is the best guide to conduct, because it is the revelation of the divine will.

MAY 21

The Blessings of Peace, and How to Get Them

John 14:27

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. May 15. Peace with God. Rom. 5:1-10.
T. May 16. Peace of God. Phil. 4:6, 7.
W. May 17. Peace with men. Heb. 12:14.
T. May 18. Peace and prosperity. Isa. 11:1-10.
F. May 19. War and waste. Joel 2:1-14.
S. May 20. Unselfishness the way. Matt. 20:25-28.

Our topic brings before us a large and an attractive theme. With the greater part of the world at war, the subject of peace has a vital significance for every country and especially for those nations that are still at peace.

In discussing our subject it is desirable for us to understand just what is meant by the word peace. Sometimes there is an ignoble significance attached to the word, as when we speak of a "peace-at-any-price" man. So let us understand that the peace of which we are now to study is a noble peace. It means the peace which goes hand in hand with righteousness, is entirely free from the taint of cowardice and is beyond reproach.

We may consider first the peace which belongs to the individual. This is the tranquility of soul that comes to the man or woman whose soul is in harmony with God. Then there is the peace which is a characteristic of every desirable community—that condition of friendliness between neighbors which makes life pleasant and comfortable for all those who dwell in any given locality. Again there is the peace which belongs to a nation which is free from internal disturbances or from external wars. Finally there is the world peace, of which we dream so fondly, but which at the present moment seems so far from actual realization.

The Benefits of Peace

Peace and prosperity usually go hand in hand. Peace allows the development and growth of what is best in life, while war brings death and destruction. Peace promotes commerce, it builds up industry, and it stimulates those arts and sciences which contribute to human comfort and happiness.

The blessings of peace are manifold and rich. Nevertheless there are perils in peace as well as in war. For peace sometimes enervates and weakens; sometimes it obscures the vision, and makes us feel that inaction is desirable, when in reality, what is needed is strong and vigorous assertion of the right.

The Promotion of Peace

Christ is the Prince of Peace, and His followers should do all in their power to promote peace. In the first place, they should follow the injunction of the Apostle to live peaceably as far as possible with all men. A Christian community should certainly be a peaceful community.

In the second place Christians should do all that they possibly can to maintain peace between the nations of the world. Opinions may vary as to the concrete steps which should be taken to attain this end. But surely there can be no question as to the fact that it is the duty of Christians to strive to promote and preserve peace between the nations of the world.

One way in which to promote peace is to cultivate what may be called the international spirit, that is the spirit which subordinates a selfish nationalism to the claims of an altruistic humanity that knows no distinction of race or country, the spirit that recognizes the fact that humanity is one, and that the man in India, China, Japan, or Russia is just as much our neighbor as the man who lives next door.

The best way to promote peace is by spreading the Gospel of Christ and by endeavoring to persuade men to live up to the teachings of Him who said, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you."

MAY 28.

How Missions Are Blessing the World

Ezekiel 47:1-12

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. May 22. Light-bringers. 2 Cor. 4:1-7.
T. May 23. Educational blessings. Prov. 22:17-29.
W. May 24. Changing lives. Acts 8:5-8.
T. May 25. Making men brothers. Eph. 2:11-22.
F. May 26. Planting spiritual ideals. Rom. 8:1-14.
S. May 27. Creating happy homes. Luke 10:38-42.

It is suggested that this topic be used for a foreign-missionary meeting. It would not be inappropriate, however, to include a consideration of the blessings which follow in the train of home missions as well as foreign missions. Indeed, the distinction between home and foreign missions is largely technical and oftentimes purely arbitrary, and it is only for the sake of convenience that it is worth while to make the distinction.

Uplifting Civilization

Missions are the greatest civilizing force in the world. Where missionaries go, there barbarity disappears. The heathen savage, when he becomes a Christian is no longer a savage, but a civilized being.

Therefore we may say that the introduction of Christianity brings with it whatever of blessing there is in our modern civilization.

The work of Christian missions promotes the spread of commerce, and brings to hitherto isolated peoples the comforts and luxuries which may be had only through the avenues of commerce.

Elevating the Standards of Living

Missions result in elevating the standards of living. Medical missions bring to ignorant and uncultured people new light on the subject of health, and give to dying races a new lease of life.

Educational missions bring enlightenment to those living in ignorance and superstition. Schools, academies, colleges and seminaries spring up where missionaries go, and tribes that have been unable to read or write are taught the mysteries of written language. In the case of some savage tribes it is necessary first to reduce the spoken language to writing before the natives can be taught how to read or write.

Industrial missions teach useful occupations to those who are living in idleness and who are ignorant of the modern methods of carrying on agriculture and other industrial pursuits.

Blessing the Home

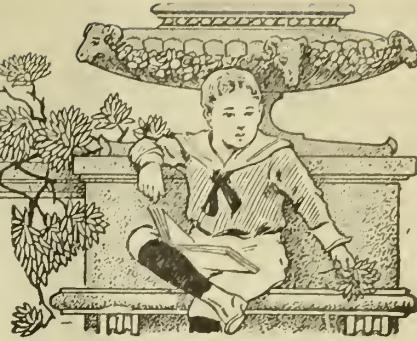
The home is the pivotal point of all human civilization. Missionary work brings to the home a purifying, uplifting and ennobling influence, such as is unknown outside the pale of Christianity. The teachings of the Gospel of Christ strengthen the marriage tie, and promote between parent and child and brother and sister those relations which are most productive of true happiness.

The Spirit of True Liberty

Where Christian Missions go, there freedom flourishes. It has ever been the office of Christianity to break the fetters of the slave and to set the captive free. Slowly but surely the leaven of Christianity works its way, and it is safe to say that the freest of nations in the world are those that have most thoroughly assimilated the teachings of Christ.

We are living in a missionary age, and yet the progress of the missionary enterprise is far from what it ought to be. Let us seek for such a baptism of the Holy Spirit that we shall be set on fire with missionary zeal. Let us ask ourselves what is our personal duty in this matter, and then when we have received divine illumination let us consecrate ourselves and all that we have to the promotion of the missionary cause.

Our Little Folks



"Be Kind to Animals" Week

It has been suggested that the third week in May (May 15-21, 1916), be observed as a "Be Kind to Animals Week." This is a splendid idea, and we trust that all our little folks will remember this suggestion, and join with all the bands of mercy and humane societies in some special acts of kindness toward dumb animals during that week.

The Bible teaches us to be kind to animals, and we should do all in our power to make life pleasant for them.

There is really a great deal more pleasure to be had in treating animals kindly than in annoying and ill-treating them. The little boy, who appears in the picture before us is surely getting far more pleasure from his pet hen by treating her kindly than if he were chasing her all around and making her afraid to come anywhere near him.

Boys and girls, let us treat all the creatures that God has made with the utmost kindness, and we shall find that our kindness will be more than repaid. Dumb animals have a way of showing their appreciation of any kindness that they receive, and the more kindly they are handled, the more gentle and affectionate they become. And when once they become our friends, they are as staunch and true as any friends that we can make in this world.

Aunt Joan's Sunshine Recipe

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

OH, how it did rain! Judith wondered if the drops could possibly come down faster if they tried. They came so fast now that they fairly ran into each other. And the street! why, it was a complete sheet of water.

But you couldn't wade to a party, even if it was only a block away. Judith swallowed a sob as she thought of the pretty blue dress that her mother had taken such pains to finish, but the sob burst its bounds.

"Come here, Girlie!"

The voice came from the low rocker beside the cheerful log fire, the place Aunt Joan loved when the days were a little cool—poor Aunt Joan who never walked about much because of her twisted foot.

Judith turned slowly and shuffled toward the rocker and Aunt Joan. Somehow, to-day she felt more like pouting than she did like smiling, as she knew Aunt Joan always liked to see her.

"How happy the flowers must be to-day," Aunt Joan said, drawing Judith gently to her.

"Huh! heeps happy, if they like to swim," was the petulant answer.

"But think how thirsty they must have been during all these long dry weeks. And how brave they have been, too! holding up their heads and smiling as brightly as if their poor roots had not for days and days been crying for water."

"Well, I know all about that, Aunt Joan, but one more day wouldn't have made so very much difference. And parties can't wait; they have to come off the day they are set." Judith had wriggled herself free from Aunt Joan's arm, and the smile that had started on her face didn't stay.

"But other parties come right along, Dear, and—I wonder how it would

seem never to go to another party—to you, I mean."

"Oh, perfectly dreadful, Aunt Joan!" Judith's brow became a perfect network of wrinkles at the thought. Never to go to another party in all her life! "Why, Aunt Joan, I b'lieve I'd rather die! Do you s'p'ose anyone ever had to —not go to a party ever again, after having once been to one, I mean?"

Aunt Joan looked down at the little misshapen foot that peeped from beneath her own dress, and a shadow flitted across the face that usually was so sunny.

"I used to like to go to parties as well as you do, Judith, but I had to give it up when I was no older than you are."

"Oh, Aunt Joan, how dreadful it must have been for you," Judith replied in a pitying tone.

flowers up so that I'll have enough to carry to Julie Youngstrom. There isn't a flower in her yard—I noticed it as I passed by yesterday. Poor Julie! she has been sick so long, and she is so patient. If I hadn't been kept home from the party by the rain I never should have thought of it. I wonder if that is what Aunt Joan meant by 'making our own sunshine.' I really believe it's about as good as going to a party!" she suddenly exploded with a gleeful little laugh.

"What! has it stopped raining, already?" Aunt Joan queried.

"Why, I really haven't noticed, Auntie. I've been trying to find a way to make sunshine after your recipe, and I haven't been thinking much about the weather," Judith responded, with a happy smile.



THE PET HEN

"Just at first, Dear; but I soon discovered that we can all learn to make our own sunshine, if we try."

"Not when it's raining like this, I reckon," Judith asserted.

"Yes, even when it is raining like this. Didn't I tell you that the flowers were enjoying this downpour? The very things that are causing us unhappiness are often the ones that are making other people happy. And so I have learned to look about and see if I cannot find someone who is enjoying the very conditions I dislike; and I generally do."

Judith's face remained thoughtful even after she had returned to the window. Her mind had wandered from the rain-washed streets and the party which she had thus been prevented from attending.

"Perhaps this rain will freshen the

Clara's Mistake

BY ROBERT LEE CAMPBELL.

OSusie, come here," exclaimed Clara, "and I will show you the funniest thing that you ever saw." And the little girl's peals of laughter rang throughout the big house.

But when Susie reached the window the sight which met her eyes was anything but funny. For what she saw was a very old man who was tottering under the heavy load he was carrying, and who was attempting to pick his way through the deep snow which had fallen the night before. He had a long white beard and the clothing which he wore was in strings and tatters.

Presently a gang of boys came by on their way to school, and when they saw

the old man they began to pelt him with snowballs. Just then a snowball which was as hard as ice struck the old man and knocked his shabby hat from his head. A shout now went up from the boys and Clara danced about the room in high glee.

The old man was now forced to drop the heavy bag he was carrying in order to ward off the attack of the youngsters. But soon they renewed their attack with vigor and from her window Clara cheered them on. But Susie could stand the sight no longer. So seizing her cap she rushed out into the street and was soon chiding the boys for their mischief.

At the approach of the girl the boys checked their attack for a moment. But presently they began to pelt the old man as furiously as ever. Discovering that the boys were not going to heed her entreaties the girl now rushed in between them and the object of their attack. They now threatened to snowball her if she did not get out of the way, but upon discovering that the girl was determined to protect the old fellow they soon scampered away.

As soon as the boys were far enough away so they could not renew their attack upon the stranger, the little girl went for the old man's hat and when it was again placed upon his head she assisted him to shoulder his heavy burden. She then led the way to their own front gate and then up the path to the house.

When Clara discovered that the old man was actually coming into the house she ran to her mother's side and begged that the ragged old man be not allowed to enter. But just then Susie rushed into the room and said: "Oh mother, see this poor old man! He is cold and hungry and the boys have treated him so badly. We must give him something to eat and some warmer clothing."

But while the little girl had been speaking, the old man had been mysteriously removing his long white beard, so when Susie again looked around what was her surprise and delight to see that the poor old stranger had been mysteriously transformed into the very image of her own dear father. She now uttered a cry of delight and then sprang into his arms.

Mrs. Townsend had recognized the man almost as quickly as had her daughter and so she, too, rushed into his arms. And after a moment the man in his delight looked around for his other little girl, but she had ran away and hidden herself. She was so ashamed of her actions. For after she had been so rude to one whom she supposed to be a poor old stranger, how was she to face that man now even though he be her own dear father? But Mr. Townsend soon called her out from her hiding place and forgave her her rudeness. But he said that he was sorry to think that his own little girl would be so rude, even to a poor old stranger.

The heavy load which he had carried contained some beautiful and costly presents for Mrs. Townsend and the children. But although Clara's rude acts towards the supposed poor old man were now forgiven, do you suppose that she enjoyed those presents as did Susie?

The Lesson of the Flowers

Every flower has its own lesson to teach us, as someone has wisely said. The lily teaches us purity; the violet, modesty; the cactus, triumph over difficulties; the sweet pea, grace; the nasturtium, cheerfulness. If we want to learn the lesson of any flower we must do what Jesus says—"Consider."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Out of the Depths

By John T. Faris, D.D.

IN a little room in the South lived two young men who were the despair of the friends of law and order. They had been given the best opportunity to advance, but they had despised it. Both had been sent to college, but one was dropped almost at once, while the other was sent home after a profligate career of four months. He was sent later to three other schools, but was expelled from all of them.

Finally both men became drunkards and gamblers, and were guilty of so many other immoralities that their names were not mentioned by many who had formerly been their friends.

But there were three people in the town who felt that the two young men were not beyond hope—a young student for the ministry, who was about to enter the theological seminary, and his two sisters.

The sisters were members of an Intercessory Circle, which had been organized by the student for the ministry. At one of their meetings lists of individuals in the town for whom daily prayer was to be offered were made by the girls. The names of the two young men were placed on these lists. Both young women made them subjects of prayer, while their brother united with them in the service of intercession.

Answer to the prayer was delayed, and personal appeals were fruitless.

One day the student for the ministry found one of the young men lying, drunk, on the baseball field. He took the man to his own home and kept him there till he came to himself; then he let him go, but not until he had said to him as much as he thought was wise. The young man would not encourage the friend who pleaded with him, but from that time it was apparent that he was glad someone was interested in him.

A few months later both the student for the ministry and the other young man had typhoid fever. Knowledge of their common affliction brought them near together.

When the student for the ministry was recovering he sent for the young man whom he had taken from the ball field and asked him to read aloud in the sick room. This the man was glad to do, for he had no work at the time; in fact, no one would have given him work, even if he had wanted to work.

The appeals made in the sick-room to the reckless reader seemed to be without result, and the message sent to the second fever patient seemed as useless. Within a short time both young men were, apparently, as reckless as ever.

Of course, there were many in the town who felt that the student was wasting his time on the young men. But he did not give up.

Two weeks before Christmas he went to see the man who had been sick and appealed to him to give up his bad habits and yield his heart to Christ. After listening to him for some time the young man said:

"I guess I might as well; you won't let me alone until I do."

Yet a week later the convert was among his former companions, planning with them for a great holiday spree. These plans were given up in response to the entreaty of his student friend.

Realizing that something more must be done, the student talked with his sisters about the young men. They made a plan. Knowing that both men could sing, they planned a quartet which should practise at the home of the three personal workers.

As they practised together there was opportunity for fervent appeals to live

an earnest Christian life. These seemed to be effective, and the young men resolved to be Christians.

Then the brother went away and the two converts yielded to the entreaties and the sneers of their former companions and began to frequent a low pool room which was opened in the town just at that time.

The sisters prayed for the young men, and sent word to their brother of their new anxiety. The brother telegraphed one of the young men that he had the utmost faith in him, and wrote to the other a strong letter in which he reminded him that, having had a taste of the new life, he could not go back into the old careless ways.

Then the sisters sought the young men and talked with them. Again they announced their purpose to be Christians.

This time there was no going back. When the brother returned they were led by him to take part in a series of meetings conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association at a neighboring town. Both young men did earnest and effective personal work among the mill boys. This developed and strengthened them.

Later some of the men of the town went to different parts of the county to hold meetings for testimony. One of the young converts talked at each meeting on Bible study and prayer, which had become already a large part of his life. The other young man told of his former life and of his conversion, and spoke of the four great purposes in his life, one of which was to bring men to Christ.

Recently the latter young man, who has a brilliant mind in spite of his former abuse of his mental powers, went to a State educational institution as a teacher of history and mathematics. There he is proving a power for righteousness among the students, doing personal work among them wherever he can find an opening. He conducts chapel exercises in the school, and when the man at whose house he boards is absent, he asks the blessing at the table and conducts family worship.

The second young man left at about the same time for a large city five hundred miles from his home, where he found work, made himself known at a downtown mission and a near-by Sunday School, and began to do such work with individuals as had been blessed by God to his own salvation.

Learning to Omit

BY REV. JOHN EDWARD STONE.

We are constantly confronted by situations that demand of us the making of a choice. We have the privilege of choosing, but we must choose—we cannot have all things, some things must be omitted. Our first parents were not permitted to eat of every tree of the garden. So we must choose among life's fruits.

The greatness and complexity of life makes choosing a necessity. Many persons are like a child in a toy shop with money enough to purchase but one toy. To choose from the many becomes difficult. Life is big with possibilities—all things cannot be touched or possessed. All the professions are before the boy, but he cannot choose them all—he must confine himself to one. This is the day of specializing. Men see the necessity of choosing some one thing and focusing all their energies on that one thing. St. Paul was a specialist. "This one thing I do."

The necessity of choosing arises from the fact that some things are of more value to us than are others. We must

learn to omit. One who is able to omit wisely has made much progress. Many good things must be omitted. At the Winona Bible conference several years ago we found the program for a certain hour included four simultaneous meetings presided over by specialists. All were good. It became necessary to omit three of those splendid meetings. A book agent recently pressed his claim by saying the book was a good one. "But," we replied, "there are many good books we cannot get." The principle applies to every sphere of life. Some good things must be omitted.

A man is known by what he omits. His omissions are revelations. What a man casts aside he counts of less value to him than something else. What a revelation if we omit the best things! Some persons omit the weighty things of life and choose the trivial things. The Scribes and Pharisees failed in this respect. They paid a tithe of mint and anise, and cummin, and omitted the weightier matters of the law. The times called for men of broad views, high purposes and noble aspirations, but they were busy looking after minute details. They were like the man who couldn't see the town for the houses. They made much of the letter which killeth and overlooked the spirit which giveth life.

There are those who omit the best things. Some deliberately choose to be amused with puffs and ruffles and bonds and stocks. One becoming busy with other things may omit the chief thing. In I Kings the story is told of a man whose chief business was to guard an important prisoner. Becoming busy with other things, the guard allowed the prisoner to escape. Trembling, the guard stood before his master and had to say, "While thy servant was busy here and there the man was gone."

Boswell once asked Dr. Johnson, "Pray, sir, did you ever play on any musical instrument?" Dr. Johnson replied, "No, sir; had I learned to fiddle, I should have done nothing else." An undue attention to small matters disqualifies us for a proper consideration of more important things.

We need to exercise the art of omission. We should omit the trivial. Some things which seem so important to us now will have but little value in years to come. We should omit all that leaves a mark or stain on life. Omit all that doesn't widen our horizon and enlarge our vision. Omit all that injures others. Life's business is not "to get on, but to get up." Omit sin. But do not omit the Christ. May the Lord enlarge our scope of vision that we may see and choose the larger and better things.

—EXCHANGE.

The Wall of Ingratitude

A rich girl who received many begging letters and was pursued by those who wanted help said after a year's experience: "I want to help the poor, but they are so ungrateful. I have not yet found a grateful person."

"How many grateful persons did Christ find?" asked the woman to whom she complained. "Yet He went on doing good and loving mankind. He did not let even the wall of ingratitude stand in His way."

Many Christians never get across that wall. They come to it, and it discourages them so about human nature that they stop loving others; it is not hard to stop, especially for the beginner in Christian love. But the disciple ought to follow the Master, and Christ never stopped for ingratitude. He went on and laid down His life for a world that sought to crucify Him; and that undying, illimitable love has drawn men irresistibly to Him.

A Word of Appreciation

A lady in Virginia writes to the Editor of this paper as follows:

"I wish to express my appreciation of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I have found it a great comfort. I really don't know what I would do without it. I have been subscribing for it for the last five years, and it is a very welcome visitor in my home every month."

A Popular Camera as a Premium



This camera is called "THE PREMO JR., MODEL B"—it is a well made, substantial and reliable camera in every respect.

Before leaving the factory, this camera has to stand the rigid tests which are applied to all cameras made by the Eastman Kodak Company, so as to guarantee that each camera will perform the work for which it is intended.

This camera loads and unloads in daylight with the Premo Film Pack of 12 exposures. It makes pictures 2¼ by 3¼ inches in size, and the negatives are of such quality that excellent enlargements can be made from them.

The instrument is fitted with an automatic shutter, which may be used for both time and snap-shot exposures, and it has the best grade of single achromatic lens that can be obtained. It has two finders, one for vertical, the other for horizontal pictures; in fact, it is as well equipped a camera as could be wished for in the box type. It will produce first-class results in all ordinary amateur photographic work, such as snap-shots in good light, time exposures, home portraits, landscape and street photography, and the like.

This camera is unusually easy to load and operate. A complete book of instructions is included with each one, and even a school-boy who never had a camera in his hands before can make good pictures with the "MODEL B, PREMO JUNIOR" within half an hour after receiving the camera.

This is the time of year when nature presents many beautiful bits of scenery that one would like to preserve. Here a splendid opportunity is offered to obtain a perfect camera for just this purpose.

We will give the camera, with one Premo Film Pack of 12 exposures, for only Eight Yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at fifty Cents each, or we will give the camera and a pack of 12 films with a year's subscription to the paper for \$2.40.

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NEW YORK CITY

IN THE MISSION FIELDS

An Interesting Scene in Japan

The picture which appears on this page is reproduced from a photograph sent to the American Tract Society by Mr. George Braithwaite, Secretary of the Japan Book and Tract Society, whose headquarters are in Tokyo.

This picture is interesting because of the glimpse which it gives us into one of the beautiful pleasure resorts of Tokyo.

Hibiya Park is of comparatively recent origin, but it is one of the most popular recreation centers of the city of Tokyo. Among other attractions this park has a large aviary, and in the picture before us we see the people looking at the cranes, one of which is seen quite conspicuously by its white feathers at the left of the picture.

A still more interesting feature of this picture is the glimpse that it gives us of one of the missionary colporters of the Japan Book and Tract Society who is distributing Christian literature to the people, some of whom may be seen holding in their hands the books that they have received.



THE AVIARY IN HIBIYA PARK, TOKYO, JAPAN.

Books for the Kafirs

A foreign cash appropriation was recently sent by the American Tract Society to the South Africa General Mission, of which Rev. Andrew Murray, D.D., is President. In connection with this Mission there is an American Home Council, the President of which is Mr. William Phillips Hall.

A letter from Mrs. Emily Green tells how the cash appropriation was used for the advancement of the Kingdom among the Kafirs. Mrs. Green has directed her letter to the American Tract Society, and she says:

"I am writing on behalf of our people to thank you warmly for your generous gift, which enables us to start a lending library of Kafir books for the use of our Christian people. With the exception of the evangelists and one or two others, they have all been converted from heathenism within the last twenty years, and hardly one of them possesses any literature in the vernacular except a Bible and hymnbook.

"Not very long ago a young man, who is a cripple and often ailing, asked as he returned the Kafir Pilgrim's Progress which we had lent him, 'Have you no more Kafir books?' and we were so sorry to be obliged to say, 'No.' But now we are able to give him a different answer, thanks to your kindness.

"Unfortunately there are not many Kafir books to be bought, but perhaps you may be interested to hear what we have now purchased with your gift and the use we want to put them to. For the help of the preachers and some of the more advanced of the young people, we have one or two copies of Arthur's 'Tongues of Fire,' and a book of simple outlines of Christian doctrine called 'The Preacher's Friend,' as well as a selection of Wesley's Sermons. For more general use we have several copies of 'Pilgrim's Progress' and a small book called 'The Way of Life,' which is much liked and puts the way of salvation very clearly. Then we are buying several copies of 'Peep of Day' and a Kafir book of Old Testament Stories, fully illustrated, written by a veteran. These with a simple little book, 'The Angel's Message,' compiled by Dr. Stewart of Lovedale and a native helper, we intend to lend to Christian parents, encouraging them to read them to their little ones at home. Many of the Christian mothers cannot read, but there is nearly always in the Christian home a child who has learned to read at school, and it will be a very great step in advance if we can persuade the Christian parents to attend themselves to the religious education of the little ones, rather than trusting entirely to the missionaries and teachers.

"This is a line of work which I have long wished to undertake, but until your gift came it was not practicable. Our last purchase for the present has been a 'Health Reader.' We expect this book to work indirectly for the spiritual good of the people. It is written especially for the natives by Dr. MacVicar of the Lovedale Institute, and we feel strongly that simple teaching on the causes, prevention and cure of disease will do much, with God's blessing, to destroy the superstitions about disease and the lingering faith in witchcraft, which die hard in some, even of the Christians."

A Union Medical Mission College for China

The Board of Trustees of the Peking Union Medical College have organized and laid out comprehensive plans for the development in North China of a Christian medical college of a grade second to none anywhere in the world. This is but a part of the far-reaching plan of the Rockefeller China Medical Board to develop medical missions in China, the work being financed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

The trustees of the Peking Union Medical College consist of thirteen men, six of whom are appointed, one each, by the six co-operating missions with work in Peking, and seven appointed by the China Medical Board. Three of the missionary societies are English and three American, namely, the London Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Medical Missionary Association of London, the Presbyterian and the Methodist Missionary Boards and the American Board. As the China Medical Board appointed John R. Mott as one of its seven members, direct missionary interests have seven out of thirteen votes, although other representatives of that Board have been from the beginning most emphatic in their declaration of purpose to make this medical college a vital missionary agency.

The Board is organized with Dr. Mott as chairman and Dr. J. L. Barton vice-chairman. Secretary North of the Methodist Board and Secretary Brown of the Presbyterian Board are members of the Executive Committee.

In an official declaration of the China Medical Board of principles under which the mission boards have appointed representatives upon the College Board, the following statement is made:

"The object of this college shall be to establish and conduct with the present plant, as a nucleus, a completely efficient medical college which shall work in cor-

dial and sympathetic co-operation with the missionary societies and be a distinctive contribution to missionary endeavor."

In preparation for the medical college the China Medical Board has purchased from the London Missionary Society its entire medical and missionary plant in that section of the city of Peking and is now seeking to secure other adjacent properties. New buildings will be erected and preparation made for receiving the first regular class under the new administration in the fall of 1917. In the meantime, the 150 students now enrolled will be provided for partly in the present college and partly in other mission medical colleges in North China. As soon as the Board can secure the new head of the college, the other members of the staff will be engaged as rapidly as may be.

The plan includes the highest possible instruction in all departments of medicine under the best experts to be found in Europe and America. Close co-operative relations will be maintained between this great central plant and the mission hospitals in North China. It will represent to these and to the Chinese people and the government the best that can be achieved in modern medical science and practice.

A similar college is contemplated at Shanghai which will serve the Yangtze Valley and adjacent districts. This college is not yet under way, but negotiations are in progress.

While medical missions have exercised commanding influence in all mission countries and in none more so than in China, the fact remains that they have been most inadequately manned and miserably supported. It is a marvel that they have been as effective as they have been when we recall that in few hospitals have there been more than one Western physician and in many no Western trained nurse and that their allowances from home for supplies and equipment have been miserably meager. Besides, the physician in charge has seldom been able to give his entire time or strength to his medical work, but has been compelled to devote much attention to other mission matters.

The China Medical Board is undertaking to finance the second missionary physician for the hospitals in North China, while creating and maintaining the central medical plant which will surpass not only any and all missionary schools and plants, but any established anywhere in the East. Such an institution will become a powerful witness for the surpassing superiority of Christianity.

New Publications in India

Among the foreign mission stations that are aided by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society is the Punjab Mission of the Presbyterian Church. The literary work of this Mission is carried on at the Ludhiana Station, and Rev. E. M. Wherry, D.D., is in charge of this branch of its activities. In a recent letter to the General Secretary of the American Tract Society, Dr. Wherry writes:

"I am sending by this mail sample copies of five new books published by the aid of the American Tract Society in Persian Urdu. These are translations of the five books reported last year as having been published in the Punjabi language and the Gurmukhi character. They are entitled, 'Question Books on the Four Gospels and Acts.' They are intended to aid in the great work of giving Bible instruction to the multitude of the illiterate classes now crowding into the visible church in this province.

"A glance at the statistical sheet in the Punjab Mission Report for 1915, will show how imperative is the duty of teaching. But who are to teach? The missionaries can personally reach a very few. Even the Indian preachers and teachers are unable to overtake this clamant multitude. Every one who can read is being asked to volunteer in this service. These Question Books are guides to the uneducated readers among the people. Each question has a reference to the chapter and verse where the answer may be found. Experience has proven this form of instruction to be good. The American Tract Society has enabled us to put these Question Books into the hands of many in two languages, Urdu and Punjabi.

"The new edition of 45,000 copies of Best Tracts in Persian Urdu, published by the aid of the American Tract Society's appropriation have been a great boon to the evangelists. This edition (printed in 1915) is being rapidly exhausted and a new edition will have to be printed in the year 1916.

"On behalf of the Punjab Mission of the Presbyterian Church I thank you for the aid you have given us in producing this literature. I would ask the Society to aid us this year also.

"The war is making it difficult for the English Societies to undertake the work they have done heretofore. America is prospering and I rejoice in her liberality in providing for the destitute people of Belgium, Poland and Armenia. Her aid to the wounded and dying in connection with the Red Cross and other societies and especially for the work done through the missionary bodies in Persia and Turkey is most praiseworthy. And yet this war is opening the door to the Gospel all over the world. We have greater need for Christian literature to-day than ever before.

"The following publications are most urgently needed this year: (1) a new edition of Urdu Tracts; (2) a new edition of Punjabi leaflets; (3) Hymns and Songs in Punjabi (Gurmukhi); (4) A Scripture Catechism in Punjabi; (5) The Life of Our Lord in Scripture Language, illustrated."

A Faithful Preacher

A Korean preacher in Seoul was cast into prison because his son had committed an offense. He was put into a cell along with eighteen criminals and kept there for five months without opportunity to clear himself. When he came out at the end of five months the eighteen criminals were eighteen Christians. This remarkable instance of devotion, related by Dr. Heber Jones, one of the first missionaries to Korea, before the Presbyterian Board, is given not as a solitary, extraordinary specimen, but as a type of Korean Christianity.



Moving Out of Mugg Alley

By Anne Porter Johnson

“THERE goes Old Ben, shufflin’ along as usual!” exclaimed Jerry. “Say, Spotty,” bringing his companion to an abrupt stop, and waving his hand toward Old Ben, “take a good look, pard, take a good look. Let it soak plumb down, Spotty, plumb down. Got that picture? Ain’t Old Ben a beauty—ain’t he now? Don’t everybody love him? Um! Ain’t everybody a-tumblin’ over things to shake hands with him? Sure, see the cop beatin’ back the crowds! Ain’t he got loads of friends? H’m, no live ones, I guess! Don’t he wear fine clothes, and ain’t all the folks on the Avenue coixin’ him to make ’em visits? Not as I knows of. Ain’t his wax figure likely to get into the Art Palace? Well, he might make the Zoo! Got the picture, pard?”

“I got the picture, Jerry,” said Spotty. “Poor Old Ben!”

“You and me don’t want to end up like him, Spotty.” Jerry’s voice had dropped to a hoarse whisper.

“If we don’t want to end that way, I reckon we’d better not begin that way,” said Spotty.

The two boys were leaning against the lamp-post at the foot of Mugg Alley.

“The brick church up there and the pink lady has got me pretty well upset. Just to think of me worrying about Old Ben!” said Jerry.

“No use to get so worked up, Jerry,” cautioned Spotty. “It’s all right for folk up there that have money to think about being good like that, but you and me, pard, why we’re not that kind!”

“That’s a fact, Spotty! We’re not

Good Work Proper Food Makes Marvelous Changes.

Providence is sometimes credited with directing the footsteps by so simple a way as the reading of a food advertisement.

A lady in Mo. writes, “I was compelled to retire from my school teaching because I was broken down with nervous prostration.

“I suffered agony in my back and was in a dreadful nervous condition, irritable, with a dull, heavy headache continually, had no appetite and could scarcely digest anything. I was unable to remember what I read and was, of course, unfit for my work.

“One day, as if by providence, I read the testimonial of a lady whose symptoms were much the same as mine and she told of how Grape-Nuts food had helped her, so I concluded to try it.

“I began with Grape-Nuts, a little fruit, and a cup of Postum. I steadily improved in both body and mind. Grape-Nuts has done more for me than all the medicine I have ever taken. I am now well again and able to do anything necessary in my work.

“My mind is clearer and my body stronger than ever before. “There’s a Reason.” Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

that kind. That’s what worries me. You’ve told the truth for once.”

“Well, don’t worry. Keep your nerve, Jerry. You’ll get over this spell.

“I’ve got nerve, Spotty. I’ve got nerve. You know that! But I ain’t got enough nerve to go down to the bakery on Saturday night and swipe a bun from the case, or a dime from the money-box, and then go up to the brick-church next day, and look the pink lady in the eye while she tells us what that book says. I can’t do that, pard. Them two things don’t hitch together.”

“You’ll be a saint yet, Jerry, if you don’t watch out.”

“If we keep on goin’ up to the brick,” went on Jerry, squinting an eye at Spotty, “We’ve got to cut out them capers, because I say to you now, that I won’t take up a seat in that class, pretendin’ to be on the square when I’m not, and have the pink lady’s shining eyes a-lookin’ plumb through my soul, whatever that is, and me hangin’ my head. I’m not used to hangin’ my head, Spotty.”

“The buns taste mighty good, Jerry, and the dimes come handy.”

“Ye-es,” admitted Jerry, “but you and me have to cut them out. Hear, Spotty? From this minute we get our buns and dimes straight or not at all.”

Spotty eyed Jerry with anxious solicitude for a moment. “When you go at a thing, Jerry, you plunge along like the fire engines. You knock everything out of your way—you cut straight through until you get there. First thing we know, we’ll be too good for Mugg Alley.”

Jerry pointed a straight fore-finger at Spotty. “That’s exactly what I’m figurin’ on, pard! I’m expectin’ to get out of Mugg Alley some day and the only thing I see to help us get out is that class up in the brick. It’s like this, Spotty, when a chap is put next to something that shows him things above him, he ought to have sense enough to stay next. When something good comes straight to you—well, like when Jakey knocks a ball your way, don’t you steady yourself and take it hot off the bat?”

Spotty mused a moment. Then he thrust out a grimy hand. “You’re right, Jerry. I—I just wanted to hear you argify the thing. I reckon we’re not much,” taking a glance at their clothes, “we’re not much but a couple of ragged slummies—that’s all we are, pard, but—

The challenging look in Jerry’s eyes brought Spotty to a pause. “The pink lady say it’s the inside—that our hearts and souls are the real things. She thinks more of a decent feller inside a bunch of rags than she does of a low-down chap inside a silk coat. We don’t have to be slummies inside because we’re slummies outside. Paste that in your hat, pard.”

“Our outside is fierce, Jerry!”

“I reckon it’ll be a lot harder to fix up inside than outside, Spotty.”

“Ye-es,” said Spotty. “I suppose there’s lots of things we could stop doing, if we only knew what they are, but the pink lady can pass them out fast enough to keep us always on the jump.”

“She don’t know some of the things we do, Spotty. She don’t know much about Mugg Alley chaps. Why, I nearly jumped off my seat when she began about that swipin’ business. ‘Jerry,’ she says, with that cute little curl peekin’ out behind her ear, and the fluffy bunch of white stuff noddin’ back and forth on her hat, ‘Jerry, is it wrong to steal?’—a-lookin’ at me so—so—well, just like she had a notion that I was one

of the angels they sing about. Say, Spotty, I couldn’t say a word! My teeth stuck together, and I set there like a scared kid.”

“She got you by the neck that time, Jerry, she sure did,” chuckled Spotty. “I was watchin’ you out of the corner of my eye, and I thinks to myself, ‘Here’s where Jerry gets his knock-out.’ Just then you give a nod.”

“Now, Spotty, that’s the funny part. We’ve been doin’ little swipin’ stunts like buns and dimes—nothin’ much, but you know exactly what the pink lady would say—we’ve been doin’ them things, and never thought any thing about it. Nobody ever told us about good or bad, and as long as we could run faster than the cop, we didn’t care; but, Spotty, here’s what I can’t see through. The very second the pink lady looked at me in that kind of nice, shiny way she has when she looks at the chaps, like she thinks we’re doin’ the best we know, and when she says, ‘Jerry, is it wrong to steal?’—just that second, quick as a wink, the whole thing come over me, and I knew swipin’ wasn’t the straight thing. Right then I knew it wouldn’t square up with that book.”

“Some way, things seem different when you’re up to the brick,” broke in Spotty. “They look straight down here in Mugg Alley, but when you’re in front of the pink lady with your face washed and your hair combed, and she has that book in her hand, they’re as crooked as Gyp’s hind leg. You’re right, Jerry, we’re likely to get so upset we won’t know whether we’re decent chaps or just slummies.”

The two boys started up Mugg Alley. “Old Ben didn’t have the class up in the brick, or maybe he wouldn’t be what he is,” said Spotty, as he spied Old Ben on ahead. “He just had to go it all by himself, and I guess the wrong way ain’t hard to find. He told me about it the other day. Once when he was a young chap he come to two roads, like a forked stick that we make sling shots out of, and one road went to the right hand and one went to the left. Down the left road he found all kinds of things, hookey, swipin’, craps, lies, swear-words, and that kind of things, and he didn’t have nobody much to tell him, and so he got into the left road and he never got back. When you get a good start down that way, you go fast. That’s what he told me one day when I give him half of a bun I—I swiped from the bakery.”

“Spotty, I wish we could get Old Ben back and start him up that other road.”

“We better start ourselves first.”

“Start! Why, Spotty, we’ve started all right! We’re steppin’ mighty lively, seems to me. We don’t swipe, play craps, cheat, lie, swear—we’re done with all them things.”

“Since when?” gulped Spotty.

“Since about two minutes ago,” replied Jerry. “We’re goin’ along together, Spotty, straight up that right road, you and me. And, pard, I’d like to take Old Ben. He’s old—and—and—I surc would like to take Old Ben,” finished Jerry musingly.

They walked on slowly, Spotty waiting for Jerry’s next move.

“We have a pretty strong pull with Old Ben, pard, and maybe we’re the ones to get him back into the right road. I don’t see anybody else to do it,” said Jerry.

“Forget it, Jerry. Old Ben wouldn’t go,” declared Spotty.

“Maybe he’d like to, if he could. If you and me would be his body-guard, pard, keepin’ close, shovin’ him past the crap games, and Cominsky’s—well, if we don’t, who will? I bet he’d like to get back where the two roads forked, and start over again. Let’s go and talk to him.”

“Say, Old Benny,” began Jerry, as they overtook the shuffling figure. “Spotty and me are your body-guard now. We’re goin’ to get you over into the right road.”

Old Ben gasped. “What’s that?”

“Spotty and me are on the square now. We’ve started up the right road, and we want you to go along. You’re a good ways down the wrong road, that’s a fact, Old Benny, but Spotty and me are goin’ to take you along with us, if you’ll go. By the looks of you, walkin’ ain’t none too good on the wrong road, anyways.”

Old Ben fumbled with his cap while he gazed at his body-guard. “You’re right, the wrong road is hard walkin’, boys. When you first starts it seems smooth—you slip along easy-like, and you think you’re havin’ a regular Fourth of July Hoorah, but afore you’re to the end, boys, afore you’re to the end—well, I’m dead tired of the wrong road, boys, but—

“Say, now, Spotty and me come just in the nick of time, didn’t we? When

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you're dead tired of a thing is exactly the time to pass it up. Sure! Anybody knows that!"

"I'm mighty glad you chaps has started on the right road," said Old Ben. "Keep straight ahead, and don't stop to look down the other way. I'm glad you ain't goin' the road I took, but it's—boys, it's too late for Old—"

"Come along!" interrupted Jerry. "Spotty and me'll divide our supper with you, and after this you can bunk with us. You can have the cot. We sleep better on the floor anyway," winking at Spotty. "The cot's too soft for young chaps like us. Come on, we've got extra eatin's," went on Jerry, thinking fast. "Us three has a party tonight. You didn't know that, did you? Well, we're goin' to give a blow-out to celebrate our gettin' into the right road."

Jerry gave Spotty the sign and each took an arm of Old Ben. The man hesitated. "I ain't got the price boys."

"Spotty and me is givin' this party," said Jerry handsomely. "Trade's been fine today. Lots of folks said, 'Oh, keep the change,' when they give me a nickel for their paper. We're talkin' of buyin' a place on the boulyvard, Old Ben. Come along to supper. Pard and me foots the bill. You see, us three have started up the right road, Benny," continued Jerry earnestly, "and we're goin' to do the best we can for each other. If one falls down, the other two will pick him up and carry him a-ways until he can walk again. We ain't likely to all stumble at the same time, and so

Good Report

Doctor Proved Value of Postum.

Physicians know that good food and drink, properly selected, are of the utmost importance, not only for the relief of disease but to maintain health even when one is well.

A doctor writes, "I count it a pleasure to say a good word for Postum with which I have been enabled to relieve so many sufferers, and which I count, with its valued companion Grape-Nuts, one of the daily blessings."

"Coffee was banished from my own table some time ago and Postum used regularly in its place." (Coffee is injurious to many persons, because it contains the subtle, poisonous drug, caffeine.)

"I frequently find it necessary to instruct patients when they have taken Postum for the first time to be quite sure that it is properly made according to directions, then it has a clear, seal-brown color and a rich, snappy taste, as well as health giving qualities."

The above letter, received over ten years ago, is fully confirmed by a recent letter from the doctor, in which he says:

"It is a pleasure to render a good report covering a product of which I am so enthusiastic a friend.

"I am using in my home your Postum Cereal in both its forms. And, what is more, I am having it used in the families of several patients in which there are children, and all unite in endorsing the fine qualities of your admirable product."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pkgs.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolved quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

we'll make some headway, and we'll have the pink lady, and the class, and the book to keep us on the right track."

Old Ben straightened his cap and threw back his shoulders. "I'll go, boys. I'd like to get back where the two roads forked out, and start again, but I can't do that, I—can't do that now. But I'll go along with you up the right road the rest of the way, if you'll help me. Yes, I'll go, boys."

"All, right, come along," exclaimed Jerry, heartily. "Spotty and I'll do the very best we can for you, Old Benny," he added gently.

That night, after Old Ben was asleep on the cot, Jerry and Spotty had a long talk. The next day, all three moved out of Mugg Alley. "It's no place for Old Ben," said Jerry. "And it won't hurt us two out farther."

On the next Sabbath morning, the pink lady found a new scholar in her class—Old Ben.

Teaching the Boy How to Fight

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

HERE'S one boy in my grade that I wish you could get hold of, Miss Preston," said Miss Jones, almost wistfully, as the School Superintendent closed her opening talk on "Getting at the Heart of the Boy" at her weekly conference of teachers. "It's Phil Hardy. He's bright enough, but both indifferent and lazy; and neither his parents nor I know what to do for or with him. But it's too bad to keep him in school, and not get him waked up."

"I agree with you," said Miss Preston quietly. "Have you mentioned your difficulty to Miss Richmond?" for Miss Jones was one of the older teachers in Miss Richmond's school.

"No, Miss Preston, not yet," flushing a brilliant scarlet; "but I will," she added a trifle reluctantly, for Miss Jones was a "native" teacher, and some years older than Miss Richmond, who had been "imported"—to the deep disgust of some of the teachers who had been born and bred in the town, and who had never been away from it.

Miss Jones had begun to take life easily when she was about thirty, believing that she knew about all that was required for her grade, and not having ambition to "go up higher"—and but little deep desire to perfect herself in her special work for the sake of bringing more information and a broader influence into the lives of those whom she taught.

Then along came Miss Preston, and her enthusiasm reached even to Miss Jones, who became infected with a laudable desire to do more, be more, and accomplish more, for and with her class; but when Miss Preston was given the superintendent's place, Miss Jones hoped—but without reason, as she had not prepared for it—to be elected principal, in Miss Preston's place; but Miss Richmond was elected instead. Hence, a slight reason for the lack of confidential "talks" about the boys in her class, with Miss Richmond, although she had always been free to discuss them with Miss Preston.

A few days later, while in the building, Miss Preston went into Miss Jones's room, and Phil Hardy was pointed out to her. After a look at his closely knit physique, ruddy face, and bright eyes, Miss Preston had "formed an opinion," as they say in the court-room; and after giving Miss Jones a hint, on the quiet, asked:

"Have you a boy in your grade, Miss Jones, who could go back to the office with me, and bring that stereoscope with the Rocky Mountain pictures for use in your fifth grade geography class?"

Great interest was manifested at once, and many of the boys hoped to be selected for the honor. Miss Jones hesitated, just a bit, and then said: "Perhaps Philip might go."

"Have you learned your lessons for the afternoon, Philip?" asked Miss Preston.

"No ma'am," was the frank answer, "but I will hurry back so as to get them before noon."

"All right, Philip. I will be ready and on the front steps, in five minutes. Meet me there, then," and turning lightly Miss Preston said, "Good morning" to the class, and the class responded in unison. After exchanging salutations with Miss Jones, she opened the door into the hall, and went up stairs, before going out on the steps, where she was soon joined by Phil.

They hurried along at a good clip, for Miss Preston was a fine pedestrian, and there was but little chance for conversation in the noisy street. Nor did they say much after reaching the office. Philip was boyishly shy, and Miss Preston too wise to expect to do much for him until he felt more "at home" with her. So she merely asked: "Will you ask your mother if she will allow you to come back with these after school, this afternoon, Philip? I want Mrs. Morgan's classes to have them to-morrow."

"Yes, Miss Preston. I'd love to bring them. May I take them to Mrs. Morgan's school to-morrow? I used to be in her school, before we moved," a bit wistfully.

"Why, yes; for aught I know now. Perhaps you can get here early enough to go there with me, at 9:30. Ask Miss Jones, this afternoon, if you may."

"Do I have to ask her?" almost defiantly.

"Yes. It wouldn't be polite of me to take away one of her class without her permission; and we must always keep on the lee side of the 'kind-and-polite' fence, Philip," smiling in the whole-hearted way that chased away the shadows from Philip's face.

"Now why doesn't he like Miss Jones?" Miss Preston argued to herself, after he had gone. "I must see more of them together," and she turned to her "Administration Book."

Philip was prompt in the afternoon, returning the geographical outfit in good order, and neatly packed in a box, with a handle for carrying it, inserted in the string that tied the box.

"Thank you, Philip," cheerily. "You seem to like to do errands."

"Yes, Miss Preston; and Miss Jones says I may go with you if I get to school on time and have a B plus in arithmetic!" radiantly.

"B plus? Surely you would never think of getting less than that, would you?" soberly, but with the kindest intonation of the voice.

"Miss Preston, I hardly ever get even a B—much less a plus!"

"Why not?" confidentially, as she put a big red apple in his hand, bisecting one just like it for herself, and beginning to eat it as she bade Philip do.

"I may be lazy; and I don't like to study anyway. I'd rather fight, like Jess Willard," with boyish confidence.

"But Jess Willard is giving his children a good education; and you can begin to fight right where you are. I like to see boys fight, if they do it right, and fight the right things," her eyes twinkling with fun as she saw that she had caught the boy with truly feminine "bait"—his own views and his own interests.

"How, when, and what?" munching the apple and almost smacking his lips over the pleasure of its rich juiciness.

"Well, one thing that you could fight, with profit to yourself and pleasure to all your friends, is your disposition to laziness—if you really are lazy. We are never really ready to fight others until we are complete masters of ourselves. Even Jess Willard says that a man must control his temper and his appetites, so as to be really sure of himself. Then, next, after you have had a really good fight against every bad habit, and whipped each one into obedience to you, you might try to master your difficulties, your studies, your likes and dislikes of every kind," and Miss Preston smiled most charmingly.

"How did you come to know so much about boys, Miss Preston, and what they like, and like to do?" asked Philip, as he wiped the last evidence of his "treat" from face and fingers with his handkerchief.

"Why, I was older sister to half a dozen brothers, whom I also taught be-

fore I began teaching in the public schools."

"I wish I had such a sister!" with boyish earnestness.

"And as my little brothers are all grown up, and have little boys of their own, I'll just love to be your big sister, Philip, and watch you fight your battles. What giant will you tackle first?" cordially.

"Guess I'd better begin on the lessons first, Miss Preston, and see if I can't battle well enough to get A on my report."

"All right, Philip. Will you let me see your report every week?"

"Yes, Miss Preston; and I'll put up a good fight too. Maybe I'll find I like Miss Jones by that time, too," heartily.

"She's fond of you, and she thinks you're very bright; so she'll be interested, too, in your fisticuffs with lessons and habits," laughing, as she bade him good afternoon.

How easily a boy may be won, even by his teacher, only the boys—and some teachers know; but if parents (especially mothers) and teachers could but recognize the fact that the fighting instinct is one of the most primitive instincts in the race, and one, too, that is absolutely essential to the preservation and development of man, they would gain much for the boys by teaching them how to utilize this instinct in the struggle for right principles and good habits, rather than in pounding the flesh of another. And once a boy's interest is so directed in the right channel, he becomes a champion for the good, the pure, the true, the beautiful, as ardent as he would otherwise be for displays of brute force—and his energy has been conserved for God and humanity.

An Orphan's Tribute to the Bible

Frank T. Bullen, the English author whose death occurred recently, and who stood in the forefront of writers of sea stories, both fictional and didactic, bore most interesting and remarkable testimony to the value of the Bible as a model of literary style, force of expression, and inspiration in description. When Bullen was only nine years old, the aunt with whom he lived died, and he was turned loose in the world, ragged and penniless. At the age of twelve years he went to sea as a cabin boy, and was so brutally treated by the captain that the crew of the ship threatened to mutiny.

For twenty years he followed a sea-faring career, but finally, while in desperate straits for money to support his family, he wrote an account of his life aboard ship, and submitted his manuscript to Kipling who in advising its publication, asked him where he acquired his literary art. Bullen's reply was, "From the Bible." That had been his "only university."

From the day of the death of the aunt who had taught him to read the Bible, and had read it to him, Bullen carried his Bible wherever he went, and when he quit the sea, and turned to the hope of authorship, he had read it through twenty-five times, with the admitted result that he rose to take place with the masters of the English language. Yes, an interesting and remarkable testimony.

—THE FAMILY ALTAR.

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The American Messenger
Park Ave. & 40th St. New York

Lost Opportunities

BY REV. R. L. WALTON.

MUCH precious time is utterly wasted by the business men of the Lord on railroad trains and steamboats while traveling. The usual way is this: In packing the suit case for a long trip the traveler puts in a liberal supply of reading material, and on the way to the station the latest newspaper is bought to add to this means of "passing away the time"—"killing time," many thoughtless people phrase it, and practice it.

So, it follows, we who travel much see literally thousands of men and women who have vowed to serve the Lord burning precious time and neglecting golden opportunities for service. Many who apparently sing "with grace in the heart to the Lord,"

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

sit for hours on some train or steamboat with entire forgetfulness of their vow and business for the King. Around and about them are those to whom a word in season would be a comfort and blessing and encouragement. Yes, we see servants of God of approved faith and piety utterly "killing time" when traveling, thus allowing many opportunities for winning souls to Jesus Christ to pass unnoticed and unimproved, for, sitting beside or near them are hungry souls waiting for some guiding hand to counsel to point them to Him who alone can aid and satisfy the human soul and bring it peace.

Truly "we pass this way but once," and in a short time on a train or steamboat one meets men and women never to be seen again and to whom he will never have a like opportunity of presenting the claims of the Gospel. And it is not true to say there is no need to do so. For, if all one meets on a particular trip are Christians, it is true "those who know it, seem hungering and thirsting like the rest," and it only needs a suggestion from some full soul to start a hallelujah meeting where men and women of kindred thoughts and impulses and longings come together. But should there be one whom we meet who is not a Christian then "that's my business for my King" to say to that one, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

The writer has traveled much and learned some years ago and "by many infallible proofs" in souls won that much and most valuable time is lost and opportunities disregarded by God's servants whose business it is to evangelize the world.

To engage an intelligent "Son of Abraham" in friendly discussion of the claims of Jesus the Messiah has been our delight for years, and, when entering a car we usually search for the Jew. We have reason to hope God has sometimes used these efforts to lift the veil which "lieth upon Israel's heart," of which Paul speaks.

Yes, the hours of travel which seem to many so wearisome to the flesh and are so much dreaded by most travelers are freighted with precious opportunities, and hosts of God's elect soldiers have found them so. We know men of God who could not sit still in a seat when traveling with others about them. The message of life must be delivered to some one, yes, to many never to be met again, and, of a large number, when the records are opened at the end of the long journey, will it be said, "He was born then," on some railroad train or steamboat, and that through having some fellow traveler tell the story of Jesus and His love.

Once, when idly standing on the station platform at Lexington, Ky., waiting for a train to arrive from Louisville with a friend, the writer saw Dr. W. H. Forsythe and a mutual friend approaching. When the latter joined me he said, "Do you see that man?" (meaning Dr. Forsythe, who was at that moment earnestly conversing with some other man whom he had seen standing alone as he and his friend entered the station.) "That's the fourth man he has talked with about his soul since we left the hotel."

We sing:
"Be this my one great business here
To make my calling sure."

This should not be true of God's servants. We should, like Paul, get far beyond this matter of personal salvation and give it no further concern, as it is a thing settled in Heaven and in our own hearts and minds. Our "one great business here" is to seek the lost and to bring them by God's help into saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. Our one vision should be to give every one we meet the invitation to know Christ as a personal Saviour and Master.

Many men fear giving offense by asking one who is a stranger if he is a Christian. After years of such a practice of presenting the claims of Christ to all sorts and conditions of persons we have yet to give offense to any. Of course it requires tact, but this grace of tact is easily acquired when we are taught of the Holy Spirit and doing His work. When He sent Philip on the road to Gaza to preach Jesus Christ to the Ethiopian the Holy Spirit told Philip what to say and how to say it. Just so has He used many thousands since Philip's day and so will He use us.

To quote again from Miss Havergal with the suggestion that the servants of God throughout the Kingdom make it their constant prayer, we close:

Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh, strengthen me that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart.
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh use me, Lord, use even me
Just as Thou wilt and when and where
Until Thy blessed face I see
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

God at His Palace Gate

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

It is related of a wise Eastern ruler that when he died he left word to his people that his son would be their king, and though they had never seen his face they would judge of his government by his acts. The people promised obedience. The influence of the new ruler was wise and kind, and like the beams of the sun, it strained out of the royal palace, bringing joy to every subject.

The people marveled, and said: "We see him not; how does he understand so well?"

They came to the palace gates, and said: "Let the king suffer us to see his face." The king came forth to them in his royal robes, and when they saw him they rejoiced, and said: "We know thy face." He had walked so often with them as their friend, showing love and kindness to all, that when they saw him in the palace his kingly robes did not disguise him. They knew him.

In the incarnation our King comes to the palace gate and lets us see His face. "The Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father) full of grace and truth."

God was in the whole world before, ruling in love and wisdom. We did not recognize or know Him; but felt His power and received His grace. He was among us, as we might say, incognito. He was with us all the while, ruling and defending us, conquering all His and our enemies—our loving, wise and ever-mindful King. But in the incarnation of Christ He revealed Himself; He made Himself visible to us; He permitted us to realize who the one that had been our benefactor really was, and something of the depth of the love He felt.

The Soul's Wireless Telegraphy

BY WILLIAM C. MINIFIE, D.D.

Prayer is more than petition. It is communion. True prayer gives as well as receives. Like a summer flower it breathes out its fragrance while it drinks in the sunlight. Petition is only one element in prayer. The very soul of worship is fellowship with God. The original meaning of the word "worship" is to "kiss the hand forward." So that true prayer is literally to kiss the hand to God, as a little child might do to its father. Prayer is respiration as well as inspiration, and to be effective it must be continuous, as breathing must be continuous if the life of the body is to be sustained. The divine command is, "Pray without ceasing." This, of course, does not mean that we are always to be in a posture of prayer, for that would be impossible, but we are always to be in the spirit of prayer.

Keep the harp always in readiness, so that whenever Holy Desire, that heaven-born musician, turns to it he may find the strings in tune and be able to discourse sweet music in the ears of God. Let us form the sacred habit of sending wireless telegraphic messages to heaven all through the day, and if we do we shall not be without answers from the King. Prayer to be effective must be continuous. But to be continuous it requires the stimulus derived from regular seasons of devotion. The altar fire which is to burn through the long day and night must be rekindled every morning and evening. The watch that is to keep time through all the twenty-four hours must be wound up at stated intervals. The soul needs its meal times as well as the body. Our devotional life must have its reser-

voirs as well as its pipes. If uninterrupted communion with God is to be maintained it is essential that there be golden periods—short or long as the duties of the day must determine—when we withdraw ourselves from the noisy market place and drink again of that life-giving stream that has its source away up amid the everlasting hills.—THE WATCHMAN-EXAMINER.

A New Marathi Publication

A new publication in the Marathi language of India has been issued by the Bombay Tract and Book Society, concerning which the *Dnyanodaya*, a weekly periodical in Bombay, makes the following comment:

"The Tract Society has performed a real service in publishing a Marathi edition of 'A Course for Village Sunday Schools,' by E. A. and E. M. Annett, the experts on religious education who have recently completed a helpful tour in Western India. This little book is designed to meet the needs of religious instruction in the village school, where we may hope to hold most of our pupils for a year or two only. The authors have planned a course of 52 lessons, each an interesting story and each contributing to a well-rounded apprehension of Christian life and ideals. The stories are grouped for the teacher under the heads of God, Sin, the Savior, Salvation, the Christian Life, the Future Life, but there is nothing of theological terminology in the stories themselves. They are planned from the viewpoint of the child and it is reasonable to hope that if handled by a teacher of ability and of religious feeling this course will have a lasting Christian impression on the minds of children."

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A Rain Song

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

No matter how the clouds may frown,
The rain a gay song patters down;
Before the wind it leads the way,
With many a cheery roundelay;
And, if you listen, you may hear
How e'en the rain doth bring good cheer.

No matter how the storm may shout,
The dancing rain-drops, I've no doubt,
Sing, in a merry undertone,
A little song that's all their own—
It's of the sunlight, bright and warm,
That shineth after every storm.

Her Mother's Work

BY A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

AS a Sunday School teacher, Aunt Mary, I am a complete failure, so I have come to you for inspiration." Louise Hale took off her modish blue coat and hat and sat down in a low chair facing the dear little old lady by the window who was busily making yards of pretty tating to trim the dainty garments of her three nieces. Louise was her favorite because she was more religiously inclined than the others.

Aunt Mary dropped her thread and shuttle in a basket on her sewing table and leaning over, took the girl's soft white hands in both her wrinkled ones. "You are not a failure, my dear. Now tell me all about it," she said comfortingly.

"You remember when I came to you for advice after the superintendent asked me to take a class of girls, don't you? I didn't feel competent, but you persuaded me to try. At first, Aunt Mary, I was flattered. The girls came regularly and seemed to take a great interest, but now they are beginning to drop out, one by one, and I realize that they only came at first because I was something new and they were curious about me."

"How many girls have you enrolled?" "Ten," said Louise, then added sadly, "yet there were only three of them present last Sunday. I have failed to hold their interest and I have tried so hard, Aunt Mary. I studied the lessons carefully and read everything on the subjects that I could find, but for some reason I don't seem to get on with the girls. I think they dislike my personality."

"Have you any foundation for such a belief?"

"Yes. I overheard two of them discussing what fine clothes and jewelry I wore."

"Jewelry?"

"Yes, my rings, pins and chains, I suppose."

"Do you wear all those things to Sunday School?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary. I thought pretty

things would appeal to the girls, and I always wear a little jewelry, anyway."

"And what about your clothes?"

"I wear different dresses every Sunday just because I have them, and, as I said before, I thought pretty things would appeal to the children."

"Do they change their dresses every Sunday, too?"

"I've never noticed particularly. I don't suppose they do. I know that one child needs shoes. I couldn't help seeing the holes in the ones she wore last Sunday."

"Why don't you buy her a pair of shoes?"

"I—I never thought about doing anything material for any of them, Aunt Mary."

"Modern philanthropy teaches us to save the body first, then claim the soul. We feed the hungry and clothe the poor before we begin to talk about spiritual things. It is the reasonable way to get at the minds and hearts of the poor. We strengthen their bodies with nourishing food, warm clothes in winter and teach them the effect of sanitary conditions in their homes; then we can talk of salvation and find ready and understanding minds. Do you understand, my dear, how in this day and time we have grown to be broad-minded in everything? Charity dominates our attitude toward the unsaved poor. We put the body in healthy, normal condition, then the mind becomes healthy and normal, too, and a man is enabled to discriminate between good and evil, the false and the true."

"That's good logic, Aunt Mary. I am beginning to understand why I have failed. Today I bought a new dress that I don't need. I wanted it because it was pretty. The money I paid for it would have put shoes and stockings on Gladys Haynes. Her stockings were darned in a dozen places, I noticed on Sunday." The girl's eyes were full of tears and she dropped her head on Aunt Mary's knee. The wrinkled old hands smoothed the wavy brown hair.

"It isn't too late to begin all over again, little girl," she said softly. "Leave your jewelry at home, wear simple, plain clothes and think of those little girls as ten throbbing human bodies, alive and sensitive to your moulding hands, each of them with a beautiful soul to save. Enter into their childish joys and sorrows, put yourself on a level with them, win their confidence and friendship and then reach out and save those souls. Oh, my little girl, it is a wonderful thing to be young and capable, a standard bearer in the great movement of evangelizing the world."

Louise lifted a face tear-stained but radiant. "I do so want to be worth while. I want to lead a happy, helpful life, like mother did. I don't want her work to die because she is gone, but I want it to live on and on through me."

Aunt Mary kept patting the soft, white hand in her own. "That's the way to talk, my dear. You sanctify sorrow by entertaining such ideals."

"I am going right now and take Gladys Haynes to get shoes and stockings. What else could I do to make the children know that I love them in a very human way?"

"One little pupil of yours, Alice Nelson, lives near a friend of mine. She says that the child wants to learn to play the piano. Teach her yourself. Her parents are too poor to pay for lessons. Through music you can carry an uplift into a home that probably has very little of this world's cheer to brighten it."

"That would be doing just like mother used to do. O, dear, dear Aunt Mary, I want to do right, but I go about it in such awkward fashion. What would I do without you to comfort and advise me? I thought that it was enough to study my Sunday School lesson and go every week and teach it. It was a task. Now you have made it appear a great privilege. My little pupils are no longer ten wooden dolls which I must teach to say yes and no to certain questions. They are live, palpitating little bodies, looking to me for uplift and guidance. You have adjusted things for me, Aunt Mary."

"My church paper has just come, Louise. Here is a little stanza in it that I want you to read, then clip it out and carry it home with you."

And Louise, stooping over so that the last rays of the sun would fall on the paper, read:

"If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

A Highway Out of Egypt

BY REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

A farmer with his eleven sons and their families, seventy souls in all, set out from Hebron, driving their sheep and cattle before them, to visit the twelfth son of the household, who by a singular chain of providences had come to be Viceroy of Egypt. On their arrival they were received with much consideration and assigned to the rich district of Goshen, to pasture their flocks. All went well until the death of Joseph; after which, one by one, their privileges were taken away and new burdens and impositions were put upon them.

At the end of the third century of their sojourn in Egypt they were an abject race of slaves. The spirit had wholly gone out of them. They were driven in gangs to the quarries and brick kilns by hard task-masters, and forced to make their tale of bricks without straw. A beaten, cringing, utterly dispirited and hopeless people, what could they do but send up their cry unto God?

This is an apologue of life. Sin is bondage. As matters go from bad to worse, the soul at length is fettered and manacled by force of habit as with adamant chains. And there is no hope until in utter helplessness the cry goes up to heaven: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?"

In the fullness of time, Moses came from the land of Midian with this message: "I met God at the burning bush, where he told me that your cry had come up into His ears. And, behold, He hath sent me to deliver you!" He stood at the threshold of the palace, and demanded of Pharaoh, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go!" And on the night of the Passover they went forth under the blood-stained lintels of their doors, a horde of fugitive slaves, hurrying on to Pi-hahiroth, where they were driven to panic by the footfalls of the pursuing host. The Lord said: "Stand still and see My salvation!" And they passed through dryshod, while their pursuers were overwhelmed in the sea. At daybreak the song was raised, "Who is like unto Thee, O God; glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders!"

This is a parable of redemption. Here comes Christ with His message: "I am sent to seek and to save!" We stand at Calvary, like the Jews hemmed in by the mountains and the sea, and again the Voice is heard, "Stand still and see the salvation of your God!" In mortal anguish our divine Substitute bears our sins in His own body on the tree. His hands are stretched out and his lips parched with the fever of the death that should have been ours are saying: "Look and live! He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die!"

Here is the highway out of Egypt. This is "the way the prophets went, the way that leads from banishment; the King's highway of holiness." It is so plain that all can see it; so easy that all can traverse it, and of such universal application that all have an equal interest in it.

Is it effective? Aye; "millions have reached that blest abode, and millions more are on the road." No case ever called in an earthly court was fortified by such an array of witnesses. Who shall number those who are prepared to testify? "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his trouble." In heaven there are ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands who join in singing: "Thou hast redeemed us out of every nation and kindred and people and tribe, and made us to be kings and priests unto God!"—THE PRESBYTERIAN.

Friday Happenings

Are you a good American and do you look on Friday as an unlucky day? You are not superstitious and are quite sure that one day is just like another as far as national significance is concerned? No doubt that is true, and yet the importance of Friday in American history, as it has been worked out, makes an almost convincing showing for itself. We have not forgotten that Columbus discovered the new world on Friday, Oct. 12, 1492. Did you know that he also set sail on the sixth day of the week, that he started on his return voyage on that day and that he reached Palos on another Friday? In addition to six vital points in the Columbus exploration, which were marked by Fridays, that day was carried over into our national experiences with England.

Cabot's commission from Henry VIII, bears the date of Friday. On that day of the week the Mayflower landed, and on a much earlier Friday the town of St. Augustine was founded. George Washington was born on Friday, and that day marked the seizing of Bunker Hill, the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, the discovery of Arnold's treason and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. This was in 1781, almost five long years after John Adams made the famous motion in the Continental Congress that "the United States are and ought to be independent." That declaration was made on Friday, the 7th of July, 1776, three days after the actual drawing up of the Declaration of Independence and six years after the Boston massacre, which precipitated the Revolution.

—SELECTED.

Bible Work in Japan

Probably no country in the world offers greater facilities for Bible work than Japan. "All over the empire," writes a Bible Society agent, "we visit the government schools and colleges, and offer the Bible for sale to teachers and students. In many schools we are allowed the use of one of the classrooms or libraries, where we display our books; as the students enter, we have excellent opportunities of speaking to them, and as a rule they purchase freely. To reach the student class with the Bible is one of the most important and most promising departments of our work."

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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During March, 1916

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$1,316.20 for Special objects), \$6,375.49

ARIZONA, \$1.

Miss Hubert, \$1. CALIFORNIA, \$146.50. Hollywood, church offering, \$10; Mrs. Heisman, \$5; Mr. Ainslee, \$1.25; Mr. Lewis, \$10; Mrs. Rupp, \$5; Mendocino, church collection, \$1; "A Friend," \$5; Berkeley, church offering, \$50; Mr. Vanderveer, \$30; Oakland, church collection, \$4.25; Redlands, church offering, \$10; Santa Barbara, church collection, \$5; So. Pasadena, church offering, \$10.

COLORADO, \$12.

Mrs. McCrosby, \$5; Colorado Springs, church collection, \$2; Pueblo, church offering, \$5. CONNECTICUT, \$66. Mr. Prior, \$1; Mr. Keigum, for Russian work, \$1; Mrs. Root, \$1; Stamford, church collection, \$20; Miss Hovey, \$5; Miss Dudley, \$2; Miss Acton, \$1; Mrs. Greene, \$1; Mrs. Green, \$15; Mr. Valentine, \$10; Rev. Mr. Washburn, immigrants, \$1; "A Friend," \$1; Meriden, church offering, \$5; Dr. Smith, \$2.

DELAWARE, \$2.

Smyrna, church collection, \$2. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$29. Miss Robertson, \$10; Washington, church offering, \$14; Washington, church collection, \$5.

GEORGIA, \$4.

Miss Glover, \$2; Miss Clay, \$2.

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Mrs. Scymour, \$1; Mr. Ollendorf, \$1; Mrs. Morrison, \$1; Mr. Schmidt, \$10; Elgin, church offering, \$5; Mrs. Fisher, \$1; Du Quoin, church collection, \$3; Carbondale, church offering, \$4; Carbondale, S. S. collection, \$1; Mendota, church offering, \$8; Towanda, church collection, \$3; Alton, church offering, \$5; Eureka, church collection, \$1.69; Mr. Schaeffer, \$2; Lawrenceville, church offering, \$3; Mrs. Huren, \$0.65.

INDIANA, \$45.45.

Mr. Fassnacht, \$2; Miss Little to constitute Miss Wilson as a life member, \$30; Connersville, church collection, \$3; Rev. Schlund, \$0.65; Bedford, church offering, \$5 Greensburg, church collection, \$3.80; Mr. Best, \$1. IOWA, \$110.70. Wellsburg, Dorcas Verein, \$30; Rock Valley, church offering, \$5; Mr. Krebbl, \$2; Mr. Mauthe, \$1; "A Friend," \$0.40; Mr. Cowles, \$5; Rock Rapids, church collection, \$10; Greene, church offering, \$2; Mr. Breuer, \$9.30; Emerson, church collection, \$2; Nevada, church offering, \$5; Mrs. Rentzel, \$1; George, church collection, \$10; Mr. Ramsburg, \$1; "A Friend," \$10; Griswold, church offering, \$2; Stout, church collection, \$15.

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Maryville, church collection, \$10; Rev. Penne- man, \$5; Princeton, church offering, \$3; Mr. Chiles, \$0.70.

MAINE, \$9.

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Edgerton, church offering, \$7.07.

MISSOURI, \$217.07.

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Santa Fe, church offering, \$3.36.

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\$1.00 A WEEK — COMING — TO YOU

for the rest of your life—
with the principal sum of
\$1,250 ever remaining intact



That is what you can depend upon if you gain the first prize by finding the best-fitting Bible verses for pictures and then put your prize money into a safe investment. Also 418 other cash prizes available

If You Enter the Bible Picture Contest

SEE THE TWO PICTURES on this page. What Bible verses, out of a given list of such verses, do the pictures—each by itself—represent? Well—you do not even need to know the Bible in order to solve these and the others. Read the rest of this announcement.

THE CONTEST IS NOW IN PROGRESS. It is being conducted in connection with that famous weekly non-denominational publication, The Christian Herald; and by special arrangement it is here announced for the benefit of American Messenger readers also. You can have the full equipment for convenient entry by subscribing to the two papers in combination, and receiving a generous premium. Either or both subscriptions can be new or renewal, or can extend from the end of period already paid for.

OBSERVE THE TERMS of our new offer, as given below, then use the coupon.

LOOK AT THE PICTURE, then consider that all you have to do is pick the most appropriate quotations, from among a number of them available to you, to describe these pictures.

IN THIS FASCINATING Picture Contest, some details of which are given here at the left, the practical key to the pictures is the standard and exclusive list of possible answers (selected Bible verses) comprised in the handsome little gift volume known as "Gems from the Bible."

CONVENIENT SUBMITTING OF ANSWERS is provided for by the special book called Reply Book.

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Now is the time for you to begin. Everybody is on an equal footing, as no answers will be accepted before June 19, 1916. Commence solving the pictures at once. The full series is now published and will come to you free as part of the Outfit. You have two months yet, as the final date for submitting answers is July 17, 1916. However, don't delay about beginning.

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Total, \$3,500

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EVERYONE COMPETING in the Contest will have an equal opportunity to win. In the first place, the pictures have nothing to do with theological learning, and it is not presumed that those competing have any special knowledge of the Bible. They do not need any—for the quotations from which all must choose are designated for the use of everybody.

THE PICTURES ABOVE, for instance, are two of the regular Contest pictures. If you do not know any Bible quotations that might fit what is shown there, then you can glance over the list of quotations, and pick out some that do express the scene.

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 74



JUNE, 1916



No. 6



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Graduation Day and After

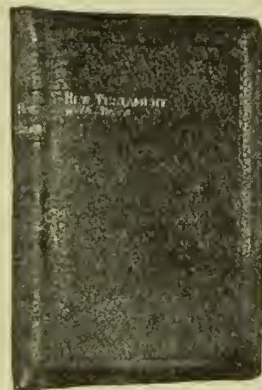
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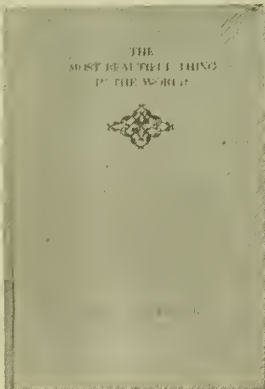
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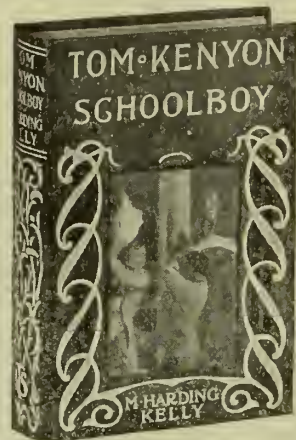
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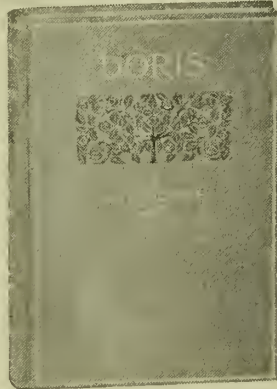
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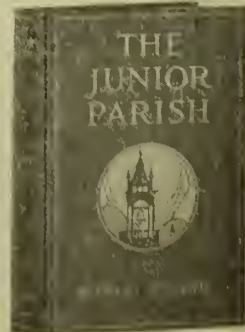
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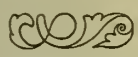
"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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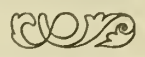
JUNE, 1916

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



DR. WORK

UNSEARCHABLE RICHES

BY

REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City

THE writer once had what was to him a thrilling experience in one of the great jewelry houses of the world. A friend long in the confidence of the firm had invited him to visit the house and see something of its wonders. Astonishment came at every step of the way. The brilliant show-cases and crowded shelves dazzled the eye.

But this was not all. The guide led the way to a basement room, where were immense steel safes. One glimpse through the open doors fairly staggered the mind. Nor was this all. "Let us go to the sub-cellar," said he. Here were piled hundreds of trunks and boxes owned by individuals, containing untold riches, household valuables and heirlooms. The greatest surprise was yet to come. Leading the way into a private room and calling an attendant our friend said, "Bring the jewels." Presently the attendant returned carrying a box which he deposited on a table in the room. When it was opened we beheld a group of wonderful jewels, including a diamond, an emerald and some rubies, all of priceless value.

"And this," I said to myself, "is like the Gospel. It is of priceless value to men. They can never state its real value, which is beyond computation."

This indeed was the thought of the Apostle Paul when he rejoiced that grace had been given to him to preach among the Gentiles the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

It is well to ponder that word for a little—*unsearchable*. It is no ordinary word, nor is it carelessly chosen. It was meant to convey the idea of the exceeding great wealth of Christ and His Gospel. Unsearchable riches! This means riches that cannot be fully searched out, riches which are so great that you cannot go to the end of them, you cannot take them all in. Literally it means riches that *cannot be tracked by foot-prints*. Do you see how startlingly vivid the word is? Suppose there is a rich property that you wish to investigate. Well, the surveyor has gone over the ground, has he not? All you need to do is to search out his marks, and follow his foot-prints. In other words the property can be tracked by foot-prints.

But the riches of the Gospel can never be fully explored. No one has gone to the heart of them and left foot-prints by the way. No spiritual surveyor has ever reduced them to a

system of signs and marks. Christ's riches are untrackable, unsearchable. You cannot trace them to the end. You cannot search them out in their depth and fulness.

The riches of Christ are like a labyrinth or a maze. I remember going one day in California with some friends to see an ingeniously constructed labyrinth. It seemed very simple when first we entered it. But soon we began to realize how little we knew about it. We walked on and on with nothing to guide us, no marks, no foot-prints by which to trace our way. All the time we were in the midst of a great wealth of foliage, but we never seemed to come to the end. It was labyrinthine wealth.

This is what the Apostle Paul says about the wealth of Christ in the Gospel. It is labyrinthine; you cannot track it to its end. Unsearchable riches! No wonder the Apostle's heart burned when he thought of preaching such a Gospel. No wonder he marvelled that God had commissioned him to bring men to see and believe in the unsearchable riches of Christ. Who indeed is sufficient for these things? Who can search out the unsearchable, and comprehend the incomprehensible? Let us think of some of the unsearchable things of the Gospel.

There is first of all the very Person of Christ Himself. If you would lose yourself utterly, begin to try to track your way into the riches of His personality. Try to think out for yourself, as some have essayed to do, an explanation of Christ. Try to manufacture an intellectual formula that will fit this case. Try to establish a spiritual category in which He can be placed, a classification that is comprehensive enough to include all that you find in Him and at the same time comprehensible to your own mind.

It is plain that the New Testament writers, inspired though they were, found the subject of Christ's personality a staggering one for their minds. Take John's Gospel—he is trying to lead us into the labyrinthine wealth of Christ's person. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us * * * full of grace and truth." Such language does John use in trying to track his way into the unsearchable riches of the person of our dear Lord.

Listen to the Apostle Paul, who is also a great explorer of the unsearchable riches. No one among all the New Testament writers has

given us greater thoughts to think about Christ. "The image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation." "He is before all things and in him all things consist." "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily."

As if this were not enough, Paul says in another place that the light of the knowledge of the glory of God hath shined in the face of Jesus Christ!

But not even Paul's gifts of insight and expressions are sufficient to take us to the end of Christ's riches. He himself is always aware of heights that he could not reach, and depths that he could not fathom. Once thinking of the wonder of God's love and purpose in the Gospel, he broke out helplessly, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past tracing out!"

How true this is in our own experience of Christ. The riches of His nature are past finding out. There is even more and more. There is nothing lacking in Him. His wealth is exhaustless. The more we know of Him, the more we realize the boundlessness of His person. The better we know His character the more we find to astonish and inspire us. We feel just what the Apostle John said of Him, that he is "full of grace and truth."

There are other great characters, but all have something confining, and limiting about them. Only Christ exceeds our expectations and overleaps all the boundaries of our comprehension. The believer has never yet been found who has searched out all that Christ is to a true and active faith. One can lose himself in the wealth of Christ.

"Our garden is a labyrinth too,
Whose paths no clue can tell;
It spreads about us, ever new,
A wealth unsearchable."

How unsearchable are the riches of Christ's resources. The New Testament dwells upon this truth impressively. He is appointed "heir of all things." He upheld "all things by the word of His power." What a vista these scriptural sentences open up into the spiritual resources of our blessed Lord. No wonder a learned writer spoke of the pierced hands of Christ as having lifted the world off its hinges and having turned the currents of the world's life into new channels. He was but echoing the thought of scripture about the power and resource of Christ. "All authority hath been given into me in

heaven and on earth." Not only on earth, but in heaven also!

The scripture everywhere is trying to give us glimpses into the resources of God in Christ. It begins in the prophecies, "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Prince of Peace." "The government shall be upon his shoulder." The climax is reached in such words as these:—"Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the name which is above every name, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven; and things on earth, and things under the earth." Measure the riches of your Lord's resources, if you can, with a measuring-rod such as this!

It is a serious question whether the church and the world at large have ever begun to draw upon the resources of Christ. Oh, yes, our garden is a labyrinth! You can walk all your days in the midst of your Lord's limitless resources and never come to the end of them. "All authority is given unto me"—and this is the church's Lord and Master. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." And this is the church's charter and commission. "Begotten again unto a living hope by resurrection from the dead." And this is the power that worketh in us.

Yes, "the riches of his glory" are bestowed upon us in the Gospel, the glory which is reflected out of that glory which He had with the Father before the world began. The "riches of God's purpose" too are in the Gospel, the eternal purpose which He purposed for the world through him. "The riches of his love" are there, too, the love whose breadth and length and depth and height are utterly beyond our knowledge. And the "riches of His power" are in the Gospel also, for though the cross be to some a stumbling block, it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christ in His Gospel! Are they not enough for every believer's fullest needs? "My God shall fulfil every need of yours according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." Notice, it says, His riches *in glory*. For our Lord has gone back to the glory which He had with the Father before the world began. And there from the height and splendor of His glory He gives gifts unto men.

Why then should any of us ever suffer any feeling of poverty when the riches of Christ are so unsearchable? If we cannot track out His riches, we can nevertheless enjoy them. Who can trace all the glory and wonder of the mountains? Yet we can all enjoy and possess the mountains. We can even have the riches of the mountains in our souls, albeit we do not comprehend them fully. Is it not so also with the unsearchable riches of Christ? His whole wealth is for us. "All things are yours." "In Him ye are enriched in all things."

Is it pardon we need? It is Christ, "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." There is the measure of His giving—the riches of His grace. A subject once demurred at the splendor of his monarch's gift to him. "But I give like a king," was the ruler's reply. Is it grace and strength that you need? "My resources are boundless," says the Lord. "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name. Ask and ye shall receive."

Is it peace that you need? "He is our peace." "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

Is it power that you require? "I can do all things through him that strengtheneth me." May He "grant you according to the riches of his glory to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man." Unto whom else shall we go? He has the words of eternal life. Why turn to any other source of strength, when our all-powerful, all-resourceful Lord is near? Yes, the unsearchable riches of Christ

are near! They are not far to seek. One need not travel long distances to obtain them. We never tire of hearing the oriental tale of the man who sold his property and traveled a long way off to find riches in the earth. The man who bought his property dugged in the earth and found "acres of diamonds."

Yes, Christ is near.

"So near, so near to God,
Nearer I cannot be,
For in the person of his Son,
I am as near as he."

How full of meaning then are all those invitations that bid us trust Him, and follow Him and walk with Him. The daily companionship of Christ is its own rich reward. Each hour we spend with Him we experience some new measure of His unsearchable riches. Every time we press closer to His side we find some new treasure of His love and power. Every moment that we spend at His feet as learners we enter more deeply into the wealth of His person and His resources.

Out of His unsearchable riches many surprises are certain to come. It will be as it was in the discovery of one of the rich fields in South Africa. A man was passing a house one day, and a playful boy threw a stone at him. In the same spirit the man took up the stone to toss it back. As he was about to do so, he glanced at it and caught the gleam of something bright. It was a diamond that had flashed out upon him, and soon men were rejoicing in the discovery of a wonderful diamond field.

You will be doing some common task, and suddenly the unsearchable riches of Christ will flash out upon you. You will be in the midst of a great trial or grief, and the light of God in the face of Jesus Christ will illumine your darkness. You will be facing some great difficulty or danger and the wealth of Christ's power will be with you in the crisis. You will be contending with some great temptation, and Christ will wonderfully strengthen you according to the riches of His might. You will even be in the midst of the world's poverty, yet you will know that you are rich—rich toward God, rich in the wealth of Christ.

No, we cannot track out the riches of Christ. We cannot come to the end of what He is, and what He has. There is more in Him than we can ask or think of. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. The Apostle Paul can only say—may ye "be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God." It is not necessary to comprehend. It is our privilege to be filled with His unsearchable riches.

Sail Onward

BY Z. I. DAVIS.

*Upon Old Ocean, wild and gray,
A gallant ship speeds on its way;
The winds blow east, the winds blow west,
To speed her o'er the foaming crest.*

*Sail on, stout-hearted captain brave,
Fresh courage gain through wind and wave.
The stars may guide your course at night,
Till morning brings the welcome light.*

*Heed not the stormy, wild sea mere,
But onward sail with purpose true;
Cease not the watch afar or far,
But breast the wave 'neath sun and star.*

*Let not your arm grow weak with fear,
Be brave and full of hope and cheer;
The Lord holds both the sea and land
Within the hollow of His Hand.*

*Life is an ocean, we must sail
With faith and hope, if we prevail;
The voyage o'er, and danger past;
What joy to anchor safe at last!*

The Child in the Pew

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

AN elderly man sat among his books reviewing the years of his life. Among the earliest pictures that he found hanging on Memory's wall was one to which his mind had reverted not infrequently since the shadows had begun to lengthen for him. He saw himself a boy in the old family pew on Sunday morning, thinking a boy's thoughts as the familiar figures of the townspeople appeared here and there around him in their accustomed places, and as the old-time service proceeded through reading and prayer, song and sermon. The face of the good man in the pulpit he had never forgotten, though he could not recall a word of any of the sermons he had heard from his lips. But "lasting impressions for good" had been made upon him, though the homiletics of the occasion had left no mark of which he was now conscious.

It was the singing of the stately old-time hymns that had chiefly caught his boyish interest. And one of those hymns seemed always to filter in among his memories whenever he recalled those days of early church going. It was the old hymn, beginning—

"To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The Mighty God of Heaven."

He seldom heard that hymn sung now. Once while sojourning for a few weeks in a little valley that lies hidden among the lower slopes of certain western mountains he had been pleased to hear the pastor of the local church announce this hymn at the close of one of the morning services; and when he found it was set to the same old tune to which he used to hear it sung in the old boyhood days—a hymn tune very seldom found in church hymnals today—he felt constrained to join heartily in the singing, though in these later years the service of praise usually found him a silent, though deeply appreciative, worshipper.

"I shall be with you one more Sunday," he had said to the pastor at the close of the service that morning, "and I want to ask if we may not sing again next Sunday the same hymn with which the service closed today. That hymn, and the tune to which it is set in your hymnal, lie back at the very beginning of my church-going when I was just a little lad, unconsciously receiving my first religious impressions. It is almost the only feature of the church service of my very earliest church-going days that has left any deep impression, and I am sure I cannot tell why it is that that particular hymn has seemed to take hold of me as has no other one of the hymns of that day. But it is the one chief echo from that remote time. It has often come to me as an inspirer of faith during the years of my active life, helping me to keep my hold on things eternal at times when things temporal seemed 'pressing hard to draw me from the skies.'"

He recalled all this that day among his books, and his thought ran on:

"I wish parents and Sunday school teachers, and all who have the care of the little folks and the children a bit older grown, might not overlook the place of the church service among the agencies that contribute to the religious education of the child. Blessed is the man who can carry with him through a long life some stay to his faith received when he was a wide-eyed youngster just looking on, and taking on the impress of his surroundings—blest as has been that saintly old man who told me only the other day that the remembrance of a painted cross on the wall back of the pulpit in the old home church to which he went with his parents when a very small lad had often checked him in a moment of weakness when tempted to yield to the pressure of some questionable influence.

"Some are saying that the modern Sunday school is sufficient for the modern child; but I am sure the church service still has something for the children that is peculiarly its own gift."

IN HIS SERVICE

By Judson Swift, D.D.



HE past year has been one of the most extraordinary in the history of the human race. The tragic and titanic struggle throughout the whole of Europe has held the attention of the world. The foremost

Christian leaders have watched with deep and prayerful interest the progress of the Kingdom of God. Will the sacrifice of billions of dollars and millions of human lives lead men to a fuller realization of their need of God in Christ, and also to a clearer and more positive statement of evangelical faith?

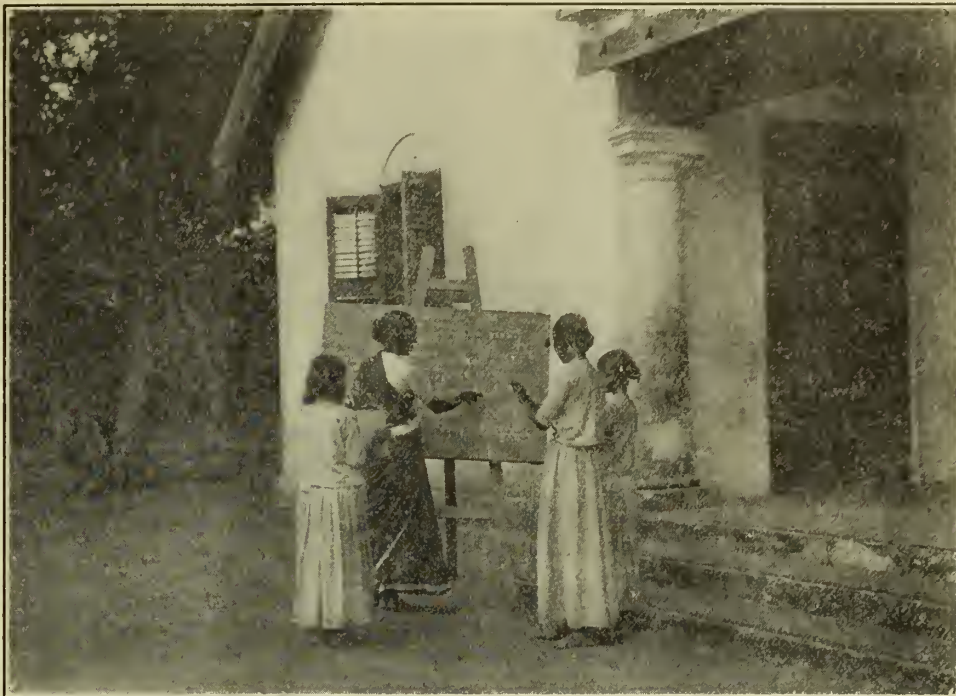
The Congress on Christian Work in Latin America, held at Panama, is an outstanding feature of the year. The Laymen's Missionary Campaign also marks an epoch in the history of Christian work and missionary effort.

The American Tract Society has and ever must have an important and vital relation to all the interests involved in the progress of the Kingdom of our Lord. Organized ninety-one years ago for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge of Christ as the Redeemer of sinners, it has been faithful to its mission.

A Great Variety of Publications

For the last fifty years the American Tract Society has been persistently and patiently pleading for a recognition of the necessity of a greatly increased supply of Christian literature for the mission fields of the world, and now rejoices in the recent awakening upon this subject. The Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference has appointed a Sub-Committee on Christian Literature, and the Co-operating Committee on Latin America has also appointed a Literature Committee.

The Tract Society's publications embrace almost every variety of religious literature. It is of the greatest importance that good literature should be printed and distributed to counteract the terrible influences of evil literature. The publications have included a large number of those needed at the Mission Stations in the vernacular for work in non-Christian lands, also for the vast number of foreigners in our midst. Among the publications of the past



SCENE AT A MISSION SCHOOL IN INDIA

year there stand out prominently four volumes in Spanish entitled "*A Syllabus of Old Testament History*", "*The Better Way*", "*How To Study The Bible*", and "*The Teaching Manual*" for use in Sunday-school work, and one volume in Portuguese, "*Principles of Biblical Interpretation*". Not for many years has the Society published so many books for Latin America in a single year.

An attractive "*Go-to-Church Stamp*" in three colors has been issued, the first and only one of the kind, and 125,000 have been distributed; 50,000 tracts in the Russian language have been distributed among the Russian prisoners in Germany; 5,000 "*Soldier's Text Books*" in the Dutch language and 5,000 in the English language have been sent to the War Zone.

The new publications for the year total nineteen, of which thirteen are in English, four in Spanish, one in Portuguese, and one in the Dutch language. A total of 170,750 volumes has been issued during the year just closed, making the grand total of volumes issued 35,188,890. Of tracts 1,265,900 were issued during the year, making the grand total of tracts 461,929,642. The Society publishes four periodicals, THE AMERICAN MESSENGER, *The Amerikanischer Botschafter*, in German, *Apples of Gold*, and *Manzanas De Oro*, an illustrated paper in Spanish for the Spanish-speaking Sunday schools. The total of periodicals issued for the year reaches 2,061,000, making the grand total of periodicals 297,521,168. The grand total of publications issued by the Society during ninety-one years amounts to 794,639,700 copies.

Missionary Colportage

Missionary Colportage is the advance guard of the Gospel Message. The colporteur is, indeed, a traveling preacher. He is more than this, he belongs to the infantry of Christ's Army. He does not build trenches, but assaults and even takes the trenches of both infidelity and religious indifference, the two strongholds of Satan. The colporteur comes in contact with people in every walk in life. He distributes his tracts and volumes in the home. The children

as well as the adults become interested; many find the way of salvation, become members of the Church and frequently whole communities are transformed. It is a sad fact, however, that 60,000,000 of our 100,000,000 population are not in attendance upon any church or Mission Station, and moreover, the usual evangelistic and missionary efforts put forth do not gain to any perceptible extent upon the non-Church-going. If these are ever reached, it must and will be by means of the printed page and its house-to-house distribution through missionary colporters. The following figures present a concrete example of the benefits of colportage. The total number of family visits made by the Society's colporters during the year is 206,167, the total number of volumes distributed, 55,517, and 6,355 meetings have been held and addressed by the colporters. The total volume circulation by colporters is 17,382,454, the total number of family visits, 18,612,843, and the total number of religious meetings, 592,303.

The Tract Society's colporteur has distributed to the immigrants at Ellis Island 124,488 tracts in over thirty languages and dialects. He has also conversed with thousands of the immigrants, urging them to accept Christ as their Saviour, has addressed words of comfort to the discouraged and afflicted, and also distributed several boxes of clothing to those in need.

Giving Freely

On one occasion Jesus said to his disciples that they should proclaim the Gospel message without money and without price. Gratuitous distribution has carried the "*Good Tidings*" to millions, tens of thousands of whom have become earnest Christians.

Requests for Gospel leaflets come from every part of the country, indeed, from beyond the seas. Their distribution reaches the inmates of the almshouses, the sailors in port and on the ocean, miners and lumbermen, the dwellers upon the ranches in the Far West, the inhabitants of rural districts where there are no Churches, also the poor and neglected ones in the tenement districts of our great cities.

Twenty-eight libraries have been granted



AN IMMIGRANT AT ELLIS ISLAND

during the year to Sunday schools and Mission Churches.

The total value of the Society's free distribution for the year reaches \$16,684.99, making the grand total since the organization of the Society \$2,634,505.89.

In Non-Christian Lands

The National Evangelistic Campaign in behalf of Japan shows a total of 914 meetings held with an attendance of over 160,000, of whom 5,000 enrolled themselves as inquirers. There has also been an increase in the circulation of the Scriptures, while the Japan Book and Tract Society of Japan, which is aided by the American Tract Society, reported that they had printed in the past year over 13,000,000 pages.

Missionary work in China has suffered to some extent on account of the war, but less than might have been expected. An Evangelistic Campaign has been conducted among the educated classes. The aggregate attendance was 117,605, the audience being composed principally of students and commercial classes. Over 10,600 men signed cards affirming that they would study Christianity, and govern their lives accordingly when convinced of its truths.

There is a growing interest in solving the problems of the Moslem world. The Mass Movement in India has continued, one denomination alone reporting that its Missions in the Northwest and South India baptized 30,000 converts during 1915, and that 40,000 were refused baptism because there was no opportunity for teaching them. There were also reported 150,000 inquirers in these Missions alone. The outlook is, therefore, most hopeful. The desolating influences of the war have been sorely experienced at various Mission Stations in Africa. There have, however, been many copies of the Scriptures distributed. Commissions have been appointed on Education, Language and Literature. In South Africa in spite of the effects of the war, and the serious depletion of the missionary staff, more than one thousand have been added to the roll of Church members, while the number of catechumens was increased by 3,359. Africa, notwithstanding the rapid progress of Mohammedanism, still continues to be a favorable soil for evangelical Christianity.

The American Tract Society through its foreign cash appropriations for the creation of Christian literature in the vernacular at the mission stations has been a strong right arm to the missionary. The white harvest fields throughout the world await the reapers, and Christian literature must have a large share in gathering the sheaves.

The Society's foreign cash appropriations for the past year amount to \$3,319.00, making the total cash appropriations to foreign lands for the creation of Christian literature \$799,456.00, and the total value of the grants of electrotypes \$61,177.96, by means of which 5,667 different publications have been issued abroad in 178 different languages, dialects and characters.

Latin America

We are hearing much of Latin America and are likely to hear more in the next two or three years, and, indeed, until a much larger missionary work is established in the southern half of our hemisphere, where the people are in so great need of moral and spiritual uplift. The Congress on Religious Work in Latin America has awakened a widespread interest, which is steadily growing in intensity. It was in every respect a notable Congress. Never did men and women assemble with a keener realization of the importance of the task they had in hand, nor give themselves to its performance with a greater consecration.

One of the special needs emphasized in the Panama Congress was a greatly increased supply of Christian literature. In this work the American Tract Society has had a large part, and will no doubt render a service many times greater than it has in the past. It is earnestly

hoped that Christian givers will make special and generous gifts in behalf of this most essential line of service. Christian literature is needed, first for the educated classes, who do not accept the Christian faith and standard; second, for the less educated non-evangelical; third, for the building up of evangelical Church members, and fourth, for the training of ministers and of Christian workers. The American Tract Society is ready and waiting to co-operate to the fullest possible extent in producing the needed literature.

Things Done

To recapitulate, it may be stated that publications have been issued in 178 languages and dialects, totalling 794,639,700 copies. In Spanish and Portuguese, 14,748,588 copies of volumes, tracts and periodicals, including 126,000 Spanish hymnals, have been issued, amounting in value to \$633,546.00. During the past year 1,265,900 tracts have been published and 170,750 volumes have been printed. The total number of periodicals issued for the year is 2,061,000. The grand total value of gratuitous distribution reaches \$2,634,505.89, equivalent to 5,269,010,000 pages of tracts. The total number



JAPANESE COLPORTER ON A RIVER STEAMER AT ADZUMA BASHI, JAPAN.

of family visits made by colporters is 18,612,843; the total number of volumes distributed by them is 17,382,454, and they have addressed a total of 592,303 religious meetings. In foreign lands 5,667 titles of distinct publications have been issued by the aid of the Society's foreign cash appropriations which amount to \$799,456. Electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96 have been granted to mission stations abroad, making the total sum expended for publishing Christian literature in foreign lands \$860,633.96.

The Challenge of Opportunity

We seem, indeed, to have come upon the hour when God is laying bare the hidden riches of secret places, and giving birth to a new age, summoning the nations by most extraordinary means and through a mysterious Providence as well as by the most crushing and disastrous war in the history of mankind to a realization that material forces and triumphs are of little or no consequence, and have no power either to build, strengthen or perpetuate character and peoples. The hour hangs golden over all the world to proclaim the richness of Divine truth and grace for the redemption of man through faith in

Christ, and the bringing in of humanity perfected, and the establishing of the Kingdom of God in the earth. The great lesson needing to be learned above all is the one taught by Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Men have changed and transgressed this lesson and law of life, continually gathering to themselves without abundantly giving to others. The world mission fields are calling for the world gospel of our Lord and Saviour. Hitherto this call has been meagrely answered and the nations of all continents have either not heard it to any extent or have not to any extent received it into their hearts and lives. The work needed throughout all lands and among all peoples cannot be wrought unless the professed followers of Christ enter the world-wide opportunity, and give the red blood of sacrifice and service to preach the Christ of God to perishing humanity. The real using up of one's self, the willingness to die and spend life's current for the purpose of giving the new life to the sin-dying, alone will suffice to meet the need that confronts us.

The printed page is among the most efficient agencies for carrying the Gospel Message to all peoples. Its power is marvelous, and its influence as wide as human intelligence. It can be multiplied indefinitely. It goes everywhere, giving to all and asking nothing in return. It speaks to the many, as well as to the individual, and to the one as easily as to the many. It goes into the home, also into the shop and banking house, into the mansion and cottage, to the crowded city and the sparsely settled countryside. Thousands and tens of thousands can testify that they found the way of salvation by means of the printed page, while countless others have been comforted and cheered.

The American Tract Society at this moment is in need of One Million Dollars; One-half Million to be used to multiply one-hundred-fold the printed page and missionary colportage for its distribution, and One-half Million to be used for literature in Latin America and in cash appropriations to be sent to foreign mission stations for the publication of Christian literature in the vernacular. Is the securing of this fund an impossible task? "Whatever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." "All things are possible to him that believeth."

A Sunshine Song

BY E. A. BRININSTOOL.

*Would you make some saddened heart
Just a little lighter?
Would you make some burdened life
Just a little brighter?
Drop a word of hope and cheer;
Set the echoes ringing,
With your notes of love and joy
As you go a-singing.*

*Would you cheer a lovely soul?
Shower it with gladness,
Fill each hour with smile and song,
Driving out the sadness.
Bear a message of sweet love
To the lowly places,
Till the gloom is all dispelled
From the careworn faces.*

*Would you smooth the rugged path
Down along life's highway?
Would you plant the rose of faith
In some lonely byway?
Just a deed of kindness done
Clears the path before us,
And the lilies of God's love
Bud and blossom o'er us.*

*Just a little word of cheer
Lightens every duty;
Just a smile will often show
Faces wreathed in beauty.
Scatter sunshine as you go,
Comfort the distressing,
And your rich reward shall be
Heaven's choicest blessing.*

ROSES

By L. D. Stearns

OH, GLADYS!" There was an ecstatic thrill in the young voice and almost breathless awe in the young face. "What a beautiful, beautiful bush!"

The girl, spading about the roses, dropped her trowel. "Mercy me, Beth!" she exclaimed. "How you frightened me!" Reaching out, she touched an opening bud. "'Tis pretty, isn't it?" she nodded.

"Pretty!" The girl at the gate stepped inside and came slowly up the walk. "Pretty!" she repeated, in a half reproachful manner. Her eyes rested an instant on the neat little cottage in the background; the tall old elms at either side, and the fountain, sparkling in the sun. Then they returned to the bush, with its mass of fragrant bloom. "It's exquisite! *superb!*" she half whispered.

"*Elegantissimo!*" There was a teasing note in Gladys Wentworth's voice. "I always think of you as a quiet little thing," she continued reflectively, "until you happen to see a sunset, or a flower, or the sea, and begin to grow red and white, and sort of—of—ascend into another sphere."

The thin, rather pale face of the other flushed. "I know I'm silly," she nodded, and then, bending, pressed her cheek to an opening bud. "But, you see, I never owned a rosebush in all my life. It's sort of peering into an unexplored country when I see anyone weeding and spading and making them grow and bud and bloom."

Gladys laughed, a little uncomfortably. "Well," she declared, "I'd give you some roses, only it would spoil the beauty of the bush. I made up my mind last year, when Ardelle Wilson bragged so about hers, that I'd have one to beat it, if it took every second of my time to tend it. And I have. There's all of a dozen more blossoms on mine than on hers. I wouldn't spoil it for a farm."

She tipped her head reflectively to one side. "Sometimes," she said, "I've thought hers were a little deeper blush. But mine certainly has more blooms."

The flush on Beth Dillon's sensitive face changed to a vivid red. "Why, Gladys," she asserted, staunchly, "I'm sure Ardelle didn't mean to brag. And I know I didn't mean to *beg!* I wouldn't have you spoil your lovely bush for the world." A rarely sweet light touched her face. "The love of them's mine," she said softly, "so I really half own them, after all."

In the great square, just a stone's throw away, the old Academy stood, massive and strong. On the grounds, groups of girls flitted to and fro; some with books in their hands; some chattering and laughing as only school-girls can.

"We won't have many more Saturdays." Beth's voice held a little wistful note. Half unconsciously, she was wondering how it would really seem to own a rosebush. She remembered, years and years back, climbing dark, rickety stairs that led to the single room where she and her mother and Baby Tom made their home, shouting excitedly at every step, "Muvver! Muvver! *Some day I'se going to buy a wose!*"

But the day had never yet come.

Stooping, Gladys picked up her trowel. "What are you going to wear for graduation?" she inquired.

The red color faded slowly from Beth's face, leaving it very white. The clear grey eyes opened a little wider. One hand closed tightly. Then, for the second time, she bent and touched her cheek to the great red rose. "I'll have to get along without anything new," she answered

slowly and distinctly. "If graduation wasn't so near, I'd have to leave school and go to work. It took every cent of mother's insurance to pay the funeral bills. I'm helping Mrs. Lane for my board until after it is over. But that's just a blind. She doesn't need me, and she's poor. She's an angel! The minute I'm through, and get to work, I'll pay her every cent it's cost. It's the only way I could stay."

"But," Gladys argued, "you sold your furniture." With the back of her hand she pushed back a bothersome curl. "You haven't even a white dress," she said shortly. "You told me so, at the picnic, last week."

Beth nodded. "The furniture didn't bring much," she announced, "and I paid the doctor out of it. Then, you know, Uncle Ned took little Tom. He'll need the rest for clothes in the next year or two. He's only ten, you see. Gladys! how you must love your home!"

The girl digging about the rosebush straightened. Her black eyes flashed. The soft velvet of her cheeks glowed an angry red. "Beth Dillon," she charged imperiously, throwing back her head, "you've no right to disgrace the Class!"

Beth's face grew a shade whiter. Her lips parted; but she did not speak.

For a tense minute the two girls stared into each other's eyes. Then with her head poised as high as Gladys' own and her eyes wide and bright, the white-faced girl walked slowly down the path and out of sight.

As she walked up the street, bright with the summer sun, her eyes smarted and her throat felt dry and hot. There was no hint, even, of color in her tragic young face. Every suffocating throb of her heart seemed to let in a fresh wave of bitterness.

At the corner she met a couple of her classmates.

"Hallo!" cried Ardelle Wilson, and her companion echoed the greeting.

Ardelle glanced closely at her. "Don't forget the club this afternoon," she warned. "You know, it means keeping our class interest and friendship for ten years, anyhow. Won't it be great when that yearly meeting rolls around?" Her eyes sparkled. "Which motto do you like best," she inquired, "'A Touch of Cheer,' or 'By Their Fruits'?"

Beth never remembered whether she answered, or not. The one thing of which she was conscious was that dull monotone in her brain, "*Disgrace! Disgrace!*"

Ardelle continued. "I think," she mused, "I like the last. If we remember that we're to be known by our fruit, just as a tree is known by its fruit, I think we'll be pretty sure to give cheer."

The two girls went chattering up the street, and Beth hurried on. At a little footpath, leading into a tangle of woods, she paused; then turned into it.

She forgot Mrs. Lane, dinner and everything else, but that word that stung, and stung, "*Disgrace!*"

When she was far in the depths of the wood, alone with the trees, the shrubs and the soft, scurrying things of the forest, she threw herself, face downward, on a great mound of soft green moss and sobbed as if her heart would break.

In a dull way she seemed to see Gladys' sunny curls and scornful, laughing face, side by side with Ardelle's winsome sweetness and dainty frocks, while before them her own thin, grave little face, big hungry eyes and plain, cheap calico gowns, with never a ribbon, never a frill, danced mockingly.

When, at length, she seemed to have no more

tears left, she sat up. With trembling hands she pushed the dusky hair far back. "I suppose," she quivered, "they all think so. I suppose I just ought to give it up and drop out, now, at the very last."

A squirrel blinked his bright eyes, at her very feet. Then he set up on his haunches, chattering merrily.

A smile flicked tremulously over Beth's white face. Reaching forward, she touched him. They were never afraid of her, these furry, soft little things of the outer world.

Something of the tumult faded from her face. The grey eyes stilled into a steady determination. "*I'm going on,*" she announced to herself deliberately. "Mother used always to say to remember it was the one thing to do—*go on.*"

Rising, she took the path for home.

Mrs. Lane glanced up as she entered the house. "Ardelle Wilson just went up to your room," she nodded. "She said she had something to leave there."

A quick surprise touched Beth's face. Then she turned and went slowly up the stairs. She wondered what in the world Ardelle Wilson could have left there. Shy—plain—busy from morning to night—she had been left strangely alone.

As she reached her hand toward the knob a little flickering smile, that somehow seemed almost tears, touched her lips. She was thinking of the day her mother died. "Little girl," she had murmured, "God will give you something, by and by."

Pushing back the door, she stepped inside. A great mass of roses met her. Pink and white and red they lay in exquisite confusion on the bed.

With a short, quick breath she sprang forward; then paused.

Ardelle, with deft fingers, drew forth the most exquisite flower of them all. Her face was very sweet, her eyes very womanly. But her words were softly merry. She pressed it into the other's hand. "I just happened to remember you didn't have a garden, honey," said she. "We'll share. Every time I pick a rose, it seems as if two take its place; so help yourself whenever you choose."

Then, suddenly, she threw back her head. The merry note left her voice. "Beth Dillon," she declared, slowly and distinctly, "I've just left Gladys. I want you to know I'm proud of you. I'd like to be *friends.*"

The face of the girl standing just inside the door went from white to red, then back to white again. Slowly the grey eyes dilated. Her nostrils quivered. Little beads of perspiration glistened on her upper lip. She took a single step forward, then, with a long, quivering breath, buried her face in the soft petals of the rose. "Oh!" she breathed, "you can't even guess what it means—that rose! *and that word!*"

Something in her voice sent a quick, warm glow through Ardelle Wilson—a glow that was mixed with a queer, almost solemn touch. In an intangible way she felt something she could neither express nor understand. "Mother says the only way to enjoy flowers, or anything else," she said, half nervously, "is to share them. I guess she's right."

Then she added, "I feel as if I'd just listened to the benediction," and, crossing over, she kissed the rapt face of the girl standing by the roses. "I picked every one there was," she whispered, "and I'm glad, *so glad,* Beth Dillon. For I know now what it means to enjoy flowers. There'll be others tomorrow."

The girl by the bedside did not answer. Her

(Continued on next page)

"EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN"

By Pearl Howard Campbell



ONE of the most effective rebukes which Christ ever gave to His disciples came after that famous dispute as to who should be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven. And according to His usual method, Jesus made His meaning clearer by both precept and example. "Things seen are mightier than things heard," says Tennyson in *Enoch Arden*, voicing a world-old axiom of good teaching. If we study our Lord's methods, we shall find He invariably makes His appeal to eyes and mind at the same time.

It is easy to understand how the dispute arose. The twelve men who followed Jesus had the utmost diversity of temperament and character. There is John, the faithful and devoted disciple, of whom it is no exaggeration to say that he poured his soul into the chalice of his heart and held it to the Master's lips. John has come down to us through the ages as the apostle of love, yet the portraits of him in the New Testament reveal traces of pride and ambition, whose dross is transmuted later on into pure gold.

There is Peter, impetuous in his affections, timid in his resolutions, whose weakness and whose splendid greatness were known to Jesus from the very first. There is Thomas, the loving yet melancholy apostle whose honest doubts, so forcibly expressed, won, happily for us, one of the tenderest proofs that the dead do not change beyond recognition.

There is James, whose patient, self-reliant character shines forth so splendidly in his Epistles. As for the others, though we may limn them as our fancy pleases, we know beyond a doubt that they possessed strong characters, or they would not have withdrawn from the mass of their fellows and, as Peter says, "left all to follow Christ."

Therefore it is not hard to see how the dispute arose. They knew that they were coming shortly to the cross-roads of Christ's career and that some strange issue of the Messianic kingdom was at hand. Yet, instead of stimulating their self-denial, it awoke their covetousness. Where they should have been humble and affectionate, they were jealous and proud. What the kingdom was to be like they did not know, yet even the best of them thirsted for power.

On the road, perhaps mindful of the preference which had been shown to Peter, James and John, who alone beheld the Master transfigured on the Mount, they disputed among themselves as to which of them was the greatest. At the time Jesus takes no notice of the controversy. The moment when the lesson which He intends to teach can make its most forceful appeal has not yet come.

So vividly does Mark describe the incident that we can almost see it happening. It is quite possible that the Master had at first gone to welcome the disciples as they arrived, while they, full of the controversy, had at once addressed their question to Him in the antechamber, "Master, who is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?" and then He, reading their thoughts, put the searching counter-question as to what had been the subject of their dispute.

Leading the way into the house, Jesus sat down, not only to answer their question, but to teach them what they so greatly needed to know. And to illustrate this lesson by a symbol of exquisite tenderness and beauty, He called to Him a child and placed him in the midst of them. Was there ever a more striking object lesson? What more telling rebuke could He have given them? "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into

the Kingdom of Heaven. If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all."

Their weakness was to be their strength. He who would be great must possess the qualities of a child, its patience, obedience and love. The greatest service implies the most self-denial. And then the story says: "He took the child in His arms." The things the disciples counted great—teaching, preaching, working miracles—were, after all, of no more importance in the Father's eyes than the humblest service done for Christ's sake.

"Except ye become as little children"—the meaning compressed in this brief sentence after all these many centuries falls too often on deaf ears. Love that gives itself without hope of reward, faith that is as limitless as the ocean, are not these the characteristics of every normal child? How readily they believe the things we tell them. They never question the miraculous in religion. Their own lives are filled with marvel and mysteries, so they turn at once to a Saviour who could heal the sick and open blind eyes. They do not doubt His powers.

The question is sometimes asked: "At what age should religious training begin?" and the answer is: "Just as soon as the child can talk." Really, the religious training begins before, or should, as the child sees his elders at prayer. The baby lips that ask mother or father for things can just as easily be taught to lisp the evening petition to the Heavenly Father.

In an English magazine there appeared some years ago a little verse called the "White Pater-noster." I do not know the author, yet the prayer is so suitable for a child's lips that it deserves a wider circulation. This is the prayer:

"God is the Branch and I the flower,
Pray God grant me a quiet hour;
I go to sleep some rest to take,
The Lord only knows if I shall wake;
Sleep I ever, wake I never,
God receive my soul for ever."

Much of the training in the earlier years is given unconsciously. For that reason it makes the deeper impression on the mind that is like a wax tablet. No number of sermons about prayer can influence a child so much as the daily sight of its parents actually saying their prayers. Woe to the nation if it be true that the family altar is a thing of the past.

"Except ye become as little children." One cannot repeat these words without wondering if the Master's thoughts did not turn for a few moments to His own childhood, carefree and joyous as it must have been, though the surroundings of the home were very humble. After the visit to Jerusalem, there are no more references to His boyhood, yet here and there in the story of His later years glimpses of it shine forth. We know almost beyond a doubt that the prayer He uttered on the cross, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit," is one which He learned as a child and said each night as He fell asleep.

The other incident touching little children seems so natural an outgrowth of the former that it is impossible to separate them. The wonder is how the disciples could have been so slow and dull as to have needed it. Yet so full of unspeakable tenderness and sweetness is the story that we should have all been the losers if it were omitted from the Gospels. The disciples appear to have been indignant that a number of mere women and children should come obtruding on more important persons and interests. Indeed, it was incompatible with the dignity of a Rabbi that he should notice them. Yet Mark tells us that Jesus "was much displeased"—the only time this strong word is used of our Lord—not with the women for

bringing the children, but with the disciples for attempting to forbid them.

Once more our Lord reminds them and us that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. And, taking the little ones in His arms, He puts His hands upon them and blesses them, thus forever consecrating child life. Women were not honored, nor children loved in antiquity, any more than they are among the heathen nations at the present time.

Christianity is the one religion in all the world's history that has stood for the rights of children. In non-Christian lands they are still considered the slaves, the pets, the playthings and the absolute property of their fathers. Neither Greek science nor Roman law considered that the newly-born child was entitled to the privileges of humanity. The little life lay absolutely in the father's hands, and if he chose to dispose of it, it was no man's business. Even Pliny, the elder, defended infanticide as a necessary check on population. Almost the first work that the newly organized church began was the establishment of foundling hospitals and the change in the cruel laws regarding the rights of children. The baby hands stretched forth to Christ did not plead in vain.

"Except ye become as little children," said our Lord, and never was there greater need for considering the solemn warning in those words than now. The nation that forgets them and that exalts might at the expense of right is already weighed in the balance and found wanting.



Roses

BY L. D. STEARNS.

(Continued from page 107)

lips were just a thread apart; her eyes—but they were beyond description.

Ardelle tip-toed to the door. "Good-by," she said, and, slipping out, closed it softly.

Kneeling, Beth reached out both arms and gathered the roses to her heart.

She was very still; very white. Something in her lonely, shy heart seemed to have burst into sudden life, and song. A little quivering thrill shook her. A single instant she closed her eyes, then, without another glance at the flowers, she crossed to the rickety little stand and, picking up a pencil, began to write.

That soft, sweet song in her heart! She must give it life!

It was a simple little tale; a quaint little fairy dream of loneliness, and dungeons, and despair; and then, at the last, a sudden breaking into light and love and beauty. But the girl's soul was shaken. Her path ahead blazed clear.

When it was finished she arose, strangely tired. A kind of solemn awe was in her eyes. Softly she gathered up the roses and carried them down the stairs. "Mrs. Lane loves flowers, too," she smiled.

She piled them, a glowing mass, into a great bowl and left them on the dining-room table. Then she returned to her room.

The manuscript of the little tale, that was later to carry its message of sweetness to thousands of souls, stared up at her.

Just a second she hesitated—hand outstretched. Then she shook her head. "Somehow," she whispered, "I don't want to read it. But I know—I know, now, why I was born." She crossed to the window, and stood looking up at the darkling sky. The first faint star came out. She drew in her breath. "And," she said slowly, reverently, "I'm going to share my roses, dear Mother in Heaven, however and wherever they bloom, always and forever."

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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Editorial Notes

Ninety-First Annual Meeting of the American Tract Society

The Ninety-first Annual Meeting of the
American Tract Society was held in the Marble
Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-
ninth Street, New York, N. Y., on Wednesday
afternoon and evening, May 10, 1916. Mr.
William Phillips Hall, president of the So-
ciety, occupied the chair. Devotional exercises
were conducted by Rev. L. B. Chamberlain.

The minutes of the last annual meeting of the
society were approved.

A general review of the operations of the
Society during the past year was given in the
reports presented by the treasurer, Mr. Louis
Tag, and the general secretary, Rev. Judson
Swift, D.D.

The following resolution was then adopted:
Resolved, That the Annual Report, an ab-
stract of which has been presented in the reports
of its officers, be approved, and published under
the direction of the Executive Committee.

A statement embodying a preamble and res-
olution was offered by Mr. Edward L. Suffern,
as follows:

Fifty years ago there entered the service of
this Society, a young man, or one who at that
time might be called more properly a young
boy. His position was inconspicuous and his
duties subordinate, but into their performance
he infused a zeal and a spirit of faithfulness
which transformed his plain duties into op-
portunities of service.

As he advanced from lower to higher posi-
tions the same spirit was manifested and char-
acterized all his work. The Society could not
help but recognize his faithfulness, loyalty and
integrity and his advancement testified to such
recognition. Although he was called Assistant
Treasurer, he filled for many years the office
of Treasurer, and during the last three years
he has borne the full title of his office.

The American Tract Society is glad to honor
one who has served it so faithfully, and feels
that whatever honor it can pay to Mr. Louis
Tag is but small recognition of what he him-
self is, and of what he has done. On behalf
of the Society the following resolution is
presented:

Whereas, Mr. Louis Tag, the Treasurer of
this Society, has been in its service for the long
period of fifty years, during which time his
record has been that of a devoted, faithful and
loyal co-worker from the first day until now

Resolved, That the Society feels it cannot
pass unnoticed such an unusual event, and
that it wishes to express to Mr. Tag, its hon-
ored Treasurer, its sincere and high esteem for
him, and appreciation of the service he has
rendered, and to hope that all his days may
witness the continual blessing of God and the
joy of His presence.

Upon motion, the foregoing preamble and
resolution were adopted by a unanimous vote.

On behalf of the committee appointed to
present nominations for officers of the society,
Rev. Harlan G. Mendenhall, D.D., its chairman,
presented the following recommendation:

Recommended, That the Board of Managers
for the coming year be the same as last year,
as shown in the printed copy of the Ninetieth
Annual Report of the Society, except that in
place of Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D., Mr.
Thomas S. Bassford, Rev. David Wills, D.D.
(transferred to Distributing Committee), Rev.
Isaac W. Gowen, D.D. (transferred to Dis-
tributing Committee), Mr. Frank L. Brown
(transferred to Finance Committee), and to
fill vacancies now existing on the Board, the
following be elected: *Rev. Cornelius Woolfkin*,
D.D., *Rev. Edgar Tilton, Jr., D.D.*, *Rev. Wil-*
liam Dana Street, Rev. J. R. Mackay, D.D., *Rev.*
James H. Hoadley, D.D., *Rev. Henry M.*
Brown, D.D., and *Mr. George T. Coxhead.*

Motion was made, seconded and carried that
the report of the Nominating Committee be
received, and that the recording secretary be
authorized to cast one ballot for the election
of the Board of Managers, in accordance with
the above recommendations.

Thereupon the recording secretary cast the
ballot, and the president declared the Board of
Managers elected in conformity with the recom-
mendation of the Nominating Committee.

At this point a recess was taken, while the
president and Board of Managers met in an
adjoining room.

Upon the return of the president to the chair
announcement was made that the Board of Man-

agers had elected the following officers of the
Society to serve for the ensuing year.

PRESIDENT, *Mr. William Phillips Hall.*

VICE-PRESIDENT, *Rev. John Henry Jowett*,
M.A., D.D.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS. The same as
last year, as shown in the printed copy of the
Ninetieth Annual Report of the Society, except
that in place of Rev. J. B. Thomas, D.D., de-
ceased, the following gentleman was elected:
Hon. John Wanamaker.

It was also reported that the Board of Man-
agers had elected the following members of the
Executive Committee:

On the Publishing Committee, for three years,
from May, 1916, to May, 1919, *Rev. David*
James Burrell, D.D. and *Rev. J. B. Hamilton*,
D.D.; for two years, from May, 1916, to May,
1918, *Rev. Frederick H. Knubel, D.D.*; and for
one year, from May, 1916, to May, 1917, *Rev.*
J. W. Kemp, D.D.

On the Distributing Committee, for three
years, from May, 1916, to May, 1919, *Rev.*
David Wills, D.D. and *Rev. Isaac W. Gowen*,
D. D.; for one year, from May, 1916, to May,
1917, *Rev. Robert Watson, D. D.*

On the Finance Committee, for three years,
from May, 1916, to May, 1919, *Mr. Frank L.*
Brown.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the President appoint a
Nominating Committee of three to present nom-
inations for officers of the Society at the next
annual meeting.

It was also voted to adopt the following res-
olution:

Resolved, That the Ninety-first Anniversary
of the American Tract Society be further cele-
brated by a Sermon to be preached by Rev.
Edgar Tilton, Jr., D.D., in the Reformed Church
of Harlem, New York, on Sunday morning,
May 14, 1916, at eleven o'clock.

At the evening session devotional exercises
were conducted by Dr. David James Burrell,
pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church.

Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, General Secretary of
the Missionary Education Movement, spoke on
"Outstanding Features of the Program of
Christian Work in Latin-America."

Rev. Henry J. Soudder, for eighteen years a
missionary in India under the Foreign Mission
Board, of the Reformed Church in America,
spoke on "The Claims of India."

A closing prayer was offered by Rev. Isaac
Pierson.

The meeting then adjourned.

✻ ✻ ✻

Missionaries in Porto Rico Plead for Prohibition

A conference of delegates from all the Pro-
testant Missions in Porto Rico recently
passed a resolution asking for the prohibition
of the liquor traffic in that island. Rev. A. G.
Axtel, of the American Missionary Associa-
tion and president of the Blanche Kellogg In-
stitute, in moving the adoption of the resolu-
tion, declared that the wretched condition of
poverty which prevails so largely in Porto
Rico is due in no small measure to the use of
alcoholic liquors. It is said that every Porto
Rican present at the conference voted in fa-
vor of the resolution which was cabled to
the Chairman of the House Committee on In-
sular Affairs and the Chairman of the Senate
Committee on the Pacific Islands and Porto
Rico.

Notes upon the Topics Used in Christian Endeavor and Other Young People's Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

JUNE 4.

The Consecration of Money

Job 27:1-23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. May 29. Consecrated goods. Gen. 13:1-4.
T. May 30. Unconsecrated cash. Luke 16:19-31.
W. May 31. Giving to God. Exod. 35:4, 5, 21-26.
T. June 1. Systematic giving. 1 Cor. 16:1, 2.
F. June 2. Proportionate giving. Deut. 16:17.
S. June 3. Giving the best. 2 Cor. 8:5.

This topic brings before us a most important subject, the right understanding of which will have a most potent effect in promoting the welfare of the Kingdom of Christ.

What Money Is

Money is a word which has a wide range of meaning. In its narrowest significance it means simply a medium of exchange. But in its larger application it is practically synonymous with wealth, and it is this more comprehensive meaning to which we shall devote our careful attention. Money, looked at from this latter point of view, means all our valuable possessions. It includes everything that we own which has a money value. It includes houses and lands, stocks and bonds, mortgages and deeds, in short, everything that can be turned into cash.

How Money May Be Used

Money may be used in a great variety of ways. It may be employed in business, it may be spent for travel, it may be used for pleasure, and it may be given for benevolence. It may be invested in real estate, it may be deposited in a bank, or it may be hoarded in some secret hiding place. Money may be used wisely and well, or it may be expended recklessly and foolishly. It may be used for legitimate objects or it may be prostituted to vile and criminal purposes.

Money in itself is absolutely devoid of character, but it is a touchstone for human character, for nothing so quickly reveals the nature of a man or woman as the way in which money is used by that person.

"Money and the Kingdom"

Many years ago the late Dr. Josiah Strong wrote some trenchant truths about money in one chapter of his famous book entitled "Our Country." This chapter bore the heading, "Money and the Kingdom," and some of its telling paragraphs are as pertinent to the present time as when they were first written. He says:

"When the Scriptures and reason speak of God's ownership in us, they use the word in no accommodated sense. It means all that it can mean in a court of law. It means that God has a right to the service of his own. It means that since our possessions are His property, they should be used in His service—not a fraction of them, but the whole. Every dollar that belongs to God must serve Him. And it is not enough that we make a good use of our means. We are under the same obligations to make the best use of our money that we are to make a good use of it; and to make any use of it other than the best is a maladministration of trust. Here, then, is the principle always applicable, that of our entire possessions, every dollar, every cent, is to be employed in the way that will best honor God."

The Principle of Stewardship

The great principle that should control our use of money is the Christian principle of stewardship. This was the principle that Christ laid down in His parables and it is the only basis upon which Christians can satisfactorily adjust their relation to money matters.

What We Owe to Christ

Words cannot express all that Christ has done for us. Our debt to Him is immeasurable. Therefore we are under obligation to consecrate to Him all our money and to use it in such ways as will best advance the interests of his Kingdom.

JUNE 11.

The Will and the Way

Philippians 4:1-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. June 5. Will to follow. 1 Kings 18:21.
T. June 6. Will to serve. Josh. 24:14-21.
W. June 7. Will to submit. Luke 22:39-46.
T. June 8. Way to follow. Num. 14:11-24.
F. June 9. Way to serve. John 13:1-17.
S. June 10. Way to submit. Jas. 4:10-17.

The key verse of the Scripture selection assigned for this topic is this: "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13). If the question is raised, "How may I secure the strength of will that I need to enable me to walk in the way that I ought to go?" the answer is found in these glowing words of the Apostle Paul.

What Should We Will to Do?

The Daily Bible Readings suggested for this topic give some hints as to the things that as Christians we ought to will to do.

In the first place we should follow Christ as closely as we possibly can. There are many professing Christians who follow the Master at a far distance. Though they bear the name of Christ, yet they seem ashamed to be seen in close company with Him. All such need a reinforcement of will that they may walk in more intimate communion with the Saviour.

In the second place we should make it our duty and our privilege to serve our fellowmen. A true Christian life finds most appropriate expression in service.

Again we should bring our wills into submission to God. This is sometimes a hard and difficult task. We are often like wayward children, who demand their own way, regardless of what is best for them. But God's Will is always best, and we should sink our wills in His.

Again, we should will to give more generously to the support of God's work. The call of the present age is for more self-denial and for greater consecration to the cause of the Master.

A will to work is a crying need in the life of many an enrolled Church member. There are many drones and too few active workers in most of the Christian churches of to-day.

What Is the Way in Which We Should Go?

Our Lord Jesus Christ once said, "I am the Way," and therefore we should look unto Him for guidance as to our walk in life.

We should walk in the way of service. This will often mean the way of sacrifice, for we must spend and be spent, in order to bring to others the knowledge of Him whom to know aright is life eternal.

It is a cheering thought to remember that the way of service and of sacrifice leads to the way of happiness. There is no joy so great as the joy of Christian service, and in sacrifice there is a compensating satisfaction which cannot be expressed in mere words.

The way of service and of sacrifice leads on to final victory and eternal glory. The Christian whose life is hid with Christ in God shares in the Master's triumph and His final exaltation.

Help for the Pilgrim

In order to walk in the way in which Christ would have us go and to will to do the things which He would have us do, we need divine help. Some simple means by which the Christian pilgrim may obtain help may be mentioned at this point.

Prayer will serve to strengthen our wills, so that we may rightly guide our thoughts and direct our actions.

The study of the Bible will throw a flood of light on the duties of life. It will give us many things to contemplate which are honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.

Christian fellowship will aid us to choose the right course and to persevere in fighting the good fight of faith.

JUNE 18.

The Usefulness of Good Cheer

John 16:24-33.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. June 12. Rejoice! Deut. 26:1-11.
T. June 13. Cheer brings health. Prov. 17:22.
W. June 14. Cheer lightens burdens. Prov. 15:13-15.
T. June 15. Cheer brings hope. Acts 27:22-36.
F. June 16. Cheer brings confidence. John 14:1.
S. June 17. Joy imparted. Acts 2:25-28.

This topic is eminently practical. It brings before our minds the blessings that flow from Christian optimism, and should make us all apostles of that spirit of which the Master spoke when He said, "Be of good cheer."

An Antidote to Evil

Good cheer is the best antidote to trouble. "In this world ye have tribulation," said Jesus, but He quickly added, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Good cheer is an antidote to evil thoughts. Vice and crime flee at the approach of one whose heart and life are full of good cheer.

In time of sorrow the spirit of good cheer comes as a ministering angel to bind up the hearts that are broken and to comfort those that mourn.

An Effective Reinforcement

In these days our minds often turn to military metaphors. Good cheer is an effective reinforcement to the soul that is beleaguered by evil. It constitutes a reserve of inestimable power to the man or woman who is battling against temptation. Good cheer is one of our strongest defenders against the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Good cheer is not only a help to ourselves but it imparts strength to others. There is nothing more contagious than the spirit of good cheer. A smile widens like a wave over the faces that see it.

An Unfailing Tonic

Better than any fabled elixir of life is the spirit of good cheer. As some one has wisely said, good cheer propagates itself; if you are cheerful one day, you are quite likely to be cheerful the next day.

The author of the Proverbs says, "A cheerful heart is a good medicine," and human experience has abundantly confirmed the truth of that inspired saying.

A sense of humor is one of the simple qualities of character that serve to develop the spirit of good cheer. Let us look for the bright side of things, and cultivate the disposition to smile, for this will help mightily in the maintenance of a cheerful spirit.

The Basis of Good Cheer

Let us always remember that good cheer must be based on reality. A hope that is founded merely upon pretense is vain. The real things of life are the things that are set forth in our most holy faith. The religion of Jesus Christ is the only sure basis for a lasting good cheer.

Good cheer is essentially one of the Christian graces. It is really one of the fruits of the Spirit. Faith in God and devotion to Christ beget in the heart of the believer a spirit of good cheer.

A Cluster of Quotations

"As plants without the sunshine grow white and feeble, so no Christian life can be vigorous without the sunshine of cheer."

"The cheer of nature is varied, partly sunshine, partly beautiful colors, partly form, partly fragrance, partly happy sounds; so God has many ways of producing cheer in the heart."

"Give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is superior to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness."

"As there is only a little difference between no fire and a fire, merely the striking of a match, so there is usually some very little cause that will produce cheer in a life."

JUNE 25.

What Is the Purpose of Our Life on Earth?

Ephesians 2:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. June 19. A life with a purpose. John 18:33-40.
T. June 20. Purpose; to testify. John 1:6-12.
W. June 21. To serve men. Acts 13:36.
T. June 22. To do God's will. Heb. 10:36.
F. June 23. To become Christlike. Rom. 8:28-31.
S. June 24. To develop. Matt. 13:52.

The Apostle Paul describes the purpose of every Christian life in these words: "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God afore prepared that we should walk in them."

In the familiar language of the Westminster Catechism we are told that the chief end of man is "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever."

A Fine Building

There is a popular simile which compares a human life to a building. If we adopt this simile, we may say that the purpose of our life on earth is to erect a fine building, the foundation of which must be a noble character. Great patience is needed in building our lives, and the greatest care must be exercised in selecting the materials which shall enter into the structure. If we put wood, hay and stubble into our building, then our lives will not stand the test of fire. But if we put gold, silver and precious stones, then our work will be enduring, whatever the ordeal through which it may have to pass.

A Fruitful Tree

We may change the metaphor and regard our life as a tree. In this case our ideal should be to make our life like "the tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season."

Not long ago the writer attended the unveiling of a beautiful memorial church window dedicated to the memory of a most exemplary and faithful Christian worker. The devoted woman in whose honor this window was placed in the church to which so much of her thought and energy were given during her lifetime had been superintendent of the primary department, and had left her impress upon many young lives. Her Christian life had been like that of a fruitful tree, and most appropriately did the scene depicted in that memorial window show a beautiful tree planted by a stream of living water, while underneath were inscribed the words which have already been quoted from the First Psalm.

One great purpose in life which we should never lose sight of is to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The end of our living should be to develop those Christian traits of character that will show to others that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him.

Let us remember that time is required for growth in nature. So in the development of Christian character, time is required in order to attain to that likeness to Christ which He Himself has set as the goal of our efforts.

A Time of Preparation

It may be truly said that one great purpose of our life here on earth is to prepare for that life which we believe awaits us in the hereafter. If we are true Christians, our home here should be a foretaste of the heaven hereafter.

A successful life must be dominated by a definite purpose. An aimless, purposeless life will accomplish little or nothing for the Kingdom. Some one has well said that an archer aiming at a star shoots higher than one who aims merely at a tree. So the nobler our life purpose, the more effective for good will be our life.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. June 26. Abolish hypocrisy. Isa. 1:10-17.
T. June 27. National cleansing. Ezek. 36:25-31.
W. June 28. Clean rulers. Dan. 2:46-49.
T. June 29. Respecting God's law. Exod. 19:8; 20:1-17.
F. June 30. Honest citizens. Ps. 24:1-6.

Our Little Folks



Thoughts from a Rose

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

SURELY you won't expect us to study, Mamma dear, while we're camping out! Whoever heard of any one studying in vacation time?" And with these words ten-year old Oliver Freeman looked almost dolefully at his twin sister Olive. I say "almost" dolefully, for Oliver was such a roly-poly, happy-go-lucky, contented little chap, that even the sight of the books, pads, pencils, pens and ink that Olive had brought at her mother's request to be packed in his suit-case could not entirely cloud his face.

"I hope that my twinnies can trust mother just a day or two longer to decide what is best to take with us and what to leave at home," said Mrs. Freeman, very softly and with affection in every syllable, as she rested from her work, to look with tender eyes at the boy and girl who had been so joyously helping for to-morrow's trip; "but, if not, why we can leave the 'study' materials right here."

"Oh, all right, Mamma!" said Oliver, his face breaking into a smile just as clouds part to show the face of the sun at a dark hour in an April day sometimes. "I'm sorry I spoke, but truly I have been awfully tired of books this term, and I never was before in my life. But put them in, and maybe we'll use 'em!"

"Maybe we will! And it may be that we'll be glad to do so," echoed his mother, as she handed to each child one more book to wrap in soft paper so as to prevent the rubbing of the bindings.

And true, enough, the twins were glad they had brought their books and study materials, when they came to the morning of the third day after their arrival in camp. There had been two days of uninterrupted sunshine, which were spent by the children in roaming through the woods, fishing in the bay, and doing the necessary errands for their camp, while the older ones helped the maid settle things for their six weeks' stay.

But on that third day it seemed as if all the clouds were conspiring to "leak," and the rain just poured down. If you have ever been in camp at such a time, you know how damp, dark and even dreary, the world seems. Just so it seemed to Oliver, when he came in with the gallon can, which had been filled with milk at the nearby farm, where they bought supplies. But he carried in his hand a big beautiful pink rosebud on a long stem with large green leaves, all dripping wet; and the very presence of the beautiful rosebud seemed to make the dull room bright; and when it had been put into the narrow, tall glass pitcher that had hitherto been used for cream for the table, its fragrance filled the room with sweetness.

"We will have our first vacation lesson, I think, right after breakfast," said Mrs. Freeman, as she poured the coffee for the older ones and the cocoa for the twins. "The rose will be our text-book, this time; but we shall need the pads and pencils, too."

"How lovely!" exclaimed Olive.

"It will be fun," admitted Oliver, graciously.

Certainly was a fascinating hour of study. And believing that Our Little Folks, who belong to the AMERICAN MESSENGER family and are scattered all over the world, will be interested in these "Lessons from a Rose," I am going to repeat them for you.

Mrs. Freeman, seated in her low chair, with the twins in front of her, each with pad and pencil in hand, said:

"As your first heading write these words: 'What I have observed in the rose,' and draw a line underneath that heading. Then half an inch from the left margin of your paper write the figure (1). Now, what do you first observe, Olive?"

"The rose is very beautiful," replied Olive, with great interest.

"Good!" exclaimed her mother. "You may write that for your first sentence, after your figure (1). Now, Oliver, what do you observe?"

"The rose is large and brightly colored, even in the rain," answered Oliver.

"Extra good! Write that down on your paper after your figure (1). Now each put down (2) and write out your next observation—just what you can see,

When the time for the "Lessons from a Rose" was over, this is what Olive had written under the heading: "What I observed in the rose":

- (1). The rose is very beautiful.
- (2). The rose leaves are green, and the petals are white, yellow, red or pink.
- (3). The rose never says, "I'm so homesick."
- (4). The blossoms are very sweet to the smell, even when they fall to pieces and get to be very dry.
- (5). I never saw a rose that did not have thorns on its stem.

Under this same heading Oliver had written.

- (1). The rose is large and brightly colored, even in the rain.
- (2). The rose keeps bright and sweet,

and sweet but always making some one happy.

(2). We see its beauty first; but we love its sweetness next.

Under this heading Olive named these thoughts:

- (1). One rose can make many people happy, if they only see or smell it.
- (2). Children can make other people happy, by being as quiet and clean as the rose, even if they can not be as pretty; and they need not be "thorny," although God made thorns on the rose.
- (3). A cross child, who is pretty, is like a thorny rose, and hurts its friends.
- (4). A rose only lasts a short time, but it takes years for a child to grow—and it costs lots of money all the time.
- (5). Even when it has to go where it does not care to go, the rose does not talk back nor cry!

Now I think that both the twins did pretty well, in bringing out some beautiful thoughts about a rose. Supposing you try some day, and see what lessons you can gather from the flowers.



The Little Blue Spool

There was once a little blue shuttle in a great loom that was weaving beautiful silk cloth of many colors.

But one day a little shuttle, or spool, that carried a certain shade of blue thread, said to himself: "There isn't very much blue, that I can see, in this silk. I don't believe I'm of much use, and I'll just not work any more."

And he didn't. And when the silk was taken from the loom, it was found that the silk was ruined, for there were great gaps in it where the little spool should have run through.

We all have a part in the great loom of life; and, like the little blue spool that spoiled the beautiful silk, we each must do our share of work, or spoil the whole web.



The Finishing Touch

It was not a very pleasant face that Walter brought when he came to papa for the finishing touches to his dress.

"There, everything is on now," shouted Walter.

"Why, no, son!" said papa, soberly. "you haven't put everything on yet."

Walter carefully inspected his clothes from the tips of his small toes to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put on your smile yet," said papa, with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. "Put it on, Walter, and I'll button it up for you."

And Walter began then and there to put it on. And now he never really calls himself dressed up for the day until he has put on a sunny face.

Have any young American smiles been forgotten in the morning, "getting ready?" If so, no amount of fresh collars and new neckties and gay hair ribbons can ever take their place. The only really safe way is to put the smile on the first thing. Besides, the other things will go on better if you do.

—EXCHANGE.



Some of the Smallest Things

The smallest bird of Europe, it is said, is the gold-crested wren, and of America the humming bird. The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia. One of the most diminutive plants is the Arctic raspberry, which is so small that a six-ounce bottle will hold it, branches and all.



IN A FIELD OF DAISIES

touch, taste or smell. You shall have five minutes for this part of the lesson," and Mrs. Freeman laid her watch, open, on the table by her side, calling "Time!" at the end of the five minutes.

"Leave a little space, and below the last line you have written make another heading of these words: 'What the rose made me think,' underlining it as before, and numbering the thought sentences. I will give you six minutes for this," and she looked at the watch.

Lower bent the heads of the twins, as their pencils scratched hurriedly and their little faces flushed with delighted interest in a lesson where so much was left for them to "ferret out," as Oliver said, and "not at all like a dry lesson from a book," added Olive.

so making it pleasant for all those who see it.

(3). The rose has to be carried away from its home, sometimes.

(4). The petals are folded over each other while in bud, but they open out when the rose is in full bloom.

(5). The rose has a thorny stem, but the blossom is so sweet and beautiful that we forget the thorns.

(6). Roses are not all of the same height or color; but they all belong to the same family.

(7). It takes a lot of care besides the rains and sunshine to make a perfect rose.

Under the heading, "What the rose made me think," Oliver wrote:

- (1). A rose is like some people—quiet

The Family Circle

An Unexpected Gift

By Fannie Medbury Pendleton

ZEVIAH HANKIN stood leaning against her gate. One hand held a letter that fluttered tremulously. Her unseeing eyes stared out from her white face. Molly Avery, the little teacher, walking home after the last weary day of school, came upon Miss Zeviah, and wonder grew in her eyes.

She had never seen any strong emotion depicted upon Zeviah Hankin's face; all expression seemed to have been swallowed up by the tense, strained look that sprang from the long years of monotonous sewing, day after day, year after year, in the front room of the little house. One instinctively knew that Zeviah was a dressmaker, even if one gazed upon her face for the first time. Even on Sundays, it would take but a slight stretch of the imagination to believe that she had pins in her mouth, or that she was about to lay a pleat or pull out a basting. Now, Molly Avery saw with surprise that the lines left by the passing years had been broken up and by so strong an influence as almost to break down Miss Zeviah herself.

She paused for a moment, then the older woman reached out a trembling hand and touched her.

"It's come," she said brokenly. "I always felt it would, and that I should never know what to do with it."

"What has come?" questioned Molly gently.

Zeviah held out the letter. Molly

glanced over it and then lifted a radiant face from which all the weariness had suddenly vanished.

"Oh, Miss Zeviah, I am so glad!" she cried. "It's just like a fairy story."

But the face of Zeviah Hankin was set in misery.

"Help me into the house, child. What shall I ever do with it? How in the world can I use it?"

In the front room, Miss Zeviah sat down blindly and covered her face with her hands. Molly knelt beside her and put an arm about her shaking shoulders.

"Dear Miss Zeviah," she said, "I don't understand. Why, if anybody had left me a fortune, I should be overjoyed. Is it the bereavement?"

Zeviah Hankin sat up stiffly and her thin jaws came together with a snap.

"Bereavement! I guess not! It was all father's once, and Uncle Joshua got it away from him, and we had to get along on short commons for years, and now, when it's too late to do father any good, the old wretch has died and left it to me. Grief! I guess not!"

Her face settled hopelessly into the old lines as her glance wandered about the cluttered-up room so suggestive of her struggle of years. Then she looked up, and there were defiant tears in her eyes.

"I'll tell you something, Molly Avery, and don't you ever dare tell a soul; but I hate to sew—I've always hated it; and I've sewed and sewed and sewed, and now I know I can't stop. It's been so long. Why, if anybody's shroud needed mending at the Judgment Day, I believe I should step right in and do the job. I can't think of anything else—I've sewed so long. Now there's that cushion—I hope I'm not crazy—but I hate that cushion and the old machine that's made my back ache so many years. I've an awful feeling that they are real and won't ever let go of me and let me be a woman. Oh, what shall I do—what shall I ever do!" Her voice trailed off into a wail.

"You will sit right here," said Molly calmly, although there was a little catch in her voice, "and I shall make you a good strong cup of tea, and then you will feel better. The shock has been trying, but after you have had your tea, we will talk about all the good times you are going to have and all the lovely things you are going to do; and of course you are not going to sew any more—unless it is to make pretty things for yourself."

Zeviah Hankin meekly drank her tea. Her eyes followed Molly as though she were afraid the girl might suddenly vanish. Presently she spoke:

"This is the last day of school, isn't it?"

"Yes." There was a thankful note in Molly's voice.

"Are you going to stay home this summer?"

"Yes," said Molly again. "I wanted to go to visit Annis, but I guess I can't quite manage it. It's a long journey."

"Well," Zeviah's tone was decisive, "you aren't needed at home and I want you to stay with me. You can tell your folks I'm not well and you are going to stay here and help me. I don't want anybody to know I'm rich—not just yet. It'll be all I can do to get used to it, myself, without them all lipping in. You go home and get what you need till tomorrow and come back. I must have you, child. You've got to help me not to sew. I tell you I won't sew—I won't."

Zeviah stood on her front porch and watched Molly out of sight. She sat there until it began to grow dark, then she stole into her front room and picked up the hated cushion.

The shadows were lengthening over the green fields as she crept stealthily out of her side gate and sped down the patch toward the creek. There had been a mill there years ago and the old dam still remained. The water was falling over it now in soft monotonous murmur. Miss Zeviah walked with one hand behind her. She could not look at the old cushion. Even now it seemed to burn her fingers.

She reached the dam and stepping out on one of the old timbers, she hurled the cushion from her. It was not heavy and she watched it bob along down the stream, until it was lost to sight around the turn.

There was a new look on her face as she turned away. The fear was gone and in its place were exultation and triumph.

"And there were at least fifty good pins in it," she murmured to herself in reckless joy; "perhaps sixty."

But, as she neared the house, something of the old weight returned, and her smile faded. She looked anxiously down the road.

"I hope she won't be long," she said to herself. "I do hope she will hurry."

Suddenly she dropped down upon the bottom step and stopped both ears with her fingers. It had seemed to her excited fancy that she could hear the sound of the old machine. There Molly found her when she came back, and leading her into the house, put her to bed like a child. It was late into the night before the girl left her and went out closing the doors carefully.

Molly went into the parlor that had served as a shop so many years. There was a large closet opening from it, and into this, she pushed the old machine. The sewing table followed, the basket of pieces and all evidences of Miss Zeviah's years of dressmaking. It was midnight before she climbed the stairs to the little room where she had slept before, and the room below was no longer a shop but a cosy and comfortable parlor.

The next morning all Roseboro knew that Zeviah Hankin was not well—the doctor feared a nervous breakdown—and that Molly Avery was staying with her.

"But can she afford to be sick?" It was the mother of Almira Steers who inquired. Almira's wedding was approaching; her sewing was not done and a new dressmaker must be found.

Molly looked her calmly in the eye.

"If you mean money," she said, "Miss Zeviah has something of her own, and she will do very well."

(Continued on next page.)

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An Unexpected Gift

(Continued from page 112.)

Molly had taken the helm, and Zeviah watched her with gratitude too deep for expression. They had always been fond of each other—these two. Perhaps it was because of Molly's tenderness for the woman who had missed so much of the wonder of life; perhaps it was also because Molly was all that Zeviah would have liked to be. Molly kept Zeviah from the necessity of meeting certain gossipy neighbors, from whose questions the little dressmaker shrank as if from a blow. She also carried home all the materials that belonged outside the house. No, Miss Zeviah would not sew all summer. She would rest. This fact was reluctantly accepted by the people of Roseboro.

The following day, when Zeviah entered her sitting-room, the look of intense relief on her face amply repaid Molly for her work of the evening before. Furthermore, after a talk with Judge Rayner, who called to see her on business one afternoon, Zeviah began to accept her changed lot with something of complacency. But Molly kept the key to the closet, for Zeviah still imagined she could hear the noise of the old machine. Under Molly's care the tense lines were growing less deep in Zeviah's face and the needed rest was doing her good. Judge Rayner stared at her in astonishment, when he came in.

"So it must be a conspiracy of three," he smiled, mopping the perspiration from his kindly face, "you and little Molly here and me. Well, if anybody can keep a secret, we can."

At the door he turned to Molly. "Keep her mind occupied," he said. "She has had a hard time and she needs to be amused. If anybody can do it, you can."

He went down the gravel walk. "Shades of Mars!" he chuckled to himself. "If Clitty Faxon and Sophronia Parkins and all the rest get hold of this, there will be a tongue-driving. I don't blame her for wanting to keep still a week or so till she gets her bearings a bit. But oh, how I would like to tell!"

In obedience to the Judge's hint there arrived in the house certain materials; and Zeviah, upon whom the old habit was too strong to allow her fingers to lie idle the whole time, worked with a different expression on her face.

"It does seem strange to be pulling out my own bastings. I haven't had hardly a new thing for years. Do you think it is too much?" she inquired anxiously as the girl was draping the soft folds of the gray crêpe de Chine.

"Not a bit," cried Molly. "I never saw you look so well. And nobody will suspect, for I told Mrs. Stebbins that a relative had made things a little easier for you, while you were not well."

"I've always been such a plain little grub," sighed Zeviah, looking at herself doubtfully in the long mirror.

"Well, you aren't any more," cried Molly jubilantly. "The butterfly stage has begun."

Zeviah's face settled into thoughtful lines.

"I almost believe that everybody has wings, if they only knew it," she said seriously. "It took the money to give me shock enough to find it out, after all my years of pinching and being narrow

I should like it if I could do something to make it easier for people to shake out theirs. Perhaps I can."

Many were the curious eyes that followed Zeviah and Molly as they walked up the aisle of the church the following Sunday. Mrs. Steers positively glared.

"She must have been sewing for herself," she told Almira, "and here you are going from pillar to post to get your clothes made in time for the wedding. It's a pretty case, and I don't care who knows I think so."

But there were those who were kindly pleased at the evident change in Zeviah. They looked at her with new eyes. She walked with her head up, even though her hand usually rested on Molly's arm; for the shock of the change, following upon the years of drudgery, had seemed to take much of the little dressmaker's strength. The change was subtle and indescribable. In the parlance of Roseboro, "It made talk."

And on this particular Sunday, so much interest was manifested in the transformed Zeviah with her gray gown and her violet hat, that the look of solid enjoyment and eager expectation on the face of Judge Rayner quite escaped notice.

The service began. As the notices were read some curiosity was excited by a request that the congregation remain after the benediction for a matter of business. Elder Stebbins looked a little surprised when he read this, but Judge Rayner did not.

After the ending of the service, the minister descended from the pulpit and Judge Rayner, going forward, had a word with him. Then the Judge turned toward the expectant faces of the members of the congregation.

"I do not need to remind you of one great need of this church—a need that we have worked hard to fill, but the fund for which we have been obliged to devote to repairs and other uses. I think there has undoubtedly been a feeling of discouragement, for it has seemed that we could not see our way to realize our hopes in this line. Now a wonderful thing has happened. I have had placed in my hands a sum sufficient to purchase a new pipe organ for our church." He paused and a murmur went round the church. Zeviah Hankin was watching him with frightened face.

"This matter was to be kept secret until next Sunday, when the giver expected to be absent from town; but I feel that she, who has shared the work and the burdens and the hopes of the church for so many years, should be present to share the joy that her gift will bring to us all. I ask that she allow me to give her name now, so that we may all rejoice together in the good that has come to us. I feel sure that she, who has proved so generous in the gift will not withhold this added pleasure to us all."

The Judge paused and looked down. His face was a little white, as though he was not quite sure that he had done right, but he held his head expectantly.

Every eye went to the Widow Eltinge who, of all the congregation could best afford such a gift. But upon her face was to be seen as much surprise as was reflected upon those of the others.

The minister spoke with a little break in his voice. He had been pastor over the little church for fifteen years and Roseboro was home to him.

"If it is the wish of the donor to remain unknown for a time, we can but bow to it, but I add my plea to that of the Judge that she should let us know whom we are to thank for this good gift."

Then Zeviah Hankin rose and faced them all. She was very white, and she kept her hand on Molly's shoulder.

"I—I wanted to do it," she said simply. "For many years I have sent out into the world the noise of a sewing machine. And now I thank God that it has been given to me to help to make music in the church."

A Good Rest Cure

It is found in a very old-fashioned book, but really it is quite modern and up to date, scientific, if you will. "Rest in the Lord," the formula reads. Have you ever tried it? We commend it

highly. It will do you much more good than either the mountains or the seashore. You know the matter with you is not that you have been working too hard or are bearing too heavy a load of responsibility and duty.

The real trouble is that you are carrying around with you too many anxieties and worries about yourself and other people, and the whole world in general. If you could roll these off once in a while and get an unburdened, fresh, sane outlook upon life in general, and your own life in particular, the tension would leave you and you would find rest and refreshment right down in your very soul. The man who wrote that old recipe knew life to its very core and reality, and spoke out of an experience that sounded the very depths. God is the soul's rest, man's only true sanctuary.

—EXCHANGE.

The Reward of Service

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Meal-Time Conscience
What Do the Children Drink?

There are times when mother or father feeds the youngsters something that they know children should not have. Perhaps it is some rich dessert but more often it is tea or coffee.

It is better to have some delicious, hot food-drink that you can take yourself and feed to your children, conscious that it will help and strengthen, but never hurt them.

A Yorkstate lady says: "I used coffee many years in spite of the conviction that it injured my nervous system and produced my nervous headaches. While visiting a friend I was served with Postum and I determined to get a package and try it myself. The result was all that could be desired—a delicious, finely flavored, richly colored beverage. Since I quit coffee, Postum has worked wonders for me.

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THE TREASURY

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Mr. Small, \$1; Mr. Colgate, \$25; Miss Badeau, \$5; the Christian Herald, \$5; New York City, church collection, \$25; Mrs. James, for Spanish and Portuguese publications in Latin America, \$5,000; Mr. Gawtry, \$10; Mr. Brinker, for immigrants at Ellis Island, \$0.53; Hobart, church offering, \$5; Irvington-on-Hudson, church collection, \$5; Auburn, church offering, Mrs. Maxwell, \$1; Miss Andrews, \$1; Mr. Hamlin, \$5; Buffalo, church collection, \$50; Miss Thomas, \$1; Mr. Moseley, \$10; Buffalo, Women's Christian Temperance Union, \$1; Mrs. Pierce, \$10; General Ludington, \$2; Wyoming, church offering, \$2; Mr. Wood, \$1; Miss Davison, \$1; "A Friend," \$0.30; Brooklyn, church collection, \$15; Miss Hawkins, \$10; Mr. Weehrl, \$1; Mr. Watson, \$1; Binghamton, church offering, \$5; Yonkers, church collection, \$10; Mr. Edwards, \$40; Amsterdam, church offering, \$5; Mr. Havemeyer, \$25; Mr. Johnston, \$3; Miss Doubleday, in memory of Rev. Mr. Doubleday, \$5; Mr. Hoyt, \$2; Oswego, church collection, \$1; Mrs. Swartout, \$1; Lockport, church offering, \$15.60; Von Freunder aus Amsterdam, for prisoners at Ellis Island, \$2; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Woolworth, \$10; Miss Zabriske and sister, \$2; Mrs. Peckham, \$3; Mrs. Avery, \$1.50; Miss Esselstyan, in memory of her mother, \$5; Cossackie, church collection, \$7.01; "A Friend," \$5; Hagaman, church offering, \$10.60; Mrs. Damley, \$3; Miss Reynolds, \$50; Waterford, church collection, \$9.61; "A Friend," \$5; Miss Patten, \$1; Mrs. Rainey, \$1; Mr. Myrick, \$2; Mr. Fairhead, \$1; Mrs. Pine, \$5; Brooklyn, church offering, \$16.25; Mrs. Winne, Ester offering and Tract distribution, \$12; Mr. Jagnow, Für Colporteur Arbeit, \$1.

NORTH CAROLINA, \$11.

Mr. Gorman, \$10; Mr. Beall, \$1.

OHIO, \$72.16.

Wooster, church collection, \$16; Miss Banks, \$0.50; Bridgeport, church offering, \$10; Mr. Settlege, \$2; Upper Sandusky, church collection, \$3; Mr. Hunt, \$2; Mr. Peck, \$0.50; Mrs. Dearing, \$1; Mrs. Plummer, \$2; Miss Parker, \$2; Mr. Hunt, \$2; Mr. McElroy, \$1; Hartwell, church offering, \$5; Dr. Chase, \$1; Mr. Gump, \$1; Mr. Irvin, \$1; Rev. Mr. Kennett, \$1; Mr. Perrine, \$1; Mr. Phelps, \$3; Mrs. Walters, \$1; Mr. C. Winchet, \$2; Mr. F. Winchet, \$1; Mr. Marietta, \$1; Mr. W. T. Winchet, \$3; Mr. Kumer, \$1; Middleport, church offering, \$2; Mr. Settlege, \$1; Wyoming, church collection, \$5.16.

OREGON, \$35.

Mrs. Flavel, \$10; Mrs. Goodnow, \$25.

PENNSYLVANIA, \$485.76.

Mrs. Dodds, \$5; Washington, church collection, \$25; Mr. Bare, \$2; Mr. Patton, \$10; Philadelphia, S. S. offering, \$10; Mrs. Strong, \$5; Mr. Parkhurst, \$5; Miss Graham, \$1; West Finley, church collection, \$5; Coraopolis, church collection, \$8.44; Mr. Ludington, \$5; Miss Pearson, \$5; Mr. Wagenseller, \$5; Mr. Glover, \$1; Mrs. Penrose, \$50; Wilkensburg, church offering, \$4.92; Mr. Hunlock, \$5; Mr. Cox, \$5; estate of Mr. Lang, \$50; Mr. Welles, \$5; Mr. Mills, \$25; Mrs. Scott, \$2; Seranton, church collection, \$20; Harrisburg, church offering, \$25; Mrs. Preston, \$2; Danville, church collection, \$5; Miss Bruen, \$25; Miss Scott, \$2; Dr. Lect, \$5; Mr. Sanford, \$50; Mr. Waller, Jr., \$15; Washington, church offering, \$3.60; Mr. Kerrick, \$2; Hon. Mr. Hand, \$10; Pittsburgh, church collection, \$7.80; Carrick, church offering, \$29; Mr. Eiler, \$5; Mr. Reed, \$15; Mr. Eckbert, \$25.

RHODE ISLAND, \$4.

"A Friend," \$1; Miss Dyer, \$1; "A Friend," \$1; "A Friend," \$1.

SOUTH CAROLINA, \$2.

Misses E. and I. Dudley, \$2.

TENNESSEE, \$7.10.

"A Friend," \$5; Mrs. Rhea, \$2.10.

VERMONT, \$19.50.

Mrs. Cooleidge, \$0.50; Mr. Fletcher, \$1; Mr. Norris, \$10; Mr. Emerson, \$1; Mrs. Fairbanks, \$2.50; "A Friend," \$0.50; Mrs. Whitney, for Russian work, \$1; Mr. Park, \$2; Mrs. Atwood, \$1.

VIRGINIA, \$26.

Mr. Williams, for Tract distribution, \$25; Mr. Blackstone, \$1.

WASHINGTON, \$1.

Dr. Chapman, \$1.

WISCONSIN, \$8.15.

Mr. Roebel, Sr., \$0.65; Edw. and Magdalein Lanz, \$1.50; Ungenaut, \$5; Mr. J. J. Tschudy, \$1.

FOREIGN, \$72.17.

Cuba, church offering, \$2; Canada, Mr. Bieber, \$1; Canada, Mrs. McCrac, \$1; Canada, Miss Groedel, \$3; Hawaii, Mrs. Richards, for Russian work, \$10; Cuba, Rev. Mr. Greene, \$55.17.

LEGACIES, \$398.38.

Lyons Farm, N. J., estate of Phebe M. Drake, \$398.38.

INTEREST FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$228.75.

Income for Missionary Work, \$228.75.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

To Our Subscribers

A RULING of the Post Office Department states that copies of the AMERICAN MESSENGER may not be mailed to persons whose subscriptions are in arrears for a period exceeding twelve months. In other words, the regulations of the Post Office Department compel us to remove from our regular mailing list the names of all who delay the payment of their subscriptions longer than twelve months. In view of this fact we urge upon all our friends the necessity of attending promptly to the renewal of their subscriptions. A glance at the address label on the wrapper of the paper will show at what date each subscription expires.

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

A Glowing Testimony

One who has long been a subscriber to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, in renewing her subscription for another year, writes:

"Thank you for continuing to send the AMERICAN MESSENGER, for I find so many helpful and comforting gems in it, as I grow older, and it helps and uplifts me on the way."

The Central American Mission

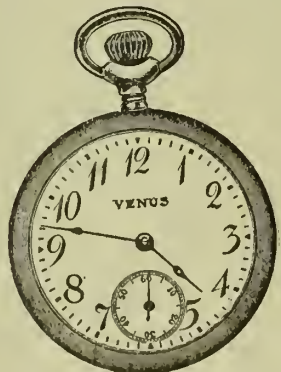
"In the providence and under the guidance of the Blessed Lord," says the Central American Bulletin, "the Central American Mission has passed its twenty-fifth milestone. Those who contend that faith missions as a rule cannot last will have to begin to revise their prophecies, for twenty-five years is a long time in these perilous times, and the Lord has preserved the lives of those four who organized this mission twenty-five years ago, although two of them are not now connected with its work. We feel sure the facts will justify us in saying that the year 1915 was the best year in the life of this mission, although one of the darkest years in the world's history.

"We make our boast in the Lord and give Him all the praise and thanksgiving for the salvation of more souls than in any other one year. We likewise make our boast in the Lord that the past year was one of the most bountiful in the supply of all needs, notwithstanding the horrible condition of the finances of the whole earth, and especially in the work of missions, where curtailment was the cry on every hand. But we desire in this connection to give all the glory to the Lord."

WATCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Every boy and every girl would like to have a watch. Here is a good opportunity to secure one free. Boys and girls in different sections of our country have gone to work and within a very short time, and with very little effort, they have become the owners of beautiful watches. Our youthful readers can do likewise. Boys, try it and see how easy it is to secure only 4 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each. Girls, you certainly can obtain the names of 7 of your friends as subscribers to aid you to secure this watch. Go to work now.

Girl's Nickel Watch

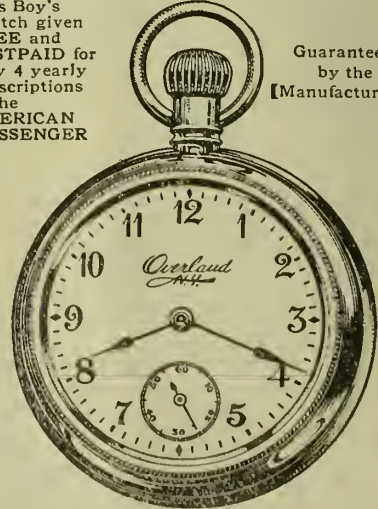


This beautiful little watch is finished in solid nickel silver case with fancy engraved edges and is stem wind and stem set. The dial has plain figures, and the crystal is made of heavy beveled glass. We have used this little watch as a premium in the past and it has given the best of satisfaction.

The Watch will be sent FREE and all charges PREPAID for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

Boy's Nickel Watch

This Boy's Watch given FREE and POSTPAID for only 4 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER



Guaranteed by the Manufacturers

This watch is an up-to-date, American-made serviceable watch, stem wind and stem set, and is a good timekeeper. It has a highly polished open face nickel silver case. A guarantee for one year goes with each watch. The illustration given herewith is an exact reproduction of the watch we are offering.

As a special inducement, we will send to each new subscriber a copy of our beautiful picture in colors, "The Good Shepherd," size 1 1/2 x 20 inches.

American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

IN THE MISSION FIELDS

Mexican Readers of Manzanitas de Oro

Manzanitas de Oro is the title of a beautiful illustrated periodical published in the Spanish language by the American Tract Society for circulation in Latin America and other parts of the Spanish-speaking world. It is largely a counterpart of *Apples of Gold*, a Sunday school periodical in the English language, which has been published by the American Tract Society for the last forty-five years.

The treatment of the Sunday School Lesson in *Manzanitas de Oro* is prepared by Rev. J. Milton Greene, D.D., a well-known and very successful missionary in Havana, Cuba. The popularity of this paper is attested by the fact that it has now reached a circulation of 24,000 copies per week.

We are glad to present on this page a picture of some Mexican readers of *Manzanitas de Oro*, who reside in El Paso, Texas, and concerning whom Rev. S. S. Athans writes as follows:

"I am sending a picture representing a group of Mexican Sunday school children belonging to the Mexican Church of the Nazarene, in El Paso, of which I am pastor.

"These children are the happy readers of the splendid Sunday school paper, *Manzanitas de Oro*, and it seems that they could not get along without it.

"It may be interesting to the readers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER to know something about the beginning and the growth of this class. The girl sitting in the center of the picture is the teacher. She is only sixteen years old. She was converted in our church two years ago, and soon afterward she took an active part in the Sunday school. She is a very refined girl, intellectually bright and very devoted and humble. She began teaching with about fifteen children, and not long after her class increased to nearly sixty pupils."

A Chinese Daniel

The *Missionary Herald* relates an interesting occurrence in the career of Admiral Li Huo, a Christian officer in the Chinese service. Being a clean, honest, earnest man he naturally won the confidence of President Yuan Shih Kai and was advanced to an influential position. As a Christian he consistently declined attendance upon official heathen sacrifices and was excused by the President. But when it became necessary for Admiral Li and many others to take an oath of allegiance, the problem grew more serious. He and three other Christians felt that they could not swear by heathen gods in a heathen temple. Christians in government service gathered together to talk the matter over. The result was that Li decided not to yield, though he might lose position and even life by refusal. The others assented and went with him for an interview with President Yuan. Harassed with the Japanese crisis the President could not see them, but the Vice-President advised them to do as they felt best. "The President would not care."

But nothing escapes the attention of the keen man at the head of the Chinese government. There was an investigation. Admiral Li and the others were discharged, though the President confessed the government could ill afford to lose him. Then Mr. Ding and others aroused prominent Christians over the country to help the President to see his way clear to take them back. Again President Yuan showed his magnanimity by restoring Admiral Li on the ground that he had shown no disrespect or lack of allegiance and that the Constitution guaranteed religious freedom. Li and his three friends were allowed to choose a place in which to take the oath. The Admiral selected the Temple of Heaven, but Yuan objected that none but the Emperor or President should ascend to



A MEXICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL IN EL PASO, TEXAS.

that altar for prayer. So it was agreed that the Admiral should read from the steps his pledge of allegiance to president and government. This was done, the Admiral sealing his oath with earnest prayer to the true God of heaven Whom he serves. It will mean much to Christians all over the land that one in so high a place should stand so bravely for his convictions.

A Pioneer in Burmah

Dr. John Marks, who recently passed away in England, was a pioneer mission worker in Burmah. The King of Burmah, Mindoon Min, honored him by sending his nine sons to him for education. This was done in a royal and truly Oriental fashion, for every day the boys rode to and from school on nine elephants, each with two umbrellas over his head, the whole procession being escorted by 400 soldiers.

A Modern Saul

There are two anti-Christian papers published in Madagascar, one French and the other Malagasy. The editor of the latter has been a Mr. Ravaonjanahary, an out-and-out militant agnostic. This paper, the *Sun*, is now without an editor, for Mr. R. has become a Christian and a member of the Congregational church at Faravohitra. It has cost him much, for he has a wife and five children and his former position was both secure and lucrative. Now instead of writing infidel tracts he is devoting his great abilities to preaching the Gospel. He is a brilliant French scholar, a speaker and writer of power, a man of genuine character, in short, a powerful accession to the mission force of Madagascar. This modern Saul become Paul is now speaking on "Why I am a Christian," in the Malagasy capital.

"Jesus Grass" in Japan

Mr. Garst, an American missionary, introduced the common white clover into Japan. This has spread widely throughout the country and a missionary reports having heard it characterized as "Jesus grass" in recognition of its mission origin.

Cause for a Praise Service

In spite of wars and rumors of wars, of threatened changes of administration, and of restrictions on trade and business, mission work in China goes steadily on. A recent letter from Miss Luella Miner, a missionary of the American Board in Peking, China, gives a glimpse of the progress made last year. She says:

"I have been working to-day on the statistics of our Peking station, with its outstations, and it makes me feel like having a praise service. What might we

have accomplished if we had had the men and women to enter all of the doors of opportunity! In our regular schools we have had 1,088 pupils, and hundreds more have been instructed in Sunday schools, station classes, the Bible classes for university students, and the night school. Then the preaching bands, in their annual tour of the great country field, have reached tens of thousands in their lectures and with the gospel message. The band is just starting out for a month's work which will complete the circuit of the outstations.

"One new station has been opened between Peking and the Summer Palace, where the great macadamized road runs through a thriving town. We hope that American Indemnity College teachers and students, who are not far away, will support this work if sufficient interest can be aroused. Pupils have paid into our schools the equivalent of \$3,670 (gold), and for the support of the church and its benevolences \$890 more. It is these sums which enable us to enlarge our work, though the funds coming from America are not increased. We need especially now money for land and buildings, that room may be provided for work that will be almost self-supporting when it is once started. Our schools are getting in a fine class of pupils now, boys as well as girls. Several desirable pieces of property near us are now offered for sale. Oh, for a few tens of thousands out of the millions worse than wasted in Europe daily!"

A Japanese Northfield

The year nineteen hundred and fifteen saw the opening of the Japanese Northfield near Gotemba, a site with a magnificent panorama, including Fujisan. The Y. M. C. A. initiated the enterprise, but holds the grounds for the use of all Christian churches. Several buildings have already been constructed under the supervision of Mr. Vories, the missionary architect of the Omi Mission. Six delegates from Korea at the summer conference made a contribution of 200 yen to the cost of the plant.

Korean Sunday School Scholars

Recently a number of the older pupils in Taiden, Korea, were asked what the Sunday school had done for them, their replies showing clear understanding of the power of the gospel. One boy, of about ten, said that before going to Sunday school he had been in the habit of stealing cake from his father's shop, another that he had been used to lying, and still another confessed to having been very quarrelsome. Each said that a change had come through attendance on Sunday school, where he had learned about the Lord Jesus.

Many children have continued to attend in spite of serious opposition. One boy of twelve not only himself attended but brought ten others, of whom nearly all have continued. Later his father, through the influence of relatives, became bitterly opposed and forbade the boy's attendance. On his last Sunday the child gave a farewell to all the children, telling them that the reason he was ceasing to attend was his father's opposition, and urging all not only to continue themselves, but to bring others to "learn the good teaching of Jesus." He added that he desired all to pray that God would change his father's heart that he, too, might attend. Then said the boy, "I will pray," and before all the children he prayed most earnestly that God would bless the school and change his father's heart.

A Strong Witness

Rev. Lewis Hodous, professor in the Union Theological School at Foochow City, sends the following report of the convincing testimony of a Chinese scholar to the power of Christ:

"The other day I met a scholar who was converted at one of the Eddy meetings in Foochow. I was holding a service in one of our smaller churches. This man happened to be in the neighborhood and attended church. After church we sat down with a company of young men in the reception room. This man began telling these young fellows about his religious experience.

"He said: 'I was a secretary in General Sung's yamen. General Sung was governor of Fukien after the revolution. I used to gamble. Even after the president sent down his proclamation against gambling I used to gamble. Since I became a Christian I have stopped gambling. Then I used to have a pretty strong temper. Little things used to irritate me and often I broke out with considerable violence. Christ has helped me to control my temper.

"Before I became a Christian my life was scattered and aimless. Now I have a purpose in life, and I am at peace with myself and with all men. I used to laugh at Christianity, but now I am happy to go to services and bear witness."

"This man is active in social service and is trying to help on the Christian cause. There are others just like him."

Bible Contest in Korea

More than fifty Bible classes are being held this season under direction of Mrs. W. L. Swallen, of Chosen, Korea. In one class three prizes were given for the best answers to sixty questions on the four gospels. The missionary noticed after the contest was over that the questions, posted on the wall, were being copied by women and girls and even by men.

Kindergarten Work in Japan

Fourteen of the graduates of the Kanazawa girls' school, whose "kindergarten" was one of the first planted in the empire, are now teachers in kindergartens, instructing two hundred children every day. Several parents of Kyoto kindergarten scholars were baptized last year. When one little girl went home she told her mother that she must pray to God and thank Him for the food before she ate. The mother tried to pay no attention to her child, but she insisted on being heard, and the mother at last consented. When she had finished, the child was still unsatisfied because she did not say "Amen" at the end. This was too much for the mother, who saw that if she was to continue as head of the household she must learn to pray. So she went at once to one of the preaching places, attended regularly and finally was baptized.

The American Messenger Offers You Your Last Chance

To Partake of a New Kind of Enjoyment. To Absorb Stimulating Mental Benefit.
To Imbibe Soul-Gratifying Inspiration, and To Earn \$1,250.00 In Real Money!

Enter The Great Bible Picture Contest BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

OBSERVE THE EXPLANATION OF THE CONTEST:



← Suppose this sample picture were one of the regular pictures in the Contest you'd look in your "Gems from the Bible" for a fitting verse

G E M S F R O M T H E B I B L E

gone up; he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up? *Gen. 49:9.*

The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be. *Gen. 49:10.*

Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall: *Gen. 49:22.*

And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people. *Gen. 49:33.*

And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. *Gen. 50:25.*

So Joseph died, being a hundred and ten years old: and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt. *Gen. 50:26.*

FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF MOSES, CALLED EXODUS.

And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them. *Ex. 1:7.*

And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. *Ex. 2:5.*

And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren. *Ex. 2:11.*

And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. *Ex. 2:12.*

Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters: and they

12

and then, having found one, you'd write it in the Reply Book

I, who have signed my name on the front and back covers of this book, submit the following Bible verses as individually fitting

PICTURE No. X

I submit the verses in the order of their applicability to the picture. (Number each verse as you write it down; see illustration on page 2.) One, two, three, four or five verses may be submitted for each picture.

1. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. Ex. 2:5.

Here, directly above, you see the upper portion of a page from the Contest Reply Book, the rest of the page (which has been torn off) consisting of more blank lines. A Reply Book is given to you together with "Gems from the Bible."

Here, directly above and to the right, you see a page from "Gems from the Bible." The latter is a handsome little book containing all the possible answers, and in fact the only eligible answers, for the Bible Contest pictures.

Up on top, at the left, you see a specimen picture, a fitting text for which is found in "Gems from the Bible," and then entered in the Reply Book. That's the process of the Bible Picture Contest.

COUPON

To Obtain "Gems from the Bible," Reply Book and 60 Pictures as a Premium. The American Messenger, Park Ave. and 40th St., New York City.

Gentlemen:—I enclose \$1.60 to pay for yearly subscription to the American Messenger and eight months' (35 weeks') subscription to the Christian Herald; and you are therefore to send me as a premium the OUTFIT of "Gems from the Bible," Reply Book and 60 Pictures.

Name

Full Postal Address.....

(Note: The subscriptions will also be entered to the credit of the above name and address unless you designate otherwise on an additional sheet of paper.)

DETAILS OF THE CONTEST

The Contest consists of sixty pictures like the sample, for each of which contestants must submit suitable Bible verses to match; and the Bible verses must be selected from the standard list contained in the book called "Gems from the Bible," thus establishing equal opportunity. No answers will be accepted before June 19th. All answers must be in by July 17, 1916. The Contest may be entered without expense or obligation. Here are some of the provisions:

\$1,250 in cash constitutes the first reward. There will be 49 rewards in all, totaling \$3,500. The second reward is \$625; third, \$350; fourth, \$250; fifth, \$150; sixth, \$100; seventh, \$75; eighth, \$50; ninth, \$20; and then numerous smaller rewards, all cash. The rewards will be given for the most fitting answers as will be decided by an eminent Committee of Judges.

The 60 pictures can be had at one cent each, or entirely free if the handsome little volume "Gems from the Bible" and the convenient Reply Book are obtained. Of course the Rules and complete instructions are also included. All these articles make up the ideal equipment designated Bible Picture Contest OUTFIT. We offer the Outfit as a free premium.

Send us a yearly subscription to the American Messenger and an eight months' subscription to the Christian Herald, at the joint rate of \$1.60 and we shall at once forward to you, prepaid, the complete Bible Picture Contest Outfit.

Either or both subscriptions can be new, renewal or extension for yourself or anyone else. The Christian Herald is a weekly publication; and it is one of the leading, non-sectarian, illustrated, news and feature, home magazines.

Use the coupon here on the left. DO NOT DELAY!

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 74



JULY, 1916



No. 7



A PAGODA AND BELL TEMPLE AT ASAKASA, TOKYO, JAPAN

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

"The Sunshine of Benson Grove"

BY STELLA TYLER JORDAN.

"NEXT STOP Benson Grove," called the brakeman as he opened the door to the Pullman car.

An elderly lady who had been making tating, opened her bag, dropping her shuttle and thread into it, collected her belongings and prepared to leave the car.

She had traveled for two days and was glad her journey was at an end. At last she had reached the town where John lived. Her belongings were soon ready, for Miss Martha Hawthorn, in her spinsterly way, always kept her things in readiness as though she expected at any moment to be called to another world to give an account of the way she had left them.

She settled back in her seat as the train slowed down. "Pretty village," she said to herself. Just then the porter came up to help her off and she followed him down the aisle.

"Hello, Aunt Martha!" called a cheery voice, and a gentleman greeted her affectionately as she alighted from the train.

She looked up into the jovial face of Dr. John Raleigh, who stood before her in all the splendid vigor of his manhood.

"Do you mean to tell me you are my little John," gasped the lady as the doctor stooped to kiss her.

"That's just who I am!" he declared, and with the same hearty laugh which she so well remembered, he soon whisked her away over the road to his home.

The place was what Aunt Martha might have expected; a large, well-kept house and grounds, and in the home were a dear little wife and two children.

"You are exactly as I had pictured you to be," exclaimed the old lady in response to Alice Raleigh's cordial welcome. "I knew John would pick out some one we would all love."

"Yes," remarked the doctor, coming up the stairs, "and I also picked out these two youngsters for you to love. Just the image of their dad, don't you think?"

When they were all seated in the great living-room, Eunice and Lawrence soon were in the arms of the aunt of whom they had heard so much.

The days passed very happily for Miss Hawthorn, who was delighted to be able to help some in the housework, since Mrs. Raleigh was accustomed to have a woman come in only a day each week to do the heavy cleaning; when there was nothing she could do about the house, she resorted to her tating, never content to be idle long.

When Sunday arrived, all drove to church, as Aunt Martha was anxious to attend religious service, never missing it at her own home. They went early enough to attend Sunday School, which the old lady enjoyed very much. As she watched the primary class go to their room, her face became instantly soft with sympathy, for the young teacher—a girl about eighteen years of age, was confined to a wheel chair, which she handled herself and quickly followed the children, whom she so dearly loved.

At the close of the lesson when the primary doors were opened, "Aunt Martha" again had a chance to study the face of the crippled teacher. As the children passed the wheel chair, they looked up with confidence into the sweet countenance of their beloved instructor, and each child received in return a radiant smile and a hearty handshake.

"Well," said Dr. Raleigh on the way home, "how did you enjoy the service, aunt?"

"Very much, indeed," she replied, "but it made my heart ache to watch the young primary teacher, she seems so loveable—I wonder why things like that happen when the girl could be so useful in the world!"

"Auntie, dear," interrupted Alice Raleigh, before her husband could speak. "Just wait until you know Hallie Bristol. She couldn't possibly be more useful than she is now—she is the sunshine of Benson Grove!"

"What can the poor girl do?" asked the old lady wonderingly.

"Do!" said the doctor earnestly. "She

is doing all the time, I have my hands full to keep her from doing, for she needs to rest. Her ailment is not incurable, but she would gain a great deal faster if she would be content to live more quietly."

"Didn't you see our splendid large primary department?" asked Alice eagerly.

"Indeed I did—it certainly beats ours back home, even if we do live in a large city and have a congregation many times the size of yours."

"Well, Hallie has charge of the entire department. She teaches the lesson from her wheel chair and she can think of many things to amuse and instruct those children! She gets more out of the lesson, too, than any other two teachers put together. Then, when it comes to the young people, she is the center of the Christian Endeavor Society, always having some new idea, no matter what department is discussed. In fact, it seems as though the church just couldn't run without Hallie. You must get acquainted with her, auntie, she is such a darling—and her spare moments are filled with tating! So I know you would be great friends!"

During the next few months Hallie Bristol and Aunt Martha became real chums. The old lady would go and help the girl in her interesting plans for the betterment of the church and the community. One day each week was devoted to the teaching of embroidery, crocheting and tating, for there was no one else in Benson Grove who had the time or the inclination to teach these things and there were many who were only too glad of the opportunity to avail themselves of the instruction, given so willingly by the crippled girl and her new friend.

"Won't you come over Thursday afternoon, Aunt Martha?" urged the girl one day. "You will see something that will do your heart good. I can't tell you a thing about it—but come as early as you can."

At promptly one o'clock Thursday afternoon Aunt Martha, Alice Raleigh and the children arrived at the home of Hallie Bristol, taking with them an abundant supply of fragrant flowers. And they discovered, to the surprise of the old lady, that almost every child in the district was already there with baskets of the most exquisite blossoms of the season. What could it all mean?

"Is this a shower flower, Hallie?" inquired Aunt Martha, greatly mystified and very much interested.

"Yes, but not for me!" replied the girl smiling happily. "You see, there are many tenement houses in Grand Center, as well as several hospitals, and each week we gather here to make bouquets. The expressmen are very kind and take them to the city, where they are received by the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and distributed where they will do the most good."

What a wonderful afternoon it was! Young and old worked busily fashioning the dainty bouquets, to each of which was fastened a verse of scripture written by Hallie's own hand.

"They may not do much good," said Hallie, reflectively, "but one has plenty of time to think when one is sick."

Aunt Martha worked with a will until the last bouquet was tied and they were all piled into Alice Raleigh's car and taken to the express office.

Hallie Bristol warmly thanked each child for their efforts and read to them different letters she had received from those who had already been blessed and encouraged by the receipt of the lovely floral tokens of thoughtful remembrance.

"What gave you the idea, dear?" inquired Aunt Martha of Hallie, after the children had gone home. "It is a beautiful thing to do!"

"I spent many months in the hospital myself and used to long so for some one to bring me even one flower. I know what it means to be sick among strangers, far from one's home and dear ones, and upon my sick-bed I resolved that if ever I were able to go back to the busy, rushing world again, I would surely see that those who wanted flowers should have their heart's desire."

Religious Education in South America

All who are interested in religious education in South America will be glad to hear the report of the first tour made by Rev. George P. Howard, as Sunday-school secretary for that continent:

"My first visit was to Tandil, a flourishing city of about 10,000 inhabitants, situated to the south of Buenos Aires about a night's railway journey. The brethren of the Evangelical Union (an English Missionary Society) were holding their annual meeting at that time. They gave me two full days and evenings out of their program and we had a great time. They were eager for help. I had a hard time getting away from them, and had to promise to return soon for a second visit. I gave them several addresses on the modern Sunday-school; organized and led a model class, and led a Round Table discussion at which they brought up many of their problems. My exhibit trunk was a great feature.

"Great interest was awakened in teacher-training, and several classes were in process of formation when I left. I took orders for thirty copies of the new Spanish teacher-training book, 'The Normal Manual,' published by the American Tract Society. I have had a thorough examination of this book made by some of our leaders here on the field, and it has been found very satisfactory. The names of all who enroll in the teacher-training classes are to be sent to me. I will keep a record of them with the grades as they are examined, and at the end of the course, give them the World's Sunday School Association diploma. From a number of churches, requests have come that I visit them as soon as possible, and help them reorganize their Sunday-schools. Everything, therefore, looks promising. I only wish there were two or three of me!"



Moslem Young People Eager for Bible Study

In the center of the Nile Delta lies Tanta, a city of 70,000, largely Moslem. In one of the poorest quarters of this city a Sunday-school has been started for the children gathered from the streets. Rev. Stephen Trowbridge, Sunday-school secretary for work among Moslems, describes a recent visit to this school:

"The upper floor of a house has been rented, and we found every classroom full to overflowing with Mohammedan boys and girls. When this work first started, the children who came were of the poorest and could not read a line, but recently some very bright boys from the Government Schools have been attending. They also are Moslems, and as Sunday is one of the regular school days, they came directly from their classes to this Sunday-school. I saw a number of them with their Korans tightly clasped under their arms listening most intently to the lesson, which was from the Book of Acts. Some of the questions they answered with quick intelligence, although they know almost nothing about the Bible as yet."

"Another evidence of interest in Bible study," writes Mr. Trowbridge, "is found in the girls' college, Cairo, which is under the direction of the American Mission. Never in the history of the college has there been such a demand for the Bible. Moslem, Jew and Christian alike come saying, 'Please send for a Bible for me.' A new Syrian teacher said that the thing which impressed her most in this college is that, when she looks over the crowded room full of girls at Chapel time, she cannot tell from the earnest faces which are Moslem, Jewish or Christian, for all are equally attentive, eager and responsive. Pray that many of these dear girls may have the courage to declare themselves followers of Jesus!"

Special Summer Subscription Offers

We will send the AMERICAN MESSENGER for SIX MONTHS (July to December, 1916) together with a FULL YEAR'S subscription to any of the select periodicals named below, at a substantial reduction as shown by the price given in connection with each combination.

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The summer is a good time for reading, and by taking advantage of one or more of these special combination offers you may assure yourself and your friends of a supply of entertaining literature that will do much to enhance the pleasure of the summer vacation.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD As a special inducement to extend the circulation of the American Messenger we will send to each new subscriber a copy of our beautiful picture in colors, entitled "The Good Shepherd," by the famous artist, B. Plockhorst. The picture is 14 1/2 by 20 inches in size and is well adapted for framing if so desired. Kindly mention this special offer, when sending your order.

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Vol. 74. No. 7

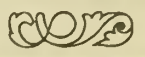
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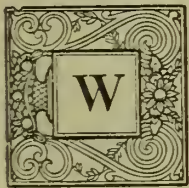


GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM

BY

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM



WHEN Carlyle writes of hero worship, he bears witness to one of the oldest and deepest instincts of human kind. The demi-gods of Greece and of other nations testify to the same indisputable tendency.

One finds the act of breathing hardly less natural than homage to greatness. A common Mecca, in the thought of every people, comes into view with each recurring holiday. It is the Mecca of the soldier's grave. Silently but sincerely we kneel in the presence of unselfish sacrifice.

Such an hour comes to us on Memorial Day and again on Independence Day. Whether or no we actually enter God's Acre, or tread the paths of some national Arlington, or gather on some historic battlefield, we know we are on holy ground. We think much of the soldier dead, more of all they fought to win or save, and we should think most of the greater legacies and responsibilities bequeathed to us. In such a day we should be Janus-faced, looking to the past with gratitude as well as gratification, and looking to the future with a sense of consecration.

The last two years have demonstrated afresh what Shakespeare maintained, that on the field of blood men meet in hatred, "then act the tiger." Yet how we thrill as we read of the battle for right. How we glorify those who fall—as though we saw them climbing to celestial heights. Is it not that we see love in the midst of hatred—love of country, love that forgets self and ventures all for others? Is it not that we see the passions of men tried in the furnace of their own intensity until they flame forth into something like the passion of the Master—a suffering for the saving of the world?

It is told of a New England clergyman that one Sunday morning during the sermon he felt impelled to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Obeying the impulse he shocked the officers of his church and was asked to resign his charge. Years after a stranger came to him, reminded him of the incident, said he was present at the service and added, "I was in that charge, as later I was in your own battle of Gettysburg, and when I heard you recite that poem I said to myself—'Then I too have done something worth while and I ought to be a man. Now I am a man, a

Christian man.'" The clergyman's comment was, "I lost my pulpit, but I saved a soul."

The lever was patriotism. It seemed, both to the preacher and to his congregation to be national patriotism only and hence, out of place in a religious service. In reality it was an unconscious appeal to Christian patriotism as proven in the outcome. The fact is, you cannot separate the two. Christian patriotism is rooted in national patriotism which never flowers and fruits save in Christian patriotism.

The Charge of the Light Brigade fires the heart of every man—why? Because such a charge was enacted not at Balaklava alone but in other places, in other wars, by other men—yes, in our own history, and by our own men, again and again. Think of Stony Point and of the mad charge of "mad" Anthony Wayne! Think of Zagoni at Springfield, Missouri! Yes, and think of the brave Pickett and his men at Cemetery Ridge! For there was sublime heroism clothed in gray as well as in blue. Now why this courage? And why this sacrifice?

Was it not first of all for liberty—with law? This is pre-eminently a land of liberty. For the sake of liberty our Pilgrim Fathers fled from England and, buffeting the waves of a wintry sea, finally landed at Plymouth.

It was the spirit of liberty which instigated the Tea Party of Boston and inspired men from the stirring days of Concord and Lexington to the triumphant close at Yorktown. So also in the war of the Rebellion the underlying force was liberty—liberty not for self but for others—not for the citizen but for the slave. For this was the creed of the great Lincoln, "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

But if a land of liberty so also America should be a land of law. Even the Mayflower had its constitution, written in a cabin but by men who could not be

"Cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears"

and these men were succeeded by others with the same spirit. In the hands of all such law is safe.

But as all politicians are not statesmen, so all law givers are not patriots nor are all citizens law keepers. The ship of state safely launched by the law maker may be submersed by the law breaker. Political corrup-

tion seems to increase in proportion to the mushroom growth of statute law: perchance some of the mushrooms prove to be toadstools sprung out of grafting selfishness and therefore poisonous. We lift our eyes with reverent fervor toward even the bronze statue of the Goddess of Liberty but this is no excuse for running down and over the tug boats of municipal or federal ordinance that lie in our pathway. Lynch law is no law, it is anarchy. Dodging taxes or blinking at liquor legislation is even worse than desecrating the flag with advertisements or burning it in a symbolical melting pot. We may not condone the latter but what shall we say of the tricolor button on the lapel of the average self-seeking politician, or the stars and stripes borne at the head of the brewers' parade? All honor to the Maine women who ostracized visiting men "of good old families" from the metropolis of another state who persisted in "treating" the young men of the locality in the privacy of their own rooms and with smuggled liquors. They bring home to us the question—are we true—through and through—to our nation, its sacred liberty and its equally sacred law? Only so can we be patriots to the core.

Again we see, in this high courage and self-effacing sacrifice of the past, the burning desire to preserve the unity of the nation, and yet withal the individuality of the state and even of the citizen. Especially was this true in the Civil War. "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." This is more than the eloquence of a Webster—it is the heart-throb of a nation—its cry in the hour of second birth. States rights are not denied but qualified. It is not a question of Prussianism or tyranny in any form but of organism. Members of one body, the welfare of the whole demands healthy tissue and free circulation in each limb and at every joint. "Fremont and the Union" was the war shout of Zagoni's men, and you may be sure the cry was clarion like, a veritable crescendo-climax, with the ictus at the last, on the Union!

Right is our admiration for their courage! All honor to such a battle cry! Our love is fanned to a brighter blaze by their loyalty and their unquestioned patriotism! But remember this—there is a new vision among our prophets, a new song in the air, and a new banner in the making. Even our country is to be—in years to come—only as a state when

the world shall become a nation. We are beginning to mount to the highest altitudes, to climb the last crags of the Matterhorn, to see the universal horizon, and to feel a thrill that is of heaven more than of earth. It is a high vantage point, but there is a danger.

You may remember the experience of George Adam Smith. On such an Alpine pinnacle, exultant in the final triumph of the ascent, forgetful alike of past difficulties and present dangers, he leaped to his feet—only to be seized by his guides, pulled backwards and downwards with the warning, "On your knees, man, on your knees! You are safe here only on your knees!"

Our nation to-day stands on the crest of history's loftiest mountain. She stands and looks and seems about to exclaim—and, oh, that she might realize it, she needs to kneel and pray. Only so will she be safe from—not Japan and not Germany and not Mexico, but—herself. It is a time not for ambition but for humility, not for emulation but for amelioration, and not for fear but for faith, hope and love. No longer should we ask merely, "What is best for us?"—but rather—"What is best for mankind?"

What we need is not a new military spirit but the old spirit of the missionary and, if need be, of the martyr. More of the spirit of the Hague?—Yes,—but why dodge the true nomenclature? We want more of the spirit of the Kingdom of God. We need to believe that the new Jerusalem is—coming down from heaven to earth. Its temple and creed, its wisdom and light, should be ours—the light of the Lamb—the sacrificial lamb. Only so shall we learn that

"The light that shines farthest,
Shines brightest at home."

Note that the patriotism we honor and would perpetuate always breathes forth the spirit of song and of service. The day of war is a time of woe. Yet it is also, always a time of song. Never could heroism persist in such a gas-laden atmosphere, were it not for the inspiration of national music. It may be the Marseillaise hymn, or the Watch on the Rhine, or The Campbells Are Coming, or God Save the King—the men who sing and those who listen are carried through the very shadow of the valley of death and to the very doors of a spiritual banqueting hall where they hear the answering refrain of an unseen, celestial chorus. Ask our own bronze-buttoned braves to tell you the meaning of Dixie, John Brown's Body, Marching Through Georgia, The Star Spangled Banner and the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Nay. But we need not ask them: our own hearts thrill as we lift our voices in these, or other songs—as we sing Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, or America with the unconscious accent on the very first word "My Country."

But song should be linked with service. In the after years the sweetest echoes will linger above the trenches where the toil was the hardest, the most monotonous, and seemingly of the earth most earthy. And our boys need to learn, and our girls, our women and our men as well, that there is a patriotism of the rule and of the tool, of the book and of the ballot. It should be the teaching of the church as well as of the school for, though church and state are forever separate, the creed of the one is indirectly the need of the other. There is a scarlet thread of religious symbolism even in the bank note currency of the government, and McKinley, the soldier as well as statesman, never displayed a truer insight into the welfare of the nation than when he framed the patriot sentiment—"He who serves the Master best, serves man best; and he who serves truth, serves civilization."

We honor the soldier, hero of days that shall never fade—yes, we love him—for something more than what he did. We ever think of

what he dared. He enlisted, marched, worked, fought, in the face of danger, disease and death. It was true of the Minute Man, the Green Mountain Boys, the Sons of Liberty in days of revolution. It was true, equally, of those in blue, and those in gray, in days of evolution—when a new and united nation came out of the old and much divided confederation of states. Yes and the world over, in all ages, you will find them.

The patriot excels the soldier. Soldier or no, he looks beyond and above any question of reward: he even overlooks it in his thought of duty. He is found not alone in the camp or at the capitol. He is lodged in the life-saving station as well as on the death-dealing field of blood. He is enrolled in the fire department of the great city and daily contends against a monster more terrible than any fire-belching dragon of childhood's book of myth and fairy lore. He is called a scientist and, under the name of Guyon, gives his life in the struggle against unseen but irresistible microbes. Not he alone but she—the soldier's mother: the Spartan type sending forth her son armored by her own hands and bidding him to return with his shield or on it; or again our own type, not withholding her first born or her seventh born from the righteous arena, in the hour of the nation's crisis, yet raising her child to be primarily not a soldier but a citizen and to meet a citizen's opportunities and responsibilities.

So one cannot divorce the national hero from the Christian patriot. They are joined in indissoluble wedlock. Let us honor the brave. Let us reverence patriotism. Let our vestal virgins guard its sacred fire. As Columbus took possession of these shores in the name not merely of Spanish royalty but of Deity itself, let us remember that this country still belongs to God. It is His nation. His hand has led us on. In His guidance is our only safety.

We love our country's flag—the red, the white and the blue: the blue, the background of the eternal stars, the color of the firmament, significant of unchanging constancy; the red, the color of blood, the most precious thing in all the world, the richest offering ever laid on the altars of time, telling of utter sacrifice for country, loved ones and God, and the white, the blending of all tones and tints in one, emblem of purity, color of the Roman *toga virilis*, the robe of citizenship and, in the political candidate (of that older day), the sign and symbol of immaculate character.

God grant that our national standard may ever inspire in us the entire loyalty, the voluntary sacrifice, in life and if need be in death, and the unselfish citizenship, which are blazoned forth in the red, white and blue.



The Abiding Word

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

*With quiet faith that like a torch
Burns down the many years,
To light our path when eyes grow dim
With age or dusk of tears,*

*To point us to the upper heights
Whereon the heart may wait
The certain dawn that morning brings
With hope and cheer elate,*

*The words He spoke come down to us
By centuries undimmed,
And clearer grown as songs become
Whose strains are often hymned.*

*The simple phrases glow and gleam
On pages of the past,
And they on future leaves returned
Shall gleam unto the last!*

Hiving Experience

BY REV. S. B. DUNN, D.D.



ENTERPRISING apiarists in the valley of the Nile River it is said, when the banks are abloom, are accustomed to embark beehives on float-barges which glide down stream with the current, anchoring at intervals, letting loose their swarms to gather their golden store, the barges sinking deeper at every stop until fully laden, when they return to their original anchorage and turn their wealth into real gold.

Now, is there not such a thing as hiving experience? And were it not a wise pursuit? Life may be a honey-barge. Age should make the sage. True progress is self-enrichment. A rare wealth is sweetness.

Experience Must be Sought and Won

One sure thing is this, that experience can not be inherited nor transmitted like a bank-account or real estate. It must be self-sought and won. As the great bard of human nature sings:

"A man may lend his store of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom, none can borrow, none can lend."

One can profit, of course, by the experience of another, as George Stephenson profited by the experience of James Watt. "Happy," says an old Saxon proverb of King Alfred's time, "is he who learns by the whippings got by another."

But a tabloid of experience is assuredly worth a whole car-load of canned counsel and cellar-lore.

So Turner felt. Before painting his "Snow Storm" he had himself lashed to a ship's mast for four long hours during a blinding snow storm. And Patrick Henry once said: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is, the lamp of experience. The best guarantee of the future is the experience of the past."

When did David get the inspiration of the Twenty-Third Psalm? From experience. And Paul his Eighth Chapter of Romans? From experience. Dante, his Divine Comedy? Bunyan, his Immortal Dream? Milton, his Mighty Epic? All are the result of hived experience. When Paul in Romans 5:4, speaks of "experience," he means, proof by experiment, as a metal tested for pureness before being approved. The man worth while is the man who has stood the fire-test.

Faraday used to say that he could never fully grasp the result of a scientific discovery until after he had seen actual demonstration by experiment.

The Real Test

The real proof of Christian verities, is not found in musty manuscripts—in Paley's Evidences, or Butler's Analogy, or forensic disputation, but in experience. Bee and flower are merely major and minor premises in the syllogism, but the conclusion is the honey of experience.

Theology is one thing, religion is quite another. Religion is life. It is a poor way to study botany from a fossil fern-leaf, or anatomy from a mummy of an ancient Pharaoh. Christian life is an experience as modern as this morning's sunrise and as fresh and freshening as this morning's dew. It is hived honey.

Experience in religion is really a quality of life. It is like tone in a Stradivarius violin. It is like flavor in fruit. It cannot be made; it comes with time and culture.

The fairest, rarest vision of earth is a saint of God—one who has made his Nile-voyage and hived his load.

"The aged Christian stands upon the shore
Of Time, a storehouse of experience,
Fill'd with the treasures of rich, heavenly lore;
I love to sit and hear him draw from thence
Sweet recollections of his journey past,
A journey crowned with blessings to the last!"



DR. TILTON

The American Tract Society, the Church's Evangelist

A Sermon in Commemoration of the Ninety-first
Anniversary of the American Tract Society

BY

REV. EDGAR TILTON, Jr., D.D.

Pastor of the Reformed Church of Harlem, New York.



RECENTLY New York City witnessed a demonstration which gave tangible expression to great national ideals. It exhibited the fact of the essential unity of the American people. It indicated a spirit of patriotism. It suggested the only method, namely, that of preparedness, by which safety and security could be granted to the Republic. However it amazes us when we consider that in this period of the world's civilization and in a peace-loving land such a demonstration should be considered necessary.

At the Marble Collegiate Church, on the occasion of the ninety-first anniversary of the American Tract Society, the following statement was made: "In the year 1816 when the American Bible Society was organized and in 1825 when the American Tract Society came into existence, the world was at peace. To-day, after all these years of Bible and tract distribution, with all the religious work appertaining thereto, the world is at war."

This fact not only fills us with amazement but it also tortures our very souls. We believe implicitly that God is in His world, that He loves His children and that He has blessed the Christian work of the century. But this terrible fact is also forcefully pressed upon us, namely, that sin is manifesting itself in the world as it never has before, that men are more cruel than they ever were, that greed and lust of power never grasped so tenaciously the hearts of people as they do to-day. It is impossible to estimate the power and influence of the combined forces of evil in this twentieth century. As we think of it all, amazement, horror, humiliation and, I had almost said, despair, fill our souls. And along with these conditions comes to Christian people the urgent call for help. Can there be such a response as shall mean the amelioration of these dreadful conditions? The people are walking in darkness. Shall they see that great Light which shines upon the land of the shadow?

Hear the call of the prophet to the church of the olden time! "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O, Zion!" (Isaiah 52:1). It is a call to the church at a time like the present; and there is urgent need for such an appeal, for although her strength and power are ever manifested, in how many instances the church, instead of conquering the world, is conquered by the world and is held firmly in its soft and unrelaxing grasp. Instead of pushing her influence forward, the subtle influences of the world, alas, enervate her?

What do we mean by the Church putting on strength? Let us answer this question by answering another question, namely: What do we mean by a man putting on strength? A man has strength when he has faith, when he shows that he is satisfied that he is standing upon a rock. A man has strength when he has determination and fixed resolve. A man has strength when he has sympathy, when his heart

overflows with love and he is forgetful of self. A man has strength when he has courage. Thus comes the call to the church: "Put on thy strength!" Put on these characteristic elements of your life as a church; grasp all these elements of power and the enemy will be subdued; vice, blindness and worldliness will fall away.

When I use the word "Church," I have in mind not alone the visibly organized body which bears that name. I am thinking of the vast body of believers who are engaged in Christian work both inside and outside of church organization. When I refer to the efforts that are put forth by the church, I have in mind all Christian work carried forward for the glory of God, for the advancement of His kingdom and for the good of mankind. The Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association are doing the work of the church; the Salvation Army is doing the work of the church; the American Bible Society is doing the work of the church; the Lord's Day Alliance is doing the work of the church, and the American Tract Society is doing the work of the church.

These and kindred bodies are not the church in the sense that they are organized strictly in accordance with ecclesiastical law, holding services, administering the sacraments and performing those well defined duties which are attached to our customary view of what constitutes a church organization. But they all contribute largely toward that power and influence in the world, known and recognized as flowing forth from the Divine Life which is inherent in the great Body of which Jesus Christ is the glorious and ever-living Head.

And of all these various societies doing the work of the church such as I have named, I know of none that is engaged in a more important enterprise than that one which is trying to reach men for Christ through the printed page, the American Tract Society.

The American Tract Society is the Church's Evangelist. If there is any Christian organization which deserves that name, and carries on the work of an evangelist it is this society. An evangelist is not a preacher with a local parish; he is one who goes from place to place, holding special services with a view to religious revivals, and doing a work which the local church itself cannot do.

Such an evangelist is the American Tract Society which, through the printed page, goes throughout all the world carrying the message of truth in every language and in every variety of religious literature. The church needs evangelists. The world needs evangelists. Some of the greatest Christian work ever accomplished has been accomplished through evangelists. We all are familiar with the life stories of Whitfield, Finney and Dwight L. Moody. Just at present the evangelist who seems to be moving this country is Billy Sunday. Such men as these we do not think of as presiding over a local church; they belong to the larger parish of the world. Through them thousands are claimed for Christ, who without

the labors of the evangelist could not be reached. The story of the American Tract Society, the church's evangelist, is a long one of thousands reached through a Gospel on a printed page carried everywhere.

A great deal has been said and written about the power of the printed page; and that there is no more efficient agency for carrying out the Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation," may be readily believed.

The people of to-day are a reading people. To be convinced of this it is not necessary to visit our libraries and public reading rooms, our publishing houses or book shops. While riding in any public conveyance we may observe this fact, as also how people's intellectual tastes differ, as evidenced by the variety of literature at hand. I remember riding on a suburban car some time ago where twenty-one of the twenty-five passengers were interested in reading matter varying from the illustrated advertisement of Doctor Quack's "cure all" to the Darwinian theory of the development of man. The conductor himself, as opportunity offered, studied the pages of a New Testament in the original Greek. We are such a reading people and are so eager to learn what is going on in the world, that a morning and evening edition of a newspaper cannot satisfy us. We must have three or four "extras" between nine in the morning and four in the afternoon to keep pace with our desire. This applies to all classes of people, and foreigners who have made their homes here seem just as intent on the news which the newspapers in their own languages bring them.

One day while riding in a subway train, I made note of the twelve persons who sat opposite me reading their newspapers. Two were reading papers printed in English, three in Yiddish, two in Greek, two in Italian, two in German and one in Arabic. I thought at the time of the American Tract Society which prints tracts in all of these languages, and of its opportunity here in New York City to reach the foreigner.

New York contains the greatest aggregation of foreign-speaking people of any city in the world; it has been called "The Melting Pot." There is one block where forty languages are spoken by the people living on it. There is one public school where thirty-six languages are spoken by the children attending it. On the news-stands may be found newspapers representing thirteen different languages. Most of these foreign people were at least nominally religious in their home lands, but many have drifted from church, synagogue and home, and, alas, many are to-day atheists, anarchists, gangsters, gunmen and murderers. These drifting people are a positive menace to the civic, church and home life of the city, but they also present a great opportunity. It has been demonstrated again and again that they can be reached by the Gospel, for they listen eagerly to the preaching and singing on the streets;

they receive and read literature with avidity; many of them accept the message, and great transformations have taken place in their lives. What a field there is here for the American Tract Society! And then multiply this one field by thousands. Yes, all over the world there are similar opportunities which are seized, and it is only financial ability that limits the extent to which these opportunities are used.

One of the most unfortunate facts to be considered in connection with our reading age is that there are so many harmful papers, pamphlets and books within the reach of all. I refer to what may be called the unclean publications of the press, ministering to depraved tastes of the reader and ever developing those tastes to still lower degrees of baseness. I do not believe that we fully realize the extent of the demoralization of public sentiment in this respect.

The evil effect of this unwholesome literature must be counteracted, and how better can it be done than by circulating clean literature? There is no mightier servant of the church than its evangelist, the American Tract Society, which places before the people extracts from the religious classics of the ages as well as an ever growing list of publications based upon the life and experience of our present day civilization. Powerful appeals to the conscience are thus made through expositions of Scripture, interesting religious stories, attractive biographies and helpful books and tracts of all kinds.

The work of the church? Yes! And there is no better, no more aggressive work for the Master than this. I make an appeal to you to place this Society on your benevolent schedule; when you give to it, realize that you are giving to the work of the church, and join with all God's servants in singing the inspiring and encouraging song:

"Like a mighty army moves the church of God.
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided; all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."



Rejecting Their Best Friend

BY WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

A friend once told me this incident: A noble and hard-working father, after a long life of strenuous toil and saving, built a new house for his family. His two sons decided to fit up a room for themselves in the old house, which was near by. They arranged the room very handsomely; but often they entertained their young men friends, until very late at night. These young fellows whom they invited, were fast young fellows.

One night their old father went to make his sons a visit, for they had invited him many times to visit them in their new quarters and to see their handsome room. But that night when they heard him coming they blew out the light, hid their wicked companions, and barred the door. The father knocked on the door, but they sat silent, and would not let him in. The old father knocked many times, and then returned to his home broken-hearted, for he had seen the light, and heard voices inside.

The Master said, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man open the door, I will come to him and sup with him, and he with Me." Christ stands and knocks at the door of the heart of every human being. He comes as the best friend in all the world. He comes with eternal life as a free gift. If we refuse to open the door of our heart, we reject Him. We appear to the world to despise Him. We betray Him when we stubbornly refuse to own Him before the world. "He is despised and rejected of men." Multitudes to-day treat the loving Redeemer in this way. Many to-day, who are in Christian families, slam the door in His face, and keep Him standing outside, and many not only reject Him, but they even betray Him.

GOD'S FOUNTAIN OF POWER

By Edgar L. Vincent



AND I bought the field of Hamameel, my uncle's son, that was in Anathoth, and weighed him the money, even seventeen shekels of silver."

Then Jeremiah, in his wonderful book of prophecy, tells us how he "subscribed the evidence and sealed it and took witnesses, and weighed the money in the balances," thus making sure to himself the piece of land away in the homeland.

But where was the prophet when this important transaction was consummated? Surely he must have been in a prosperous state. The future could not have seemed anything but bright to him, otherwise why should he be investing in land and making preparations for many years of life yet to come? "Take these evidences," was the message, "and put them in an earthen vessel, that they may continue many days." So Jeremiah must have been looking far down the vista of the years, to an old age full of peace among the "fields and vineyards" of Anathoth. Then, we ask once more, where was Jeremiah when this vision of the peaceful days yet to be came to him?

Deep in a dungeon in the city of Jerusalem, he lay as a prisoner because he had been bold enough to foretell the ruin which was to come upon Israel in punishment for the sins of the people! His prediction had come true; the people were everywhere in flight; the sons of the king had been slain before his eyes, and the eyes of the king himself had been put out so that he never saw the gates of Babylon, to which he was sent a miserable captive, bound hand and foot; the Holy City lay in desolation, even the Temple having yielded its beauty to the remorseless flames.

Sitting in the midst of all this wreck and ruin, with four blank walls between him and liberty, the brave old prophet bargains for the bit of land back home, sure that God's word would come true and the day of restoration with its sunrise glory once more light up his broken country! Sublime confidence! Faith most radiant in its beauty! Unswerving trust in the divine leading of the hand of God! Surely, it is worth while to ask, "Where is the fountain of such faith and how can it be made ours?"

We do not know how old Jeremiah was when he began to feel the stirrings within his heart that later called him out to as grand a service as ever was given to mortal man. We may be quite sure that it was away up at Anathoth, a little village a few miles north of Jerusalem. We would like to know more of the boyhood home of the prophet. It must have been beautiful, for the place lay on a gentle height looking away down over the fertile plains, with the hills of Benjamin ranged round about. And it must have been a godly home, for the father was a priest of Jehovah. And it was here, while he was still a boy, that Jeremiah first heard the voice of God speaking to him, assuring him that he had been ordained to be a prophet to the nations.

Think how he must have held his breath when a commission like that was placed before him! Like the sensitive youth he was, Jeremiah shrank from a service so fraught with possible greatness, bringing him into prominence everywhere before the people and king. No wonder he pleaded his inability to measure up to a destiny so high! Hear him as he cries:

"Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child!"

As he stood away up at the head waters of faith, how unlike that humble cry was from the confidence which shone so brightly in the darkness of the dungeon in Jerusalem! Like a trickling spring it was a dim prophecy only, of the mighty river by-and-by! How can it be that the gentle, wavering sapling will ever become the oak, whipped by the storms of a hundred years, and yet springing back with its head high in the heavens the moment the wind dies down! Yet this is not a hard question to answer! The boy was standing at God's fountain of power, ready to receive, with his ear open to hear and his heart receptive to the divine wooing! How tenderly God deals with "the child"! Listen!

"Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee! . . . Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord! . . . Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth!"

Could the boy by any means fancy all that was wrapped up in the tremendous power revealed to him in the added assurance, "See, I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to build, and to plant!" What wonder that a promise of power like this should have changed Jeremiah into a man of iron, so that neither the knee-deep mire of the prison which waited him, nor any of the bitter things that came to him in the forty years during which he stood like a rock as God's messenger, could shake him! But it all came true! For seventy years the shadow lay over Israel, and then came the call of the silver trumpet, heralding the dawning of a new day, a day when the people of Jehovah should come back again, gathered out of the lands of exile to their beloved sanctuary! The springs of God's power had become the river!

Do there not come to us all days when the weakness of Jeremiah's boyhood seems to paralyze us? It may be we have seen the need of a greater service; the longing to be used more mightily may have stirred in our souls; we may have been trying to catch the vision, to hear the whisperings of God calling us to go out and tell the story of the Christ and the redemption which comes from sin through the shedding of His precious blood; but we stand trembling in the presence of the vision, uncertain whether we may not have been mistaken, after all.

And then, too, men pluck at our garments and do their best to pull us back, saying: "Do not yield to the appeal! It is not for you! Even if you were sure, it would all come to nought! There is no real meaning in the Gospel of Jesus Christ! See what it has wrought in two thousand years! Failure, battling against walls of granite, with only feathers for battering rams, time and strength and heart's blood all wasted!"

But this is the time when we must creep up still nearer to the heart of God, where all the clamor and the clatter of men will be shut out and we can hear the sure message which is coming to us: "Go; speak, be not afraid; I am with thee!" And now we, too, are at the springs of God's great power. Doubt and discouragement disappear; weakness takes wings and flees away; the glory and the beauty and the power of the pure life, as it is in our Lord and Master, sweep into our souls, and we go bravely out to challenge the world, the flesh and the devil to stand out of our way! For we are now, indeed, a host bound to conquer in the name of the Lord.

THROUGH THE EYES OF FAITH

By Felicia Buttz Clark



JOHN MEREDITH stood up and looked at the picture on the easel. The north light came through the high windows of his studio, but even this light had no coldness in it. It was tinged with the glow and warmth of Italy, for this studio was in a narrow street in Rome where artists centered and from which some of the greatest masterpieces the modern world has ever seen had come forth to win fame and fortune for the painter.

There were many studios in these old palaces where for the last three hundred years one generation after another had lived and died.

In the hours when he laid down his palette and brush, when the sun had set over Monte Carlo, John Meredith liked to imagine cavaliers and ladies who had gone up and down the wide marble staircase, now grimy and dusty. He heard the clash of swords and the murmur of sweet voices, saw the shimmer of silks and flashing of jewels in rooms now deserted. For he was an artist possessed of an imagination which was at once a torture and delight. He often wondered whether many men in the world enjoyed as much as he did, revelling in the color and fascination of this marvellous land of beauty, the Paradise of the painter; at the same time, he wondered whether other men suffered as he did, as he was suffering at this minute.

On the canvas was a representation of our Lord. He stood in a field of Madonna lilies, stately, pure, with spotless chalices and golden hearts. They were all around Him, pressing against His garments; one of them was so close to Him that it touched His long, slender hand. There was the faint glow of sunlight, the blue sky above, the translucent air—the atmosphere of the Orient. So far, all was perfect.

But the artist was dissatisfied. What was lacking? Christ's face was lovely in its features, benignant in expression, and His figure was not so much majestic as graceful. It was a finished, refined picture of the Lord, but it failed in something. John Meredith felt this with all his sensitive soul. What was it?

The door opened softly and a young woman entered.

"Still busy, John? Get out into the sunshine. It's a perfect day. What a pity to spend it here! And you look so tired. You work too hard. What is the matter dear?"

"It isn't that, Lois. Work never tires me. It's because the picture isn't right. Can you tell me what is the matter with it?"

He looked anxiously at his young wife, who had braved poverty and had come with him to this strange country that they might fight the battle of life together. It had been ideal, this winter in Rome—together—but John Meredith knew that on this picture, which was to be presented to the city from which he had come as a partial recompense for a municipal scholarship conferred upon him, hung his reputation. It meant more to him than money; it meant a name.

John Meredith had been a poor boy, had been left an orphan, and had early developed an extraordinary gift in painting. It so happened that a certain rich man, a lover of art, having a desire to aid young and gifted men, had left in his will a sum of money, the interest to be used to send such applicants as might be deemed worthy, for two years abroad. In return these artists were to present to the city gallery a painting or statue.

Why John Meredith, an avowed unbeliever, had chosen to picture the Saviour of the world, risen from the dead, his wife had not been able to fathom. He said that Christ was the most typically perfect man who ever lived. Yet, he was painting Him not as a man, but as God, the Risen Redeemer.

"I can't see what is the matter with it, Lois."

"It is a beautiful picture," his wife said, looking at the canvas critically, her fair head on one side, "but John—"

"O, say it. You may as well," he answered impatiently. He had worked very hard and his nerves were on edge. "Tell the worst."

"It isn't Christ," Lois said slowly, her cheeks scarlet with excitement. O, how long, how long she had prayed for this moment when she could speak to John from her heart! "It is just a man and you are painting God."

"O, I see that well enough. But why can't I paint Him as God?"

"Because—you do not know the Lord," she responded.

Feeling that she had said enough, Lois went out softly, went up to the little bedroom built over part of the high studio and knelt down beside the white iron bed.

"God! God!" she prayed, "help him to know Thee! Help him, Lord."

John Meredith picked up his brush again and tried to alter the picture. The handsome gilt frame, made by a skilled Italian worker in Florentine carvings, lay ready, near by. He wanted to send the painting away soon. It was already overdue.

"I can't work!" he exclaimed pettishly. "Why did Lois come in here to upset me? I don't interfere with her religion. She might leave me alone. She's right, though; an artist cannot put into his work what he does not feel in his soul. It's a failure. There's no doubt about it. I'll have to begin all over again."

Going to the foot of the stairs, he called to his wife.

"Lois, would you mind if I went off on a long walk? It seems selfish, for I know that you are not strong enough to go with me, but I am very nervous. Perhaps, if I could get into the mountains—"

"Go, dearest. I shan't mind a bit. There's a lot of sewing that I have to do. You'll be back for supper?"

"Oh, yes."

He ran up to kiss her goodbye.

She looked more like a young girl than ever, sitting in the sunshine, bending her head, on which her hair clustered in golden curls, over some tiny little garments on which she was sewing.

"Don't tire yourself, little girl," he whispered, holding her very close to him in a warm embrace. "Forgive me if I was cross."

"You are tired," she replied. "Go, darling, and take a brisk walk in this lovely air. I shall have Gigi and the 'gatto' to keep me company."

"Gigi" was the canary hanging in a cage among the ivy branches that had climbed up to the window, and the "gatto" was a big gray cat, who had settled herself there after Lois had given her a saucer of milk. Gigi's little throat was almost bursting with song now, and the cat lay at Lois's feet, purring softly.

"I'll not be late," said John, running down the stone steps and out into the sunshine of one of those glorious days which make Italy a garden spot in the world.

There was a garden around the old palace; it had thick boxwood borders, and roses like small trees; pansies were there and violets growing in thick clusters. John picked a few and

placed them in his buttonhole. He glanced back at the gray walls which sheltered Lois; then he went on through the narrow street, threading his way between carts full of vegetables and fruit, chattering women and gray donkeys to a large square flanked by hotels. Handsome motor cars glided by, on their way to Villa Borghese, where the tall umbrella pines grew. There were many tourists of all nationalities, one could hear almost every language spoken here in old Rome, for the city was crowded.

John mounted a tram-car and was soon well across the city, out of the broad gateway of St. John, near the Church of San Giovanni Laterano where the statues of the Twelve Apostles surmounted a high portico. In the center of the Apostles stood the figure of Christ, His hand outstretched as if blessing the people who were so occupied with their daily occupations and cares, that they forgot Him.

John scowled a little. The sight of this statue brought back the words of Lois: "It isn't Christ. It's just a man and you are painting God."

It was just this in Lois that irritated him a little, an intangible something that kept them apart: he could not be one with her in soul.

"Painting God." If she had said painting the gods, that was easy. He had made wonderful pictures of the god Pan, leaning against the gnarled trunk of an olive-tree, beneath the faint green shade, playing with his reed; he had pictured the goddess Venus rising from the foamy waves and riding in her shell—it had not been difficult; but he could not paint Christ as God, risen from the dead. Why not? Was it because the heathen gods of Greece and Rome were like beings with men, with similar passions and weaknesses? He could understand them, while Christ must be pictured as divine, the soul must comprehend Him and he could not; no, he was ready to acknowledge that he could not comprehend.

His mind was full of these thoughts as the car bore him swiftly out upon the Via Appia Nuova and on toward the fields where great splashes of orange and pink and blue blossoms varied the monotony of a brown stretch of land, dotted with mediaeval towers. A long line of arches marked where the Claudian aqueduct crossed the Campagna. Many of its arches, having withstood the storms and winds of centuries, were partially broken down.

Meredith alighted from the yellow car at the end of the line, and tramped off toward the hills where the Sabines had lived two thousand years before. The air was crisp. Some snow still lay on the mountains, although spring had already come in Rome.

He sat down at the base of the aqueduct and ate some bread and fruit and cheese that he had bought of a woman. She had been wrinkled and old, but she smiled at him as he laid down a silver franc.

"God be with you, Signore," she said.

The words stayed in his mind. On the slope of the hills, where the sun was hot, there were olive groves. Some brown sheep were grazing there, watched by a boy, bare-legged, with crisp black hair and laughing eyes. Meredith threw himself on the ground, full length, where he could look away to Rome, faintly seen beneath a golden haze. He was a minister's son who had wandered away from the pure, simple faith of his father and mother.

As he gazed across the flat Campagna he remembered how his father had longed to see Rome, the city where Paul had taught and died. One remark that his father had made when

questioned about his faith in Christ had clung to his memory, as such things often do in the minds of youth. "Paul's faith is my faith. What he believed, I can believe."

Paul's faith! What had it been?

Before the Apostle was taken forth to death he had written: "For I am ready to be offered and the day of my departure is at hand. I have kept the faith." And to the Galatians he had written: "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

John Meredith knew these passages well.

Paul's faith—!

The bees hummed drowsily around his head. The boy had driven his sheep further away. St. Peter's dome shone clearly now, rising high above the towers of Rome. The sun was setting. He must go back to Lois, dear little wife:

In the hours of quiet thought, John Meredith had found something which he had missed, his lost faith. Like his father, he could say: "What Paul believed, I can believe." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the shadows of early evening, the young artist entered Rome. The lights were burning on the streets, crowds were sitting in front of the cafés, enjoying the cool breezes blowing in from the sea, or standing in the Piazzas, listening to the music of the municipal bands. He was in a hurry to get home to Lois; she must have been lonely in the little room above the studio; a new sense of what she was to him came to his mind more keenly than ever. He wanted to tell her that he had found his faith again, that the words of the humble woman who sat at her little stand outside the gates of Rome, selling fruit and cheese, had become a part of his life and God was with him.

As he entered the narrow street where so many artists and sculptors lived, he saw an auto in front of the door—a doctor's auto. A frightened feeling made him turn faint; could it be for Lois? Springing up the steps quickly, he entered and found strangers there. Kind hands led him into the studio and a woman's voice spoke soothing words, but he did not understand. He wanted Lois. O, why had he left her alone that day?

How he passed through the hours of that night he never fully understood. He heard himself praying, using new forms of petition and pouring out his soul to God whom he had not known before.

Suddenly, about midnight, he seized the brush and palette and worked like a man who is inspired. Fra Angelico the Blessed worked thus when he painted his pictures of our Lord in the Monastery of St. Mark in Florence. "It is the love of Jesus which impels me," the monk said, and painted the face of Christ, kneeling before the canvas.

At dawn, the nurse came to John Meredith, bringing in her arms his first-born son.

"It is another miracle of God," she said, for she was one of the saints of earth.

A few weeks later, when the roses were in full bloom, and clambered riotously over the old gray wall, Lois sat in an easy-chair out on a small balcony, opening from the studio, holding in her arms a soft warm bundle of love.

John had kept his painting mysteriously covered ever since that night when he had worked so rapidly. Now, he removed the cloth and looked at it a moment.

"Lois, dear" he said, "could you come in here a moment? I will carry the baby. Here, lean on me."

He led her to a seat in front of the picture and stood by her, suppressed excitement in his face and tone, as he said: "Tell me what you think of it."

It was the same general scene, the same sky, the stately, spotless lilies pressing around the

figure of a man who walked through their serried ranks. But what a difference there was in the face! Perfectly featured, gentle, but with ineffable sweetness, dignity and power in its expression.

Lois held out her hand to her husband.

"It is the Lord Christ!" she said, "Not a man, but God!"

"Paul's faith—" he replied, as he stooped to kiss her, "has become my faith. I have learned to know Christ. Lois, let us not send away this picture. I will paint another one. This shall always hang in our home; perhaps others may see in it the God-Man and feel something of His beauty and power."

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Walking with God

BY REV. CHARLES A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

THE Bible has a great deal to say about walking with God. In different forms that phrase occurs again and again in the Scriptures, which give some concrete instances of men who signally walked with God such as Enoch, the grand man of a simple age, and Noah, who had faith that the flood would come, and did not lose faith when at last afloat upon its broadening billows. The simile is a most simple one, especially suitable to a pastoral people, but does it fit our age? How can men to-day, who run and rush, find time to walk with God? Yet here is the real test of character—not in mounting up with wings as eagles, or running without weariness, but in walking, in the right direction, with the right Person, without fainting.

Certainly none will ever walk with God unless their aims are bent to the measure of His plans, for "Shall two walk together, except they have agreed?" What men in this modern age need to feel is the oneness of their life with the Great Life, and, in the phrase of the mystics, to "practise the presence of God." Walking with the Lord means to have a lively sense of His interest in us as we carry out the routine of daily duty for His sake. We can have God with us on our way to school, to the store, to the shopping district, to the office, or to the railroad station, for when we are going where we should go, we are "walking with God."

It is possible, if only we have the right spirit, to be an Enoch in a complex age, or a loving and beloved John in a time of wars and persecutions. The great Jehovah seeks our fellowship, and, if only our eye be single to His glory, we will, like Abraham of old, win the title of "friend of God." Life is not life unless it be a walk by faith, and a growing intimacy with "the Great Companion."

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A Hymn for Independence Day

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON.

*Though years on years have rolled away
Since our first Independence Day,
Beyond the range of ways outworn
Our ship of state is onward borne,
Breasting the billows, strong and free—
For this, O Lord, be thanks to Thee.*

*Thanks for Thy greatest gift and best—
That we are one from east to west,
United in a common cause,
Guarded by just and equal laws;
Not struggling, rival peoples we,
But one in league from sea to sea.*

*O Thou, who through the long years gone
Hast guided us in safety on,
Whate'er the future course may be,
Keep us right-hearted, true to Thee,
With strength and purpose to fulfill
Our mission and to serve Thee still!*

"Singleness of Heart"

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR

THEY were enjoying an after-dinner chat—James Morrison, of the firm of Morrison & Bradley, wholesale hardware merchants, and his guest, Prof. John Compton, of the Agricultural College. Both men were rated as among the very successful ones in their chosen avocations, and both were earnest Christian men, devoted to the interests of the churches of which they were members.

"We are pastorless down here just now," remarked Mr. Morrison, "and somehow our church doesn't seem to be a very easy one to satisfy. You don't know of a man up in your part of the State, do you, who can manage the affairs of a church like ours—preach to us acceptably and make us all toe the line of duty? Something like six hundred members we have, I believe."

"Well, it depends upon your dominant demand—there's a difference in churches, you know," replied Prof. Compton, in his quick, good-natured way. "I know of a church that has held on to one pastor for twenty years, and they are hoping they can keep him for twenty years longer. I know of another church that would probably begin to tire of that same man in less than two years."

"I don't know that our church is fortunate enough to possess a 'dominant demand' of any sort," smiled Mr. Morrison, dubiously. "We are a mixed lot, and we seem to be demanding a man who is an A No. One preacher, pastor, business man, young people's man, able to attract the younger children—also all the religious floaters in the town—able to converse intelligently with any man on that man's specialty, a 'spiritual man,' a 'Bible man,' a humorist, a thoughtful student of modern philosophy, a brilliant after-dinner speaker, a man who can repair his own automobile, raise his own garden truck, tear down the old furnace in the church basement and set up the new one, and *always* have clean hands as well as a pure heart, only his hands must not be soft in the palms. A few callouses are indispensable."

"I see." Prof. Compton looked up with a responsive smile. "As the old jingle has it, you are 'many men of many minds.' Now perhaps it is well for your church that this is the case, for if you were all people of one mind something that is mightily important might be overlooked. But it seems to me there ought to be something that would make it possible for a company of people of varied tastes and thought-habits to get along beautifully together, and to unite on a leader who may not be able to fit himself fully into the particular likings of each one of them. I suppose those early Christians, to whose numbers the Lord added daily, were not all men and women of one mould exactly, but they were of one *heart* if not of one *mind*. They not only "took their food with gladness and singleness of heart, but 'gladness and singleness of heart' seems to have characterized their whole life just at that time, and I suspect the 'singleness of heart' was the secret of no small part of the 'gladness.' It is quite possible for people who do not 'think just alike' to be in pretty close touch 'at heart'—many-minded, single-hearted. There may be diversities of taste, but the same Spirit."

"You've gone deep enough to strike something worth while!" exclaimed the merchant, who was in the habit of looking below the surface in the management of business affairs. "No one man can be found who will fit fully into the tastes of all our people; for some of them care a great deal more for their pastor's social qualifications, for example, than do some of the rest of us; but the Lord will no doubt send us one that will fit into all our *hearts*, if we are *heart folks*. And that is what Christians are supposed to be—surely it is!"

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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Editorial Notes

Citizenship Sunday

The Sunday preceding the Fourth of July has usually been the occasion for an effort on the part of the pulpit to stimulate the sentiment of Christian patriotism. The request, therefore, which has been made that July 2d be set aside as Citizenship Sunday will meet with sympathetic attention, and throughout our land the pulpits will doubtless ring with fervent appeals to the Christian manhood and womanhood of our country to rise to a fuller appreciation of the meaning of our American citizenship.

Assuredly there never was a time in the history of our country when it was more important to impress upon the minds and hearts of all citizens the inestimable privilege which

we enjoy in living under the flag of a free republic and possessing the rights and prerogatives which are attached to our citizenship in this land of liberty.

Americanism is the word of the hour, and it stands for something that is inexpressibly precious to all those who have the spirit of true patriotism in their hearts.

One of the greatest problems which our nation faces is the question how to thoroughly Americanize the vast number of foreigners who have come in past years to our shores, and who still dwell among us as aliens in spirit, divided in their allegiance and uncertain as to their real nationality.

Citizenship Sunday affords an opportunity to help in the solution of this problem. It is hoped that every pastor will preach on this Sunday on the subject of good citizenship, and will show every hearer that to be a true Christian he must be a good citizen.

There are many of course who do not attend the church services, but an effort should be made to reach these with a message on the printed page which will show them that loyalty to our country and unswerving devotion to her best interests are demanded from every man, woman and child in our land.



Aid for Mission Stations Abroad

Some months ago the American Tract Society remitted to mission stations abroad cash appropriations amounting to a total of \$3,319. These appropriations were forwarded to some thirty-five different points, and already many grateful letters of acknowledgment have been received which tell how these and similar appropriations sent in former years are being used for the advancement of the Kingdom. We present a few extracts from these letters, which we are sure will be of interest:

Rev. J. Smith, Secretary of the Bombay Tract and Book Society of India, writes:

"I beg leave to enclose our receipt for draft just received. We have recently held our annual meeting, and while we have not reached the high water mark reached in the year 1914, yet we have done twice as much as in any other year since 1900!

"We are, I believe, on the eve of a federation of all the Tract and Literature Societies of India. We feel that we have quite outgrown our present condition, and it is felt that the time is ripe all over India for a mighty advance.

"We are having the most astonishing orders from non-Christians for devotional books by writers like Thomas á Kempis, Spurgeon, Muller and others. Books of Gospel lyrics and song are being sold by the thousand. We ourselves published last year an edition of 10,000 hymnbooks. To-day I gave a contract for 10,000 more, as nearly all the last edition are sold.

"We have done a good year's work, but our income has not been equal to our expenditure. In fact in the case of Marathi literature, the more we sell, the greater is our monetary loss, as everything is sold at less than cost!"

Rev. F. W. Jarry, Secretary to the Orissa Conference has sent this message:

"On behalf of the Orissa Conference, I would thank the American Tract Society for its generous gift. We do appreciate this grant immensely, for it helps us to print tracts that can be read and that are being used of God in this land of India to lead men into the Kingdom of God."

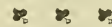


Our Diploma and Medal of Award

Our readers will remember that a striking exhibit of its work was made by the American Tract Society at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition held in San Francisco, Cal., last year. This exhibit was a part of the Religious Exhibit arranged by Mr. G. B. St. John under the general auspices of the Federal Council of Churches in America.

It gives us great satisfaction to announce that a Diploma and Bronze Medal of Award have been received by the American Tract Society in recognition of its exhibit. A facsimile reproduction of the Medal of Award is shown above.

The same exhibit to which this award was made is now being shown in various cities of our country under the auspices of the Traveling Exhibit of National Religious Forces, of which Mr. St. John is the Director.



Fighting for Temperance

One of the prominent features in many of the religious assemblies recently held in our land was the strong position taken in regard to the subject of temperance. For example, the Methodist Episcopal General Conference, representing over 4,000,000 communicants, unanimously adopted a report which declared for the submission of a National Prohibition Amendment to the States, for the prohibition of all inter-state commerce in liquor, and for legislation forbidding the use of the mails both to liquor shipments and to advertisements of alcoholic beverages. The same Conference also encouraged all wise and effective local movements against the liquor traffic as a step toward ultimate general prohibition.

This action is typical of the attitude of the general Christian public toward the liquor evil, and is an earnest of the near approach of the time when the battle for temperance shall be crowned with final victory.



Soldier's Text Books for Russian Prisoners

Through the coöperation of one of its generous donors the American Tract Society has recently been enabled to make a foreign cash appropriation for the publication in the Russian language of "The Soldier's Text Book," by Dr. J. R. Macduff. This will be circulated among the Russian soldiers who are prisoners in Germany through the agency of the International Young Men's Christian Association.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

JULY 2.

How to Make Ours an Ideal Nation

I Peter 2:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. June 26. Abolish hypocrisy. Isa. 1:10-17.
T. June 27. National cleansing. Ezek. 36:25-31.
W. June 28. Clean rulers. Dan. 2:46-49.
T. June 29. Respecting God's law. Exod. 19:8; 20:1-17.
F. June 30. Honest citizens. Ps. 24:1-6.
S. July 1. National worship. Joel 2:21-32.

On Independence Day it is the usual custom to glorify our nation, and if we listened without discrimination to the glowing tributes that are paid by enthusiastic and eloquent orators, it might be thought that the United States was already an ideal nation. Our topic serves to remind us that this is by no means the case, and as Christian patriots, it is our duty to consider some of the ways in which we may help to make our country a really ideal nation.

A Clean Nation

An ideal nation is a holy nation, and in order to be holy our country must first become clean. There are many unclean spots in our national life. The liquor evil is one of these unclean spots, and it behooves all true patriots to aid the campaign which has for its slogan the cry, "A saloonless nation by 1920."

Impurity is another blighting spot in our national life. Let us aid the effort to establish a single standard of purity for both men and women. Impurity is like a cancer gnawing at the vitals of the home life. Let us guard the family from this insidious danger by teaching the blessing of a life of purity for both sexes.

An Honest Nation

An ideal nation must first be true. Honesty is a prime requisite for a virtuous life. Let us insist upon honesty in the individual, in the community and in the nation. Let us require that men and women be honest and true in every sphere of life—political, social, commercial and religious.

A Christian Nation

In order to be an ideal nation our country must be made a Christian nation. Our country has had many glorious privileges and rich blessings. The words of Peter seem particularly appropriate to our situation: "Ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God's own possession, that ye may show forth the excellencies of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."

There is a great deal to be done in order to win our country to Christ. Many millions of our population are utterly indifferent to Christianity. Yet let us not be discouraged by the greatness of the task that confronts us. With the help of God our country must be and it finally shall be won to a saving knowledge of Him who is the ideal of all eternity, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

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JULY 9.

The Consecration of Purpose

Acts 11:19-23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. July 3. A sound purpose. 2 Tim. 2:15.
T. July 4. Worth striving for. Luke 13:23-30.
W. July 5. Supreme purpose. Phil. 3:13, 14.
T. July 6. Spiritual or material— which? Matt. 4:8-11.
F. July 7. Purpose to build. 2 Sam. 7:1-19.
S. July 8. Peace in good purposes. Ps. 112:1-19.

Having considered during past months the consecration of our influence, our strength, our time, our talents and our money, we come now to the consecration of our purpose.

The Scripture basis for this topic is found in the words that are written concerning the mission of Barnabas to the churches, who "exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."

The consecration of purpose involves the use of our will power. It follows, therefore, that as Christians we should cultivate our will power, so that we may rightly direct our energies toward

the attainment of the high purposes that befit a Christian life.

Weakness of the will is a serious handicap to success in social, commercial or political life. It is also a serious drawback in the struggle for the attainment of that which is best in the moral and spiritual life.

We may cultivate our will power by forming the habit of making decisions promptly. Let us compel ourselves to make a choice when different alternatives of action are presented to us, and let us seek divine wisdom so that we may make the right choice.

The Supreme Purpose of Life

While there are many different purposes that we may rightfully seek to fulfill, we should have a controlling and dominating purpose, that shall reign supreme in our lives and hearts. Such a purpose has never been more beautifully expressed than in the words written by the Apostle Paul concerning his own plan of action: "One thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

These words of the Apostle reveal a consecration of purpose that may well serve as an ideal for all Christians. Let us notice that the purpose which Paul ever set before him was to preach Christ and Him crucified. This was the one thing to which he devoted all his energies and which he followed after with unswerving fidelity through all his apostolic career.

A Life of Consecration

The consecration of our purposes will result in consecrated lives. God calls us to yield our wills to Him, and if we give ourselves wholly to Him, then our whole purpose in life will be to serve and honor Him in all that we do and say and think.

Let us beware of a divided purpose. We cannot serve two masters. We must consecrate ourselves wholly to Christ and bring into conformity with His requirements our every word and deed and thought.

It is important to have a purpose in life. It is still more important that we have the right purpose. It is of supreme importance that we choose the best purpose as our controlling force. Let us make it the purpose of our lives to serve the Lord Jesus Christ with an undivided and whole-hearted allegiance.

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JULY 16.

Purity, Temperance and Strength

Daniel 1:8-20.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. July 10. Pure hearts. Matt. 5:8.
T. July 11. Cleanse yourselves. 2 Cor. 6:14-18; 7:1.
W. July 12. Self-control. Rom. 6:12-23.
T. July 13. A temperate tongue. Jas. 3:1-13.
F. July 14. Silent strength. John 19:1-12.
S. July 15. Source of strength. Isa. 40:25-31.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God," said the Master in one of His beatitudes, and these words indicate the richness of the reward that awaits the men and women in whose lives purity is the guiding and controlling principle.

Elsewhere in His teaching our Master emphasized the truth that the heart is the fountain head of purity. Therefore, if our lives are to be pure, we must control our imaginations and rule our thoughts so that they shall be free from vicious and impure suggestions. It is true that none of us can equal the matchless purity of heart and life that characterized our Lord. But by His divine help, we may grow more and more pure until we approximate that purity of heart that characterizes those to whom is vouchsafed the vision of God Himself.

Temperance in All Things

Self control in regard to the use of strong drink is a most vital and im-

portant matter. Modern science is showing us that the best attitude for us to adopt on that subject is to abstain entirely from the use of liquor in any way, shape or form. As Prof. Wells has aptly put it: "Keeping an automobile engine absolutely free from grit—that is total abstinence; putting in only a little grit—that is moderate drinking."

But let us remember that we need to exercise self-control in everything. We may be immoderate in indulging in pleasure, we may be gluttonous in eating, we may over-study or over-work or exceed the limits of moderation in a thousand and one things. Against all such excesses let us set our faces like a flint, and by the use of self-control let us have well-ordered lives that shall be examples of temperance in all things.

Towers of Strength

Lives in which purity and temperance are the dominant principles are towers of strength. They are the lives which constitute the foundation of the nation and assure the perpetuity of the home.

The inspired writer of the Book of Proverbs tells us, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The secret of all true strength is found in union with Him who will give us power to rule our spirits and to overcome every temptation through faith in His name.

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JULY 23.

Enthusiasm: Its Value; How to Cultivate It

Isaiah 12:1-6

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. July 17. Its steady power. Acts 4:15-22.
T. July 18. Love's hot heart. Acts 18:25-28.
W. July 19. Enthusiastic about good. Phil. 1:3-11.
T. July 20. Prayer feeds enthusiasm. 2 Thess. 1:11-12.
F. July 21. Enthusiasm through work. Luke 10:17-24.
S. July 22. Witness with enthusiasm. Luke 8:33-39.

The twelfth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah is a beautiful thanksgiving hymn, an appropriate utterance for the restored Israelites. This chapter comes as a climax to the preceding chapter, which gives a vision of everlasting deliverance under Messiah's reign.

When we study this hymn of thanksgiving, we see that it is full of the spirit of enthusiasm. It rises in an ascending strain until it calls upon the redeemed to "cry aloud and shout" in the exuberance of their joy.

The root meaning of the word enthusiasm is full of suggestion. It comes from the two Greek words which mean "God within," and it suggests the thought that true enthusiasm comes from divine inspiration.

Enthusiasm is a real asset in any undertaking. Indeed it may be truly said that no great enterprise was ever accomplished without enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is valuable because it gives expression to great emotions. It stimulates high and lofty purposes and it quickens noble aspirations.

Mere noise does not constitute enthusiasm; indeed noise is sometimes used in order to hide the absence of any real enthusiasm.

Real enthusiasm, however, is never silent. It finds expression in song and makes vocal the confidence which it feels. Enthusiasm is contagious because it makes itself known in unmistakable fashion.

How Enthusiasm Grows

In order to cultivate enthusiasm we must be sincere. In the realm of the spiritual life enthusiasm has been rightly defined as "the enjoyment of our religion, and it is of value because it proves our religion to be genuine; for false religion is never enjoyed."

Enthusiasm grows by feeding on the realities and essential verities of life. The most lasting enthusiasm is the enthusiasm that is connected with the things which though not seen are eternal.

As we think over the names of those who have accomplished great things for the progress of the Kingdom we see that they have been men and women of enthusiasm. Paul, Peter, James, John and the other Apostles were full of enthusiasm. Ignatius, Chrysostom, Augustine, Cyprian and the other Church fathers were men of enthusiastic spirit. Luther, Zwingli, Knox and the other reformers were living examples of glowing enthusiasm.

Christian Enthusiasm

True Christian enthusiasm is not dependent upon mere outward circumstances. A Christian's enthusiasm, it has been truly said, rises highest in times of trial and opposition. The reason for this is that the Christian's enthusiasm is the result of the presence of Christ within.

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JULY 30.

How Missions are Blessing Our Nation

Luke 19:41-48.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. July 24. An educational blessing. Prov. 8:1-18.
T. July 25. A spiritual blessing. Heb. 8:8-13.
W. July 26. Elevating morals. 1 Thess. 2:1-12.
T. July 27. Making men diligent. Col. 3:17-25.
F. July 28. Encouraging generosity. Luke 12:32-34.
S. July 29. Making better homes. Tit. 2:1-10.

In our topic the word Missions may be taken in its broadest sense, including both the home and foreign fields.

Missions are blessing our country at home by bringing to all parts of our land the saving message of the Gospel, which results in redeemed lives and transformed communities.

Missions are blessing our cities by reaching the degraded and the fallen who live in the slums, by ministering to the poor and the needy and by caring for the sick.

Missions are blessing our country by evangelizing the foreigners who have come to our shores with little or no knowledge of true religion.

Missions are blessing our country by uplifting the once down-trodden negro race and by educating the mountain highlanders and other specially needy classes of our population.

Widening Our Horizon

By sending missionaries abroad we are broadening our horizon. A narrow horizon is apt to cramp and dwarf the mind, but an outlook as wide as the world broadens us so that we can see things in their true proportions.

William Carey was only a cobbler, but he had a map of the world on his shop wall, and it gave him as broad a vision as was ever possessed by any far-seeing statesman.

Missions abroad add to our opportunities of doing good. By the agency of missionary effort we are enabled to share with other lands the blessings of the Christian civilization that we enjoy ourselves.

"Trade follows the flag," it is said.

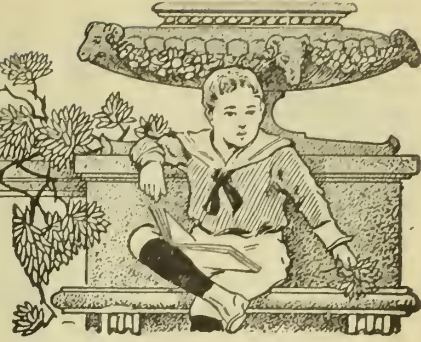
It should also be said that often the first flag to wave in the advance of Christian civilization is the banner of the Cross, carried forward into unexplored regions by missionary pioneers just as Livingstone carried the banner of Christ into the hitherto unknown wilds of Africa.

Stimulating Our Heroism

The missionary enterprise is one that should stir us to heroic effort both at home and abroad. It takes men and women of heroic mold to perform the service that is required both in the home and at the foreign mission stations. It also calls for heroic self-sacrifice to stay on the home base and furnish the support that is needed to prosecute the missionary task as it ought to be carried on.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan says, "Service for God and humanity never becomes dynamic and saving until it becomes sacrificial."

Our Little Folks



Her Neighbor's Garden

BY A. MARIA CRAWFORD.



HOPE that you are tired, Marjorie May, after digging in your garden all morning," said Lucile as she paused for a moment beside her small sister who was resting on the porch steps. "It is too hot to do anything but our usual tasks, and here you spend a whole lovely morning, planting seeds and digging around plants when you know this place is to be sold and the landlord told father we had to move by the first of next month."

Marjorie May's face brightened. "But just think how pleased the people moving in will be when they see their gar-

"Well, when people do something for me, it will be time enough then to do something nice for them in return," was the rejoinder.

"But somebody has to be the first to start doing that something nice, Lucile."

"You talk just like mother does, you funny Marjorie May. Why, don't you know that mother is old-fashioned, and that doing neighborly things like planting a garden for everybody around here to enjoy, has gone out of style?" Lucile laughed. "You need not even know who your next door neighbors are unless you really want to know. The high cost of living has reduced neighborly courtesies. It is all one can do to bake cakes and pies for their own family without considering the

poor little woman cried and begged mother to teach her to be a nice house-keeper and a good cook. So when she was well, she began to follow mother's example and now she is happier than she ever was in all her life. I have heard her say so several times."

"Well," interrupted Lucile, "I think that when people are too lazy to clean up and try to cook good meals, nobody ought to do a thing to help them. It seems that we are getting away from our subject. You are silly to blister your hands working for total strangers. Come, let's dress up and go visiting or run over to Mabel's and have a game of tennis."

"No, thank you. I am going to begin transplanting lettuce and tomatoes right away. Playing tennis is not as good exercise as farming and not half as much fun to me."

So the sisters parted and presently Marjorie May put on her broad brimmed hat again and went out happily to her garden.

It was when they were all gathered around the supper table that night that Marjorie May's father startled them with a bit of exciting news.

"Mr. Maynard sold this place to-day. The new tenants or owners, I judge, will want to take possession at once."

"And that means we will have to move before the first of the month!" exclaimed Lucile. Then without waiting for an answer, she looked at Marjorie May. "What did I tell you about wearing out your perfectly good back and blistering your hands beautifying somebody else's garden? With all your work, what will you have to show for it? A lot of strangers gobbling up the peas, radishes and onions that you planted with such care."

"What a happy surprise will be waiting for them, Lucile! They will not only be getting this nice house but a beautiful garden as well and I have loved to work in it. I think that we have been fortunate to stay here during the spring. Perhaps where we move, there won't be any garden to dig and I have enjoyed this one so much."

Marjorie May's mother was smiling and looking so happy even with the prospect of moving before her that her husband asked her what was the matter.

"I have a surprise—a happy surprise for all of you. We are going to stay right here and we won't have to pay rent any more."

There were eager questions from every side. "How?" "Why?" "Oh, mother, really?"

"My farmer brother, Sam, who was here a few weeks ago, bought the place and has given it to us for a home." There were tears in the fine blue eyes as she looked across the table at the man with whom she had journeyed for so many years. How they had planned and saved for a home and always something had kept them back, sickness or educating and caring for the children. "Sam was so pleased over Marjorie May's garden plot and her interest in growing things that he said he wanted to give us the place for a home. He gave the house to me but he insisted that the garden must belong to Marjorie May." She took a narrow slip of paper from an envelope beside her plate. "He has sent a check to pay for spading up and getting more of the yard under cultivation. So you can have potatoes and late beans along with the china asters and chrysanthemums that you dreamed about, Marjorie May. You see, little girl, while you worked so unselfishly, making a beautiful garden for somebody else to enjoy, you were planting it all for us."

How Peggy and Betty Celebrated Independence Day.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"I'M going to wear my white dress," said Peggy.

"And I'll wear mine!" agreed Betty. "I'll wear my red sash and blue hair ribbon," Peggy went on to say.

"And I'll wear my blue sash and red hair ribbon," Betty asserted.

"Won't it be fun," both said together.

Then two little girls giggled and squeezed each other's hands. One ran up the street, and one skipped down. Nobody had heard the conversation except an inquisitive gray squirrel on a tree overhead, and a plump robin-red-breast on the fence. They wouldn't divulge the secret because they couldn't talk.

And so it happened that on Fourth of July morning Peggy seated herself at the breakfast table in her white dress, red sash and blue hair ribbon. And Betty appeared at about the same time, in a house not far away, in a white dress, and a blue sash, and a red ribbon tying her dark curls.

"Good morning, little Goddess of Liberty," Peggy's father said, bowing politely.

"Good morning, Papa," Peggy replied with a demure courtesy.

In a house three blocks away Betty's big brother Dick lifted her aloft as she entered the breakfast room and called her his little Fourth of July girl.

By and by Peggy and Betty met in Betty's yard. A large American flag was flying from the house-top. This was Brother Dick's surprise to the two little Fourth of July maidens.

Then, after a while, when the sun grew hot, Betty's mother set a little round table on the broad veranda; and on it were some of Grandmother Parker's blue-and-white saucers filled with pink ice-cream. It was not as red as the stripes on the flag, or as Peggy's sash, or Betty's hair ribbon. But, my! didn't it taste good! and didn't these two little girls feel patriotic while they were eating it!

This was Mother Parker's surprise.

After the feast was over, there was a loud chug-chugging out in the garage; and out rolled an automobile all decorated with flags, in which these happy children had a most delightful ride.

This was Father Parker's surprise.

Of course Peggy felt as if just dressing up was not quite all her part. But pretty soon the automobile chug-chugged up her own drive-way, and they were all invited in to dinner, and had some more pink ice-cream in Peggy's grandmother's blue-and-white dishes.

This was a surprise that Peggy's father and mother had prepared. For when little girls begin the day by surprising other people into patriotism, it is no more than fair for these same people to turn about and surprise them.

"What a happy Fourth of July this has been!" said Peggy as she took off her red sash and blue hair ribbon and neatly folded them.

"Oh," sighed Betty, sleepily, as she took off her blue sash and red hair ribbons and folded them, just as Peggy had done, "how I wish it was going to be Fourth of July again tomorrow!"

Then two happy, tired little children cuddled down in their beds and the birds sang them to sleep. I imagine that one of the birds may have been the same robin that first heard their secret.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

den! The peas are up pretty high and the radishes and onions will be ready to pull soon. And flowers, Lucile! All the rose and geranium cuttings that Mrs. Barton gave me last fall are growing beautifully and the sweet peas are peeping up two or three inches high."

"You are just wasting time," insisted the older girl. "The people who move in here will probably let your garden plot go to waste in a few weeks. I think that you are foolish to work for somebody you don't even know."

"Perhaps," argued Marjorie May, smiling, "I am selfish about it, after all. I love to work in the earth, to plant seeds and watch them grow into beautiful plants! Even when we move away, I can walk by here and see my garden and know that I made that little bit of beauty in the world. It won't be much, of course, but it will help."

folks who live all around them. I believe that mother gives away dollars and dollars' worth of rolls, pies and cakes every month of the year."

"But think of the pleasure it gives mother, Lucile! Beside that, our neighbors send us things too."

"Yes, but they never send nice trays like mother does and you know it."

"It is because they don't know how, not because they don't want to send as lovely things as mother makes. For instance, take dear little Mrs. Simpson's case! Mother has set her a wonderful example. When she first moved near us, she was not a bit interested in her cottage. She hated to cook and wouldn't even try to learn. But when she had the grippe last winter and mother went over there and cleaned up for her and carried meals and Mr. Simpson talked about mother's good things to eat, that

The Family Circle

A Gala Fourth of July

By Cora S. Day

IT seems too bad to have a stormy day like this come along just now," said Aunt Lucy sympathetically. "I wish it could be nice and bright every day while you are here with us. You need all the fresh air and sunshine you can get—and deserve them too, Johnny."

She always called him by the childish nickname, and though he had grown so tall that he could look down upon her head now covered with gray hair, Aunt Lucy and Uncle James had always thought a great deal of John, and rejoiced with his own home folks when he did well in school and later in business. They were quite as sorry as the home folks could be, too, when he met with the accident that broke his arm and bruised and battered him up so thoroughly that he was in the hospital for weeks; and now, when he was able to be out and about, they had insisted upon his coming to their home in this little seashore summer resort to regain his lost strength, and stay over "the glorious Fourth."

It was a modest little home; not one of the summer kind, but one where they stayed all the year round and paid close attention to the small grocery business which they carried on in the "store front" of their house. It was on a side street in a semi-business section and did a fairly good trade for its size.

Here John was made welcome and comfortable; and for several days he

did little but eat and sleep and lie on the beach in the sand, basking in the sun or seeking the shelter of a huge beach sun shade when it grew too warm to be comfortable. Already he felt new life and health coming in place of the wearisome weakness that had followed his long illness.

"I'm beginning to feel like a husky loafer already," he put it, this rainy morning. "I want to go into the store and help sell things, Uncle James, if you'll have me about in your way. It will keep me from playing out in the rain, you know, or getting underfoot here in the house."

"All right, young man," Uncle James replied promptly. "I'm extra busy for an hour or two this morning, putting up a lot of orders that came in too late yesterday to deliver. If you want to help get them out it will be a lot of help to me."

So John busied himself making neat packages of various groceries for the first half of the morning. Then he did one of the oddest things he ever had done.

A farm wagon, drawn by a mule and driven by a dusky old negro, stopped in front of the store as John stood in the doorway for a moment watching the delivery wagon drive away with its load. The old farmer hailed him.

"Mornin', boss! Want some wata-milyuns for your store?" Theyse fine—but I ain't sold moh'n half de load an' I'se got to git home right soon. I'll give you a bargain if you'll help me out, boss."

John was on the point of refusing. He knew his uncle handled little or no green stuff, the local markets supplying that line. Then an idea came. What if he bought them and sold them himself, and made a little profit out of this enforced "pleasure trip?"

"How many have you?" he asked, going out to the curb and standing under the shelter of the dripping awning.

"Jes' fifty, boss. Take 'em at five cents apiece, to git 'em off my hands," came the offer. John put his hand in his pocket.

"Here you are, pile them right there along the curb," he said, and handed the pleased ducky the money. In a few minutes John was in possession of his stock and Uncle James, smilingly teasing him over his "reckless speculation," was helping him sort the melons into three grades. Before they were all arranged in the five, ten and fifteen cent piles, a customer came out of the store and added one to her purchases. Some one else saw the sale and took one.

"They look nicer and fresher than those over in the market," said the purchaser, and a passerby, hearing the words, ordered two of the best sent home.

"Wagon's going that way this afternoon. I'll send them for you," Uncle James said, as he left John and went in to attend to regular store business.

It was surprising how fast that stock of melons vanished. When the sun came out in the middle of the afternoon the last one was just being carried off by a purchaser, and John had the rest of the day to rest and count his profits: which he found were over three dollars. He laughed boyishly as he showed his handful of money to his aunt and uncle.

"If that fellow comes along again, I'm going to try it all over," he declared. "It was more fun than loafing all the time. I'm afraid I can't pose very successfully as an invalid when I'm getting hungry for work already, eh?"

"Bless your heart, Johnny," Aunt Lucy said. "It's just like you to be making the best of your misfortunes. You did

it when you were a little chap and fell down and skinned your bare knees. Instead of crying and making a fuss you jumped up and laughed, a little shakily, and said: 'It'll soon be well, won't it, Auntie?' I do believe the Lord has a special blessing for folks who take what He sends them in an uncomplaining spirit."

"Of course, Aunt Lucy," John replied with a twinkle that contradicted his grave tone. "They get a lot more fun and a lot less misery out of life than the grouchy ones," and he laughed off her fond praise.

The next morning the negro farmer appeared with a full hundred melons, mindful of the previous quick sale.

"I wouldn't let anybody have these yere melons a cent less than a dime apiece, if I hadn't such a big crop," he declared earnestly. "'Sides, boss, de Fourth is a-comin' and' I wants the money outen dese milyuns for the chil-lun's treat."

John laughed and took the load. He wanted the money out of the "milyuns" for a "treat," too. It came fast. By night his stock was sold out, for the fame of his watermelons had spread in the neighborhood.

"They are so nice, and nearer home than the regular market," more than one pleased customer said.

Several more loads of watermelons passed through John's hands in the days that followed. He spent his mornings in brisk and profitable trade and a part of the afternoons in well earned rest. Then, just a few days before "the Fourth," when his earnings reached a certain coveted sum, he spread out on the store counter one afternoon a brave array of coins and bills.

"Twenty-five dollars," he said proudly. "Not so bad for the sick-a-bed laddie, eh?" Deftly he divided the money into two piles. One he pushed toward his surprised uncle.

"Rent for the use of your sidewalk," he laughed. As Uncle John would have refused and protested, he added: "Please I want you and Aunt Lucy to have that. This half is for mother and father—to come down and spend the Fourth with us, and go home with me. May they—may I send for them? We'll spend this extra money giving them, and Aunt Lucy a good time. I feel somehow as if the Lord would like me to use it, through those I love best, as a sort of thank offering for His goodness in making me strong and well so soon again."

Uncle John could not but fall in with the plan after that, and was glad to do it. So it came about that the Fourth was a gala day indeed for five happy people, as they spent it together listening to patriotic music and speeches, watching the parade and exercises and enjoying each other's society. Four of those people—father, mother, aunt, uncle—felt sure that the country held no truer patriot than the smiling, happy lad with them. For a boy who honors his parents and his God is the stuff of which the most loyal patriots are made.

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A Word in Season

BY EVA DE MARSH.

SHE is a woman of strong character." Thus spoke one of a friend. It was only a word in season, but that word came to the ears of the woman of whom it was spoken, and it transformed a life. The woman did not know she was strong. True, she had battled against odds and won out, but that seemed the only thing to do; now, she knew she might march on to greater victories.

Strength of character is something both inherent and acquired. Circumstances alone can bring its highest development, and there is nothing like another's confidence in our ability to do and dare to bring it out. Unexpressed, that confidence counts for naught.

The School of Hard Knocks seems a cruel one, yet only there can we truly learn the stuff of which we are made. Therein one must choose essentials alone, therein must one have principles and abide by them. One who is the sport of vacillating impulses or the slave of public opinion must sooner or later succumb.

Strength of character betokens tenacity of purpose, but tenacity of purpose unsupported by good common sense becomes mere "pigheadedness." The one who has a purpose and wisely and tenaciously holds to it is the man to whom the world trusts her mightiest tasks and upon whom she bestows her richest blessings.

The strong man can, if need be, stand alone. No weak blusterer is he. Calm and self-possessed, he goes his way and, instinctively, men trust him. Many men have no minds of their own, or are

afraid to use those that they have. Not so the strong man. Surely he leads where few dare to follow. Because he wants them, and knows he can get them, many things are his. Wisely and well he lives his life, and "other men grow stronger and nobler thereby."

Now and then a strong man forgets "noblesse oblige" and comes to believe that "might makes right." Beating down all opposition, trampling weakness under foot, he rises to wealth, power, fame, and men say he is great. But is he? No; strong as he is, he has prostituted his strength, and a greater than he shall rise triumphantly above the petty achievements of his genius. "Truth lies in being, not seeming."

Only a word in season! Why be so chary of them? Why watch, from a distance, men's struggles, admire their efforts, yet refrain from telling them of our admiration and sympathy? To all of us come times when it is good to know we have a reputation to live up to. "A woman of strong character!" How many times, I wonder, has that woman dared where she would not have ventured, had no trust been placed in her? How many times has she grown strong even while weakness fought for supremacy?

Yonder goes a man! Every one knows he is on the wrong track, yet no one utters a word of warning. Only a word in season and he had been saved—but no one spoke it. Oh, Timidity and Cowardly Indifference, in thy name how many crimes are committed!

Strength of character betokens moral stamina, and moral stamina produces moral courage. Public opinion must be respected. To defy it takes a brave man and a strong one. "A dead fish," it is

said, "can swim downstream, but it takes a live one to go against the current." Ridicule has downed many a man who had right on his side.

Some people never mind their own business quite so much as they do their neighbors, and some are so afraid of being thought meddling that they never take the initiative. Little men interfere where they do not belong; big ones intervene wherever duty points the way. If a man be "down and out," they help him to his feet and help him to stay there. If business, society, the church, or the nation, needs them, let them but hear the call and they are there, ready for service.

Only a word in season and a life was changed. Only a word in season and petty strife and turmoil ceased. Only a word in season and courage rose high in some one's breast. Only a word in season and a heart was made glad. Only a word in season and a soul was saved. Who shall speak that word? Shall you? Shall I?



A Message to Every Housewife

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

IF you wish to keep your husband sane and good-natured after a day of stress and trial in shop or office, do not greet him with a history of your own grievances before he has had a chance to remove his coat or don his slippers.

His annoyances have probably matched yours, or even possibly exceeded them, and to have yours added to the burden is like overloading a horse that is about to stumble.

Besides, the smile with which you constrain yourself to welcome him may and probably will, help to clear your own mental atmosphere to the degree of forgetfulness of the petty trials the day has brought you; and involuntarily you will soon find yourself rehearsing to him the pleasant instead of the disagreeable happenings.

Habits are tenacious; and when once acquired they stick closer than burrs. A smile of welcome is a tonic that everyone can give; and as by giving we receive, the same tonic invariably reacts upon our own well being.

If you assure your husband that you have had a pleasant day, when he comes home tired and possibly a trifle discouraged by the day's strenuous activities, before you are aware of the fact all the enjoyable happenings will instantly present themselves, and you will have to rummage your brain for the disagreeable thing you were planning to rehearse as soon as he crossed the threshold.

And he—why, he will immediately follow your lead. The weary lines that had been gathering will broaden into smiles as by a touch of magic, and gaining courage from your mental attitude he will begin to wonder why he had allowed such trivial things to disturb him when such a cheery little wife awaited his home-coming.

Instead of telling him how Jack has misbehaved all day, try to recall some cute remark the little fellow has made, and let the unpleasant happenings go unrehearsed.

To be tactful is to be helpful, and the woman who has succeeded in cultivating the habit of repression, and of steeping herself, so to speak, in an atmosphere of cheerful adaptability to the needs of others, is the woman who will seldom have occasion to complain that her husband is neglectful or unsympathetic; for, unconsciously he will find himself adopting her ways. Cheerfulness is contagious. You never enter a home where the wife and mother conceals her woes and grievances behind a mask of graceful courtesy that you do not find the whole household striving to adopt her attitude.

I have in mind a man whose wife's face seems to be his mirror. If he sees joy and gladness there, his own invariably reflects it. Although of a nervous temperament this man has been kept wholesomely sane and companionable by a wife who has learned that a smile and a cheery word are the most effective panacea for a tired man when he enters the sanctuary of his home.

Only Wraiths

"I am afraid to tell you," said a young business woman, "lest you should think I was boasting, of the reason why the year just closed has been both so happy and so successful to me."

But when her old friend pressed her for the story, the girl told of the one resolution she had made at the very beginning of the successful year.

"There were just four words in it, 'The hard thing first,' but it took all my courage and strength of mind to live up to it. You know, Mrs. Jackson, I have always been timid about trying new things, or facing new people, and my position often left me free to put off the difficult work on the excuse of more urgent trifles. But last year I determined to nerve myself each morning to tackle the hard things first—and, lo and behold, most of them proved to be easy!"

The older friend looked tenderly at the eager, steady-eyed, trusty friend, as she answered: "There is a Scotch proverb that just fits your case, dear: 'A regiment of armed men always stands between you and the thing you ought to do. Go straight to it, and they turn into mist and vanish away.'"

A determined charge upon the seemingly impossible duty will prove that the difficulties in the way are mere wraiths of the mist. So let us take courage, go forward, and conquer. —EXCHANGE.



To-morrow and To-day

To-morrow wealth may fly away, or turn to ashes gray;

But not the wealth of noble deeds and duty done to-day;

To-morrow fame's bright flowered crown may wither on the strand;

But not the laurel wreath of love, wrought by the helping hand.

To-morrow, when the ears are dull that long to hear your voice,

The loving words you spoke to-day will bid your heart rejoice;

To-morrow, when from silent lips the smile shall disappear,

You will be glad if through to-day they smiled when you were near.

A Sensible Thing To Do

When the drug, caffeine—the active principle in coffee—shows in headache, nervousness, insomnia, biliousness, jumpy heart, and so on, the sensible thing to do is to quit the coffee.

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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

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Receipts of the American Tract Society During May, 1916

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$92.66 for Special objects), \$1,094.62.

CALIFORNIA, \$5.50.
Dr. Harvey, \$1; Miss Hills, \$1; Miss Patch, \$0.50; Mr. Mast, \$3.

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Mr. Parker, to constitute himself a Life Member, \$30.

CONNECTICUT, \$78.65.
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DELAWARE, \$5.
Miss Ball, \$5.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$14.54.
Washington, Church Collection, \$4.54; Mr. Woodward, \$10.

ILLINOIS, \$10.60.
Mr. Leppo, for the Blind War Relief Fund, \$2; Rev. Mr. Hildenstein, \$0.65; Mr. McNair, \$5; Mr. Timmermann, \$0.65; Mrs. Geiseman, \$1.65; Mr. Zimmermann, \$0.65.

INDIANA, \$5.
Vincennes, church offering, \$5.

IOWA, \$12.10.
Mrs. Demer, \$1; Mrs. Christie, \$5; Miss Shaw, \$5; Mr. Rieken, \$0.15; Mr. John, \$0.30; Mr. Barth, \$0.65.

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Mr. Dortch, \$5; Miss Wynne, \$2.

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Mrs. Page, \$1.

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Mr. Thomas, \$2.

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NEW YORK, \$132.67.
New York City, King Testimonial Fund, \$12; Mr. Bayne, \$5; Miss Conover, \$2; Mr. Riker, \$10; Miss Ripley, \$2; Dr. Work, \$0.14; Mr. Aikman, \$10; Mrs. Fichtel, \$0.53; Miss Davison, \$5; Mr. Wells, \$1; Mr. Clark, \$5; Miss Strong, \$20; Miss Pierce, \$10; Mrs. Strong, for colportage, \$2; Mr. Kouwenhoven, \$10; Miss Hitchcock, \$1; Elmira, church collection, \$15; Miss Brown, for Latin America, \$5; Elmira, church offering, additional, \$6; Mr. King, \$10; Miss Cole, \$1.

NORTH DAKOTA, \$1.75.
Mr. Elker, \$1.75.

OHIO, \$48.80.
Mr. Penn, \$5; Mr. Frank, \$0.65; Miss Fowler, \$2; Mr. Hoge, Sr., \$1.15; Mrs. Hollauer, \$1; Mr. Bolmer, \$5; Mr. Durrell, \$5; Mr. Dornette, \$5; Dr. Edwards, \$1; Mr. Kyrk, \$3; Mr. Meacham, \$5; Mr. Ponnasford, \$5; Mr. Shipley, \$10.

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Mrs. Slaving, \$0.65.

OREGON, \$3.
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PENNSYLVANIA, \$190.80.
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\$25; Miss L. J. Bard, \$9.50; Miss M. P. Bard, \$5; Mrs. Morris, \$3; Philadelphia Quartz Co., \$25; Mrs. Loughlin, Jr., \$50.
RHODE ISLAND, \$11.
Mrs. Hazard, \$10; Rev. Mr. Cornell, \$1.
UTAH, \$2.
Mr. Pratt, \$2.
VIRGINIA, \$10.
Mr. Morton, \$10.
WEST VIRGINIA, \$2.
Mr. McCoy, \$2.
WISCONSIN, \$0.60.
Ein Freund, \$0.60.
FOREIGN, \$2.53.
Canada, Mr. Loewen, \$2.53.
LEGACIES, \$10.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Estate of Jonas W. Mills-paugh, \$10.
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THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

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Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

To Our Subscribers

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The Bible in the Tibetan Language

The Moravian Himalayan Mission reports the completion of the translation of the Bible into the Tibetan language. The New Testament has long been in use, but missionaries are never satisfied until they have all the written Word ready to put into the hands of the people. The complete Bible has also been translated and is being printed in the Nepali language. Nepal is an independent kingdom in the Himalayas, that belongs to the Indian Empire. It has a population of about 5,000,000, but no Christian mission has been allowed to settle within its border. About a hundred years ago the Serampore Mission translated and printed portions of the New Testament. In 1902 the complete New Testament was printed, and now the whole Bible will be sent out to speak its own message in the land that is closed to the heralds of the Cross.

A Strong Organization

The present membership in the Young Men's Christian Association is 620,799; the annual expenses have grown to \$12,924,701; the number of Associations owning buildings is 759, and the value of these buildings has reached the enormous figure of over \$77,483,448.

The Foreign Department of the International Committee which was organized in 1889 with a secretary in Tokyo and another in Madras, has now 180 trained American secretaries stationed at important student and commercial centres in China, Japan, Korea, India, Mexico, South America, Russia and other foreign lands. This work is carried on at an annual expenditure of more than \$460,000. It has raised up seventy-five buildings in the foreign field and has trained 200 secretaries from those countries to help carry on the work.

The Printed Preacher

The "Printed Preacher" has no fixed place of preaching, for the world is his parish; and while he is powerless in himself, he is ready to be sent wherever there is an opening for his message, and he will deliver it on the spot. It is all the same to him whether it is in the poorest slum or a stately mansion, by the bedside or the seaside, in town or in the country, by camp-fire or in barracks, in store or in stable, by road or by rail. If only there is even one to listen—no matter where—he is always ready.

Some "Platform Preachers" have a very decided preference for rich and fashionable audiences, whilst some are only "at home" with intellectual hearers, who can appreciate a brilliant discourse, logical and entertaining. Others, again, prefer speaking to the poor and less learned, being more approachable, less critical; while there are those who have no such choice, so long as their congregation is a large one.

Our "Printed Preacher" has no particular preference. He is bound to no special society; makes choice of no particular class, creed or shade of opinion; and as to the question of numbers, few or many, it does not affect him.

Then some "Platform Preachers" are timid, especially in speaking to individuals. Not so with our "Printed Preacher"—his unassuming fearlessness impresses you as being a most desirable quality in any witness for God. For example, he would be as ready to look a member of the royal family in the face and tell him of another crowned Head, as to tell the poorest beggar in the gutter of One who is "rich unto all that call upon Him." He certainly would as fearlessly tell a popular modern theologian of the serious consequences of preaching "any other gospel" than the one brought from heaven by the Holy Spirit, as tell a contrite sinner of the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; or, tell him that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Then, again, some "Platform Preachers" occasionally consider themselves "off duty." Our "Printed Preacher"—never. Indeed more, he knows no "time limit"—"in season, out of season," he is always ready—midday, midnight, matters not; it is never too early, nor too late, for his services. "Always abounding in the work of the Lord" might well be said of him. "Patient continuance" characterizes his work. Unfailing readiness, untiring constancy, may justly be claimed for him. He will patiently repeat the same address the same day, as often as anyone can possibly find time to listen.

Some "Platform Preachers" feel greatly annoyed when the patience of one of their hearers gets exhausted by the length of a discourse and leaves before it is half finished. Our "Printed Preacher" takes no offense at such slight. If only a few words are listened to, and even if these be opposed by bitter expression of unmerited anger, he will never answer back.

Should it strike you further that his message might be a comfort or a timely warning, to some friend or loved one over the seas, thousands of miles away, you will find this preacher instantly ready to be sent, no matter where! Nor will the expense of sending him be any impediment, for one or two of the smallest copper coins of the realm will be sufficient to cover the cost of his journey, even if it be to the other side of the globe; and on such errands he waits not to be accredited by any human organization. He is as ready to be made use of by a little girl of nine or ten as by the greatest potentate or richest millionaire.

No preacher on earth has to-day such an "open door" as this "Printed Preacher"—obtaining an entrance, and a hearing, where none other can.

—EXCHANGE.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 794,639,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$799,456.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$16,684.99. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,634,505.89, which is the equivalent of 5,269,010,000 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 206,167; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,517, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last 74 years 17,382,454, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,612,843.

Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Attractive Periodicals

for the Home, Church and Sunday School

The American Messenger

founded in 1843, is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, editorial contributions from prominent writers, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Christian Endeavor Prayer-Meeting Topics, News from the Mission Fields, a page for the Little Folks, and much other interesting and instructive matter, for both young and old. The price is very low, being but 50 cents a year, or in Clubs of five or more, 30 cents apiece for a year's subscription. Postage on foreign subscription, 24 cents additional; Canadian subscription, 12 cents additional.

Apples of Gold

is a delightful paper for the little ones in the home and at Sunday school. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for primary departments and infant classes; charming illustrations; good clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copies, 30 cents; five copies to one address, 25 cents each; ten or more, 20 cents each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cents per copy additional. Subscriptions accepted in clubs for 3 months, 6 months or a year.

Amerikanischer Botschafter

is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription price is 35 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more 20 cents apiece.

Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large, clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is 25 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more, 20 cents a year.

Free Sample Copies on Request.

American Tract Society
Park Ave. and 40th St., New York

IN THE MISSION FIELDS

Evangelizing Japan

On the front cover page of this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER there is presented a typical scene in Japan. In that picture we see a bell temple, which reminds us of the fact that heathen superstition is still rife in that far-away land, and calls us to increased exertions in order that Japan may be evangelized.

On this page we have another picture, which shows us one of the agencies that are at work for the evangelization of Japan. Here we see an interior view of the rooms of the Japan Book and Tract Society, an organization founded by the concerted efforts of the American Tract Society and the Religious Tract Society of London and now doing a most vital and important work for the spread of the Gospel message in Japan by the medium of the printed page.

The last annual report of the Japan Book and Tract Society presents some interesting statements concerning the work. It shows the publication of 1,642,600 copies of books, tracts, and cards, which aggregate over 13,000,000 pages. Four of the books issued were new publications, viz., "Daily Light," "Knots Untied," an abridgment of a valuable book by Bishop Ryle, "Little Pillows," by Miss F. R. Havergal, and "Christ in All the Scriptures," by Miss A. M. Hodgkin.

A Fund for Publishing Fresh Books is maintained by the Japan Book and Tract Society, but it is greatly depleted, as indicated by the following statement written by Mr. George Braithwaite, the Secretary-Treasurer:

"We have several books ready for the printer, and the publishers abroad have also given us full permission to publish translations of a number of others, but our work is sadly handicapped by shortage of funds. The call for new books is louder than ever. The results of some conscription examinations held here recently, showed that out of 10,813 Japanese young men examined, there were only three amongst those mentally and physically sound who could not read and write. A well known missionary of much experience writing us recently says, 'I wish I knew of more really good, strong, literary books of high tone, suitable for the people who are now reading all sorts of novels and translations of novels. The danger here is a very serious one now—the young people are reading Bernard Shaw, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and many translations of French, Italian, and Russian novels of a thrilling, romantic kind.'

"Gifts towards this fund would therefore greatly cheer our hearts and would be a permanent help to the Japan Book and Tract Society's work, as the rule that our books be sold slightly above cost, enables us to use the proceeds from the sale of a book, either to print another edition of the same work, or if it seems better, to publish some other which appears likely to be more fruitful. We earnestly trust therefore that the Lord of the harvest may put it in the hearts of some of His stewards to send us help for this purpose."

The Conversion of a Village Headman

Rev. E. Price, of the South Africa General Mission, gives this account of the conversion of a village chief in Africa. He writes:

"Nsitu, a village headman, is a Christian, who has met with severe opposition from the District Headman and from his own household. He has given up his second wife and is striving to serve the Lord Jesus with a perfect heart. In a conversation I had with him some time ago he gave me the story of his conversion, which is as follows: 'The words that brought conviction to my heart are these, "Lekami Zoipa"—Cease from sin. These words entered my heart with great force. It was the first time I was brought to see that I was a sinner and



INTERIOR VIEW OF ROOMS OF JAPAN BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY.

that I needed to be saved from my sin. I longed to be able to cease from sinning. I was shown the way to the Cross of Christ, Who alone could wash away my sin, and give me peace and joy. I understood very little at the time, but Jesus revealed His Word. I was led little by little to give up one sin after another and to change my whole life and outlook. As I began to know Him more and more, and was shown more clearly what He required of me, the light broke, and I was willing to follow Him where He should lead. About this time my wife wanted me to build her a house in her father's village on the Zambesi river. I refused to do this and told her that seeing I had become a Christian I could not have two wives, then sent her home to her father. My first wife at times was given to have dealings with evil spirits. I told her that we cannot have two gods in this house, and gathered all her charms, etc., etc., and threw them away, telling her they must all go. She was very much upset and angry with me, but I was firm."

Planning for Living Epistles

Rev. Frank C. Laubach's enthusiastic study of the American Board's field in the Philippine Archipelago—the large southern island of Mindanao—has developed a scheme for educating the teachers and leaders of the coming Filipinos which meets with enthusiastic approval of men on the ground. Mr. Laubach writes:

"This is the thing which I have brought to the attention of several educators and governors and which they consider meets the need of Mindanao exactly.

"It is a central school for the training of the men and women we need to Christianize and civilize—the wild people and the Moros. What do we want of the young men who will do this? 1. They will be thorough Bible students. 2. They will have the passion for service. 3. They will be models and leaders in their communities. 4. They will live ideals of purity, cleanliness, thrift, efficiency, and intelligence—and monogamy.

"Of course, there are more things, but to get to the point: We propose a school which can accommodate young married couples. I hasten to state why: 1. People in the tropics have a notorious lack of originality. They cannot be taught one thing and be expected to apply it in new conditions. If we expect the young man and his wife to go back and live ideal, healthy, cleanly, efficient married lives in the mountains, we have got to give them their start as married folk living ideally for a period of a year

or two or three, and then they will never get away from it.

"2. We have had and have heard of some very unhappy experiences with young evangelists whose wives did not have the vision and were a severe handicap to them. We propose to make efficient workers out of the wives.

"3. The most important thing we can do is to teach by example, living all-round Christian lives at home and in one's work. The wives will take to the tribe to which they go ideals of Christian child-raising. They will carry the best in hygiene, in housekeeping, in cooking. The men will carry the Christian ideal of equality of women—tremendous in its influence here, where women are all slaves.

"All of the highlands of Mindanao will some day be famous for agriculture, and it is the only industry worth teaching the people. Our young men will be taught to farm efficiently, and will return to their home towns, take up land, and support themselves by means of agriculture. They will be taught to organize their towns for the best disposal of their products and for all purposes of agriculture, as has been done effectively in Ceylon (Willis, 'Agriculture in the Tropics').

"This will be the source of income for our young couples, and will be the means of enabling them to assume the leadership in their communities which is so extraordinarily necessary for doing effectual work in teaching Christianity among the tribes of Mindanao."

A Living Book

An old man in Korea had purchased St. Matthew's and St. Mark's Gospels, and read them with interest. One day, when he was out in the fields, his house caught fire, and was completely destroyed. On his return, he found that nothing had been saved except the two Gospels, which a member of his family had rescued, not knowing what they were. This impressed him very much; he read them with deeper interest, and finally decided to become a Christian. At first his neighbors despised him for reading the Christian books, but gradually they have come back to him as friends. Today, in that village, there are more than eighty believers. The work began by the reading of the two Gospels. The man was converted solely through reading the Scriptures and the teaching of the Holy Spirit, as he had not met a preacher or any Christian teacher until after he was a believer. Surely God's Word is life-giving.

Among the Eskimos

There is a lone missionary at work among the Eskimos of Baffin Land, the Rev. A. L. Fleming, who did not hear of the outbreak of the European war until August 11, 1915, more than a year after the event. Last year he traveled 1,300 miles by sledge and dog team, meeting practically every Eskimo in the Hudson Strait. Mr. Fleming has recently been among the Eskimos along the Fox Channel, probably the first white man ever in the region.

The Power of God Unto Salvation

The Gospel redeems the Japanese drunkard as it does the Bowery "down and out." Dr. Christopher Noss writes in the *Japan Evangelist*:

"I have baptized a retired teacher who has long borne the name of Nominuke Sensei, 'Toper Schoolmaster.' His face still bears the marks of alcohol, but there is no doubt of his sound conversion. I asked him what first attracted him to the Gospel and he speaks of a hospital somewhere and a Christian lying beside him. You will find some such incident back of every real conversion."

Then there is Mori Kiyochi, who came to Doctor Noss with tears, confessing that he had become a drunkard and that only Christ could save him. Dr. Noss continues:

"We talked and prayed. Soon afterwards in the presence of his astonished colleagues at the public school he broke his drinking vessel and entered upon a struggle that lasted months. The following spring vacation he walked fifty miles to Wakamatsu and was baptized. Gradually he regained his health and is now entirely cured. He showed such zeal in evangelizing his countrymen that only a suggestion was needed to make him enter the Theological Seminary at Sendai, where he is making good.

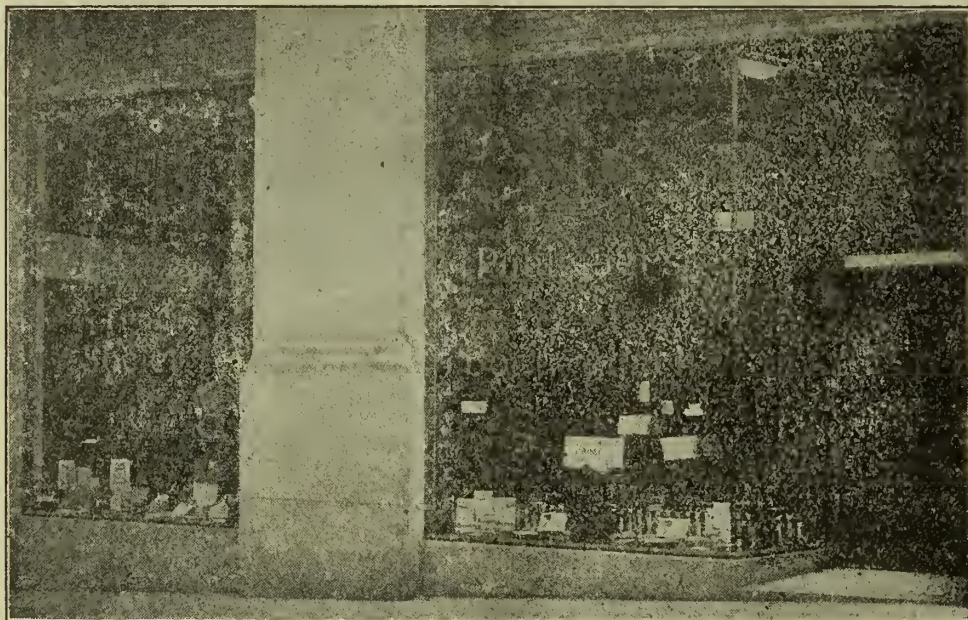
"We go down to the river to Tonosu, the home of Mr. Mori. A year ago we met a relative of his, a lantern maker named Mori Sakuji, who followed us about and in the presence of all the villagers confessed himself a wretched drunkard and begged us to pray Christ for his salvation. I was told that he had often tried to break his chain. Once he had some visiting cards printed and passed them around among his friends. They read: 'Mori Sakuji, member of the Temperance Society.' This only made the villagers despise him the more heartily the next time he went on a spree. He has, however, been sober ever since he boldly made that appeal to Christ, and his transformation is a wonder to the community. He says that he has not hankered after drink once since that day. He wrote the date, October 6, 1914, on a piece of white paper and posted it up on the wall of his home. When visitors inquire what it means he tells them it was on that day that he was saved by Christ."

Evangelizing the Aborigines

The great movement among the aborigines in South West China started among the Miaos and swept large numbers of them into the Church. These Miaos were serfs and their new attitude toward life and man and God displeased their overlords, the Nossus. Hence a bitter persecution. To overcome this opposition the missionary leaders, Mr. Adam and Mr. Pollard, felt it best to engage in evangelizing the Nossus also. The results have been beyond all expectations. When started, the work among the Nossus grew of its own momentum, since those who were converted spread the Gospel among their fellows. At present there are possibly 10,000 Miao adherents to Christianity and an equal number amongst the Nossus. The work however, has grown so fast that it has been impossible to keep close track of it. While Nossus and Miaos are distinct from each other, both are also distinct from the Chinese.

IMAGINATION

*O, for a grain of imagination,
Give us men; but pray equip them
With imagination!*



IMAGINE long rows, row topping row, of perfectly selected books on all the live present day subjects by vigorous writers who know of what they speak, volumes of poems by both American and English masters of rhythm, all the best and latest fiction judiciously marshalled, not more than two of a kind—vying each with the other in attracting attention and welcoming a chance to be taken up and read.

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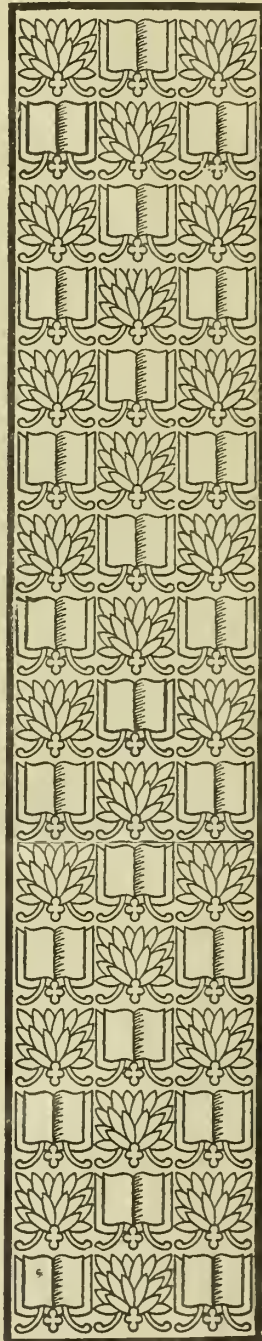
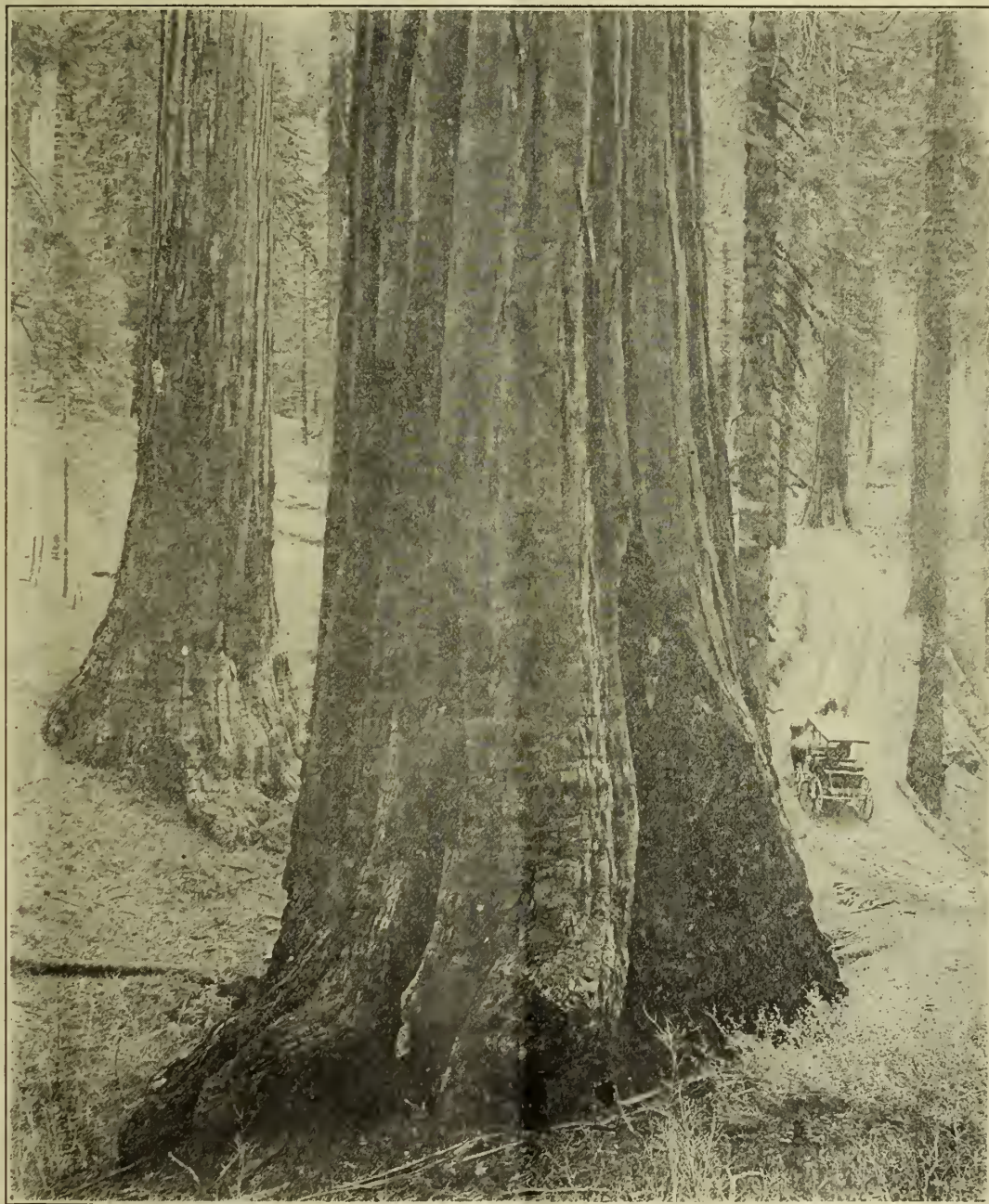
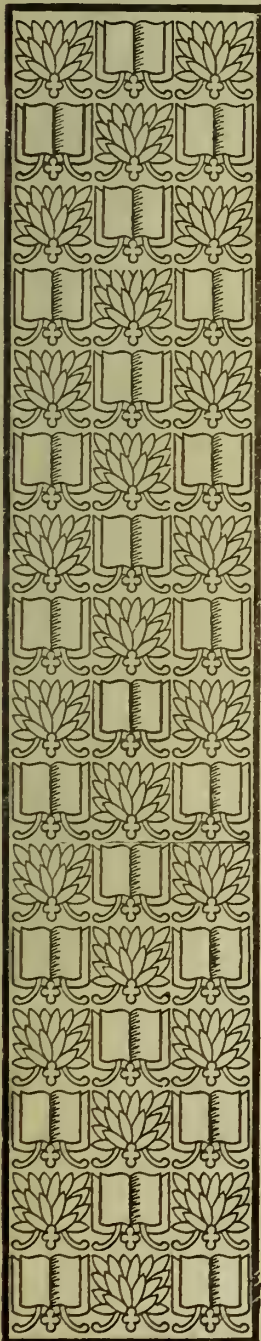
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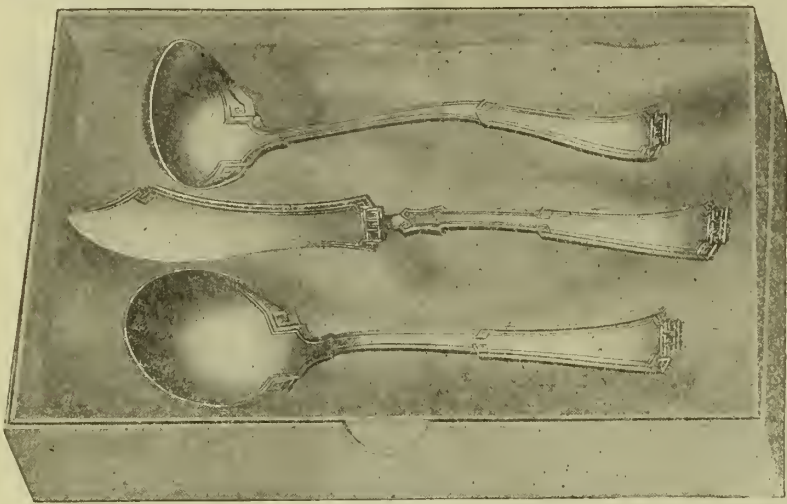


THE "SENTINELS" IN THE MARIPOSA BIG TREE GROVE, CALIFORNIA

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

H. E. FRITZ

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ARTICLES of silverware are always in demand in the home. Many of our friends, no doubt, would like to obtain some of the choice pieces we are offering at this time. With a little effort in securing yearly subscriptions for the American Messenger, one or more of these articles may be obtained and the person who receives this fine silverware will be well repaid for the effort made. These goods are manufactured by the well known firm of Roger Brothers, Ltd.; they are sure to please and give satisfaction. The "Grecian" is the popular style of the goods we are offering. This quality of Electro Silverplate is well known for its beauty of design as well as for its excellent wearing qualities in actual household service. The goods will be shipped by parcel post, upon receipt of order. These offers are good only in the United States, as the duty in foreign countries would be prohibitive. Cash must accompany each order.

Name of Article.	Numbers of subscriptions required to obtain the article free of cost	Or we will give one year's subscription to the American Messenger and the article named for
Three piece Cream Set, consisting of sugar shell, butter knife and cream ladle.....	6	\$2.00
1/2 dozen butter-spreaders.....	8	2.25
Sugar tong.....	3	1.10
Eight piece Set, consisting of 6 teaspoons, butter knife and sugar shell.....	8	2.25
Three piece Child Set, consisting of knife, fork and spoon.....	4	1.50
Meat fork.....	3	1.10
1/2 dozen tablespoons.....	7	2.10
1/2 dozen forks.....	7	2.10
1/2 dozen knives.....	8	2.25
1/2 dozen teaspoons.....	4	1.50
1 berry spoon.....	4	1.50
1 gravy ladle.....	3	1.10
1 soup ladle.....	8	2.25

American Messenger, Park Avenue and 40th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Standing On the Promises

BY REV. I. MENCH CHAMBERS, D.D.

FOR the sustaining certainties of life we are forced to stand upon either the philosophy of earth or a revelation from Heaven. The test of the better foundation is experience. Better than the individual experience is the composite experience of the ages. The formulas of men have always had a varying note. They change with the age, the need and viewpoint of fluctuating necessity. The philosophy of one age is practically obsolete in another. As Peter asked of Jesus, "To whom else can we go?"

"If there be a Rock of Ages where can I find it?" is the question of the soul. Every serious, thoughtful person hungers after the truth. The rationalist teaches that God has not given a positive and direct revelation, but that all truth is the summing up by man of the personal God-consciousness of the race.

If this be the final conclusion of man's search for soul enlightenment and rest, then we are still left to guess, and there is no certain affirmation which passes beyond the realm of doubt. The majority of us cannot stand satisfied on such an hypothesis. The instincts of man's spiritual being deny the deduction. The insistent call of the soul after God implies an answer through a "revelation,"

and we believe that that revelation was made in the coming and presence of Jesus Christ. In and through Him, God has spoken directly to the world. His was an eternal and all adequate message of life to life. The Apostle Peter speaking of Christ's presence with men as the Son of God and Saviour, adds: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature."

The greatest affirmation known is contained in the revealed promises of God to man. They are in the Holy Word coming to us by divine inspiration.

These promises are great and precious for two reasons. First, they are based upon the absolute integrity of the God-head. Second, they contain the provisions for the universal need of the soul. His word is "Yea and Amen," final and absolute. God cannot deny Himself. What He has guaranteed, He will perform to the end of time.

The end of the Divine promises provides for both our temporal and spiritual needs, and has in view the introduction of our spirit into the Divine nature. All His promises imply exhaustless supply and unbounded provision. All things in here in God, and in Jesus Christ all things become ours.

His promises are two-fold, that is unconditional and conditional. Unconditionally God has promised that seed time and harvest shall not fail, and that

He will pour out His spirit upon all flesh. These with others are God's statement of determination without condition. On the other hand He has given promises which are conditional. Their reception is dependent upon human obedience. "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you." "Bring the tithe into the storehouse and prove Me herewith and see." The blessing is conditioned upon man's compliance with the Divine will.

Then there is the ageless character of God's promises. No one generation can exhaust their supply. They do not become obsolete by the draft of the ages. A new generation bows before the same altar and seeks help from the same Father. The river of Life never runs dry.

It is our great privilege to stand upon these divine promises and put them to the test. Thus is our life enriched. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. Acknowledge Him in all thy ways and He shall direct thy steps."

"I will not leave you comfortless"; here is a promise for troubled days. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." What an inducement for struggle and sacrifice! Here we are never sure of winning out. Life often spells unexpected defeat to our best plans and hopes. How many souls must leave this life uncrowned! There the broken shall be mended. There the lost shall be found. There God himself shall wipe all tears away. There we shall see Jesus and be like Him. Where do you find such promises except in the blessed Word of inspiration?

Life would be a dark and dreary road without the sustaining power and virtue of the Divine promises.

Those who are of the church triumphant have put these promises to the test and won the victory. Those of us in the church militant must heed them and discover in our experience their merit. In so doing, we shall come into deeper peace, and find always the sure undergirding of God's presence and sustaining grace.

"How gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care,

"His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away."



What a Blind Man Taught

We have read of a blind man who was walking and tapping as he went. Asked why he did that he replied, "Thus I discover the crossings and rough places in my path." Commenting on the incident an editorial writer says:

"This blind man had learned a lesson that multitudes of people with eyes are slow to get: Always ready for what may come. That man did not know just where the crossing was. He knew that it was somewhere near and he fortified himself against a possible shock. It is said of great statesmen that they are never surprised. They have learned to look with the utmost care upon all sides of every question. In fact, they spend most of their lives in the future rather than in the present. When the future is provided for, in all its possibilities, the present is easy.

"So it is with an experienced lawyer. He does his best to forecast all the arguments that the opposing counsel can possibly make against him, and he has his answers ready for them before they are made.

"This is the real philosophy of life, in its practical aspect; so to forecast the possibilities of our deeds that we may choose only such actions as have honorable and delectable consequences.

"This philosophy of life includes eternity as well as time. A man that knows how to live may not think of death very much. Indeed, he ought not to; but he is ready for the call at any time. He is not accumulating a lot of evil deeds that will take time for repentance when this mortal life draws near its close. He is 'confessed up' and 'prayed up' at all times. He has made his peace with God, and he makes his peace with God every day. So he is ready."

WILL YOU HELP?

The publishers of the American Messenger would like to double the circulation of this paper during the coming months, and a special effort is now being made toward this end. Our readers realize the value of the paper, and from the many testimonials received we know that it is highly appreciated.

The importance of having good reading matter in every home cannot be emphasized too strongly. It is as essential to provide material for the culture of the mind and soul as it is necessary to furnish food for the body, and to select the right kind of mental and spiritual nourishment demands perhaps greater care and attention than to supply suitable provision for the needs of the body.

This splendid undenominational, inspiring and evangelical monthly for over seventy-three years has been esteemed one of the most useful of religious periodicals, and is one of the cheapest as well as one of the best papers published. We believe it to be the finest illustrated religious monthly published at the low price of only 50 cents a year for a single subscription or 30 cents in clubs of five or more.

The usefulness of this paper may be enlarged by increasing its circulation, and this can be done through voluntary effort. Scores of pastors who have felt its power for good in their charges have secured some one to canvass their congregations and secure large lists of subscribers, and hundreds of other pastors would find it an advantage to do likewise.

We ask the pastor, Sunday-school teacher, or Christian worker who reads these words to try the experiment and see if his own work is not greatly aided by this monthly messenger of truth.

We plead for the wide increase of the circulation of the American Messenger in order that it may displace trashy literature, may help parents in training their children for Christ, may awaken the impenitent to the claims of the Crucified, may comfort stricken mourners and may cooperate with the pastor in every good work, and thus bring glory to God.

There are many churches where, with a little effort, a club of twenty subscribers could be formed, and the entire cost would be only \$6.00. And in a great many other churches forty people could easily be induced to subscribe and the cost would be only \$12.00. Will some of our readers who are desirous of doing Christian work kindly exert themselves in this way, and thus help to double both the subscription list of this paper and its usefulness in the homes of our nation? This is a most practical form of Missionary Work.

Specimen Copies will be gladly sent FREE to any who will canvass for subscribers

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The American Messenger

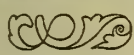
"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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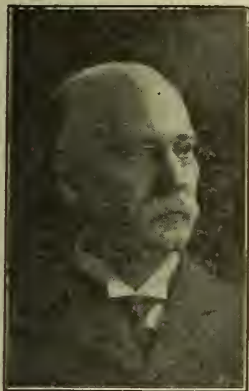
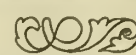
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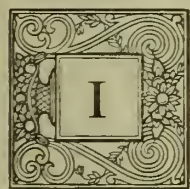
DR. DAVID J. BURRELL

An Old Time Idyl of Married Life

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City



IN THE year 33 A. D. a company of pilgrims came up from Pontus to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of Pentecost. Tradition says that these two tent-makers, Aquila and Priscilla his wife, were among them.

While in Jerusalem they probably witnessed the effusion of the Spirit and heard the address of Peter setting forth the saving power of the Cross and the perpetual influence of the risen Christ. It was with such impressions upon their minds that they returned from the Feast; and doubtless, as years passed, they spake often one with another of this Gospel of life.

In the year 55 they were in Corinth, pursuing their trade (Acts 18:1-3). It chanced that, at this time, a journeyman tent-maker, weak-eyed and stoop-shouldered—who was also a philosopher and dialectician and an itinerant preacher of the Gospel—while seeking work at Antioch, found his way to Aquila's shop; and this man, while plying his needle, related to his fellow-workmen the wonderful story of his conversion and explained the Good News. It was the same Gospel which Aquila and Priscilla had heard twenty-two years before at the Feast in Jerusalem. They welcomed it gladly, and were known thenceforth as followers of Christ.

A year later they were making tents at Ephesus (Acts 18:24-26). A learned Jew of Alexandria, named Apollos, came to the city and, being eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures, "was teaching diligently of the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John." In other words, he perceived that the times were out of joint and anticipated the coming of the Kingdom; but the larger truths of the Gospel were as yet unknown to him. In some manner he came under the influence of Aquila and Priscilla, and "they expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly." This appears to have been the first Theological Seminary of the Christian Church; primitive, indeed, yet it may be doubted whether in all the world there was another institution of learning where the truth was more profoundly or comprehensively taught. Not Zeno's Painted Porch, nor Plato's Academy, nor Gamaliel's school at Jerusalem could have so well equipped Apollos for his destined work as an evangelist.

As the years passed the tent-makers drifted to Philippi (I Cor. 16:19), where mention is made of "the Church in their house." This probably

means no more than that, at stated times, the followers of Christ met and worshipped together at their family altar; nevertheless the domestic circle is thus invested with a peculiar sanctity, as the germ of that great organism which we call the Church. On being driven from Philippi by persecution they betook themselves to Rome (Romans 16:3-5), where again mention is made of "the Church in their house." A strange contrast this to St. Peter's in Rome to-day! That humble conventicle in the tent-maker's house had no tiaraed Pope, no imposing College of Cardinals, no elaborate paraphernalia of worship; yet great was God's blessing upon it.

The last mention of Aquila and Priscilla finds them back at Ephesus in the year 66 (II Tim. 4:19). There is a tradition that on the 8th of July—the day set apart for them in the martyrology of the Roman Church—the faithful couple were led out beyond the walls and beheaded. It is easy to fill in the details of the pathetic picture; each looking at the other with loving eyes as they murmured, "Farewell; fear not!" There was a flash of the blade, and they were at home with God.

We have here a beautiful idyl of domestic life. Aquila and Priscilla were bound together by a happy chain of many links.

First, they were united by a Divine Ordinance. For, as the marriage ceremony puts it, this union was "ordained of God in the time of man's innocency." God said, "It is not good for man to be alone"; wherefore he made woman to be his helpmeet. The generic man or social unit is not one but two in one; as it is written, "Male and female created He them and blessed them and called their name Adam" (Gen. 5:2). And the approval of Christ was put upon this primal ordinance when He said, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh" (Matthew 19:5).

Second, they were bound together by a Social Convention. By the agreement of all civilized communities this union is accepted as the basis of social order and happiness. A Scotch girl to whom her minister had said, "Janet, it is a very serious thing to be married," answered without hesitation, "Aye, minister, I ken it is a serious thing to be married; but it is a far mair serious thing no to be." The humor of this canny lass was quite eclipsed by her philosophy. There is, indeed, such a thing as "single blessedness."

The happy and useful lives of many unmarried men and women are in evidence; but these are the exception and not the rule. The usual path of happiness is wide enough for two. It has been truly said that "wedlock halves our sorrows and doubles our joys."

Third, they were knit together by the Mutual Attraction of Love. There is no place in the divine economy for a "marriage of convenience." It is a perversion of the order of nature and a travesty on the ordinance of God. You may carpet your floors with softest velvet, cover your walls with richest tapestries, fill the atmosphere with music of harp and dulcimer and spread your table with all rare and delicate viands; but if love be wanting, your home will be no better than a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. On the other hand, the nearest approach to heaven is "love in a cottage." The hail may rattle on the roof, the snow sift under the eaves, the grate be cold and the larder empty; the wolf may howl at the door, the King of Terrors himself stand beckoning at the threshold, but if love abide within, all's well.

Love is better than beauty or wit;
Love is better than gold;
For love is not found in the marketplace,
Love is not bought and sold.

Fourth, they were bound by a common Industrial Interest. It would appear that they shared the duties of their workshop. It is much to say that they were not ashamed of manual toil, which was regarded in those days as the business of slaves. They seem to have been partners in the pursuit of their craft. And, singularly, the order of their names varies—now Aquila and Priscilla, and again Priscilla and Aquila—suggesting that there was no strife for pre-eminence in their business any more than in their domestic life. It reminds us of what Jeremy Taylor said: "When God created woman He made her not out of Adam's head, as if she were to rule over him; nor out of his feet, as if he were to rule over her; but from his side, close by his heart, because they were to agree happily in mutual love."

Fifth, they were united by a Common Faith. One of the conditions of ideal happiness is to be "joined in the Lord." It has been wisely said by Paul, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." This is an old-fashioned precept, but its wisdom is abundantly certified. It is obvious that when husband and wife are at odds concerning the fundamental facts of religion they are not united as one. A Christian thinks

more of his religion than of anything else; it is his meat and drink; it is the very air he breathes; he lives for Christ, and should be willing to die for Him. How, under such circumstances, can one be happily joined to another who is wholly averse to such considerations or quite indifferent to them? The advice of Paul to couples thus matched but not mated is found in I Corinthians, 7:12-17, and is worthy of most serious consideration. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. A duet of musical instruments is impossible except as they are keyed to the same pitch. There are many who, failing to remember this, have married in haste to repent at leisure.

Sixth, they stood with each other in the active Service of Christ. There was a family altar in their home. They studied the Scriptures together. They opened their doors to "neighborhood meetings." Though not in "holy orders," they found time, busy people as they were, to instruct truth-seekers in "the Way of God." Blessed are such Christian homes! Such was the humble cottage at Alloway which Robert Burns never forgot:

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

Finally, the happy pair were bound by a Vow of Lifelong Fidelity. Man cannot put asunder what God thus joins together. A true marriage is as endless as the wedding ring. Divorce is possible only where wedlock is an empty farce. There may be foolish disagreements, but there can be no unreconcilable quarrels between a man and woman whose hands are clasped across the flowing brook of heavenly consent.

Oh, foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands
And the heart that wad part sic love;
But there is nae hand can loose my band
But the finger o' Him above.

Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here and kneel wi' me:
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The Book maun be ta'en when the carle comes hame
Wi' the holy psalmodie;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

In all the world there is nothing finer than the simple beauty of such lives; and, blessed be God, they are being lived all about us. The literary fame of Charles Kingsley is, to my mind, as nothing in comparison with the sweetness of character to which his sorrowing wife bore witness: "The outside world must judge him as an author, a preacher, a member of society, but those only who lived with him in the intimacy of every-day life at home can tell what he was as a man. Over the real romance of his life and over the tenderest, loveliest passages in his private letters a veil must be thrown, but it will not be lifting it too far to say that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate—for six-and-thirty years, a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away forever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a 'most true and perfect knight' to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity. To eternity; for such love is eternal, and he is not dead. He himself, the man, the lover, husband, father, friend—he still lives in God, who is not the God of the dead but of the living."

The life of Aquila and Priscilla was crowned with a most happy end. Not even the headsman could put them asunder. They suffered martyrdom on the same day, closing their eyes before a howling mob to open them in the presence of the King of heaven!

THE TIME ELEMENT IN PRAYER

By Rev. Howard W. Pope



WHEN Mr. George Müller was in this country a friend asked him how long he had ever prayed continuously for any object. Taking a little book from his pocket, he said, "When I was converted I was a wild boy in college. My conversion broke the friendship between my room-mate and myself, for he said he would have 'nothing to do with such a fanatic.' I wrote his name in this book and promised God that I would pray for him each day until he was converted, or until I died. I prayed five years with no apparent result. Ten years went by with no change. I continued on for fifteen years, and for twenty years, and still he was an unbeliever. I did not yet give up, but prayed twenty-five years, each day mentioning his name at the throne of grace, and then came a letter saying, 'I have found the Saviour.' Then," said Mr. Müller, "I checked off this petition as answered. In this same book I have other names that I have prayed for five, ten and fifteen years, and scores of names against which there is a cross, showing that the requests have been granted."

Here, then, was a man who made a business of prayer and who kept a record of his prayers in a business-like way. When he had a matter to present to God's attention he first found a promise on which to base his appeal, always making sure, if possible, that it was according to God's will. Then he recorded his petition in a book and watched and waited for the answer. Is it any wonder that this man's faith grew rapidly, and that he became the most notable, and possibly the most successful, man of prayer in modern times?

We see by this illustration why many prayers fail; they are rambling appeals, so vague and indefinite that even the petitioner can hardly remember what he prayed for when he rises from his knees. No record is made of them, and no surprise is felt if the answer does not come. And so the solemn farce goes on year after year.

It is said that in battle it takes a hundred pounds of lead to kill a man, because ninety-nine pounds and fifteen ounces of it is wasted in wild firing which aims at nothing and hits no one. On the other hand, the sharpshooter wastes no ammunition, but picks his man and makes every bullet tell. So, if we would pray for fewer objects, more carefully selected, and then make a record of our prayers and watch for the answer, we should not waste so much breath and we would obtain more results.

Some requests are answered very quickly. A lady was once giving an address on narcotics. At the close a young man said to her, "I do not think it is wrong for me to use tobacco."

"Are you a Christian?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Have you ever asked God for His opinion?"

"No."

"Well, if you are a Christian, I suppose you are willing to leave the matter to His decision. Let us kneel right down here and ask Him. I will pray first, and then you follow."

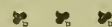
The young man could not consistently refuse. He knelt with her, and at the close of her prayer, he began to pray himself. He had not uttered three sentences, before he sprang to his feet, saying, "I see it. It is not right. I will give it up at once."

In this case prayer was answered immediately, but in many cases, the answer is long delayed.

Delay in answering prayer often proves a great blessing to us. In some cases it tests the strength of our desire, and shows us that we

did not care very much about the object after all, just as a request for an education which is soon dropped, shows the parent that the boy was not sufficiently in earnest to appreciate the privilege if he had it. In other cases delay leads us to examine our motives, and we find that they are purely or partially selfish, and we withdraw the request of our own accord. Possibly the delay opens our eyes to some secret sin, and leads us to abandon it, for it is a scriptural truth, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Sometimes we find that our heart is not fully consecrated, and we are led to take an advance step. And in every case, delayed answers keep us waiting long at the feet of Jesus, and thereby compel us to become better acquainted with Him, and unconsciously we learn something of His patience and faith and humility. Some one has said that prayers which are soon answered are like coasting vessels which soon return, but are laden with coal and lumber; while others, like ships from Africa or India, are longer on the way, but bring back a richer cargo of gold and gems.

Then too, we should remember that God answers prayers largely through natural laws, and these work slowly. God does not force a man's will, but woos him by love and persuasion. Man is a creature of growth, and it takes time and change and oftentimes losses and bereavements and old age, to soften his heart and show him his need of a Saviour. Consider how many influences wrought upon you before you yielded; how many appeals were made, how many times the still small voice whispered before you answered "Yes." Consider all this and you will not wonder that it takes time for God to answer prayer which involves the change of a human will from disobedience to obedience. Give Him time and do not be like foolish children, anxious to pick the apple before it is ripe.



The Whole Horizon

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"How can you endure this dreary view?"

A compassionate visitor asked the question of a shut-in who dwelt in a tiny home, high up, on a bleak and barren spot. The reply came instantly, in cheerful and courageous tones:

"Why, don't you see that I have the whole horizon? Think how much that is worth."

Truly, if this patient sufferer could make so much of her sky-line, we who are spared her pain and disability, should appreciate our horizons, in spite of any hampering conditions that seem to shut us in.

One advantage of the horizon-view is, that one must look away, and far off to see it. No one discovers its beauty and breadth by gazing at dreary alleys, uncompromising roofs, and brick walls. That which lifts the thoughts from these surroundings, forcing the vision beyond, is in itself a blessing.

No one is really shut in, who has God's horizon in sight. That fair impalpable, but uplifting and enlarging vision, broadens the narrowest earthly view. No eye sees beyond it, for it is a kindly veil which hides the future. If our imperfect sight could pierce the veil too soon, how distorted would be the view, and how misunderstood the vision.

Well it is that the beautiful horizon bounds our daily lives, with sufficient revelation of love and light, yet with veiling mystery that hides what would not help. Let not the vision stop short with smoky chimneys and muddy streets that may be near, when beyond all sordid things there stretches the wide expanse of the heavenly horizon.

RADIANCY IN RELIGION

By Rev. James Mudge, D.D.

THIS radiancy divine, this ecstasy and exuberance of living, is surely very much needed. We see it but seldom. What a change it would make in this poor world were it more common. What a different impression would outsiders get as to the attractiveness and richness of the Christian's salvation were each believer to show continually a victorious front, a smiling face, a brow manifestly anointed with "the oil of gladness."

It seems to us clear that such is the Lord's intention concerning His people, and they are living below their privilege so far as they have not thus attained. He tells them that they are to be "exceedingly glad" and to "leap for joy" even when evil entreated, that they are to have "always all sufficiency in everything," to "bless the Lord at all times," to have "his praise continually in their mouth," "his peace guarding their hearts and thoughts," and victory with them always.

Many other such phrases there be which denote His will concerning us. Are we so to discount them and diminish their force as to draw from them all their power and beauty? Or are we to take them at their face value and claim them as a birthright? The latter would seem to be much the better way. It points toward a charming hilarity, a winsome buoyancy that would certainly commend itself to great multitudes in this sad and heavily burdened world which seeks so painfully to be merry in ways that miscarry. "Be not drunken with wine wherein is riot," says the apostle, "but be filled with the Spirit." The collocation is exceedingly suggestive. That elation and exhilaration which the wine-bibber seeks through the channel of his stomach, and whose reaction plunges him deeper into dolefulness, may be truly and healthfully secured by the fulness of the Spirit of God which supplies an enlivenment that does not disappoint.

Yes, the Spirit-filled life is the life ecstatic, the life triumphant, the life radiant, redolent and regnant. Such a one has a contagion of cheerfulness about him that is wonderfully fine. His countenance beams, his eye sparkles, his cheeks glow, his whole frame emits effulgence. He is so full of happiness that he has to pour it forth on every side and by every outlet, in the sound of his voice, the words of his lips and the movements of his body. A marvellous piece of good news is perpetually sounding in his ear. A wonderful fortune has come to him, a fortune compared with which all earthly wealth is the merest bubble and bauble. All things are his—all things that he can possibly need; a guarantee has been given him by infinite power that every want shall be met so long as he lives and not a single good thing shall ever be lacking in his case. He is a multi-millionaire for riches, a king for power and position; a multi-millionaire without the crushing cares and problems which embitter the mind and shorten the days; a king without the empty pomp which holds no panacea for grief or the pageantry which is only a prelude to panic fear.

Radiant Christians have an enthusiastic attachment to Jesus, a fondness for His society and for serving Him, that turns duty into delight! Christ is to them the clearest, nearest, dearest person in the universe, the One they most enjoy talking with or talking about, the One they most fear to offend and most rejoice to please. "In Him all their wants are supplied; his love makes their heaven below." The task is transfigured, the drudgery goes; in place of weariness is buoyancy; life is elastic. Instead

of toiling, groaning, and struggling there is singing, for not merely a glimpse of Jesus has come, but He abides and reveals all His wealth of love.

Radiant Christians are not dependent on circumstances for their happiness. The conditions around them affect their peace but very little. They draw exhilaration from such deep springs that the changes of the surface have no real power to affect them. They have a glorious independence, a real freedom, a splendid liberty that monarchs might envy. They have no need or inclination to resort to questionable diversions or worldly amusements, or to seek among the gay and giddy that which they have failed to find in religion. Their religion thoroughly satisfies every part of their nature and leaves no vacancy to be filled by frivolity. Their very faces show that they live on the borderland of the celestial country where the white-robed throngs are often met and the Lord himself is a constant benediction. They are supremely, solidly, strictly loyal in every utterance and breath to Him whom their souls adore. Their obedience is not a matter of calculation and their contributions are not grudgingly given. Severe resignation is turned into holy hilarity and religious revelry. Nothing is too small to be of importance in this glad serving. Nothing is too hard to be welcomed for the sake of Him who sends or appoints it or brings it. Loyalty of this high order has no room for complaint and knows not the meaning of compromise. In spite of difficulties it presses on. In the face of dangers it simply laughs. It asks but one question "What would Jesus have me do?" and receiving an answer it goes gladly and exultantly to do it.

How great a thing it is to be thoroughly happy in the Christian journey, to have sunshine all the way—the sunshine of God's presence and the hallowed light of His love. Here is the true abiding place of the soul. To tarry even for a time anywhere else is loss, leanness, and lack of health. We may, if we will, walk perpetually in that Beulah land where "shines undimmed one blissful day," and inhabit that delightful country close on the border of Paradise in full view of the celestial city.

There is such a thing as cloudless communion with God, no barrier of sin being interposed to cast a shadow on the soul. There is a close companionship with Jesus which "makes life with bliss replete." There is a fellowship so dear that no foes or woes can make the heart afraid or disturb the serenity of its rest. The "path illumined by His smile grows brighter day by day," and they who run in it are not weary, they who walk in it are not faint. The summer lasts all the year because He whose presence disperses all gloom and whose voice is sweeter than any music is always nigh to banish the night.

Let no one question the possibility of all this radiancy. There are many witnesses to its possession, not as many as there should be but still quite enough to drive away legitimate or reasonable doubt. To the devout and resolute soul bent on proving the utmost reaches of Christian attainment, these glories are wide open. Is there anything that better pays for endeavor, anything that yields more solid satisfaction or gives richer returns for outlay of effort? Most certainly not. It is the wonder of wonders that so few dedicate themselves to this pursuit, and register a fixed resolve that this heavenly blessedness shall be theirs. They who do, evince highest wisdom and marvelous good sense. They who do not, make a mistake

whose lamentable consequences will follow them through all eternity. Why not be red-hot for God? Why not have a passionate piety? Why not let Christ have all there is of us so exhaustively and absolutely that there can never by any possibility arise a question concerning the glad doing or bearing of His will in every event of life, everything being accounted a God-send, every event a Providence? Why not? If we adopt this program, in God's name, with His almighty power behind us, we shall make our life a truly splendid success wholly irrespective of worldly position, earthly riches, or temporal circumstances.

"The Soul's Sincere Desire"

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

AMONG the Moslems it is impossible to think of prayer without bodily movement. The prayer is not in the attitude of the heart toward God, but consists in the mere bending of the body in the attitude of supplication.

The story is told of a Moslem lad who was afflicted with tuberculosis of the knee. An operation was proposed which might enable the boy to walk again with some ease, but which would not make it possible for him to bend the knee. The father objected to the operation, saying that it would be of no advantage for his son to walk if he could not also pray. And how could he pray without bending his knee!

It is a characteristic of the Christian religion that it places the emphasis upon the heart. What a rebuke Christ gave the formal scribes and Pharisees: "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, but their heart is far from me." "In vain they do worship me," He said.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed," writes a modern poet. In this statement there are three great words, expressing three great thoughts: "Soul" is one of them; prayer must be of the soul, of the very inner being. "Desire" is another; there is nothing formal about desire; it is a living active thing; so must prayer be. "Sincere" is the third; there must be no pretense about true prayer; it must be without hypocrisy. The poet makes little of the fact that prayer is expressed or unuttered; those are incidents.

There are Christians with whom prayer is not an act; it is a state of being. With such Christians religion is not something to be put on and taken off; it is their life, their heart.

Perfect prayer rests upon faith that is absolute. There is no uncertainty about it. The Christian who has realized fully the meaning of religion says with unswerving faith, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Such an one never uses the potential or subjunctive moods; only the indicative.

An old negress, although making only a precarious living, and that by hard labor, was a happy Christian. A friend, taunting her about her constant good nature and cheerfulness, said: "Why, Auntie, you are all right now, but suppose you should be sick, or lose your employment, or—" "Stop!" replied the old woman. "I never s'poses. The Lord is my Shepherd; and I know I shall not want. Better give them s'poses up and trust the Lord."

There was much truth in the attitude of the old colored woman. Her life, after all, was being lived in the atmosphere of trust, of prayer. Without refined words to express her feeling, yet she uttered with her very life prayer that excels the most refined words of the sentimentalist. Her prayer was of the soul; it was a real desire; it was sincere.

WITH OUR MISSIONARY COLPORTERS

Visiting the Ranches

One of the special features of missionary colportage is the effort which is made by the colporters to reach the lonely and out-of-the-way places, where people are beyond the reach of any Christian church.

Rev. Francis E. Smith, a colporter evangelist, who has been working for several years under the auspices of the American Tract Society, makes it a point to visit the ranches in the State of Washington. He carries with him a generous supply of Christian literature, and this he distributes to the best possible advantage among the people who live in these unfrequented places.

Recently Mr. Smith sent a photograph of a typical ranch scene near Olulla, Wash., of which a reproduction appears on this page. The ranch is located among the hills of Kitsap County. It is known as the Bradshaw place. The Douglas fir trees make a conspicuous feature of the landscape as seen in the picture.

This is only one of many similar ranches which have been visited by Mr. Smith in his assiduous labors as a missionary colporter. Wherever he goes he carries with him the Gospel message in the printed page, and hundreds of homes have been brightened by the good news of salvation through Christ which has come through the medium of the Christian literature circulated by this faithful and consecrated worker.

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At Ellis Island

Mr. Charles A. Carol, who has been distributing Christian literature among the immigrants at Ellis Island in New York Harbor, tells of some features of his work during the past year in the following words:

"I look back over the past year with gratitude to God, for I can see His gracious ways in my life and work among the immigrants at Ellis Island.

"It has been my privilege to spread the knowledge of the Gospel by means of the printed page among thousands of immigrants who have come to this land of freedom seeking to find occupation. In this time of bloodshed abroad many look to this country as the Israelites looked to the 'cities of refuge' in olden times. Not all who have come to the gateway at Ellis Island, however, have been able to gain admittance to this country. Many have been detained, some for only a few days, while others have had to tarry for weeks and months. In cases where the immigrants are unable to pass the physical, intellectual and moral tests required by the United States Government, they are ordered to return to the land from which they came.

"My work as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society has taken me among all classes of immigrants, including those that are detained for further examination or for deportation as well as those in the hospital.

"Although immigration has almost ceased from Germany, Austro-Hungary and Russia, yet a few have managed to leave those countries and have come to America on various lines of steam ships.

"The present immigration is chiefly from Italy, Greece, Great Britain, Spain, Portugal, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. The largest number of immigrants came from Italy and Greece. During the Society's year a total



A RANCH IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON, VISITED BY COLPORTER FRANCIS E. SMITH

of 98,850 immigrants arrived on 530 different steamships.

"I tried to meet as many of these immigrants as possible, and offered them Christian books and tracts in their own language. Many of the immigrants were illiterate and could not avail themselves of the proffered literature, but in the majority of cases they accepted the books and tracts gladly, and many asked me to give them more.

"During the year I was able to distribute 115,953 books, booklets and tracts and 8,535 periodicals, making a grand total of 124,488 publications.

"The Home Missions Council has taken an active interest in the work at Ellis Island, and appointed various committees for the betterment of the conditions. It was my privilege to serve on three of these committees.

"Religious services have been held among the immigrants from time to time. We are hoping that eventually such services may be held regularly and continuously."

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A Year's Work in Porto Rico

For several years Fernando Muniz has served as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the island of Porto Rico. He gives a summary of his work for the past twelve months as follows:

"I have carried the message of the Gospel to thousands of families by means of evangelical literature in the Spanish language and have circulated a large number of the Society's books. And I am sure our Heavenly Father will gather fruit from my labors for His Kingdom, for I have made known Jesus Christ as the Saviour by means of this evangelical literature.

"I have preached in every place that I have visited with my books, and even at times when I have not had the literature at hand I have presented the matter of salvation through Christ.

"I have made trips to various places and among different people, visiting hundreds of

homes, in which I have offered evangelical literature. I have placed a large number of books in homes where they had never before received the Gospel. In cases where the people were interested in the books but without money to buy, I have given a book or a leaflet so as to maintain their interest.

"I have worked among many classes of people and many different faiths. I have met with great persecution from religious fanatics, but this has had no effect in deterring me from my mission in presenting the true Gospel.

"The literature which I have carried to many people has given them their first knowledge of true evangelical religion, and it has been a great stimulus for many to come to the throne of our Heavenly Father. I trust that in the days to come He will greatly bless the work of the American Tract Society and aid it to fulfill its mission."

During the past year Mr. Muniz held 185 Gospel meetings, made 9,485 family visits and circulated Spanish evangelical literature to the value of \$437.12.

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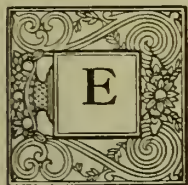
In Pittsburg and Vicinity

Mr. John Martinco, for many years a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the State of Pennsylvania, writes:

"During the past month I visited homes in Pittsburgh, Connellsville, and Greensburg. I was pleasantly surprised when I entered one house, where only a few weeks ago I was quite roughly treated, for this time they welcomed me without a single word of mockery. All the people seemed glad to see me, and they asked me many questions about religion. After a long and earnest conversation I induced them to take a Bible and an English Pictorial Bible History. The very woman that previously ordered me out of the house now bought a book for her son. I could mention similar experiences, but this one will serve to illustrate the kind of work in which I am engaged."

The Reconciliation

By Sara Ward Stockwell



EBEN LANDER met the minister in the post-office. They came out together and walked down the main street of the old town, unmindful of the biting, cold wind, in their joy in being together. The minister and Eben Lander had been boys together in this same town, and had not seen each other since the day ten years before, when John Willard had gone to a distant city to study for the ministry. Now the latter had come back to hold special meetings for a season among the scenes of his boyhood.

They left the main street of the town, and were walking along a country road, when they met an old man, toiling with bent shoulders against the wind. After one glance at each other the old man and Eben hastily looked in other directions and passed each other with the air of those who are well acquainted, but who choose to ignore each other. The old man quickened his steps and walked more erectly as he passed, while the young man's blue eyes flashed scornful indifference.

"Isn't that man your father?" asked the minister in amazement, when the old man was some yards behind them.

"You have a good memory, John," said Eben. "He is my father, but he doesn't own me now. He cast me off because I married Louisa Pennell. You remember her, don't you? There never was any girl but Louisa for me. If I hadn't married her, I'd never married anybody. Just because her father had once taken advantage of him in a business deal my father laid it up against the whole family. After mother died I told father I wanted to marry Louisa, and, though he had never seen the girl, he was set against it, and said he'd disown me if I married her. Well, I married her, and he disowned me, but I've never been sorry I did it."

"I must turn back now," said the minister, as they neared Eben's farm. "I haven't time to come in this afternoon. You know we are going to hold a series of meetings in the old First Church. I hope you and your wife can come."

"I don't know. I'm not much of a church-going man. Louisa goes once in a while. But I'll see. Perhaps we will come. Good-by and good luck to you, John, as we used to say."

"Good-by and God bless you," returned the minister.

Eben did go to the meetings. He went first to hear his old friend preach. Then he took Louisa that she might hear him, and after that they both went whenever it was possible, because they could not stay away.

John Willard knew how to reach the hearts of the people of his boyhood town and rouse them from their religious apathy. After a few nights the Old First Church was crowded to the doors until there was not even standing room. They began to hold afternoon meetings, and many of the stores were closed that the clerks might attend them. The farmers came from miles around, bringing their families, and there was much settling of old scores and paying of old debts. But old Mr. Lander never came to the meetings, and refused angrily to discuss the subject of revivals with any one.

At length the time came when the meetings were drawing to a close. Louisa had been numbered among the converts, but Eben had refused to take such a stand. One day John Willard came to Eben's home and pleaded earnestly with him to join the church. This Eben refused to do on account of his estrangement with his father. The minister urged a reconciliation.

"How can I be reconciled with him?" queried Eben. "I can't tell him I'm sorry I married Louisa, because I'm not."

"You might at least speak to him respectfully when you meet him."

"Well," said Eben, after a moment's reflection, "it will be a hard thing to do after we've been cutting each other for five years, but I'll do it, John."

Eben met his father the following afternoon, when old Mr. Lander was returning from the village, and Eben was on his way to one of the afternoon meetings. When they were face to face, Eben raised his hat and said, "Good afternoon." Mr. Lander stared at his son for an instant; then with a lifting of his head and an angry glance from beneath his shaggy, gray brows, he passed him without a word.

Eben flushed hotly, but by the time he had reached the old First Church he was calm again, and even compassionate.

"After all," he said to himself, "he is an old man, and he must be mighty lonesome, living by himself. I'll go on speaking to him, whether he speaks to me or not. He will have to give in some day."

So Eben went on speaking to his father, but the old man remained obdurate. After a while he ceased to take any notice of his son's greeting, passing him with his eyes fixed on some distant object.

John Willard went away when the meetings were over, but he had promised to come back by the first Sunday in May, when the new converts were to unite with the church.

About the middle of March for a whole week Eben did not meet his father. He began to feel uneasy about him. His father's farm was not far from his own. From a window of the second story of his house he watched from time to time to see if he could see his father working about the place. He saw him, one morning, come out of the back door and slowly make his way to the barn, and, after a short time, return to the house. All the next day, though both he and Louisa watched anxiously for him, they saw no sign of the old man's presence about the place.

* * * * *

Within the old farmhouse, on a lounge in the kitchen, Mr. Lander was lying, with closed eyes and a blanket drawn up to his chin. The shades were pulled down, and a lamp was burning, charging the room with a disagreeable odor, though it was already daylight and a rising sun was forcing its rays through the shaded windows. On the table there were the remains of a meal partaken some days before and several medicine bottles. Presently Mr. Lander opened his eyes and looked about the disorderly room. He half rose from the lounge, then with a groan dropped back upon it. At that instant there was a light knock at the door. Half stumbling in his weakness, he went to the door and opened it. A young woman stood there, with a large shawl thrown over her head, framing an attractive face, with gray eyes and a resolute little chin.

"Good morning, Mr. Lander," she said. "I am one of your neighbors. I hadn't seen you around for a day or two and, as a light was burning here in the night, I was afraid you were sick. So I thought I'd come over this morning and see how you were."

He invited her in and again dropped on the lounge.

"Yes, I guess I am sick. I've been ailing for a week, and don't seem to get any better."

"I've brought you some hot beef tea," the young woman said, smiling at him in such a friendly way that the old man began to feel cheered.

She took a steaming bowl from beneath her shawl and set it on the table. Then she took off the shawl, revealing a trim, little figure, clad in a pretty house dress. She found her way to the pantry and brought a tray and a spoon. Mr. Lander obediently drank the beef tea.

"That's good," he said, as he set down the bowl. "That braces me up some. I guess I've got the grippe. Head feels queer, and my bones ache. I haven't got any strength at all."

"Just lie down and cover up, and I will fix things up a little," said the young woman.

She put out the light and opened the windows. She cleared off the table, swept, dusted and put things in order. Then she closed the windows and put fresh coal on the fire.

"Now you will be more comfortable," she said. "I must go home now, but I'll come again this afternoon to see how you are. Don't you think I had better send for the doctor?"

"Well, I guess you'd better. I've been trying my own remedies long enough."

"Is there anything more I can do for you?" she asked.

"There is one thing more, though I don't know as you can do it. I'm worried about the creatures in the barn. Do you think you could give them something to eat and water them?"

"Why, of course," she replied, and she put the shawl over her head and went out.

Mr. Lander half raised himself on the lounge and watched her from the window as she entered the barn, and presently came out again, and disappeared up the road.

"I don't know who she is," he said, lying down again and closing his eyes with a relieved sigh, "but she sure has been an angel of mercy this morning."

For a week Mr. Lander took the doctor's medicine and received the daily kind ministrations of the young woman. By that time he was considerably better, but for several weeks he kept to the lounge, too weak to get up and do his usual work. The young woman continued to come and go. He rarely talked with her and never asked her any questions, but he looked for her coming every morning as he did for the rising of the sun. One day, when she asked him how he was, he replied that he was tolerably comfortable, and wouldn't mind being on the sick list considerable longer with her to look after him, if it weren't for the ploughing. He had always made it a point, he said, to get his ploughing done early, and he had generally been ahead of all the farmers round about, but he guessed likely this year he would be behind all the rest. "I have always done it myself," he said, "since Eben went away. He used to do it for me, before he went and married old Jake Pennell's daughter."

When the young woman came again she brought with her a boy about three years old. Mr. Lander coaxed the boy to him, and soon they were talking and laughing together like old friends. When the young woman was going that day she said, somewhat nervously, "You need not worry about the ploughing, Mr. Lander. I saw your son yesterday and he inquired about you. I told him you were getting along very well, but that you were anxious about the farm work, and he said he would do your ploughing."

Mr. Lander looked at her in amazement, but before he had opportunity to say a word she and the child were gone. He remained on the lounge that afternoon until it grew dark, with his eyes fixed abstractedly on the red coals in the grate. At length he roused himself, lighted a lamp, and set on the table his supper which

the young woman had brought and placed in the oven to keep warm.

The young woman did not come for several days after that, and Mr. Lander missed her sorely. But it gave him a long time in which to think things over uninterruptedly, and his thoughts had taken a new turn since her last visit. She came again, late one afternoon, bringing something for his supper and the news that the ploughing was finished. During her short visit Mr. Lander seemed to have something on his mind which he found it difficult to put into words. When she was getting ready to leave he said, with apparent effort:

"Do you know what sort of a woman my son's wife is?"

"I think she has made your son a good wife," replied the young woman. "At least I have heard your son say so," she added, with a curious little smile.

Mr. Lander sighed heavily. "I've been thinking lately," he said, "that I ought to forgive my son for marrying that girl. I'd like to see Eben and have a talk with him. When you see him again will you tell him so?"

The next day was clear and balmy, the first spring weather of the season. Mr. Lander stood before an open window and listened with keen pleasure to the chirping of the sparrows. A man was coming down the road. As he neared the house Mr. Lander suddenly closed the window and went to the door and threw it open. Eben entered, holding out his hand, and saying in a hearty voice, "How are you, Father?"

"Better," said Mr. Lander, with emphasis. "A great deal better."

Then father and son sat down in the old farmhouse kitchen and had a long talk. Presently there was a knock at the door, and the young woman and the child came in. Eben rose quickly.

"This is Louisa, my wife, Father," he said, "and this is our little boy."

For an instant Mr. Lander looked at them both in astonishment. Then he broke into a relieved, hearty laugh.

"So you are Eben's wife," he said to the young woman. "Well, all I can say is, I'm clean beat!"

When they at length rose to go, Mr. Lander protested vigorously. "I want you all to make yourselves at home and stay to dinner, if," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Louisa will consent to be housekeeper and cook."

Later Mr. Lander sat in his arm chair and with pleasure and satisfaction watched "his children," Eben, sitting near the window, and Louisa, busy at the kitchen table, making an apple pie, while the little grandson, sitting on the floor, was playing with some toys that had once been his father's. Presently Mr. Lander turned to his son with a puzzled expression on his face.

"I've been wondering what put it in your head to make up with the old man, Eben. You were as stubborn and high and mighty as I was before this winter. What made you do it?"

"I think it was the meetings, Father, and John Willard's preaching."

Mr. Lander looked conscience-stricken. "I was mighty pig-headed about those meetings," he said. "Wouldn't go to one and didn't want to hear about them. Wish I had heard John Willard. His preaching must have been the right sort."

On that first Sunday in May among those who stood before the altar of the old First Church to be united with the church were Eben Lander and Louisa, and old Mr. Lander himself. "For," he told a neighbor, on his way home from church that morning, "it didn't take me long to decide what I was going to do when I saw what religion had done for my boy and girl. My only regret," he added, "is that I didn't become a Christian years ago. It would have saved a lot of trouble."

"Our Absent Ones"

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

*We miss them when twilight comes stealing
Along the paths that once we trod;
With tear-dimmed eyes and tender feeling
Our stricken souls cry out to God.*

*Our prayers seem so unavailing,
Life's trials hard to understand;
But God's great love is still unavailing,
And we can trust His guiding hand.*

*Our loved ones go, our cries unheeding;
Our prayers can not bring them back.
But why our grief and all our pleading?
In God's courts they have all we lack.*

*We miss them, but let us be cheerful.
They gain what soon we shall attain;
They are the blest, the glad, unfeared,
Beyond all sorrow and all pain.*

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A Flashlight on a Threshing Floor

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.



JUST for one single instant God turns the flashlight of sacred history on a threshing-floor, but the scene is one never to be forgotten.

Out in the foreground stands Araunah, perhaps a king of the Jebusites, at any rate, a kingly man in his dealings with one who was in the very direst of straits. Busy with his oxen, stamping out the year's crop of grain, the Jebusite on looking up sees King David of Israel coming, not alone, but with his servants. Wondering and full of deference, the man of the threshing-floor goes out and bows the knee to David.

It is a time of bitterness with King David. He is in disgrace in the sight of God. Spurred on by pride, he has made an accounting of the people, in direct contradiction to the word of the Lord; and for three days a pestilence has raged through Israel, wiping out seventy thousand men. Nor would the awful plague have been stayed there, had not the great heart of God had pity on the people and laid His hand on that of the destroying angel, no doubt in response to the cry of the penitent king.

Quickly the command comes to David, through the mouth of the seer Gad: "Go up; rear an altar unto the Lord in the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite!"

Now here the two men are, the sore-hearted David and the great-hearted king of the Jebusites. The need is placed before Araunah and without an instant's hesitation he says, "Yes, take my threshing-floor. Do more. Take the oxen for your sacrifice. You will need wood, too, so take the threshing instruments and all the rest that you need. And may the Lord, thy God, accept thee!"

What a grand, whole-hearted, manly thing that was! We cannot but honor this heathen man and give him the best there is in our souls of respect.

And I wonder what you and I would have done had we been in David's place that day? Would we not have said, "This is fine! Here is a chance to get something we can give to God's service without the cost of a cent! Why not take it? Araunah offers it like a prince. Why not save the money? God will accept it and the plague will be stayed!"

How glad we are that David was a bigger man than that! If such an unworthy thought came into his mind, he put it aside so quickly that God's flashlight never caught a single bit of it. All God saw was the strong, true king, made himself again through chastening. Listen now to David!

"It is good of you, Araunah, to make this generous offer. I appreciate it; and yet, I cannot cheat God and myself that way! I will

surely buy it of thee at a price. I will not offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing!"

So the money is counted out, fifty shekels for the threshing-floor and the oxen.

How often are we tempted to give God a sacrifice that is no sacrifice, but a threshing-floor gained without cost! Oh, the shreds of time, the ravelings of service, the very dust of the days as they wing themselves away into eternity, the poor costless things we do offer up on our altars to the one who has given us all, down to the very breath we breathe! It certainly is pitiful how thin and meagre a service we yield to Jehovah.

It cost God the choicest thing he had, even the Son of His heart, to bring salvation to the world. When Jesus came away from heaven, God and the angels must have stood in the doorway waving Him a last fond good-bye; but He set His face bravely toward the earth, knowing that there were to be bitter nights out in the cold, with no place to lay His head, days of sorrow and reproach, with Calvary at the end of the road, and He never faltered until He had purchased redemption for us all.

Why, then, should we withhold aught from Him? Why not give and give and give, realizing that only so shall we ever be rich toward God? Why not?

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What Is Your Capacity?

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH. D.

On the homely but useful freight cars that run to and fro over the continent is to be read the inscription, in addition to data regarding running gear, brakes, et cetera, the inscription, "Capacity so many thousand pounds." The purpose of this lettering is to inform station-agents and freight handlers, by one quick glance, the precise amount of load that any one car will carry. It is useful to determine this question of capacity with reference to more things than freight cars. Every parent and teacher in effect raises this question with regard to every child under their care: How much can the little one understand, what is its present stage of mentality, what are the possibilities of its moral development?

This question of capacity each individual, when he has come to mature years, must determine for himself. The so-called self-made man makes a careful estimate of his own powers, tries them out with practice, learns by experience to do better, and constantly enlarges the range of his activities. What everyone needs to realize is that "capacity" is not a fixed quantity but an elastic achievement. Like the loaves of bread in the hands of the Master, it is increased in the very breaking and application of it.

We are all of us capable of far larger things than any to which we have already attained, or of which we have even dreamed. It is probable that, however heavily laden any of us may be at this present moment, we are all capable of bearing far heavier burdens and responsibilities than have yet been laid upon us. This thought should not render us discontented with any of our present tasks or duties, but should encourage us to a more efficient use of our powers so that, if a call comes to move forward, we can rise to a still higher plane of mental and moral efficiency. Whether or not we ourselves thus take account of stock, the world will constantly and sternly demand of us an answer to this question, "What is your capacity?" This question cannot be evaded, it must be answered. Even though we refuse an answer, nevertheless we are making one, for our measure is quietly being taken day by day by those around us. Our supreme effort, then, should be constantly to develop in power of thought, practical ability to grasp and solve problems, and willingness to carry heavy loads of responsibility—in other words, to increase our mental and moral scope, that is to enlarge our capacity.

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Editorial Notes

For Our Soldier Boys

The American Tract Society is endeavoring to supply every United States soldier on the Mexican border with Christian literature. It is sending out tracts and booklets particularly appropriate for the use of the men at the front, and is distributing them through the agency of the Chaplains of the different regiments and the Secretaries of the Army and Navy Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

A special set of tracts has been selected by Rev. Dr. Judson Swift, General Secretary of the Society, and it is proposed to place these tracts in the hands of every one of our soldier boys who have answered their country's call. The first consignment of these tracts has already been shipped, and other shipments will

be made as soon as the various Chaplains have notified the Society of their regimental headquarters.

The booklet that the Tract Society is most desirous of getting into the hands of the men is called "The Soldier's Text Book." In this tiny red-covered volume, which contains forty-six pages, there is a text with brief comments for every morning and evening of the month, together with prayers suitable for the use of wounded and dying soldiers. The last chapter of the booklet is devoted to important sanitary directions.

This "Soldier's Text Book" proved very helpful in the Spanish-American War, and the Society issued about half a million copies at that time.

Among the leaflets which the Society is sending to the Mexican border are "The Converted Soldier," "Pivot Battles in Life," "I Wish I Had," and "Sunny Jim's First Aid Package," the last named tract having been written by George A. Reeder, one of the Secretaries of the Army and Navy Branch of the Y. M. C. A.

In discussing this effort which the Tract Society is making to furnish good reading for the men of the National Guard, Dr. Swift said, "The boy who leaves a good home to go out with his regiment must be prepared to meet enemies worse than guns. The soldier will not run so great a danger of being shot as he will of meeting evil and immoral influences. We want to help them with our Christian literature."

The first Chaplain to ask for aid from the Tract Society for the soldiers on the Mexican border was Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn, N. Y., who told Dr. Swift over the telephone just before starting for the front that as soon as his regiment was settled he would send for a full supply of tracts and Soldier's Text Books, and would attend to their distribution himself.

Special donations for this vital and important work will be gratefully received by the Tract Society, and all money contributed for this purpose will be used in the most efficient way possible to promote the spiritual welfare of our soldier boys.

A Highly-Valued Spanish Hymnal

There have been many favorable notices of the new Spanish hymnal which was recently issued by the American Tract Society under the title, "El Nuevo Himmario Evangélico." The latest review of this book appeared in *El Abogado Cristiano* (The Christian Advocate), which is a weekly religious periodical published in Mexico City.

Nearly two pages are devoted to this appreciative review, which bears the signature of P. Flores Valderrama, and we can but briefly summarize what he has said.

The book is warmly commended by the reviewer, first, because of the excellent selection of hymns which it presents. Second, the book is commended because it has retained so many of the older hymns which are good, and has preserved with the words the tunes to which

they are usually sung. The combination of familiar words with unfamiliar music has always been a detriment to the successful use of a new hymnal, and this fault has been carefully avoided in "El Nuevo Himmario Evangélico." Third, this new hymnal has corrected the grammatical, rhetorical and theological blemishes which have disfigured former hymnals. Fourth, the use of the work of authors of different nationalities is specifically commended, and it is shown that the compositions of the hymnologists of Mexico are included as well as those of Spain and other Spanish-speaking countries. Finally, the book is commended because of its comparative brevity, which has been secured by including only the best hymns out of the many thousands which were taken under consideration.

In conclusion, the reviewer writes: "Permit us to extend our heartiest congratulations to one and all of those workers who have had a share in the compilation of 'El Nuevo Himmario Evangélico,' while we fervently pray that their work may be signally blessed of God to the edification of all our brethren in the faith and to the salvation of many sinners."

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Conditions in China

A recent letter from Rev. Harold J. Howden, the General Secretary of the West China Religious Tract Society, whose headquarters are at Chungking, reveals the unsettled conditions that have prevailed during the past months in various parts of China. It also shows what unexpected fields of usefulness may be found for the Gospel message in the printed page. The letter is directed to Rev. Judson Swift, D.D., General Secretary of the American Tract Society, and it runs in part as follows:

"The Treasurer of the West China Religious Tract Society has already acknowledged your Society's most opportune and generous appropriation of \$100.00 gold.

"We are devoutly thankful for this help, and it has been a delight to inform our fellow missionaries in this vast area of Western China that the free grants of tracts made possible by your appropriation are not to have any further check for some time to come. The requests for these tracts are now coming in every day, and I trust our scattered distributors will keep us busy sending the grants forth.

"You will have observed by this time that China is once more in the throes of incipient revolution, and in this particular province there is not merely a revolt against the Peking central authority, but there are rival factions composed of the candidates for the local government.

"A considerable amount of fighting has taken place already between Northerners and local troops, both sides being occasionally harassed by strong robber bands.

"The West China Religious Tract Society has distributed books and tracts among the wounded soldiers, of whom there are about one thousand in the four military and the two missionary hospitals of Chungking.

"Our circulation of Christian literature up to the close of the past year was excellent, but naturally these disturbances have prevented missionaries from itinerating as freely as they would like, and not a few of our doctors and other workers have been engaged in the Red Cross work.

"We are sure that this brief account of our conditions will help you to think of our peculiar difficulties, and will stimulate your prayers on behalf of our missionary work."

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

AUGUST 6.

The Consecration of Friendship

Ecclesiastes 4:9-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. July 31. Make friends. Prov. 18:24.
T. Aug. 1. Keep friends. Prov. 27:19-19.
W. Aug. 2. Friend in need. Luke 10:30-37.
T. Aug. 3. Winning our friends. John 1:40-51.
F. Aug. 4. A royal friend. 2 Sam. 9:1-13.
S. Aug. 5. Befriending the friendless. John 5:1-8.

The Scripture basis for this topic is found in the words: "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, and hath not another to lift him up."

Friendship is one of God's choicest gifts to humanity. It is one of those things unseen and yet most real in human life. Friendship is found on mutual esteem, sympathy and love. "A three-fold cord is not quickly broken," and a friendship founded upon these three elements will not easily be dissolved.

True friendship is reciprocal in its nature. "It takes two to make a quarrel," is the old proverb, and it is equally true that it takes two to make a real friendship. Friendship cannot be one-sided and continue to exist. It cannot be cold and calculating. There must be a warmth of feeling and an enthusiasm of love.

We consecrate our friendship when we permeate it with the spirit of Jesus Christ. As Christians we ought to enter into no friendship into which we cannot invite the Master to enter with us.

Every friendship is consecrated that is hallowed by the presence of our Lord. The highest friendships are those between human souls who feel that in Jesus they have a mutual Friend.

The Blessing of True Friendship

Friendship is a blessing in itself, and it brings many other blessings in its train. Friendship brings us encouragement. The consciousness that friends are marking our progress and will sympathize in our success is a strong stimulus to effort and an ever-present source of encouragement.

Friendship brings us comfort. When we are in the midst of sorrow we turn naturally to our friends, not always for the spoken word of sympathy, but for that delicate appreciation of our sore need which a friend who is tender and true will show more by action than by word.

Friendship brings us hope, joy, peace and every blessing that can come from the union of two souls in one of the highest sentiments possible to humanity.

Our Best Friend

Precious as are our earthly friendships, there is one friendship that is consecrated by divine love and which far exceeds all other ties. Our best friend is the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the "one above all others who well deserves the name of friend." He is the friend "that sticketh closer than a brother."

Jesus was a friend to His disciples. He said to them, "I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you." For three years He was their constant companion, giving them counsel, such as no other friend could give, and imparting truth which none other had to give.

Jesus is the friend of all His disciples and the friend of all humanity. His friendship embodies in divine perfection all the noblest elements that are found in any human friendship.

In the friendship of Jesus we find the crowning illustration of the consecration of friendship.

The friendship of Jesus is wonderfully helpful. There is no other help like the help which Jesus gives, help for the duties of daily life, daily strength for daily needs; help for all our spiritual needs; help at all times and under all the circumstances of life; and, best of all, help in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, when there is no One else to bring us safely to our heavenly home.

AUGUST 13.

True Beauty, and How to Get It

Proverbs 31:10-31.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Aug. 7. Physical beauty. Ps. 39:1-11.
T. Aug. 8. Fair face, false heart. 2 Sam. 14:25-33.
W. Aug. 9. Beauty of meekness. 2 Sam. 16:9-14.
T. Aug. 10. Beauty of holiness. Eph. 5:24-33.
F. Aug. 11. Beauty of goodness. Gen. 50:15-21.
S. Aug. 12. Beauty of friendship. Philemon 1-25.

Beauty is not easily defined. According to the Standard Dictionary, it is "that quality of objects, as in nature, art, or mind, that appeals to and gratifies the esthetic nature or faculty; the perfection of form or shaping, physical or spiritual, resulting from the harmonious combination of diverse elements in unity." As some one has truly said, "The domain of beauty is more extensive than the domain of the physical world exposed to our view; it has no bounds but those of entire nature, and of the soul and genius of man." Indeed, it may be truly affirmed that the domain of beauty includes not only earth but heaven; it comprises both the human and the divine sphere of the universe.

In the Scripture portion assigned in connection with this topic we have as it were the portrait of a beautiful life. This description of a virtuous woman is a wonderful piece of literature, and it should receive our most careful and thoughtful attention. It shows, as some one has said, that the robes of heaven are made of the characters that we form on earth, and reveals the fact that our eternal beauty is being fashioned now beneath the faces of flesh.

What Is True Beauty?

It is evident, from the implications of our topic, that there is a beauty which is not true. Such is the beauty that is but skin-deep. The fair face that hides a false heart is not true beauty. That which is truly beautiful involves both the physical and spiritual. Indeed, we may truly say that the highest form of beauty is that which is purely spiritual. The most beautiful person is not the one that is fairest of form, but the one whose character is most beautiful. A beautiful face is not pleasing if behind it there is an ugly soul, while a beautiful spirit will irradiate a very homely face and make it lovely, in the best sense of that word.

How to Become Beautiful

There are so-called "beauty shops," where the effort is made to produce physical attractiveness. In such shops the means employed are mechanical and external. But beauty of character is not secured by any external aid. It is by the cultivation of the spirit and by communion with Him who is the source of all true beauty.

Prof. Amos R. Wells has aptly said, "We become beautiful through living with what is beautiful, just as objects become fragrant that remain near what is fragrant." We live with what is beautiful by abiding in the presence of Jesus as our Friend and Saviour.

It should ever be the aim of Christians to make the world more beautiful by bringing beauty into other lives besides their own. The only way to make a life truly beautiful is to implant in that life the beauty of Him who is altogether lovely. Christians should be like mirrors, always reflecting into the lives and hearts of others the eternal beauty of the Living Christ.

"The Most Beautiful Thing in the World"

There is a charming book which seems to throw a flood of light upon our topic. It is called "The Most Beautiful Thing in the World," by Fletcher Harper Swift, and it tells the story of the search by a king for the most beautiful thing—a search which led him into strange experiences, but which was at last rewarded with success. (This book is published by the American Tract Society, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, and will be sent by mail on receipt of 54 cents.)

AUGUST 20.

Growth: Body, Mind, Spirit

Luke 2:40-52.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Aug. 14. Growing in the temple. 1 Sam. 2:18-19-26.
T. Aug. 15. Silent growth. Luke 1:67-80.
W. Aug. 16. Growing aright. Acts 17:10-15.
T. Aug. 17. The carnal mind. Rom. 7:14-25; 8:5-8.
F. Aug. 18. The spiritual mind. 1 Cor. 2:9-10.
S. Aug. 19. Grow in graciousness. 2 Pet. 1:1-9.

The subject of growth is an appropriate one for us to consider at this mid-summer season, when all nature about us is illustrating that wonderful process.

The wording of our topic suggests the threefold nature of man, manifesting itself in body, mind and spirit. It is true that students of metaphysics have long been divided into two groups, one of which under the name of dichotomists holds to the dual nature of man as consisting simply of body and spirit. But the view of the trichotomists, which is expressed in the wording of our topic, has always seemed to the writer to be the more satisfactory view, and in any case this threefold distinction is a most convenient classification for the study of human growth.

Physical Growth

In every normal human being the condition of the body is fundamental. "A healthful mind in a healthful body" is the ideal held forth in the old Latin maxim. And the plain implication is that if the body is not healthful the mind also is not likely to be healthful.

Christian young men and young women are under divine obligation to care for their physical growth. The matter of health is vital, and to neglect the needs of the body is contrary to the divine plan. Young people should be alert to avoid everything that tends to physical deterioration. Let it be always remembered that our bodies are temples of God, and as such should be kept pure and free from all defilement.

Mental Development

Of vital importance in the growth of a well-rounded Christian life is the development of the mind. We live in an age which offers wonderful facilities to all young people, and there is little or no excuse for an undeveloped mind.

Christian young people should realize that the service of the Kingdom demands the utmost keenness of mind. In the Master's vineyard there is a wide field for the exercise of the most vigorous mentality. Christianity in its varied spheres of activity calls for consecrated intellectual power and for the most skillful use of our brains.

Spiritual Culture

The crowning feature of growth is seen in spiritual culture. In the cultivation of the spirit we rise to the plane of that which is divine and eternal.

Let us emphasize the fact that without spiritual culture no human life is complete. The man or woman who has neglected the culture of the soul has omitted that which is of greatest importance, and to such a one it must be said, "One thing thou lackest."

Let us consider for a moment a few of the means of spiritual culture. God's Word is the food upon which our souls must be nourished, if, like the boy Jesus, we are to advance in favor with God and men.

Prayer is the channel of supply whereby we are enabled to draw upon the divine resources and thus to add to our spiritual growth.

Christian fellowship is a wonderful aid to the successful culture of our spiritual nature, and the Church is the most effective agency by which we may enjoy the spiritual fellowship which we need to promote soul growth.

Christian service furnishes the means of spiritual exercise, whereby our souls may grow strong. No matter how humble the ministrations which we give if we serve with consecration and devotion our souls will find in this service a source of ever-increasing growth.

AUGUST 27.

Carelessness versus Thoughtfulness

Hebrews 2:1-7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Aug. 21. Spiritual indifference. Matt. 25:1-13.
T. Aug. 22. No interest. Acts 18:12-17.
W. Aug. 23. Dead in materialism. Matt. 22:1-14.
T. Aug. 24. Consider! Matt. 6:26-34.
F. Aug. 25. Learn! Prov. 6:6-11.
S. Aug. 26. Meditate! Ps. 119:15-99, 148.

"Carelessness versus thoughtfulness" might also be expressed in these words: "Earnestness versus heedlessness." This topic is a good one for young people to consider, since youth is naturally careless, heedless and impulsive.

Thoughtful in Speech

Young Christians should aim to be thoughtful in speech. Words heedlessly spoken often leave behind them wounds that rankle as if they had been inflicted by a barbed arrow. Hasty words are easily spoken, but they may do mischief that can never be undone.

Let us think when we speak, and since our words are apt to be the reflection of our inmost thoughts, let us think on those things that are lovely, so that our words may be pleasant to be heard.

Thoughtful in Action

Let us think before we act. Too often young people act first and think afterwards, and the sad part of this procedure is that all the thinking in the world cannot undo the evil that may be caused by a thoughtless act.

Thoughtfulness in action does not necessarily mean that we must always be slow in what we do. Sometimes in this life we must think and act quickly, but we should never act without thought.

The Evil of Carelessness

We can hardly exaggerate the evil that flows from carelessness in our words and actions. Prof. Amos R. Wells uses this telling illustration: "Sometimes a mountain avalanche is so delicately poised that the vibration of a voice will bring it down. Many an avalanche of sorrow has been brought down upon men by a hasty word."

Carelessness in word and action may result in the shipwreck not only of one but of many lives. And it is a solemn thought that such heedlessness may bring eternal ruin to immortal souls.

If thoughtfulness is so important an asset in the conduct of human affairs, the practical question arises, How may we become thoughtful?

A sense of responsibility will tend to make us thoughtful, and if we have taken upon ourselves the obligations of the Christian Endeavor Pledge or the vows of church membership, these solemn promises should make us thoughtful in our words and actions.

It will help us to be thoughtful, if we will remember that every human life is really a part of God's great plan, and that no matter how humble our lives may be they are needed to complete the mosaic of the divine design.

The Reward of Thoughtfulness

Thoughtfulness even in little things brings a rich and lasting reward. This is illustrated by the blessing pronounced by Jesus upon the one who gives only a cup of cold water, but who gives it in a thoughtful spirit, mindful of the Master Himself.

The reward that follows thoughtfulness in matters of larger moment is measured only by eternity. The salvation of an immortal soul may result from some thoughtful word or action. Perhaps through some thoughtful word or deed an entire community may be awakened to its spiritual needs, or a whole nation may be stirred to its depths, and thus a blessing may be brought to myriads of human souls.

In unselfishness lies the key to thoughtfulness. One who is truly unselfish will always be thoughtful and considerate of others. If we have the spirit of Jesus, then we shall be thoughtful in word and action, for we shall love our neighbor as ourselves.

Our Little Folks



Big Weeds

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

THE sun shone hot in the corner of the field where Rena Maylie was doing her morning task of weeding. On the other side of the fence at the end of the field she could see a pink dress flitting along the path.

"It's that new girl that's come to board all summer at Graham's," Rena said to herself. "Margaret Way, her name is. I think that's a stuck-up sort of name—sounds as if you were trying to show off. Her brother is Kenneth. And they don't have a single bit of work to do from morning till night."

Rena tugged at a big weed till it came out of the ground so suddenly that she toppled over backwards. When she picked herself up, the girl in the pink dress was looking at her curiously over the fence.

"What are you doing?" asked the newcomer.

"Pulling weeds out of the corn," returned Rena in a tone that said, "What a stupid question!"

"I don't see any corn," persisted Margaret.

"Well, there's corn enough here, only it's pretty well buried up. There's nobody to do any hoeing except Grandpa Maylie, and the weeds get ahead of him. If I go first down a row like this and pull out all the big ones, he can get it done a good deal faster." Rena glanced back at the old man who was toiling away in the sun down the long rows.

"I wish you didn't have it to do," Margaret spoke in what Rena thought was a superior tone. "Then you could go to the picnic at Silver Moon Lake. We're all going in automobiles and we shall have dinner outdoors, and trips on the water in the 'White Lily'—that's the little steamer that goes up and down the lake."

"She's telling me that just to make me feel horrid because I can't go, too," thought the weeder, grappling a big ragweed with both hands.

"You would like it, wouldn't you?" asked Margaret.

"Of course I should!" answered Rena so sharply that Margaret said no more.

The pink dress had vanished when Rena looked up again. "Selfish thing!" she muttered, "That what she is!" Then she sat still between the rows and began to look ashamed.

"No," she declared after awhile, "I haven't any right to say that. 'Tisn't her fault that she can go off and have a good time when I can't."

Rena bent over her work again and was pulling away bravely when a boy came tumbling over the fence. It was Kenneth Way in a pair of borrowed overalls which covered his clean blue suit from ankle to chin. Behind him came Margaret, her pink skirt pinned up under a great gingham apron and her lace-trimmed sleeves caught to her shoulders with safety pins.

"We're going to help you," she announced. "When we came to think about it, it seemed real mean to go off having fun when you had all this work to do. We are going to be such near neighbors all summer, you see, it will be lot nicer if we can do things together."

Rena could not say much as they worked their way down the weedy rows. That dreadful word she had used in her thoughts about Margaret would keep sounding in her ears. "Selfish! I called her selfish, and she has given up the picnic to help me and brought Kenneth with her!"

So many pairs of hands made light work. In due time the last row was done, and Grandpa Maylie stood looking at the heaps of weeds.

"Mostly ragweed and pigweed," he said. "They're a pair of big weeds—those two. They'll choke out 'most anything between 'em. The ragweed's the toughest. I always think it's like envy, with its great stout roots and its branches poking themselves in where they've no business to be. Looks as if they thought nobody else ought to have a comfortable time if they can."

"And what is the pigweed like, Mr. Maylie?" asked Kenneth, poking over a heap of them.

"Well, I guess that's selfishness, as you might think from its name. When it's

He stopped at sight of the children. "Oh, here you are, young ones. What's this about a picnic at Silver Moon Lake? I'm going right down that way and I'll take you along. Yes, Rena, your mother said you could go when I stopped at the house just now."

"The picnic lasts all day; we shall only lose an hour or two of the fun," exclaimed Margaret, as they went humming down the road.

"Say, girls," cried Kenneth, "don't you suppose that poor little corn feels better, now it's got a chance to breathe?"

"I do, anyway," announced Rena. "I wonder if most things that want to do any growing—people and all, you know—don't have to keep a sharp lookout for those big weeds!"



IN THE HAMMOCK.

small, it pulls up middling easy, but leave it in the hill awhile and it'll be a tree, pretty near, before you know it. Then where's your corn? Life's all squeezed out of it and you don't get any good crop in the fall."

"Isn't that as plain as day!" cried Margaret, and she looked so bright-eyed and knowing over it that Rena stared at her thoughtfully. Had Margaret had to pull up a big weed of selfishness when she gave up the picnic—she and Kenneth—for the sake of helping a neighbor?

They went down to the brook beside the road and scrubbed faces and hands clean in the running water. The girls laid aside the big aprons and Kenneth jumped out of his overalls and lunged them on the fence. They looked quite tidy enough for a picnic when Dr. Loring came down the road in his swift light car.

Out of Grandma's Story Box

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"I WISH you'd tell us a story, Grandma," Rachel said as she and Ashley stood at the window, one rainy afternoon.

"My story box seems to be rather empty, just now. I think you must have heard every one in it—except—perhaps—"

"That's the very one we want to hear, Grandma, I know it is. I like 'except' stories, they are always the best," Rachel broke in, giving her grandmother's hand an encouraging squeeze.

"When I was a little girl," Grandmother began, "I lived in a prairie town. Trees were not common there, so of course there were no tree-nesting birds. One day, however, there appeared a little traveler. He came all alone on a lumber train, and he was first seen climbing a telegraph pole."

"Why, Grandma, what a funny thing to do!" giggled Rachel.

"Well, you see, this little traveler was not used to a treeless country, and the pole being the only thing in sight that at all resembled a tree he decided to climb up and investigate. He had a very long bill, (I think I will have to say right here that this stranger in a strange land was a bird), so he began to play a tattoo on this bare pole just as he had been in the habit of doing among the leafy trees of his home country," Grandma explained.

"I'll bet it was a woodpecker," Ashley broke in, in his usual impulsive fashion.

"Yes, it was a woodpecker, and it had traveled a thousand miles in a freight car loaded with poles. The little fellow had probably found an abundance of food during his long journey, for the poles were doubtless full of fine fat worms. Possibly a knowledge that they were in the wood led him to the car, and he got so busy eating that he did not notice when the door was closed and he was a prisoner in the dark, speeding away from home and bird friends.

"But at last he was free; and he chirped a cheery good-morning to the people who gathered around the tall pole on which he had taken refuge. You see, they were as astonished at the sight of Mr. Woodpecker, as he was at the strange faces peering up at him. But he continued industriously to tap, tap, tap upon the bare pole, to see, I suppose, if there were any worm shops in this strange place where he could procure his breakfast.

"He stayed around about a week, poor homesick little bird, and then one day we missed him, and we never saw him again. I remember how sorry I felt, until my mother convinced me that the bird must have been as lonesome as I would have been in a strange country, among strange people, and was probably on his way back to his home again."

"But do you suppose he could find it, Grandma,—all that long way without anyone to guide him?" Rachel asked with an earnest look upon her face.

"God gives birds instincts that guide them thousands of miles over seas, every year, and why would not the instinct of this little woodpecker just as surely guide it back to its native forests?" Grandmother answered.

"After a while I ceased to grieve, believing this to be true. But for several years I never saw a freight car unloading poles that I did not stop to see if it possibly contained a bird passenger," she said with a smile.

"I like your story box, Grandma, even if it is almost empty," said Rachel.

"And I don't believe it ever will be wholly empty," Ashley wisely remarked.

Toward the Sun

It is said that the sweetest side of any fruit or vegetable is the side which grows toward the sun. There is no doubt that the sun has a great deal to do with the beauty and flavor of the fruits which are the delight of man. In this casual observation, as in so many facts from nature, rests a beautiful spiritual lesson for us all. What the sun is to the natural world, that, and much more, is Christ to the world of spiritual things. As the sun influences the fruits and vegetables of the earth, giving them beauty and lusciousness, so Christ sheds an influence over the lives of many and gives them beauty of character and purity of heart. And as the sweetest side of a fruit or vegetable is the side toward the sun, so the best side of man is the side toward Christ.

The Family Circle

The Light from Within

By Cora S. Day

IT was raining as Marjorie Brown walked down the station down the almost deserted street in the early dusk. Not a brisk summer shower with its promise of being done soon, but a slow, dismal rain that was half fog, blotting all outlines into vague shapes. The street was heavily shaded with huge old maples that met over the roadway. The yard into which Marjorie turned after a ten minutes' walk, was half filled with evergreens grown too large for the landscape effects for which they had been intended.

The house was unlighted yet, save for the kitchen and dining room windows. Even these looked dim and dispirited through the gloom of the storm. Yet Marjorie found courage to laugh under her breath.

"Same old place! How do the boarders ever stand it?" she thought. Then in swift repentance for the feeling, she continued. "But oh, I'm thankful for it and Aunt Hannah, just as they are."

She ran lightly up the steps. Lightly indeed, for in spite of her laugh and the brisk run, the girl was but a thin little wisp of a creature, whose pale face told of recent illness. She had to stand a minute at the door to catch her breath.

"I'm not so strong as I thought," was her mental confession. "But a few weeks here will remedy that, I'm sure."

She did not ring or knock. The door stood open, the screen was unfastened,

and she went straight through the long central hallway to the kitchen. A tall angular woman looked up from her work at a table, where she was dishing out some sort of dessert. "How do you do, Aunt Hannah?" Marjorie said, smilingly. The woman nodded and gave the tired girlish face a keen glance.

"I'm well, thank goodness. I looked for you earlier. You look as if it was about time you came down here for a rest and something fit to eat," was her terse but not unkindly spoken reply. Marjorie knew of old that Aunt Hannah's kind heart made up for any lack of gracious speech.

"It is time," she agreed. "If I had stood behind that counter another day, the doctor said, I might—" she stopped short—"But I didn't—and here I am, ready to help you all I can in return for your kindness in having me come."

Aunt Hannah arranged the dishes she had filled swiftly on a tray and a stout girl appeared and bore them away to the dining room.

"Never mind about my kindness, child. When you get a little strength and color and weight, it will be time enough to talk about what you'll do to help me. You'll be able to save me a lot of steps after awhile," she said in her hurried voice. "I'm sorry you didn't come before you broke down entirely. You'd have saved time and strength and doctor's bills. Run up to your old room and come down as soon as you can for supper. The boarders are about through, so you and me and Sally will eat together."

Marjorie tugged her suitcase up to a familiar room—the one she had occupied many times in her life. But most of those visits had been when she came as a little girl with her mother. Then Aunt Hannah had a family of her own in the big house. Now times were changed for both. Marjorie was a lone little shopgirl, too poor to often afford the fare for even vacation visits. Instead of her own folks, Aunt Hannah now had only the stout girl and a half dozen elderly, semi-invalid boarders. She made a specialty of elderly semi-invalids of moderate means. Her house was not fine enough for rich folks, or gay enough for young folks. So it became a natural haven for folks like itself—growing old, neither rich nor poverty-stricken and with no very bright or cheerful outlook before them.

For awhile Marjorie did little but eat, sleep and rest, under her Aunt's directions. The arrangement between them had been that the girl should come to the quiet country house to grow well and strong; and that as soon as she was able she should work for her board. Only on that basis would Marjorie agree to come, when Aunt Hannah snatched time from among her busy days to visit the sick girl in the distant city hospital. Marjorie's slender savings had vanished before she consented to go to the hospital free ward. Penniless, she still refused to "sponge" upon Aunt Hannah, who also found it necessary to work hard for her living.

It was the very first morning that she was allowed to get up early, and sweep the front porches and steps, before the elderly boarders were supposed to be stirring, that she met the newest arrival. The lady had arrived the evening before, so late that Marjorie was abed and asleep. She looked up now from the lower step to see a short, plump, smiling woman come out on the porch. A pair of twinkling brown eyes met hers, and the most cheerful voice she had heard for days said:

"Good morning, little housemaid. Where did you come from? And am I breaking rules getting out so early? I like the morning freshness." She stood at the porch edge smiling down at the trim little figure below her.

"Oh, no, there's no rule about it," Marjorie laughed. "Most of the folks like to sleep late. I am getting this sweeping done before they come down to sit on the porch."

"But I thought last night that you were stout and rosy," the woman said in mock perplexity. Marjorie laughed again and explained. Indeed, before she knew it she was explaining who she was, where she came from and all about it, while the plump little lady nodded and smiled and listened sympathetically. When the story was told Marjorie took her broom and went away to attend to other duties, and saw little of the newcomer for the rest of the morning.

As the days passed, however, the newest boarder managed to see a good deal of her; and unknown to Marjorie there was a purpose behind every question and every conversation that Mrs. Palmer, the pleasant little lady, contrived. The girl went about her gradually increasing duties just her natural, willing, cheery self, all unsuspecting of being closely studied by the stranger, and Mrs. Palmer got in quite a way of nodding her head in secret satisfaction. For what her observant eyes saw was a girl who, in spite of poverty, hardship, loneliness and illness, had kept her childlike faith in God undimmed, and her soul serene and happy in that faith; a girl who in the midst of gloomy, depressing, un congenial surroundings and people was the one ray of human sunshine to a lot of dull, ailing people; a girl who did a great deal of work in a quiet unobtrusive way that made it seem little; yet who always had time for a smile, a cheery word or a merry laugh, for the often low-spirited boarder folks. Not one of them but soon learned to love her and to watch for and brighten at her coming.

"Yes, she's a good, cheerful little soul," Aunt Hannah found time to acknowledge one day when Mrs. Palmer was drawing her out on the subject of her niece. "Somehow, since she came things move along easier and seem brighter all round. I guess it's her way and her smile—though she's got little enough to smile over, to my notion. She's a brave little piece, for she never let me suspect how hard things were with her in town until she broke down completely. I'd have had her with me long ago if I'd known. I'll keep her here now, though, if I can. No need of her being wasted behind a counter when she is of real good to me here, and can thrive on her work, if it is hard."

"She wouldn't be wasted anywhere," Mrs. Palmer responded. "She is one of the sort who make themselves valuable wherever they are."

She proved her own staunch faith in her words the next day, when she found Marjorie alone and not busy; and made her the offer that had been ripening for weeks.

"I want you to come home with me. You shall be my companion—such a one as I might have made of a dear, bright daughter like you if the Lord had given me one. You shall have a salary, or an allowance if you will call it so, that will make your store wages and your work here for your board, look absurd. You are worth a great deal, do you know it? And with me you shall have more fitting recompense. For Marjorie dear, I am what the world calls a wealthy woman. I came here through a misunderstanding. I was tired and wanted a quiet, comfortable, pleasant place of retreat for a few weeks, where no one knew me and I could be free from all the cares and responsibilities of my life. It is assuredly quiet here, and plainly comfortable. But I would not have endured the dullness and gloom a day if you had not been here to brighten it for me—and for all in this unsmiling house.

(Continued on next page.)

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A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large, clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is 25 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more, 20 cents a year.

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The Light from Within

(Continued from page 144.)

"Now I am going home and I want you to go with me. I can give you all you want of the pleasures of travel, of art, of books and of music; but I have learned to know you too well to use these as bait. I know that you will be more attracted and more interested in going with me to enter into my real business in life. That business is the King's business that you are already engaged in here. I use the money that He has entrusted to me, as you use the sweet, brave spirit that He has given you, to help poor needy folk to be a little better and happier. I need some one, more and more, to help me intimately and confidentially with this charitable work. I want you, Marjorie. Will you come?"

Wisely, Marjorie recognized the call to wider usefulness. Thankfully she accepted it and the opening for better things for herself. Gladly she planned, first of all, for the lightening of Aunt Hannah's labors through Mrs. Palmer's influence, in sending her enough profitable boarders to warrant a full staff of efficient helpers. Under brightening financial skies, Aunt Hannah learned to smile instead of to sigh. A coat of fresh paint for the house outside, new decorations and draperies inside and a vigorous pruning of the evergreens and overgrown shrubbery did wonders in brightening up the surroundings. But Aunt Hannah agreed with Mrs. Palmer that the real brightening had come first from within—straight from the heart of a thin little wisp of a girl who through all the cloudy days had held fast her serene faith in God.

His Son's Career

BY HOPE DARING.

"Is Mr. Brainard here?"

As the man who had halted before the cashier's window of the bank asked that question, Horace Brainard turned, for a sharp look at him. The next moment the bank president was hurrying forward.

"William Darrow! Now what good fortune brought you here, dear old friend?"

Darrow, a lawyer from a far western city, explained that he had been to New York on business for his firm. "I found that I could make the change to a Chicago train here, and have an hour to spend with you."

Horace Brainard led the way to his private office, giving orders that he was not to be disturbed. "Only an hour, William? And I could talk to you for a week. Tell me how it is with you and yours."

A smile curved the lawyer's lips. He spoke of his family. His three daughters were all happily married. "And I'm a grandfather three times, Horace. All boys, too. Now what of yourself and Duncan?"

Even at the mention of his only son's name, the banker's face softened. "Did you know Duncan was at Seaton, our old college? Of course, he is to come in the bank with me, and some wondered at my sending him to a denominational college, but I'm loyal to Seaton. This is his junior year. After graduating he is to attend a business college. Then, William, I am going to begin to slip out from under the load."

"You have prospered? I hear you are a rich man."

Mr. Brainard nodded. "God has prospered me. I have proved that a man

can live a consistent Christian life in business. Had I not, I would not have chosen it for Duncan's career."

"But we do not choose our children's career," William Darrow reminded his friend with the whimsical smile of olden days. "What would you have done if Duncan had chosen otherwise?"

"I — Why, I taught him from early boyhood that he was to work with me." "Then it was your choice rather than his?"

A frown—one of perplexity rather than annoyance—furrowed the man's brow. "Oh, Duncan and I think alike. I wish you could see him. He's a Brainard, and yet in some ways he is like his mother. If only she could have lived to see him grow up! I say, William, when the boy graduates, you must come back to Seaton. It will be the thirtieth anniversary of our own graduation."

"How I'd like to do that! Tell me of the college."

The two friends talked on eagerly. At the close of the hour, Mr. Brainard telephoned for his car and took Darrow to the station.

The next day, on returning from his noon lunch, Horace Brainard entered his private office. Five minutes later, with no warning knock, the door opened, and a young man stepped into the room.

"Hello, father! Now you are surprised."

"Duncan! Why, what brought you home? Anything wrong?"

"Nothing wrong, father. Something has happened to me, though, something so wonderful that my heart sings with joy. I wanted to talk it over with you, so Dr. Howard gave me permission to run up on the eleven o'clock train."

He drew a chair close to his father's side. Horace Brainard leaned back, looking with fond pride into his son's face.

"Well, what is it that makes your heart sing? Not a love affair?"

Duncan laughed. "Not that, father. Nothing serious in that line yet."

"It will come in time, boy, and I pray God may give you the happiness he did me. But I want you to wait until your education is finished and you are settled in business."

The young man's face grew grave. He leaned forward, to lay one hand upon that of Horace Brainard. "Father, God has called me to preach his gospel. And I have heeded the call."

"What? What do you mean, Duncan? No, do not repeat the words; I understood them. But I'll not listen to it. It's nonsense."

"Not that, father! That is not your attitude towards the Christian ministry."

"Not towards the ministry, but towards my son entering it. Why, Duncan, all your life I have looked forward to the time when you should, after working a few years with me, take my place here. It will be a goodly heritage that I will leave you, boy, more than you have thought."

"Father, there is no mistake. I must preach the gospel."

They talked for a half hour, both faces pale and drawn. Duncan told how, for months, he had struggled against the desire to enter the ministry. But the call had come again and again.

"I know it is hard for you, father, but I must do it. You would not have me refuse to do God's will?"

"I would have you show common sense. In the path I have planned for you, success is sure. I doubt if you will ever make a public speaker. And—and, boy, I need you."

"But God has called me."

Just then there came a knock at the door. The office boy reported the arrival of a trio of the leading men of the state. Hastily the elder Brainard explained that they had come for an important conference.

"It's all right, father; I'll have to hustle to catch my train back to Seaton. When you've had time to think it over, I'll come up again. Goodby, and remember that I love you."

Horace Brainard met his business associates with his usual calmness. The conference lasted all the afternoon; never once did the banker fail in his clear, comprehensive grasp of business affairs, in his tact and politeness. He played the part of host at an early hotel dinner,

saw his guests to their train, then returned to his private office at the bank.

Turning on a single light he sat down before his desk. Suddenly he was conscious of a great weariness; that afternoon's restraint had taxed his power of resistance. Vaguely, at first, he attempted to reconstruct his scheme of life, trying to think of his business future without Duncan at his side. As it all came home to him, there swept over the man a wave of fierce rebellion.

"I'll not have it," he muttered. "Duncan is my son; all his life I have planned my existence for his good. He shall listen to me!"

"God has called me." The man started; it was as if the words came from one of the shadowy corners of the room.

Horace Brainard drew a long breath. What was it his dying wife had said to him, after she had kissed, for the last time, the rose-flushed, wondering face of their little son? She had said, "You will teach him so that one day he will come to me, Horace?"

Called of God! All men were that, but to only a comparative few came the call to stand in the sacred desk and preach the gospel to sinning and suffering humanity. Why did he—Duncan's father—refuse? Did he put gold before God's will?

Horace Brainard slipped to his knees. He cried unto God for vision and for the strength to do what he saw was his duty.

It was not shut in by four walls that father and son met again. The next morning, when Duncan Brainard left the house where he roomed, on his way to breakfast, he came face to face with his father. The young man held out both hands.

"It's all right, father! I knew it would be."

"All right, my boy," was the cheery answer. "I am ready to help you respond to the call by which you have been honored."

Duncan put his arm through that of the older man. "I have never fully realized what the relationship of the Father and Son typified until this morning," he said quietly.

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IN THE MISSION FIELDS

The Italian Tract Society

The headquarters of the Italian Tract Society are in Florence, Italy. The last annual report of this Society states that during the sixty years of its existence it has published 6,102,880 copies of books and tracts, 2,000,000 Gospel Almanacs, and 2,773,400 Scripture Portions.

During the past year the Society has published a new Commentary by Prof. Dr. H. Bosio on the Epistles of Paul to the Galatians and Thessalonians. It has also issued the second part of the Waldensian Liturgy, the second edition of the Commentary on St. Luke by Dr. R. G. Stewart, and many tracts.

Evangelical Christian literature has been distributed by this Society among the soldiers concentrated in Rome, Turin, Milan and on the Italian boundaries as well as in the war zone itself.

The Bible Van continued its beneficent work in various localities, and the colporteur in charge has reported many encouraging features of this branch of effort.

The interesting picture that appears on this page shows us a scene in Naples Harbor, where Colporteur F. Aceto of the Italian Tract Society is distributing Christian literature among his fellow-countrymen in that port.

For many years the American Tract Society has aided the Italian Tract Society by cash appropriations, which have been used for the maintenance and extension of the Society's work under the direction of its efficient and enthusiastic Secretary, Rev. Odoardo Jalla.

Reaching the Young Men in Cairo

The illustrated lecture has been found by Rev. Stephen Trowbridge, a World's Sunday-School secretary, to be one of the best methods of reaching the people of Egypt, and especially the Moslems. Recently, Mr. Trowbridge gave lectures for the young men in Cairo on the following subjects: "The New Era in Asia," in which he followed Dr. Mott in his travels; "The Life of David Livingstone;" and "The Greatest Life in History," in which he showed scenes from the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth.

On the evening of the last lecture, over 550 men were in attendance, and the striking thing was that nearly half of them were Mohammedan boys and young men from the government schools who came in response to invitations. Mr. Trowbridge writes: "Boys from certain schools came in a body and it made one's heart beat fast to see these large groups crowding up for seats and then to be able to speak to them for nearly an hour on the meaning of the life of Christ."

A Christian Statesman

China is the land of surprises. A third of the high officials of that land are Christians, while less than one-quarter of one per cent. of the people are Christ's followers. A young man with a brilliant record, of whom China is proud, is sent to be her foremost representative to the land which is China's greatest friend. The *Record of Christian Work* reports that "the new Chinese ambassador to the United States, Mr. Koo, is a graduate of Columbia University and was an officer of the Christian Association, when a student there. His secretary, Mr. Wei, was educated at Amherst and Columbia. He has been president of the Chinese Students' Christian Association of North America."

Ambassador Koo, with many other leaders of his race, believes that the economic and spiritual salvation of China, and of all Asia, is dependent on Christianity. His reception in the United States was of marked friendliness and confidence. China may expect her ambassador's presentations to be received with the same cordial sympathy as in the past.



COLPORTEUR F. ACETO OF THE ITALIAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NAPLES.

Chinese Women as Bible Class Leaders

The women of China, following in the steps of their American sisters, are training for leadership in the Adult Bible Class work of their country. During the past year, five Bible Training Conferences have been held in China as an outgrowth of the evangelistic forward movement inaugurated by Dr. Mott and Dr. Eddy. It is interesting to note that no women were in attendance at the first two of these conferences, which were held in Kuling and Moukden, while the last three, held in Swatow, Canton and Foochow, were all attended by women. Now, two Bible Conferences, one in Kuling and one in North China, are being held especially for women. American methods of Sunday-school organization are taught in these conferences, as these methods are found to be especially adapted to the Chinese. The women, who are trained in these conferences, will, in their turn, organize classes which will be centers of service for other women.

Careful "follow-up" work is planned for each of these Bible conferences. The Swatow Conference will have eleven "follow-up" meetings, the Canton Conference, fourteen, while the Foochow Sunday-School Union, with the various Chinese Sunday-school secretaries employed by the several denominations, will be able efficiently to follow up the good conference held there.

Sunday School Advance in the Philippines

"A large majority of the student body in the Philippines are without faith in their old system, and are out on a sea of religious unbelief searching for an anchorage." This statement is made by Rev. J. L. McLaughlin, who is making an earnest effort to inject the Bible into the lives of the young people of the Islands.

Fifteen years ago not one Filipino had even been inside of a Sunday-School; today the Islands have a Sunday-School enrollment of nearly 60,000, and the movement is only just beginning. The great problem is to make of the Filipinos a united people, and in the attainment of this end the Sunday-school is second to none, especially in the public schools. It is only that all could unite upon the child, as this does not require a conference to create or discuss.

"The different tribal representatives have gathered at the Sunday-School conventions held throughout the Islands," said Mr. McLaughlin, "and our souls were cheered and thrilled as we sensed the disappearing of the old jealousies and felt the awakening of that newer spirit of Christian love and fraternity, the like of which has never before been in the Philippine Islands."

The opportunities for Sunday-school work are just opening up in the Islands; they are to be practically unlimited. Every other agency being put forth by our government at such tremendous expense and labor may fail but the Sunday-School project will win. Should it, through lack of support or any other means fail of its mission, every effort of the government is bound to lose out. In the raising of the Filipino people to Christian self-consciousness, the Sunday-School work is the biggest and most hopeful proposition in the whole Philippine Islands.

The Reading Room at Foochow, China

One of the most important features of the work of the North Fukien Religious Tract Society is the maintenance of a Reading Room in Foochow City.

The work at the Reading Room is carried on under the direction of Rev. W. L. Beard and a committee of three Chinese pastors, who report as follows:

"In order that the Reading Room might be more attractive and comfortable, and more convenient for those making use of it in the evening, electric light was installed at the beginning of the year; and new seats were added so that meetings and lectures might be held there. Twelve such meetings have been held during the past year, with an attendance of from thirty to one hundred.

"The main purpose of the Room is to furnish a clean, quiet resort for the reading public, where they can in comfort read the various newspapers and magazines which are provided for their information and delectation. The chief opportunity of the catechist in charge is not preaching, but it is to quietly get acquainted with the men who make use of the room, and, by personal endeavor, influence them for Christianity.

"Thirty-eight different kinds of papers have been on the file during the year. Of these, seven are religious papers. The average daily attendance at the Room has been 70 to 80, or a total of 24,000 for the year. Of these readers,

there were 163 different individuals, and 50 of them are regular attendants, the others have come in occasionally or have just dropped in once or twice, probably when on a visit to Foochow.

"There is a library of 224 volumes for Chinese readers and this has been used by ten or more frequently.

"Several of those who have availed themselves of the Reading Room have been directly influenced towards Christianity, and Letters of Commendation, introducing them to the churches, have been written in eleven cases."

The Value of the Christian Scriptures

The following interesting statement comes from far-off Siam. It is the testimony of Nai Soot, a native preacher of the Gospel in that country, and was sent through an agent of the American Bible Society:

"I consider that the Christian Scriptures are of the greatest value (or profit) to me in the following seven ways:

- "1. They let me know of a Saviour.
- "2. They show me a way of salvation (*lit.*, a gap or opening).
- "3. They let me understand the mind (will, or disposition, *lit.*, 'water of heart') of God.

- "4. They let me know rules of conduct (which are) according to God's will (or mind, as above).

- "5. They show me God's love, mercy and pity.

- "6. They comfort my heart and cause increase of devotion to God, giving me increased peace and joy in Him. The verses which comfort me most, which I like better than any others are John 3:16 and I John 1:7.

- "7. They are of value in showing me my faults and sins. If I did not trust (or rely upon) the Christian Scriptures, I should not realize my sinfulness. Even if others teach one, saying, 'You have this or that sin,' one is apt not to believe and apt to be angry in one's heart because one does not think it true. But when one meditates upon the matter as it appears in the Word of God, it is clear one has much sin.

"The Christian Scriptures might be likened to a mirror of the heart. The manner of its use is nearly the same as that of a face mirror. When anyone doubts if his face is clean, he takes the mirror and looks to see how his face is dirty and then takes soap and water to wash it clean. In the same way, when anyone doubts that he has sinned and his heart is defiled, he should take this glass and consider in order that he may behold his sinfulness. Or one might compare (the Scriptures) to a searchlight. All warships have searchlights which they use to search for their foes, for searchlights are very powerful and show up enemy vessels, large or small. In like manner, when we read or consider what appears in the Scriptures our smallest sin becomes visible, so that we may call the Scriptures a searchlight. And I believe that these Scriptures will surely be of value (or profit) to other people as they have been to me."

Tract Distribution in China

A missionary in North China thus describes the result of her efforts to circulate the Gospel message on the printed page:

"I have distributed hundreds of tracts and leaflets while traveling on the cars this year and have had the satisfaction of seeing dozens of people in a single crowded car reading the books at once.

"One day in a crowded car, I was working my way slowly among the people and handing out the leaflets. A man in the further end of the car, as I was nearing him, spoke up and said, 'This must be one of the "Jesus Religion" folks, for no one else does such things.' He turned out to be a military official."

PRESERVING THE EDGE

IT ALWAYS seemed a little inconsistent to us to have a system of schooling under which nine months of the year were spent in learning and three months in the summer were given over to forgetting.

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FOR GIRLS



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BY JULIA R. TOMKINSON.

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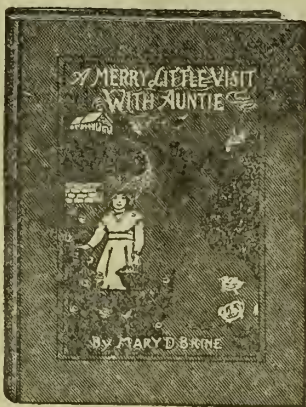
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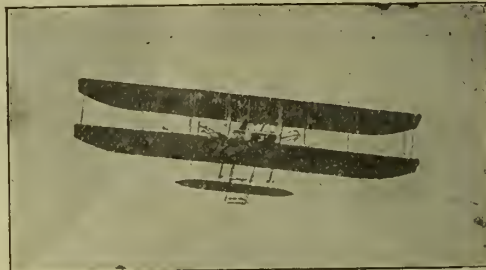
King Charlie was a very little boy in the kindergarten. He learned a great many wonderful things every day. How he came by his name, how he had a funny Christmas and many other amusing happenings are told in this bright story which children will love. Price, 50 cents net. By mail, 55 cents.

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FOR BOYS



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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

H.E. FRITZ

The Joy of Christ

BY JAMES E. C. SAWYER, D.D., LL.D.



HE cross is the emblem of the Christian life. The real disciple of Christ denies himself, takes up his cross and follows him. Those who are truly His wear like him a crown of thorns, are pierced with His sorrows, are crucified with Him. The triumphant in heaven are those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Those who have denominated Christianity the religion of sorrow have appropriately named it. Jesus was full of feeling. His sympathy for the sorrowing was perfect. The cup of loneliness and grief and shame He drained to the dregs. Gethsemane and Calvary stand as perfect symbols of extremest agony and complete self-sacrifice. The author of our salvation was made perfect through suffering. There was never grief like His. All the sorrows of humanity He made His own.

Yet supreme joy also was His—the joy of perfect and limitlessly fruitful self-sacrifice; the joy of a nature that was complete and absolutely harmonious; the joy of love that was capable of complete self-surrender, and was infinitely redemptive. "For the joy that was set before him" he took upon Him our nature and made eternal redemption for our sins. Only infinite love is capable of supreme sorrow, the love that is an ocean of joy. There is no suffering that is as deep and so tender as that of love, and there is no joy like that of love that is supremely redemptive.

The joy of Christ He gives to those who are truly His. On the evening of His institution of the Lord's Supper, just before His mysterious agony and loneliness, He communicated to His disciples the secret of His joy: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: abide in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." This great gift of joy He prefaced by saying: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." This spirit of obedience to the Father's will is the power of fruitful service, and in loving service we share the secret and taste the fullness of Christ's joy.

Our sphere of service may be obscure, but the smallest duty is divine. No loving service was too menial for Christ. He girded Himself with a towel and washed the feet of His disciples. The day laborer, the obscure and overtaxed accountant, the poor wife and mother burdened with countless petty cares and duties, the intellectual genius cramped to every that seems menial and unfruitful, the patient Sunday-school teacher who toils on in the face of many discouragements, may all taste the joy of Christ. The fellowship of those who do the will of the Father is a wide one. Those who are "diligent in business" are not denied the privilege of being "fervent in spirit." Those who in any way seek to bear the burdens of others "fulfill the law of Christ" and share his joy. There is no work so small, no task so mean, no calling so obscure, that loving fidelity will not glorify it. The true church is the fellowship of all who do the will of the Father in the loving service of humanity. This is the errand on which Christ sends us. In doing it we share His joy.

The Christian ideal is not simply contemplative. It is one that wakes the soul, and makes it grow. The inspiring poets of the last half of the nineteenth century were not content with reverie and the rapture of quiet contemplation—they called to action. They were moved by spiritual forces. Thus sings Arthur Hugh Clough:

"Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth;
Not for the gain of the gold, the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the Lord, but for the duty to do."

Browning summoned to battle the realization of ideals. His verse is militant. He was ever a fighter. He felt "the need of a world of men." He was a tremendous preacher. Tennyson, with faith in the

"One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves,"

looked forward to the flower and fruit of "the crowning race," that shall be "no longer half-akin to brute."

The joy of Christ is the union of faith and hope and love; it is the joy of self-sacrifice; it is the triumphant splendor of an absorbing, tireless, fruitful enthusiasm for humanity.

The joy of Christ illuminates life's obscurest places, and exalts its humblest tasks. In all our service we have His companionship, His sympathy, His strength. He gives to every one his part in the great work of redeeming and renewing the world. His strength is made perfect in our weakness. His joy girds us with gladness as we bend beneath the burdens borne for others. The spirit of Christian service is manifold in its manifestations, taking deep hold as it does of all social and political as well as religious problems; but it is everywhere and always inspired by the vision, the example, the self-sacrifice, the joy and enthusiasm of Jesus.

PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Never Say It

"It is none of my business! Everybody must look out for himself."

The words are often on the lips of men, young men, as well as those who are older, when they see one of their number setting his feet in the path that leads into the dark.

"It does not concern me. None of

my relatives drink. They never go into a saloon. Why should I work against drink?"

So a man said, and in a little while a message was placed in his hands, stating that his wife and only little one had been killed by a train driven by a drunken engineer. Then he knew how that kind of sin did concern him.

Draw up a chain and link follows link—all come when one comes. Every act of mankind is a link in a great chain. Not one single thing we do but has its effect upon all society. We think no thought, we do no deed that leaves the world just as it was before.

Your chum is neglecting his work. You have seen him in the doorway of places you never would set foot into. The red is coming into his eye. He is no longer as faithful to the right as he used to be. His church life is a minus quantity. He never reads the little book mother put into his trunk when he went away from home.

"But I cannot help it."

Did you say that? Then do not be surprised if some day you feel the touch of pain or sorrow or loss not of your own doing, but because your friend went the downward path.

What can you do when you find that one you love seems likely to slip and fall? Make it your business, now, to warn him of the danger he is in. Tell him that not only his own life, his own soul are trembling in the balance, but those of many who know him and are linked to him.

"It does not concern me!" Never say it; say, rather, all things interest me; all things are working either for my welfare or for my trouble. That makes us all links in the chain which lifts humanity.—KIND WORDS.

A Special Request

It is the desire of The American Tract Society to add a great many new names during the coming four months to the subscription list of the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

This excellent family paper ranks as one of the very best religious periodicals for the price at which it is offered, and it should be found in every household.

We ask our many friends to cooperate with us in increasing the usefulness of this paper by sending us the names and addresses of those of their friends and acquaintances who, in their judgment, might appreciate a sample copy of this periodical for examination. We believe that there are many who would be glad to have the paper come to them regularly, if they were acquainted with it, and we therefore ask you to introduce the AMERICAN MESSENGER to them in the way suggested.

As we propose to print an extra large edition of the October issue, please do not hesitate to send a large list of names. We will appreciate it and thank you very much. Should you prefer, we will send you a package containing several copies of the special October issue, so that you may hand them to friends, accompanying each copy of the paper by a word of commendation. We believe that many of our readers would prefer to do this rather than send a list of names. Please state the number of copies that you can use to advantage.

During the month of October many of your friends will be making their selection of reading matter for the coming year, and doubtless they will be glad that you have called their attention to the AMERICAN MESSENGER. If the subscriptions are handed to you, it will give you an opportunity to secure one or more of the beautiful premiums which will be offered in the October issue. Many of our friends in the past have secured choice Christmas gifts in this way. ADDRESS—

The Circulation Manager
AMERICAN MESSENGER
Park Ave. and 40th St. New York City

Helping the Helpless

Childlike love and sympathy is what the world needs today—the kind that makes men sympathetic and humane. We get our best lessons and examples of this from the child. This was called to mind some time ago in Caldwell, Idaho, in a little incident from real life. Tom Badley, the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Badley, was the hero and Robin Redbreast was the other principal actor in the play.

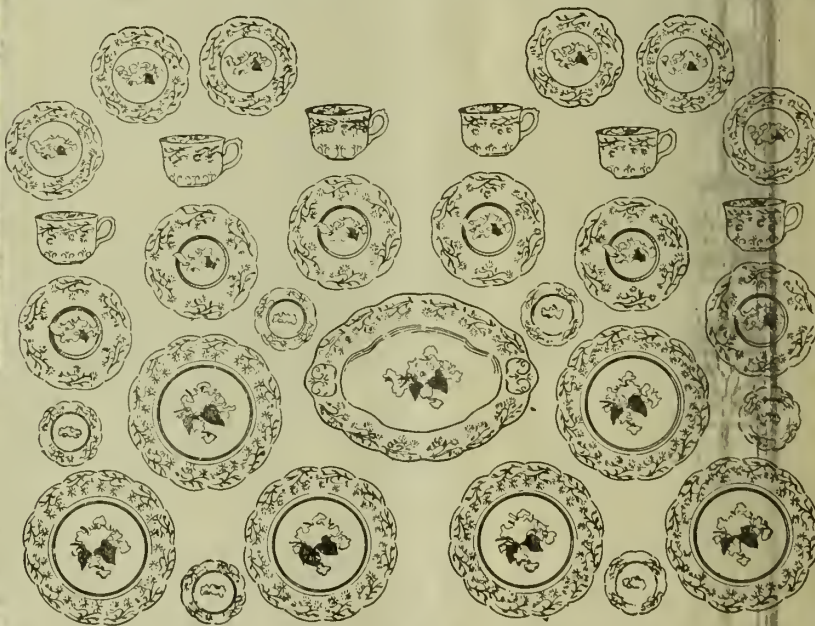
Tom was enjoying a frolic near his home when a robin fluttered out of the grass with a broken wing. Tom saw the misery and distress of the bird as it fluttered for freedom, and the sight touched his tender heart. He went to the house and procured food for it. Then his mother heard him at the telephone. "Is this Doctor Gue's office?"

When he got the ear of the doctor, with a sobbing voice he continued, "I found a poor robin with a broken wing and it hurts him awful bad; will you help me fix it up?"

"Sure," said the doctor, "bring it down."

Tom carefully wrapped his patient in a cloth and tenderly carried it a mile to the doctor's office, where he and the doctor fixed the pinion the best they could. Then Tom, with his little heart full of gladness and gratitude, took his dumb friend home and cared for him in the bird hospital he had established.

A BEAUTIFUL CHINA SET AS A PREMIUM



This handsome and serviceable 31-piece China set is made up of the following pieces: 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 6 dessert plates, 6 butter chips, and one meat platter.

Each piece is beautifully decorated with large gold stamps on the rims, and a large spray of violets in natural colors in the center.

This China set is manufactured from imported clays, snowy white in color, and of the lightest weight manufactured in this country; it is fully guaranteed both by ourselves and the manufacturer. This is a set that you will be proud to have on your table.

We will give this beautiful set of dishes for only Eight Yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50c. each, or we will give the china set and one year's subscription for \$2.50.

Receiver is to pay transportation charges upon receipt of goods. When ordering, please give name of your freight office.

These offers for this 31-piece China Set are available for all places EAST of the Rocky Mountains and only in the United States. Please observe that they do not apply to places west of the Rocky Mountains, as the transportation charges would be prohibitive.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave., and 40th St., N. Y. C.

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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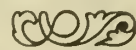
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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.

"BLESSED BE WORK"

BY

REV. CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D.D.

Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York



REV. WILLIAM C. GANNETT'S little book entitled, "Blessed Be Drudgery" has had a deservedly wide circulation. It is not easy to add anything to the wisdom of that essay. If any of us are tempted to be done with common tasks just because they have ceased to be interesting; if we resent the necessity which makes us "slaves of toil"; if we fancy life were easier with no drudgery, Mr. Gannett's beautiful prose-poem is a sovereign prescription for our mental ailment.

Not all labor is drudgery. And yet it may be irksome by its very severity. "Twenty years at hard labor" was the sentence pronounced by a judge, and the prisoner said, "I thank you for the saving clause 'hard labor.'" The curse of prison life, so say all who have known its terrors, is enforced unemployment. So, before we complain of the severity of our tasks, we should reflect how much more wearisome would be no tasks at all. An English poet, speaking of the inhabitants of "The Castle of Indolence," says,

Their only labor was to kill the time,
And labor dire it was, and weary woe."

Mill-stones that have no grain to grind wear themselves out. It is so of human minds. The curse of the world is not labor, but unemployed leisure. The idle rich are as miserable as the idle poor, and both are in a pitiable case. It is not alone that the mind finds relief in labor, but there is a sweet satisfaction in the knowledge that we are not helpless and not mere consumers of the goods of life. That French monarch who provided that his consort should have a dairy and do her own butter-making was working out, even if in an ineffectual way, the only sane method of securing satisfaction.

Among the earliest instincts of childhood is the impulse to "make something." Happy the child whose faculties of construction are wisely guided! The public school is not complete without the kindergarten at the beginning of the course and the vocational school at the end. The eye and hand need training for the occupations of industry. Tom may be dull and stupid in mathematics, but he is brilliant when he gets a hammer and nails and a few boards. Mary does not make much progress in grammar, but how she revels in the opportunity to weave a lamp-mat or to hem-stitch a table-cloth!

Blessed be the moral discipline of labor. To learn the value of truth, of genuineness, of reliability; to apprehend the beauty and worth of constancy, and to grasp the principle of what John Ruskin called "the sanctity of the straight line"—there is no exercise so beneficent as well directed work. To mould a shapely pot of clay, to mend a broken lock, to make a substantial table, to weave a serviceable rug, or to cut and fit an acceptable garment teaches, if the worker be at all amenable to the influence of idealism, much more effectively than by mere moral maxims, the importance of obedience to law, the absolute indispensability of conforming to fixed rules of conduct.

In the Day's Work

BY JULIA E. ABBOTT.

*It's all in the day's work, dear,
When to gray the gold tints turn;
A bit of the Master's lesson,
And He knows what we need to learn.
When the path is overshadowed,
And we walk with weary feet,
'Tis a minor chord in the music
To make the life song sweet.*

*It's all in the day's work, dear,
When the threads will tangle so;
A pattern that is given
The Master's love to show;
And it may be in the evening
When the twilight shadows fall,
He will find the thread of patience
Most beautiful of all.*

*It's all in the day's work, dear:
The trial and the pain;
Perhaps it may count a deal more
Than things we thought were gain;
It is best—the lesson given—
Though we may not understand;
It's all in the day's work, dear,
By the Master's wisdom planned.*

*It's all in the day's work, dear:
Let us say, "Thy will be done";
So the path shall lead us heavenward,
Where the crown of life is won;
And above the mist of the valley
Where we linger a little space,
On the hills of fadeless glory
We shall see the Master's face.*

The practice of agriculture under proper direction, is not only the best teacher of certain branches of botany and chemistry, but is the most irresistible commentary on the uniformity of law, and the morality of the universe. It is by no accident that so many of the great moralists have been children of the soil.

The blessedness of work is not only in the mental and moral discipline it affords, but in the social relationships it encourages. There is a free masonry of labor. The blacksmith is brother to the carpenter, the miner close kin to the mariner. Trade-unionism is founded upon the community of interest among all workingmen. The modern democratic state is strong in the cohesive force of its industrial brotherhoods.

A friend of mine has just finished building a spacious and beautiful residence. For more than a year laborers were employed in erecting and adorning the house. Architects, stone-masons, carpenters, cabinet-makers, plasterers, painters, plumbers, organ-builders, decorators, and various other artificers, to the number of nearly fifty, had their part in the creation of that stately house. There was a genuine family feeling among most of them. The humblest laborer was proud that he had some share in the erection of that home. And the owner himself was not unmindful that these were all his benefactors as well as his servants. They gave him more than could be paid for with mere money. So he decided the first reception he gave in the new house should be in honor of its creators. The workmen were all invited to bring their wives. A master musician "proved" the organ. There was a delicious supper and before the company separated the host addressed the men who had helped in any way to build the house, thanked them for their fidelity to their work and their thoughtfulness of his interests. It is known that some of those workmen have since their experience on that "job," cultivated a much more friendly attitude towards their fellow-workmen, and since that reception, have demonstrated a much more loyal spirit towards their employers.

Employers and employes—are they not one, after all? The employe of today may be an employer tomorrow. The employer of one man is the employe of another. And over us all, as said a wise man in Persia long ago, is "the eye of Him to whom both master and servant are accountable, to whom both high and low are bound as servants are to masters, and as masters to their sovereign Lord."

ESSENTIALS TO CHRISTIAN EFFICIENCY

By William Thomas McElroy



EFFICIENCY is a word that is being more widely used to-day than in any other period of the world's history. In the business world, in the professions, in the Church, in education, in practically every line of human endeavor, men and women are striving to secure greater efficiency; they are making an effort to find the best methods of work and then to make these methods show the greatest results.

Those who do not strive to make both their methods and themselves efficient are being rapidly left behind in the onward march of the world. The individual must make his labors count for more in a given length of time than did the labors of his ancestors or he is relentlessly pushed aside to make room for those who are more efficient. The business man, the lawyer, the doctor, even the preacher, must take advantage of the new time-saving and labor-saving inventions of the age if he would keep abreast of the times and keep his head above water in the great whirlpool of progress that is surging all about him.

The Great Question of the Age

If the question of efficiency, therefore, is the great question of the age, like all other fundamental or basic questions or movements, it must have a very important bearing on the life of the professing Christian. If the cry is for efficiency in business and in all other lines of human effort in material things, why not in spiritual things as well? Certainly there is no lack of the need for efficiency in Christian effort. In almost every magazine one picks up there is a criticism of some line of Christian effort; and books of this sort have become so numerous that the novelist is not abreast of the age in popular estimation if he has not offered a theory of some kind for curing one or more of the thousand and one ailments from which the Church is supposed to be suffering.

The Real Business of a Christian

But while it is true that the great bulk of this criticism is unfounded or unnecessary, or is based on false premises, it is equally true that there is a compelling need among Christians for a movement that will apply methods or means of efficiency to their Christian efforts as they do to their efforts in business or profession. The world needs efficient Christians quite as much as it needs efficient doctors, lawyers, tradesmen, bankers and farmers. For when all is said, our real business in life is serving the Lord, though like William Carey, the famous missionary, it may be necessary for us to cobble shoes to make a living.

To those who are seeking to make themselves efficient in Christian service the question, "What are the essentials to Christian efficiency?" is a pertinent and timely one. If I am to make my life count for most in the Kingdom of God, what are the things that are necessary? To answer such a question in all its phases would require volumes, but there are a few things that are basic and fundamental in the efficient Christian life and indispensable to the true follower of Christ. One of these essentials is

A Spirit of Consecration

No person can expect to accomplish much for Christ without consecration to Him. Without consecration the minister of the Gospel is a miserable failure in spiritual things. Without consecration the Sunday school teacher or the church officer or the mission worker cannot expect results. Without consecration our words

of admonition or advice sound empty and are valueless; and without consecration we cannot hope for answered prayer or for the power of the Holy Spirit in our lives.

I do not know that the word consecration, in the meaning that is here given it, is used in the Scriptures, but all of Scripture is permeated with the idea. It was this that the Apostle Paul had in mind when he wrote, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God" (Romans 12: 1, 2). And it was on no less a theme than consecration that the Master Himself preached to the multitudes when he enunciated and expounded those compelling principles of human conduct that we find in that wonderful passage known to every Bible student as the Sermon on the Mount.

Christ demands the full allegiance of His followers. And he who would be a true follower must consecrate time, talents, money, self—all that he is and that he has—to His service.

Another great essential to Christian efficiency is

Bible Study

The Word of God is the great Text Book of the Christian life; and while a person may be a nominal Christian and neglect the study of this Book, spiritually such a one will be like a ship that has lost its rudder, tossed hither and thither by the waves; or like a clock that has lost its hands—still running, but of little value; or like a telegraph wire that has become detached from the battery—a good wire, but useless.

No person can hope for power and effectiveness in the advancement of the Kingdom of God except as he applies himself to the study of the Bible. This study should be daily, for only by daily study can one secure a daily renewal of power. It should be earnest and thoughtful, for only by earnest and thoughtful study can it be best understood. It should be diligent and thorough, otherwise we will fail to get all from it that is possible. And it should be prayerful, for by prayer we enlist the instruction of the Holy Spirit in our study and secure His blessing on our efforts.

Many of the great minds of the world have expressed their confidence in the results that will come from a daily, earnest, diligent, prayerful study of the Word. Dr. W. W. Moore, who in his little volume entitled "The Indispensable Book" quotes testimonies to the power of the Bible from perhaps a hundred famous men, says: "It is important to remind ourselves afresh of the indispensableness of the Bible to everything that constitutes our true prosperity and success—its indispensableness to our intellectual culture, to the conservation of our national ideals, to the promotion of sound morality and true benevolence, and to the development of our spiritual life."

Another essential to the life of Christian efficiency is

Personal Work

The Christian Church seems only now to be awaking to the necessity and the value of personal work; and this awaking is nowhere showing itself more markedly than in the Every Member Canvass which is spreading so rapidly, and with such notable results, in some quarters, and in the One-Win-One Campaign that has taken hold in other sections of the country.

In principle the two movements are practically the same, the central idea being to get every member of every church to work in an effort to win at least one person to Christ in a stipulated period varying from two weeks to one year. The churches of St. Louis tried the plan a year or so ago with wonderful results. Memphis, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia, also achieved notable successes. In March, 1916, Louisville, Kentucky, conducted such a campaign, the results being large and encouraging.

Other cities are taking up the idea with avidity, and if a prophecy may be risked, it is not too much to hope that in the idea lies the germ of a religious awakening such as the continent of North America has never before witnessed. Men are beginning to realize—quite as if it were a new thing and not one that had been preached to them all these years—that they have a real personal responsibility for the souls of the unsaved men with whom they come in contact day after day in the ordinary occupations of life.

The personal touch method was the method used very largely by our Saviour during His life on earth. It was the way in which He called His Apostles—one by one. It was the way He taught Nicodemus. It was the way He won the woman at the well. What other recommendation is needed?

This does not mean that less preaching is needed; rather, if there is any difference, it calls for more. But the number of preachers in the world is comparatively small, and at best they can preach but three or four or five times a week. Those who occupy the pews are many, and they can do personal work seven days a week. They can not do as much as the preacher, of course, for that is his sole business, but they can do a vastly larger amount than has ever been done. When pulpit and pew thus become united, what glorious results may be expected in the ushering in of the Kingdom of God!

A fourth essential to the efficient Christian life is

The Habit of Prayer

We have named prayer last, but in practice it must come first. On prayer depend all the other essentials—consecration, Bible study, and personal work. Prayerless Christianity is a contradiction in terms. From prayer we gain power, faith, knowledge, tact, love, skill, hope, trust and all the graces that make the consecrated Christian life a life of beauty and helpfulness in the eyes of both God and man.

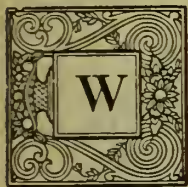
Prayer is a power that is possible to every person, man or woman, young or old, learned or unlearned, strong or weak, rich or poor, timid or bold. That it is a power is the testimony of every one who has tried it. "I am very sure of this," says S. D. Gordon, "that prayer changes things." And thousands of others of God's saints have given similar testimony.

There are three kinds of prayer: communion, petition, and intercession. "Communion and petition," says Mr. Gordon, "store the life with the power of God; intercession lets it out on behalf of others."

These, then, are the cardinal principles of the efficient Christian life: Consecration, Bible study, personal work, and prayer. They are essentials, and no life without them can be complete. Certainly no life without any one of them can be a vital power in the Kingdom of God.

THE MAN ON THE SHELF

By William Norris Burr



He found him out the other day. We had known for some time that he had come to The Shelf, but we had not known that it was a shelf in Mother Hubbard's bare cupboard to which he had been forced to retire. No matter what it was that prompted the probing process which resulted in the disclosure. Suspicions once aroused, I pressed him to the point where

"Emboldened by despair he stood at bay,"

—Dryden's words, which may be made fairly applicable to his case by a considerable trimming of the "despair"—and by continuing the pressure I squeezed the acknowledgment of the following facts from his reluctant lips.

He is a minister of the gospel—or, rather, he *was* one. For a goodly number of years his name has had a place in the Year-Book of his denomination in the "List of Ordained Ministers." It is still there. But whereas it was formerly followed by a page number indicating that he could be found somewhere out in the field in active service, now the date of his ordination has taken the place of the page number, indicating that he is "without charge." Sometimes in Conference or Association reports the names of ministers of the gospel in such cases are followed by the letters "W. C."

To the untutored mind of the ordinary observer "W. C." may have no meaning at all; or these cabalistic capitals may be to such minds suggestive of the dignity of an honorary degree! But since forcing the confidence of The Man on the Shelf we have been stirred by the discovery that to him and to his comrades in retirement—and to their wives!—"W. C." may stand for

"— several ills that visit earth,
Brought forth at night, with a sinister birth,"

to quote crusty Ben Jonson. Question the pocket-books of these veterans concerning the significance of "W. C." and those worn old receptacles might truthfully respond "Without Cash." Walk with the "retired" ones past some great city market-place or little corner grocery—alas! that they so often walk *past* these places bearing no "deal box to carry groceries in," (Goldsmith)—and it might be revealed that to them "W. C." means "Without Credit."

If whispers from the Shelf could reach our dull ears bringing answer to our querying why retired ministers and their wives should sometimes be emphasizing their retirement by "living so unto themselves, refusing to take any part in the social functions of the church," it might be found that to them "W. C." means "Without Clothes" suitable for such occasions. Could the old bank-books be examined—relics of former days when these good people ministered and were somewhat ministered unto—the Book of Back Dates might reveal that to these servants of the church "W. C." means "Without Checks." "Without Charge" may often be equivalent to all sorts of conditions that break into smithers the fond dream of "freedom from responsibilities," "a time now for leisurely reading and reflection," and "a peaceful facing of the westerling sun."

But why should he be "without charge?" Is there not some quiet corner somewhere in which a little flock may be found needing such shepherding as he is still able to render? In my simplicity I put these questions to The Man on the Shelf. With a sad smile playing about the corners of his mouth—I had often come upon the "sad smile" in the "best sellers," but that day I came face to face with the real thing,

and I was led to wonder, afterward, at the way of the world that so readily flings its doubloons into the coffers of the men who paint that smile on the faces of story-book personages, that same world meanwhile pricking the same sort of smile on the countenances of flesh-and-blood men of worthier service by giving grudgingly, if at all, to the treasuries that supply their need—with a sad smile he answered: "My place has always been in the quiet corners, and now even those secluded places seem to have outgrown me."

"You are still able to preach, are you not?" I asked.

"Yes, most of the time, no doubt—in my way—though health is much broken," was the reply. "But perhaps I have never had what my favorite essayist, A. C. Benson, calls 'the art of impressive statement,' nor 'the subtler charm of originality which enables one to present old truths in a new and arresting light.' And now that the vigor and the nerve of youth and middle age are no longer mine I have nothing left that even the quiet corner folk seem to desire. The passion for 'some new thing' has found its way well into the out-of-the-way places in this restless age—and in this I rejoice, for have I not been preaching all through the years of my active service an unfolding gospel, a 'more excellent ministry' of the church as the years come and go? Why should I regret that neither my old manna, nor my manner, nor my manuscript satisfies the new generation? In a developing society it is inevitable that the 'little systems' of one generation, having had 'their day,' should 'cease to be,' and that men once in the harness should come to the shelf. Jonathan Edwards thrilled the auditors of his day so that they held to the backs of the pews before them in their eagerness to catch his message, and he delivered his sermon with manuscript and tallow dip held close to his near-sighted eyes. But he couldn't do that now. Both tallow dips and manuscripts have gone out of fashion—had their day and ceased to be. Pardon the trace of facetiousness. A strain of humor in a man helps to make shelf-life tolerable."

A line from Browning flashed through my mind:

"You are a sermon, though your sermon's naught."

But I kept it to myself.

I ventured to pry still further into the affairs of The Man on the Shelf: "You were able, I trust, during your term of active service, to lay aside *something* for your support in the years after retirement?"

He had been looking me straight in the eye, after the manner of the unashamed; but at this thrust of mine his gaze sought the floor.

"Yes, a meager amount. But"—the "sad smile" appeared again; and with that he was silent.

"Is it not adequate to your present needs?" I further probed.

"It is not available just now," he replied.

"Ah, an unwise investment?" I asked.

"A bag with holes, the holes due largely to a sudden change of temperature caused by this unforeseen war," he replied—another dash of facetiousness, relieving the extreme seriousness of the case.

A captious Imp began to whisper: "Just what might be expected of a preacher! These mild-minded, visionary fellows are easily caught by any scheme printed in bond or bank-note style."

I gave the Imp a rap on the knuckles that sent him to the further corner of his kennel quaking like a whipped monkey.

"Be it known unto you that shrewd business men as well as visionary preachers are often caught in an investment collapse!" I thundered, in tones which the Imp well understood but which did not reach the ears of The Man on the Shelf.

To him I suggested: "There is the Ministerial Relief Society. Have you applied there for such aid as might be secured from that quarter?"

I did not get an immediate answer. The man seemed to be choking back something that was bubbling for utterance but which he seemed desirous of first bringing well under control. At last he said:

"Perhaps approaching senility breeds senseless sensitiveness, but I cannot bring myself to 'apply for aid' to a *relief society* so long as we can keep soul and body together without doing so. In that, as you see, we have thus far succeeded—no matter how—honorably, however, I assure you. May I say to you something I have never mentioned to any other person? The thought of applying to a *relief society* for *aid* gives me a beggarly feeling. Am I super-sensitive? An army chaplain filling out his application for the pension that is considered due him from the government for services rendered is not subjected to the humiliation of seeking *aid* from a *relief society*. Do not understand that as a fling at the church. I am not willing to *seem* to be censuring the church for being less considerate than is the Federal Government. In all sincerity I have been singing from my early youth, and still sing,

'I love 'thy church, O God!'

and so far as circumstances permit I shall be true to the pledge that follows:

'For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.'

I should as soon speak the word of censure of my mother as of the church. But perhaps mother made some mistakes. Her head may not always have caught her heart's cue. And so I think it is but an inadvertence that the Protestant church has failed to invest with the dignity of a well-earned wage the benefit which it may be able to provide for its employes who have come to the time of their retirement. I should be willing to make application for a pension that should be considered my due for services rendered; but to apply for *aid* from a *relief society*—I confess to you there is something in me that shrinks at the thought of it. Could you do it?"

Not much was said after that. When at last I left the veteran trying to face courageously on the Shelf the years that remain to him, I was impressed by an apparent purpose in his part to give no quarter to Self-Pity—though, as Benson says, "it is not wrong to be attacked by self-pity any more than it is wrong to have a cold in the head—both are the result of some sort of disorganization of the frame. What is wrong, in both cases, is to allow oneself to be incapacitated by it." It was certainly not Self-Pity that lodged with the Man on the Shelf. Rather, I think of him as one who in his lack looks daily to his God and bravely cries:

"I do not pray that Thou
Keep me from any wound,
Though I fall low from thrust and blow,
Forced fighting to the ground;
But give me wit to hide
My hurt from all men's sight,
And for my need, the while I bleed,
Lord, grant me strength to fight."

WITH OUR MISSIONARY COLPORTERS

Among the Mormons

Rev. Henry W. Pratt has served for many years as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society. His special field of labor has been among the Mormons, but he has also been able to minister to the spiritual needs of many non-Mormons. Some time ago he carried on a good work among the miners located in the mining town of Helper, Utah, of which we have an excellent view in the picture before us. In a recent report Mr. Pratt writes:

"I returned on the first of the month from a trip to Idaho. It was a hard trip, physically, mentally and spiritually, and I was reminded of my Scripture motto, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' The message, 'We are praying for you,' that comes to me from the Tract Society from time to time, is an inspiring one, and I know that the prayers are answered, for I am helped in my work, and my Leader goes before me, and I follow Him.

"Often as I stand at the door of a home I have to say, 'I am not a book agent nor a commercial man, but a missionary,' and usually these words procure an entrance for me.

"The high cost of living has resulted in some diminution of sales. The Mormons usually have large families. They are a pleasure-seeking people. Amusements form a part of their religious exercises, especially dancing, which they say is taught in the Bible! Moving picture shows in every town take many dimes and quarters, and this is true not only of Mormon but of non-Mormon communities as well.

"The first town I visited last month was Arco, Idaho. There I found a Mormon temple and a Baptist church. The people were cordial. The Baptist pastor and his family bought a book and appreciated my call. A lady of the Christian Science faith bought one book, a Mormon lady another book, and I succeeded in placing a number of Scripture cards in the homes. Arco is only a small farming community, but it is growing.

"In the town of Roberts I had my best call upon a Swedish lady of the Mormon faith. She was very pleased with the books and cards that I carried, and bought quite a number of them. She is a pronounced Mormon. She has seventeen children, and I visited several of them who were married, in their own homes. The mother invited me to call when I came to town again.

"The next place I visited was Du Bois, Idaho. This is a small town with no church organization, though occasionally a minister comes there from another place. I disposed of several books and Scripture cards and had some good visits in the homes. This town is quite off from the main thoroughfare, and is seldom visited by Christian workers, so I was quite welcome.

"In the State of Utah I visited Midvale, a smelter town near Salt Lake, inhabited chiefly by Mormons, with a good many foreigners including Italians, Greeks, Austrians, and Scandinavians. In one of the Mormon homes I visited the father bought a Bible Story Book.

"In another town I met a Mr. Brown, who told me that he and his daughter were life members of the American Tract Society.

"In closing I thank you for your interest in your worker in this field. May the Lord bless and prosper the Tract Society's work everywhere."



MINERS' HOMES IN HELPER, UTAH

Reaching the Foreign-Born

Miss Sara E. Stambaugh, a missionary colporter who is working in the State of Pennsylvania, writes:

"The Lord has given me the privilege of talking with many foreign children concerning their salvation, and I have given them tracts.

"Lately I have become acquainted with a Jewish family who listen attentively to what I say and ask questions about our faith. I expect some day to see fruit from this effort.

"Five or six times I have addressed public meetings, and have made about twenty calls. All the books that I have sold have been attentively read, and I know that good is being accomplished. I thoroughly believe in good reading and hope to help many more people not only to believe in it but to get it and read it as I do.

"The Lord has graciously supplied all my need and marvelously kept me, and I am trusting Him to use me more and more."



In Pennsylvania

Mr. John Martinco is carrying the story of the Gospel in the printed page to the foreigners living in and near Pittsburgh, Pa. He writes:

"In some places I had the privilege of speaking about our blessed Redeemer where no one else would have the courage to visit the people except the liquor agents. Certainly the latter reap a rich harvest, especially at one particular locality where I expected to dispose of a good deal of Christian literature, but to my great surprise I found that there was no desire for literature but only for liquor. Indeed in several houses I was told to throw away my books and rather sell whisky, which the people said they would buy, but they would take no books. And they really meant what they said. I never saw so many empty beer bottles in all my life as

I saw there. Every yard was full of bottles and there were many even on the street. And yet the people all claimed to be Christian—either Greek or Roman Catholic!

"Who is responsible for all this? Not the poor, ignorant people, but their leaders. And American Christians, too, are to blame, for we have in our power to destroy the liquor business which is the greatest enemy of all human kind, if we only unite together under the banner of our Master Jesus Christ."



Appreciated Literature

An incident related by Mr. William F. Mellott, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the State of Ohio, shows how much the Christian literature issued by the Society is appreciated by the people who receive it. Mr. Mellott writes:

"My work seems to grow more interesting each year. I am now working in territory where I worked some years ago. There seems to be vital interest in good literature. For example, a few days ago I stepped upon the porch of a home I had previously visited. The lady of the house happened to be coming to the door as I came up.

"'Why, how do you do!' was her cordial greeting. 'Aren't you the young man who was circulating books in this neighborhood a couple of years ago?'

"'I came through here two years ago,' I replied.

"'Have you the temperance book, To the Third Generation?' she asked.

"'I have,' was my answer.

"'Well,' she replied, 'I have been wishing you would come back here. I have been trying to get that book for over a year.'

"This is simply one of the many signs of interest manifested by people who have learned of the excellent literature published by the American Tract Society."

Exchanged for a Day

By L. D. Stearns



MR. DRAYTON still kept her seat at the breakfast table, although several moments had passed since the slamming of the hall door announced the departure of the last of the Drayton brood. Usually, she was at her work long before that event.

The warm sun streamed royally through the shining glass of the three windows. The curtains, of daintiest net, were spick and span from yesterday's wash. The bit of yellow fluff in the gilded cage, by the South window, poured forth a perfect flood of melody. And below, a tangle of pinks nodded fragrantly in the morning breeze. But Mrs. Drayton, unseeing and unhearing, sat staring blankly at the dishes waiting to be gathered up and washed.

Her hair, plentifully strewn with gray, was pushed far back from a high forehead. Her face sagged tiredly. A frown gathered slowly between her eyes. "I declare," said she, "I thought, yesterday, I had my hands full. And now Emeline's got to have a new dress. Goodness knows how I'll manage! I don't."

The door clicked. Next minute, her sister, Bess Willett, came swinging gracefully in.

The newcomer was a couple of years older than Mrs. Drayton, but in the glossy mass above her unruffled brow not a grey thread was visible. Her skin was fresh and fair; her cheeks pink; her eyes bright.

She crossed to the window and snapped a white finger and thumb at the bit of gold. "That's glorious, Lady Bird," declared she. For a second, her quick glance appeared to take in every corner of the room. Then it rested on her sister. "Tired, Trix?" she inquired sympathetically.

Mrs. Drayton pushed back her chair. "I don't know," she declared slowly, "what it means *not* to be tired. I don't know what it means to *feel* as you *look*. I don't know what it means to be glad, as *you're* glad. But I do know what it means to wish it was—*over*."

Her gaze wandered outward to where, in the distance, marble slabs gleamed white in the morning sun. "It's a good place for resting," said she defiantly, "in the churchyard. I wish I were going there, this instant. You ought to thank God, Bess Willett, that you knew enough to stay free. Love's all right when you're twenty, and have sparkles in your eyes and roses in your cheeks. But it takes it a very short time to cool, when they're gone." Two tears dropped slowly to the faded wrapper.

The other woman appeared not to notice. She thrust a slender finger between the gilded bars of the cage. The sunshine rested on the dusky mass of her hair like a halo. "Then," protested she lightly, "why not keep the sparkles and the roses? We don't any of us get much, Trix, without paying for it, you know. And sometimes, when we're holding out what we think is full measure of payment—running over, even,—it isn't the kind that's required, after all. It's too much like a man going in to purchase diamonds, and instead of finding out the price he throws down a handful of coppers and expects the most exquisite stone of the lot." Then, with seeming irrelevance: "Why didn't you rest up yesterday, instead of washing those curtains? I was noticing only the other day how well they'd kept."

Rising, Mrs. Drayton began piling up the plates. "Bess Willett," she announced decisively, "I'm tired to death of all this talk about giving cheer, and smiles, and happiness, and such stuff. When a body's tired to death there isn't much heart back of their smiling. And when no one cares whether you smile, or not, there

isn't a great welling fountain of joy inside to make you feel like smiling. It's well enough for *you*, without a care on earth, to smile. Why, you look twenty years younger than I. There's nothing to keep you from smiling."

For a moment, the eyes of the woman opposite reached out—*out*, to the horizon's edge; something wavered and darkened in their depths and for a moment, the full lips tightened. Then, with a slow turning of her head, the smile returned to her eyes. Crossing to the table, she took a plate from her sister's hand. "Trix," said she eagerly, "let's exchange lives today. You take *my* place; I'll take yours."

Beatrice Drayton laughed mirthlessly. "I guess," retorted she, "you don't know what you're talking about."

"Indeed, *I do!*" Bess Willett sat down, and resting both hands on the snowy cloth she let her gaze wander slowly over the table. "Back on the farm," she said, "I used to do housework. Remember? I'll keep this house, and no one shall starve, or pine away for lack of sympathy or appreciation. But," she nodded emphatically, "John will find his own paper and Emmy will blacken her own boots, if they happen to need it, and Milly will hunt up her fresh handkerchief, or go without. And they'll love their Aunt Bess every whit as well as if she turned herself inside out for 'em."

"I've got to start a new dress for Emmy." The mother's tone was tense.

"Emmy's pink one," quoth Aunt Bess, "is plenty good enough for a fifteen-year-old girl to wear to a party."

Into Mrs. Drayton's cheeks swept a sudden flame. "My girl isn't going to be ashamed of her dress," said she hotly, "not while her mother's got eyes to see and fingers to hold a needle."

"Now! Now!" Reaching out, her sister pushed her into a chair. "There are two ways of looking at a thing," declared she earnestly. "I tell you, Trix, there's a world in the art of elimination. Now," with her eyes wandering critically about the room, "suppose we do away with those curtains; discard half the pictures and the vases, and the plants; take all that silver, that's not in use, off the sideboard, and—" her voice deepened, "in this way the mother of this home will gain an hour or two a week, right there, in which to tone up her soul!"

"But, Bess,—"

"Not a but! You go over to my apartment, Trix, and follow my schedule for today to a tee. At ten, I'm due at Winn's to be fitted for a new gown. You'll do, as well as I; we can wear each other's dresses to a dot—always could. I planned wearing that new undersuit of lawn you'll find on my bed; and when you take your bath, use plenty of those lavender salts in the water. They're delightfully refreshing. Then, put on that new challis and *you're me*. Get lunch on my ticket at Wolvene's; go home—*my* home—and rest for an hour then read up and make notes on the 'Late Trend of Literature.' You'll find any number of books of reference on the table."

"Me?"

"Why not? You used to love literature even better than I." Her sister's voice was cool, with a little thread of loving raillery. "Then, from four to five, take in the Woman's Meeting at City Hall. You'll be in your element, Trix. You've just forgotten—that's all. But it will come rushing back like a flood,—how to get into the swing of things,—if you give yourself a chance. Go along, and—" in a soft aside, "God be with you!"

Protesting, but submitting at length, Mrs. Drayton went forth into the morning sunshine.

In her sister's quiet apartment a sudden repose seemed slowly to wrap itself about her. An exquisite vase, in which a single rose drooped gracefully, was the only piece of bric-a-brac the room possessed. The couch, piled high with cushions, subtly suggested rest.

As she began the preparations for the bath, her face was curiously grim. "It's no wonder," said she aloud, "that Bess looks so young. She hasn't a care in the world. It's no wonder the children adore her."

Leaning forward, she gazed steadily into the glass. A dull pain darkened her eyes. The words that had floated up from the garden last night, when the children were talking, sounded freshly in her ears. "Dell Maynard's going to ask her mother to come into school tomorrow. Mercy! I hope Ma won't come!" Emmy's shrill treble announced; and Milly's clear voice had answered: "I suppose it's awful, but honest, Emmy, I *did* hate to go into church with mother last Sunday. Her clothes look *so* old-fashioned, don't you know?"

Turning, she remarked stoically, "I knew before they didn't care anything about me, so what's the use of moping? Even John never so much as gives me a smile. I wonder how it would seem to be *kissed!*" As though it were a shame to so much as think of such an occurrence the blood rushed hotly to her cheeks. In sudden confusion her hand shook, and the bottle of lavender salts she was tipping lurched jerkily. Three times the amount she had intended to use spilled into the bathtub. "I guess," she observed tersely, "Bess'd say that *was* a generous amount!"

The faint perfume rising from the water seemed intangibly to waft her into another world, and presently as she robed her body in Bess's dainty garments an almost forgotten thrill touched her. Then the telephone rang. "It's Miss Dane," came over the wire. "I wonder, would you like Miss Denton's hour for a shampoo? She's just given it up. It's from one to two o'clock."

A moment, Mrs. Drayton considered. That was the hour Bess had scheduled for rest. "Yes," she replied, at length, "I'll come."

"I haven't had a shampoo for years," she murmured, turning from the telephone. "*And how I love it!*" and as she took down and donned the new challis the merest hint of brightness touched her eyes.

An hour later, as before a long mirror she critically surveyed the soft-toned, exquisitely fitting new gown, a tinge of faintest pink softened the sallowness of her cheeks. "I've a good mind," said she wistfully, to Mrs. Winn, "to get me a new dress. I haven't had one for ages. I had really forgotten how good it made one feel!"

The dressmaker frowned,—she and Mrs. Drayton had been schoolmates, years back. "It's a shame, Trix Drayton," said she bluntly, taking out a mouthful of pins, "for a woman to drop her life as you have done."

Then standing erect, she gave her broad, capable shoulders a little shake. "I've been wanting this long time to *say* some things that I *thought*. Now, I'm going to say 'em! You've a man who's all around square. And you've as nice children as ever lived. And what are you giving 'em, Trix Drayton?" A challenging note sounded in her voice. "You're giving 'em a *slave*, instead of a wife and a mother. You're giving 'em a blasted, instead of a full-blossomed life; letting the one a good God gave you blast, like a blasted rose. No one admires a blasted bud, Trix Drayton. You don't! Haven't I seen you, times without number, bending over your flowers, plucking the blasted and imperfect

ones? You love the fully developed posies best. You can't help it."

Beatrice Drayton slipped out of the silken gown. Not a word was spoken as she dressed, put on her hat and picked up her gloves. Then she stepped swiftly across the room and held out both hands to her old time schoolmate. "I see," she said simply. "Heaven grant it isn't too late to start growing. Where'd you get your first real spiritual nourishment, Fan?"

Fanny Winn raised honest, grave eyes. "You'd best start on your knees," she suggested slowly. "I fussed around with other things, quite a bit, before I found out. You won't go wrong that way. And it's easier than you think, Trix, once you're on the right road. We're made to love sweetness, and beauty, and growth, you know; so it's sort of like—*getting on the road home!*"

With steady resolution in her eyes Mrs. Drayton went forth once more into the clear, sunshiny air. "By God's help, I'm going to start on the right road this very day," she said to herself, as the door closed behind her.

It was tea time when she entered her own home once more. The family were gathered about the tea table, and as she joined them, almost diffidently, yet with a certain dignity both new and compelling, a little stir went around the table. The girls exchanged glances of surprise.

About her face, her hair lay softly; her eyes, rested and really eager now, were filled with a quiet light. A new gown of soft, clinging material cut in the latest style, replaced the shabby one she had worn going away in the morning. "I guess, Emmy," she announced quietly, "you'll have to make your pink dress do for the party next week. I decided I was next in order for a new gown. Hereafter, we'll take turns and—"

Emmy's shrill treble broke into her words. Her face was aglow with eager pride. She clapped her hands. "I don't care," she cried. "But Mother—*Mother!* Friday's Exercise Day, and I've got a part. Won't you come in, and hear it?"

Just for a second, a quick hurt rankled in the mother's heart. Then an illuminating flood of understanding rushed across her. It *wasn't* clothes. It was the new spirit to which her little daughter was paying homage. "All right, dear," she answered quietly, "I'll come."

She turned to her sister Bess, "I enjoyed that Woman's Meeting so much," said she, "and so I joined. I'm going to take your advice and clear out some of these useless things tomorrow. It will give me a chance to study up a bit, and rest."

From the head of the table the eyes of John Drayton slowly looked his wife up and down. Then he spoke: "Why, Mother," said he, "you've lost ten years somewhere, today! And that dress's the exact stuff you had on the night I asked you to be my wife." Pushing back his chair he stepped to her side. "I'm mighty glad," he continued emphatically, "that you didn't turn me down. You'd better take another day off, soon, if it can make you look like that. It makes me feel like courting all over again!" and bending, he kissed her, a little awkwardly, but with a world of tenderness that made her feel as if she were a young maiden once more.

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Lost Ideals

BY A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

*Ever the luring lights of something unattained
Have shown for me across the pathless waste,
And when the glowing brilliancy at last has waned,
Behold with ideals greater am I faced!
But each, a dream, has passed like ships upon the sea
Which sent no welcome, flaming signal home to me.
And yet I know pursuit, though vain, for each ideal
Has helped me push my way through weary years
Into a fuller knowledge of all life, the real,
The true, which more than compensates for tears.
Thus do I climb the heights, whipped on by failure's rod,
Where one day I shall look into "face of God.*

God's Voice Calling Through the Shadows

By Edgar L. Vincent



IT MAY have been in the silent watches of the night that the Prodigal Son who had wandered from his father's house came to himself. It is often so. The calls of the world so distract us that we do not hear the voice calling to us as long as the sun is above the horizon and we can press forward the business which so absorbs us. And God is very patient. He waits until the night shadows have deepened and we have put aside the things of the day. It was after the boy Samuel had gone to his rest that God spoke to him. Even then for a time the boy did not recognize the voice which came. It needed to be repeated over and over again, and finally to be interpreted by Eli, before Samuel realized the source of the heavenly summons.

And so it may have been when the work of the day was over that God spoke to the Prodigal Son. Tired of the wretched life he had been leading, how heavy his footsteps must have been when at last he had cared for the swine for the night, taking his supper from the husks they had missed, the only source of supply that he had. With bowed head and weary soul he crept away to lie down for the night. Where was it he put off his sandals that night? Was it under the shelter of some friendly hedge? Surely, there could have been nothing better than a miserable hut somewhere out in the fields for this outcast herdsman of an alien swine-grower.

And when his feet had been freed from the dusty shoes, did he not sit there in the gloaming as the stars broke through the blue one by one, his face turned away toward the home of his boyhood? That was a good home—did ever a boy have one that was better? If he had only realized it, while he had a chance! What a terrible failure his life had been! Hopes turned to ashes! Dreams broken by the rudest awakening! Calls to pleasure which led away into sin in its most awful form! The hot tears must have coursed down his face as he thought of it now, sitting alone in the twilight.

For at last he knew just what he had done. He could not help seeing that he had turned his back on everything that was worth having. He had used up life's very best. He had gone the pace! He had seen the lights in the distance and had followed them until they went flickering out in the swamp, like the will o' the wisp they were. What was there left for him? What but sin and shame and sorrow! With the cold earth for his bed and his only pillow an arm bent upward under his head he lay down, thinking that to-morrow, when it came, would be only another round of servile watching the creatures that were little more miserable than was he himself!

And then God spoke to the man of the broken heart! Sometimes it seems as if we never are quite ready to listen until some terrible thing has come to us. When the soul is riven by suffering, like a tree split by the thunderbolt; when everything else is lost and the sky is turned to midnight blackness, then we have time to stand still and hear what God has to say.

How was it that God spoke to the man lying under the dew-moistened hedge that night? Who knows? He has so many ways of whispering to you and me! It may have been that the wanderer caught the words of an old psalm, sifting down through the mist of the years gone by. It was father's voice, sounding out with faith sublime the words of the Sweet Singer of Israel. And was not that the gentler, more subdued tone of his mother's voice, chiming in with that of the priest of the household? Yes, and he could not mistake the note which fell from the lips of his

brother, as together they chanted at bedtime the sweet hymn of the long ago.

Or was it that he dreamed of a day when his father sat by his side somewhere in the sweet-smelling fields and they talked together of the things of the coming kingdom? God has many ways of calling the heart back to Himself. Who ever forgets the little prayer learned from mother at her knee? When we least think of it, through the rift of the day's work come the words of counsel as they fell from the lips of father or mother when life was at its spring.

And so, whether it were the trill of an angel's harp or the chirping of a cricket, singing its harvest song, or the barking of a dog away beyond the hedges and the jagged mountain paths, be it what it may, something stirred the man's soul to its depths and "he came to himself!"

He came to himself! All the hot, restless fever gone! the allurements of the past broken in force! The fires of passion all burned out! The wild, half insane fancies swept away forever! He was himself once more—his own calm, steady self, not the rudderless hulk of a man, he might have been, for God had put back into his heart a new hope, a faith in himself he had never thought he would know again, a deep longing to get back home and be what God wanted him to be!

How good it is that when God tears up the soil of the soul to wrench from it the foul weeds set there by sin, He does not leave an empty place in the life; He plants once more the roses; He drops again the seed which will spring up and bear wheat, a hundredfold more than we ever dreamed; He gives back beauty for ashes: He wipes away the tears and brings the oil of gladness!

God's voice calling through the shadows! Have you heard it? Oh, the substance we have wasted in riotous living! Oh, the gems of beauty we have let slip through our fingers over the vessel's side into the fathomless deep! Oh, the treasures of riches in Christ Jesus we have flung to the winds of heaven! And now is it not full time that we should lean out and listen to God's voice calling to us? He is pleading with us with every passing moment, and shall we not hear and heed and go back to the Father's house?

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Love's Touch

BY ANNE PORTER JOHNSON.

*Love softly touches dull, sad eyes,
Downcast, and blind with tears,
And makes them glow with glad surprise
That long-lost joy appears!*

*Love clasps the idle, nerveless hands,
And charges them with power
To dare, to strike, to break the bands
Within which victims cover.*

*Love bathes the weary, limping feet,
And starts them on with grace,
Away! Away—with running fleet,
To win life's greatest race!*

*Love soothes the wounded, broken soul—
With cooling, fragrant balm
It heals, and from the life made whole,
Rings out a joyful psalm!*

*O Love, I wish my touch, like thine,
Might beautify and heal:
Thy secret rare I crave for mine,
To me thy power reveal.*

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Editorial Notes

The Sacredness of Toil

With the opening of the month of September we are reminded in a twofold way of the dignity and the sacredness of human toil. The first Sunday in the month has been designated as Labor Sunday, and pastors of Christian Churches everywhere are urged to give appropriate attention to this occasion, while the first Monday of the month, known as Labor Day, calls for a national recognition of the subject of labor in its varied aspects on the part of the general public.

Some thoughts that are exceedingly pertinent to this topic are finely expressed by Dr. Charles Carroll Albertson, in his article, "Blessed Be Work," which constitutes the leading feature in this issue of our paper.

The emphasis upon the subject of labor which comes from the observance of Labor Sunday and the celebration of the Labor Day holiday is timely and appropriate, and it should bear fruit in many ways that are distinctly helpful.

While Labor Sunday is concerning primarily with the subject of our daily toil, it is not inappropriate that some attention should also be paid to the matter of our spiritual activity. Indeed there is unquestionably more need for emphasizing the obligation of Christian service than the duty of secular toil, since in most cases we are constrained to labor by our physical necessities, while the impulse to Christian toil comes from purely spiritual motives.

In many churches the month of September marks the resumption of various lines of Christian activity that have been more or less interrupted by the summer vacation season. This is the reason for the Rally Day exercises that are held in many places.

Rally Day calls all Christians to more faithful service and to a larger spirit of consecration. It should not mark a merely passing enthusiasm, but it should serve as a starting point for a more efficient Christian service which will be productive of larger results for the Kingdom of God.

Desperate Need in Syria

To the already long list of small nationalities that are great sufferers through the European War must be added the Holy Land, which recent advices tell us is in the throes of awful destitution and of deplorable need.

The land in which Jesus lived when He was here upon the earth is suffering because all draft animals were commandeered and all crops were requisitioned by the military authorities as soon as Turkey entered upon the war. To add to the distress of the people a plague of locusts devoured nearly all the existing vegetation, and now the Syrians are literally starving.

Efforts to relieve the physical necessities of these ancient people are being made through the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, which is working in close conjunction with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and other relief agencies. It is hoped that by the aid thus extended the threatened extermination of this historic race may be averted, and by the help thus given the Christians of America will be more closely linked than ever before with the people of the land where Jesus once walked.

Temperance Facts

Facts are the strongest arguments that can be brought to bear on any subject, and the facts that are constantly coming to light in regard to temperance show that the argument for total abstinence and prohibition is overwhelming.

Recently some statistics were furnished by a representative of one of the leading life insurance companies which constitute an unanswerable argument for temperance. These statistics, based upon the experience of seven American life insurance companies and one Canadian company, show that mortality is from ten to thirty per cent. lower among abstainers than among non-abstainers. It is shown further that mortality among total abstainers is markedly

lower than among "temperate" drinkers, and very much lower than among "moderate" drinkers. The mortality among those who at the date of application for insurance took two glasses of whisky a day, but did not drink to excess, is eighty per cent. in excess of the normal. There is an extra mortality of forty per cent. among the policyholders who drank to excess at least five years prior to date of application for insurance, but had been temperate for five years before acceptance.

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The Mission of Christian Literature Abroad

What Christian literature means to the missionaries on the foreign field is indicated in the letters of acknowledgment which are received in response to the cash appropriations that are annually sent by the American Tract Society to the mission stations abroad. We have already shared some of these letters with our readers, but there are some others lately received which we feel are worthy of reproduction, as they disclose conditions on the foreign field which are of interest to all.

Mr. A. W. Greenman, Treasurer of the Italy Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, Italy, thus acknowledges the receipt of an appropriation of \$100.00 sent in aid of the publication of the weekly periodical called *L'Evangelista*.

"We are very thankful for your timely aid, and it will be particularly useful just now, when we are giving special attention to the sending of the paper to the Italian soldiers who ask for it."

Rev. D. G. Collins, Manager of the American Presbyterian Mission Press at Chiengmai, Siam, which furnishes a supply of Christian literature for the Laos people writes:

"Many thanks indeed for the draft of \$100 sent by the American Tract Society. It certainly means much to us at this time when there is such a call for our tracts and other Christian literature. Owing to the great European war the prices of paper and other press supplies have almost doubled in the past few months.

"During the past fourteen months thousands of tracts have gone into Chienug Hung State, a part of which is in Unan Province, China. We are planning to make such changes in our type that we may be able to supply the millions of Tai-speaking people who reside within the bounds of China."

Rev. Frank P. Gilman, of the American Presbyterian Mission in the Island of Hainan, China, writes:

"Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your draft for the use of the Mission to be expended in behalf of Christian literature.

"Permit me also, on behalf of this Mission, to thank you for entrusting to it this sum toward carrying on the work we are endeavoring to do."

Rev. W. L. Ferguson, Treasurer of the American Baptist Telugu Mission writes:

"Kindly accept warm thanks for your contribution to the general work for Christ in this great land of India. I wish that you might have been with us in our recent special outdoor meetings for Hindus. We have been having great crowds and fine attention. Tracts are received with eagerness, and not only are they read by the receiver, but often one man will read aloud to those who are unable to read, and so one tract will be shared by half a dozen persons. Few tracts are destroyed by opposers of the gospel; most of them are carried home and are made to do service there."

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

SEPTEMBER 3.

The Consecration of Home Life.
Acts 10:1-8, 17-24, 44-48.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Aug. 28. A converted house. Acts 16:
22-34.
T. Aug. 29. Christ in the home. Luke 19:
1-10.
W. Aug. 30. Hospitable homes. Matt. 10:12;
3 John 1-8.
T. Aug. 31. Friendly homes. Luke 15:1-10.
F. Sept. 1. Pious homes. 1 Tim. 5:1-8.
S. Sept. 2. Homes of the good. Tit. 3:1-8.

The story of Cornelius the centurion furnishes us with a splendid example of piety in the home. Though probably not what the Jews called a "proselyte of the gate," Cornelius seems to have belonged among that class of Gentiles who had so far benefited by their contact with the Jewish people as to have become convinced that the Hebrew faith was the true religion, and who, therefore, worshipped the true God, studied the Scriptures of the Old Testament and observed various Jewish customs, such, for example, as their regular hours of prayer.

The Family Altar

It is plain from the Scripture narrative that Cornelius maintained the family altar in his home. One of the best ways in which to bring about a consecration of the home life is by the maintenance of the family altar.

In these busy, rushing days, especially in the great cities of our land, it is often difficult to assemble all the members of the family at the same time for family worship. But if it is not practicable to have all the family together at the morning hour, the evening hour will serve just as well, and where there are young children, the evening meal can be made to serve very appropriately as the time for a brief season of family devotion.

Each family must study its own conditions, but it is certainly worth any effort that can be made to keep the family altar as one of the features of the home life.

The Family Library

Some one has said, "The brain of a home is its library." Christianity calls for a consecrated brain, and this means that the home library should be consecrated to the honor and the service of the Master. In other words, all the reading in the home should be in harmony with a life consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ. Every book and every periodical that enters a Christian home should be submitted to this test: "Will it aid the consecration of the home life?"

If a book or a magazine is impure or irreligious, if it does not conform to a high moral standard, or if it is vulgar or trashy, then such a publication is not deserving of a place in any Christian home.

Religion in the Home

The home life is truly consecrated when religion in all its purity and simplicity dominates the home. The spirit of consecration should find expression in many ways.

A consecrated home will be a helpful home. Cornelius and his family showed their piety not only by their prayers but by their alms. So true Christianity will make itself known in deeds of helpfulness.

A consecrated home will diffuse its influence beyond the immediate members of the family circle. The Scripture text shows that through the influence of Cornelius there were devout soldiers about him (Acts 10:7). So a truly devout family will diffuse the spirit of Christianity among all those who come within range of influence, and even those who are beyond the immediate circle of the household will nevertheless catch something of the contagion of holiness.

A consecrated home will be a source of brightness and joy. Just as a light in a house will send its rays through the open windows, so Christianity in the home will be a beacon light of salvation for souls who are tossing on the dark seas of doubt and sin.

SEPTEMBER 10.

The Greatness of God.
Psalm 145:1-21.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 4. Great power. Isa. 44:1-8.
T. Sept. 5. Great love. John 3:16.
W. Sept. 6. Great mercy. Ps. 103:1-18.
T. Sept. 7. Great salvation. 1 Pet. 1:1-5.
F. Sept. 8. Great presence. Ps. 139:1-12.
S. Sept. 9. Great leader. Deut. 32:1-12.

Psalms 145 to 150 inclusive form a distinct portion of the Book of Psalms, and constitute a festal anthem, which has been of large service in the worship both of the Hebrews and of the Christian Church.

Psalm 145 is a worthy introduction to this festal anthem, to which it serves as a kind of prefatory mediation. It is a noble doxology, addressed to Israel's God as the supreme King, whose kingdom is universal and eternal. It celebrates His majesty, greatness and goodness; His providential care for all His creation; and His constant love toward those who love and fear Him.

The one who utters this splendid hymn of praise is really the nation of Israel, speaking through the Psalmist, who so completely identifies himself with the whole nation as to lose sight of the limitations of his own individual personality.

The unceasing praise which this Psalm contemplates is to be rendered by the nation, in which as one generation passes away, another takes up the strain to hand it on in turn to its successor.

Wherein God Is Great

A close study of this Psalm will reveal to us many of the manifestations of the greatness of God.

God is great in His work of creation. The world and all that is therein pay unceasing tribute to the greatness of His majesty.

God is great in the acts of His providence. Human history reveals His mighty deeds, and at the present moment we are witnessing some of His terrible acts.

God is great in His goodness. The Psalmist sings of the righteousness of God, which is like the great mountains. God is infinitely good, and his goodness is shown in His loving kindness and tender mercy. God is good to all, says the Psalmist, and His tender mercies are over all His works.

God is great in His grace. Human comprehension can hardly measure the extent of His graciousness. But God is infinite in all His attributes, and His grace is all-sufficient for every human need.

God is great in His power, His majesty, His compassion, His love, and in every quality of His being. And since He is so great, He should receive from us our adoration, our praise and our service.

A Great Religion

Since God is so great, it follows that our religion is a great religion. Indeed it is the greatest of all faiths, and according to the teaching of the Psalmist and of all the writers of Holy Scripture, it is destined to be a universal religion, claiming the allegiance of all mankind.

Often we fail to realize the fact that Christianity is destined to conquer all other systems of religion and to become the ruling faith of the whole human race. If we would dwell more on the greatness of God, we would have a larger faith and a wider vision. We would see the ultimate triumph of the Kingdom which Christ came to establish, and we would share in the glory of the consummation of His divine plan for the redemption of humanity.

Sharing in God's Greatness

It is an inspiring thought that, as children of God, we may share in His greatness. While the thought of God's greatness should keep us humble in spirit, the knowledge that we are His children should make us eager to share in the goodness, power, love and other graces of which He is alone the true source.

SEPTEMBER 17.

Little Chances to Help.
Exodus 17:8-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 11. A child's help. 2 Kings 5:1-14.
T. Sept. 12. A boy's contribution. John 6:
1-13.
W. Sept. 13. Unconscious help. Matt. 25:
31-40.
T. Sept. 14. Helping by prayer. 2 Cor. 1:
1-11.
F. Sept. 15. Helping the weak. Gal. 6:1-5.
S. Sept. 16. Helping the helpless. Matt. 9:
1-8.

The incident upon which our topic is based is one of the most vivid word-pictures of the Old Testament. Israel is in deadly conflict with the Amalekites, one of the most warlike nations which they encountered on their way to the Promised Land. Joshua leads the fighting hosts of Israelites in the valley of Rephidim, while Moses ascends the hill overlooking the scene of the conflict, and lifts up his hands in the attitude and spirit of prayer, holding aloft the rod of God as a symbol of victory for the chosen people of God.

The battle wages long, however, and Moses grows weary, so that his hands fall to his side. At this juncture Aaron and Hur perceive their opportunity, and seizing "a little chance to help," they hold up the hands of Moses so that they are stayed until the going down of the sun, with the result that a mighty victory is achieved over the Amalekites by the forces of Israel.

Little Deeds of Helpfulness

The practical application of our topic is plain, and we may consider briefly some of the little ways to help that are presented to us in the course of our daily lives.

Let us remember, at the outset, that none are too young to render little deeds of helpfulness. Among the Daily Bible Readings for this week are some familiar Scriptural illustrations of this fact. Children may be valuable helpers in all kinds of work, and the part which they may take in promoting the progress of the Kingdom is not to be despised.

Little deeds of helpfulness may be done by both young and old in the home. Here there is perhaps the largest sphere of usefulness that can be found anywhere in the world, for the family is the fundamental unit of our civilization, and upon the home life depends the life of the whole nation.

Helpfulness, like charity, should begin at home, but it should not end there. In the Church, the Young People's Society, the Sunday School and other Christian organizations there are endless opportunities for little deeds of helpfulness—deeds which may be very inconspicuous but which may have a very large influence in making the Church successful in its efforts to win the world for Christ.

But the obligation to improve the little chances to help is not limited to the sphere of our religious duties. We should be on the alert for opportunities of helpfulness whether great or small wherever we go. On the street, in the store, at school, in the office, in short, everywhere we go or stay, we should be ready to do the little acts of service which will help those around us on their journey through life.

Little Causes and Great Results

It is a truism that little causes often lead to great results. The planting of the tiny acorn results in the growth of the mighty oak. By means of the mechanism of the hydraulic press the touch of a human hand is made to exert the pressure of thousands and thousands of pounds.

"Sow a thought, and you reap an act; sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a destiny." These words emphasize for us the mighty power of a single thought, and they also suggest how important a thing it is to influence the minds of those about us, so that they may think the right thoughts.

SEPTEMBER 24.

Christianity Compared with Other
Religions.

I Corinthians 10:1-21.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 18. Christ and idols. Isa. 44:8-20.
T. Sept. 19. Christ and cruelty. Ps. 74:20;
Luke 7:36-50.
W. Sept. 20. Christ's test. John 8:28-32, 47.
T. Sept. 21. Christ and ceremonies. Col. 2:
16-23.
F. Sept. 22. Christ and Judaism. Gal. 6:
12-18; 5:1, 2.
S. Sept. 23. Christ and moral systems. Rom.
3:10; 10:3-11.

The Scriptures give us a comparative view of the religion of Israel and the religions of the heathen nations by which they were surrounded. The comparison shows us that the heathen faiths of olden times were cruel, licentious and degrading.

The religions with which Christianity comes into contact on the foreign mission fields are not those which Israel faced, for those false faiths have long since perished. But the heathen faiths of to-day have much in common with those ancient systems of unbelief.

We may dismiss with a very brief look the various heathen cults of savage and barbarous peoples. Such cults are intermingled with superstitious rites and customs which are not worthy of the name of religion. Among the vile features of these forms of superstition are cannibalism, torture, and other practices too horrible to mention.

Whatever of truth may be hidden away in the great non-Christian faiths, yet as a whole they are systems of error. They lack the essential verities of the Christian faith and they teach many, many things which are absolutely wrong.

Buddhism teaches that the highest state to be attained by the soul is that of Nirvana. But Nirvana implies the extinction of personality, and its real significance is practically nothingness.

Hinduism is a conglomerate of many superstitions, and it presents for worship an array of gods, many of which are simply the deification of lust and cruelty. India is the exponent of Hinduism, and under that false faith there have flourished the abominations of child marriage, the burning of widows, the practice of infanticide, and orgies of lust, which have made the temple worship of India a synonym for the grossest immorality.

Mohammedanism is a monotheistic faith, but it encourages polygamy and its exponent to-day is the land of Turkey—the land of unspeakable cruelty and fanaticism.

Zoroastrianism is perhaps nearer to the true faith than any of the other non-Christian religions, but its light is as darkness, when we compare the writings of Zoroaster and the teachings of Christ. Zoroaster taught that the world was under the control of two conflicting sets of forces—the powers of good and the powers of evil. But he gave no clear teaching of the sovereignty of God, the immortality of the soul or the redemption of humanity.

Confucianism is more a system of ethics than a form of religion. It teaches filial piety, which is in itself a most excellent virtue. But under Confucianism has been developed the worship of ancestors, and this has proved a serious hindrance to the progress of the Chinese race.

Christianity is not only superior to all other faiths, but it is really the only true religion. No other so-called sacred books can compare with the Bible, and no founder of any of the non-Christian faiths can compare with the noble founder of Christianity—the Lord Jesus Christ.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 25. Consecrated study. 2 Tim. 2:
19-26.
T. Sept. 26. Power of influence. Rom. 14:
13-22.
W. Sept. 27. Worthy behaviour. Eph. 4:1-6.
T. Sept. 28. Witnessing for Christ. Luke
12:1-8.
F. Sept. 29. Truth-speaking. Mal. 2:1-9.
S. Sept. 30. Honesty. 1 Sam. 12:1-5.

Our Little Folks



The Blue Box in the Attic.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

MOTHER RAND looked at the four downcast faces and then at the window, against which the rain was beating. She knew her young folks had planned to spend the whole of this day picking blueberries to sell so that they could have a little money to give to the Donation Party for the Children's Home just founded in the village.

"Well," began mother, "seeing that you can't go hunting outdoors for anything to help those poor babies, why not try what you can find nearer home—up in the attic, for instance?"

Chester jammed his hands into his pockets and looked gloomily at the drenched window. "There's nothing in the attic that's any good," he declared.

"Only old odds and ends," agreed Amy, and Pauline added: "We've pulled them all over a dozen times to see if there was anything fit to give away."

"All the same"—mother put her finger up to her lips mysteriously—"I know of a box of treasure up there which you must have missed. It is a square wooden box painted blue, and you'll find it pushed well back under the eaves."

"Is it gold, mother?" demanded six-year-old John, with his eyes wide open. "Hold on, I'll find it!" and he dashed up the attic stairs, with the four older ones racing after him.

They found the blue box and pulled it out to the light. Chester's eyes snapped with excitement as he unfastened the cover and threw it up. Then he sat back on his heels and stared.

"Say," he muttered, "somebody run downstairs and tell mother 'tisn't the first of April. There's nothing in this box but Grandma Thurlow's old seed catalogs."

Grandma Thurlow had been famous for her flower garden and she had saved every one of her seed catalogs for years. The box was packed full of them.

"Mother must have meant something," insisted Pauline. "She never makes silly jokes. Look, there are lots of colored pictures in these. Do you suppose—"

"That we could cut out and paste them and tie the leaves together to make gay-colored picture books for little folks that don't have much to play with?" finished Amy. "Of course we could!"

In fifteen minutes the big attic was turned into a workshop, and they soon forgot the rain which was pattering on the roof. The colored pictures of the different flowers were really beautiful and gay enough to please any child. They cut them out carefully and gummed them upon the sheets of strong white paper mother gave them from her stationery boxes, of which she happened to have an unusually large supply on hand. Opposite each picture they left a blank page, and Pauline, who was clever at making rhymes, wrote a bit of verse for each flower. Chester, who could write a beautiful hand, almost as plain as print, copied the verses in the blank spaces. Then mother stitched all the leaves together at the back to make a neat book.

There were only twelve children at the Home so far, and by laboring like bees all day the workers in the attic made twelve books, one for each child. "They're prettier than 'boughten' ones," cried Pauline, as she looked at them. "And I believe I've found an idea in the bottom of the blue box! Do you see that roll of colored tissue paper in the barrel over there, Amy? Let's make twelve flower-baskets and fill them with buttercups and daisies—children always love them

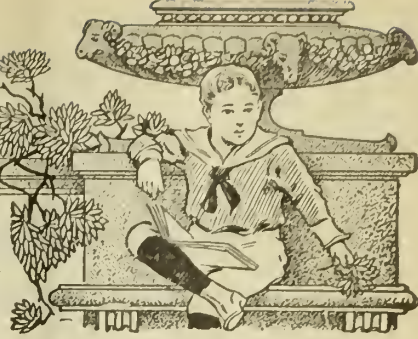
"That idea is bright enough to have come out of a treasure box," affirmed Amy. "Look now, here's another to go with it. In the middle of every basket of flowers we'll stick a horn of plenty made of stiff paper and filled with fat, ripe blueberries. There'll be time enough to get those in the morning."

"John and I will be on their trail as soon as the dew dries off," promised Chester. "And I don't think three or four early apples tucked in would do any harm."

They worked all the evening and got up early to finish and fill those baskets. They were just ready to start for the Children's Home with their load of gifts when John came trudging in at the back

Overcome Evil with Good

One day when the horse of a good man in Massachusetts happened to stray into the road, a churlish neighbor put the animal into the public pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added: "If I catch him in the road after this, I'll do just so again." "Neighbor," replied the other, "a night or two ago I looked out of my window and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard; and if I ever catch them there at any time, I'll do it again." The man was so impressed with the reply that he took the horse out of the pound and paid the charges himself.



crept in a few moments later and found her darlings sound asleep.

The next day Aunt Bessie asked them if they would like to make a garden. "Yes, yes, Aunt Bessie," they both cried. "Let's begin at once."

They went busily to work in their own garden spots, planted their seeds and watched and cared for them daily.

Soon little shoots of green peeped out, then tiny buds; and then some strange straggly-looking leaves appeared; these were weeds, they discovered.

Winifred diligently uprooted them, but Dorothy thought it too much bother, and said anyway when the flowers bloomed, the weeds would not show.

Aunt Bessie, though interested in their gardens, offered no suggestions, preferring to let them work in their own way.

Despite Winifred's care, one weed kept on reappearing, but she did not lose courage, and conquered it at last. Her garden now bloomed luxuriously, and it was with great joy and pride that she picked the pretty flowers and decorated Aunt Bessie's table.

Little Dorothy, on the contrary, having neglected her garden, found it choked up with weeds which crushed and smothered the lovely blossoms. It was almost too late to repair the damage, and she didn't know what to do.

Aunt Bessie, stopping to look at both gardens, said: "Your two very different gardens make me think of something that I would like to tell you."

They were eager to hear, knowing that whatever Aunt Bessie had to say would prove interesting. Seating herself on the ground beside her youthful charges, she began:

"Our characters are just like garden spots filled with fertile soil; we have an abundance of good qualities; these are the seeds which we plant, and with them we can make all the world happier, just as our flowers gladden and brighten the landscape. So you see, we must guard and tend them most carefully. Little weeds, which are naughty things, must not be allowed to creep in. The big weeds, such as anger, greed, hatred and many others, will be easily found out, and no doubt quickly uprooted; little weeds, like impatience, unkind words and quick temper appear so slyly that they must be uprooted at once, and very thoroughly, for they have many tiny shoots and tendrils. If we are conscientious and alert there will be plenty of room and clear space for love, gentleness, patience and all good things to shine forth. Now, my darlings, I want you to remember all this and watch your gardens daily."

This they promised to do; and Aunt Bessie had illustrated the lesson so clearly that they never forgot it.

Upon the return of their parents they went home, and after a few weeks, Mother, noticing a great improvement in her dear little daughters, complimented them and said how happy they had made her. They then told her about their gardens and Aunt Bessie's lesson.

Mother drew them closely to her, and kissing them said: "Hereafter, I shall always call you 'My Sweet Flower Girls.'"

The Cure of Care

"Hast thou within a care so deep
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care
And change anxiety to prayer.

"Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down."



HER FAVORITE DOLL

door with his contribution. It was twelve great ripe purple plums, each one daintily wrapped in white tissue paper, and the whole packed in a pretty box.

"I asked Mr. Mace to lend 'em to me," explained the little fellow. "I'm going to pay him back when mine are ripe."

John was the proud owner of a plum tree at the foot of the garden, but the fruit was not an early kind like that on Mr. Mace's trees.

The Donation Party at the Home was a great success, and the matron privately told Mrs. Rand that she thought no other gifts had given more pleasure than those picture books and flower-baskets.

"You see," whispered Mother Rand to her children as they watched the happy groups of little ones, "the best things aren't always those that cost a lot of money. But there, it isn't every family that has a Grandma Thurlow to leave blue boxes of treasure in the attic for those who come after her."

Mother's Flower Girls

BY MARGERY CURLETTE FIGEE.



R. and Mrs. Charles Bell were away for a few months, and had gladly accepted Aunt Bessie's offer to care for little Dorothy and Winifred at her home in the country. The children were overjoyed too; for they always had such delightful times at Aunt Bessie's.

They arrived there one bright sunny day, and after many kisses and hugs, they put on their romping clothes, and started out to the barn to see the small downy chickens, the baby calf and the new pony; they climbed up into the hay-mow, played a game of hide-and-seek, and just had a wonderful afternoon.

Tired and hungry, they returned to the house, and shortly after supper Aunt Bessie tucked them in their beds. She

The Family Circle

Mona's Daily Round

By Arthur Chamberlain

MONA ROSSITTER trudged along behind Brindle, the cow, feeling hot, tired, and rather out of tune with the warm September weather. "Seems to me you needn't stop every two steps, Brindle," she remarked severely, addressing the cow, who had halted to graze by the roadside. "I know it's a left-over dog-day, but I've got to get you across Crescent Chasm bridge and then get back to the house *some time* before dinner."

Mona found it a little cooler when they came to the bridge, from which one might look down nearly a sheer hundred feet. Some earthquake, ages ago, must have split apart the great walls of Crescent Chasm; but nowadays the bridge made a thoroughfare across the Chasm for the entire countryside, shortening transportation and doing away with a circuit of many miles.

Brindle quickened her pace across the bridge's wooden flooring, and Mona soon found herself on the other side. Just around a sharp curve was Brindle's pasture.

"I'll rest here a few minutes," decided Mona, "and then—well, I s'pose I must go back to the house and sweep up, and then I'll have to take hold with ma, getting the dinner—Oh!"

Disregarding Brindle, Mona hurried to meet a lady who was walking towards the bridge. "I'm so glad to see you, Miss

Wolderham!" she cried. "You know it's generally afternoons when you're here."

"I—" Miss Wolderham checked herself. "This is a charming view, isn't it, Mona? It has a new beauty in these hazy, autumn days."

Mona nodded. "Yes, it's lovely. Some afternoons when I come up here after Brindle, when I've been working around in the house all day, I sit over on that rock, where I can look clear up Crescent Chasm. It makes me think of the verse in the Bible, 'a land that is very far off.'"

"Not so very far off, perhaps," replied Miss Wolderham, with a gentle smile. "The Hebrew gives it as 'a land of far distances.'"

"Oh!" breathed Mona. "That does make it seem nearer, as if it began right here, but kept getting bigger and more wonderful! I wish I could stay here, instead of having to go home and wash dishes."

"Washing dishes is not such very hard work, Mona," replied Miss Wolderham, with a smile.

"But it seems so dull, after this!" murmured Mona, looking down. "And so does sweeping, and making beds, and driving Brindle up here to pasture every morning and back again every afternoon."

"No one can afford to neglect the daily round, Mona," replied Miss Wolderham, seriously, "and to be faithful to everyday duties is the best preparation for a great emergency."

"Then I guess I'd better hurry home now," observed Mona. "Sweeping comes next in my daily round, and then I must take hold with ma on the dinner. I hope you'll be here to-morrow morning when I drive Brindle over, Miss Wolderham."

Miss Wolderham shook her head. "I didn't mean to tell you till this afternoon, Mona, when I'm coming to say good-by to your mother; I'm leaving to-morrow for the season."

"Oh!" cried Mona. "Well, of course you'd go pretty soon, anyway. It's later than you stayed last year. School begins next week, too."

"I start on a little trip in my touring car this afternoon," observed Miss Wolderham, "and I shall call on your mother on my way."

Mona walked slowly homeward; the sultry morning had grown into an oppressively hot day. "I—I wish I could go with Miss Wolderham in her touring car," she whispered to herself, "and see more of—the 'land of far distances!'"

"So Miss Wolderham's going back to the city," commented Mrs. Rossitter. "Coming to call on me before she goes; that shows what a lady she is! Now, Mona, you kind o' fly round and we'll have everything good and cleared up when she comes."

There was extra work in this, but Mona went about it cheerfully. "Miss Wolderham said that nobody can afford to neglect the daily round," she murmured to herself; "but it's nice to do this, though it's extra, because I love Miss Wolderham."

Dinner eaten and the dishes washed and put away, Mrs. Rossitter went into the little parlor.

"I declare it does seem kind of dark in here," she remarked, raising a shade. "This window gets the afternoon light, too. Patience, if there isn't a big black cloud in the west! We're going to get a thunder-shower, sure, Mona! I don't believe Miss Wolderham'll be here, after all; I don't believe she'll start."

"She said she would," replied Mona, sturdily, "and maybe the shower will be all over before she's ready, anyway."

"Well, maybe," assented her mother. "But if she isn't here pretty early, Mona, I'm afraid you'll have to miss her, for you'll have to go after Brindle when the shower's over. It's too early to go yet, let alone the shower."

Mona drew a rather long breath at this, but a sharp flash and a quick peal of thunder sent her scurrying off to shut windows and take in a few dish-towels that fluttered on the clothesline by the back door, and then another sudden glare lit up the room and a crackling, crashing thunder-peal sent her flying indoors.

"No call to be scared," observed Mrs. Rossitter, quickly. "Guess that struck somewhere pretty near; but we've had the worst of it; there'll be blue sky in the west inside half an hour."

Indeed, the great discharge of electricity seemed to end the force of the storm and ragged clouds were soon flying eastward across the blue sky.

"You'd better start after Brindle, Mona," observed Mrs. Rossitter. "It may be a bit early, but it's better to get her home after a shower like this."

Mona paused, reluctant. "I wanted to see Miss Wolderham, ma; she's going to call, you know."

"She may not start now till to-morrow, and you're bound to see her on the road, anyway; run along now!" was her mother's reply.

Mona went down the road, wearing a somewhat injured air. "It's *hours* too soon to go after Brindle!" she assured herself, "and there'll only be time just to say 'good-by' to Miss Wolderham even if I don't miss her, hunting up Brindle. Oh, dear! I would like to have my own way—"

She stopped, recalling again Miss Wolderham's words.

"I s'pose this is part of the daily round that I can't afford to neglect," she murmured. "Well, there's Crescent Chasm bridge, anyway; but, somehow, it looks—queer."

Hurrying along, Mona came to the bridge; there was a great hole in its wooden flooring, with splintered edges showing the blackened metal work beneath.

"The lightning struck the bridge!" Mona murmured, going cautiously forward.

"I guess the bridge is all right except the floor of it," she finally decided, "and there's enough of that left for me to cross on, but I don't know how it'll be about coming back with Brindle. Maybe I'd better go home. Wish I could see around the curve at the other end of the bridge."

She turned, walking slowly away; but stopped, almost with a jerk. "If Brindle can't get over that bridge, how can Miss Wolderham in her touring car? That curve will keep her from seeing it till she's almost on to the bridge!" By this time Mona had turned again, running towards Crescent Chasm. "If that touring car runs on to the bridge there'll be an upset, maybe a smash." Mona gave a little gasp. "She'll go through, and down—"

Clinging to the railing of the bridge, Mona made her way across; and racing around the curve at the farther end of the bridge, she came out on a wide, straight road, down which she peered eagerly. Far away, she made out a touring car sweeping towards her. Mona sprang into the middle of the road, holding both hands high above her head.

The touring car drew up and stopped. "Oh, Miss Wolderham!" cried Mona, hurrying to the side of the car.

"Why, Mona!" Miss Wolderham sprang down. "What is it, child?"

"The lightning struck the bridge—I was afraid you'd go through!" explained Mona, gulping a little.

Miss Wolderham drew a quick breath. "If I hadn't come after Brindle, maybe—and I didn't want to come, but I remembered what you said—about the daily round," went on Mona, shakily.

"Then I have reason to be thankful that one little girl did her duty," replied Miss Wolderham with a smile.

"And—and I don't see how I'm to get

Brindle across," observed Mona, ruefully.

Miss Wolderham's laugh was welcome. "I think, Mona," she remarked, with twinkling eyes, "that we'll send Brindle to the hotel—at least, to the hotel stables—for the night. Hunt her up, my dear, and my chauffeur will see that she gets there. I'm going home with you afoot—yes, I am, my dear—across the bridge. My little touring-trip can wait until to-morrow; by that time I trust the bridge will be repaired."

Mona nodded contentedly, coming close to Miss Wolderham. "Then you will make that call, and I'll be at home to see you; I thought maybe I'd miss you if I came here this afternoon. Isn't it beautiful after the shower; the 'land of far distances?'"

"Yes, dear," replied Miss Wolderham softly; she was thinking of the promise of the vision of "the king in his beauty."

"Mona," she asked suddenly, "how would you like to take that little touring-trip with me tomorrow? It will be only for the day, you know."

"Oh, Miss Wolderham!" breathed Mona, rapturously. "And I as good as know Ma will let me!"

"I think we may take that for granted, Mona," replied Miss Wolderham, "and even though we leave after breakfast and are back to supper, we can go quite a way into the 'land of far distances.'"

✻ ✻

One Match to a Fire

"He was the sort of a man," says a noted author, describing his hero, "who would use only one match in lighting a fire." In that terse sentence there is food for reflection. Matches do not count much with most young Americans, any more than other little things. Small economies have gone out of fashion. The ambition to do something big has taken possession of us, and we are so absorbed in getting the fire lighted that we do not stop to think whether we will take one match or a box of matches.

Almost any one can sometimes kindle a fire using only one match. The peculiarity about this hero was that he was sure to do so. He could be depended on every time. He did not ask the most of himself in emergencies only, but regularly. When he had a matter in hand, you might rest satisfied that everything would be right.

A company of hunters on a mountain were caught in a snowstorm, and after an hour of wandering, they came at last to shelter—a deserted cabin left standing for just such emergencies. There was wood on the hearth, but only one match was in possession of the company. Its failure to ignite meant death to the chilled, exhausted hunters. If it burned, it meant life and safety. Fortunately there was in the number one man like the hero described. There was only one match, but one was all he needed. The fire was kindled, and the company was saved. It always pays to know how to do a thing the first time, without correction or repetition. But there come occasions when the second trial is out of the question. It is now or never. To fail once, is to lose all.

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How the Call Came.

BY SARAH N. M'CREERY.

AS Evelyn Ward picked up the newspaper bearing the name *Tremont News* there was a smile on her lips as she remembered her mother's faithfulness in sending it week after week, and how little it really meant to her. Evelyn was born in Tremont; her parents had lived there until she was ready to enter high school, then they moved to the larger city of Frankfort. Mr. and Mrs. Ward enjoyed the "home paper," as they always called it. During Evelyn's two years at college it followed her, and now that she had entered the medical school it still came.

She glanced listlessly over column after column, then suddenly folded the paper and gave attention to this item: "Miss Pauline Greer, one of the faithful grade teachers in Avalon, has been forced to take a rest on account of ill health. Miss Greer was formerly a resident of Tremont and a teacher here."

"Why, that must be Miss Pauline Greer who was my Sunday school teacher in Tremont," Evelyn said aloud. "It surely is—there could not be two Pauline Greers." She re-read the item, then she dropped the paper and her mind went back to the Sunday school class of which she had been a member. "Avalon is only twenty miles from here; I believe I will go to see Miss Pauline," she remarked mentally. "This is Saturday; I could go this afternoon, if there is a train."

She called up the railroad station and found there was a train that went through at one o'clock, and she could return at seven. She decided at once to go. She did the mending that required

her attention on Saturday and then dressed for the little journey.

It was just a quarter to two o'clock when Evelyn inquired of the ticket agent at Avalon where Miss Pauline Greer lived. He gave her the street and number and told her which car to take. She had no difficulty in finding the house that bore the number she wished.

"I came to see Miss Greer," she announced when the door was opened in response to her ring.

Mrs. Eaton, the landlady, looked a little surprised, for strangers seldom asked for Miss Greer. "I will show you to her room; she is not well," she said, as she led the way upstairs.

"Miss Pauline, I know you do not recognize me," Evelyn said when she closed the door behind her and advanced to the chair by the window, in which a pale, frail woman was seated.

Miss Greer's eyes had no light of recognition as she looked at the fresh, rosy-cheeked young woman before her. "There is a resemblance to somebody I once knew—who it is I cannot say."

"I am Evelyn Ward."

"Not little Evelyn Ward? Why, it cannot be possible. What have you done to yourself to become so tall, straight and rosy? Why, it seems that Evelyn Ward should still have on short dresses like she wore when she was in my Sunday school class."

"You forget you have not seen me for—well, I will not mention how many years it is," Evelyn replied smilingly.

"It has been long enough for me to leave short dresses behind, and the two braids of my hair now form this knot," turning slowly around.

"I am a poor hostess, but you took me by surprise," Miss Greer said. "Now

remove your hat and wrap and tell me all about yourself, and about Tremont, if you know any news."

"I know little about Tremont except what I see in the paper that mother sends me. That is how I happened to know you were in Avalon and ill. It was in the *Tremont News*, so I came right out to see you."

Miss Greer looked a little bewildered. "You say your mother sent you the paper, and that you came right out to see me. Why are you not with your parents? I thought you lived in Frankfort. How did you get here?"

Evelyn laughed softly. "I have gotten you all mixed up, and I don't wonder, for it has been so long since you saw me, and now I come to call and give you such a surprise. We do live in Frankfort, but I am at school in Belmont. You see, we are almost neighbors for the time being."

"What school are you attending?" "The Medical School, and the work is so interesting," Evelyn responded, remembering again the reason she had come. "But you are ill. How are you to-day?"

Miss Greer shook her head slowly. "Not well. I am not really sick; there is just a listlessness and weakness that I cannot overcome. The doctor does not seem to help me any. As you are going to be a physician, when you graduate I will come to you for treatment, if I am not cured."

Evelyn smiled a radiant smile. "You will have to come a long way, for I am going to China as a medical missionary."

Miss Greer could scarcely bridge, with her thoughts, the years that lay between the days when Evelyn Warren was a little girl in her Sunday school class and this energetic young creature declaring that she was going to China as a medical missionary. "How did you happen to do that?"

"You caused me to do it." "I? I caused you to decide to be a medical missionary in China?" Miss Greer could hardly believe she heard aright.

"Yes, you!" "How? When?"

Evelyn smiled, with a far-away look in her eyes. "You remember when you had a missionary lesson once a month in our class?" Miss Greer nodded assent. "Perhaps you recall you had each girl write an essay from some book you gave her to read or a story you told. The book I read was about a medical missionary in China, and the fine things she did, and from that time I knew I was going as a medical missionary to China."

"But you never mentioned it to me," Miss Greer said.

"I was only a little girl and I was too timid to speak about it until later, but my call came then, through the book and the essay. You had me read the book and write the essay, so you were responsible for it all."

Evelyn saw the tears coursing down Miss Greer's cheeks. "Are you worse?" she asked in alarm.

"No," Miss Greer smiled wanly. "I have been so discouraged these past weeks since I have been ill; I felt as if I had never done anything worth while in the world. My mother died last year, and as I had nobody dependent on me now, I said this year I would support a child in a mission school, as I had always wanted to do; then before I could make the arrangements I took sick and I had to save my money for fear of actual need if I was idle long. I had never heard a word from the girls in my Sunday school class in Tremont and I thought the seed I tried to sow had borne little fruit, but you will never do a better missionary deed in China than you have done to-day by bringing me this wonderful news. I have done a little to help extend the Kingdom, if I am never able to help support a student."

Evelyn looked at her thoughtfully. "You may be sure that except for your influence there would be one less student preparing for medical missionary work in China. You can always feel that I am your personal representative there."

Then the former teacher and pupil talked of the future and of all it held for the latter. They had a cozy little

tea together that Mrs. Eaton served in Miss Greer's Room, and when Evelyn departed for the train she left behind a more contented woman than she had found. Miss Greer had a satisfied feeling because she felt that she had, after all, done a work that counted.

"I am so glad I followed my impulsive thought and went to see Miss Pauline," was Evelyn's inward comment when she entered her room after the little journey. "I shall always keep her in touch with my work; she deserves it, because she was the inspiration for my call to China. I wonder why we are not more careful to tell people when they help us?" was the question over which she puzzled her brain. "If I had not seen that item about Miss Pauline in the *Tremont News* she might never have known of her good work as a Sunday school teacher."

Then Evelyn took her diary and under the date registered the vow, "I resolve to tell anyone who helps and inspires me to do anything worth while. I shall try to teach others to follow my example in this."

The Response of a Look

Corregio with the passion for art that burned in his soul looked upon the great painting of the master and studied and thought it out, forgetting himself in it until the genius of Raphael became for him a master passion and looking upon the great ideal that lured him on, his soul took fire and he said, "I too am a painter." So do we as we look upon the character of Christ find the great response rise up in our hearts, the identification of our very best with Him, and in our failure and in our love we too cry, "I too am a Christian." He embodies the chief end of man, and what He is, he enables us to become.

"Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
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Rev. J. L. McLaughlin, representing the World's Sunday School Association as Sunday-school secretary for the Philippines, has originated and promoted the idea of "barrio" or suburban, Sunday-school classes. Under this plan, seventy-seven Sunday-schools of the Methodist Church alone report that they are conducting these classes apart from their regular school sessions. Through this extension work they carry the Gospel to their neighbors in adjoining districts of the town. These classes, which number 188 with a total membership of 4,050, are generally held on Sunday afternoon

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A Christian worker writes: "I have found the use of religious literature, such as the American Tract Society furnishes, one of the best helps in developing spiritual life and efficiency in service. "For more than fifty years, that is since serving in the United States Commission in 1864, I have kept an assortment of tracts, cards and children's papers on hand to meet the various opportunities as they have occurred at home, in traveling, and on vacations. "I now use between two and three thousand tracts, leaflets, cards, etc., a year. It is a kind of 'wayside ministry open to every Christian, which is exceedingly helpful and has the promise of God's Word."

In Whatever Sphere

"I am not a hero, I am just a 'regular.'" This is what a private soldier is reported to have said when he was complimented upon his bravery. But in the performance of the duty, which was his as a regular soldier, he could be just as heroic as one who had only recently left his home to join the volunteer forces; and in the faithful performance of some inconspicuous task in an out-of-the-way place, he could serve his country as truly and deserve his meed of praise as surely as the dashing officer leading his troops into the thick of the fight. In whatever sphere of life one may move he should endeavor to measure up to the best that is in him, and it is this determination, the determination to use well one's powers, to use them in the service of man, and for the glory of the Creator, that makes man truly heroic, rather than some daring deed upon the field of battle.

Many a true hero goes to his last sleep with no flag wrapped about him and no funeral dirge of martial music accompanying him. Quietly he fought life's battle, and won, not fame, but the consciousness of duty done. His sphere of action was circumscribed; his days passed quietly; no trumpet sounded his praise, and no double headlines told of his daily deeds; but he felt that he had a mission in the world, humble though it might be, and day by day he lived a life of helpfulness to others, and the sweet fragrance of a pure and unselfish soul filled the atmosphere about him.

The community in which he lived felt, almost imperceptibly, his quiet touch, but moved on to better things because of it. He lived the worth-while life, and he who feels that only the life in a blaze of earthly glory is the worth-while life, has an entirely wrong idea of life's true value.

The fireman and the brakeman, and the section hand, are a part of the great railroad system as truly as the president in his private car, and upon their faithfulness also depends the efficiency of the road. The true performance of any duty elevates that duty to nobleness. The sweeping of the room, the cooking of the meal, the cleaning of the street, when faithfully done, assumes a greater dignity than many so-called higher duties, if performed in an indifferent manner.

It is all right to endeavor constantly to fit one's self for a higher sphere, and yet we should earnestly endeavor to do our duty in life, not because its faithful performance is a stepping stone to something higher, but simply and solely because it is the duty of the day or the hour.

We admire Captain Francis Inch, as he stands upon the deck of his burning ship, the Volturmo, fighting back the flames and risking his life for the lives of those intrusted to his care, and we are gratified to know that he has been given command of a larger and better vessel. But there were other heroes of that tragedy. A witness of the rescue from the Volturmo says: "It was a strange company that filled the last boat to put off from the side of the flame-swept Volturmo. It carried Captain Inch, it carried the officers, it carried a dog. And it carried a cook, who was one of the big heroes of the tragedy, for he stood at his post and baked and made coffee until the flames were so close that his shoes were literally burned off."

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations. It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 794,639,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$799,456.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$16,684.99. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,634,505.89, which is the equivalent of 5,269,010,000 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 206,167; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,517, making the total number of volumes, that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-five years 17,382,454, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,612,843.

Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.
JUSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.
Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Attractive Periodicals

for the Home, Church and Sunday School

The American Messenger

founded in 1843, is one of the leading interdenominational family publications, containing strong, original articles, editorial contributions from prominent writers, bright stories, choice poems, and beautiful illustrations each month, besides helps on the Christian Endeavor Prayer-Meeting Topics, News from the Mission Fields, a page for the Little Folks, and much other interesting and instructive matter, for both young and old. The price is very low, being but 50 cents a year, or in Clubs of five or more, 30 cents apiece for a year's subscription. Postage on foreign subscription, 24 cents additional; Canadian subscription, 12 cents additional.

Apples of Gold

is a delightful paper for the little ones in the home and at Sunday school. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for primary departments and infant classes; charming illustrations; good clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copies, 30 cents; five copies to one address, 25 cents each; ten or more, 20 cents each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cents per copy additional. Subscriptions accepted in clubs for 3 months, 6 months or a year.

Amerikanischer Botschafter

is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription price is 35 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more 20 cents apiece.

Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large, clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is 25 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more, 20 cents a year.

Free Sample Copies on Request.

American Tract Society
Park Ave. and 40th St., New York

IN THE MISSION FIELDS

Tract Distribution in Tokyo

The missionary colporters of the Japan Book and Tract Society scatter Christian tracts and books wherever they can find a suitable opportunity.

In the picture before us we see an actual scene in Tokyo. The people are sitting in the Temple grounds, and they are reading with eager interest the Christian literature that has just been handed them by the colporter, who may be seen standing in the foreground near the center of the picture.

The large tower that appears at the left hand side of the picture is probably the highest building in Japan. It is twelve stories high, and is used as an observatory.

The photograph from which this unique illustration was made was sent to the American Tract Society by the manager of the Japan Book and Tract Society. This Japanese Society has long been aided by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society, under whose auspices it was organized many years ago.

At the Guntur Mission

For many years the American Tract Society has aided the publication work of the Guntur Mission maintained by the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in India. Some of the results accomplished are set forth in the following extract from the last Annual Report of the Guntur Mission:

"Tracts have come to stay. Practically in every place in every Taluk, whether it was possible to hold a special meeting or not, tracts were sold or given away. The people are eager to obtain them. Literature, as such, is rarely if ever found in the villages, and whenever a school-boy or girl, though they read very poorly, learns that a 'book' (they all know this English word) is obtainable, they soon make their wishes known. Hundreds of Gospel portions and tracts have been readily disposed of. Missionaries often have returned from a tour with stock completely exhausted and could have sold twice as many books could they have been conveniently taken.

"Several small papers published monthly have been distributed with good effect. They are very helpful in directing the conversation into Christian channels. Recently here and there a new practice has been introduced whereby each worker is made a colporter. A liberal percentage is given to him from the sales he makes. One missionary reports that his sales have greatly increased and the method seems to be a great success. This is a very effective way of sowing the seed and it is being encouraged wherever possible. In the Guntur Dispensary and Hospital the selling of books has been carried on as usual and such an adept at this work is the little Dispensary Bible woman that it seems almost impossible to keep her supplied, especially with Gospels and Hymn Books. She has regularly sold eighty copies of our beautiful little monthly, *The Children's Friend*."

A Definite Program of Work

One feature of the work of the Christian Literature Society for India is the maintenance of the Tamil Publication Committee, of which Rev. A. C. Clayton of the Wesleyan Mission is secretary. For several years the American Tract Society has made a cash appropriation toward the support of Mr. Clayton in this special line of work, and is therefore deeply interested in the results of his labors.

Mr. Clayton was set apart for this work in the year 1907, and since that time he has produced the following publications in the Tamil language: "Jesus Christ and His Disciples," which has had a sale of many thousands, five Tamil Readers in the Vidya Malika Series, sev-



DISTRIBUTING TRACTS IN THE TEMPLE GROUNDS IN TOKYO, JAPAN

enty new Tamil Handbills and Tracts, and the Tamil Bible Dictionary, the last part of which has just been printed. In addition to the foregoing, Mr. Clayton has written several stories and articles for the Tamil Preachers' Magazine and the Matharpothini, has done a considerable amount of proof reading and editorial revision for the Christian Literature Society of India and the Madras Religious Tract and Book Society, and has examined and reported on over 300 Tamil manuscripts.

This is a splendid record of work accomplished, and Mr. Clayton has large plans for the future, if he is permitted to continue in this special line of activity for the next five years. He writes:

"Now that I have nearly completed ten years of this work I can see more clearly than ever its immense importance for India and also a very definite programme of work that will fill up at least another five years of my time, and I should like to be allowed to attempt it. A word about it may interest you.

"We have no series of graded Scripture lessons for either our Sunday schools or village schools (which are of course vernacular schools), and although there are two or three useful manuals available there is not likely to be anything published in Tamil for years unless I can take the subject in hand. For the last year or so I have been gradually accumulating information and looking round for co-workers and I believe that the way is clearing for me to prepare a simple series that shall meet the needs of the ordinary vernacular teacher in the ordinary vernacular school at least for some years. The Christian Literature Society is ready to publish in several of the vernaculars as soon as the copy can be delivered to them. I think it would be well to proceed with the scheme rapidly. Still 'rapidly' does not mean next week. I reckon that it will be about two years before the series is in shape and it would not be wise to begin to publish till we see somewhat precisely how the whole series is likely to shape and what it will cost.

"Now that the Tamil Bible Dictionary is finished, I have taken up another very important though not very extensive task. We are going to publish two small reading books for junior classes in Mission Schools dealing with Temperance. Opium, various preparations of hemp, cocaine, as well as foreign and native alcoholic liquors are the curse of many classes in India. Of course there are numerous castes in which no individual

ever touches any of these stimulants or narcotics. But there are other classes that do, and that do so in increasing degree. It is believed that in the Christian community, too, the freedom attained from caste restrictions as to food and drink has led some into misuse of their privilege. And as a large number of the Christian community have come from low castes or 'non-castes' in which drinking the juice of the palmyra palm when it has been fermented is practiced whenever the palm yields its juice, they have brought into the Christian community a laxity on the subject that sometimes has led to deplorable results. The two little Temperance Reading books that I am planning will be an attempt to provide information, scientific, ethical and economic on the evil of the use of these narcotics and stimulants.

"I expect to compile these books in English in the first case, for we want them in several vernaculars, and if they are in English we can get them translated. At present there are no books that cover the ground from the point of view of the Indian villager and the Indian village child, and I can assure you that it is by no means easy to give the necessary teaching in the form in which it can be assimilated, and it is particularly difficult to get illustrative stories and pictures which shall appeal to the vernacular reader."

Hospital Work in India

The new buildings erected for Dr. Wanless' Presbyterian Hospital at Miraj contains classrooms, a museum, laboratories for the medical school, consultation and treatment rooms for outdoor patients, private rooms for eye patients, surgical and operating rooms, an X-ray and electric treatment plant, etc. The remarkable thing about this enlargement is that four-fifths of its cost was contributed in India, a tribute of gratitude to the great surgeon at its head. Since the hospital was started twenty-two years ago, 34,250 operations have been performed in it and 638,000 out-patients treated.

The Heart of Islam

What is the meaning of the revolt of the Arabs against Turkish domination and the passing of the sacred Moslem shrines of Mecca and Medina out of Turkish into Arab hands? Many are asking this significant question. Does it mean that the unity and cohesion of the Moslem world is on the wane and

that the military power of Turkey, which has given the drive to the Moslem propaganda, can no longer be relied upon? And with the breaking of the Turkish military power, will not the pride of Islam be so humbled, that a day of new opportunity may dawn for Christianity in Moslem lands?

Many are thinking of these possibilities. In the Moslem Sunday-school field, strong preparations are being made to meet the challenge of the new day that is surely dawning. At the heart of the Moslem educational world at Cairo, with its university of 10,000 students, a Sunday-school missionary and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Stephen Trowbridge, are manufacturing the munitions for the peaceful conquest of Islam by reaching Moslem childhood through the Sunday-school. Thousands of parable stories in Arabic and of the lives of Livingstone and Hogg, eagerly read by Moslem children, are being distributed through the Sunday-school, and the Sunday-school attendance is doubling at many points. Teacher-training books in Arabic and pamphlets for workers are being printed and distributed. The Sunday-school Committee is planning to issue a Boys' Own Magazine in Arabic to offset the stories of crime and other demoralizing literature for boys which is being sold.

Sunday School Work in the Philippines

Cockfighting and the Sunday-school go on almost side by side in the Philippines and at San Leonardo it happened that the owner and his rooster actually went to church during a Sunday-school and evangelical institute. The man was converted, forthwith gave his rooster away, and was found at Sunday-school the next morning.

At one of the Sunday services at that institute a little girl in a red dress wanted to join. The pastor thought her too young. Her parents were opposed, but on Tuesday night the red dress was there beside her father and mother, and all three joined together. "A little child" still leads, the world over.

Imagine yourself for a day in the Island of Iloilo. Filipinos are doing the Sunday-school extension work. After teaching at the children's Sunday-school from seven to eight in the morning and attending the adult Sunday-school, the pastor and some eight or ten others go to the houses of different members where they hold Sunday-school classes for both children and adults who can not be reached by the central school. This is where the picture post-cards from America come in as a means of attracting attendance and carrying the gospel message.

At one of the Sunday-school conventions, thirty new schools were reported, and schools are reaching for the standard requirements as to teachers' class, cradle roll, and the promotion by each school of a branch Sunday-school.

Christian Sympathy

The *Missionary Herald* reports the fact that for a number of years the Bohemian Congregationalists of Prague have sent \$75 (gold) for evangelistic work at Shaowu, China. The Shaowu Congregationalist churches, in view of the sorrows which came upon their friends in Bohemia in the tragic year 1915, determined to extend their sympathy to them. This took the shape of a draft of \$87.90 (Mex.), which represents a very considerable sum to poor Chinese peasants. The brethren in Prague had not forgotten their evangelist in China either, and although in the extremities of wartime they were not able to send the full amount despatched, nearly \$43. The two drafts crossed each other in their journeyings, each bearing testimony to the Christian sympathy of the widely separated Christian communities.



TRADE WITH US TODAY!

WE do not care with whom you traded for your books yesterday or last year—trade with us today! With the coming of Fall and the cooler weather you'll want books for your own reading; then you'll want books later on for Christmas giving. With the opening of the public schools and the return to Sunday-school work, you'll need books also there. You'll need books for the children. There are the multitude of activities for which you'll require books. To-day everybody is reading both for pleasure and for study more than they ever did before.

This business should go to the place which deserves it. If you will investigate, you will find from every viewpoint that we deserve your patronage. We keep a large, well selected, well-kept stock of all worth-while books on hand in both our store and our stockroom. We are right in the publishing center of the United States so that we can obtain at once any book not on hand. No one is too far away for our trade because we are within mailing distance of everybody. We make prompt deliveries to your door and our prices are the same as in your own home town.

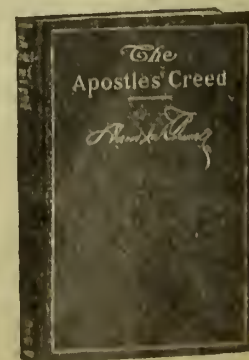
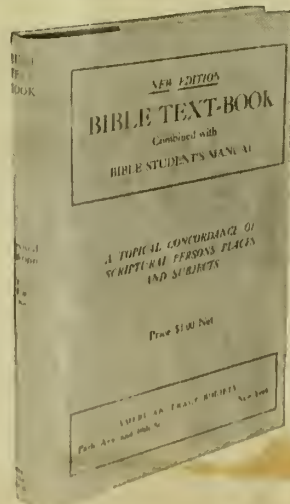
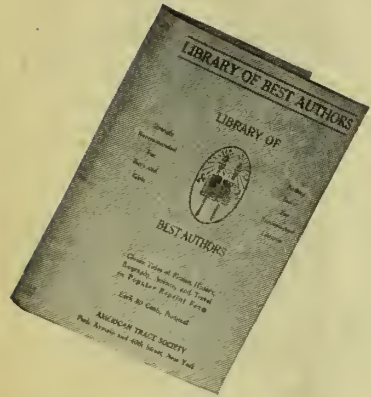
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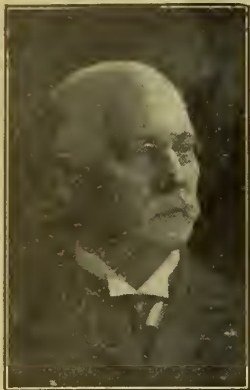
No. 10



A VIEW OF THE CITADEL OF CARCASSONNE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

Our Special Announcement and Calendar Offer



DAVID J. BURRELL, D.D.



MRS. GRACE B. SANDERS.



CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.



EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.



CORA S. DAY.



REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

WE ARE glad to announce that the Editorial Contributors who have written so acceptably for the *American Messenger* during the past year have consented to continue their service during the coming year. These Editorial Contributors are Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York City; Rev. Charles Carroll Albertson, D.D., Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., the famous evangelist; Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City, and Rev. George Ernest Merriam.

It is planned to have a contribution from one of these five able and popular writers in each successive issue of the *American Messenger*. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has furnished the Editorial Contribution in this issue, entitled, "A Great Hope," and articles from each of above-mentioned writers will follow in turn.

In addition to its Editorial Contributors the *American Messenger* has a large number of regular contributors, who will furnish articles of special interest during the year.

Among these forthcoming articles will be, "Soul Winning by Mail," by Rev. Howard W. Pope; "How We May Enjoy Heaven," by Rev. James Mudge, D.D.; "God's Hiding Places" by Edgar L. Vincent; "Friends for Eternity," by Emma Younglove; and "The Two Parks," by William Norris Burr.

Fascinating stories, true to life, and embodying a strong Christian motive will appear in coming issues of the *American Messenger*. Among these are "A Profitable Thanksgiving," by Hilda Richmond; "Pete's Christmas Eve," by Felicia Buttz Clark; "Marjorie's Two Talents," by A. Maria Crawford; "How They Faced the Parting of the Ways," by Charles A. Ingraham; "Who Built the Handsome Stone Church" by Grace B. Sanders; "How Her Opportunity Came," by Sarah N. McCreery, and "One by One," by Allan Phillip.

Beautiful poems are one of the distinguishing characteristics of the *American Messenger*. Among those that will be published in future issues are "The Soul Purified," by George L. Andrews; "Invocation," by Louis M. Grice; "The Gates of Dawn," by Herbert Crombie Howe; and "At the Feet of the Christ Child," by Grace E. Craig.

Other valuable and interesting contributions to our columns will be furnished by Cora S. Day, Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, Ph.D., L. D. Stearns, Minnie L. Upton, Lloyd Logan, Rev. Warren G. Partridge, D.D., and many other popular and successful writers.

A CHARMING CALENDAR

THE beautiful Calendar that we offer to our subscribers for the year 1917, is entitled, "Making Friends."

This superb Calendar has been secured by special arrangement with the Osborne Company, one of the largest producers of Art Calendars in the world. It measures 10 by 17 inches, and is printed in a rich sepia tint. When the year is ended, the date pad may be detached, and the Calendar will make a beautiful subject for framing.

Our readers will please notice carefully the conditions upon which this Calendar will be furnished to



9225 MAKING FRIENDS ©1914 OSBORNE COMPANY

MAKING FRIENDS.

those who desire it. We will give the Calendar, postpaid, and one year's subscription to the *American Messenger* for 60 cents, or we will give the Calendar as a premium to any subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1917 and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all. If the new subscriber in the foregoing case desires a Calendar, \$1.10 must be remitted. For every Canadian subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted, and for every foreign subscription 24 cents.

NEW FEATURES

OUR regular subscribers will notice several new features in this issue of the *American Messenger*. Among them we may mention the new department on "Religious Problems," conducted by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., in which vital questions suggested by our correspondents which bear upon the religious life will be discussed. Another new feature is seen in the series of "Messages for Modern Men," by Rev. Frank B. McAllister, whose pungent utterances are always stimulating and suggestive. "The Collectors' Column" is a feature which we believe will be of real interest to Our Young Folks.

In the department called "Church News" we shall aim to give our readers as much information as possible concerning the various activities of the Christian Church and the doings of the Federal Council of Churches, the Christian Endeavor and other Young People's Societies, the International Sunday School Association and other Sunday School Unions, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, Bible Institutes, the Laymen's Missionary Movement, the Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, the Gideons, and other religious, philanthropic, missionary and benevolent organizations.

In "His Vineyard and Ours" will be given a world-wide view of the great missionary enterprises that are being carried on by the various evangelical churches. This department will be illustrated with pictures reproduced from photographs furnished by the missionaries in the field. "The Prayer Meeting" page contains suggestive comments on the Topics used by Christian Endeavor Societies, and other Young People's organizations.

"Our Fireside" contains stories of fascinating interest, suitable for home reading and other articles relating to the family life. In this department a special effort will be made to furnish material that will be of real service to mothers in the home.

The *American Messenger* endeavors to present a comprehensive view of the progress of the Kingdom, both at home and abroad; to tell of the forward movements that are being initiated for the uplift of humanity and the betterment of the race; to call attention to those phases of Christian work and thought that are of unusual interest; to record the manifold activities of the Christian Church; and to spread abroad the cardinal teachings of Jesus Christ, as revealed in the Gospel which He proclaimed as the message of God to humanity.

In conclusion the attention of all our friends is called to the attractive Premium Offers that are presented on pages 184-187 of this issue of the *American Messenger*.

OUR SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER: All those who subscribe now to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for one year at fifty cents will receive the paper until January 1, 1918. New subscribers will thus receive both the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers for 1916, free of cost, if they subscribe at once. They will also be entitled to receive a copy of our beautiful Calendar for 1917, entitled "Making Friends," upon the payment of only ten cents additional.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and 40th Street, NEW YORK

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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REV. HENRY LEWIS, Ph.D., Recording Secretary.

All of the above-named officers should be addressed at Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

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Rev. Charles Carroll Albertson, D.D.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D.

Rev. George Ernest Merriam.

Entered at the Post Office in New York as second-class matter.

The George Wood Prize Books

Last year the American Tract Society offered two cash prizes, the First amounting to \$250.00 and the Second to \$100.00 for the two best manuscripts submitted for publication in book form.

Over two hundred manuscripts were entered in competition for these prizes, and the Publishing Committee of the Society found it an onerous task to determine which two were the most worthy. After careful deliberation it was finally decided that the First Prize should be awarded to the book entitled, "Letters from the Dominie," by Rev. David de Forest Burrell. The Second Prize was awarded to the volume entitled, "Paul the Preacher," by John L. Rosser, A.B., Th.M.

The money for the prizes awarded was provided through the income from the George Wood Premium Fund. The books are now in press, and will be issued in tasteful and attractive style within a few weeks.

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Our Announcement Number

In this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER will be found the announcement of our plans for the coming year. We believe this is the most attractive prospectus that we have ever offered to our readers, and we trust that it will meet with their hearty approval.

Some improvements will be noted in the order and arrangement of the contents of our paper. Several new features have been introduced, and new titles have been given to some of the departments, which will undoubtedly commend themselves to our friends.

We are pleased to announce that the Editorial Contributors, whose writings have proved such a strong feature in our columns

during the past year will continue their services for us during the coming months. In addition to these able writers we are to be favored by the contributions of many other popular and successful authors, whose names appear in our Announcement. Besides these we hope to enlist the services of still others during the coming months, whose contributions we are sure will prove a most desirable addition to our columns.

We ask all our subscribers to read most carefully the full Announcement which is printed on the opposite page. We request an early renewal on the part of those whose subscriptions fall due at this season of the year, and we bespeak the hearty co-operation of all our readers in extending the circulation of this paper, so that it may be an agency of ever-increasing power in promoting the progress of the Kingdom.

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Prison Sunday

For over forty years the last Sunday in October has been designated by the National Prison Association as "Prison Sunday." This year Prison Sunday will fall on October 29th, and it is hoped that many pastors will make this the occasion for a careful consideration of the important subject of prison reform.

Undoubtedly the problem of the proper treatment of the criminal is engaging the sober thought of American citizens as never before. A constant agitation is being maintained for a more humane and more efficient treatment of the delinquent. Outdoor employment, the honor system, farm colonies, welfare leagues of prisoners and a number of other remarkable experiments are being tested with a view to the reformation of the prisoner.

It has been well said that the prison problem will never be solved until it becomes the deep concern of the great body of intelligent Americans whom the churches represent.

In some States remarkable progress has been made in handling this great problem, but in other States the conditions that still obtain are more characteristic of the Middle Ages than of the enlightened Twentieth Century in which we live.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of a moral and spiritual reformation on the part of the criminal. The physical and material conditions in which the prisoner is placed should be such as to create a favorable environment for the efforts that are made to lead him into a higher life.

Above all things, the fact should ever be kept in mind that in Christianity alone may be

found the sure cure for the evil which has brought the prisoner where he is. The Gospel of Christ is the only antidote for sin and there is nothing else that will redeem fallen men and women from their degradation.

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For the Protection of Native Races

One of the greatest foes of the native races in foreign lands is the liquor trade. Intoxicating liquors are playing havoc with the natives of Africa, and other lands are also being deluged with a flood of alcoholic beverages that bids fair to do immeasurable harm.

There is a strong movement in Europe to check the exportation of liquor to Africa and to the islands of the seas. Both the missionary workers and the native African chiefs have united in protesting against the traffic in strong drink which has been undermining the health and threatening the very existence of many of the people of Africa.

Nearly thirty years ago the Christian churches of Europe organized the "Native Races Liquor Traffic Committee," with headquarters in London. The nations represented in this organization are Great Britain, Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Italy and Spain.

Unfortunately the United States is not enrolled in this organization, and yet there is great need of some restraining influence to check the huge consignments of intoxicants which are being sent from our own land to curse the natives of Africa.

While we are extending the prohibition area of our land, at the same time we are shipping vast quantities of liquor to foreign lands, especially into Africa, the result of which is to debauch and degrade the very people whom our missionaries are trying to convert and uplift.

Surely there is a call for American Christians to join in a world-wide effort to eradicate this great evil, and to unite with those who are endeavoring to protect the native races in foreign lands from the continued infliction of that "liquid damnation" which is worse than any liquid fire which has ever been used in human warfare.

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"Go to Church Sunday"

In many different sections of our country the custom has been adopted of designating a particular Sunday as "Go to Church Sunday." Many churches have chosen some Sunday in the month of October for this purpose, in the hope that the impetus thus given to church attendance may continue during the balance of the year.

There is no doubt of the need for stimulating Church attendance. While there are some church auditoriums that are well filled, and a few that are even crowded, in the great majority of cases the pews are but sparsely occupied and, in too many instances there is but a handful of people present at any of the regular Sunday services.

We need a revival in the matter of going to church, and the observance of a "Go to Church Sunday" has been found in many cases to be a decided help in accomplishing this desirable end.

In this connection it may be stated that the American Tract Society has devised a "Go to Church Stamp," which has proved exceedingly useful in stimulating the "Go to Church" movement. A full statement in regard to this Stamp will be found on another page of this issue.

It ought to be said that the main value of a "Go to Church Sunday" lies in the plans that are adopted to follow up the initial efforts and secure permanent results. The securing of a large congregation for a single Sunday is a good thing in itself, but unless it is followed by earnest, systematic efforts to retain the interest and attendance of those who come on that particular day, there will be but little to show in the way of permanent results.

* * *

Caring for the Birds

One of the praiseworthy movements of the present time is the effort which is being made by the National Association of Audubon Societies to save the plumage birds of North America. Through the greed of the feather hunters these birds might now have become well

nigh exterminated, if it had not been for the laws secured and the wardens employed by the Audubon Societies.

In over a dozen States wardens are stationed to protect the colonies of those birds which might otherwise be doomed to extinction. Among the water birds which have been saved to the United States through these efforts are various species of gull and tern, the black skimmer and the glossy ibis.

One of the greatest crimes against bird life has been the destruction of egrets for the sake of their beautiful plumes, known as "aigrettes." These plumes are worn only during the nesting season, and the destruction of the adult bird leaves the young uncared for in their nests with the result that they slowly starve to death.

Laws to prohibit the sale of the feathers of egrets and other native birds have now been enacted in eleven different States, and it is to be hoped that the other States will fall into line in this humane endeavor to protect and care for the birds.

* * *

A Tribute to the Power of Conscience

A remarkable testimony to the power of conscience is found in the so-called Conscience Fund of the United States. This fund was started in 1811, when a letter was received containing \$5, which the writer confessed having taken from the government. This was given to the treasury, and records of such contributions have been kept ever since although the money itself is not kept separate. Nothing further was received until 1827. From that date until the present only one year has passed without additions to the conscience fund. During the last fiscal year \$54,923.15

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER
First Things First

A PRIME requisite of the artist is a true sense of proportion. And so it is, with those engaged in that finest of the fine arts—the art of right living. We need continually to purge our vision, to correct our estimates, to strive to put the first things first.

The task is not as easy as it seems, in a world so crowded with opportunities and attractions as is our own. A thousand applicants knock at the door of life. The question as to which shall be given entrance may well be a serious concern with those who are minded to live worthily these human years. There were never so many calls on one's strength as now, never so many fields for work, for study, for amusement or philanthropic endeavor. Stevenson sings in his child's couplet

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we all should be happy as kings."

Practically, however, the very abundance and complexity of modern life has led to a certain confusion of mind and a lamentable frittering away of effort. Thousands are hospitable to all the invitations and are at the beck and call of all the passing voices. They are interested in every fad or legitimate fashion of the times. They strive to do almost everything that mortal hands may find to do, but they do nothing with distinguished consecration or effectiveness.

The average man, the man you pass each day in the street, is not much troubled by the relative importance of the good things of

life. He is frankly after that which ministers to his immediate and material desires. He wants to make his "pile," to get his name in the papers or to be elected to office. He is trying to compass that thing which we sum up—and much too narrowly—in the word, success. In his conversation the word dollars is a monotonous refrain. He is, perhaps, thinking at this minute how he may gain enough dollars to enable him to discard his last year's automobile and purchase the model of next year, with eight cylinders and ten seats.

The mood of self indulgence sadly inverts one's scale of values. We elevate to the top of the list people and things properly to be assigned a much more modest place. That which is abased is exalted, in a way not contemplated in the Scripture. Who, at this hour, is the public character elevated to the world's supreme pinnacle of financial reward? Is he some college president in a needy western state, building the walls of the republic in the persons of hundreds of educated young men and women? Is he some missionary in the benighted part of a foreign land, a veritable Christian statesman, slowly laying the only foundations on which any civilization can endure? No; the favored party is a clever young moving-picture actor who is said to receive a princely income of over half a million dollars for his ability to rush about on a stage performing ridiculous slap-dash tricks. This single illustration may serve to show the degree to which false values prevail in our indulgent and pleasure-loving age.

was received, including one contribution of \$30,000 and another of \$10,000. It was the largest income during any one year. The total fund now is \$498,763.54.

It has been truly said that the conscience fund preaches a sermon. It shows that there are men and women who are not satisfied with ill-gotten gains but who feel the constraining influence of a desire to be honest. Square dealing is essential to a mind at peace, and the frequent contributions to the conscience fund demonstrate that not until a wrong is rectified can the human mind find rest.

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Subscription Blanks

We enclose in this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER a subscription blank for the convenience of our subscribers in renewing their subscriptions to this paper.

If your own subscription is already paid in advance, we suggest that you use the blank for sending us the name and address of some friend to whom you would like to make the gift of a year's subscription to this paper.

We believe such a gift would be highly appreciated, especially since the friend for whom you subscribe will receive the Thanksgiving and Christmas issues of this year free; if you send ten cents additional, your friend will also receive a copy of our beautiful Calendar for 1917, entitled "Making Friends."

Kindly look for the date on the address label of your paper, as it indicates to what time your subscription is paid. It would be a great accommodation to us if you would send in your subscription orders early, thereby avoiding the delays likely to occur later during the rush of the holiday season.

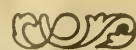
What are the first things? What ideals should be kept in the forefront of a worthy life? To this query our fathers had a ready answer: "The chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." To such a splendid purpose the consciences of a former generation were geared. However far they may have lagged behind, that great pillar of cloud or of fire stood ever before them in the way. They were better men and women because, in thought and purpose, at least, they put the first things first.

The words of the catechism are but the echo of Jesus's own utterance, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Obedience to that command is perfectly practicable, even in this crowded and complex era of time in which our lot is cast. It is the call to hold things in perspective, to see life steadily and see it whole.

For a Christian disciple, Christian faith and service must be the primary and dominating impulse. Let him make as large a living as he honestly can; his supreme responsibility is to make a life. The first things must not be pushed into second or third place; for they will not stay there. One may have just enough religion to make him miserable, a condition which really constitutes a spiritual tragedy. But to give Christ the right of way, that is to let all the other incidental purposes of life fall into proper alignment, this is to set one's feet in the highway of power and of peace.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

A GREAT HOPE

BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

anything better than the story of the mother of Moses and her care for her child, especially that part of the story where the daughter of Pharaoh looked into the face of the little boy who had been brought to her by her maids and who turned to the mother of Moses, who was not far away, saying, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

This is an oriental scene. In itself it is fascinating. In its historical import it is thrilling. This little child of whom the text speaks is destined to be the world's greatest leader of men, and therefore we look into his face with peculiar interest and we listen to his story with rapt attention.

There are three beautiful pictures suggested by the story of Moses—his mother, his sister Miriam, and the daughter of Pharaoh.

The Mother and Her Child.

The first picture is that of the mother with her child. Holding this little boy in her arms, like every other mother at such a time, she is not only interesting, but beautiful. Pharaoh had said, "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river," and therefore she was very much afraid. For three months she had hid her child, and when she could do it no longer she made a little ark with her own fingers, weaving her love into the little vessel. Then she carried it in her arms to the river and set it afloat in the flags by the river's brink. Strange to say, it was the very river into which Pharaoh's agents would have cast the child had it not been hidden. In the one case it would have meant death to the child, but in the other case it meant life—and this suggests to me a picture of a child going out into the world in one of two ways: the world with all its wickedness, with its many pitfalls, with its sorrows and its shame. If the child goes without Christ the conflict will be sharp indeed.

On the other hand, if the child goes out into this same wicked world, with the memory of a Christian home, surrounded by the influence of a Christian mother, and followed day by day by the power of prayer, temptations may come, trials may be met, foes may allure, and Satan may seek to charm, but the life is one of victory.

Brother and Sister.

The second picture which interests us in this oriental scene is that of Miriam, his sister—standing afar off and watching her little brother, at the same time keeping watch of all who might come near to do him harm. What wonderful influences surround children in general. I have always believed in guardian angels sent of God to protect little ones, like Heavenly influences holding them in the time of trial and delivering them in the hour of sin. In Matthew 18:10 I read: "In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven," just as if they were reading God's will in His face that they might know what to do for little children unprotected and in danger.

The fact that the mother is a consistent Christian is a safeguard to every young man.

An infidel lecturer had assailed Jesus Christ and His followers, and as he thought, had done it successfully. Two young men walked out from the lecture together and one said: "Well, he demolished everything, didn't he?" "No, indeed," said the other, "he never touched my mother's religion."

The fact that family worship has been successfully and beautifully maintained, has often been Heaven's guard keeping watch over boys and girls as they have grown to manhood and womanhood.

In October last, the word "mother" actually restored reason to a soldier in France, whose mind had been left a blank by shell and shock. A concert party had gone over from England to cheer up the sick, and one of their number, a well-known tenor, sang the old favorite, "Mother Machree." Among the audience was a nerve-shattered soldier who came out of a bombardment not only blind, but almost an idiot. He could understand nothing and had to be treated like an infant. He was still blind when taken to the concert. The word "mother" recurred in the song and the soldier caught at it. When the song was finished he was still muttering the word to himself. But it proved the key to his memory. He began to recall detached incidents about himself, and later recovered both his mind and his sight.

A Right Beginning.

The third picture which interests us so is that given to us on the morning when the daughter of Pharaoh went down to the river to bathe. Her maidens were with her. Suddenly she saw this little ark and she sent her maid to fetch it, and in the ark she saw the child, and on the child's face his tears. Her heart was touched. Miriam came at once to her, and the mother arrived, and then Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." How true it is that all things work together for good to them that love God. If children are only started well and protected by prayer and consistent living, how beautifully their lives turn out.

I had a dear friend, now in Heaven, who was one of seven sons. Six of the boys were true, and one of them was drunken. The old Scotch mother grieved day after day for her boy, and one day a neighbor came in and said, "Why do you weary so for John? You have six boys saved. Just let John go." The old mother rose tremblingly, holding on to the chair to keep from falling, and said, "Let him go? I shall never let him go. I gave that boy to God before he was born. I took him into the kirk the first day I could walk and dedicated him to God, and he is God's boy, and God will have him if He turns the world upside down to get him"—and my friend told me that his old mother lived long enough to see John a Christian, a great judge, and an officer in the Church.

When the home is right the battles of life for all the members of the household are half fought, and the victory is more than half won. I do not mean to say that minister's homes



DO not know of a greater need today than that mothers should be true. Mother the world and you could more easily save it. That is, if mothers were truly Christian, their children would more naturally follow the teachings of Jesus. Lord Shaftsbury is quoted as saying that a generation of Christian mothers could save England, and so in these dark days our great hope must be in our mothers.

If I had the opportunity I should like to say to the mothers of our day some short sharp sentences like the following:

There is no love like a mother's love.

I have spoken the name of "mother" in the midst of a howling, drunken mob of men, and quieted them instantly.

I have never seen such tender light in a man's eyes as when he spoke of his mother, if she were true.

I have never seen such bitterness in men's faces as in the memory of their mother, when she has been untrue.

"If I had only had a mother," sobbed a boy when asked by the judge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

We may possibly take people into the church when they are too old; we can not take them in when they are too young, if the homes from which they come are right.

A boy may wander far from God, but if his home was true, and his mother consistent, he will come back before it is too late.

A worldly mother endangers the life of her child. A mother who is an expert at cards, or at the dance, has hardly time enough left to train her children for eternity.

Five minutes after death earthly charms will count for nothing; Christian faith will count for everything.

I pity the boy whose mother has never invited him to come to Christ.

I pity the girl who does not say that her mother is like Christ.

Many criticisms have been hurled at the Jews by people who seem to forget that our Lord was a Jew, but whatever may be said concerning this most remarkable people, this must be acknowledged by all who would be honest and fair, that the home life of God's ancient people has been most beautiful. This is true in modern times and it was specially true in Old Testament days. Where is there anything finer than the story of the Shunamite and her love for her boy, or of the widow with her cruse of oil and her saving her boys from the blight of debt? And where could there be

are flawless, but I do mean to say that generally they are ordered according to right principles.

It is significant at least to know that, of the fifty-one names in the National Hall of Fame in the United States, twelve are from ministers' homes: Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards, William Ellery Channing, Emerson, Holmes, Henry Clay, Agassiz, Bancroft, Beecher, Stowe, Lowell, and Phillips Brooks, being fifty times more than the normal proportion.

Peril in the Wrong Start.

What a peril a child is in if it has a wrong start in a home—if, for example, the child takes its first drink at home, with human nature as weak as it is, and the downward pull of life so strong.

What a protection is round about a child when it goes out from a home with the memory of all that is good and true, especially the memory of a mother. James Whitcomb Riley suggests it in one of his verses:

My mother she's so good to me,
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good, no sir,
Can't any boy be good as her.

D. L. Moody illustrated it in the tribute which I once heard him pay to his mother. One day standing just outside her home, when a company of men had gone to her to congratulate her on her birthday, I saw him put his arm around her and say to famous men from all over the world: "Gentlemen, all I am in this world I owe to my mother."

How shall the children be brought up? Perhaps it would be well to suggest some special things.

Introduce Your Children to Christ.

Always introduce your children to Christ, and do not make the mistake of waiting too long. There is a time in every child's life when impressions are easily made; the sad thing is that very often we allow them to grow to manhood or womanhood, and not having introduced them to Christ, the world has charmed them and we have lost them.

Always labor in faith, believing in God's Word, which never fails. Trust in Christ, He will never leave you, and your great question should be this: N O T, "Is my boy wandering?" or, "Are my children untrue?" B U T, "Am I true?" and "Am I believing?"

Not long ago the following was quoted in one of the metropolitan dailies: "In the old burying ground of a town we know is one narrow mound, green at this time of the year, and marked by the simplest white stone, on which are written deep a certain name and these words: 'My Mother.'"

"Every morning the year round one fresh flower is laid on this grave by a man well on in years, who, as he stoops, bares his head, whatever the weather. Then he goes to his desk in the president's office of a big factory on the other side of the town.

"More than twenty years ago this man came back to his mother in every physical way the opposite of what he now is. Ten years before that miserable home-coming his father had ordered him out of the hillside cottage, pushing him down the porch steps with a rum-reddened oath and warning him never to return.

"The people in the town said he did right, though they knew the young man's worthlessness was chiefly, if not solely, his father's fault. They felt sorry for the mother, but this son had always been a burden, and she had enough to bear in the shiftless husband, who would have let her starve, as she might have done but for a little legacy so entailed that he could not lay hands on it.

"Three years later the husband died, and she was left alone. Her friends wanted her to go to a sister in the city, but she would not. 'I must stay here to have the home ready if my boy should come back,' was her answer. And

for each meal she set two places at the table, and each night turned down the covers of his bed.

"The night he came back she didn't know him at first. At no other house in the town would such a creature have been admitted. But when he dragged himself to a chair near the light and whispered he had come home to die, she took his hands in hers and holding back her tears, said to him, 'You've come home to live!'

"A few weeks of her care made him over. She got him a job in the factory, taking him to work each morning and going for him each evening, so there would be help at hand to fight off the old temptation. She lived to see him managing the place. Then, having conquered ingratitude, want and disgrace, very calmly she met the Unconquerable.

"And because he whose life had been saved and transformed by her love wanted to say the most that could be said, there are carved on the stone at the head of her last bed those words, 'My Mother.'"

An Abundant Reward.

What are the wages that true parents receive? They are abundant. There is the realization that we have done the best we could. There is the return made by the children themselves in strength of character and Christian comeliness. Then there is the reception in Heaven when the last battle is fought, the end of the journey is reached, the last tear has been shed, the last disappointment is over, and we face Him. When looking at this mother and that, He will say: "And where are the children I gave to you?"—and the answer will be—"They are all here, they are all safe Home."

It was in a little mountain cottage in Idaho. The minister had been away a day or so attending a convention, and was informed on his return that one of his parishioners was dying and wished to see her pastor. He went; he thought to be able to assist her, as her "feet were slipping o'er the brink." On entering he peered through the semi-darkness of the humble domicile, and after getting his eyes adjusted to the place found the invalid radiant and cheerful. The usual greetings ensued, and he asked how she was. "Just fine," said she "because I am getting ready to go away." "Going away! Where to?" echoed the pastor. "Why, with Him there in the corner." "I see no one in the corner," said the minister. "No," said she, smiling, "I did not think you could, for you have not received your new eyes yet. Mine have come to me since I saw you last. The messenger is Jesus, and He has come for me, and I am packing now. I'll soon be ready."

That was on Friday. She died that night. Her funeral was to occur on Sunday. Early on the day of her interment a son, who heretofore had been a godless fellow apparently unreachable, though a man of family, came to the parsonage door carrying a bundle. Upon entering the door, he said: "I have something here that breaks my heart; I cannot stand it any longer." Unwrapping the bundle it was seen to be the old-fashioned family Bible. Turning to the family record where his birth was recorded we saw these words written by the hand which that day was still, and it was dated about fifteen years before: "Lord, I promise Thee this day I will never cease praying for my children till Thou bless them." Said the grieving and weeping son: "I want my mother's God to be mine today. I want my name to be entered on the records of the Church before her face is laid out of sight, so that I can begin now to take her place in the work for the welfare of the world."

God is saying to every mother today regarding her children: "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages"—and God always keeps His Word.

"The Word of God Increased"

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

ROXBORO CHURCH people were looking for a pastor. Roxboro Church was one of the brighter stars in one of those ecclesiastical galaxies that sometimes resort to "candidating" when a new pastor must be chosen. But "candidating" was a practice not in very good repute in Roxboro Church. So while the "Committee" swept the denominational range with such searchlights as were available, hoping to focus some of them on the man whom they might be willing to call "on his record," numerous "supplies" came to the pulpit of Roxboro Church. Thus the Sunday services were regularly maintained, though a new face was seen and a new voice heard in the pulpit almost every Sunday.

Very soon there was heard a ripple of expression among the members of the congregation which, simply stated, indicated that some were asking if the pastor they were looking for might not be found among the "supplies;" and soon some were speaking favorable words of one, while others were more inclined to see their need met by another whose qualifications were of a different order. And so developed the fact that the people of Roxboro Church were not all of one mind concerning the man they would have as an "under-shepherd."

"He must be a man of exceptional pulpit ability, like Dr. A. who supplied for us last month," said one group. "A man, who, by his preaching can draw in the multitude, fill the church, and—as a secondary matter, of course, but none the less a vital matter—fill up the church treasury."

Another group shook their heads at all this, and murmured something concerning "sensationalism" and "the froth of surface bubblings." "A man like Dr. B. will do better for us," they added; "a quieter and more quieting man, one who will speak to the hearts of the people, and send us out rested and equipped for the distractions of 'the common task.'"

Judge Gracey, honored as a man of poise, who was in the habit of picking up various viewpoints and piecing them together, came upon representative members of both these groups one day, and listened silently for a time to their discussion. Then he said:

"If I were asked to choose the pastor for Roxboro Church, my good friends, I should not be satisfied with one whose chief recommendation is that he has ability to 'draw a crowd,' nor with one whose only qualification commendatory is that he speaks in restful terms to busy people and who are 'tossed about with many a conflict' to say nothing of 'many a doubt.' The man who will be doing the best work as pastor of Roxboro Church will be one who will help us from the pulpit, to be sure—and I confess to you I feel certain that Dr. B. would do more for me through his sermons than would Dr. A.—and one who will also be keen enough to be finding out what you and I are in the world for, and compelling enough to persuade us to take our places and do the work which we have been called here to do. The pastor we need is the one with ability to secure team-work in Roxboro Church, following somewhat the example of the twelve when they called for 'seven men of good report' to take hold and do some things themselves, instead of leaving it all to the preachers. There are almost seven hundred of us in Roxboro Church who ought to be 'on the team' in the church work. I am for the man who shall persuade the members of our church to preach such sermons by their personal activity, consecration, loyalty and devotion to the interests of the kingdom of our Lord, that the multitude shall be drawn by the magnetic power lodged in the lives and the hearty service of men and women who 'let the Spirit of God dwell in them richly.'"

Such a man was found; and from the time of his coming the Word of God has increased in Roxboro through the ministrations of the devoted membership of Roxboro Church.

FAIR CARCASSONNE

By Annette L. Noble



THE citadel of Carcassonne in Southern France is one of the most interesting and remarkable military monuments of mediæval times existing in Europe. The hill on which it stands was crowned by a fortress nine hundred years before Christ. From that date it was held as a most important place of defence throughout the time of the Visigoths and the Saracens. Between the eighth and the thirteenth century, Counts and Viscounts ruled the castle, until Simon de Montfort made himself its master, after a siege famous in history. But the ramparts of the present vast pile were built upon Roman foundations by Louis the Ninth, afterwards known as Saint Louis of France, about the middle of the thirteenth century. From that time, Carcassonne has always belonged to France.

Carcassonne is situated in that romantic part of southern France called Languedoc, and is surrounded by wooded mountains, deep ravines and running streams. Its many hills are topped by ruined castles that overlook fertile plains and sunny vineyards, but far surpassing in size any other castle of the land, is the great stretch of this massive citadel. In order to reach it, one must climb a steep slope, cross the bed of an ancient moat, and then by a great drawbridge enter under the tall towers of the Porte Narbonaise.

Inside the walls of the fortress there are narrow cobble-paved streets, tiny houses and quaint little shops. Very beautiful, too, is the old time Cathedral of Saint Nazaire, with its fine stained glass windows and truly remarkable tombs of lords and bishops of the ancient days.

But any detailed history of Carcassonne would fill many volumes, for it would have to be a tale of mighty warriors, knightly crusaders, singing troubadours, lovely ladies, holy martyrs, bloody sieges, deeds of marvelous valor and, alas, too often a story of awful atrocities and treachery.

Carcassonne and all the surrounding region is intimately associated with the thrilling story of the pious Albigenses. After these people had been pronounced heretics, because they demanded a simpler form of worship and a purer doctrine than any they then found in the practice and teaching of the Popes and the Church at Rome, they were persecuted and slaughtered until almost exterminated.

The Albigenses were so called from Alba, a town which became one of their religious centers. Historians differ in regard to their doctrines, but their austere maxims of conduct show that their standard of morality was high, considering the age in which they lived. They rejected many errors that had crept into the Roman Church, although they borrowed traditions and some other errors from the East.

Pope Innocent the Third well knew that the exercise of free thought, or any prolonged struggle after pure morality, must surely undermine existing conditions in the Roman Church. For this reason, in the year 1207 A. D. he wrote to King Philip of France (his willing tool) that the latter might appropriate to himself, so far as he could, any lands or goods belonging to the Albigenses. He was also authorized to promise any person who would take arms against the Albigenses and slay them the same remission of all sins that was offered to Pilgrims who helped to save

the Holy Land from infidels. For twenty-five years after that date the sword, the stake and the scaffold did their work all around Carcassonne. Nearly all the cities of Languedoc were laid in ruins. When the beautiful city of Beziers was stormed fifteen hundred people were massacred. Not all of them were Albigenses, but Abbot Arnold, the Roman Catholic leader, calmly gave the order—"Slay every one and God will know his own."

In this connection, too, those who are familiar with the citadel will recall the romantic history of Raymond of Toulouse, the brave and chivalrous lord of all this wide domain, and of his son Raymond the Seventh and Viscount Roger de Beziers. Counts of the Raymond line had long held sway at Carcassonne and each had cared for his vassals and had been honored by them. But one day the Pope's legate appeared before the castle gate, with a splendid cavalcade, and sternly bade Count Raymond to chastise his people and "punish with death all heretics." Instead of so doing, the brave man protected one and all as best he could until the awful papal anathema was pronounced upon him. Enraged by the curse, and hoping to help his master, one of Count Raymond's men assassinated the Pope's legate, which of course made a bad matter worse for there were few who could stand out against the power of Rome in those days.

The old count, clad in sackcloth, was scourged by priests until his blood ran down in streams before the high altar of a church. Later he was banished and the Pope promised Carcassonne and its domain to the man who could take and hold it. Meanwhile the Inquisition was established in Languedoc, and that once happy country of song and poetry, of charming rural life and of a people awakened to a clearer vision of the meaning of Christianity—became like a howling wilderness. But Count Raymond's adherents were not all Albigenses nor were all of them exterminated. When, after a time, he reappeared they gathered loyally around him, as of old. All were eager to welcome him and his noble son Raymond the Seventh.

Carcassonne had been given to Simon de Montfort, but now in the battle that ensued for its possession Simon de Montfort was slain and again the Counts of Toulouse held Carcassonne; but with diminished powers and smaller possessions.

From 1226 to 1270 A. D. Louis the Ninth was King of France and although he was a fanatical churchman he was, according to his light, a good and just ruler. He protected his subjects, achieved very many fine things for his country and was later canonized by the Pope. He led crusades from France to Egypt and to Palestine and died during the last crusade. In the course of time, a daughter of Count Raymond the Seventh married the brother of Saint Louis and so, before the end of the thirteenth century, Carcassonne with all its domain pertained to the French crown.

There is a very old and pretty ballad, once often quoted, about a poor peasant who all his life looked at the great citadel, only four leagues from his home, but only saw it "dimly from the heights" and "beyond the mountains blue." From childhood he longed and planned to journey there, but the time was never right. One day, when he was eighty years of age, he told his longing to a kindly traveller, and so the ballad runs:

"I have not seen Carcassonne,"
Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair.
I said, "My friend, come go with me
Tomorrow, then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church bell's low and solemn toll.
He never saw gay Carcassonne—
Who has not known a Carcassonne?
* * *

How to Love God

BY WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D. D.

Some time ago I read the wonderful life of John G. Paton, the successful Scotch Missionary to the South Sea Islands. He tells of the devotion of his aged grandmother. She had lost her beloved son, who disappeared mysteriously; yet for over twenty long years she went to call him home twice every day. Mr. Paton saw his white-haired and affectionate old grandmother every night, before retiring and locking the door, throw wide open the front door, and call out into the darkness, "Come hame, my boy Walter, your Mither wearies sair." And every morning, at early break of day for over twenty years, the aged woman toddled up a hill-top, and gazing with tear-filled eyes toward the south, she searched for the form of her returning boy. And she prayed morning and night, and many times during each day for over twenty years, for his safety and return.

The Bible represents God as saying, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." Since we have in the loving God the tenderness of a mother and the affection of a father, how can we help loving such an ideal heavenly parent!

It is the Fatherhood of God that elicits our fondest affection for Him. And his Fatherly heart is so tender and capacious that it includes all the compassion and loyalty of an ideal mother. "We love Him because He first loved us." Love cannot be forced. God does not compel men to love Him by threats. He shows Himself a lover. And the proof of love is unselfish tenderness and self-sacrifice. God proved the riches of His divine affection for us, by giving His Son to die for us upon the cross.

Echoes

BY CORA S. DAY.

The youthful members of the little picnic party were amusing themselves with the echo across the lake. Merry snatches of song, ripples of laughter and gay greetings came back in odd abbreviation, faint yet clear, from the cliffs across the beautiful sheet of water. Then one of the boys, in a spirit of mischief, sent forth a dismal wail that came back to them like a cry of despair from a lost soul. There was an instant chorus of protest. One girl voiced the general sentiment when she cried:

"Don't, Paul, give it only happy sounds—they're the only echoes we want to hear."

The chaperone laughed softly.

"That reminds me of a last week's experience," she began. "Want to hear about it?" and she laughed again as they gathered willingly about her on the grassy slope.

"It was a dull, rainy day. I had promised two old friends I'd call, so I went. I'll not name names—but the first old friend I found blue as indigo. 'It's such a gloomy day' she lamented. 'A day like this always brings up all the sad memories of my life. I'll be ill from it tomorrow,' and she sighed as gustily as the wind in the chimney. I was glad to get away without breaking into tears. The other old friend was different. 'Of course it's bound to rain sometimes,' she argued. 'But I've been too busy thinking of old times to fret. Such good old times as I've had—His goodness has followed me all the days of my life. My memories have made sunshine for me this dull day.' The chaperone paused. "Echoes of the past—glad or sad. Which sort of memory echo do you think most worth while—best in the sight of Him who sends all our days for good?"

Fruition

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

In a dark, untended corner
Of a garden broad and fair,
A little plant grew blithely,
Though there was none to care.

Only a few stray sunbeams
Could down to its dim nook dart,
But it gathered them, and stored them
Safe in its brave, warm heart.

And there a hope sprang buoyant,
And as the days went by
It grew to a sweet assurance:
"I shall bear a blossom—I."

And lo, one day in Autumn,
A blossom, with heart of flame,
Crowned it with radiant splendor—
And then the black frost came.

There in its gloomy corner
The plant lay down to die,
But the nightwind heard a whisper:
"I bore a blossom—I!"

The Secret of Contentment

BY Z. I. DAVIS.

HUMILITY, love and forgiveness are among the great things that Jesus taught both by example and precept. They were lightly esteemed among men at the beginning of the Christian Era.

Apart from these heavenly graces, contentment is an impossibility. Pride, hatred and revenge are accompanied by restlessness and bitter dissatisfaction. Briars and thorns are the fruits of their sowing.

Humbleness of mind and meekness are the first steps to a contented spirit. All heavenly virtues spring from them. The Apostle Paul warned men not to think of themselves more highly than they ought. A man must see himself in his true light before he can be humble. The person who thinks there is no one greater than himself is apt to be proud, arrogant and selfish.

As we catch the first gleam of His Heavenly Face,
And feel our hearts melt in His Infinite Grace,
The portal swings open, He enters the soul,
He speaks as the Waters, and we are made whole.

The Bible has been called a "Bundle of Promises." The supreme promise is found in John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

Love is a divine attribute. It was love that filled the heart of Christ, and brought Him into this world of sin and sorrow that we might be redeemed.

John, the beloved disciple, said, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." No stronger proof of our relationship with God can be given, than that we have our hearts full of love for humanity.

In answer to the question, "What is the greatest command?" Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Without love to God and humanity, there is no real religion. This is the condition of right relationship with our Heavenly Father, and with His children. It can not be counterfeited. It involves not a negative, but an active love, of which we are conscious, and whose presence in our hearts prompts us to beautiful deeds of needed service, and to lives of self-denial. Sin is rooted in selfishness. Jesus Christ is the only cure. Until we know Him and respond to His healing touch, we are not willing to part with our sins. The paths of sinful pleasure, no matter how alluring, never lead to content.

David, the sweet singer of Israel, wrote, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." When we are like God, then the joy of the Lord is the strength of our hearts.

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE: With this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER we inaugurate a new department for the discussion of live religious problems of the day. We invite our readers to address letters to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, setting forth any question concerning the religious life, the discussion of which may prove helpful and interesting for the general Christian public. Only the initials of the writer will be given in connection with any letter that is printed. The answers to the problems thus presented will be given by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D. D., Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City and one of the Contributing Editors to our paper. We present herewith the first letter received and Dr. Work's reply to the question raised by our correspondent.)

"DEAR SIR:

"I have recently suffered a severe bereavement, and my mind is filled with wanderings and questionings about the future life, especially about recognition after death. Will you kindly tell me what ground there is for believing that we shall know our dear ones in the other life?"

"Yours respectfully,

"W. B. E."

DEAR FRIEND:

There are few persons who have not been troubled by questions about the future life. When sorrow comes and loved ones pass beyond our sight, such questions become personal and acute. There are many who would willingly give all that they possess if they could have their questions satisfactorily answered. An all-wise God has left many problems unsolved, many questions unanswered. Doubtless it is best that it should be so. If there were no mysteries about the future life, if the veil were wholly removed and we were permitted to penetrate the secrets of the other world, something of its power and fascination for us would be lost. We must be content to trust a loving Providence for the joy and plenitude of the future life.

There are three grounds for believing that we shall see and know our loved ones in God's presence in the home beyond.

The first ground is just that intense longing of the heart which voices itself in these anxious questions. We cannot believe that we shall never see them again. Our affection cannot let them go. For a longer or shorter time we shall dwell apart, and then our hearts tell us that we shall look again upon the faces of those whom we have loved and lost. This expectation of the heart amounts really to a fixed belief. As we believe that we shall see our Saviour face to face, so also we know in our hearts that we shall see and know our dear ones in the Saviour's presence. This argument is in itself almost conclusive. It is inconceivable that this deep longing of the universal human heart is nothing more than a will-o'-the-wisp that is luring us on to disappointment.

But this is not all. Reason also has something to say on the subject. The change produced by death is appalling to us. The light of the eye goes out; a pall of silence falls upon the lips; the grace and motion of the body fail. But these are only outward changes. It is impossible to believe that the real life within suffers any such change as we sadly witness on the outside. The soul survives. That clear intellect, those strong emotions of love and hope, those eager intelligences of the spirit—we cannot believe that death changes such real ele-

ments of life. No wonder Tennyson spoke of death as "a laughable impossibility." He felt that death could not touch the real personality within.

And if this be so, is there not reason to believe that personal identity remains? The personality which we have learned to know in this life, however changed its condition and environment, will be still the same. Surely there will survive in the other life such familiar signs of personal identity as will enable us without difficulty to recognize those whose very souls we have known and loved in this life. Science contributes to this conviction, for not a few of our ablest students have become convinced of the permanency of personal identity in the other world.

If personal identity remains, how can we help recognizing our friends after death? There is a partial analogy in the experiences of this life. How often we have been surprised at the ease with which we have recognized by some token of personality those whom we have not seen for many years. A child may grow to manhood and still bear about him some unmistakable mark of his early identity. Something like this will be realized in the recognition of our loved ones in the future life. There will be sure tokens of their familiar presence which cannot be mistaken.

Beside these reasonings of heart and mind, there are many intimations of the Word of God on the subject. The field is too broad to enter fully here. We suggest to anxious inquirers that they "search the Scriptures." They will be surprised to find how abundant is the testimony, much of it indirect to be sure, yet quite unmistakable. David's lament for instance over his child means nothing less than recognition—"He shall not return to me, but I shall go to him."

The incident of the Mount of Transfiguration when the disciples recognized Moses and Elias supports our faith in this matter. True they had not known them in life, but the point is that there was personal identity that could be apprehended.

So also the resurrection appearances of Our Lord bear upon this subject. It is not strange that Mary and others were not prompt to recognize Jesus, for their eyes were holden, as Luke says of the two with whom the Master walked and talked on the way to Emmaus. In this last instance it was some familiar sign or custom of Jesus in breaking the bread that restored to them the realization of His unchanged personality.

But more than anything else we can console ourselves with the certain implications of the teachings of the Bible about the future life. That life is never pictured as a solitary life. There is no loneliness in Heaven. God is the Father of the whole family in Heaven and earth. The ties that have bound us here cannot be ignored there. "In my Father's house are many mansions"—many *dwelling places*. How can there be dwelling places in the future life without recognition?

No doubt the changes that will transpire will far exceed our expectation. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard. But personal identity must remain, and we believe that around this permanency there will be gathered in a wholly new and transformed environment those familiar facts and graces of personality that have constituted the charm of our loved ones here, and that cannot elude or mislead us there.

EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.

PRINTED PREACHERS

Under the Great Live Oaks of Texas

One of the veteran missionary colporters of the American Tract Society is Dr. H. V. Kolbye. For many years he has been using "printed preachers" in the form of tracts, leaflets, books and periodicals for the dissemination of the Gospel truth.

A recent photograph received from Dr. Kolbye, which is reproduced on this page of our paper, shows the automobile outfit which he employs in his journeys through the country, and illustrates how he reaches both young and old alike with the attractive Christian literature that he carries.

Dr. Kolbye is working under the direction of Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage in the Southern Agency of the American Tract Society, who writes:

"Dr. Kolbye is holding Gospel meetings, organizing and outfitting Sunday Schools with the Christian literature that they need, and preaching under the great live oaks of the State of Texas.

"He is holding meetings on the frontier, where some of the live oaks cover an area one hundred feet square and shelter as many as two thousand people under their spreading branches.

"Assuredly Dr. Kolbye is doing a very fine work and is showing the people that the American Tract Society is a great home missionary agency."



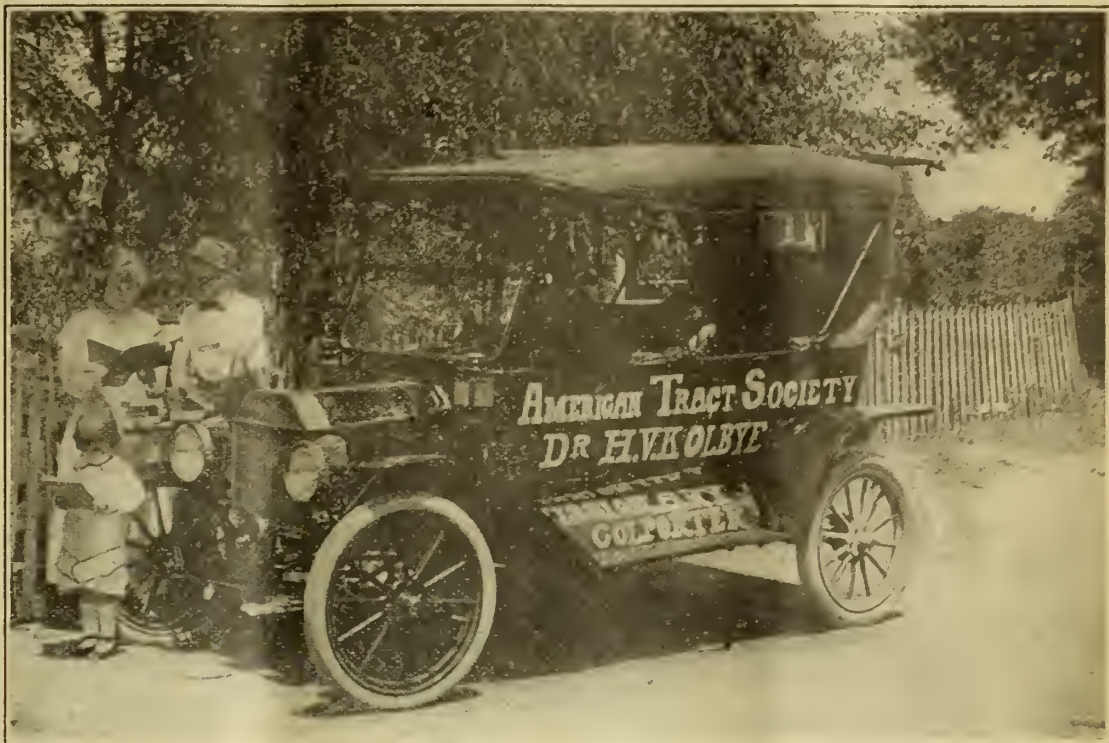
A Message for Prisoners

Rev. Samuel Mueller is carrying on missionary colportage in the State of Oregon. He gives the following interesting incidents that have occurred in connection with his work:

"While preparing a package of tracts to take with me for this month's work I noticed one that had been written especially for a prisoner. I was about to lay it aside, thinking that I would have no occasion to use it, but God's Spirit seemed to say, 'Take it along.' I then started on my journey, and when the train stopped at Garden Home, a State officer came into the car with two prisoners. Now I knew why I had felt constrained to take the tracts with me. Asking the officer for permission to give the tract to the men, I handed it to them together with several other tracts, and spoke a few words concerning the liberty with which Christ makes us free. As I returned to my seat I could not help feeling deeply for these unfortunate men and prayed to the Lord to save their souls.

"At Dallas I addressed a small congregation of German Mennonites from Russia. They received me kindly, and extended their warm hospitality. At St. Paul I had occasion to speak to a Roman Catholic, whose mind seemed open to the Word. At Newburg I had a conversation with another Roman Catholic, whose heart was overflowing with gratitude to the Lord for delivering his wife and child from dangerous illness.

"At Brooks I found a large gang of Italian laborers, who lived in a freight car. The weather being too bad for them to work on the railroad, I had the opportunity of doing some missionary work among them. I gave them all the Italian tracts which I had with me and arranged with the Evangelical minister, Rev. Guy R. Stover, to distribute more which I ordered sent to him. I also sent some Chinese tracts by mail to some Christian Chinese, who promised to hand these tracts to their neighbors."



DISTRIBUTING CHRISTIAN LITERATURE ON THE ROAD IN TEXAS.

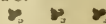
In New York State

Rev. Samuel Coddard is circulating Christian literature as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the northern part of New York State. In a recent letter he thus describes some interesting features of his work:

"During the past month I have gone out into the villages and hamlets for some forty miles around the city of Buffalo. I called upon nearly four thousand people. Here again I was most cordially received by the people of God.

"In one village a poor woman, a widow, took me by both hands and said, 'Come in! I am so glad to see you. The books you bring are so helpful. I value them next to my Bible.' After I had spent some time in reading the blessed Word to her, she took the book, 'The Old Time Religion,' by Dr. David James Burrell. I left her cottage much refreshed and praised the Lord for her strong Christian faith.

"Upon another occasion a poor man stopped me and thanked me for giving to him the temperance tract, 'Buy Your Own Cherries.' He said, 'Since reading that tract I have given up drinking, and now I have found the blessed Saviour.' I bade him hold fast and be of good cheer, remembering that the loving Saviour would keep him safe."



In Foreign Fields

Christian literature in the vernacular is the strong right arm of the missionaries at work in foreign fields. Realizing this fact the American Tract Society has for many years sent cash appropriations to the mission stations abroad to be used in the publication of Christian literature in the different languages used at those stations.

A few months ago a number of cash appropriations were forwarded to various foreign mission stations and the acknowledgments that have come to the American Tract Society in response to those remittances indicate very clearly the wisdom of this form of missionary endeavor. For example, Dr. S. H. Wainright, Executive

Secretary of the Christian Literature Society of Japan has written:

"I am greatly pleased to acknowledge receipt of the appropriation of \$100.00 sent by the American Tract Society to the Christian Literature Society of Japan. Acknowledgment will be made at the next meeting of our Executive Committee, but I want to assure you that the Christian Literature Society most heartily appreciates this manifestation of interest in our work.

"Last year we published 20,000,000 pages of tracts. This year we will get out two series, one for village evangelization and the other for students. The first is called 'The True Life Series,' and the subjects will be as follows: 'The True Life,' 'The True God,' 'The True Worship,' etc. The second series we call the 'Whatever is Pure Series.' On the face of each tract in the latter series, the passage from Philippians 4:8, beginning, 'Whatever things are pure,' will be printed, and the titles of the publications will be as follows: 'The Pure Heart,' 'The Pure Lips,' 'The Pure Body,' 'Pure Art,' etc.

"It will be seen from the above that our tract work is systematic, and that the object in view is to disseminate Christian truth."

Rev. E. M. Wherry, D. D., has written from Ludhiana, India, in part as follows:

"Your welcome draft come yesterday, and I wish to thank you for this helpful gift.

"The Tract and Book Societies of India, nine in number, recently met in Allahabad, and discussed the situation as to Christian literature. As a result we formed a Federation of Religious Tract and Literature Societies, to be known as the 'All India Federation of Literature and Tract Societies,' the object of which is to promote efficiency by a larger and more comprehensive outlook, presenting a united front which will promote co-operation and prevent overlapping and desultory effort. We shall make the *Indian Bookman*, published by the Madras Christian Literature Society, our organ, and through it we shall place full descriptive catalogues of all books published in the vernaculars of India. I think this will work a new era in vernacular literature for India."

Notes upon the Topics Used in Christian Endeavor and Other Young People's Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By Rev. Henry Lewis Ph.D.

OCTOBER 1.

The Consecration of School Life

Proverbs 4:1-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Sept. 25. Consecrated study. 2 Tim. 2:19-26.
- T. Sept. 26. Power of influence. Rom. 14:13-23.
- W. Sept. 27. Worthy behaviour. Eph. 4:1-6.
- T. Sept. 28. Witnessing for Christ. Luke 12:1-9.
- F. Sept. 29. Truth-speaking. Mal. 2:1-9.
- S. Sept. 30. Honesty. 1 Sam. 12:1-5.

At this season of the year, when young people all over the land are resuming their school work this topic comes as a timely reminder that there is just as imperative a call for consecration in the schoolroom as in any other sphere of life.

Some of the fundamental principles of education are set forth in the fourth chapter of the Book of Proverbs, from which our Scripture selection is taken. In these verses we are taught that wisdom and righteousness are inseparable. In other words education is not merely a matter of the head but it involves the heart. It means not only the development of the brain but it includes also the cultivation of the right emotions.

The best education is a Christian education. Indeed an education which lacks the Christian element is incomplete. Only by the study of Christian ideals can there be imparted that well-rounded view of life which characterizes the truly cultured man or woman.

Evidences of Consecration

A Christian will show consecration in school life by earnest devotion to study. In the schoolroom there is offered the opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge, and one who is consecrated to the highest ideals will make the most of the golden privilege to acquire wisdom.

Consecration in the schoolroom will be evidenced by worthy behaviour. Discipline will not be a problem to the teacher whose scholars are actuated by consecrated motives.

Strict fidelity to the truth will be another of the evidences of consecration in school life. And the atmosphere of the schoolroom where truth prevails at all times will make it seem like a heavenly place in Christ Jesus.

The Great Teacher

It will help both teacher and scholar to lead a consecrated life in the schoolroom if it is realized that the Great Teacher is ever present with us. As some one has wisely said, "Living your school life with Christ does not mean a less enjoyable time, but the most glorious happiness all the time."

The greatest aim that we can set before ourselves is the development of character. In reality the principal object of school life is to help us in the attainment of such a character as will be a blessing to ourselves and our neighbors all through our earthly career.

The friends with whom we associate have much to do with the moulding of our character. The best friend whose companionship we may have is the Lord Jesus Christ. If we take Him to be our constant companion both in and out of school, and we are fully consecrated to His service, then our school days will fit us for the after experiences of life, which is God's school for His children of a larger growth.

OCTOBER 8.

What New Work Should Our Society Undertake?

Exodus 14:8-15.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 2. Missions. Acts 13:1-5.
- T. Oct. 3. Quiet Hour. Luke 6:12.
- W. Oct. 4. Tenth Legion. Mal. 3:7-18.
- T. Oct. 5. Peace Union. Isa. 2:1-4.
- F. Oct. 6. Evangelism. Prov. 11:30.
- S. Oct. 7. Life-Work Recruits. Isa. 6:8.

Just as surely as Jehovah spoke unto the children of Israel through the lips of His servant Moses bidding them go forward, so the Lord is bidding the young people of to-day to arise and go forward into new avenues of Christian

toil so that they may aid in hastening the progress of His Kingdom.

It must rest with the members of each individual society to decide just what forms of new work should be undertaken this fall. But let each society make a careful study of this question, and having decided what new endeavors should be made, let every member loyally and enthusiastically support the advance movements that are undertaken.

The Daily Bible Readings for this topic suggest a number of lines of work which each and every society may very appropriately emphasize. The great enterprise of Missions, both at home and abroad, calls for ever-increasing support, and if your society is not already doing its utmost, this is an excellent work for you to undertake. The Tenth Legion, whose members are pledged to give one-tenth of their income to the cause of Christ is calling for new recruits, and doubtless there are many members in every society who might well be enrolled in this splendid fellowship of giving. The Quiet Hour emphasizes a side of life that is sorely needed in this busy, rushing age, and it would be well if each society would present the opportunity for those who so desire to become Comrades of the Quiet Hour.

In an era of the world's history where militarism presents the most dangerous obstacle to the realization of the vision of a world at peace, it is well to emphasize the claim of the Peace Union and every kindred agency upon those who are professed followers of the Prince of Peace.

Every Christian Endeavor Society should be engaged in some form of evangelistic service. If your society is not doing some definite work for the winning of souls, now is the time to begin.

Individual Christians should ask themselves the question, "Ought I to be a Life-work recruit?" That means, "Should I devote my whole life to some form of Christian service?" There is a loud call for Christian workers of every kind, and every Christian young man and young woman should thoughtfully and earnestly ask whether or not the Master is calling to a life that shall be wholly yielded to His service.

There is one field of Christian enterprise where young people may be of great service, and that is in the circulation of good Christian literature. This is a line of work which calls loudly for increased support and for more workers. It is also a line of service which brings to those who engage in it a rich and satisfying reward in the knowledge that they have been instrumental in spreading the gospel message through the printed page and have thus scattered seed the blessed fruitage of which will be gathered in eternity itself.

OCTOBER 15.

Public Spirit and How to Cultivate It.

Psalms 122:1-9.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 9. Civic pride. Acts 21:37-29.
- T. Oct. 10. Cleansing a city. Mal. 4:1-6.
- W. Oct. 11. Passion for civic purity. Jer. 33:1-9.
- T. Oct. 12. Love of the people. Rom. 11:13-36.
- F. Oct. 13. High-minded officials. 2 Sam. 23:1-7.
- S. Oct. 14. The coming city. Rev. 21:10-27.

This topic which is suggested for use on Citizenship Sunday, is very appropriate in view of the approaching national elections, which call for the display of the best public spirit as the citizens of our land proceed to the selection of those who are to preside over the destinies of the people in state and nation.

Public spirit means taking an interest in the welfare of the people at large. It is opposed to that narrow view of life which is concerned simply with oneself and one's immediate family.

Lack of public spirit is one of the real

perils of our national life, and it is well for the young people of our land to do their utmost to stimulate and cultivate this vital quality.

The Development of Public Spirit

A good public spirit is developed by the cultivation of real neighborliness. The observance of the Golden Rule cannot fail to promote public spirit in local affairs.

When we remember that through the modern devices of the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone the whole country is brought together into neighborly relations, the importance of carrying the principle of the Golden Rule into the larger and broader relations of life becomes at once apparent.

Public spirit and patriotism are practically synonymous expressions, and the cultivation of a spirit of devotion to our country will inevitably result in the development of that public spirit which is so greatly needed in our land.

Christianity is not exclusively individualistic in its nature, though there are some who have thus misinterpreted its spirit. Christianity calls for the recognition of the best interests of the community and for the practice of social service, and these activities depend in the last analysis upon the cultivation of the right public spirit.

Public spirit is needed in both city and country alike. Though the forms in which this spirit is manifested may vary according to the different necessities of each individual case, yet there is wide scope for its exercise in both rural and urban communities.

Public spirit is based upon unselfishness. It requires knowledge and discernment. It calls for full information and for the accurate statement of facts.

Public spirit must be backed up by moral bravery in order to accomplish definite results. Without courage there is no public spirit that is worth mentioning.

Public spirit calls for the gift of continuance. Perseverance is a prime requisite for those who would achieve anything that is worth-while in the line of civic benefit.

Public spirit should be linked with consecration. The best Christian is the one who is most devoted to the public welfare.

OCTOBER 22.

Manliness and Womanliness

Nehemiah 6:1-13; Esther 4:6-16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 16. Be men! 1 Cor. 16:13, 14.
- T. Oct. 17. Manliness in danger. Dan. 5:17-31.
- W. Oct. 18. Manliness in temptation. Acts 8:14-25.
- T. Oct. 19. Women's tenderness. Acts 9:36-43.
- F. Oct. 20. Women's revolt. Esth. 1:10-22.
- S. Oct. 21. Women's faithfulness. John 20:1-18.

The Bible presents to us many shining illustrations of manliness and womanliness, and among these Nehemiah and Esther stand out very prominently as examples of that nobility of character which should characterize every true man and every true woman.

It is interesting to notice how many noble qualities may be possessed in common by both men and women. For example, we notice in the case of Nehemiah and Esther, they were both full of courage. Nothing could quell either the dauntless spirit of this brave governor of the Jews or the heroic attitude of this noble queen. Again Nehemiah and Esther were both actuated by the deepest patriotism. They were both devoted to the love of their countrymen and to the best welfare of their fellow-citizens. Furthermore they were both inspired by the most lofty purpose, and their supreme object in life was the attainment of that purpose.

Other Shining Examples

It would be a profitable exercise to name as many other illustrations as possible of Bible characters exhibiting true manliness and womanliness.

In the Old Testament Joseph and Ruth, and in the New Testament Paul and Mary have been named by Amos R. Wells as supreme examples of manly men and womanly women.

Moses may be cited as another instance of a splendid type of manliness and Dorcas may be mentioned as a fine illustration of true womanliness.

Suggestive Thoughts

Kindness is a quality that is just as essential to true manliness as to real womanliness. The noblest type of manhood is found in the man who is gentle, or as we are wont to say, a gentleman.

Faithfulness is an essential characteristic of every true woman and every sincere man. Fidelity is a priceless quality, and without it no character can be perfect.

The Lord Jesus Christ has been spoken of as the first true gentleman. He stands out in human history as the highest embodiment of manliness that the world has ever known.

The secret of true manliness and of womanliness lies in the possession of the Christ spirit. It is the presence of the Master in our hearts that makes us true men and true women.

OCTOBER 29.

The Rewards of Religion

1 Corinthians 3:6-23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 23. A good name. Prov. 22:1.
- T. Oct. 24. Respect of men. Rom. 14:16-19.
- W. Oct. 25. Heart's peace. Ps. 91:1-10.
- T. Oct. 26. Abounding joy. Ps. 16:1-11.
- F. Oct. 27. Fruitful service. Col. 1:10.
- S. Oct. 28. Glory. 2 Tim. 4:6-8.

It is suggested that the meeting at which topic is considered be an "Honorary Members' Meeting." This is a good suggestion, for honorary members out of their mature Christian experience may throw a flood of light upon this subject.

The rewards of religion are so many and so rich that we cannot enumerate nor describe them in detail. We can only glance at a few of the most striking facts.

It is one of the eternal principles of human life that every action meets with some return. In the words of the Apostle, "Each shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." But in the infinite mercy of God the rewards which we receive as the result of our acceptance of the Christian faith are immeasurably beyond our own deserts. It is by the grace of Christ that we are rewarded by the gift of His unsearchable riches.

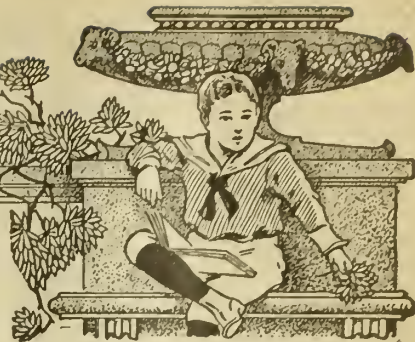
We are not to embrace religion merely because of the rewards which its offers us. We should accept the Christian faith because it is the only right and wise thing to do. And we should think of the rewards that come to the Christian not as payment for services rendered but as the free gift of God's infinite grace.

Among the rich rewards which the Christian receives we may name the sense of abiding peace which comes to those who put their trust in the Lord. Another reward is the consciousness of the divine presence which the friendship of Jesus assures. Still another reward is the satisfaction which comes from service rendered to God and to man.

Even in this world the rewards of religion constitute a rich and satisfying inheritance to every true child of God. But when we consider the rewards that await us in the world to come, we realize how infinitely rich are those who have yielded themselves to God. For eternal life and joy are the portion of all those who bear the name of Christ and who have witnessed a good confession and have fought a good fight with the world, the flesh and the devil.

It has been well said that religion never gives prizes, for a prize can be won by only a single person, but religion offers rewards which are within the reach of all who will accept its teachings.

Our Young Folks



Going to Kindergarten in China

BY JANIE RICE BIGELOW.

THERE is in Canton, China, a home where live a dear little boy named Sun Tak, and his sister, Ah So. Ah So really means "little sister," and the Chinese often call little baby girls by this name until they are big enough to go to school.

Being Christian Chinese, their parents were eager to send Sun Tak and Ah So to a missionary kindergarten but it was a long distance from their home and too far for the children to walk. Besides, the streets were crowded and very narrow so that it would be unsafe for a little boy and girl to walk alone.

How do you think these little folks managed? They did not go in a street car, nor in a carriage, nor in a sedan chair. Some of their classmates were carried on the backs of servants, but Sun Tak's father could not well afford two servants to go with them, and Ah So must go too. But it was a very good plan, the children thought, when their father told them how they were to go.

In Canton, there are people who make baskets and chairs of bamboo and rattan. Well, Sun Tak's father had basket chairs made for them in which they could sit safely without fear of falling. He tied strong ropes to them, put one on each end of a pole, and a servant carried them on his shoulders through the crowded streets to the kindergarten every day. Their basket chairs hung from the ends of the pole—like the little plates of the scales in which the druggist weighs medicine—but it was something more valuable than medicine they contained, their mother thought, when she saw them go out into the street.

If you could see those streets, you would not wonder they were glad to be carried in baskets. Why, if two little girls should stand in the middle of the street and should join hands, they could easily touch the wall on either side in some places. So you see, little children cannot have auto rides there, and, if they go out with their mother, they must stay close by her side lest they get lost in the crowd.

Now, let us watch Sun Tak and Ah So starting off to kindergarten. Their chairs are made with flat bottoms for little feet to rest upon. They are very comfortable indeed and have doors, or half covers, that open to let them in and out, much like baby's high chair at table. It was great fun that first morning when their chair-baskets were brought out. The neighbors were there to see them get in, and how they laughed as they were lifted into their seats! They sat quietly enough, though holding on to the sides, when the servant put his pole through the ropes—for Chinese children are taught to be quiet at times and can be sober as judges, however full of fun they may be.

At last they were ready. The doors were securely closed, the servant squatted down to get the pole on his shoulder, and with a good-natured grunt lifted the chairs, the children swinging from the ends of the pole like birds in their nests. Then, waving a merry goodbye, away they went down the street to the tune of the servant's chant, "Heigh-ahoi-a, heigh-a-ho! Heigh-a-hoi-a, ho!" For those who carry burdens in China often have a way of chanting.

Let us follow them down the street. What shall we see on the way to kindergarten? Such crowds of people! The

servant keeps calling to them to make way, for it is the rule that all must make way for those who carry things through the streets on their shoulders just as we make way for vehicles and street cars. They have no wagons, no carriages and no cars in these streets of Canton, remember, so many things must be carried through the streets on people's shoulders.

As we go along on either side we see many little shops where fruit and vegetables are sold, grocery stores, blacksmith shops, shoe stores, candy stores—many things you see every day in the streets, and you can easily tell what they are.

just ahead and he stops, puts down his tubs and takes out a fish, a real, live fish! He has been calling "Buy fish, buy fish," and this woman wants fish for breakfast.

Then there is a man with flowers, a little boy with peanuts, another with cakes all pink and round made of rice flour. Now, we hear a baby crying. Where is it? Look all around, you see no baby. Ah, there it is on the back of its nurse with a cloth tied over it to keep it from falling. You can just see its head and feet sticking out. The nurse pats it gently and makes a kind of "Coo, coo" sound, which baby knows so well means, "Go to sleep, don't cry."



SUN TAK AND AH SO GOING TO KINDERGARTEN IN CANTON, CHINA.

But there are some things you could never guess at all. There is a man with baskets over his shoulder, too, very much like the ones Sun Tak and Ah So are in, and he keeps calling in a loud voice, "Bo hai, bo hai." When he comes to a place where the street is wider, he puts down his baskets, takes out a stool, a hammer, an awl, a box of tacks, and some leather. Yes, you know him now, he mends shoes, and goes around to people's doors to get work to do. "Bo hai" means "shoes," you see!

But there is another with tubs hanging from the end of his pole. You hear him calling, "Mai yuc, mai yuc." As we get nearer, the water, we can see, is splashing around in the tubs. Presently some one calls at a doorway

If you wish to try a little Chinese girl's way of playing nurse, take a large handkerchief, fasten a long piece of tape on each corner, put your doll on your back, head just between the shoulders, then lean over a bit till you spread the handkerchief over it and let the tape come under each arm and over the shoulders. Now gather the four ends together in front and tie Miss Dolly securely in place. Baby's feet would come under the arms over the tape, maybe Dolly's can too, but she will not fall if they hang straight. Little children in China enjoy greatly playing with their dolls in this way.

And now we come to a long street much wider than the others. There are only high walls on either side. Very wide street doors open here and there

into the homes of the people. Inside the walls are sometimes lovely flower gardens with trees and birds and goldfish, and lotus ponds.

One other thing you must see. Here it is in front of this door, a big red lantern. That means there is a little baby in that home. Yes, and there comes a servant girl with a basket full of red eggs. They look like Easter eggs, you say. And so they do, but they are a present baby's mother is sending to a friend because baby is four weeks old!

But here comes a group of merry children running to meet us. They have spied Sun Tak's head above the basket, and he is calling to them. The servant carefully enters the wide street door, lets down the basket-chairs, and helps Sun Tak out—just in time, for the teacher has come to the Kindergarten entrance and he must bow "good morning."

Ah So must be content with smiling up from her basket. Two black eyes shine like stars under her red cap at the look of surprise on teacher's face—for who ever heard of children being brought to Kindergarten in baskets before?

Our Collectors' Column

Many boys and girls are fond of collecting things, and it has therefore been suggested that we have a "Collectors' Column" on Our Young Folks' Page. Accordingly we have decided to give all our young friends an opportunity to write to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER telling about the various collections which they have made.

One very popular pursuit is the making of a stamp collection, and we would be very glad to hear from any of our young readers who have been collecting stamps. Tell us how large a variety you have secured, and if you have obtained any very special specimens, please be sure to mention them.

A coin collection is always an object of interest, and we should like to hear from any one who owns such a collection.

Picture post cards are easily obtained, and many young folks have made very choice collections of these. There are many uses to which these picture post cards may be put, and in a later issue the Editor will tell one very useful and delightful way of disposing of all the picture post cards you may collect.

Some of the older boys and girls have cameras and are making a collection of photographs. The Editor would be very glad to hear from those who are collecting photographs, and if you can submit a pretty photograph which may be reproduced on this page, it would add a great deal of interest to Our Young Folks' Department.

Pressed flowers and leaves make a very instructive and entertaining collection. Those who live by the seashore may also prepare a collection of pressed seaweeds or of seashells.

There may be other collections which have not been mentioned which have been gathered by some of Our Young Folks. If so, do not fail to let us know what you have been collecting and what success you have had.

Before the next number of the AMERICAN MESSENGER goes to press, we hope that we may have a goodly number of letters which we may print in our Collectors' Column. Write at once to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y., and your letter may be in time to insert in our next issue.

CHURCH NEWS

Meeting of the Federal Council of Churches

The Christian forces of America will be gathered as never before in their history at the Third Quadrennial Council of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which will convene for a week beginning Wednesday evening, December 6, 1916, at St. Louis.

The headquarters of the council will be the commodious Second Baptist Church. The local arrangements will be made by a committee of the St. Louis Federation of Churches, of which Rev. W. C. Bitting is the chairman.

The reports of the various Commissions on Evangelism, Social Service, Peace and Arbitration, Christian Education, Foreign Missions, Temperance, Family Life, Sunday Observance, and Country Life will this year consist of a thorough and complete survey of all these movements on the part of the churches and allied interdenominational organizations. The Home Missions Council will present a complete review of the entire field committed to that body.

The Commission on State and Local Federations will give a four years' review of the progress of these bodies, and the more recently organized Commission on Federated Movements will present its program, past, present and future, for the development of the local field, including a session to be given for a review of the interdenominational movements participating in the work of this Commission, including the following bodies: United Society of Christian Endeavor, Laymen's Missionary Movement, Missionary Education Movement, The Young Men's Christian Association, The Young Women's Christian Association, International Sunday School Association, American Sunday School Union, Sunday School Council for Evangelical Denominations, Council of Women for Home Missions, Home Missions Council, The Epworth League, Adult Bible Classes and Brotherhood Movements.

There will be a two-day session of the conference of representatives of theological seminaries, and the Joint Commission appointed four years ago on the study of social and industrial questions in the seminaries will present its findings. In addition, there will be reports of several special committees, including the Committee of One Hundred which carried on religious work at the Panama Pacific Exposition, the Commission on Relations with Japan, the recent Christian Embassy to that country, and the Committee appointed on the Special Interests of the Colored Denominations.

The official delegates from the thirty constituent bodies of the council will number about four hundred and fifty, and in addition there will be a large attendance of members of the various Commissions which number in all about one thousand, the representatives of the theological seminaries, and of the several interdenominational movements.

Each Commission has been instructed by the Executive Committee of the Council to present a complete review of all the activities of the churches and religious bodies relating to the various phases of Christian work covered by these Commissions.

A Committee of Fifteen has been appointed, which is under instruction to present to the Council a review and appraisal, not only of the work of the Federal Council itself for the Quadrennium, but of the federative movement in general, with recommendations for the future policy of the Council.

Owing to the large extent to which the Federal Council has recently participated in international movements and because of the present world situation it is probable that large attention will be given to the international relations of the churches.

The Pilgrim Anniversary

The Congregational Churches are planning for the tercentenary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims in a way which promises enlargement for the work of the denomination and provides for restatement of the principles and ideals which animated those devoted fathers. The anniversary occurs in December, 1921, but the general inauguration of the work which is to cover the celebration is to occur on Sunday, October 15, 1916. The five goals fixed for the churches are: 1. Intelligent study and setting forth of the political and religious convictions which brought the Pilgrims to America. 2. Half a million new members for the churches. 3. Large numbers of recruits for the ministry or other Christian callings. 4. Two million dollars annually for missions. 5. A great permanent fund as a memorial of the Pilgrims.

The *Congregationalist* reports that the churches are taking hold of the scheme with unusual interest and vigor. "Thus with some of the ablest and most inventive men in our denomination planning and overseeing this fine piece of team work, and with unprecedented resources in the way of literature and practical helps of many kinds, and above all with certain great, definite goals, the next four years should represent the finest flowering forth of the Congregational spirit which this country has ever seen."

Home Talent for Evangelism

BY ROY B. GUILD.

Gipsy Smith was conducting an evangelistic campaign in Chicago. Each noon the Great Northern Theatre was filled within seven minutes of the time the doors were opened.

Each day the gipsy evangelist was preceded by a Chicago preacher, who took half the time. Men who had not been called evangelistic gave wonderful messages. Near the close of the week after we had listened to the most stirring appeal we had yet heard Gipsy Smith came forward holding a bundle of letters in his hands.

"These," he said, "are protests from some of you who think I ought to occupy all of this brief noon hour. Do you know why I have insisted on your own preachers dividing the time? First, because the Lord did not send me over here to commit suicide. Second and chiefly, I wanted you to know that if you will support your own preachers as loyally and as enthusiastically as you do me, and as you have just supported this man, you will not have to send to England for a gipsy to preach the Gospel."

Some of our cities are taking this truth to heart. Three years ago Indianapolis failed to secure a professional evangelist. The officers of the evangelistic committee of the Church Federation of Indianapolis decided to go ahead any way and have a Simultaneous Evangelistic Campaign. The pastors and laymen responded to the proposal. The churches were led to expect results. At the end of the Easter season three thousand had been added to the churches. More careful plans covering the whole winter's work were made. Seven thousand were received into the churches. All denominations worked along normal lines and worked hard. Last winter over eight thousand were received. Counting the summer seasons with the winter nearly twenty thousand have been brought into the membership of the Indianapolis churches.

Ministers have come to expect results. The church members have manifested faith in their own pastor and in themselves.

The Federated Churches of Cleveland report remarkable success in the use of home talent for evangelistic campaigns. This was the plan which they followed. A goal of 10,000 new church members by Easter Sunday, April 23, 1916, was

adopted by 200 pastors at their all-day conference on Monday, September 27, 1915. This program of organized personal evangelism was furthered by observing October as a General Rally and Go-to-Church Month, each Sunday having a name and each week having some special significance. Publicity was given this campaign by advertisements in the four daily newspapers of the city and by news items upon special features emphasized during the month. The weekly church calendars were used to set forth the nature of the Christian life and claims of the church.

Much was made of that part of the program which requested the pastors to give at least once every Sunday a public invitation to begin the Christian life. Churches appointed committees of laymen to assist in parish visitation. The Laymen's Missionary Convention, Dec. 5 to 8, which enrolled 2,200 delegates, was made a part of this evangelistic campaign, and was followed by a concerted effort to develop a strong evangelistic Sunday evening service, culminating in two weeks of meetings in individual or groups of churches before Easter Sunday. Statements were secured from thirty leading churches in the country that have large Sunday evening services, showing the methods employed to build up this service. Never have the churches of Cleveland co-operated with so much real enthusiasm in a uniform program of evangelism. In their addresses on life work, Sunday, February 13, pastors requested their young people to dedicate their lives to some special form of Christian service, including the Christian ministry and social service activities. The noon-day meetings in the Euclid Avenue Opera House during Holy Week were attended by more than 1,000 every day, and gave much inspiration to the closing days of the year's campaign of evangelism. Returns from the churches to date indicate that the goal of 10,000 new members has been reached.

In Minneapolis the churches had been linked in a strong fellowship in a great fight for a dry city. While the battle went against them because of the importing of hundreds of voters yet they manifested a strength that has terrorized the liquor interests. Following this fight they co-operated in a simultaneous campaign with splendid results. Richmond, Virginia had similar success.

One of the secrets of success for great evangelists is that the whole city is thinking about the same thing at the same time, though their thoughts may be very different. A unified program can bring these results. Those wishing printed matter telling how the plan has worked can secure the same by writing to Rev. Roy B. Guild, Executive Secretary of the Commission on Federated Movements, United Charities Building, New York.

FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT

The AMERICAN MESSENGER is found very acceptable by the Home Departments of many Sabbath Schools. What better publication could be secured for home reading at the price at which this paper is offered? When ordered in clubs of five or more, the price is only 30 cents a year. The papers may be mailed to individual names, or they may be sent in one package to be distributed by the Sabbath School Visitor—whichever way is preferred. We trust that the Good Literature Committees in all Churches, Sabbath Schools and Christian Endeavor Societies will consider the AMERICAN MESSENGER in ordering their supplies for the coming year. If the order for 1917 is forwarded at once, the issues for November and December, 1916, will be sent gratis.

AMERICAN MESSENGER

PARK AVE. AND 40TH ST. NEW YORK

The World's Largest Y. M. C. A.

The report for last year of the West Side Young Men's Christian Association in New York City is interesting as showing the magnitude of the work for men which now centers around a Y. M. C. A. building. The West Side Branch is the largest Y. M. C. A., in the world, the membership being about 7,500. During 1915 the religious work department held 3,304 meetings, with an attendance of 257,566. Of these 798 were in the building, being attended by 36,453 men and boys; 193,203 men in shops were reached in 1,524 meetings, and 27,205 attended Bible classes. Religious interviews were given to 1,990 men, 1,564 were introduced in churches, and 333 known conversions were recorded. In the educational department 3,763 students were enrolled, and 4,201 separate class sessions were attended by 85,453 men. In the physical department 3,338 were enrolled in gymnasium classes, and the social department engineered 673 events, attended by 90,931 men. The employment department received 4,908 applications from employers and 3,428 from men and boys, of whom 2,643 found jobs. West Side Branch sent out 557 men to help at religious meetings in churches and in community work, and \$3,000 was contributed by 1,046 members to the work of the Havana Branch, West Side is entirely self-supporting.

A Work for Young People's Societies

Did you ever stop to think of the many thousands of people who are not in attendance upon church services, and who are unreached by the Gospel's Message?

Did it ever occur to you that you might have an effectual part in good missionary work right in your own town or neighborhood? There are many families in your immediate community where a religious paper is not taken. Why not take up the work of circulating in these homes a splendid, wholesome, inspiring, religious periodical every month? Think of the many families that would surely receive a spiritual uplift from the reading of such a paper each month. Who can tell the good that might be accomplished for the extension of the Master's Kingdom through such efforts?

The AMERICAN MESSENGER is a paper just suited for this purpose. It is an un denominational, inspiring and evangelical monthly, published by the American Tract Society. For more than seventy years it has been esteemed one of the most useful of religious periodicals, as well as one of the best and cheapest papers published. It is considered the finest illustrated religious monthly published at the low price of only 50 cents a year for a single subscription or only 30 cents in clubs of five or more.

This would be a good time for your society to take up this work, and at a very small outlay—

\$3.00 would pay for 10 copies each month for one year; \$6.00 would pay for 20 copies; 40 copies would cost \$12.00. Surely a paper of this kind would be much appreciated, and we believe it would be a help to your Society. Try it for a year. You surely have a number of earnest, consecrated young people in your Society who would be most happy to engage in this special work, and thus bring the story of Christ and His love to those who do not know Him.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave. and 40th St., NEW YORK CITY

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

A Model Sunday School in the Making.

The largest Spanish-speaking church in Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic, had, until a couple of months ago, a very unsatisfactory school, numbering only 140 on an average. The pastor, official board and teachers sent the following message to Rev. George P. Howard, Secretary for the World's Sunday School Association: "Something is wrong with our school; come over and help us. We give you full control; do anything you want to do, only improve us."

"And I did take things into my hands," writes Mr. Howard, "First I took one of their large Sunday evening audiences and did my best to get the whole church awakened to the importance of the Sunday School. I drove the men's Bible class out of their comfortable quarters (they had one of the only two available separate rooms) and put the primary department in their place. The men have since found a comfortable corner somewhere else, and the primary children are delighted with their quarters. The other room was the Pastor's study; it is still his study during the week, but on Sunday it is changed into a modern kindergarten department with sand-table, black-board, etc. That they have all caught the Sunday-school vision is proved, I think, by the fact that last Sunday their attendance reached 256, and the children declare that they will not rest until they reach the 300 mark. The interesting part is that they are by their efforts stirring up other schools."

"One of the largest Sunday-schools in Montevideo, Uruguay, has set out to become a model school. They have put in a complete graded course, kindergarten department, three teacher-training classes, etc. They have been doing wonders, but as soon as they heard about the school in this rival city of Buenos Aires, they held a council of war, sent a letter of congratulation to the superintendent, and made up their minds that they would not let their brethren across the River Plate beat them. And so the work goes on. The days are all too short for the accomplishing of all that needs to be done, but I am heartened when I think how many friends in the United States are remembering the work on this continent in their prayers."

How He Was Converted

The first man to confess Christ in the Chinese province of Kweichow, Elder Chen, has recently passed to his reward. The occasion of his conversion is worth recording. He had served as teacher in Chinese to a missionary, knew about the Gospel, and cared nothing for it. One day he was standing with the missionary as he preached in a country market place. The crowd was rude and threatening. The missionary, fearing a riot, took great pains to extricate Mr. Chen from the danger, saying of him that he was not a Christian and had no interest in the Gospel but was merely engaged to teach books. Whatever they might do to himself he hoped they would let Mr. Chen go quietly on his way. This proceeding appeared very strange to Mr. Chen, who felt convinced that the God the missionary preached must be very powerful to keep him so unconcerned about himself while he took so great pains to help others. His reflections upon the matter led to his acceptance of Christ. He became a man of prayer, deeply read in the Scriptures. During the Boxer trial he refused flight. "Can I hide?" he said, "My face is my signboard. For twenty years I have been known throughout this city as a preacher of the Gospel; can I now be hid? I will stay here and die." Happily, however, he was spared for fifteen years' longer service.



ZULU CHRISTIANS AT MT. TABOR, SOUTH AFRICA.

Christian Literature for Zulus

For several years the American Tract Society has sent a foreign cash appropriation to the South Africa General Mission, of which Rev. Andrew Murray is president. The headquarters of this Mission are at Cape Town, but its work is widely extended throughout the southern part of the African continent.

A part of the last appropriation was used by the South Africa General Mission to provide Christian literature for the Zulus. This remittance was acknowledged by one of the workers at the Mount Tabor Mission School, who sent to the American Tract Society the photograph, from which was reproduced the interesting picture which appears on this page of our paper, and who wrote in part as follows:

"I write to thank you so very much for your kind gift to buy literature for the Zulu Christians. It was a most welcome gift as we often have wished to be able to put into the hands of these Christians some of the helpful little books that are available for them in the Zulu language.

"It may interest you to look into the faces of some of those who received 'Daily Light' and 'The Life of Jesus Christ' in the Zulu language.

"I send you a photo taken at this station. A few words about those who appear in this picture may be of interest. Beginning at the left-hand side we see Magangeni Dube, about eighteen years of age, who came to us about a year ago looking for work. He had not been with us long before he said he wanted to be a Christian. His people, who are living near at hand, soon heard of it and did all in their power to get him away from us. They worried him so much that once he came and said that he thought he had better leave us, but after we talked with him he stayed on, and for the last six months his people have left him alone.

"Timote Mswela has been a professing Christian for about ten years. For some time his life was not what it ought to have been and he therefore kept away from church and fellowship with God's children. A few months ago, however, at one of our evangelist's meetings he stood up and confessed his backsliding; then a few Sundays later he came to this station and said he wished to come back into fellowship again, for he felt that the Lord had forgiven his backsliding, and he asked for our forgiveness also.

"Johannes Mbulazi has grown up with us, for he was a little boy when we first built here. For years he used to attend school, and, at times, he stayed with us altogether. Last year he married one of our Christian girls; she is sitting in front of the man holding the little boy on his shoulder.

"Richard Mbulazi, the man with the

little boy on his shoulder, has been living some distance away from here with his wife and children, but now one of our evangelists has built a home close to him, for which fact he and his wife are very glad.

"Aron Mbulazi was baptized last Christmas. He has been with us nearly three years but will be soon leaving us.

"Jessie Mbulazi, the girl in the front row with her hand under her chin, has been with us eight years. She also was baptized last Christmas.

"All those whom I have just named received a copy of 'Daily Light.'

"Anna Nxumalo, the wife of one of our evangelists, received 'The Life of Jesus Christ.' She does not appear in the picture as she was ill with fever the day the photo was taken, but her husband, Elias, is standing fourth in the back row."

The Hawaiian Methodist Mission

In the Hawaiian Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church there are thirty-six pastors or evangelists, thirty-three church buildings, valued at \$110,560, and seven parsonages valued at \$13,800. There are seventy-nine Mission stations. There are 2,209 members and 1,500 Sunday School scholars gathered in thirty Sunday Schools. There are fifteen Epworth Leagues with a membership of 465. There are two English, nine Japanese, twelve Korean and seven Filipino appointments. A Korean Boys' School is doing excellent work toward the support of which the Home Board makes liberal donation. There are to be found in the Mission four English, sixteen Korean, two Japanese and three Filipino local preachers. There are one English, three Japanese and twenty Korean exhorters. Twelve schools are being sustained in the work. The general condition of the Japanese work is reported as exceedingly satisfactory. Several plantation churches are maintained among the Koreans with good results. The present Superintendent is Rev. William Henry Fry.

A Flag Booklet and a Moslem.

When Dr. Zwemer was recently on a trip in the town of Deir Mowas, Egypt, he was entertained most hospitably both by the evangelical pastor and by the Moslem omdeh, or chief of the town. In fact, when he arrived at the railway station a large crowd of Moslems and Christians had gathered to welcome him, and he was soon mounted on a horse provided by his hosts, while they rode by his side on donkeys, and many people followed on foot. This honorable procession through the town was in itself a sufficient invitation to people to come to the service in the

church, and that very evening, which was Saturday, a Sunday-school entertainment was given at which most of the prominent Mohammedans were invited guests.

One of these guests was a police magistrate, an educated Moslem and one of marked liberality of view. Dr. Zwemer was told that this magistrate had become interested in a Christian orphanage at Assiut, managed by one of the missionaries, and had given \$100.00 towards its funds. This Moslem has already translated on his own initiative an English book on the care of children, and he hopes to publish this at the Nile Mission Press—a Christian Mission Press in Cairo. After the Sunday-school gathering was over the guests were invited to come to the church service on Sunday when Dr. Zwemer was to preach, and all of them promised to do so. During the service the next day, the church was crowded and Dr. Zwemer, knowing something of the local conditions, took occasion in the course of his sermon to make a drive at the liquor traffic. As soon as he launched on this subject, the Mohammedan visitors in the front rows commenced clapping vigorously and showing their approval in several ways orally as well.

After the service the Moslem police magistrate, mentioned above, took Dr. Zwemer to his own home. He said, in particular, he wanted to show him a curiosity, namely, a little book which had in it the flags of all the world and "certain figures relating to the Sunday-schools in all the countries of the world." Going to his safe, with great ceremony he unlocked the door and took out a torn and much-used copy of the booklet published at the World's Sunday School convention in Zurich, "The Strength of the World's Sunday School Army." Someone in Assiut who received a copy through Mr. Trowbridge had shown it to the police magistrate and had finally given it to him at his urgent request. He presented this to Dr. Zwemer as something of rare interest, and was greatly pleased to learn that Dr. Zwemer himself was one of the speakers at the Zurich Convention and already knew the booklet.

Then, speaking confidentially to Dr. Zwemer, he took out of his pocketbook a leaf torn from the beginning of the flag-book, bearing the poem "Others." "This," he said, "is my religion. I am a Moslem and shall continue a Moslem, but I am with you in this great thought of living for others. This little poem is wonderfully true and it is the best thing I have seen in my life."

The Reason for Medical Missions

David Livingstone said: "God had only one Son and he gave him to be a medical missionary." From its very beginning we see Christianity has been a healing as well as a teaching religion. Heathen lands have all the diseases of our own country, but the sufferings incident thereto are greatly intensified by the ignorance, superstition and filth of its natives. Quackery reigns supreme and medicine men and witch doctors easily gain incredible power over the superstitious minds of the people. Disease is believed by them to be caused by a demon in the body of the sufferer and all sorts of remedies are resorted to in trying to expel him, such as beating of drums and blowing of horns. These, while torturing the nerves, do not compare to the suffering caused by pricking the patients with hot needles and pounding on the head or afflicted part of the patient, to drive away this demon of disease. Women are allowed to suffer excruciating agonies, the sick are often neglected and the dying are held in superstitious dread. Heathen lands are lands of pain, and scientific medicine has developed only in Christian countries.

Our Fireside

The Armor of Light

By Lloyd Logan

"WE ARE taking the place of the soldiers, because they can not work to relieve the suffering. I will give five dollars. If each of us do the same, then we can give the entertainment—" Nan paused.

She was most enthusiastic herself and she looked from one to another of the girls for a responsive echo. But each girl was very much occupied with her needle, for this was a meeting of the Busy-Bees. Kate tapped her foot impatiently. Mary gazed thoughtfully at some far distant object. There was an embarrassing silence.

"Well, if we *did* do it," Nan continued somewhat defiantly, "We would be proud of our Belgium fund."

"Are there more white strips?" asked Mary, rather inharmoniously.

"Catch!" laughed Kate as she picked a handful of the long white strips from a bandbox in the middle of the floor.

Mary held up her dress and caught the flying bundle.

"Mother promised to buy a blue rug as well as a white and blue. She said that we could give our things to the Ladies' Aid and have them woven at the same time. The larger the number of rugs, the more reasonable the cost of weaving." Estelle Coleman had been waiting for a breathing spell amid the clatter of the ten voices, to launch this pleasing bit of information.

"Lovely," cried Kate, "Then our profits will be larger. I think that we will have a very nice sum by the end of our first quarter."

"It is fine," Nan interrupted cheerily, generously willing to applaud the other person. "But it might be *finer*. I like big things. Just imagine how well it would look—the account of what the Busy-Bees had done. Rugs are so slow."

Again there was perceptible a decided lack of appreciation of Nan's plan. Her face flushed at the aloneness of her position. She thought that she had proposed something splendid. Surely she needed her five dollars as much as any one. Mary caught a glimpse of Nan's face with its quivering upper lip. The sympathy which she always felt for any kind of distress called her valiantly to the rescue.

"It is splendid," she admitted, "but I do not think Kate or I could very well give five dollars. The entertainment would take time and our school work is very heavy this year. Rag rugs are slow. But I can give one afternoon a week, *every* week, to sew rag rugs."

Mary's voice was so gentle that it was impossible for it to offend.

"You have just as much spending money as I," Nan rejoined with more ardor than courtesy.

It was true that Kate's and Mary's allowance equalled Nan's. It was equally true that at least five of the remaining Busy-Bees could not easily afford to give five dollars each. It was of this fact that Mary thought. As for herself she would have willingly given. Mary did not reply. The conversation naturally turned to rag rugs.

To Nan, her own point of view was the only one possible. Hot tears welled up in her eyes. She left the room on some pretext, going upstairs to Estelle's room to bathe her face and remove every vestige of tears. Defeat or absolute surrender never held any place in Nan's plans.

The stairway rounded up into what might have been a pretty little upstairs hall, but the architect had continued the wall that formed the front bedroom, so that this little unused space was enclosed, forming a room, if so small a place could carry so large a name. Nannette had never been within this disregarded little corner. On ascending the stairs she heard the tapping of a little bell; a repeated, purposeful tapping. She hesitated, wondering if it were a summons.

"Come," it was a sweet, gentle voice calling from within.

Nan opened the door. "I am so sorry to bother you. The curtains blowing caught that glass of water on the stand and tipped it over. I was afraid it would drip onto the bed; then that would have to be all changed, and make so much trouble."

"I will be glad to fix it," Nan answered pleasantly.

"Call one of the maids. I would have done so, but I thought possibly I would hear some one coming up the stairs, and I would not have to take them from their work."

It was just a little old lady, so very little, so very old. She was propped up in a big chair, over which had been spread a light blue silk comfort. It was very becoming to her silvery hair, while it caught the remnant of blue in her faded old eyes.

"Oh! Allow me," cried Nan. "Where is a cloth?"

She was much interested and glad to find an excuse for not rejoicing the Busy-Bees. The old lady smiled. If she noticed the tear-stained face she ignored it, as she watched Nan put the stand in order.

Not a detail of the tiny room was lost to Nan. The little white iron bed was in reality an old discarded child's bed, with the sides removed, and

extended to the length of a cot. Truly the room could not have held a larger bed; the marble-topped walnut bureau was quite high, with the most fascinating little box-like drawers on top; the small rose-wood sewing table, with its many little drawers, had not been "done over," but bore the nicks and scars of many years; on the floor lay a braided rug, whose brighter hues had been blended into softening tones by the touch of time.

"I was going to Estelle's room," Nan explained. "I am a Busy-Bee."

"I am Estelle's Great Aunt Penelope. I thought the Busy-Bees were going to meet. Estelle borrowed my gold thimble." Aunt Penelope smiled, so introducing herself.

The breeze blew the muslin curtains in and out.

"Shall I close the door? Isn't the draught rather strong?" suggested Nan, who vaguely remembered Estelle saying something about an old aunt that her mother took care of, because she had a larger house and more money than any other of the relatives.

"You will stop for a little visit?" Aunt Penelope's face beamed, if so old a face, so softly covered with so many wrinkles could be said to beam.

"I'd love to," Nan replied in her most engaging manner.

Closing the door seemed to shut out the other world, as it were, with all its disputes, struggles, failures, and even its triumphs. The tiny little room had an atmosphere of its very own.

"It is peace, tranquillity, yes, and softly radiant," thought Nan, ever impressionable.

Her eyes fell on the face of the little old lady, whose hands in their disuse, lay calmly folded in her lap. Nan's heart was full. Here was a ready listener.

"You see, the girls are so slow. With my plan we could send one hundred dollars—I expect. *That* would be something like!" Nan sighed as she finished

explaining. "I like big things. I do not mind the work. It's like girding on our armor to fight for the helpless."

"It is so," Aunt Penelope sympathetically replied. "I used to feel the same way, when I was young."

"Did you?"
Nan was sitting on a hassock, her hands clasped around her knees. It seemed almost incredible as she gazed into the gentle, benign, old face that any fight ever had been there.

"Did you fight?" Nan continued, laughing quietly. "Did you win? Did you wear armor, and, if so, what armor?"

It was simply ridiculous to conceive that so frail a body should have fought any one, or borne any kind of armor.

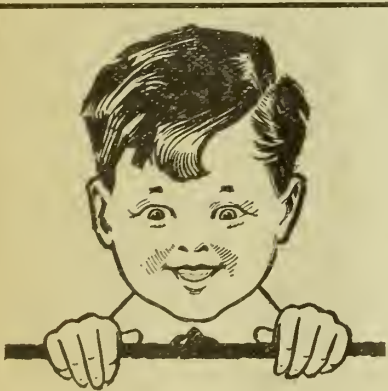
"Indeed I did," Aunt Penelope replied merrily. "I know I have won, but it took me many, many years to adjust my armor."

"Oh tell me all about it," Nan fairly beseeched.

Here was a story, a real, live story, by some one who understood and had felt just as she felt now.

"Well," Aunt Penelope smiled as in remembrance she turned the pages of the past, constituting the book she had been over eighty years in compiling. "I was young, strong, and well, with a vigorous mind and clear vision. If it had been this generation, I believe I would have tried to be a militant suffragette, a nurse for the European battlefield, a missionary to a far country, a prima-donna,—or something big and commanding." Aunt Penelope smiled with pleasure as she saw Nan's eyes kindle with her own old time fire. "And I myself would have been in the foreground as the most conspicuous figure," she continued, watching the eager sympathetic understanding of this vivacious little girl.

"I would just love to do any or all of those things," cried Nan with enthusiasm. "What *did* you do?" She



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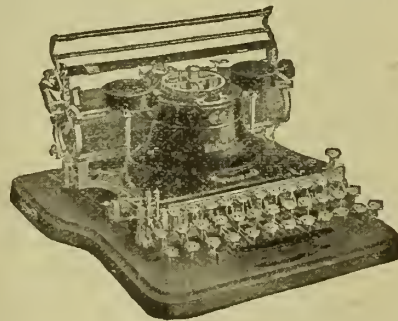
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waited breathlessly for the recital of something heroic.

"I,—ah I,—I," Aunt Penelope smiled, replying sweetly. "I never did anything, or received anything in all of my life that I really wished to do, or longed to have."

"Why, I thought that you were so happy," Nan exclaimed.

"I am. It is because of my armor, a difficult armor to learn to bear. I'm coming to that. I was the youngest; my brothers and sisters had married and Father and Mother were gone, when I reached my young ladyhood. I wanted Mother's rose-wood bed-room set, and the onyx table from the library. But it was natural that the married ones should receive the furniture, as I had no especial home. In my day and generation ladies of an independent income lived unassumingly with their relatives. It is not a conspicuous position, nor does it call for applause from the multitude. But providence had placed me exactly in that situation."

"To fight?" Nan laughingly inquired. "Yes, but my fighting qualities were of necessity turned inward, to conquer myself, to rise superior to the thousand and one nagging, humiliating, little things that continuously occur,—in living in other people's homes."

"I should not have liked that," Nan interrupted.

"No," Aunt Penelope acquiesced. "But he who controls his spirit is rated 'mightier than he that taketh a city.' I found that was not enough. I must make myself agreeable so that I would be loved and wanted; even more,—my personal burden was not all the responsibility that I must assume."

"Just what I said to the Busy-Bees," interjected Nan. "We must do something big."

Aunt Penelope waited patiently. "I was in no position to do the big things, so I met every little thing that came my way. I found that I led a busy, useful, active life. I am standing afar now, with a clear vision of this industrious, whirling mass of humanity,—achieving so much. And, I ken, the great army of men and women, yes,

and little girls, who accomplish in like manner, are the pivot of the universe, the real foundation."

"But then you had money to give," Nan suggested.

"Yes," answered Aunt Penelope, "that was my greatest pride, my independence. Perhaps I was a little over-bearing. After I was sixty-five, my immediate family were gone. I lived with my nieces and nephews, where it was convenient. The corporation in which my money was invested failed." Aunt Penelope paused. "I was penniless. So for over fifteen years I have accepted. I have learned to accept,—all things."

"That is quite wonderful," Nan's voice was vibrant with admiring awe.

"So," Aunt Penelope added cheerily, "we can not all do the big things, nor send big, showy sums to the Belgians. Most of us weave rag carpets, very necessary carpets, that are trod under foot."

"I see," Nan spoke humbly, before this little, old, lady, who had outlived her generation, and who passed her days amidst the discarded furniture, in an unused nook in the great house.

The snow-white hair against the blue comfort formed a beautiful setting for the old face, whose exquisite, benign expression bespoke the victory achieved after many years. Nan kissed her.

"I've had such a nice time."

"Ah," Aunt Penelope's voice trailed off indistinctly. "The day is far spent,—having done all to stand,—put on the armor of light."

The Warning

A clear-minded farmer in one of the rural churches gave a unique definition of conscience, not long ago, at the mid-week prayer meeting.

"I've often noticed," he said, "when driving my mowing machine, that when there's something gone wrong with it there's pretty sure to be a warning. If the gear is getting dry or out of place, and doesn't run right, it gives a hard, squeaky crunch that lets me know there's trouble coming, and if I am wise I stop and investigate."

"Now it seems to me conscience is a good deal like that. It's the crunch my spiritual nature gives to warn me, when there's a wrong in front of it. It isn't a pleasant thing to hear, perhaps, but it's very valuable as a reminder of danger ahead."

Let us heed the warning as soon as we hear it, and so prevent danger and damage.

A Vital Question

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"Why doesn't father go to church, mother?"

This question was asked by a bright-eyed boy as he saw his father leave the house one pleasant Sunday morning with his golf sticks under his arm.

"Father works hard all the week and needs a little relaxation," the mother replied, in a hesitating tone, at loss for a more satisfactory answer.

"But I have to go to Sunday school, and you won't even let me play ball—on the front side of the house," boldly asserted the boy. "When I'm a man I suppose I can do as father does," he continued with an air of bravado, watching his father's receding figure with longing eyes.

The mother's cheeks crimsoned. Here was a problem with which it was hard to cope. She herself had gotten so accustomed to this state of things that she had not reckoned upon the keenness of her son's eyes in discerning certain incongruities with which she long since had ceased to wrestle.

Church was her place on Sunday. Sunday-school was the haven in which she sought to shelter her little boy; but for the father—the golf links. Why, oh, why, had it been made necessary for her to face this problem, the solving of which her little boy's innocent question had so suddenly forced upon her.

To be sure, other men as good, if not better than her husband, accepted this mode of relaxation as their prerogative after a week of strenuous indoor labor; but it had not been thus in her own childhood. Her mind's eye pictured her

own parents, Sunday after Sunday, rain or shine, together wending their way to the sanctuary. This season of uplift was followed by a quiet, happy afternoon at home in the companionship of some entertaining or instructive book. Now those whom the golf links do not claim, automobiles or the beaches do. Sunday has gotten to be an acknowledged weekly holiday. What little thought is given to the Sabbath by the great rank-and-file is not of a worshipful nature, but rather one of happy-go-lucky pleasure.

The child in many cases is sent to Sunday-school simply as a matter of custom and because it seems to be the correct thing to do. The question that naturally arises in many thoughtful minds is, how soon will this beautiful and holy legacy of our ancestors degenerate into a memory, only, and our children, also, be allowed to pass the day in any secular pastimes caprice may suggest, with no anchor to hold them to duty and right, except, perchance, the memory of the custom of some sainted mother who believed in the House of

God as a place of refuge and uplift? It is a question which in this reckless, pleasure-seeking age is worthy of our most earnest thought and study.

"Lo, I Am With You Always"

A busy woman entered her room hastily as twilight shades were falling—went directly to her desk, turned on the gas and began to write. Page after page she wrote. The solitude became oppressive. She wheeled her chair around, and, with a shock of joyful surprise, looked squarely into the face of her dearest friend, lying on the lounge at her side. "Why, I didn't know you were here," she said. "Why didn't you speak to me?"

"Because you were so busy. You didn't speak to me."

So it is with Jesus—He is here all the time. The room is full of Him, always ready to greet us with a smile—but we are so busy. But when the solitude grows oppressive we suddenly turn, and, lo! He is at our side. We speak to Him and He speaks to us, and the soul's deepest yearnings are satisfied.—SELECTED.

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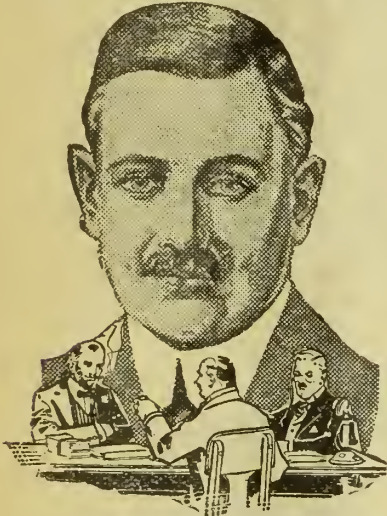
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"I Heard"

The human ear is a wonderful piece of mechanism. When we have explained all that we know about the outer ear—that door which admits all the sounds of earth, from the crashing thunder down to the softest music—and have studied the marvelous vestibule of the inner ear, with its servants that convey the sound waves to the brain, we still have only touched upon the mystery of hearing. The door and the vestibule are free to every sound that seeks admission, but beyond these is the chamber of the brain, the inner temple of the mind, and here there must come choice and sifting.

"Take heed therefore how ye hear," said the Master. The same sound of waves breaking upon the shore, the same low whisper of the wind, was in the ears of all the multitude about him that day, and he was speaking the same words to all; yet well he knew that they did not all hear alike. Before him was the scornful listener, inwardly questioning and eavilng at every word; the careless listener, impatient to have the talk over, thinking, perhaps, that some miracle might follow; the hungry-hearted listener longing to be helped. Yet all these people were hearing as differently as the men themselves were different.

It is still the same. "I heard" are words that begin countless sentences spoken on the streets, on the cars, in our homes. What follows these words reveals how the listener heard. The bird's song, the child's laugh, the vile oath, the hum of machinery, the bit of cruel gossip, the story of heroism and of unselfish kindness, all have been in the air, all have passed both door and vestibule of the ear, but each hearer has sifted and held according to his character.

There are sweet, sunny souls that gather notes of cheer and comfort as naturally as the bee gathers honey. If there is good news, they hear it. If there falls a word of praise or encouragement concerning any one's work, they not only catch at it eagerly, but they make sure to speed it on its way to the tired laborer, to whom it will be not only music, but new strength. All hopeful sounds come to them, and they carry to others the harmonies they hear.

One wonders why any one should choose to gather up unkind criticism and to pour them upon sensitive souls already too heavily burdened; to repeat the half-truth, the carelessly uttered disapproval, to pastor, to teacher or to fellow-worker, whom it will only pain and dishearten; and yet there are those who do this very thing continually. They are not intentionally bad or cruel, yet they steal away courage and make hearts sore with the poison they recklessly scatter. "I heard" always is their excuse for the repetition of unkind things. They live in the same world and walk the same streets with the other class of hearers, but the voices that are borne to their inner consciousness are very different.

Often we can not help what we hear; but how we hear, how we allow what we hear to leave its impress, must be somewhat within our power, or our Lord's warning would be useless.

"Wild words wander here and there, God's great gift of speech abused." These "wild words" do their destroying work only when they fall upon ears that greedily drink them in, on natures eager to repeat them to other listeners. This matter of hearing has not only to do with what of help or hindrance we carry to others, it has still more to do with what we build into our own lives. We grow by what we hear, for sounds become thoughts, the spirit's food. And ever in among the earthly voices come the heavenly voices—God's call to service, to kindness, to himself. "Take heed therefore how ye hear."—FORWARD.

You Can Reach It

Five thousand, six thousand, seven thousand—aye, ten thousand feet up into the blue the airmen of our day may make their flight. Wonderful records! The world never saw the like before! And we wonder where the limit will be. Is there, indeed, any point beyond which the daring explorer of the upper sky may not venture?

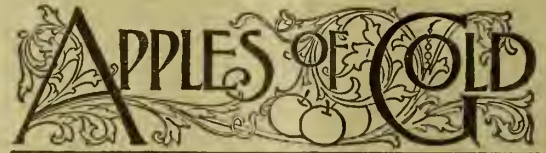
Yes, we know there is such a place. The bird-man might have a heart brave enough to strike higher and still higher

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levels, but a bound has been set for him. Farther than that he can not, must not, try to go; for it is God who has fixed the bounds, and when God says, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go!" that means, "Go back! Not another step, at your peril!"

By the bitter cold blasts which sweep about him, because of the thin air which will not sustain the weight of his machine, the swift voyager of the air is warned that he will pass the bound set by the Almighty only at the risk of his life.

God draws the line, and man can not go beyond it.

But there is one flight to which there is absolutely no bound. Indeed, God invites us to push on and on and on when once we have spread our wings for that journey. It is the flight Godward and heavenward! To that there are no bounds.

Have you not already learned—you must have learned—that the more you think about great things, the keener becomes your desire to know more about things that are of supreme worth? At first it was hard for you to hold your mind to the consideration of these thoughts. But with the using your strength grew. The more you centered your mind on the wonderful themes you had taken up, the easier it was for you to push still farther on.

It is exactly so with the quest of the

highest. Here God sets no limit. "Come still higher!" is always his kindly invitation. "I have still better things in store for you. Live the pure life, and I will help you to be still more pure in heart! Trust me fully. So shall greater faith be given you! Do the kindest, most unselfish thing you can today. Tomorrow you shall have the grace to reach far more beautiful things!"

So God encourages us ever on and on, until by and by we are never satisfied to live on the lower levels of life. We feel that we must strike out for the very best, and go on until we have mastered the perfect life!—EXCHANGE.

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Her Offering

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

A LITTLE old lady, with a careworn stoop in her shoulders, and a face long since grown weary, yet bearing a gentle, patient look, sat alone one bright morning, her usually busy hands folded idly in her lap.

"And that is what they would have you to do . . . give your earnings to help build the grand new church, and the old one, where he ministered to his small flock, must be torn down to give place to the new."

The beauty of a spring morning long since gone, stole back, gently smoothing away the lines of care. Away through the old apple orchard, down the lane, she had gone to meet him, while the splendor of golden morning and the brightness of the gay, sweet flowers, shone, too, in her happy, care-free face. The gladness of their wedding day, just forty years ago!

And now the little church, where they had been married, must be torn down to give place to a grand, new building.

How they stood out in all their brightness, those treasured years that followed, until the sweetness and song of her life had faded, for near him they placed her two little ones, while she alone remained. With a start, she aroused herself, and a brave little smile crept back into her face.

No bitterness had come in to overshadow the goodness of so pure a soul, and through long years she had worked for her Master faithfully.

A small tin box lay near her chair; reaching down she picked it up and counted slowly the many bills inside.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."
Tremblingly her lips framed the words.

"Dear Lord, help me to give it gladly."

Slowly the trembling fingers counted them one by one, each representing some self-denial, some labor in the past. Then she placed them in an envelope which she sealed and marked with a shaking hand, "My Offering."

"Lord, I would do what Thou wouldst have me to do," she whispered. Beside her chair the small tin box lay empty, while down the lane beyond the apple orchard, a small bent figure stole on.

At last she reached the church, and finding her old seat sank down to rest.

"Nothing changed these forty years, our same dear little church. Forgive me, Lord, for worshipping this wood and stone."

Evening, with its calm, settled down. The last beams of the setting sun stole in long golden lines across the shabby pulpit, filling it with a holy radiance to the tired eyes resting quietly there.

"Perhaps it looks old to them," she mused, "and they have set their hearts on the new . . . poor young things. I'm glad of my offering; they'll find it here when they come tomorrow."

With trembling, yet willing hands, gladly now, she laid it down.

"How could I expect them to know that each day I have found my rest hour here . . . here where the gold of the sun played over my babies' hair; here where I have looked to the rock that has higher than I."

Once again she found her way to the corner where the organ stood. It was here she had played for them in those days gone by, but they had grown tired of it now, and soon the tones she loved, so well would be replaced with deeper, grander chords.

Reverently she lifted the lid, her weary fingers stealing lovingly over the familiar keys.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, bless thy lambs tonight. . ."

Again they were beside her, those baby forms, their small voices mingling with the organ notes. And what a blessing He had given them, gathering them safely home!

Once more the low, soft notes stole through the little old church, a tremulous voice, grown a bit weary, yet singing His praises still.

Outside, the sun had sunk to rest, the goodnight song of the birds had ceased with the solemn hush of night, but to a still, small form inside, a sun that knows no setting, the light of Eternal Day, shone on.

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OUR MEDICINE CHEST

The writer of the Book of Proverbs has said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," or as it is expressed in the Revised Version, "A cheerful heart is a good medicine." Recognizing the value that there is in a good, wholesome joke, the AMERICAN MESSENGER will publish in Our Medicine Chest, from month to month, such selected witticisms as it is believed will help to make merry and cheerful hearts.

"I have had many stupid questions asked me in my life," said an elderly doctor, "but the most foolish was when I was a young fellow, just beginning to make my living. A young man applied to me for some slight eye trouble; I recommended a mild wash to be dropped in the eye three times a day. He paid the fee and disappeared—was gone a few minutes, and suddenly stuck his head back in the doorway.

"Shall that medicine," he asked, "be dropped in my eye before or after meals?"

Amos Whittaker, a miserly millionaire, was approached by a friend who used his most persuasive powers to have him dress more in accordance with his station in life. "I am surprised, Amos," said the friend, "that you should allow yourself to become shabby." "But I'm not shabby," firmly interposed the millionaire miser. "O, but you are," returned his old friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elaborately, dressed. His clothes were always finely tailored and of the best material." "Why," shouted the miser triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"

The teacher, picking up an orange that was lying on the desk, explained that it was a unit. The next day the peelings had been left there, so, picking up a couple, she asked what they were. There was a pause. Presently a bright-faced but shy little girl answered, "Why, that's the skin of a unit."

A worthy vicar in a rural parish who preached one Sunday in the interest of foreign missions was surprised on entering the village shop during the week to be greeted with marked coldness by the old dame who kept it.

He asked the cause, and the good woman, producing a half crown from a drawer and throwing it down before him said:

"I marked that coin and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back in my shop. I knowed well them poor Africans never got the money."

A traveling man in Maine met a middle-aged farmer, who said his father, ninety years old, was still on the farm where he was born. "Ninety years old, eh?" "Yep, pop is close to ninety." "Is his health good?" "'Tain't much now. He's been complainin' for a few months back." "What's the matter with him?" "I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."

"Children," said the minister, addressing the Sunday school, "I want to talk to you a few moments about one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night and day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away, as it were, in the depths, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, rhythmically all your life long?" And during the pause of oratorical effect came a small voice: "The gas meter."

It is told of a learned professor, who was better at Greek than golf, that after a round on the links, in which he had fozzled most of his shots, he turned to his caddie for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddie was: "Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek; but it needs a head for gofff."

"Yes," said Brown, "I have a wonderful dog. Only this morning, when I came down to breakfast, after a sleepless night, and forgot to give him his usual tit-bit, he went out into the garden, pulled up a bunch of flowers, and laid them at my feet."

"And what were they?" inquired his friend.

"Forget-me-nots," answered Brown, as he hurriedly left the room.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the well-known artist who died recently, used to tell an amusing story of a London art dealer. This man had two beautiful reproductions of the painting, "The Approaching Storm."

One of the pictures he placed in the show-window; but it did not sell. At length, in order to draw attention to the picture, he put a card on it, on which he printed the words, "The Approaching Storm," especially suitable for a wedding present."

"What is a phenomenon?" asked one workman of another.

"It's like this. Suppose you were to get out into the country and see a field of thistles growing."

"Yes."

"Well, that would not be a phenomenon!"

"No, that's quite clear," agreed the other man.

"But suppose you were to see a lark singing away up in the sky."

"Yes."

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This is the time when many people make a selection of the periodicals which they wish to receive during the coming year. We accordingly present herewith some unusually attractive magazine combination subscription offers which afford an excellent opportunity to save money. We trust that many of our readers will avail themselves of these splendid combination propositions. The subscriptions may be either for yourself or for your friends; they may be either new or renewal. The AMERICAN MESSENGER may be sent to one address and the other periodical to another address.

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When a copy of our beautiful Calendar for 1917, entitled "Making Friends," is desired, 10 cents additional must be sent with each subscription.

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"Well, that would not be a phenomenon!"

"No, that also seems clear."

"But imagine there is a bull in the field."

"Yes."

"Even that would not be a phenomenon."

"No."

"But, now, Bill, look here. Suppose you saw that bull sitting on them thistles whistling like a lark—well, that would be a phenomenon."

The hansom ordered by the middle-aged spinster was late, and the cabby came in for a good rating when he finally drove up.

"I shall probably miss my train," the irate lady informed him, "and I shall hold you responsible. I want your name, my man. Do you understand? I—want—your—name!"

The Boston driver clucked up his horse easily. "I'll let you have the number if you like," he said, "but you can't have my name. That's promised to another young lady."

"My dear, I've an idea," said old Mrs. Goodart to her caller. "You know we frequently read of the soldiers making sorties. Now, why not make up a lot of those sorties and send them to the poor fellows at the front?"

She had just fed the tramp and felt it a matter of principle to make him do some work.

"You may take down the front storm door."

"S-s-sorry, mum," replied the tramp, quaking like an aspen leaf. "I've g-got t-the s-shaking ague."

"Oh, well, then, you can sift the ashes."

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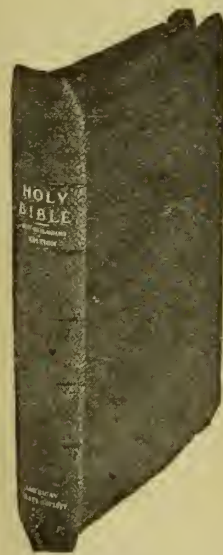
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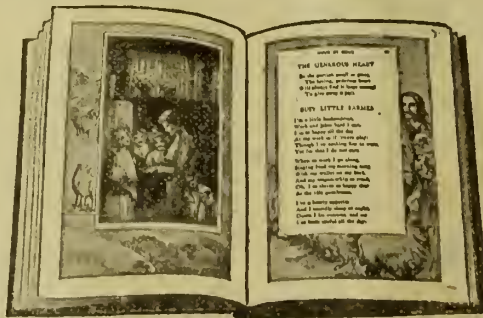
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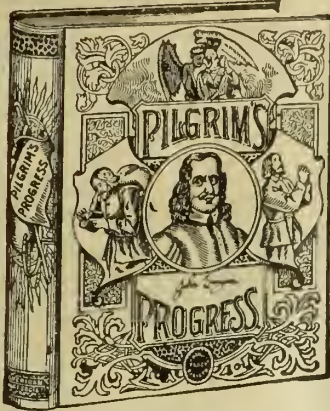
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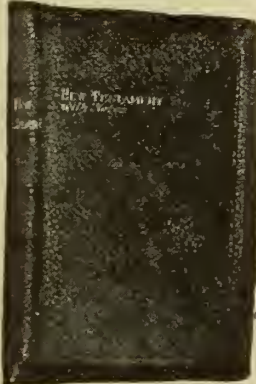
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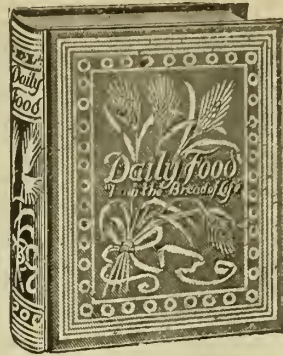
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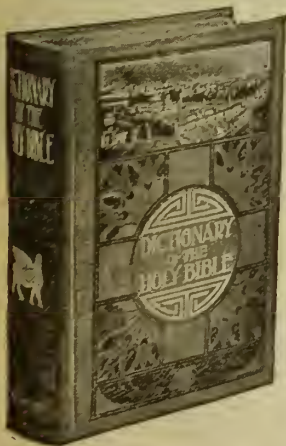
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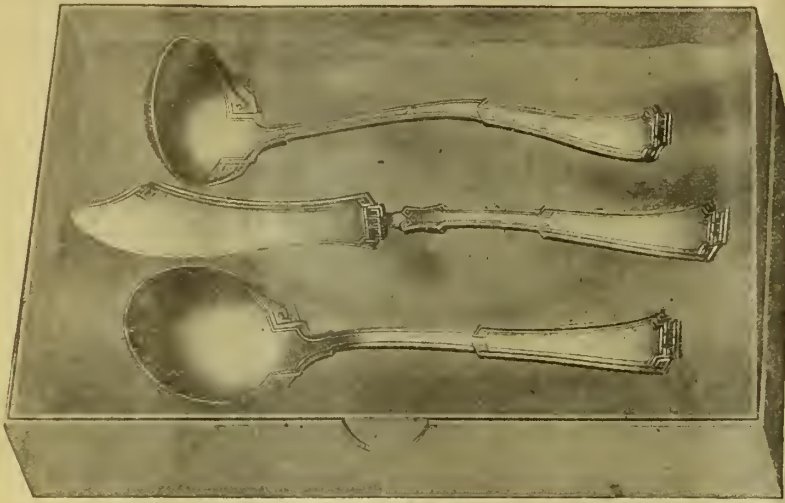
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The sons of Manasse	1 CHRONICLES, 8.
the children of <i>ʾIr</i> , and <i>Hū'shim</i> , the sons of <i>ʿA'her</i> .	CH. 7. shē'an and heṭ towns, these c
13 The sons of <i>Nāph'ta-li</i> : <i>Jāh'zi-el</i> , and <i>Gū'ni</i> , and <i>Jē'zer</i> , and <i>Shāl'tum</i> , the sons of <i>Bil'ah</i> .	ḏ or, <i>Ṭi</i> , ver. 7. 30 Th and <i>Is'</i> rī'ah, a
14 The sons of <i>Ma-nās'seh</i> : <i>Ash'ri-el</i> , whom she bare; (but his concubine the <i>A'ram-it-ess</i> bare <i>Mā'chir</i> the father of <i>Gil'e-ad</i> ;	c or, <i>Ahi-rām</i> . Nu. 26. 38 31 An ber, ar father c
15 And <i>Mā'chir</i> took to wife the sister of <i>Hūp'pim'</i> and <i>Shūp'pim'</i> , whose sister's name was <i>Mā'a-</i>	7 ver. 12 81 Sa. 12. 11 32 An

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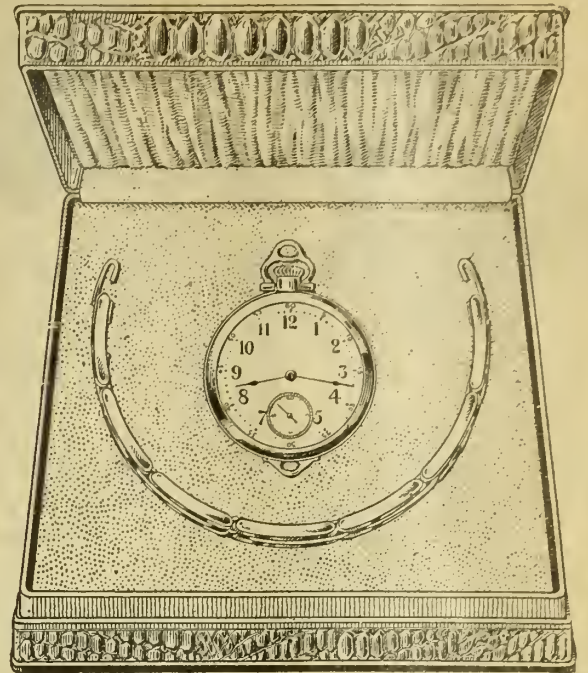
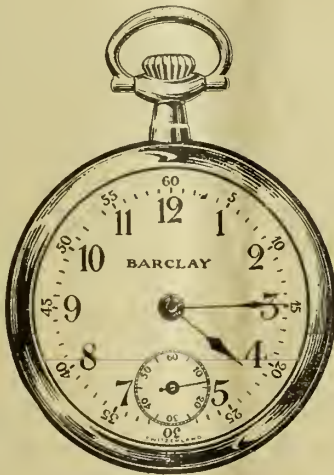
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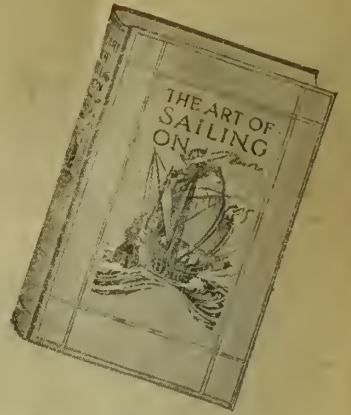
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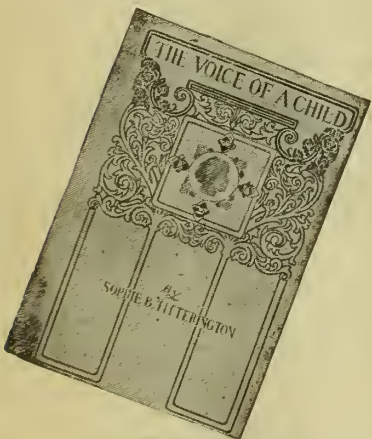
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September 15th, 1916.

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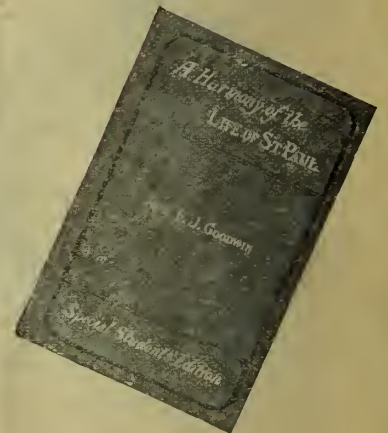
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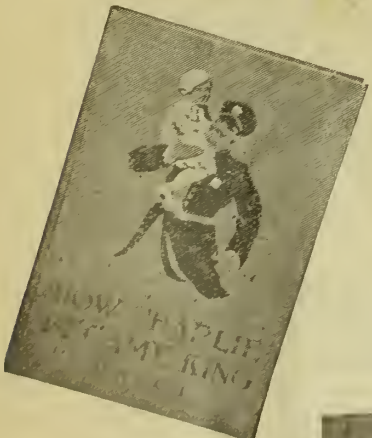
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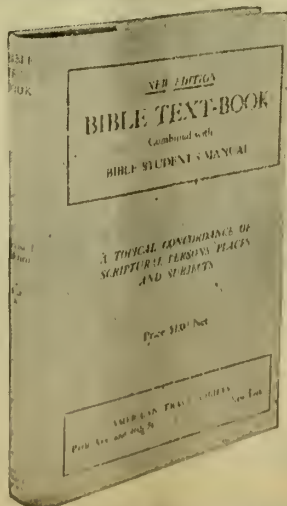
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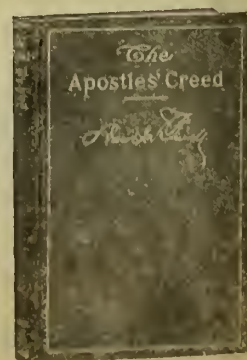
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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 74

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 11



IN AUTUMN DAYS

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

HENRY E. FRITZ.

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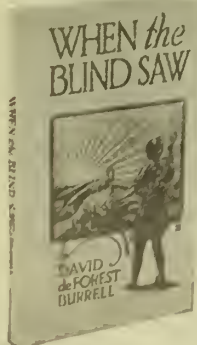
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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Park Ave., and 40th St., New York

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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The Thanksgiving Spirit

As we approach the day of national thanksgiving appointed by the President of the United States, perhaps the most important thing for us to remember is that the vital and essential feature of the Thanksgiving season is the cultivation and maintenance of the Thanksgiving spirit.

It is not necessary at this time for us to specify the reasons which our nation has for thanksgiving. These will be ably set forth from pulpit and platform at the services that will be held in connection with Thanksgiving Day.

Neither is it necessary that we should specify the reasons which each individual may find in his or her own personal life for observing Thanksgiving Day.

But it is eminently desirable that we should emphasize the moral obligation which rests upon every child of God to cultivate the spirit of thanksgiving and to manifest that spirit in its full beauty and power in all the relations of life.

Human nature is prone to selfishness, but the possession of a thankful spirit will be found a most effective antidote to that selfish tendency which is the malignant curse of mankind.

The thankful spirit reveals itself in a broad and true sympathy with others who are less fortunate than ourselves. It delights to remember the widow and the orphan and strives to carry the message of joy and gladness into the homes of the sick and the sorrowing on Thanksgiving Day. It looks unto God as the Author of every good and perfect gift, and insists on sharing the blessings which He has bestowed with those who are needy and in want.

The Temperance Campaign

In seven States on Election Day the question of prohibition will be presented to the voters for their decision. The territory of Alaska and many local cities and counties will also have an opportunity to register their decision on this vital issue.

The States in which the temperance issue is to be decided are California, Montana, Idaho, South Dakota, Nebraska, Missouri and Michigan. Weighty as are the other issues to be passed upon in the approaching national election, it is safe to say that the most important matter presented for settlement in the seven States named is the question as to the proposed prohibition of the liquor traffic.

The abolition of the saloon is the most needed reform in our country. Intemperance is the most crying evil with which the forces of righteousness have to contend. Christian patriots should not rest content until the liquor traffic has been outlawed in every State of the Union, for it is the most prolific source of corruption and the most dangerous and implacable enemy to the moral, social and political welfare of our nation.

Surely all Christian citizens will rally to the side of the temperance forces in the approaching contest and will do all in their power to help win the victory that will mean so much for the protection of the home and the advancement of the Kingdom in our beloved land.

It is sometimes alleged that to stop the liquor traffic will throw multitudes of men out of employment and cause a serious economic disaster. A sufficient reply to this argument is presented in these two questions, which each reader may readily answer for himself.

First, will prohibition help the merchant, groceryman, baker, milkman, farmer, tradesman, landlord, carpenter, mason, bricklayer, plumber, paperhanger, and other industrial workers, when the \$2,500,000,000.00 now spent in the United States for liquor is spent instead for better shelter, food and clothing and for other comforts and luxuries of human life?

Second, will the present saloonkeepers, bartenders, distillers, brewery workers and other employes now engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquor be worse off in handling various necessities and comforts of life to the value of \$2,500,000,000.00 than they are now in the making and handling of alcoholic beverages which tend to destroy life?

Horace Grant Underwood

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Rev. Horace Grant Underwood, D.D., LL.D., who passed to his eternal reward on October 12, 1916.

Dr. Underwood was born in England on July 19, 1859. When a lad he came to the United States with his father, John Underwood. He graduated from New York University in 1881, and from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1884. He was then ordained, and after a brief pastorate in Pompton, N. J., he went forth as a pioneer missionary to Korea, at a time when a law in that country prescribed the death penalty for any one who should institute a religious propaganda. By his tact, courage and devotion, however, he escaped the operation of that law, and lived to see the Christian faith not only tolerated but honored throughout the land.

Dr. Underwood's labors in Korea were of the most varied kind. For a few years he was teacher of chemistry and physics in the Royal Korean Medical College. For twenty-four years he was chairman of the Korean Board of Bible translation. He was treasurer and afterward chairman of the Korean Presbyterian Mission. He was chairman of the Korean Educational Federation. He filled the chair of theology in the Korean Theological Seminary. He was also principal of the John D. Wells Training School in Seoul, Korea. He was a member of the Royal Asiatic Society and of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. On one of his visits to the United States he served as the Foreign Mission Lecturer at Princeton Theological Seminary.

The crowning feature of Dr. Underwood's life work was his service for the cause of Christian literature in Korea. He was corresponding secretary and afterward for many years president of the Korean Religious Tract Society, which is the only society in Korea for the publication of Christian literature and which has been aided from the outset by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society.

Dr. Underwood was the author of many notable works, including an English-Korean Dictionary, a Korean Grammar, an "Introduction to the Korean Spoken Language," "The Call of Korea," and "Religions of Eastern Asia."

The funeral services for this honored servant of God were held on Sunday afternoon, October 15, 1916, at the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., at which an eloquent tribute to his life and work was paid by the pastor, Dr. Charles C. Albertson. Dr. George Alexander, President of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church,

and Bishop Merriman C. Harris of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Japan, assisted in the service, which was attended by a widely representative body of Christian ministers and laymen.



Our Thanksgiving Issue

In this number of the AMERICAN MESSENGER we believe our readers will find many features appropriate for this season of the year. The editorial contribution by Rev. George Ernest Merriam on "Gleaners in the Fields of Life," brings a most timely message for the Thanksgiving season. In Our Fireside will be found a fascinating Thanksgiving story, while scattered on other pages will be found other articles that are in harmony with this great national festival.

A very forceful and pertinent article by Rev. Warren G. Partridge, D.D., entitled, "Every Sunday School Teacher an Evangelist," will be found full of suggestions for the large army of Christian workers who labor in the Sunday Schools of our land.

Many other features of this issue will commend themselves to our readers, we are sure, and we bespeak their hearty co-operation in the efforts which are being made to increase the circulation of our paper and thus to add to its usefulness.

At this season of the year the gift of a year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER sent to some loved one who may be far away would make a very pleasant Thanks-

giving remembrance. It would also be a gracious thing to send this paper into the home of some home missionary or shut-in, who might not otherwise receive it.

We know, by actual testimony that this paper is a most welcome visitor into many hospitals and it would be well if by gift subscriptions the circulation of the AMERICAN MESSENGER in such worthy institutions might be greatly multiplied. Any subscriptions for the purposes indicated will be most gratefully received, and will be used to the best possible advantage in supplying the many deserving cases which are constantly appealing for spiritual help.



Another Millions Movement

This is an age in which we think in large numbers. The latest movement which aims to enroll a million adherents is the effort being made by the National Temperance Society to enroll one million persons as "Associate Abstainers."

This effort recognizes the fact that prohibition, to be permanently successful must rest upon the practice of total abstinence. This truth has been somewhat overlooked in the activities of some of the temperance organizations. For this reason the National Temperance Society has decided to place special emphasis on this phase of temperance work, and it invites the co-operation of all who believe in prohibition in the effort to build up an army of Associate Abstainers.

Continuous Evangelistic Effort

One of the aims set forth at the last national Christian Endeavor convention in Chicago by Dr. Francis E. Clark, the honored president of the society, was the securing of a million new members for the church within the space of two years.

This means a continuous evangelistic effort on the part of the young people enrolled in that great society, and it is an enterprise in which they should have the warmest support and encouragement on the part of both pastors and church members.

Comparatively little has been said about this effort outside of the Christian Endeavor Societies, but it is an object worthy of the highest commendation, and it should be aided in every possible way by all those who are anxious to promote the growth of the Kingdom, of which the Christian Church is the visible representative.



The Sabbath Tuning Fork

A suggestive design appearing in *The Lord's Day Leader*, issued by the Lord's Day Alliance, represents a tuning fork, upon one prong of which are inscribed the words, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,"—Ex. 20:8, and on the other the words, "The Sabbath was made for man."—Mark 2:27.

Thus are indicated both the divine sanction and the human need which constitute the impregnable foundation upon which rests this hallowed institution of the Sabbath.

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER

Pull Your Own Weight

THE ship of life is built like a Roman trireme, in which all who ride are expected to tug at an oar. No one has a right to loll about the decks, while a small, hired crew does the work. The figure of the luxurious passenger liner is inapt when used to image forth our passage across the sea of time. On this sea one is supposed, at least, to pull his own weight. They are but human barnacles who steal rides on ships propelled by other men's labor.

That one should strive to put into life as much as he takes out of it is a sentiment that finds response with earnest people everywhere. No normal human ambition will fall to a lower plane than that. No awakened human being will be content to be simply a burden on society.

In describing a class of able-bodied idlers, good old Isaac Watts once wrote some lines that do not appear in the author's hymn books, but which are not lacking, nevertheless, in pungent truth.

"There is a number of us creep,
Into the world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, flesh, and fish
And leave behind an empty dish.
And, if our tombstones, when we die,
Be n't taug't to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing better can be said,
Than that he's eat up all his bread,
Drank up his drink, and gone to bed."

A sufficient number of parasites of the kind here described would bankrupt the world. It is only because the producers keep a bit ahead of

the consumers that civilization endures. Into the mouth of the servant of Falstaff; Shakespeare puts a despicable philosophy. Exclaims Pistol, that swashbuckling lover of pompous phrases,

"Why, then the world's mine oyster
Which I with sword will open."

There you have bad economics as well as bad morals. If all men went on that piratical plan, the universe could not endure the drain on its resources. There would soon be no oyster left for anybody.

No one who has caught the Christian vision of what these earthly careers of ours may be, will be content to remain solely a consumer. He will try to produce something for the good of his fellows, no matter how infinitesimal the product be. He will tug some grain of wheat to the common mill, justifying thereby his presence on the higher road of time. He will try to pull his own weight—and a little more.

One has the privilege of thinking of his vocation not alone as the means of paying his board bill but as his means of doing good in the world. His particular job is the medium through which he is to make his contribution to the welfare of humanity. It used to be thought that a youth who desired to live a life of service could find no opportunity save in the ministry. That great calling still presents a surpassing opportunity. We see, however, today, that every honorable calling offers a chance to do good. All useful work, whether of hand or brain, may be entered upon in the spirit of consecration.

Romance used to center about the life of royal courts, with their atmosphere of idleness and luxurious pleasure. The motto of the proud, mediæval order of the Golden Fleece was, "Wealth, not servile labor." That estimate of values was reversed by Him who came to minister rather than to be ministered unto; who, in the upper room, girded Himself with a napkin and performed a slave's office for His disciples.

An idle king is a sorry spectacle in comparison with a common laborer passing along the street homeward at nightfall, swinging his dinner pail, and with the marks of toil upon him. Whether he has laid bricks for a building, or stood behind a counter, or tended a loom, he has been justifying his existence as a productive member of society; he has been pulling his own weight.

From participation in useful and honorable labor no one of the sons of men is debarred. From prisons and from sick-rooms have come some of the great inspirations of the race. "They also serve who only stand and wait." The great thing is that one's work be touched with the glow of a moral idealism, that it be intended to serve human well-being in physical, mental, moral, or spiritual ways.

"We are laborers together with God." We are partners with the Eternal. The Almighty asks our help in making this world the abode of righteousness and peace and joy. The city that hath foundations, the "New Jerusalem," is being built here; out of such materials as we can supply. Who can be content to slink through life as a non-producer when his bit of work might have a part in so stupendous a plan?



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

Gleaners in the Fields of Life

BY

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

In all literature there is no more beautiful story than that of Ruth. It recalls Millet's picture of "The Gleaners," which hangs in the Louvre. As in that picture so in the story of Ruth wealth is contrasted with

poverty. As there the gleaners are seen bending to their toil, picking up the stray slender stalks as they may find them, while close by are the full sheaves that tell of the owner with plenty and to spare, so with Ruth are seen the gleaners on the one hand and on the other the rich Boaz, the kinsman of Naomi. The story deals with his generosity. It is also a tale of strange customs and of deep love. If Boaz is rich, Ruth is poor; yet Ruth, the gleaner, is the great grandmother of David and the ancestress of the Christ.

We have here an oriental atmosphere with incidents and scenes that tell of ancient times and characters. We cannot but feel the charm of the setting. The *dramatis personae* are most interesting. But more than this we are reminded of our opportunities as gleaners. Our fortune, too, depends upon our industry, upon the fields in which we labor, and upon the favor which we find with man and above all with God. We glean not in one field alone nor is it one kind of grain that we glean. There is barley and there is wheat. Our life is a pastoral poem like that of the bee. As the insect flits from flower to flower, from buckwheat to clover and from clover to honey-suckle, and finds in each something to add to the honey cell, so should it be with us.

The message is a spiritual one but it must needs deal with secular things. The kingdom of the world is to become the kingdom of Christ. It is to become such through us, that is through our gleaning.

We should be gleaners in the field of nature. All around us are large estates quite set apart, bound as it were into sheaves. They belong to favored individuals and we perhaps have little or no part therein. And yet if we look about us are there not stalks left here and there? Whole handfuls indeed, plucked from the bundles of nature, are flung at our very feet, if only our mood is right and our attitude is one of patient search. By dint of patience we garner our ephah, that is our bushel and a half, of the finest wheat. But we must glean in every shining hour. We must glean in the sunshine, and in the moonlight, and beneath the friendly stars. We must glean from the distant hills and from the near-by forests, from the lake and by the meadow brook as well as in harvest fields. The park that is almost forgotten in the midst of our city's turmoil is a goodly field for gleaners, if they will seek it out. Ever the story is the same; everywhere the opportunity is to be seen. There are wild flowers by the wayside, while

even the very weeds, if only the microscope of the soul is applied to them, has something to add to the stores already gathered into our lap. The very sands of the desert are studded with diamond dust, flints and prisms, for the eye that sees. The birds of the air, the butterflies and all winged things bring something if only we watch for their gifts. He who once has made even a small herbarium knows the fascination of gleaning in the field of nature. The camera, the note book and memory all serve to make us gleaners in this field.

There is a chance here for all the senses. With your hand you may gather material wealth, furniture for the home, raiment for the body, food for self and wife and little ones. Wordsworth speaks of "the harvest of the quiet eye." With your eyes and your ears you may glean. In this you are as well equipped doubtless as the very best. Yet only as you train yourself can you expect to gather and to garner as others do. Indeed in the field of nature we must always remember that we are only gleaners. Scientists may reap. We can but glean.

So, too, in the fields of literature and of art. We may not be endowed with genius of any kind. There may be no large number of books

in our home and no gallery of art even within our locality. Here as within the wider field of nature we must confess that to others belong the great sheaves. We are but gleaners still. Yet how much is ours through the generosity of men. Even as Boaz commanded his young men to pull out handfuls from the bundles and to leave them in line with the steps of Ruth, so through the wisdom of far-seeing municipalities and the gifts of philanthropists we may glean widely in the volumes of past and present and from the works of painters and of musicians. Public libraries are in every city and nearly every village. Circulating libraries are furnished by the state. Books and magazines are upon the market everywhere. A few good etchings, engravings, pastels and photographs—these well studied are better than the larger number in the hands of those who do not care. The home-made scrap-book and portfolio may become granaries stored with the wealth of years, enough for self and others. For example, on one and the same day I have cut from an ordinary newspaper Wordsworth's poem on "Intimations of Immortality" and have clipped from a periodical a reproduction of Hoffman's picture of "Christ in Gethsemane." Thus can one glean the best from sheaves that otherwise might be destroyed. It is merely a matter of proper valuation. One can study, classify, analyze, and above all remember. Learn to compare the perfect with the imperfect. Thus it is that we gain the spirit of the poet, the painter and the musician. They, to be sure, are the reapers. We are but the gleaners.

If we change to the realm of society we find it the same. Rich indeed are the fields of nature, the library and the picture gallery. But richer yet are the fields where men go. It seems, alas, as though men too were sheaves. The very reapers are bound into bundles. One man frequently employs a hundred or a thousand men. He commands their time, their talents and their strength. Yet directly or indirectly some of their hours, some of their thoughts, some of their efforts and affections belong to us. We follow in their footsteps and we glean that which they leave in their wake. And it is not difficult thus to gather an entire ephah of kindness and inspiration. There were three gleaners in the famous picture of Millet, and we read there were maidens in company with Ruth. We doubt not that she gleaned much from their companionship as well as from the sunlight that shone about her and the wheat which she gathered into the upheld corner of her robe. Do you feel that you are barred from "the four hundred"? Weep not. All that they have or could possibly give is not necessary to the finish of your character. It is good indeed to know college men, women who have traveled, statesmen, artists and literary celebrities. It is good also to know the farmer, the mechanic and the merchant. The



RUTH THE GLEANER

main question is what are you getting from the one or from the other? Is it but a passing comradeship? Is it but the wit of the moment? Is it but the knowledge that passeth away? All this is well enough and yet not enough. We should learn from the experience of our friends. We should catch something from their inspiration. We should assimilate the best in their character. Thus it is that you and I may glean and even reap from all that we meet.

Doubtless you have gleaned in the fields of nature, art, literature, and among men. May I ask if you are gleaning in Christian fields? To miss this is to miss the field of Boaz, the field of opportunity and of opulence. This is the field which includes all others, the field which is as large and resourceful as the kingdom of God, the sum of all kingdoms. This is but a part of God's world, one corner of His realm. All the works of men are inspired by Him, made from His materials, patterned after His ideas. Men themselves are but His ideals—partly realized. They are the grain, the finest of the wheat.

And in this field Christ is the Lord of the harvest. All that was gleaned by Ruth from this field and from the reapers was less than what she received directly from Boaz. So is it with us: our true opportunity is with the Christ. It is when lying at His feet, as Ruth lay at the feet of Boaz that we are nearest to the wealth intended for us in the plans of Providence. Then are we bidden to spread out our mantles and to receive therein not six measures of barley, as with Ruth, but all that is represented by her marriage to her great and generous patron. When Ruth was taken into the bosom of Boaz how little in comparison must have seemed all else which she hitherto had received. Love may bring material wealth of little account. Yet her marriage was for Ruth the consummate gift of Providence. It gave into her possession all the sheaves of the wheat, all the granaries with their contents, the very fields themselves with the workers and the owner of the fields himself.

I wonder what have we done? What are we doing? Are we gleaners in the fields of life? Gleaning means toil and sacrifice. According to Mrs. Whitney, the novelist, "the tests of life are the things crowded out." Let us add to this statement by saying that the tests of life are also the things gathered in. Are they merely material and natural and intellectual, or are they all this and more—spiritual? Then are we true gleaners for we have found the field of Boaz.

Again are we beating out that which we have gleaned, as Ruth did? That is, are we preparing it for the nourishment of the body, of the soul and of the spirit? Are we assimilating it so that we are growing physically and spiritually? Again are we gleaning not for self alone but for others? Ruth took her daily stores to Naomi. With her she shared all. Are we using thus that which we have gleaned? Are we making life richer for others in the home and in the church? Are we giving credit where credit is due and exclaiming with the friends of Ruth, "Blessed be Jehovah"? The first message flashed by the inventor of the electric telegraph beneath the waters of the ocean was the sentence, "What hath God wrought!" Professor Morse felt, according to his own statement, that his invention was an answer to prayer, and, if he was the first to use electricity for this purpose, it was not because he was superior to other men but solely because God had used him as the humble instrument of His own plans. This shows the heart of the true spiritual gleaner.

Let us not forget that the Lord of the harvest is speaking to us as He spoke to His disciples of old saying, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields that they are white already unto harvest." We are not ignorant of His meaning. All about us the souls of men are ripening ready to be gathered. Let us up and doing. With all our gathering in, let us not fail to garner souls as we ourselves hope finally to be garnered by the great Lord of the harvest.

Every Sunday School Teacher An Evangelist

By Warren G. Partridge, D.D.

THE evangelistic Sunday School teacher is one of the most valuable evangelists in the world. The Sunday School is one of the whitest harvest fields on earth, and that teacher magnifies his or her exalted office who sees the opportunity to win the priceless souls in his or her respective class.

The Sunday School teacher should be a soul winner. Our love to Christ should constrain us to be fishers of men. Our love for souls should impel us to save the lost; and our love for the church should prompt us to win new recruits to strengthen this divine institution.

Every teacher should be anxious to save the world. But it is often necessary to make a mighty effort to save the church. The teacher's church may be facing a crisis. The location of the church may be unfortunate. The church members may be moving farther away from the house of worship. Older members are dying, or moving away. Who shall be the officers and pillars of the church in the next decade or generation? Your church has a noble history. It has been a beautiful religious home for hundreds of people, who needed inspiration and consolation. But will the church be able to live in these trying days, and remain vigorous and powerful in serving the coming generation in your city or town? The teachers in that Sunday School may hold the future destiny of that local church largely in their hands. Teachers can not only save the souls of their pupils, but they may save the lives of their pupils for years of church work.

The churches are in crying need of workers, ministers, missionaries, teachers, and other helpers. Teachers may have the material before them, every Sunday, out of which can be made efficient church officers, evangelists, and other invaluable church workers. No church can possibly realize the priceless value of a teacher who is a successful soul-winner. The teacher has opportunities for service which may be far more efficacious, than the efforts of the minister or the parents. Evangelistic teachers have been among the most efficient soul winners in the world. Their opportunities are magnificent; but their responsibilities are tremendous. For the eternal destiny of millions of souls are in the hands of that grand army of teachers throughout the world.

Wisdom in soul-winning is evinced by the use of sanctified strategy. Joseph told his brethren that they should not see his face until they brought to him their youngest brother, Benjamin. Suppose that Jesus Christ should say to us, "Ye shall never see my face, until you bring your Sunday School scholars to me." A young woman, once went to her Pastor, and said with deep emotion: "Pastor, how can I reach a clerk in our office, who is not a Christian? He has sat for several years at the desk, next to mine in the same office. I feel responsibility for my influence over him. What shall I give him to read, or what can I possibly say or do, to win him for Christ?" She was a faithful teacher in a Sunday School, and she saw that this youth was being led into dangerous temptations, by his older companions.

It is individual effort that will count the most in soul winning. A teacher may teach the lesson to the whole class in a brilliant fashion, captivating the entire group, and holding the attention of all. But the tender word spoken to the pupil alone, before or after the meeting of the class, or in the home of the pupil or the teacher may accomplish more in the winning of that soul, than the formal teaching of the class for several years.

Let the teacher become the personal friend of each member of the class, and know the home, the burdens, the hardships, and the temptations of each scholar, and then the sympathetic and loving words of the teacher, alone with the individual, will ultimately "save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

It is personal work that counts in soul-winning. A general once said to his soldiers, "Wait until you see the whites of the eyes of your foes before you fire." We as Christian soldiers often fire at too long range. In teaching a whole class we may fire over their heads, and not wound the conscience of any. But if we gain the respect, confidence and love of every member of the class; then when our two eyes look, at close range, into the two eyes of our beloved scholar alone, we may save a soul by the help of the Holy Spirit. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

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Friends for Eternity

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

A California woman, since childhood a resident of the state, was speaking of a contemplated visit to her early home and her relatives in the East.

"You will have an opportunity to see much of this country," remarked a friend. "How greatly you will enjoy it all!"

"I do not care so much for the scenery," replied the woman, "as I do for the people whom I shall know through all eternity."

Something of the same thought of the eternal reach of Christian friendships was in the mind of Paul when he wrote his first tender, yearning letter to the Thessalonians. He sent the message that "the dead in Christ" and "we which are alive" shall together be forever with the Lord.

Written primarily to comfort those who were mourning dear ones of their own kindred, this message broadens, deepens and sanctifies all Christian friendships.

Perhaps nothing does more to vitalize our friendships and render them worthy of immortality than making personal mention in prayer of those we know and love, as Paul did of his converts. It is desirable to enlarge the circle of those whom we thus remember, and not to forget to thank God for as well as to petition Him in behalf of all our Christian friends. What is more natural, indeed, if we are to spend all eternity in one another's society in heaven, than to think often of our friends, when we bow at the throne of the Lord of heaven?

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Recompense

BY MARION BERNICE CRAIG.

*Dear Lord, my heart so dreary is,
Shadowed with clouds of sin.*

*"Open its portals to the light,
And let My sunshine in."*

*Dear Lord, my soul so weary is
Of the world's strife and din.*

*"Throw all its windows open wide,
And let My peace come in."*

*Dear Lord, my life so barren is
Of all I hoped to win.*

*"Child, open wide its fast-closed door
That I may enter in."*

THE OBLIGATION OF GOOD CHEER

By Clarence E. Flynn

TO say that there is no virtue in melancholy and no harm in cheerfulness only half states the case. Melancholy is positively wrong, and good cheer is a Christian grace. Whoever has a cheerful disposition has that much of a start toward positive and complete goodness.

From every viewpoint, both of the life to come and the life that now is, cheerfulness is a thing to be cultivated. It makes for happiness, it constitutes a guard against the danger of misjudgment and censoriousness, and it makes for success in the affairs of life. Everybody seeks out and likes the cheerful person. The world has no time—nor ought it to have—for the complainer and the grumbler.

Happiness is not a thing to be bought nor to be obtained from any external source. The only happiness which has lasting quality comes from within. No one can be happy long who is not happy in soul. Toys lose their gay color, baubles fade, treasures vanish, but a merry heart is glad forever. Happiness is not exclusive in its choice of where to go. It will go anywhere that anyone is willing to receive it. It graces the hovel as well as the mansion, and it is perfectly willing to pulsate in a breast covered with the rags of poverty. Anyone, anywhere, can be happy.

Melancholy is harmful to the individual. It not only spoils life for him, but it breaks down his health as well. No unhappy person can remain healthy long. On the other hand, no unhealthy person can cultivate the grace of joy without receiving substantial physical benefits therefrom.

The reasons for this are natural and plain. The unhappy person is never relaxed. He lives between a high tension of discontent and the lifeless reaction which follows. Today he is writhing in his self-inflicted misery. Tomorrow he is drowsy and languid as the inevitable result.

No one can feel well or go efficiently about his duties with his nerves on a strain. Every muscle must be free and loose. Each organ must be at ease and liberty to proceed in the performance of its function. The physical life cannot move by fits and starts without harm to itself. We cannot go in jerks without soon feeling the harmful results of so doing.

There is a still deeper reason than this for the harmful effect of discontent on the health. Unhappy emotions promptly set up processes which form poisons and pour them out into the system. These poisons have a paralyzing effect upon muscle and nerve. This accounts for the fact that indigestion or other organic inactivity will often follow a fit of violent anger or deep grief.

The Japanese are said to cultivate the habit of forcing themselves to smile. They do this, it is said, for the general benefit it renders both to disposition and health. It is a fact that a relaxed and smiling countenance has a tendency to put the rest of the body at its ease.

The conclusion is that every cheerful moment contributes to long life and physical well-being, and that it is not possible to give way to an uncontrolled torrent of unpleasant feelings or to the chilling hold of gloom without by so much shortening the days one has to live.

Melancholy is anti-social. It would scarcely be too much to say that it is criminal. If it is a crime to trespass upon the rights or the happiness of others, then gloom is a crime, for the reason that it does increase the burden and detract from the happiness of every person who ever comes into its chilling and blighting presence.

It does not dispose of the responsibility to say that other people need not be affected by our feelings. As a matter of fact, other people cannot help being affected by our feelings. Nothing is more contagious than feeling. The warm and genial spirit sheds light and joy wherever it goes—as a matter of course. The chilled and crabbed soul makes its presence a place of arctic coldness—and equally without effort. Where there is cheer there we find spontaneity and freedom. Where there is gloom there are weakness and constraint.

It is a serious question whether anyone ought to be allowed so to add to the world's burden. Having been near someone who was constitutionally unhappy has more than once unfitted someone else for his daily task. No one cares how long his day or how hard his work so long as he can keep a courageous spirit, but when he is robbed of that, he is shorn of practically all his power.

Men are not looking for more troubles. They already have more than enough. They are looking for genial souls who know the value of a smile and can teach it to men. The world really owes a large debt to the men who have made it their business to coax a laugh occasionally to its weary and hardened face. The man who has made the way a little more sunny for some far stranger whose face he will never see in this world, shall in no wise lose his reward.

It may often happen that one could render no other service quite so great as to just keep happy. The other man may not need a lift with his load. He may only need a fresh supply of gladness in his heart to make him feel that it is a little lighter. The world treasures its little supply of hearty good cheer as it might treasure gold and precious gems. Furthermore, it loves none so much as it loves those who try to pluck some of its thorns and plant flowers in their places.

Melancholy is not only unhealthful and anti-social, it is also sinful. The person who treasures an unhappy spirit sins not only against himself and his fellow men, but he also sins against the Almighty.

Of course it should be understood that in order to be happy there is no need of questionable and dangerous diversions. Let it be said once more that happiness does not come from without but from within. The whole outside world takes on the color of the spectacles we wear. It is just as unpleasing as the person who sees it is unpleasant. It is just as rosy and beautiful as the eye that looks upon it is bright and hopeful. We are speaking here not of diversions but of the inner spirit of our lives. Happiness, if it is anything, is a quality of character.

In his story of "The Laughing Man," Victor Hugo has sketched a remarkable character. Gwynplaine is a traveling showman, who as a baby was stolen from noble parents, and so disfigured by surgical means that his face always bore the appearance of a laugh. All through his life, however heavy might be his heart, Gwynplaine had no choice but to wear a laugh upon his face. The tears might flow from his eyes, but his features never lost their look of merriment. He laughed in sun and shadow, joy and woe.

After all, there is something wonderfully suggestive in this supposedly unfortunate character. He at least helped others too to be merry. He at least did not impose the chill of a downcast countenance upon any companion while he lived. This is worth while. It would be infinitely bet-

ter if more could bury their sorrows beneath their cheer. Not only would others about them fare better, but the sorrows themselves would the sooner disappear. We cannot banish sorrow, but we can learn to bear it well.

If one will look to the Bible for a vindication of the statement that cheerfulness is Christian and gloom sinful, he will find abundant evidence to that effect. Everything there goes to indicate the gladness that clings about that One in whose presence is fulness of joy and at whose right hand there are pleasures forevermore. The person who thinks religion must be sombre has misread his Bible and misinterpreted his Master. It may be serious and earnest, but never morose and gloomy.

The Man of Galilee was indeed a man of sorrows, but He was too much of a man of joy to burden the world with His sorrows. He did not dwell upon them in the presence of others. He was content to endure them manfully, and to give the world an example of courage to the last.

A despondent person is no ornament to religion. It is the joy-lighted face which inspires and wins. It is the light of joy about the altar that makes it an impressive place. It is the glad service which lifts the world a little farther in its long, hard climb.



Asleep At the Switch.

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH. D.

Now and then an accident occurs on a railway, which has only one explanation—a switchman somewhere was asleep and failed at the proper moment to guide the wheels of the oncoming cars to a safe siding or, having set the switch in favor of a previous way train, dropped into slumber and failed to change the target when a limited express approached.

It too often happens in life that some person on whom great responsibilities rest fails at a critical juncture to do just that thing which is needed to turn events into the path of successful achievement. There are many events which are pivotal, for on them swing the issues which facilitate or arrest progress. Life, metaphorically speaking, is full of cross-overs, frogs and derailing devices, all of which require constant attention if trains of thought and carloads of valuable freight are to run swiftly and safely to their proper destinations. Only by the constant vigilance of those who serve as track-walkers, signal-men and switch-tenders, can accidents be avoided.

As moral factors in the world we have constantly power to divert the thoughts and energies of our fellow men from good to evil, or *vice versa*. Often they will take a cue from our example, and be influenced for better or for worse by some word of counsel, if we are only wise or alert enough to offer it. If, at such a critical juncture, we are mentally or morally drowsy, unawake just then to the possibilities of action—in other words, if we are asleep at the switch, the results may be disastrous.

In the course of history many a man, sleeping in the post of duty, has let a chance for remarkable moral achievement go by him, or, by failing to give warning from the signal-tower, has caused the wreck of many souls. "Watchful waiting," is the phrase to which many meanings have been attached, but it is certainly worthy of approval when it denotes a steady alertness to moral opportunities as they occur. On the great trunk line of life passengers and trainmen alike must keep awake, for sloth and success have nothing in common.

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

(NOTE: In this department we invite our readers to address letters to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, setting forth any question concerning the religious life, the discussion of which may prove helpful and interesting for the general Christian public. Only the initials of the writer will be given in connection with any letter that is printed. The answers to the problems thus presented will be given by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City and one of the Contributing Editors to our paper.)

DEAR SIR:

Will you kindly give me a clear and satisfactory answer to the question—Can a person be as good a Christian outside as inside the church? I am not a member of the church, but not because I am not a believer. I simply have never felt that I needed the church to make me live a Christian life.

R. W. P.

DEAR FRIEND:

If you really do not feel the need of such aid as the church offers to the Christian life it may be impossible to show the necessity of church membership. We do not doubt for one moment that there are good Christians outside of the church. We believe, however, that as they grow in the Christian life they will naturally turn to the church. We fear also that it is true that there are some outside the church who are better than some inside the church. But it does not follow from this that the church is not the House of God, or that our duty toward it is any less binding. With these qualifications we are prepared to say that a person cannot be as good a Christian outside as inside the church. We shall offer only a few reasons, but they are very cogent ones. And first, it is true, whether you realize it or not, that you need the church. To be sure the church has many human limitations, and they are often very saddening. Nevertheless the church has much to give to any believer who will come to it with an open heart. To mention one thing only, it helps one to cultivate the habit of regular worship. We often lose sight of this constant service of the church. A thoughtful member of the writer's church said not long since, "I feel that I must be in my place in the church every Sunday, for it is the only opportunity I have to give thanks publicly and regularly to God." We do not say that worship is impossible outside of the church, but we do say that it tends to be intermittent, irregular and uncertain. Moreover one who is a believer should determine his duty toward the church by reference to what the church is in its character and destiny. There are many organizations toward which one may cherish indifference if he will. There is no obligation in relation to them. But are you justified in being indifferent to the House of God? For that is what the church is—it is "the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." (See I Timothy 3:15.)

Again, it is not merely that you need the church, but the church needs you. There is a great battle for the Kingdom of God going on in this world. The church more than any other organization is at the forefront of the battle. It is a serious question, when one remains out of the church, whether he may not be guilty of the fault of the inhabitants of Meroz, who "came not to the help of Jehovah, to the help of Jehovah against the mighty" (see Judges 5:23). There are many other reasons that might be alleged. But there is one especially that is often overlooked. The church is the place where the Lord's Supper is observed. There is no other

institution in all the world that does this "in remembrance" of Christ. May we ask you, dear friend, with all urgency, whether you may not have neglected an important command of your Lord?

DEAR SIR:

In the clash today between Labor Aggressive and Capital Defiant, what is the church, the exponent of Christianity, doing to bring about a better condition?

F. N.

DEAR FRIEND:

We may answer this question in the first place by asking another one. What is the church expected to do? No one is prepared to say that the church is doing all it ought to do to bring about better conditions in this world. We have to confess that the church is often a laggard in duty. Often its vision seems dim, and its appreciation of opportunity weak. Nevertheless we must do justice to the church. We are convinced that the church often fails to receive credit that is due to it. Its influence is often more real than obvious. We may ask our questioner this question—If the church were taken away, would not conditions grow steadily worse? We believe that the church is constantly exercising a steadying influence in the affairs of the world. It is very easy to criticize the church for the things it does not do. But the trouble is that the critics are frequently blinded to what the church is really doing. The real question, however, that underlies this matter is as to the actual function of the church. What should the church be expected to do in the dispute between Labor and Capital? This question is differently answered by different persons. One person will tell us that the church should become an active partisan and that it should take sides and join issues. But which side should the church take? The side of truth, you answer. Yes, but is the truth found all on one side? Another person will tell you that the church has no business to deal with such matters. Its function is wholly spiritual. It should confine itself to the realm of salvation. Even so, must not the church be interested in justice, righteousness and peace? Are not these spiritual entities in industrial as well as ecclesiastical circles?

Our answer to the question then as to what the church is doing to bring about better conditions between Labor and Capital is *first*, that the church is doing a great deal; *second*, that it is not doing enough. The church cannot be a partisan in these matters. We believe that our Lord points to this truth in His answer to that one who came to him and said: "Teacher, bid my brother divide the inheritance with me." The Master's answer must have created surprise. "Man, who made Me a judge or a divider over you?" (Luke 12:13-15). Was it not the business of Jesus to see that justice was done between men? Not quite that. It was His business to set men to thinking and believing in such a way about God and man, that they would seek out justice for themselves and do it. So He added, "Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." His immediate concern was not in dividing the inheritance, but in giving men a principle wherewith to govern their affairs. The business of the church is in a sense just what the business of the Master was, to give men the truth in relation to brotherhood, justice, and righteousness, and to furnish divine sanctions therefor. The church is doing this every day of the year. If it were not for the gospel of the divine Fatherhood and human Brotherhood which the church is preaching day in and day

out, we believe that the conditions of the jungle would return to earth. Yet the church is not doing enough. Its preaching and teaching ought to be more explicit and more urgent. Without partisanship the church should nevertheless insist in our day as never before upon the social values and applications of the gospel to all classes and conditions of men. Every pulpit in the land ought to ring out with prophetic power against injustice, whether of Capital against Labor, or of Labor against Capital.

EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.

The Victory

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

Is there anything harder to bear than the sting of false accusation? At such a time how the heart is likely to be crying out for *justice!* Frances Power Cobb once said: "There is one unutterable thought: it is that justice may fail to be done either in time or eternity. This thought makes the human soul writhe like a trampled worm. The better we are the more insufferable it is. On the other hand, every trouble becomes endurable, nay, it is followed by a great calm, when we reflect upon an after-life in which the soul of us shall know that Infinite Wisdom and Love and Power have combined to usher in the day of absolute *Justice.*"

The longing for justice is legitimate when it is unalloyed by a spirit of vindictiveness. Unjust accusation came almost daily into the experience of the Apostle Paul, and though he manfully repudiated the charges brought against him it was never in a spirit of bitterness against his accusers, for his life was closely knit with that of the Divine Sufferer who, looking down from the cross of crucifixion upon those who had driven nails into His hands and feet and thrust spear-points into His side, prayed "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Sometimes, in our efforts to secure our "rights," we trample upon the *right*. Not so the harassed and persecuted disciples of Jesus Christ in the early days. They proved that it is possible to meet the most unreasonable of false charges in a spirit of calmness and loving regard for one's persecutors. They "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer dishonor for the Name." Jesus Christ had cleared away that one unendurable thought that justice may fail to be done in time or eternity. Blessed are those beaten, battered ones who drown the old cry, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," in the exultant shout, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, *through our Lord Jesus Christ!*"

Back Of It All

BY CORA S. DAY.

"There goes the most faithful attendant at our church," remarked the pastor. He nodded out of the study window. A plain little old lady was passing. "She is one of the oldest members, too, and truly a shining example for our young folks. Her pew is never empty if she can possibly be there, both for the Sunday and the mid-week services. I know she is faithful in prayer and Bible reading as well. But she does not stop there. She lives her religion, daily, hourly, at home and abroad. That is what makes it real to us. We know her worship is not mere form when back of it is the spiritual force that sends her to those who need cheer or help or advice; and prompts her to give them all as if it were a favor to her to accept them. It is not outward show that makes her so sweet and good in her own home—where she has many duties hard for one of her age—that it is a very haven of rest for those who live there or are privileged to go there. We can see her formal religion every time we go to church; but we can see and feel the Christian living back of it all every time we meet her, whether it be in her own kitchen or parlor, or some other home where she has found blessed work to do for her Lord."

PRINTED PREACHERS

For the Soldiers on the Border

During the past few months the American Tract Society has sent a large amount of Christian literature down to the Mexican border for distribution among both the regular troops and the members of the National Guard of the various States who were summoned to service under the Federal call for the militia regiments of the country.

About 30,000 copies of the Soldier's Text Book and thousands of copies of various tracts suitable for the purpose were sent to different chaplains for distribution to the men under their spiritual care. One consignment went to Captain J. Madison Hare, Chaplain of the Fourth N. J. Infantry at Douglas, Arizona. In acknowledgment of this grant Chaplain Hare wrote:

"I desire to thank you for the Soldier's Text Books sent to our men at Douglas, Arizona. They were greatly appreciated."

Another consignment of Soldier's Text Books went to Chaplain H. S. Smith of the Third Infantry at Camp Eagle Pass, Texas. Similar shipments were sent to Chaplain John T. Axton, of the Twentieth U. S. Infantry at Fort Bliss, Texas, Major E. C. Clemans of the Second Minnesota Infantry at Llano Grande, Texas, Chaplain W. G. Crocker of the Seventy-first Infantry, N. G., N. Y., and Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment, N. G., N. Y., at Pharr, Texas.



Evangelical Christian Literature for Italians

For several years the American Tract Society has made a substantial contribution toward the publication of *L'Evangelista*, a weekly periodical issued by the Italy Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Rome, Italy. The usefulness of this paper is set forth in a recent letter from Mr. A. W. Greenman, Treasurer of the Italy Mission, who writes:

"Immediately on the outbreak of the war it was decided to send copies of *L'Evangelista* free to all military men in active service who would make written request for the same, and special efforts were made to adapt the paper to meet the needs of the man in the army. I very much doubt whether any other evangelistic paper in Italy has been more popular among the soldiers. We have had a multitude of unsolicited cards and letters of sincere thanks from all parts of the field, and the demands are still coming in. The free numbers sent out each week have increased from 100 or 200 until they now reach about 2500 and will probably be 3,000 before long.

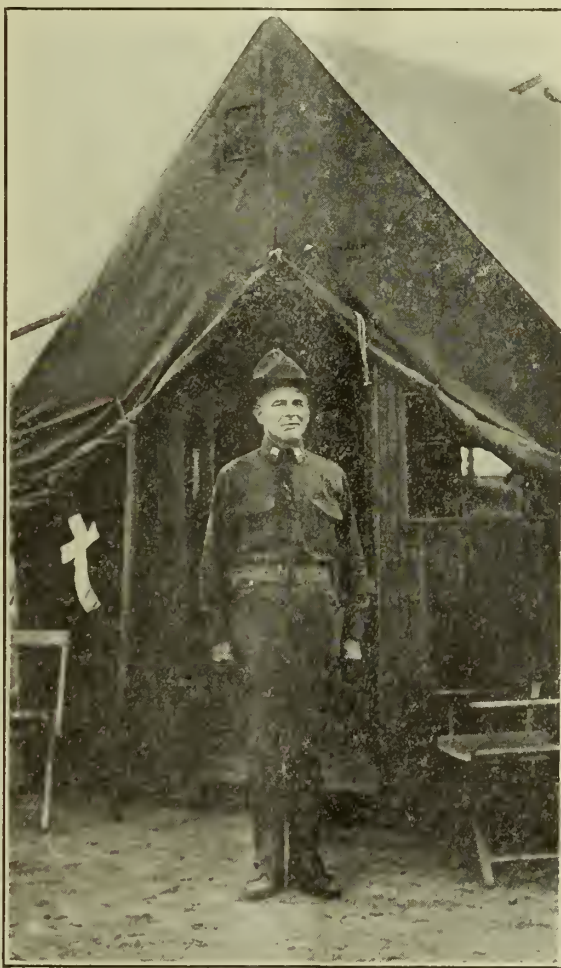
"Let me give you an incident showing how it has been appreciated. Rev. Sig. Bani, the Superintendent of our Northern District, has just told me that one of his friends who went to the front as a common soldier and who asked for *L'Evangelista*, complained after two or three months that he had not received it. The letter was forwarded to Sig. Nitti, the editor and publisher in Rome, and he replied at once that the paper had been mailed to the soldier's address as given. Recently when the soldier was home for a few days he told Sig. Bani that shortly after Sig. Nitti's reply had been received, he happened to be called to the tent of the commanding officer, and while in the tent

he noticed on the table copies of *L'Evangelista*. Thereupon he remarked to the officer:

"Do you take *L'Evangelista*?"

"No, I don't take it," was the reply, "but it comes here, and by the way, I think it is your copy I am reading. I greatly enjoy it, and now that you are here, you had better take your copies, but don't fail to let me see every copy that comes, because I don't want to miss a number."

With this letter Mr. Greenman sent a number of proofs of illustrations, which have been published in *L'Evangelista*, showing the wide field of influence exerted by this periodical. These illustrations show that *L'Evangelista* is read by soldiers and officers in the Italian Army, by the sulphur miners of Sicily, by the men in the Italian Navy, and by Red Cross workers.



CHAPLAIN J. MADISON HARE.

In the South

For many years Rev. James M. Carter has served as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society among the Negroes in the Southern States. In a recent report he writes:

"It is always pleasant after serving on the field in this most glorious mission to make my report, for then I forget the hard trials that I have to undergo in carrying abroad the Gospel message, and as I reflect upon the joy and comfort which this message is bringing to my field of labor I have the satisfaction of knowing that my work is accomplishing that for which I am sent forth.

"Here in my own home town of Martinsville, Va., one minister purchased one hundred copies of 'The Good News in Story and Song,' in order that his people might read and sing His Word for themselves. I am urging upon the people the idea, 'Get acquainted with God's

Word for yourselves,' and that idea is doing much to dispel the darkness and superstition among my fellow-countrymen of the negro race.

"I called upon one lady who was sick. She took a copy of 'The Good News in Story and Song,' and made a vow that if God would raise her up from her sickness, she would serve Him and read His Word every day. She told me about this many days later, when she was sitting up and could walk about on the floor. She declares that the reading of the New Testament and her decision to live for Jesus were the sole cause of her getting better.

"Our field continues to invite the labors of the American Tract Society colporters, as so much good is being accomplished."

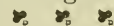


In the Empire State

Rev. Samuel Goddard, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, whose field of labor includes the city of Buffalo, N. Y., and vicinity, writes:

"By the grace of God I have been enabled to continue my work, going out in all kinds of weather in the city of Buffalo and into the villages for some forty miles around. I have called upon some 4,200 people, and have circulated by sale and grant 1,300 books, mottoes, cards, tracts and papers.

"I addressed the people of Ingleside Home, who thanked me warmly for the grants of literature received. I also preached to the people of St. James Evangelical Church and addressed the Sunday School, where I was well received. I also visited the Buffalo Orphan Asylum, where the dear children were much pleased with the cards and papers I gave them."



Among the Cubans

"Printed preachers" in the form of Christian books, tracts and periodicals in the Spanish language are being distributed among the Cubans by Mr. Pedro Pozo, a devoted missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, whose activities are under the immediate direction of Rev. J. Milton Greene, D.D., Superintendent of Colportage in Cuba. In a recent report Mr. Pozo writes:

"Having worked a few days in Cabaquan, I went on to Jicotea, where in the surrounding country I labored for three days, giving several Bible readings in the farm houses and endeavoring to explain in simplest language the Word of God to the people who were in utter ignorance.

"Some one said to me, 'Your explanations give us to understand what kind of books you offer, and the interest which you feel and show convinces us that you are not working merely for the sake of money.' I replied, 'My only desire is that you may know the Word of God. Tell me, if your father had written you a letter and had left you an inheritance, would you not be anxious to read the letter and claim the inheritance? Now this is just what God has done, and these books explain it all.'

"After these meetings I disposed of many books, and this is the work which I try to do wherever I go. I have special success among the country people. In the cities I find it more difficult to interest the people, for there I find so much indifference and infidelity as well as many false beliefs such as theosophy, spiritualism and even voodooism or witchcraft. I never hold a service without trying to point out the way of salvation and to show the people that they need to be saved."

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

NOVEMBER 5.

The Consecration of Social Life
I Corinthians 9:19-23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Oct. 30. Christ in company. John 2:1-11.
T. Oct. 31. Social to save. Luke 14:1-14.
W. Nov. 1. Social to teach. Luke 10:38-42.
T. Nov. 2. Barriers broken down. Gal.
3:26-39.
F. Nov. 3. Choosing company. 2 Cor. 6:14-18.
S. Nov. 4. Function of play. 1 Tim. 4:8.

In the helpful series of topics devoted to the subject of consecration we have now come to the consideration of the social life of the consecrated Christian. The first thing for us to observe in this connection is:

The Example of Jesus

In the Gospels we see the Master in various social relations. We see Him at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee; we see Him in the home of Simon the Pharisee and in the family circle of Lazarus. And wherever we see Him, we find that He perfectly fulfills all the social obligations resting upon Him.

It should be noted that Jesus in no wise altered His principles nor changed His personal characteristics by entering into the various social relations which He sustained to others. Yet He never seemed out of place, whether He was in the midst of joyous festivities as in the wedding feast, or in the house of sorrow, as when He raised the daughter of Jairus.

The Perils of Society Life

In these modern days some young Christians are exposed to serious moral perils when they enter upon what is known as society life. One class of perils are those that arise from the questionable amusements which are in vogue at the present time. There is danger to the moral life in the immodest dances, the wine-drinking customs and the loose standards of conduct that are characteristic of what is sometimes called high life, but which should be more properly designated as low living.

Another class of perils are those that arise from the false ideas of morality that are too often found among the so-called "four hundred" set of society.

Another peril to which young people are exposed in certain classes of society is found in the tendency to an idle, butterfly kind of existence, in which the sole object of pursuit is mere pleasure, and no regard is had to the real, earnest side of life.

The Redemption of Society

If society is ever to be redeemed from the evils to which reference has been made, it must be by means of consecrated Christians, who will show by their example "a more excellent way."

Christianity does not forbid the enjoyment of social privileges nor require that we should withdraw ourselves from society. But it does demand that the social pleasures in which we indulge should be pure and uplifting. It demands that the forms of recreation which we employ should be truly recreative, that is, that they should tend to make us new creatures and fit us more effectively to take up the battle of life. It demands that we adhere always and everywhere to the high standards of life and conduct that were set forth by the Master Himself.

Practical Suggestions

Christian young people should plan for their amusements as carefully as they plan for their regular duties in life.

If we carry into society the aroma of a consecrated life, the whole atmosphere must inevitably become purified.

A good social may be one of the practical methods by which we may secure the consecration of the social life of the community.

The importance of the social life is set forth in a striking way by William Caxton in these words: "Man in society is like a flower blown in its native land. It is there alone his faculties expanded in full bloom shine out, there only reach their proper use."

NOVEMBER 12.

How to Be Strong
Hebrews 11:32-40; 12:1-4.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Nov. 6. Strong in faith. Rom. 4:20.
T. Nov. 7. Strong in patience. 2 Cor. 12:1-10.
W. Nov. 8. Strong in goodness. Matt. 5:43-48.
T. Nov. 9. Strong through study. Josh. 1:1-9.
F. Nov. 10. Strong through prayer. Mark 14:38.
S. Nov. 11. Strong through gentleness. Ps. 18:35.

Our topic refers to spiritual strength, but we may obtain some suggestive hints as to how to be strong spiritually by considering the question as to how we grow strong physically.

Use the Right Food

An athlete in training pays particular attention to the food which he eats. He is careful to avoid those kinds of food which impair digestion or tend to weaken the physical frame, and he uses only that food which experience has shown will build up body and muscle.

To grow strong spiritually we must feed on the Word of God. In its pages we will find that spiritual sustenance which will make us mighty in faith, strong in patience, abounding in hope and full of love.

Take the Right Exercise

Exercise is a most important feature of physical training. Without it no results can be obtained, but by using the right kind of exercise a man may make himself proficient in any kind of physical effort.

To be strong physically we must exercise ourselves in Christian service. Faith without works is dead, and we cannot grow in grace save as we put into practice the teachings of our Christian faith.

By constant physical exercise we grow continually stronger, and by patient continuance in well-doing we become increasingly strong spiritually.

Choose the Right Example

A man in training usually patterns himself after some successful athlete in order that he may excel. So the young Christian who would develop strength in the spiritual life should look to Christ as the Great Example. The Apostle Paul said, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." So it is by looking unto Jesus that we may attain unto real power in the Christian life.

The Value of Spiritual Strength

Young men covet physical strength, and rightly consider it a thing worth striving for.

But spiritual strength is even more earnestly to be desired, and it is possible for every young man and young woman to secure that priceless possession.

The world to-day needs men and women who are spiritually strong. They are the leaven which imparts a saving element to our national life. They constitute the bulwark which protects our civilization from the tide of worldliness and sin that would otherwise overwhelm us. They serve as the anchor that keeps us from slipping into the abyss of atheism and inhumanity that would otherwise engulf us.

Hints for Meditation

The gift of the Holy Spirit is an essential endowment in order that we may grow spiritually strong. With the endowment of the Holy Spirit we receive the fruits of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness and self-control which assure the continuance of our spiritual strength.

We grow strong through prayer. Indeed, without the use of prayer we cannot expect to have spiritual strength. Prayer is a channel of communication by which we may avail ourselves of the divine strength. By prayer we are brought into contact with the inexhaustible riches of God's grace and the infinite resources of His power.

We are strong when we work with God. We are weak when we are not in perfect accord with Him.

NOVEMBER 19.

Why Christianity is the Hope of
Our Country
Psalm 9:1-20.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Nov. 13. Christianity enlightens. Isa. 60:13-22.
T. Nov. 14. It builds ideals. 1 Pet. 2:5-12.
W. Nov. 15. It is aggressive. Acts 17:22-34.
T. Nov. 16. It is socially constructive. Jas. 2:1-12.
F. Nov. 17. It stirs conscience. Heb. 4:12-16.
S. Nov. 18. It stands for justice. Matt. 23:13-39.

As the week, November 19 to 26, 1916, has been designated as "Home Mission Week" by the Home Missions Council, this topic is a very appropriate and timely one for our consideration.

The Only Solution for Our National Problems

Our country is face to face with big problems. We have the Mormon peril, the negro problem, the question of immigration, the labor situation and varied social problems, upon the right solution of which depends the welfare of our country. Christianity alone offers a successful and lasting solution of these problems. Indeed Christianity has already begun to aid in the adjustment of many of these vexatious questions, and it is only by the continued application of Christian principles that they will be finally solved.

The Only True Faith

In our country there are many forms of false religion seeking for acceptance. In some of these there is a certain amount of truth that is mingled with the false, but that only serves to make the resulting mixture more dangerous. Then there is also rampant a good deal of atheism and infidelity.

The only way to eliminate these false forms of faith and to drive out atheism and infidelity is to spread abroad the message of true Christianity. Herein is the only hope for the religion of our country.

The Basis of Good Citizenship

Christianity is the only hope of our country because it furnishes the only secure foundation for good citizenship. The teachings of Jesus contain the fundamental elements of good citizenship, and true patriotism should inspire us to spread abroad the Gospel story throughout the length and breadth of our land.

The Function of Home Missions

It is the function of home missionary effort to spread the teachings of Christianity because they constitute the brightest hope for our country.

Home missionary service is patriotic service, and home missions have done more than most people realize in laying a strong foundation for our American civilization and in helping to build upon that foundation a worthy superstructure of noble Christian citizenship.

The Christian motive played a large part in the early discovery and settlement of our country. It is now playing a still more important part in the development and upbuilding of the best institutions in our land.

Vital Truths

The best way to evangelize the whole world is to push forward the evangelization of our own country, for home missions is always a strong stimulating force to foreign missions.

The home missionary field offers an opportunity for the display of a quiet heroism, whose far-reaching results may affect the future destiny of our whole country.

Our population is made up of many diverse elements. Only the influence of Christianity can weld together these divergent and sometimes discordant elements.

Christian literature has often been the forerunner for home missions. Indeed, the distribution of the Gospel message in the printed page has often proved the most effective way of introducing home missionary effort. Christian books and tracts have served as pioneer preachers, and have led to the establishment of Christian Sunday schools and churches.

NOVEMBER 26.

The Grace of Gratitude.
Psalm 107:1-43.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Nov. 20. For deliverance. Gen. 35:1-5.
T. Nov. 21. For divine leading. Deut. 8:1-18.
W. Nov. 22. For salvation. Ps. 40:1-8.
T. Nov. 23. Where are the Nine? Luke 17:11-19.
F. Nov. 24. Gratitude to benefactors. Acts 28:1-10.
S. Nov. 25. Keeping gratitude fresh. Heb. 13:13-16.

The Scripture selection for our topic is a beautiful Psalm which has been aptly named "The Song of the Redeemed." A careful study of this Psalm will show not only the causes for gratitude which the Israelites of old had but also the reasons for thankfulness which we have at the present day.

Reasons for Gratitude

In view of the approaching Thanksgiving season we may well inquire what are the reasons which we have for being grateful.

First, let us consider the personal reasons which we have for rendering praise to our heavenly Father. Whatever our lot and station in life, we can each find some personal blessings which call for our grateful remembrance. Home, friends, kindred, church fellowships, business success, these are but a few of the many personal reasons which furnish abundant cause for thanksgiving.

In the second place there are many reasons for gratitude on the part of our citizens, from a national point of view. Our land has been peculiarly blessed in all its history. Though there have been dark days, yet the gloom has never completely overwhelmed our nation. Though disasters have sometimes come, nevertheless we have been enabled to emerge from them and to go forward triumphantly along the path of destiny.

At the moment when these words are being written, there appears to be abundant cause for national thanksgiving. Our country is still at peace, despite all the complications that have threatened to involve us in war. And for the privilege of maintaining peace when almost all the rest of the world is at war calls for the exercise of the grace of gratitude.

We also have cause for gratitude in the abundant crops that have blessed the land and which furnish the substantial basis for the era of prosperity which we are now enjoying.

Expressions of Gratitude

It has been well said, "The thought unexpressed dies." So, unless the grace of gratitude finds expression in our words and deeds it is sure to die.

We ought to express our gratitude for the personal blessings we have received by giving ourselves to Him who gave Himself for us.

The grace of gratitude should manifest itself in our personal consecration, and we should present ourselves as a living thank-offering to the God who is the source of all our blessings.

As a nation our gratitude for our present prosperity should make itself evident by our gifts to relieve the awful suffering and want which are afflicting so many of the nations engaged in the great European War. In comparison with our abounding prosperity the gifts that have been so far made for this purpose are but small and even niggardly.

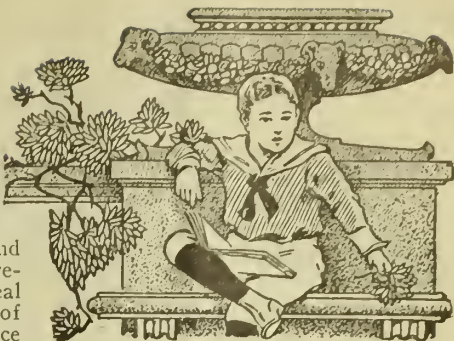
We have a National Thanksgiving Day once a year, but each and every day should be a day of personal thanksgiving.

Margaret Deland says: "When I don't sleep, I just count my blessings. That is a splendid thing to do, because you fall asleep before you get to the end of them."

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Nov. 27. Business spirit. Rom. 12:11.
T. Nov. 28. Dancer of prosperity. Rev. 18:7-19.
W. Nov. 29. Haste to grow rich. Neh. 13:15-21.
T. Nov. 30. A wrong principle. Prov. 20:14.
F. Dec. 1. Goods for God. 1 Chron. 29:10-16.
S. Dec. 2. Remembering God. Deut. 26:1-11.

Our Young Folks



Five Apples Each

BY I. G. WITT.

THE Ladies' Aid Society was getting supplies for the Orphans' Home in a distant city and all the church was helping. That is, all but the Primary class. The Men's Bible class was to nail up the barrels and haul them to the depot. The Epworth League was sewing and mending, and even the Junior League was going about for contributions and collecting clothing.

"Well, dears, I don't know what you could do, unless it would be to thread needles," replied Mrs. Wentworth, the Primary teacher, when the Aldrich twins had asked her what they could do to help. "And," she continued, "the ladies are working so busily that they wouldn't stop to take a needle from anyone. I will be thinking about it all week though and maybe by Sunday we can manage something."

Two days after that conversation Julius Aldrich was lying in the orchard under a winesap apple tree. It was almost time to go for the cows and while he was waiting for Julia, his twin, to come and head the cattle off so that they would not rush down the lane, he watched a litter of pigs as they snorted and rooted about on the other side of the fence. They had eaten all the apples that they could reach by pushing their snouts against the wire, and every now and then Julius would throw an apple away into the pig yard just to see them scurry after it.

Presently a buggy drove past and Julius heard the driver say to her companion, "Just look at that boy wasting those delicious apples!"

"Yes," replied her companion, "but there's no market for them this year. They are so plentiful."

Julius knew this. He had heard his father speak of it, but he was not prepared for the reply that he overheard as they drove out of hearing—

"I know, but isn't it a pity that some of those poor orphans can't have them?"

Julius sat erect and called after the ladies, but the horse had started up and was spinning down the lane. Then he began to pick up apples so fast that he had a big pile by the time Julia joined him.

"If you throw all those to the hogs," she laughed, "you'll make them lean running after them."

"Why Julia Aldrich," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't waste an apple on a hog for anything!"

Julia laughed heartily. "Since when, please?"

"Since half an hour ago," and he told her what he had heard.

After supper they picked up apples until dark and next day their mother told about it at the Aid Society. So Saturday Mrs. Wentworth brought out the Primary Class and they picked up apples and apples until Jenny Maxwell declared that every time she closed her eyes she saw red apples and green apples and yellow apples and russet apples.

When the letter of thanks that came from the Orphans' Home was read on the Sunday after Thanksgiving there was a long postscript to the Primary Class. The message made them very happy and there was a smile on every face when these words were read:

"There are things in your contribution which are more needful and more useful but nothing surely which gave more pleasure, for that wagon load of apples means five apples for every child in the Orphans' Home."

Our Collectors' Column.

The first letter which has come for our Collectors' Column is from a boy in the country who has sent us a very interesting account of "Stamps and Stamp Collecting." This is what he says:

DEAR EDITOR: I am thirteen, and for three years I have been collecting stamps. For the first year I had the "stamp craze." Every one that collects stamps has it for a time. The last time I counted my stamps I had 3,008. I started my book with some of the

age was first thought of by Kowland Hill, who was prominent in postal reform. The first stamps made were real works of art, I think. The profile of Queen Victoria is beautiful. A piece of gummed paper was sold with these stamps, by which they were affixed to the mail matter. These stamps were not perforated. The perforating machine was not invented till thirteen years after. The water-marks on the back of these stamps made it impossible to counterfeit them.

Post-paid envelopes were used in Paris in 1853, long before the adhesive stamp was thought of. On the first day that

I wish that more boys and girls would collect stamps, they would find it so interesting. It is not necessary to buy them. Just keep what you get, and ask your friends for them. I think it is real fun, and every time you get new stamps and study your old ones you learn something.

GERALD MINER.

We are delighted with this letter, and we trust that we shall hear from other boys and girls in regard to their stamp collections.

We would also like to hear from those who have made a collection of stones, pressed flowers, seaweeds, seashells or other interesting objects.

If any of our young readers have taken photographs which would make good illustrations for Our Young Folks' page, we would be very glad to receive them. If you send photographs for this purpose, please be sure to wrap them securely so that they will not be injured in the mail. Oftentimes a good photograph is spoiled, because it was not properly protected when put in the post office.

Some of our young friends may have been making other collections which have not been mentioned here. If so, please do not fail to let us know what you have been collecting and what success you have had.

Write at once to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y., and your letter may be in time to be printed in our next issue.

"Dares"—Right and Wrong

Because he would not take a "dare," a young English baronet tried to swim the river Thames in a full-dress suit. He lost his life, and the two young women who, in a moment of hilarity, dared him to do it, have broken hearts and remorse for their share.

Because some other fellows dared him, a twelve-year-old boy climbed far out on a limb too fragile to bear his weight, and fell twenty-five feet to the ground—badly injured and unconscious.

Because they dared to keep their heads on the railroad track longer than their comrades, two Lynn (Mass.) boys were hurled to death by the onrushing train. For several weeks the boys of that city had been daring each other to place their heads on the track and see which one would hold his head there the longest when the train was bearing down upon them. The railroad officials tried in vain to stop the folly until these two boys were killed.

All these folks above mentioned confounded courage with foolhardiness and recklessness. A small boy of ten, on the other hand, when dared to go into a piece of mischief, absolutely refused to be bulldozed or sneered into it—because, as he said, "It isn't right." Someone dubbed that boy a "noble coward!" rather, they should have called him a "modern hero."

Real courage risks being laughed at, sneered at. Real courage lives up to its own convictions, at any cost. Dare to do right. Dare to be true. For the sake of others, dare even to risk your life, but refuse to join the great number of foolish persons who have been weak enough to throw their lives away rather than be laughed at.

THE WELLSPRING.



PREPARING FOR HALLOWE'EN.

old Russian stamps with the coats of arms in beautiful colors and a brown stamp from Mazambique that I thought was the most wonderful one ever issued. My favorite stamp is the 2-cent black Jackson of 1862; mine is uncanceled. I like the small square stamp, the 1-cent, with Franklin's picture, the 2-cent—a man on horseback, the 3-cent—an engine, and the 6-cent, with Washington's picture. There are stamps up to 90 cents in this set. Stamps are really more valuable than would be supposed. My grandmother had some old letters from which I got a lot of old U. S. stamps, and some old Wurtemberg stamps worth \$15.00.

The first postage stamps were issued by Great Britain in 1839. Penny post-

stamps were placed on sale in Great Britain 7,500,000 were sold.

The next country to issue stamps was Switzerland, the Canton of Geneva in 1884, and of Basel in 1845. These stamps were soon superseded by others, and some are worth a great deal. Now countries all over the world began to issue stamps—Russia in 1848, France, a year after, followed by Tuscany, Belgium, etc. It seems funny to me that the Sandwich Islands issued stamps before Holland.

Africa has lately issued some very handsome stamps; they show the pictures of a couple of giraffes picking fruit from a tree. There have been a whole lot of war stamps—one set issued by Austria with a field howitzer, etc.

CHURCH NEWS

Home Mission Week

At the suggestion of the Home Missions Council, November 19 to 26, 1916, has been designated as Home Mission Week. The Council has issued this appeal to the members of the Christian Churches:

"Four years ago the American churches were challenged by the watchword: 'Christian Patriotism—Our Country—God's Country.'" Then, as now the American public was absorbed in a great political campaign. In all their discussion of political issues Christian people were charged to remember the great decision which must guide every subsidiary choice. Whatever else we agree in thinking or doing; whatever issues we disagree upon, there must be no laxness or faltering in the endeavor to make this land God's country. Now, as then, Home Mission Week follows at once upon the season of political agitation. Now, as then, Thanksgiving Day succeeds as the month of November closes. For prosperity and the reign of justice, righteousness and peace, it is the duty of all to strive through the sovereign choices of the people. For the proper use of the bounties of nature and the stores amassed by our wide reaching industries, truly thankful hearts will inspire us to no less exalted endeavor.

"To lift to the highest each aspiration of this crucial season; to supply motives worthy of each decision; to guide every sincere wish and choice of men into the courses of the divine purpose; to purify and sanctify every impulse of patriotism; to bring all inhabitants of the land within the godly fellowship, whether high or low, rich or poor, of whatever color or race; this is the challenge of Home Mission Week. Help make your church and all the churches equal to this spiritual ministry to the American people."

This appeal has been sent to the leaders in practically every evangelical church in America. It is expected that nearly every Protestant church will in some way observe Home Mission Week, so that on the designated dates millions of American Christians will be thinking about, hearing about and praying for Home Missions. It is hoped that such a concerted effort will do much to advance the time when our beloved country shall be truly God's country.

In many communities it will be possible to arrange for union or mass meetings for one of the Sunday afternoons of Home Mission Week. Plans for these may be developed by the churches working in concert, or by the local Church Federation or Young Men's Christian Association. Such a meeting should be held in the largest auditorium available. It should be well advertised in the community, two or three excellent speakers secured, with the assistance of the Missionary Boards if necessary, and good music provided. At least one of the speakers should talk of local church and mission problems, opportunities for Christian service in the community, etc. Another might speak on "Christian Patriotism," and a third on national Home Missions.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement in New England

One result of the four of the large city conventions of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in New England last year has been the organization of the New England Division of the Movement in charge of a committee of fifty laymen representing different states and different denominations. The chairman of this committee is Hon. George R. Jones of Melrose, a deacon in the Orthodox Congregational church in that city and a Boston lawyer. The secretary is Charles C. Merrill, who was executive secretary of the conventions held last season in Boston and Worcester.

In order that the plans of the Movement may be in thorough harmony with the plans of the denominational leaders, an Advisory Committee of Board secretaries and denominational leaders has been formed with which the Executive Committee of the New England Division will work in close harmony.

Last year's work having been in the cities, special attention will be given this year to the country churches and communities through a series of country conventions. The first of these was held at Rutland, Vt., on October 15, 16 and 17.

Another country convention is scheduled for Dover, N. H., Dec. 10-12.

Another feature of this season's plans is a return visit for a single night to each of the cities where conventions were held in the last season's campaign or in the campaign of seven years ago. These meetings will be known as Decennial Suppers in recognition of the fact that the Laymen's Movement is ten years old this fall. In all the year's work special emphasis will be laid upon Men's Discussion groups, which has been found to be so fruitful a method of interesting men vitally in national and world problems. It is hoped that a large number of these groups will be formed in New England churches during the coming months, even when it is not possible to bring a church within reach of a large interdenominational meeting. The spirit and methods of the Movement have proven so beneficial to the country at large during the ten years of its existence that a very real gain ought to come to the masculine life of New England churches from this effort to bring its influence to bear intensively on these six New England states. A leaflet entitled "Mobilizing New England Laymen During 1916-17" has been published which sets forth the aims and plans of the New England Committee.

Work of the Moody Bible Institute

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago has opened its Fall term with 712 men and women as resident day students, and 33 instructors, five of whom are new members of the faculty. This does not include the evening classes.

A feature introduced this year is the Swedish-English course, at the suggestion of the Swedish Evangelical Free Church, which has adopted the Institute as its Theological Seminary. The faculty acting upon the recommendation and advice of church leaders of different denominations has extended its curriculum to include New Testament Greek for men looking towards pastoral work on the frontiers and in mission fields. In pedagogics, for women especially, it now includes Bible Story Telling; and for both men and women who may be deficient in early education, it has increased its teachers and the required time to be spent in the study of English.

The department of Gospel Music also has been strengthened by two new professors, one of whom is a specialist in voice-building. Its policy, however, is not changed in offering its advantages free to students of all denominations.

Evangelical Progress

In the town of Ambion in the Philippine Islands the walls of a large Roman Catholic church stand roofless,—the building having been burned when the Filipinos rose against Spain; its priests also having been chased out of the place. Since then the Church of Rome has never been able to raise money enough in the neighborhood to re-roof the fire-smoked walls, but the people of the town have built without outside aid a beautiful evangelical chapel and have contributed a number of thousand pesos to the fund for enlarging Silliman Institute.

For World's Temperance Sunday

The Lincoln-Lee Legion, in accordance with its custom, is prepared to furnish to the Sunday Schools of the United States for World's Temperance Sunday, November 12, 1916, supplies for a pledge signing service. Since 1911 tens of thousands of Sunday Schools from all states and representing every denomination have used these supplies. The universal testimony regarding them is, "The best we ever used." The supplies this year will excel those of any previous year.

They will consist of (1) an eight-page program containing new songs with the music; responsive service, giving the latest information regarding the progress of the battle for National Constitutional Prohibition, etc.; (2) duplicate Lincoln-Lee Legion pledge cards (3x9 in.) in two colors; (3) a Wall Roll (17x28 in.) in two colors, with spaces for 250 names; (4) a "wet" and "dry" chart (36x44 in.) giving two United States maps, one showing wet and dry territory in 1893, the other in 1916; (5) leaflets (3x6 in.), facsimile reproductions of the large chart.

Finally, to the FIRST 5,000 schools enlisting for the day will be given the large, historic picture (22x32 in.) printed in three colors, of Lincoln presenting his pledge at South Fork school house in 1846. This picture was painted by Arthur I. Keller and is a companion picture to "Lincoln Pledging the Boy Breckenridge," which now hangs in tens of thousands of Sunday School rooms. If you have one, you will want the other. If you have not the one, you will want both. Since 1911, three and a half millions of temperance pledges have been signed in the Sunday Schools of America. Now for another million in a single day—November 12, 1916.

In order to print the vast quantities of supplies necessary to furnish them to tens of thousands of Sunday Schools, orders must be placed at once. If you are interested, write today to the Lincoln-Lee Legion, Westerville, Ohio.

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Please note that this Special Offer applies only to subscriptions in the United States and its possessions. On Foreign subscriptions \$1.24 extra must be added for postage, making a total of \$2.89, until November 10, 1916. After that date the sum of \$3.34 must be remitted.

If a copy of the beautiful AMERICAN MESSENGER Calendar for 1917, entitled, "Making Friends," is desired, ten cents additional must be added. Send all subscriptions to

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HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

The Bo-Tree of India

The Bo-Tree, or sacred fig tree, of India is held in reverence by the Hindus, who maintain that Vishnu was born under it. This species of fig tree somewhat resembles the banyan, but the branches do not root like that tree, and the leaves which are rounded at the base, have long attenuated points which serve to carry off the rain, a necessary device in wet tropical forests. The Bo-Tree often attains a height of one hundred feet or more. It is frequently planted near Hindu temples, and religious devotees spend their lives under its shade.

Buddhists also venerate the Bo-Tree, for they claim that it was under this tree that the Buddha, Prince Siddhartha, sat during the night in which he received supreme enlightenment and attained to the Buddhahood.

As Bo-Tree literally means "Tree of Wisdom," the name is applicable to any tree under which a Buddha receives the great spiritual enlightenment.

It is claimed that the particular Bo-Tree under which the Sakya sage, Gotama, was seated when he became Buddha, was situated at Uruvela, the modern Gaya, in Behar, about 150 miles southeast of Benares. Another Bo-Tree is at Anuradhapura, in northwestern Ceylon. This is said to be the oldest historically authenticated tree in existence. Its leaves are most sacred relics for the thousands of Buddhist pilgrims that visit it. Buddhist temples elsewhere have Bo-Trees planted by them.

The accompanying illustration of a Bo-Tree is reproduced from a photograph sent to the American Tract Society by Rev. L. B. Chamberlain. At the base of the Bo-Tree in this picture are seen various idols, which are venerated by the superstitious worshippers who come to that shrine.

The only remedy for such superstition as that which is manifested in the worship of the Bo-Tree is found in the dissemination of the Gospel message. Christian literature is an invaluable help to the missionaries who are striving to proclaim the Gospel message in India, and the American Tract Society is aiding them to the best of its ability by foreign cash appropriations to be used in the preparation of Christian books, tracts and periodicals in the vernacular.

The Ceylon Centenary

The month of October, 1916, saw the completion of one hundred years of life and work on the part of the Ceylon Mission of the American Board.

"For dramatic events and picturesque setting," says a writer in the *Missionary Herald*, "the story of the Ceylon Mission would rejoice the heart of the cinema artists. But missionaries are busy folk, and probably the moving-picture films will never present the scenes of the arrival of the knightly young Newell at Colombo, instead of Bombay, where he supposed he was going; of the presentation to Governor Brownrigg, by the royal chaplain, of the five young couples whom Newell's eloquence had induced the American Board to send from America; of the long palanquin journey through tropical forest roads to Elephant Pass, then over the lagoon causeway to Jaffna, where the mission finally settled; of the crowds of sick at the tiny temporary hospital at Tellippallai; of the days when remittances failed to come and actual want overtook the brave young band; and so on through the years."

The little hospital where Messrs. Richards and Warren first preached their gospel of healing to bodies and souls alike is now replaced by two institutions, the Green Memorial Hospital at Manepay and the McLeod Hospital for women and children at Inuvil. An efficient nurses' home and crowded dispensaries are also a part of the hospital equipment, while the hospitals' Bible-women find a wide field of usefulness.

The flourishing boarding school for girls at Uduvil, too, is a large development from the tiny beginning of two little lassies who broke caste by eating of the missionary's food when storm-bound on her veranda, and who were therefore turned over to the mission by their distracted parents. Last year the school reported 350 odd pupils in grades from kindergarten to normal training.

The normal training school for men at Tellippallai and Jaffna College, the product of the determination, in 1822, by some of the missionaries to maintain a central school "as much like a college in America as circumstances should permit," continue to serve the Christian boys and young men.

The literary contributions made by the mission have been valuable. A great achievement was the publication of a Tamil dictionary, also a Tamil-English and an English-Tamil lexicon, all of which were printed on the American Mission press at Madras; then Dr. Samuel Fisk Green made a Tamil medical vocabulary and put through the press translations into Tamil of Cutler's Anatomy, Gray's Anatomy, Wells's Chemistry, books on physiology, surgery, general hygiene, etc., to the extent of some



A BO-TREE IN INDIA

four thousand pages. Quantities of tracts, scientific pamphlets, etc., were also translated by Dr. Green. The mission paper, the *Morning Star*, founded in 1840, is still printed on the mission press, which is now a well-equipped and self-supporting institution.

The First Student Conference in Shansi, China

"A notable gathering of Shansi students," writes Rev. Arthur W. Hummel, "took place in the Flower Garden of the American Board Mission in Taikuhsien station, last July. Considering that this was the first summer conference of the Young Men's Christian Association ever held in Shansi Province, this meeting of more than a hundred student delegates in the height of summer's heat is considered by the Shansi missionaries as one of the most important mission successes of the year. Moreover, it marks a great advance in union missionary effort, since all the missions of the province were represented: English Baptist, Church of the Brethren, the China Inland Mission, and the American Board Mission.

"Much credit is due to Mr. H. H. K'ung, principal of the Taiku Memorial Academy, for his efficient management and splendid leadership of the conference. Besides the Shansi missionary representatives, the National Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association sent Mr. Daddisman, of Nanking, as their representative. The Bible classes, the addresses, the recreation, and, above all, the prayer life, seemed to us to equal that of our summer conferences in America.

"A very potent influence throughout the conference was the presence of General Chao, the military governor of Tatungfu, in Northern Shansi. Although a Christian for only three years, his deep prayer life and his wide knowledge of the Scriptures, his moral earnestness and uncompromising fearlessness, together with his ability as a speaker and his high social position, make his influence really wonderful. This man is proving to be one of Shansi's most powerful Christians. Before becoming a Christian he was proud and haughty, neither was he known to have any ability as a speaker; but the gospel opened his mouth and tamed his pride. Once, while fighting hostile tribes in

Garden, where the missionary martyrs of 1900 lie buried, these fine youths of Shansi communed with God and made decisions the importance of which no one can estimate. At least one-fifth of the delegates present are planning to enter the ministry. The theme of the conference was, 'Christianity in Relation to China's Present Needs,'—a most appropriate theme in these days of China's weakness and humiliation. On the Fourth of July Mr. K'ung gave an address on George Washington, drawing lessons from his life and times for the salvation of the rejuvenated republic of China."

A College for South African Blacks.

The opening of the South African Native College at Fort Hare, says the *Record of Christian Work*, marks a milestone in the development of Christian education among the blacks. The new college is a joint undertaking of the government and the mission. The United Free Church of Scotland provided the site for the college and an initial gift of \$25,000, pledging itself further to an annual contribution of the interest on an additional \$25,000. The college is within sight of Lovedale, the great center of an industrial education built up by Dr. Stewart. At the opening exercises native chiefs were present from the Transkei, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Swaziland, the Transvaal, and the Free State. General Botha, the Prime Minister of the South African Federation, delivered an admirable speech and left a substantial subscription to the institution funds upon his departure. The college will aim to provide the native churches with well-trained ministers. It will have a training school which will feed the school system of South Africa with negro educationalists. Faculties of medicine and law will come later,—the germ of the latter being provided in arrangements for training interpreters for the courts. One of the main aims of the college will be to develop a strong school of agriculture. Hampton and Tuskegee were held up for imitation in a letter from the Rt. Hon. J. X. Merriman. There will be work of a theoretical character also, as, for example, research study of the African languages. Mrs. Stewart, the wife of the great educationalist pioneer of Africa, urged that the college should never be allowed to become a mere secular school, but one where God is revered and Jesus brought before the students as the Saviour of mankind.

Seventy Years' Work in Foochow

The first missionaries of the American Board reached Foochow, China, on January 2, 1847. It is almost seventy years since that date. The Foochow Mission proposes to mark the anniversary, choosing the days from November 7 to 16 as the time for the celebration.

Many things have happened in China since that New Year's of 1847, when Stephen Johnson arrived in Foochow, whither he had been deputed with Lyman D. Peet to open a new station. It was a tight, provincial city in which they began to proclaim the Christian message. Progress was not rapid or easy. The first convert was baptized in 1856; in 1857—after a decade—six more were baptized and the first church was organized.

Now there are seventy-one organized congregations, with 2,661 members and a Christian constituency of 10,000. The offerings of the people last year for church work amounted to \$10,000 (Mexican). There are 165 men and women engaged in evangelistic work, 222 in teaching, and 5,636 pupils of all grades in American Board schools. These figures, which tell but the small part of the story, indicate something of the achievement to be celebrated and the challenge to be faced.

Our Fireside

A Profitable Thanksgiving

By Hilda Richmond

HERE comes Lily Beach and she's bound to ask me for Thanksgiving dinner," said Jessie Pitkin, as she hurried home from work with Maybelle Tompkins one November evening. "I suppose I might as well have it over with, but I won't go. Lily's a dear and it's very sweet of her to ask me, but after all it's a great nuisance to spend the day at her little house. I know she can't afford guests, but she feels sorry for me that I have no home and so she's duty bound to ask me."

"That's exactly the way I feel about it," echoed Maybelle. "Ever since I've been out of a home somebody has dragged me away at holidays, and this year I'm going to stay indoors. I told Cousin Amy that this year I intended to give myself the luxury of a whole day in bed. My dinner is paid for at the boarding house, and there I intend to stay."

"So am I!" said Jessie. "I intend to stay in bed until about ten o'clock and then get up and wash my hair and lounge around the rest of the day in my kimono. I may go down and get myself a tray and have dinner in my room just for the fun of having a whole day to lounge—that is if anybody else stays at the boarding house. I have an economical streak this year and I'm going to save up a little."

"Doesn't it cost to go out to dinner on all holidays?" said Maybelle. "If I go to Amy's I feel that I must take her a bunch of flowers and presents for

the kiddies and a box of candy for the family, so it takes the best part of two dollars."

"That's exactly my case," said Jessie. "I can't invite my friends to have dinner with me except I give them a restaurant meal, so I have to return any hospitality I receive in other ways. It usually costs me about two dollars each holiday so this year I intend to economize. If I stay away from Lily's now it will mean that I can send trifles to the children from the ten-cent store at Christmas, and not spend a cent for flowers or candies or fancy work. I want a new silk dress when the bargain sales come in January and—Why, how do you do, Lily? You know my friend Maybelle Tompkins? Of course you've met her with me. How are John and the kiddies? No, my dear Lily, I am not going to impose upon you this Thanksgiving. You have hustled around to cook and wash dishes for me too often. I never can repay your kindness, and this year I'm going to stay right at home. Maybelle is to be there and I couldn't leave her entirely alone."

"Bring her right along with you," said charming little Mrs. Beach. "We'll be delighted to have you both."

But the girls firmly declined the invitation with many thanks, and went on their way rejoicing that now they were to plan the day according to their own pleasure. "I do wish Lily Beach had a little more common sense," said Jessie, looking after the young woman who was rapidly disappearing in the twilight. "If she didn't feel it her duty to gather in the homeless each holiday she could wear better clothes and save more money. Last Thanksgiving she had her old Aunt Hannah and I don't know how many people in. She had to set the table in the sitting room and it was so crowded. Of course it is nice to do those things if one has plenty of money, but Lily and John have only his salary."

"It was sweet of her to ask me," agreed Maybelle, "but I should have felt awkward among a lot of strangers. Now let's plan what we'll do after dinner on Thanksgiving. I don't suppose Mrs. Gregg will overfeed us, but what does one dinner matter when we're to have a long, quiet leisurely day? I'm going to finish some of my needlework for Christmas. By the way if I miss going to Dora's and Amy's this year I won't have to send them anything. I'll sell their gifts at the Women's Exchange and have that much more for my silk dress fund. Hurrah! I'm quite infatuated with this economy business."

Maybelle declined three more invitations and Jessie two before Thanksgiving day, but that morning found them stretched out luxuriously in bed regardless of alarm clock and the tramping of the boarders hurrying to catch early trains home. Many of them had gone the night before, but a few still remained to bang doors joyously and whistle their joy in the dim halls.

"Jessie! Jessie! Are you awake?" said Maybelle cautiously creeping in in her kimono and slippers before it was fairly daylight. "I hear someone crying."

"I thought that, too," said Jessie sitting up in bed. "Listen! It seems to be some person down in the sitting room. I don't know who it can be. Mrs. Gregg went early this morning and—"

"Well, I'm going to investigate. Somebody is in trouble," interrupted Maybelle making her way cautiously down to the sitting room.

"Maggie! What is the matter?" said Jessie, who had thrown on her slippers and a wrapper and hurried down almost as soon as Maybelle. "Are you ill?"

"Nothin's the matter," said Maggie sullenly. She was dusting the sitting room as usual before the boarders should appear, and weeping as she did so. "I said nothin's the matter," she repeated as the girls made attempts to find out what had gone wrong. "I won't tell it anyhow."

"Well, we may as well dress now," said Jessie as they climbed the stairs. "I won't be satisfied until I coax out of Maggie what's the matter, for she's usually so cheery. I can't go back to bed and to sleep now, can you?"

"O, dear no!" sighed Maybelle. "I'm afraid this is a bad beginning. It is too afraid to sew or crochet and too gloomy to read. Besides I'm hungry. I'm going to dress and go down to see if I can get it out of Maggie why she cries."

But it was nine o'clock before their joint efforts coaxed the weeping Maggie to confide her troubles to them. "It's you two girls," she sobbed. "Mrs. Gregg made me stay to get dinner for you. If you had been invited—"

"Is that all?" cried two relieved maidens. "What did you want to do, Maggie, if we had not stayed?"

"I could have gone home," wailed Maggie burying her head in her apron and giving way to uncontrolled weeping. "I'm so homesick to see my mother and all of them."

"Get ready this minute, child," said Jessie. "We can take care of ourselves. I'm amazed that Mrs. Gregg didn't say something to us."

"It's too late now," said Maggie firmly. "At first I thought it would be real nice to have the money I would spend on car fare, and I went and bought myself a green silk dress with it. O dear! O dear! It's the first time in my life that I was ever away on Thanksgiving."

Over Maggie's bowed head the two girls nodded and calculated, and presently two shining dollars were slipped into each hand. Maggie raised her head in astonishment, but she handed back the money. "That's only part of what I spent. I always take presents

home to the folks and this year I spent that, too. I'm a selfish pig! O dear! O dear!"

"Is that all?" said Jessie much relieved. "You scramble into your new green silk and we'll hunt up some presents for the home folks."

It was worth a great deal to see the transformation until Maggie thought of a new trouble. "I don't think Mrs. Gregg would like to have me go," she said hesitatingly. "She told me to give you wings and backs and dressing and gravy, and to save the best parts of the chicken for cold tomorrow night," she explained.

"We'll not even touch wings and backs if you'll hurry," said the girls. "It will be all right with Mrs. Gregg."

So Maggie departed radiantly happy in the new green silk dress. In a knobby, hastily wrapped parcel she carried an embroidered towel for her mother, a handsome doll for her little sister from Jessie's Christmas store, while Maybelle had contributed a piece of neckwear for Maggie's sister and shining half dollars for each of the two small boys. Poor Maggie felt like a fairy princess at the very latest, and she said over and over that never again would she buy herself a dress or anything else that would rob the dear home folks. Her thin shoes and old hat and gloves were not in keeping with the silk dress, but she did not know that and she said goodbye with rapture in her tones.

"O, Miss Pitkin, could you do us a favor?" asked two anxious ladies at the front door just as they were seeing Maggie off. "Could you come over and help with the singing at the Church? Emmy Mason was to sing a solo and at the last minute she got a chance to ride home in an automobile down to the country and she just couldn't resist."

Jessie was astonished at herself for promising, and hardly was the door closed when she said to Maybelle, "I think I must be losing my wits. If I wanted to go to Church at all I'd go to St. Mark's where the singing and the



Sunny Dispositions

and good digestion go hand in hand, and one of the biggest aids to good digestion is a regular dish of

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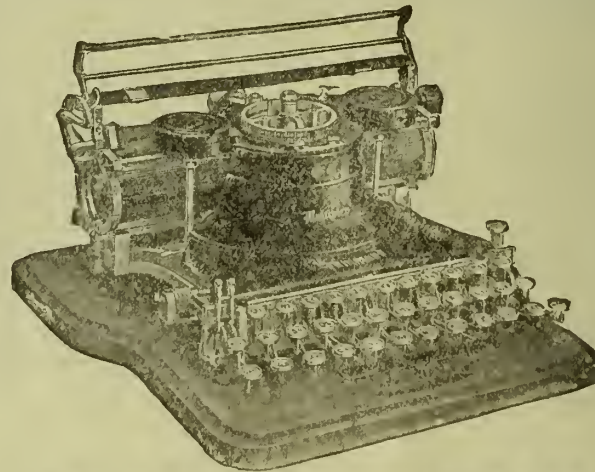
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decorations are in keeping with the day. Yet here I've promised to go over to that little mission chapel for the morning service. Come and go with me, there's a dear. We can sing a duet."

"I'm afraid our backs and wings will burn up while we're gone," said Maybelle, with a little laugh. "Isn't it like Mrs. Gregg to caution Maggie? But then, poor woman, she has her own troubles too."

"You're trying to get out of my invitation. Will you or will you not sing with me?"

"I suppose we'll have to stick together in our distress. What dress are you going to wear?"

"I'll put on my new white one under my rain cloak. It isn't cold and no one will see it on the way over. I helped once with the Easter singing at the chapel and they were all so glad that I dressed up. I wonder if we couldn't carry over the plants in my room to help take away that bare look."

"And we were planning a day of rest!" laughed Maybelle as they superintended the transfer of the precious blooming plants to the dingy little chapel. "I feel hungry enough this minute to eat both those chickens, and dressed up enough for a party. Maybe they'll think we are too much dressed up."

If the two girls had desired any thanks for their loan of the plants and for the singing they certainly felt repaid for their efforts. The service was hearty and full of the Thanksgiving spirit from first to last, and as Jessie and Maybelle saw the sincere worship given by the poor and humble congregation a sense of their own opportunities and blessings came upon them as never before. They had been in the habit of pitying themselves because they had to live in a good boarding house and had to work as stenographers week in and week out, but all at once the salaries they had thought so meagre became princely when viewed in the light of the pay these poor folks received for hard and incessant toil. And when the collection for the poor was taken and women who washed for a living put in quarters and half dollars, the two guests felt condemned at giving only one dollar each to the really substantial offering.

"And now for the backs and wings!" said Maybelle as they hurried home from the chapel. It was an effort to break the thoughtful silence that had come upon both as the kindly people thanked them over and over and invited them to come again and sing. "I'm hungry as a wolf."

"The telephone is jingling madly," said Jessie as they neared the house. "I wonder what is the matter."

They ran to open the front door and Jessie hurried to take down the receiver. "It's Lily Beach!" she panted turning to Maybelle. "She says we must come to dinner. They are waiting for us! What do you say?"

"Say? Tell her we'll be there in a hurry. I don't care for backs and necks, do you?"

They scampered upstairs and again rifled their Christmas boxes to get presents for Lily and her three little ones. The fact that they had their wraps on saved time, and it took but an instant to turn out the gas in the oven and draw the skinny chickens to a place of safety. Three minutes after they entered the house they were wrapping up their gifts and going out the front door at the same instant. They stopped long enough to indulge in a big bunch of carnations and a box of candy, and then trotted along to the humble street where Lily Beach was at the side door cooling her warm face and airing out her dining room for the great feast at the same time.

"You see I just had to have you," said Lily kissing them both. "The table is so long and there are so many things

to serve that you must lend a hand. I got the biggest turkey you ever saw and I want you to help eat it."

"She didn't need us at all," whispered Maybelle to Jessie as they helped with the final preparations, "but I'm glad she can pretend so nicely. It would have been horrid eating there alone. Isn't this richness?"

"It's magnificence!" returned Jessie as the Beach children clung to her skirts. "To think that I was horrid enough to want to miss this. Isn't Lily dear to invite in all the left-overs and those who would otherwise have a lonely time on Thanksgiving?"

Maybelle was too near tears to trust herself to reply as she saw Lily and John giving the best seats at the long table to shabby old ladies and feeble old men. The house might have little furniture and the dishes be cheap, but there was a kindly spirit of hospitality and enjoyment pervading the little house that was worth more than silver or gold. Jessie could scarcely eat the good food that heaped her plate as she watched the pleased faces all about her. John and Lily might have added to their small bank account by doing without the pleasure of the day, but it was evident that they considered the Thanksgiving feast worth all it cost them.

"Bless your hearts! I don't know what I should have done without you!" said Lily heartily as she kissed them goodbye after they had helped her put the house to rights and wash the dishes. "And those lovely things you brought me! I never had an embroidered towel before in my life. I guess I'll have to frame this and hang it up. You girls must earn a lot of money to be able to do such beautiful things for folks. And you'll be back at Christmas, won't you? I'll depend upon you both."

"Of course we'll be back!" said Jessie heartily. "We'll depend upon it too. I thank you so much, Lily. This Thanksgiving has meant more to me than any holiday for years."

On the way home Maybelle gave a happy little laugh and said: "How about our economical holiday, Jessie? Counting the things, and the money for Maggie, and the offering at the chapel, and coming down here I'm sure not to have that blue silk dress after Christmas. But I don't care. It was worth all that and more too because it taught me a good lesson."

"And I know I'll not have a new silk dress," said Jessie, "but I don't need it. I still think it is a profitable day though, for it has saved me from the sin of selfishness this once anyhow. Really, Maybelle, all day I've been scared to think how thoughtless and selfish I've been this long time."

"I don't feel exactly scared," said Maybelle. "Rather, I'm thankful for this day that has made me realize that it doesn't pay to live for self alone."

"Why, yes," said Jessie brightening. "I suppose that is the right way to look at the matter. Anyhow it has been a most remarkable day and I'm glad everything turned out exactly as it has."

Told by the Tongue

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

The tongue is an unruly member; it says either too little or too much. When silence would be golden it often wags indiscriminately; and when words of praise would encourage some weary, despondent soul the tongue too often halts for utterance.

"Speak well of your friend; of your enemy say nothing," is a motto which guides but few, when, in confidential intercourse with a neighbor or acquaintance, the character of an absent one becomes the target for praise or blame. Yet praise cannot be meted out too freely, since those traits in our friend which we admire become, by our

laudation, more apparent to others, and often serve as a source of emulation to them.

We love our friends. We rejoice in their prosperity, we sorrow at their failures and defeats. We are glad to lend a helping hand, to speak an encouraging, helpful word, and whenever we can to extol their virtues.

But our enemy—what of him? We cannot praise him, it is true, but we need not censure. We can shut our lips firmly and hold our peace. Although he may be our enemy he is someone's friend; someone loves and respects him; and to speak ill of a person behind his back is a coward's privilege. If we say nothing we shall then have nothing to be sorry for when the deeds of the day stand up in judgment against us.

Men and women who rule their lives by this motto soon have no enemies; for by continually striving to be peacemakers and to look for virtues instead of faults, they begin to see that every one with whom they come in contact has something about him which merits praise; and by continually dwelling upon these qualities the unlovely ones gradually begin to disappear.

If on the other hand by some unwise chance we happen to raise up an enemy, do not let us bruit our opinion of him to the world. A man's friends are his safeguards; his bulwarks against temptation; his refuge in times of trouble. Of his friends a man always finds it easy to speak words of praise, and when they pass on, to eulogize their memory. But let the condemnation of one who may perhaps have done us some grievous wrong be the condemnation of silence. Silence is often eloquent, but it leaves behind no sting.

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The Happy Home

By the Author of "Preston Papers"

WHILE the homes of state or nation make the state or nation, individuals make the homes, each one of mature years sharing in the responsibility for the happiness, harmony, health, and general "atmosphere" of each particular home.

Every home has its influence, too, in neighborhood character as well as in state and nation, so that almost within a stone's throw of each other we may see a thrifty neighborhood, and one that is "run down"—a tidy community and a dirty one—a row of neat-looking houses with gardens in the rear and lawns in front, then a row of dilapidated buildings, no lawns or gardens, and the tenants in careless abandon of manner and untidy dress, idly gossiping, while dirty children play (or quarrel) in the dirty street.

"Home's not merely four square walls," for shelter and to afford a place to eat and sleep—though these are among the fundamentals; but home, the real home, must have Love in it as a perpetual tenant, for a first requisite. Where love for each and for all prevails as a ruling spirit there will be mutual attempts to make the home pleasant and attractive through such practical virtues as order, cleanliness, and punctuality, and by the practice of generosity, self-denial, industry, and economy.

No one, in the Happy Home, will habitually put things out of place, leaving them for some one else to put away, as that would be unjust to that one; and Justice goes hand in hand with Love. Injustice is not an "affinity" of Love—and is a bar to happiness. What is a minor duty, when performed by each—as occasion demands—becomes an unjust burden if left for one by all the rest. Even a full-grown man or a half-grown girl may and should do

their share toward keeping the family rooms in order, and keeping their own rooms and equipment "spick and span"; and then the burden rests heavily on no one.

When books, magazines, and newspapers, are taken from their appointed receptacles, it is as easy to return them to their proper places, as to leave them on couch, chairs, and rugs, thus giving the rooms a neglected and "littered" appearance which is anything but attractive.

So, too, each may avoid tracking mud into halls or on porches, or leaving bathtub or washbowl unfit for the next comer to use, etc., etc., etc.

Punctuality is a homely virtue, but it is a keynote in the Song of Success, whether in the home or in business; and while the punctual serving of meals is one of the housewife's duties, the punctuality must not stop there, each member of the family being under equal obligation not to keep meals—or other housework—waiting on their tardy plans and motions. The Golden Rule is as effective in the home as elsewhere, and is ever on duty in the really Happy Home.

A mistaken idea prevails, to some extent, among mothers of very young children that they should not be held to the laws of order and of responsibility that are felt necessary for the best good of older boys and girls; but the earlier the training in lifelong habits is begun, the easier it will be to make the right impression, to give the best motive, to plant the seeds of unselfish living and of Duty's call. It needs to be "I must" at first; a little later the next step becomes "I ought to," which is but briefly separated from "I want to," and when this has been reached by all, the Happy Home is assured.

Nor need the process become anything but persuasive in most cases, though it must be concrete in the beginning, even with those who are older, as:

"Baby, put the blocks in his box; then Mamma will rock and sing to him."

"Freddie, what can you do to help Sister clear up this room, and make it nice for us to sit down in?"

"Who will be the one to do the errands this morning?"

If necessary—and it may be well even where not necessary—apportion little duties for each to be held responsible for, daily, changing these from week to week, so that no one needs to have the work "pall" on him. Teach each to be willing to "change off" with any of the others, to meet emergencies; in short, teach all to live in harmony, if you want a really Happy Home, for harmony is happiness, and to be had by "the poorest comer," neither depending on things, but each on the heart and the mind.

Keep in mind, too, that it takes but one "rift in the lute" to spoil the harmony, doing injustice to all; and that every happy home makes it easier for others, as it helps make the general home atmosphere. Point, and point frequently, to the fact that Heaven is Heaven because of its perfect harmony, and that if we want to live happily there we must learn to live happily here, for

"Heaven is not gained at a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit, round by round."

Father, the provider for the home, should find it a haven of quiet, orderly comfort; and, equally, he should throw off his business burdens when he enters this harbor of love and affection, entering it with a smile, even when he can do nothing more. Nor should the minor questions—and muddles—be brought to him for solution, although he may be used as the highest court of last resort for cases that cannot be settled without his wisdom; but these should be so infrequent as to confer honor on him!

Finally, with a family altar, where all share in the form of worship used, every home may be a foretaste of the Eternal Home, the "house not made with hands."

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This is the time when many people make a selection of the periodicals which they wish to receive during the coming year. We accordingly present herewith some unusually attractive magazine combination subscription offers which afford an excellent opportunity to save money. We trust that many of our readers will avail themselves of these splendid combination propositions. The subscriptions may be either for yourself or for your friends; they may be either new or renewal. The AMERICAN MESSENGER may be sent to one address and the other periodical to another address.

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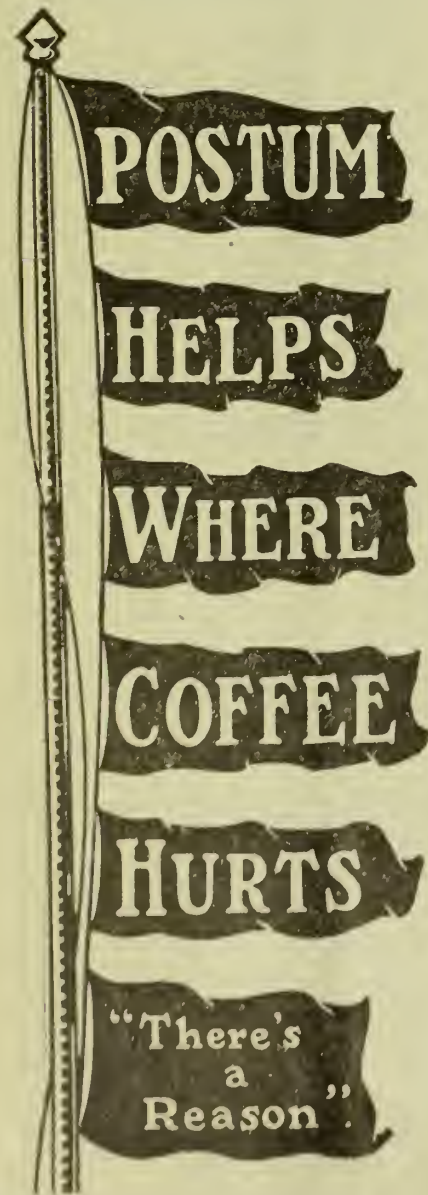
Good Roads

One of the provisions of the Federal aid road bill, recently signed by the President, appropriates \$1,000,000 a year for ten years to be spent by the Secretary of Agriculture for the construction and maintenance of roads and trails within or partly within the National Forests.

The bill provides that, upon request of the proper officers of the States or counties, the money shall be used for building roads and trails which are necessary for the use and development of resources upon which communities within or near the National Forests are dependent. The work is to be done in cooperation with the various States and counties. Not more than 10 per cent. of the value of the timber and forage resources of the National Forests within the respective county or counties in which the roads or trails will be con-

structed may be spent. Provision is made for the return of the money to the Treasury by applying 10 per cent. of the annual receipts of the National Forests in the State or county until the amount advanced is covered.

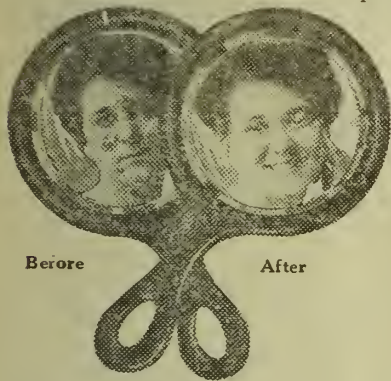
Officers in charge say that the bill will make possible the construction of many roads which are greatly needed. Since 1913 ten per cent. of the receipts of the National Forests have been used in road and trail building, but the funds have been inadequate to meet the needs. Many isolated communities within the National Forests are entirely dependent on the Government roads and trails. In some instances these settlements are said to be almost entirely without means of communication. According to Forest Service officials the money now made available will permit the construction of many roads necessary to open up inaccessible territory, and will greatly facilitate the development of large areas.



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OUR MEDICINE CHEST

Little Bess, on returning from a party, said to her mother: "At the party a little girl fell over in her chair, and everybody laughed but me." Mother: "Why didn't you laugh?" Bess: "Because I was the one that fell over."

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday school teacher of her Brooklyn class.
"It fell!" cried the pupil.
"And what became of Nineveh?"
"It was destroyed!"
"And what of Tyre?"
"Punctured."

Mistress: "Did you see if the butcher had pigs' feet?" Maid: "No, ma'am, I couldn't—he had his boots on!"

History Professor: "Why are the Middle Ages known as Dark Ages?"
Wise Freshman: "Because there were so many knights."

Billy, aged four, often called on his nearest neighbor, Mrs. Brown, who petted him a great deal, and usually gave him a couple of her nice cookies. And if she happened to forget to pass them out he sometimes reminded her of it.

His father learned of this and chided him for begging, and told him he must not do so any more. Last year, just before Christmas, Billy came home with cooky crumbs in evidence.

"Have you been begging cookies from Mrs. Brown again?" asked his father, rather sternly.

"No!" said Billy. "I didn't beg for any. I just said, 'This house smells as if it was full of cookies, but what's that to me?'"

The professor in charge of a Princeton classroom was annoyed by the tardy entrance of a student. He pointedly ceased talking until the man took his seat.

After the lecture the student apologized. "Professor," said he, "my watch was fifteen minutes out of the way. It's bothered me a great deal lately, but after this I shall put no more faith in it."

"It's not faith you want in it," replied the professor, "it's works."

Little Alfred has a great aversion to work. Admonished to pull some rather large weeds in the backyard, after a faint-hearted lift on one of them, he shouted, "Mother, how do you think I'm going to pull weeds when the whole world is hitched onto them?"

"Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's leg." "Mercy! The burglar's?" "No; my husband's. He had heard the noise too."

"Thanksgiving Ann"—Free

We hereby offer to furnish gratis, except for postage or express charges, which will average at the rate of 25 cents per hundred copies, to any Pastor or other interested person a sufficient number of the sixteen page pamphlet, containing "Thanksgiving Ann" and "The Deacon's Tenth," bound together, to supply one copy to every family represented in any Church, Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, B. Y. P. U., or other Young People's Association. The only condition is, that the one who sends for the pamphlets, shall make or cause to be made, an earnest effort to obtain signatures to the America Tithers' Union. The object of this union is explained in the pamphlet. Also bound therein are three detachable pledge cards. This offer will remain open until January 1st, 1917. Please mention this paper.

Address—The Layman Company, 143 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

First Office Boy: "I told the governor to look at the dark circles under my eyes and see if I didn't need a half day off." Second Office Boy: "What did he say?" First Office Boy: "He said I needed a bar of soap."

Rapid disappearance of coal from his bin alarmed Major Higgins, and he determined to trace it. He questioned the man who tended the furnace, relates an exchange. "Rastus," he asked, "where do you reckon my coal has disappeared to?" Rastus scratched his head thought-

fully. "Well, suh," he replied, "Ah—Ah—Ah reckon dem squirrels done took it. Yasch, squirrels, Major Higgins. Dat was nut coal, suh."

"Now, boys, said the schoolmaster, "what is the axis of the earth?" Johnny raised his hand promptly. "Well, Johnny, how would you describe it?" "The axis of the earth," said Johnny proudly, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other, and on which the earth revolves." "Very good," exclaimed the teacher. "Now could you hang clothes on that line, Johnny?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Indeed?" said the examiner, disappointed. "And what sort of clothes?" "Imaginary clothes, sir."

"There's no danger," said the doctor. "It's only a carbuncle coming on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it!"

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The American Tract Society

ITS OBJECT The object of the American Tract Society is to diffuse a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, by means of the circulation of the word of Gospel truth on the printed page.
ITS FIELD. The field of the Society's operations is the world. Its mission is to all classes and conditions of people. It is interdenominational in character, evangelical in principle, and international in scope.
ITS WORK. Union Missionary Colportage is an important feature of the work of the Society. Its colporters labor among the immigrants in all sections of our own land, and in our island possessions. Its publications have been printed in 178 different languages. The grand total of all its issues from the home office alone, including books, periodicals, tracts, leaflets, etc., is over 794,000,000 copies.
ITS NEEDS. To maintain its force of consecrated workers and to furnish the supplies of Christian literature, urgently demanded in the home and foreign field, the Society needs generous donations from both large and small givers.
\$1.00 will provide 1500 pages of English tracts, each of which may become a messenger of saving truth.
\$10.00 will send 100 copies of "Manzanar de Oro," a beautiful Spanish weekly, to some Sunday school in Latin America for one year.
\$50.00 will provide a tract in some foreign language for each of 5000 immigrants arriving at Ellis Island, New York.
\$100.00 will provide a cash appropriation for printing books or tracts at a foreign mission station.
\$500.00 will provide for the support of a missionary colporter in the home land for a whole year.
\$1000.00 invested in Christian literature and colporters to distribute it will render invaluable service in extending Christ's Kingdom.

Donations may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Park Ave. and Fortieth St., New York, N. Y.

THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During September 1916

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$524.75 for Special Objects), \$2,184.71.

ALABAMA, \$5.
Mrs. Pratt, \$5.

CALIFORNIA, \$16.
Mr. Barrett, \$10; Pasadena, church offering, \$6.

CONNECTICUT, \$434.70.
Talcottville, church offering, \$30; Mr. Jacobs, for Mexico, \$50; Miss Comstock, \$5; Mr. Clark, for Mexico, \$10; Mr. Hawley, for Mexico, \$3; Mrs. Hill, \$1; Miss Butler, \$2; Mrs. Nute, \$1; Mrs. Soules, for Mexico, \$1; Mr. Taylor, for Mexico, \$1; Mr. Hart, for Mexico, \$25; A Friend, for Mexico, \$10; Mr. Dixon, for Mexico, \$1; Mr. Brown, for Mexico, \$5; Mrs. Van Tassel, \$5; Mrs. Churchill, for Mexico, \$2; Mrs. Panton, \$1; Mr. Osborn, \$5; Mr. White, \$50; Mr. Sisson, for Mexico, \$5; Mr. Barnes, for Mexico, \$10; Mr. Catlin, \$5; Mrs. Catlin, \$5; Mr. Wilcox, \$5; Stratford, church collection, \$15.55; Miss M. J. Harris, for Mexico, \$2; Miss M. L. Harris, for Mexico, \$2; Mrs. Richards, \$5; Mr. Bunce, \$5; Mr. Shipley, \$3; Mrs. Riley, \$2; Mrs. Osborne, \$5; Mrs. Harris, for Mexico, \$50; Miss Chaffee, \$5; Miss Sturtevant, for Mexico, \$10; A Friend, \$2; Miss Allen, for Mexico, \$2; Mrs. Stowe, for Mexico, \$2; Mrs. Allyn, for Mexico, \$1; Mr. Parker, \$1; South Windsor, church offering, \$3.15; Mr. Hale, for Mexico, \$1; A Friend, \$2; Mrs. Curtis, \$1; Miss Virplanck, for Mexico, \$2; Mrs. Squire, \$1; Mrs. Nettleton, for Mexico, \$1; Miss Dickerman, \$1; Mr. Conant, \$5; Norwich, church offering, \$50; Miss Mead, \$2; Prof. Wright, for Mexico, \$5; Mrs. Carter, \$5; Miss Andrews, \$1; Mr. Pitkin, for Mexico, \$2; Mrs. Bassett, for Mexico, \$2.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$5.
Mr. Baldwin, \$5.

ILLINOIS, \$53.
Mr. Jacobs, \$3; Miss Panchard, \$50.

INDIANA, \$54.
Mrs. Atkins, \$5; Mr. Day, \$4; Mr. Elvin, \$3; Mr. Hanna, \$5; Mr. Latham, \$1; Mr. Lilly, \$25; Mr. Suckles, \$1; Mr. Simmons, \$5; Mr. Spann, \$5.

IOWA, \$53.35.
Fonda, church collection, \$3.35; Mrs. Mathews, \$2.

KANSAS, \$6.
Mr. Rupp, \$1; Mr. Angell, \$5.

MAINE, \$29.
Mrs. Hough, \$2; Mrs. McPherson, \$1; Mrs. Mills, for Mexico, \$1; Mr. Payson, for Soldier's Text Book, \$25.

MASSACHUSETTS, \$198.
Mrs. Armes, \$5; Mrs. Perry, \$5; Mrs. Speare, \$10; Mr. Leach, for Mexico, \$3; Mrs. Shapleigh, \$1; Mrs. Fiske, \$100; Miss Abbe, \$5; Mr. Hart, \$1; Miss Emerson, \$2; Mrs. Turner, for Mexico, \$3; Mr. Twitchell, \$2; Miss Porter, \$1; Mrs. Whitmore, \$10; Mrs. Freeman, \$1; Mr. Fales, \$10; Mr. Fowle, \$5; Mr. Spaulding, Jr., \$5; "A Friend," \$5; Rev. Newton, for Mexico, \$1; Mrs. Dimock, \$2; Mr. Wellington, \$1; Miss Garfield, for Mexico, \$5; Miss Crombie, \$2; "A Friend," for Mexico, \$5; Mrs. Harwood, for Soldier's Text Book, \$3; Mrs. Lovett, for Soldier's Text Book, \$3; Rev. Campbell, \$1; "A Friend," \$1.

MINNESOTA, \$0.65.
Mrs. Goess, \$0.65.

MICHIGAN, \$18.31.
Mr. and Mrs. Stulp, \$2; Mrs. Bleasing, \$1.70; Mr. Massa, \$1; Freemont, church offering, \$5.61; Mrs. Watson, \$1; Miss Bovie, \$5; Mr. Hammond, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. Stulp, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1.

MISSOURI, \$31.63.
Parkville, church collection, \$6.63; Mrs. Fisher, \$10; St. Louis, church offering, \$10; Miss Woods, \$5.

NEBRASKA, \$96.15.
Omaha, church offering, \$6.57; Cedar Creek, church offering, \$20; Dr. Patton, \$25; Omaha, church offering, \$5; Holland, church collection, \$35.58; Mr. Graham, \$4.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$7.50.
Miss Rogers, \$5; Miss Sanborn, \$0.50; Mrs. Walker, \$2.

NEW JERSEY, \$244.74.
Mr. Gruber, \$0.30; Mrs. Douglas, \$10; Mr. Stimson, \$5; Holmdel, church collection, \$5.70; Mrs. Springer, \$10; Harkensack, church collection, \$7.95; Mr. Cortelyou, \$25; Miss Day, \$4; Mrs. De Mott, \$4; "A Friend," for Home and Foreign Mission Work, \$150; Miss Handel, \$3; Mrs. Woodruff, \$5; Clinton, church offering, \$9.79; North Branch, church offering, \$5.

NEW YORK, \$527.89.
Rev. Chamberlain, \$5; Mr. Archer, \$10; Miss Van Santvoord, \$50; Mr. Benton, \$5; Mrs. Dwight, \$10; Mr. O'Leary, \$5; Walkill, church collection, \$1.19; Mrs. Whitehouse, \$10; Miss Smith, \$2; Warwick, church collection, \$26.54; Miss Rice, \$1; Mrs. Tutbill, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; "In His Name," \$10; Mr. Sprague, \$2; Miss Timmg, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Mr. Tuning, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Mr. Ketchum, \$250; Mr. Fowenhoven, \$20; Mr. Stillwell, to constitute Blandina M. Howell, a life member, \$30; Mrs. Gow, \$3; Mr. Barka, \$5; Mr. Hallock, \$10; Mr. Knowlton, \$5; Mr. Gardner, \$3.70; Brooklyn, church offering, \$44.66.

NORTH DAKOTA, \$0.65.
Mr. Maag, \$0.65.

OHIO, \$175.42.
Mrs. Robison, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1; Oberlin, church collection, \$6; Oberlin, church collection, \$15.25; Mr. Fullerton, \$2; Mrs. Smith, \$1; Mr. Rehl, for Soldier's Text Book, \$2.50; Mr. Luart, \$5; Mr. Thomas, \$1; Mr. Plummer, \$5; Cincinnati, church

offering, \$70; Miss Cheever, \$1; Hon. Mr. Hover, \$2; Mrs. Keller, \$1; Mr. West, \$1; Mrs. High, \$1; Miss Kyle, \$5; Miss Smith, \$5; Miss Finley, \$5; Miss Barnett, \$1; Mr. Mains, \$5; Dr. Emery, \$1; Mrs. Tudor, \$1; Mr. Hale, \$1; Norwood, church offering, \$4.92; Dr. Ashton, \$0.50; Mr. Caldwell, \$1; Mr. Irwin, \$1; Mr. Johnson, \$1; Mr. Koester, \$2; Mr. McCullough, \$1; Rev. Montgomery, \$1; Dr. Munger, \$1; Mr. Rundle, \$2; Mr. Spencer, \$0.50; Prof. Wilder, \$0.50; Mr. Wilson, \$0.25.

OREGON, \$9.
Hillsdale, Sunday School offering, \$9.

PENNSYLVANIA, \$174.42.
Beatty, church offering, \$3; Dr. Kenderdine, \$1; Mr. Rau, \$5; Mr. Springer, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Miss Umlauf, \$1; Miss Wick, \$25; Mrs. Thomas, to constitute herself, a life member, \$30; Dillsburg, church offering, \$7; "In His Name," \$5; Scranton, Ladies' Aid Society, \$2.45; Miss Harding, \$3; Mrs. Morris, for Soldier's Text Book, \$2; Mr. Emerson, \$10; Prof. De Schweinitz and Mrs. De Schweinitz, \$2; Miss Pearsall, for Soldier's Text Book, \$3; Coraopolis, church offering, \$6.97; Mr. Campbell, \$5; Mr. Darsic, \$5; Mr. Follansbee, \$50; Mr. Goodwin, \$3.

RHODE ISLAND, \$24.
Miss Lawton, \$1; Mrs. Bacon, \$10; Mrs. Pierce, \$3; Mrs. Danielson, for Mexico, \$5; Mrs. Mathewson, \$5.

SOUTH DAKOTA, \$25.05.
Harrison, church collection, \$4; Lennox, church collection, \$10; Mr. Horn, \$5; Monroe, church collection, \$6.05.

TEXAS, \$50.
Mr. Bering, \$50.

VERMONT, \$3.
Mr. Wehster, for Mexico, \$1; Rev. Bissell, for Mexico, \$2.

WISCONSIN, \$8.
Mr. Zilmer, \$0.50; Ungenann, \$7.50.

FOREIGN, \$2.25.
Canada, Mr. Baldwin, for Mexico and free distribution of tracts, \$2.25.

LEGACIES, \$40.
Hightstown, N. J., estate of Harriet Dickinson, \$40.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$1,540.
Income for Missionary work, \$1,477.50
Income for Annuities, 62.50

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 794,639,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$799,456.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$16,684.99. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,634,505.89, which is the equivalent of 5,269,010,000 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 206,167; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,517, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-five years 17,382,454, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,612,843.

Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.
JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.
Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Rev. Isaac Pierson, Field Secretary for New England, 50 Bronfield Street, Boston, Mass.
Rev. Robert Murray, Field Secretary, Central Agency, 345 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 721 South 37th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.
Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage, Southern Agency, Crichton, R. F. D., Mobile Co., Ala.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum ofdollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

What One Subscriber Says

A friend in Canadaigua, N. Y., writes thus in sending the renewal of her subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER: "Your paper is a delight to me and a great help in my Christian life. I always enjoy the Daily Bible Readings which are given on the Prayer Meeting page."

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THE beautiful Calendar that we offer to our subscribers for the year 1917, is entitled, "Making Friends."

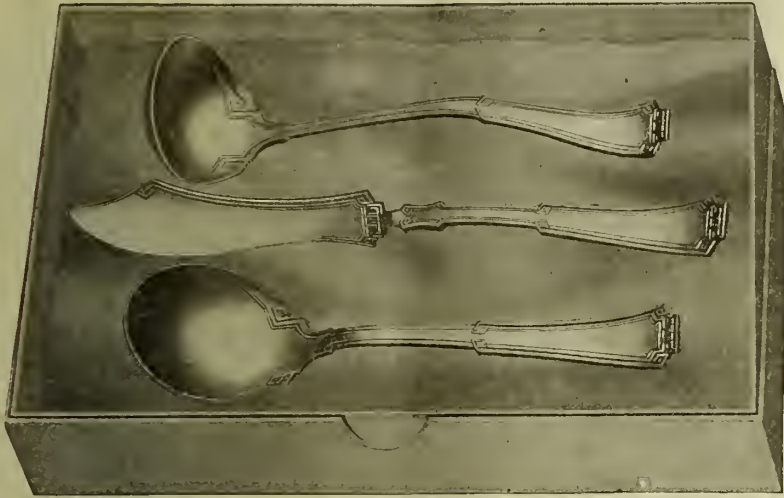
This superb Calendar has been secured by special arrangement with the Osborne Company, one of the largest producers of Art Calendars in the world. It measures 10 by 17 inches, and is printed in a rich sepia tint. When the year is ended, the date pad may be detached, and the Calendar will make a beautiful subject for framing.

Our readers will please notice carefully the conditions upon which this Calendar may be obtained. We will give the Calendar, postpaid, and one year's subscription to the American Messenger for 60 cents, or we will give the Calendar as a premium to any subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1917 and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all. If the new subscriber in the foregoing case desires a Calendar, \$1.10 must be remitted. For every Canadian subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted, and for every foreign subscription 24 cents.

All those who subscribe now to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for one year will receive the paper until January 1, 1918. New subscribers will thus receive both the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers for 1916 free of cost, if they subscribe at once.

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Beautiful Silverware Articles As Premiums



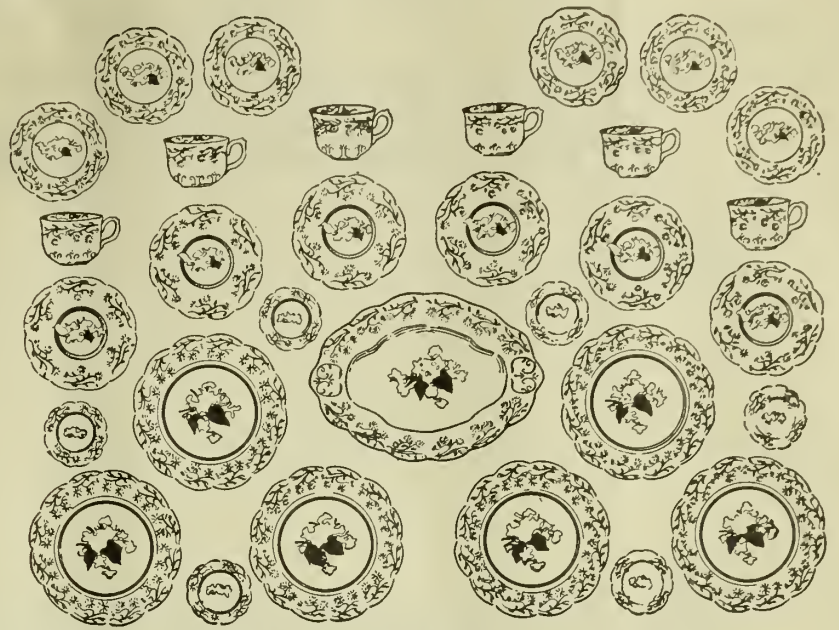
ARTICLES of silverware are always in demand in the home. Many of our friends, no doubt, would like to obtain some of the choice pieces we are offering at this time. With a little effort in securing yearly subscriptions for the American Messenger, one or more of these articles may be obtained and the person who receives this fine silverware will be well repaid for the effort made. These goods are manufactured by the well known firm of Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd.; they are sure to please and give satisfaction. The "Grecian" is the popular style of the goods we are offering. This quality of Electro Silverplate is well known for its beauty of design as well as for its excellent wearing qualities in actual household service. The goods will be shipped by parcel post, upon receipt of order. These offers are good only in the United States, as the duty in foreign countries would be prohibitive.

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1/2 dozen forks.....	7	2.10
1/2 dozen knives.....	8	2.25
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AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

Christian Herald

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AFTER NOV. 10, \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1916

VOL. 39—NO. 44. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

THE IDEAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER

NEXT to the Bible, the Christian Herald takes its place in the homes of America and in the hearts of its people. Wherever it goes, it is welcome, and its presence is presumptive evidence that the household is a Christian one. Pastors of all denominations tell us that they find it everywhere in the homes of their parishioners. Evangelists who travel much declare that they have never yet known any locality where the Christian Herald is not read, and home missionaries run across it, and note the influence of its teachings, wherever they go. Its great army of readers in the cities can hardly know how eagerly it is welcomed by multitudes on the farms and in the lonely rural places, as a weekly evangel of spiritual help and good cheer, as well as the bringer of wholesome entertainment and instruction. In the letters we are constantly receiving from these friends, a very remarkable number tell us that they "couldn't keep house without the Christian Herald."

What is the secret of this strong hold the Christian Herald has upon the affections of these good folks, who bear voluntary testimony to its excellence? Well, it is really no great secret after all. *It has something for everybody*—something that each individual wants and which appeals strongly to his needs. Many cherish a desire for personal connection in Christian work, and it shows them the way. It has assisted many to enter the ministry, and others to get training for missionary service. To tens of thousands it has opened a door whereby they may keep in touch with the work of the Kingdom. For more than a generation, the Christian Herald Family has been a splendid illustration of the virtue and power of union for Christian service.

A WONDERFUL STORY

The growth and development of this wonderful Household is a story of noble self-denial, of spiritual adventure, of the very romance of soul-winning and life-saving. The "Crusades for Christ's sake" which they carried into many lands, and which they are now carrying into half a score countries that are suffering through the Great War, will pass into history as the basis of the vast and far-reaching system of benevolence which now characterizes the United States above all other nations.

But there are other reasons even more powerful in securing for the Christian Herald the affections of its readers. It is the one great interdenominational Christian family magazine on this continent, and it stands pre-eminently as America's greatest religious journal. In its sermonic forum all the denominations are represented by their ablest and soundest preachers. It preaches the living Gospel with boldness and fidelity, and applies it to the daily needs of more than a million souls.

We feel the grave responsibility attached to such a ministry, and we appreciate in the highest sense the splendid opportunity it opens up for spiritual service. That it is a blessing to many is proved by evidence we are constantly receiving. And for all such results we give the glory to Him whose hand is visible in the work, as it has been ever since the first issue of the Christian Herald thirty-eight years ago.

In the field of religious discussion, in the Sunday School, in Evangelism, in Home and Foreign Missions, in the Young People's Societies and in the wonderful activities of the Prayer League, the Christian Herald reaches out to widely distributed spheres of religious activity. These are too well known to need description here.

THE SECULAR SIDE

Turning to the secular side, it affords a great variety of entertainment and information. It has often been said that a membership of the Christian Herald Family Circle is equivalent to an education. It takes its readers out of their own narrow environment and places before them the panorama of modern world progress. The war, the great movements in philanthropy, in social uplift, in economics, in temperance and prohibition, all receive due recognition. The best things in the literature of today are presented: charming serial stories, short tales of human interest, poetry, music, letters of travel are all included in the weekly menu, which is varied enough to suit the whole Family.

If it be true, as the old proverb says, that "reading maketh a full man," it is not stretching a point one particle to assert that reading the Christian Herald makes a well-informed man or woman, for no noteworthy event occurring anywhere is overlooked. Whoever reads it regularly every week keeps well abreast of the times.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FAMILY

But greater than all, and better, and far more precious than anything we have yet stated, is the fact that *it brings Christ into the Home*, whether it be in a populous city or out on the lonely prairie, and it gives in every column and on every page His teachings, pressed home to the eager souls of men and women.

These are the reasons why the Christian Herald has so many friends and which explain its hold upon the hearts of all who read it.

The Christian Herald is read every week by over 2,000,000 persons living in over 300,000 homes. If so many people like this paper so well there MUST be a convincing reason why YOU should read it also.

NEW BIBLE PICTURE CONTEST

The Christian Herald is just closing its Bible Picture Contest in which over 60,000 persons took part and in which 419 prizes were offered. Pictures of events in the Bible were published each week in the Christian Herald and readers were asked to send in for each picture the most appropriate Bible verse. The plan was most successful as may be evidenced by the following testimonials:

"Although I may not receive one of the prizes I shall never be sorry I entered the Contest. The help I received in placing different characters and incidents in the different books of the Bible already has been a reward to me, as I have always found this a difficult thing to do heretofore. Wish we might have something similar for the coming winter." (C. M. S., Alma, Kans.)

Here is another:

"It is my soul's delight to read the Bible and hunt out appropriate verses, not for the money only but for the real joy I get out of it. I love the Christian Herald—a lot of good reading and interesting. I hope you will have another contest soon." (Mrs. J. W., Berlin, Mich.)

These are only two of many thousand letters which we have received commending the Bible Picture Contest. So great has been its popularity and so many requests have been made for a repetition that we intend starting a second Bible Picture Contest at once. If you desire to enter this Contest for \$5,000 worth of cash rewards, you should write for particulars AT ONCE.

Subscription Price of The Christian Herald until Nov. 10, 1916, is \$1.50 a Year

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 74



DECEMBER, 1916



No. 12



THE ADORING MAGI

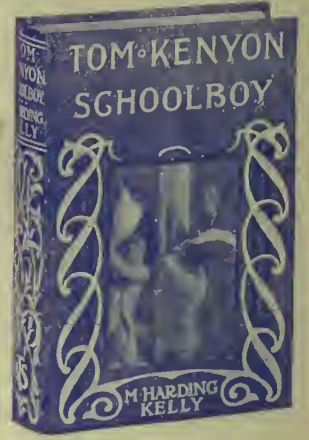
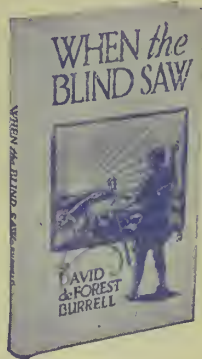
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EDITORIAL NOTES

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Our Christmas Issue

We are glad to present to our readers what we believe they will find to be an unusually attractive Christmas issue. Among the exceptional features of this number may be mentioned the splendid reproduction of the picture, "The Adoring Magi," by A. Edel-felt, which adorns the front cover page, the striking Editorial Contribution by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., entitled, "The Child of Bethlehem and the Child of the Home," which sets before us in a most attractive way a theme of particular appropriateness for the Christmastide, and the very able and timely article entitled, "Our Debt to the Pilgrim Fathers," by Rev. Warren Graham Partridge, D.D., which is peculiarly significant in view of the preparations already begun for the celebration of the Pilgrim Ter-centenary, which is to be observed in the year 1920.

Other features of this issue which are in harmony with the Christmas season, upon which we are entering, include the fascinating story, "Pete's Christmas Eve," by Felicia Buttz Clark, the story, "How Her Opportunity Came," by Sarah N. McCreery, which appears on Our Young Folks' page, and the charming poems, "At the Feet of the Christ Child," by Grace E. Craig, and "The Tidings of Old," by Daisy D. Stephenson.

In addition to its distinctive Christmas features this issue contains much other interesting and valuable reading matter. Various announcements concerning our Special Calendar Offer, our Special Combination Subscription Offers and our attractive Premiums are made in different parts of the paper and to these statements we invite the attention of all our friends.

With this issue go our very best wishes to every reader of the AMERICAN MESSENGER for a Merry Christmas. We hope that the Christmastide may bring to every home the benediction of the Christ, whose birth we celebrate, and that into every heart there may come the consciousness of the presence of the Prince of Peace.

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Bible Work is Prospering

The recent annual meeting of the New York Bible Society, of which Rev. Dr. George William Carter is Secretary, shows that the work of circulating the Scriptures in the metropolitan area is being carried on both vigorously and efficiently. The annual report showed that 320,715 Bibles were distributed during the year, and that the Society has furnished the Scriptures in fifty-three languages and in the raised type for the blind.

Copies of the Bible have been given to immigrants landing at Ellis Island and a record number of volumes have been presented to the seamen entering New York Harbor.

Announcement was made that on the evening of Bible Sunday (December 10, 1916), the anniversary sermon for the New York Bible Society will be delivered by Bishop Luther B. Wilson in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York.

Bible Sunday, it is stated, will be observed by thousands of churches of all denominations throughout the country. This is an admirable plan, for in this present age there is a marked tendency toward the neglect of the Scriptures and the nation-wide observance of Bible Sunday should do a great deal to overcome this tendency and to restore the Bible to its proper place in the hearts and homes of the American people.

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The Temperance Victory

A most pleasing result of the recent elections is the victory for prohibition of the liquor traffic in four States of the Union, together with the election of "dry" governors and legislatures in two additional States, which are expected to adopt legislation favorable to the establishment of prohibition.

As a result of this sweeping temperance victory there are now twenty-five States which may be counted as dry. In other words over half of the States in the Union are now ranged on the side of prohibition, and the temperance movement has assumed proportions which make it seem possible that prohibition will become a national issue in the next presidential election.

It is an encouraging fact to remember that a large majority of all the counties in the United States are already in the prohibition column and that about two-thirds of our entire population are living in areas which are under prohibition régime.

It is to be hoped that the advocates of temperance will go forward bravely in their efforts to free our land from the curse of the drink traffic and that they will not relax their efforts until every saloon is banished from our land and every community has been freed from the domination of the liquor power.

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Systematic Benevolence

Systematic benevolence is in line with the teachings of the Scripture both of the Old and New Testaments. It is also in accord with the modern ideas of order and efficiency which have been so largely adopted in the business world and which are finding their way into Christian Endeavor circles and other fields of Christian activity.

One of the best aids to the promotion of systematic benevolence is the so-called "Every Member Canvass," which has been adopted in a large number of churches of different denominations. The purpose of the Every Member Canvass is to enroll every church member in some plan of systematic giving. Its goal is "An offering every Sabbath, presented as an act of worship; from every member, according to ability; for every cause, at home and abroad, according to need."

The results of the Every Member Canvass are shown not only in increased gifts but in a quickened interest in giving, which is perhaps the most vital and beneficial feature of the plan.

We commend the Every Member Canvass to every church, where systematic benevolence has not been brought to its maximum of efficiency. It is a plan for developing the financial strength of the Church of God which experience has shown to be exceedingly effective.

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A Christmas Ship

In view of the distressing facts which have been brought to light concerning the awful conditions under which the Armenians and Syrians are existing in Turkey, the statement that a Christmas Ship will be sent for the relief of their pressing necessities comes as most welcome news.

This Christmas Ship is a United States Government collier, which is being refitted so as to carry under proper sanitary conditions

the stores of food which are to constitute its cargo.

The preparations for furnishing this ship with its load of sorely-needed supplies are being made by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, aided by the Federal Council of Churches and various relief organizations.

The Christmas Ship will sail about December 1st, and it is estimated that its cargo of foodstuffs will represent more than a quarter of a million of dollars.

With this ship will undoubtedly go the prayers of all the Christians of our land that the terrible massacres of the Armenians may cease, and that those who have survived the recent slaughter may be enabled to make a fresh start in life.

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A Notable Anniversary

The two hundredth anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church of New York City will be celebrated during the week beginning December 3, 1916. This anniversary is of particular interest since it marks the bi-centennial of Presbyterianism in the metropolitan district, and it will therefore be observed by every church in the New York Presbytery.

Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D., is the pastor of this historic church and this anniversary will mark the completion of his twenty-fifth year in the pastorate of the "Old First," as the church is familiarly and affectionately called. Among the distinguished speakers who will participate in this anniversary are Rev. Dr. John A. Marquis of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America; Dr. William Henry Roberts, the Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian

Church, and Rev. Harlan G. Mendenhall, D.D., Moderator of the New York Presbytery and of the Synod of New York.

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Holiday Shopping

There is a large field for applied Christianity in connection with the Christmas shopping which is so striking a feature of the holiday season, especially in our great cities.

Christian people would do well to remember that they may exemplify the spirit of the Master in many ways as they carry on their Christmas shopping. There is a tendency to leave a great deal to the last minute, the result of which is a crush in the large department stores during the few days preceding Christmas, which makes shopping difficult for the customer and doubly trying for the sales people. Much of this congestion might be avoided, if people would do their shopping earlier in the month, and thus lighten the burden of labor which is otherwise crowded into the week before Christmas. A great deal of night work is also forced upon tired clerks and other employes by the thoughtlessness of those who leave their shopping until the evening hour instead of attending to it in the earlier hours of the day. Shop early in the month and early in the day—this is a good way to anticipate the Christmas spirit and to practice the Golden Rule.

Christian people may also show their devotion to the teachings of Christ in many other ways in connection with their Christmas shopping. A pleasant word spoken to the clerk at the counter, a gentle manner in the midst of the holiday crowd, thoughtfulness for the management of the great commercial establishments, whose resources are often taxed to the utmost in the congestion of the holiday rush, these are some of the

ways in which a follower of Christ may reveal the altruistic spirit that should distinguish all those who bear the Master's name.

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"What Will You Give?"

It is a promising sign that in the Christmas celebrations of many Sunday Schools the emphasis is given to the question, "What will you give?" instead of, "What do you expect to receive?"

Most Christian workers have come to realize that the chief purpose of a Christmas festival should be to stimulate the children of the Sunday School in wise plans of beneficence for those who are poorer and less fortunate than themselves. And the result of the adoption of such plans for Christmas celebrations has been most gratifying, both in the matter of increased benefactions for the poor and needy and in the cultivation of the spirit of generosity in the young folks who have found it a real pleasure to try to help others instead of concentrating their attention on their own self-gratification.

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Prayer for the Federal Council

The third quadrennial session of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America will be held at St. Louis, Mo., during the present month. Inasmuch as matters of the greatest importance in our national and international life will be under consideration at this gathering by the assembled representatives of thirty evangelical denominations, it is requested that on Sunday, December 10, while the Council is in session, intercession be made at the Throne of Grace that the wisdom of God and the Spirit of Christ may guide this body in all its deliberations and plans for service.

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER

The Sin of Our Time

O wise prophet will depreciate money. The value of it in civilized society is too unquestioned to admit of debate. It is the inordinate love of money that is a root of all kinds of evil. From the sin of covetousness may the good Lord deliver us all, rich and poor alike!

We are told that the United States has produced the world's first billionaire. The individual in question has been the object of much caustic criticism, but a great deal of this criticism has come from individuals who would themselves step into the millionaire class tomorrow, if they could. As a matter of fact, covetousness is peculiar to no one rank of society. One man may be as much in love with ten dollars as his neighbor is with ten thousand. A nickel held close up against the eye may shut out the sun as completely as a gold eagle.

Against covetousness our Lord sounded constant and emphatic warning. One might suppose that other vices would have called forth His strongest rebuke. Impurity, drunkenness, pride and bigotry, all of these surely were rampant in the Palestine of long ago. Covetousness, we might think, could find but small place in the minds of a population that wrung a meager living from fishing nets and a niggard soil. Yet, with what earnest reiteration did the Son of Man warn fishermen, shepherds and husband-

men that they "beware of covetousness," since a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things that he possesses. Neither the man who, in the Gospel story, built greater barns nor the rich young ruler, who came to Jesus, had many possessions, according to modern standards. Yet each of them was made to sound a warning against avarice.

Behind in how many of the evils that outrage the human conscience can be discerned the glint of the guinea! Slavery was kept in existence, notwithstanding the inner revolt of thousands of the finer-spirited slave-holders, because it was so profitable. Brewers and saloon-keepers are often kind-hearted and approachable men. Yet, despite a secret loathing for their own business, they will not let go of it, because of the big receipts. The love of money is the force behind this colossal iniquity. An arch fiend of the white slave traffic was recently arraigned in a New York court. He admitted that his attraction toward the business was the money that was in it. "Then money was your god, was it?" demanded the prosecuting attorney. The criminal turned fiercely on his inquisitor. "Yes, it was," he almost shrieked; "and what other god do you know?"

Moral obliquity such as that shocks us, as it ought to. Yet covetousness essentially akin to that of the panderer, although not in the same

sordid degree, lurks in many a life that is proud of its integrity. The chase for yellow dust may be made in very respectable garments. Before people fully realize it they are caught in the moral maelstrom. They find their property owns them, instead of they their property. A few bank books may gain a strangle hold on their nominal proprietor that only the grave can break.

How then shall we help ourselves and the world into a higher mood? How shall we make a successful stand against this pre-eminent sin of our time? In a word, by finding a right answer to the old question of Jesus, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" We must know and deeply feel that a mere abundance of things does not make a life. Let men refuse to be utterly browbeaten by the material necessities of life.

Let us take time each day for the things that nourish and refresh the spirit. Let us have an eye for the wonders of sunrise and sunset. Let us read the evangel of the flowers and understand the language of the birds. Let us know a few good books. Let us cultivate friendship, human and divine. It is surely better, after all, to lay up treasures in heaven than to struggle all one's life to crowd into a bank more funds than one will ever need.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



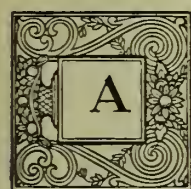
EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.

The Child of Bethlehem and the Child of the Home

BY

REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City



FEW years ago there appeared on the Christmas book tables a new book with the title, "The Child That Jesus Took." The author made use of the incident of the gospels where Jesus, to settle a dispute of His disciples as to who was greatest, took a little child and set him in the midst of the twelve, and lifting him in his arms, said, "Whosoever shall receive one of such little children in my name, receiveth me." In imagination the author followed the history of the child that Jesus took. Surely, child though he was, he could never forget that the Master touched him and put His arms about him. He could never forget His face as He bent over him, or lose the sound of His voice as He spoke tenderly to him.

It was something more than an isolated act of Jesus—His taking a child and setting him in the midst of His disciples. It is the revelation at once of the power and genius of Christianity. It was the same as saying, "Here is a Kingdom that represents innocence, humility, trustfulness, and also hope, energy and the promise of growth. It is the Kingdom of the child forever." Few more significant sentences were spoken by the Master than this—"Except ye become as little children."

And we like to think that this emphasis of childhood by Jesus in deed and word was a reflection of His own childhood. For the first power of the gospel lies back there at Bethlehem, in the Child of the Manger. Those far-reaching words of the prophet, "For unto us a child is born," seem to link our human history to the great purposes of God. "The central figure of Christianity," some one has said, "is a child in its mother's arms." The beginnings of Christianity are rooted in childhood. Christianity can never grow old, because it is the Gospel of the Divine Child and because it is inextricably mingled with the story of childhood and motherhood in all the generations. The Child of Bethlehem and the child of the home—how intimate this relation is. "Jesus saw in the vision of a child," a writer tells us, "a new heaven and a new earth." As Dr. Horace Bushnell says of the child, "The futurity of God's promise is in him, and, by a kind of sublime anticipation, he is accepted in God's supernatural economy as a believer." Christ sees the future material of His Kingdom in the children.

It has required a long time for man to realize how much Jesus meant when He set a child in the midst of the disciples. As we read the history of earlier centuries there seems to be a striking lack of emphasis upon childhood. The Kingdom of God was for grown-up men and women. The records of earlier days have little to say of children. It has often been noticed that Dante in his writings appears to be aware

of all things in heaven and earth except childhood. Milton wrote of high things and deep things, but he has little to say of the most simple of all things—the child. We can scarcely forgive the immortal Shakespeare, that whilst he presents on his stage many kinds of characters, the grave, the gay, the comic, the tragic, he seldom deals with little children. It was the fault of his age. Men had forgotten that the Master set a child in the midst.

The artists were more ready to recognize the child than others. Men of genius with paint and brush apparently understood the relation between the Child of Bethlehem and the children of our homes better than the theologians. Often thus in earlier centuries they painted upon canvas the story of the Divine Child. Most often and most fondly they painted the Madonna with her Holy Child, producing for all generations to come those unfading treasures of art gallery, church and home. In each home and school, or well as in each gallery and library, should hang one of these priceless treasures, contributed by an age when life took on new hope, and turned its face toward childhood again.

Literature was much slower to recognize the child. English literature, it has been said, knew not the child until Goldsmith came. Writers before him had been busy with lords and ladies. The child was scarcely in evidence. When Goldsmith published "The Vicar of Wakefield" in 1766, a beautiful picture was presented to the world of parents and their children. "The Vicar," said Goldsmith, "unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family." When the Vicar rescued his children from a burning house on one occasion, his words were memorable—"Now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are, I have saved my treasure." We remember the Roman matron who was well content to be without jewels, because her sons were her jewels.

The real "discovery of the child," in literature, however, came with William Wordsworth, who put many children into his poems, and who wrote:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Certain great teachers, too, of more than a century past did much to bring the child into prominence. Pestalozzi was one of these. Froebel was another. These men insisted upon the full recognition of the child, in the spirit of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Men had been unconsciously forbidding the child, but such great teachers as these by their methods of teaching won a place for the child. Even Napoleon when he was appealed to in behalf of Pestalozzi's plans, replied curtly that he had something else besides A. B. C.'s to attend to. We are reminded how the Greek orator Demosthenes ridiculed

an opponent on one occasion because he was a teacher of little children. How great is the change in our day, when the skilful teacher of children is highly honored among us, and when men endow chairs in colleges and universities for child-study.

Two or three more friends of the children deserve special mention. One of these is Hans Christian Andersen, who wrote many tales about children, as well as for children. Secure is the fame of one who finds his way to the heart of a child, for the child will carry him in sacred memory, until his own grandchildren gather at his knees to hear the fame of his friend perpetuated. Another is Charles Dickens, who has been called "The English father of true reverence for the child." Dickens said, "It is a crime against a child to rob it of its childhood." He made children his heroes and heroines. Who can ever forget Paul Dombey, Little Nell, Tiny Tim or Oliver Twist? He wrote about the schools, and society began to look after both schools and teachers. An army of little children march up and down the pages of Dickens.

He made a mighty plea for the child. When every one else was down on Pip, Joe Gargary put more gravy on his plate. Dickens' idea was that the child is to be won by sympathy, not by hardness.

There is still another friend of children whose name is writ large in history. This is Robert Raikes, the founder of the Sunday School. His first school was started in the year 1781, and when he died in 1811 Sunday Schools had spread throughout England. Probably no other single department of the work of the church has done so much for the Kingdom as the Sunday School. Robert Raikes, like his Master, set a little child in the midst of the disciples.

The influence of the Child of Bethlehem upon the child-life of the world is incalculable. One measure of that influence is found in the spread of education. If our modern cities have public school houses at many corners it is due in a large degree to Christ's example of emphasizing childhood. Since the Son of God came as a little child into the world, there can be no neglect of children where Christ and His teachings are recognized. At the door of every school house, college and university, we can see the Friend of little children standing. Not only so, but He is standing also at the doors of hospitals, orphanages, and other institutions devoted to the care of children. Men have heard His word, "Whosoever receiveth the child, receiveth me," and forthwith they have set themselves to studying the problems of child-life. Our modern charities for little children are among the most Christlike deeds known to men.

Seneca speaks of the "shambles of infants," at the Lactarian column, where wretched beggars exhibited little children with shortened

limbs, broken joints and curved backs. But Christ has taught his followers to regard neglected, poor, sick and deformed children, and to deal with them in the spirit of the Master.

In England Lord Shaftesbury, the seventh Earl, did his great work for English children, rescuing thousands from the mines where they were wearing their young lives out. In America Children's Aid Societies have sprung up all over the land in the wake of Charles Loring Brace's wonderful work of rescue and character-building in New York City. Gifted physicians also have studied deeply the diseases and defects of childhood. Doctor Howe in this country began a splendid work for the blind. Three names tell of what has been done by toil, patience and love for children born with apparently insurmountable limitations. These are Laura Bridgman, Helen Keller and Tommy Stringer. Deaf and dumb and blind! Yet loving hearts and skilful hands have unlocked the treasure of such bereft souls as these. When Jesus walked in Palestine there were no hospitals of any kind, but the writer remembers seeing an Ophthalmic Hospital outside Jerusalem on the road to Bethlehem.

Of all the incidents of the gospels, those seem most characteristic where Jesus is dealing with young hearts, as when for instance he listened to a mother pleading for her afflicted daughter, came down from the Mount of Transfiguration and cured a boy over whom his father mourned, entered with Jairus into the chamber of death and lifted up his daughter, stopped a funeral procession on the way, and gave back her son to the widow of Nain.

Nor can we forget the little lad from whom our Lord took his lunch of cakes and small fishes, wherewith to feed a great multitude. Yet most characteristic of all, and most memorable too, is that scene where mothers, bringing their babes to Jesus, were rebuked by the disciples, while the Master himself said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Christian society has yet many lessons to learn from Jesus about the welfare and care of the child. It may be that we have learned more about the child's physical and mental care, than about his spiritual culture. There is vast carelessness in all our communities about the influences that touch the lives of children. The sight of children playing in the streets causes one to tremble, not alone for the physical, but also for the normal peril. The "plain, bare, monstrous walls" that once made the school-house an unattractive place are fast disappearing. But are we as careful as we ought, to follow the child to the street corner, to the places of amusement, to the social circles as well, to see that right influences await him there?

What is the Church doing for the child? A great deal, but much more might be done. For one thing the Church should never forget that Jesus said, "Of such is the Kingdom." The child is close to the Kingdom, even a type of the Kingdom. The child should be taught early the Saviour's love, the fear of sin and the duty of obedience. Religion should be fitted in naturally and easily to the child's life. If Bushnell's idea of having the child "grow up a Christian" can be realized, it is all the better. Some say, leave the child to himself, so far as religion is concerned, and do not try to prejudice him. Coleridge replied to this by saying that he would not leave his garden to itself, lest when he expected strawberries, it might yield weeds. Society's plain duty is to inculcate moral order and religious reverence.

The Church should go much farther. It is one of the chief responsibilities the church to attend to the moral and religious culture of the children. Blessed are the teachers of little children! They shall have their reward. The child is "the heart of the family," and the hope of the church. Bushnell wrote of "peopling

the world with a Godly seed," and of "the out-populating power of the Christian stock." The best asset any community possesses is its Christian families and Christian churches. Its schools also may be classed with these provided they are careful about character as well as learning. Frequently parents can do little for their children in the way of money and education. But one thing they can always do—they can set before their children an example of Godly living. The child's first teachers are those in the home. In these hours the child's mind is "wax to receive and marble to retain." It follows naturally that parents are under obligation to give their children religious instruction.

The child should be taught in simple fashion about God who made and keeps him; about Christ who saves him, and about the Holy Spirit who speaks to him. He should be taught the meaning of life in such terms as love, trust, truth, obedience, reverence, fear, honesty and duty. He should be taught to fear God and keep His commandments. He should be made familiar with God's Holy Book, and should be led to reverence it and follow its teachings. He should be taught to love Christ and try to please Him. He should be taught to love the Church and to value its worship. He should be taught love and duty to others, and the great principles of brotherhood and service.

The Church is the adjunct of the home—not the home the adjunct of the Church. If Christian parents would everywhere realize that they have the first work to do for the child, the work of the Church would be much easier. The whole early life of the child should look forward to church membership. The best age of decision is early rather than late. Our Lord was a youth of twelve when he went up to the Temple. Psychologists tell us that religious decision comes most readily between the ages of ten and seventeen. If the Church is wise, it will not fail to draw the children and youth early to Christ.

When Christmas comes everything is done for the child. The babe scarcely out of his cradle must have his Christmas tree. Shall we not be equally anxious that the children of our homes shall come to know the Child of Bethlehem? Happy is the home at this Christmas tide, where Jesus, the Friend of little children, sheds His light and benediction upon the scene of rejoicing, where parents and children together know and love His Name, and set themselves with glad hearts to do His Holy Will.



At the Feet of the Christ-Child.

BY GRACE E. CRAIG.

*The wintry sky is overcast,
And cold and dark the night;
O, little Child of the Christmas Star,
We come to Thee for light!*

*Great sorrows overshadow us
And cruel cares annoy;
O, little Child of the Tidings Glad,
We come to Thee for Joy!*

*From dark temptation's growing power
We seek a swift release;
O, little Child of the Manger Bed,
We come to Thee for peace!*

*The world lies lonely at our feet;
Heaven is far above;
O, little Child of the Angel Song,
We come to Thee for love!*

*Thy smile was sweet for shepherd rude,
And for the mighty king;
O, Holy Christ, we would kneel to Thee
And feel Thy comforting!*

"Love's Millionaires"

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

"Love's Millionaires" who are they? Are they not those who best keep the first and great commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and the second, which is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

Peter, whose life henceforth was to be a self-sacrificing proclamation of salvation, and John, whose Epistles especially exalt love and whose Gospel, more than any other, reveals the heart of Christ—these men were love's millionaires. When the impotent man appealed to them for help, though they were without silver or gold, yet they had a richer gift, the gift of healing.

Libraries, universities, and hospitals have received great sums of money in the last few years from men who have amassed colossal fortunes. Many sufferers from flood and earthquake, war and pestilence, have been fed and clothed by the munificence of the wealthy. Mission Boards of various churches have been recipients of great benefactions from similar sources. This is good and profitable giving.

But it is true now, as it has always been, that the greater number of those who give a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple are the lowly of earth. There are so many little kindnesses love can bestow—a smile, a glad greeting, a word of encouragement, a welcome to home or church. One hundred million copper cents or twenty million nickles or ten million silver dimes are worth just as much as a million dollars in stocks and bonds. "I never expect to do any great thing, but perhaps if I do a great many little ones it will count just as much in the end," said one of love's mil-lionaires.



"As the Rose"

BY L. D. STEARNS.

When, in the midst of what seems unfathomable darkness and woe, we lift our eyes and catch a glimpse of the light that ever shines from God, then, indeed, we know the meaning of the words, "*And the desert shall blossom as the rose.*"

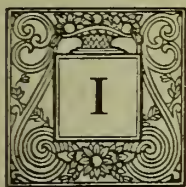
There is no gloom so deep but God's presence will turn it into brightness. The matter narrows down to the simple question as to whether we open to Him the inner recesses of our lives, or attempt to go our way alone. It rests with every soul who enters the dark places to let Him in, or to shut Him out. And not alone in the shadow, but in the light and the glow of the bright places does He wait to enter the opened door of the soul. To joy, He adds a thousand-fold more joy.

But especially to those who are sad, or weary, or sick at heart does He cry, "*I am the Way!*" The things left behind were but fleeting, whether held or lost. God, and the things of God, are sure realities. God satisfies, with the deep and abiding satisfaction and peace nothing can shake. Like the dawn, with its faint tint of rose and gold and pink slowly flushing the sky, so, when the soul opens itself to its Maker, the glory that floods it—soon or late—comes in a soft, sweet and ever fuller glow until one comes not merely to accept, but thank Him, for the pain and darkness that paved the way for so wondrous a joy.

Love—personal comfort—this, or that,—are all as nothing when compared with the solemn knowledge, and sweetness, and security that encompass one who, for a rare moment, stands alone with God. One who has so stood knows with a surety which no words and no after experience of life can shake, that GOD IS GOD and His reality is sure as the everlasting hills; because, on the very edge of eternity, he has stood heart to heart with Him, sensing, in a way impossible to put into words, the touch and presence of the Great and Mighty Maker of the Universe.

OUR DEBT TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS

By Warren Graham Partridge, D.D.



It is fitting that every American and every lover of liberty throughout the world should celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. And every Christian should mark this date as one of the golden mile-stones in the King's highway of civil and religious liberty. It is in December that we celebrate the birth of the Christ-Child. That date is the pivot of the world's history. And it was about Christmas time in the year 1620 A. D. that the infant Church and the infant State were born on the iron-bound coast of New England.

Let us remember, first of all, that the Pilgrims were immigrants. Immigration is today a burning problem in our body politic. So many million foreigners have come to our shores in recent years that statesmen have feared that these hordes from the Old World would strain our institutions to the breaking point. Their evangelization is one of the crying problems to be solved by Americans at this very hour.

Immigrants Who Were a Godsend

But the immigration of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers was a godsend to this New World. Other colonists had landed on our shores before the Pilgrims saw the sandy shores of Cape Cod. Some of these other colonists were adventurers, criminals, and atheists. If such immigrants had been in the majority in the early days in North America, our land had been as Sodom and Gomorrah. But I believe that God Almighty directed the course and the landing-place of the *Mayflower*, just as certainly as He directed Abraham to emigrate from Ur of the Chaldees, to found a commonwealth in the land of Canaan. That historic ship, with its precious cargo of Christian heroes and heroines, had as its invisible Pilot the same Divine Commander, who in ancient times led the children of Israel, as emigrants, out of Egypt, and directed them through a pathless wilderness; and blazed the way for them with a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

If we have spiritual vision we should see the Divine Providence and Leadership in American history, just as clearly as we recognize the divine hand in the history and development of the commonwealth of ancient Israel.

So we are not surprised that this finest of the wheat was thrashed with the flail of bitter persecution, and winnowed by the fierce winds of suffering in the Old World. This pure gold was beaten into purity in "merry England." But England was not willing for Independents in religion to be merry in those days!

In 1590 a young man by the name of William Brewster was living in Scrooby, England. He had been appointed postmaster of that village by Queen Elizabeth. But the young man read and thought, and had heard some bold preaching by the Independent ministers. Robert Brown had the courage to preach the primitive Gospel of the New Testament to crowds in London. And Richard Clifton dared to preach a crucified and risen Saviour, even without the authority of a bishop. The young postmaster at Scrooby became an Independent in religion, even when Independency in religious matters lead to a dungeon and the scaffold. John Copping and Elias Thacher were hung because they tried to have a New Testament Church in England. And John Greenwood and Henry Barrow were sent to jail for the same offense.

There was much drunkenness, immorality, idleness and unbelief at this time; and multitudes had forsaken the churches. The Independents in religion were trying to live pure

lives, and evangelize England. But the powers of the State and the Church did not wish to be evangelized. John Penry, a Welshman, wrote a pamphlet teaching that every man has an inalienable right to speak and act according to the dictates of his own conscience in religious matters. But on June 7th, 1593, John Penry was taken out of jail and hanged for writing that innocent little pamphlet!

In those trying days William Brewster, the young postmaster, dared to open his old manor-house at Scrooby, on Sunday, and invite his neighbors to hear Richard Clifton, an aged minister of Christ, preach the Gospel. That was very dangerous business in that day; for everybody then was required by law to attend Queen Elizabeth's Church. On June 8th, 1593, Parliament passed a law to imprison for three months "all persons who do not conform to the Church of the Queen." The punishment also included the confiscation of all their property, and perpetual banishment from England. But a boy from Austerfield, by the name of William Bradford, had the conviction and daring to attend the cottage prayer meetings, and to hear the sermons of Richard Clifton in the manor-house of William Brewster. And these two Williams became two of the immortal Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock.

On March 24th, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died and James the First ascended the throne of England. Several hundred ministers in England, at that time, desired to see the Church return to the simplicity and purity of the Apostolic Church of the First Century. And they presented a petition to King James I, asking for these reforms in the Church. The petition was heard at Hampton Court. And King James interrupted them, saying, "I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion. I alone will decide. I will make you conform, or I will harry you out of the land, or else do worse—hang you." And after the audience, King James said in joy to the delighted bishops, "I peppered them soundly."

The Pilgrims in Holland

So the men and women who held Gospel meetings in the old manor-house at Scrooby, and elsewhere in England, decided to become emigrants. And they sold their land and property, and migrated to Holland, the only land in Europe, at that time, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They loved England dearly and it almost broke their hearts to leave forever their native land, but principle was worth more to these heroes and heroines than money, or home, or life itself. Before these exiles could reach Holland, there were many months of imprisonment, indescribable hardships, sufferings and persecutions for the men, the women, and the children. But "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." William Brewster gave up his post-office and all hopes of worldly success and preferment, and was the leader of the refugees fleeing for the shores of Holland. William Bradford was only nineteen years of age, but he was one of the bravest of the immortals. When this little band of exiles reached Holland they were in a terrible plight, for nearly all their property was destroyed. They were very poor, and among strangers, who spoke a strange language. William Brewster had a fine property, and was the owner of a fine old manor house, but in Holland he became very poor indeed, and taught school for a living. William Bradford became a weaver. Formerly these men owned their own farms and employed laborers, but now they were glad to labor at any trade for their daily bread.

These people worked hard, saved their money, and bought a house for their pastor, John Robinson. And while many of the inhabitants in Leyden are spending much of the time in the beer-houses on Sundays, or having dances in the fields, these strangers go to their Pastor's house, to pray, and sing, and hear a sermon. They call themselves Pilgrims and Strangers in the land. And they have been called Pilgrims to this day.

The historic voyage of the *Mayflower* across the stormy Atlantic tested the magnificent heroism of these pioneers. They had lived about twelve years in Holland, but they longed to find a country, which they could call their own. The timid and half-hearted had stayed behind, or returned on the ill-fated *Speedwell*. The one hundred and two Pilgrims on board the *Mayflower* have immortalized their names in history. Think of the sixty-four days of that perilous and stormy voyage! It seems almost a miracle that the little, creaking sailing vessel did not go to the bottom with its precious cargo of Faith's Immortals. But prayers and trust saved that little ship, as surely as God in the heavens watched over Noah's Ark. For both vessels were freighted with the choicest remnant of humanity in their respective epochs of history.

The "Cornerstone of the American Republic"

The Covenant which the Pilgrims signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* is the Magna Charter of civil and religious liberty. Charles Sumner said of that famous Covenant, "It is the first written constitution of government in human history, and the very corner-stone of the American Republic."

Listen how these immortal words reverberate down through the aisles of the centuries, "In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, . . . by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and form such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

Charles Sumner says again of this Covenant, "Undoubtedly these were the grandest words of government with the largest promise of any at that time uttered." Here at last was government of the people, by the people and for the people. These words marked the birth of democracy in the Western Hemisphere.

On December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims stepped on Plymouth Rock. As they set foot on the American continent they asked God to guide their footsteps in all their transaction; and then after earnest prayer they took a vote as to where they should build their houses. That was the first *town-meeting* ever held on this continent, which has been recorded in history. It was popular government, the rule of the majority. Here at last in the history of the world was the rule of the common people. And lords, nobles, kings, emperors, and popes had no dictatorship in this new state in the New World! It was the beginning of a new epoch in human history! The words of their venerable Pastor in Holland, John Robinson, had come true, "But I am confident that the Lord hath more light and truth yet to break forth out of His holy word."

The Pilgrims must not be confounded with the Puritans. Both had their splendid qualities. But the Pilgrims were never intolerant. They

were a gentle folk, peaceful, gracious and benign. We find among them, at Plymouth, no bigotry, hatred, or persecution. Their little commonwealth existed for seventy-two years; and then it was united with the Puritan Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Senator George F. Hoar said of the Pilgrim of Plymouth, "He hanged no witches, he whipped no Quakers, he banished no heretics . . . He enacted the mildest code of laws on the face of the earth . . . He had no foot of land not fairly obtained by *honest purchase*. He treated the Indian with justice and good faith, setting an example, which Vattel, the foremost writer on the law of nations, commends to mankind."

The Pilgrims of the Plymouth Colony had the tolerance and philanthropy of Abraham Lincoln, and his kindly spirit, "with malice toward none and charity for All."

We should never forget the sacrifices and sufferings which the Pilgrim Fathers endured for the sake of conscience, education, religion, purity of life, and for civil and religious liberty. During the first winter forty-six of the people died as the result of exposure and poor food. At one time during that first winter only seven had sufficient strength left to nurse the sick and the dying, and to bury the dead. But their fidelity, trust in Providence, and their indomitable courage never gave out. Hostile savages were on every side; but they made a just treaty with the great Indian Chief, Massasoit, which remained unbroken for fifty-four years.

If the devotion, faith, unselfishness, courage, purity, and childlike trust in prayer, of the Pilgrim Fathers existed in America today, we would witness one of the greatest revivals of evangelical religion in the annals of our land.



The Right Intention

BY CORA S. DAY.

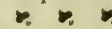
A young boy was promenading about the yard on stilts and enjoying himself hugely. His fond big sister did not exactly share his pleasure in the performance.

"If you fall off those awkward things, Bobby, I'm afraid you will have a broken arm or leg to nurse," she said anxiously. Bobby leaned against the porch rail for a moment's rest while he replied:

"Don't you worry about me, Lucille. I don't intend to fall," and away he stalked with sure strides of his long wooden legs.

That is exactly the right way to go about being good. There's a right and wrong way about that, as much as about using stilts. One can wobble along on them, trying not to fall, hoping yet fearing, stepping out timidly, wondering how soon he will trip and come down—and that is usually what happens. Or he can put fears and doubts out of his mind, step out confidently yet with care, too, fix his eye on a goal and make for it, *intend* not to fall—and he will soon be master of the tricky poles.

So he can set out to be good. He need not keep his eye on the temptations that might upset him. Better fix heart and mind on the right to be attained; put more strength in the intention to be good and less in fears and doubts and misgivings. So he can avoid many a stumble, meet only the unavoidable difficulties, and learn to walk surely in the paths of righteousness.



The Tidings of Old

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

*Beautiful, wonderful Christmas night,
Filled with a radiant, starry light,
Sweet with the song of the angel band,
Winging its way o'er the dreaming land—*

*Telling the shepherds a wondrous thing:—
"Joy and Good-Will are the tidings we bring;
Go unto Bethlehem, follow the Star!"
Thus rang the heavenly message afar.*

*Still we rejoice each glad Christmas morn,
Singing our praise for the Babe that was born;
All through the earth rings the carol again,
Bringing the message of Peace unto men.*

How We May Enjoy Heaven on Earth

By Rev. James Mudge, D.D.



PRIMARILY and essentially, what is heaven? It is a constant vision of Jesus, a vivid sense of the presence of God, and an absolute oneness with the will divine. These are the essential things. Secondary and superficial are the material joys and immunities which we commonly associate with the state of bliss. These may be possessed without conferring any genuine happiness. They may be absent and yet the all-conquering soul, in the very midst of temporal privations and pains may rise superior to circumstances and assert its glorious supremacy, and its unfettered freedom. That the soul when it reaches its fullest development and its largest liberty, will shape to itself a fitting investiture, may be freely admitted, but the soul it is that rules forevermore, and heaven is mainly a matter of its moods.

Heaven begins for us when we begin to love God and gaze into the reconciled face of our Saviour. Heaven expands around us and within us in proportion as we grow in the knowledge and favor of our heavenly Father, in the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit and in the perception of, and assimilation to our Lord Jesus Christ. Heaven does not reach its consummation, or take on supremest meaning to us, until our faith and love have attained their highest possible augmentation and our oneness with the divine will is most complete. And this, as we understand it, will not be in the present earthly life. Hence our association of heaven pre-eminently with another state of existence is correct; but it is neither correct nor wholesome to let the entire meaning of the word be monopolized by the future, or to fix our attention chiefly on mere accessories of a spectacular sort that are of minor consequence. The thing that counts is present character not future surroundings.

Faith is heaven. The poet, after describing a stalwart faith, unflinching, unwavering, unshakable by the tempest's might, defiant of all foes and woes, fearless, firm, fixed immutably on God, abiding invincible to the end, does well to exclaim,

"Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home."

This is literally true. It is lack, weakness, and failure of faith, that keeps heaven out of our lives and robs us of our peace and joy. He who says, "I will not doubt, no matter what may happen. I will not doubt though sorrows fall like rain, and troubles swarm like bees about the hive, I will not doubt though all my ships at sea come drifting home with broken masts and sails," such an one lives in heaven and heaven lives in him. If his faith does not fail, his courage will not quail, and God's care will sure avail, whatever may assail.

Love also is heaven—"love divine, all loves excelling, joy of heaven to earth come down," love and the service to which it prompts, the obedience which from it springs. The doing of God's will is the essence of heaven, and that may be done here as well as hereafter; indeed it must be done here if it is to be done hereafter.

He who knows and does and loves the will divine, always, in every thing, without reservation or hesitation, has been brought into a large and wealthy place for which there is no more suitable name than heaven, for it is in this way that there God's will is accomplished. The chief step into this abode of the blessed is through the gate of an absolutely surrendered personality and the stopping of all contention,

even the very least and slightest, with God. When one has no controversy with Him at any point, when one is perfectly satisfied with all His arrangements and appointments, all His delays and denials—what is this but Paradise, the inheritance of the saints in light, where there is no darkness at all, no night, no tears and no death? Their tears God wipes away, their sorrow is turned into joy, they find that in His service pain is pleasure, with His favor loss is gain. Their sun no more goes down, neither does their moon withdraw itself, for the Lord is their everlasting light, their God, their glory, and all the days of their mourning are ended. They cannot die any more, for they are already dead unto sin and self. Dying with Christ, crucified with Him on His cross, with Him they have risen from the grave so that they live in Him and to Him alone they live the resurrection life of power over all evil, the ascended or heavenly life in which they seek the things above where Christ is and set their minds no longer on things of earth. This is heavenly mindedness!

And they who possess it, taken together constitute the celestial city, the new Jerusalem, which has come down to us from God and yet enthrones God, the city made up of those with whom former things are passed away and all things are become new, of those whose names are in the Book of Life, who drink of the water of life, who eat of the fruit of the tree that grows with abundance ever vernal on that rapturous river bank and who wear the crown of perfect righteousness.

All this is ours *here and now*. So again we say, heaven is within us. It is an atmosphere, a spirit, a policy, a manner and method of walk and work. Oh the blessedness which it shows to be our portion! Oh the gratefulness and joy, the sweet satisfaction and solid security, the riches of glory, the radiant redolent splendor! What a mistake it is to put heaven far away and think of it as beyond the sky. It is ours for the asking, if by asking we mean an absolutely irreversible surrender to the divine will. For that surrender brings a constant vision of the Christ, a communion with the Master over common things which makes the most ordinary life sublime. This is the philosopher's stone which turns the dirt of the streets into purest gold. This is the fountain of perpetual youth, for over these death has no power. Their youth is renewed like the eagle's; their life is redeemed from destruction; they are crowned with loving kindness and tender mercy. Let us all have this; for it belongs to us. Then we shall never think of inquiring as to whether or not we shall *go* some day to heaven. The question will be an impertinence. Being already *in* heaven no mere change of season or place can make any change in our state. We shall wake up in that other land in God's good time when the gentle angel of death shall have touched us to free us from our earthly fetters, to pursue with emancipated powers the very same objects that so long have occupied us here, to enjoy the same blessed vision of the Saviour, only with clearer sight, and to meet again in a permanent reunion those loved ones whom for a little season we have sorely missed. Our surroundings will be different and better, no doubt, but exactly the same spirit which bade good night to these familiar scenes will bid good morning to those unfamiliar ones, and the more of heaven we have on these earthly shores the larger and brighter and gladder will be our heaven when Jesus comes yet closer to the enraptured soul!

PRINTED PREACHERS

Among the Soldiers of Italy

In the city of Florence, Italy, are the headquarters of the Italian Tract Society, of which Rev. Odoardo Jalla is Secretary. This society is finding a large field of usefulness among the soldiers who have been called to the colors. A practical illustration of this fact is seen in the picture on this page, which was reproduced from a photograph recently forwarded to the American Tract Society by Rev. Odoardo Jalla.

In this picture we see a missionary colporteur of the Italian Tract Society busily engaged in distributing Christian literature among Italian soldiers. The literature, we are told, is received most gladly, and thus the message of the Gospel is being implanted in the hearts of these men who are fighting for their country.

For many years the American Tract Society has aided the Italian Tract Society by cash appropriations. A good deal of the Christian literature in the Italian language which is distributed by the American Tract Society's missionary colporters here in the United States is procured from the Italian Society.

Thus these two societies are cooperating in winning Italians for Christ, both in their own native land and in the land which so many of them have adopted as their new home.

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Among Various Nationalities

Rev. Michael Jaeger, who was for many years a very efficient missionary colporteur of the American Tract Society at Ellis Island, New York, has now taken up colportage work among the foreign-speaking population in the State of Massachusetts. In a recent report he writes:

"I have labored most of this month in the suburban towns near Boston. The work has opened with considerable promise and encouragement, and I have had the privilege of speaking to large numbers of people.

"I met many Lithuanians, also Poles, Russians, Ruthenians, and Italians.

"I am sorry to say that I found much literature containing false doctrines among the Poles. This has undermined their faith, and it should stir Christian people as never before to fulfill their duty by sending Gospel literature containing the truth to the homes of the multitudes who have been so deceived by false teaching.

"I have called on 624 families. In the majority of cases I was able to offer a word of prayer. The booklets that met with the widest acceptance were 'The Heart of Man,' 'Christ Received Sinners,' and 'Lame Matthew.' The last-named is a temperance booklet, which has brought a rich blessing into many a drunkard's life."

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Among the Mormons

Rev. Henry W. Pratt is circulating a great deal of evangelical literature among the Mormons. He has long carried on missionary colportage in Utah and the adjoining States and his labors have resulted in large spiritual benefit to many homes, both Mormon and non-Mormon. In a recent report he writes:

"When visiting in the western part of Salt Lake City I found a low state of religion. In the home of a Danish family I found eight children not one of whom was attending any Sunday School. Neither parents nor children go to



DISTRIBUTING CHRISTIAN LITERATURE TO ITALIAN SOLDIERS.

church, though they are nominally Lutheran. I gave the name of this family to a missionary, so that he might look them up. In all I found about thirty children not attending any Sunday School, and I gave their names and addresses to the Christian church located in that part of the city.

"A Presbyterian minister was especially cordial to me. He said he was a life member of the American Tract Society and much interested in its work. He bought some books to give out among needy people in the country circuit where he preaches. In addition I gave him a grant of books, with which he was greatly pleased, and by the aid of which he said he could do much good.

"At the Baptist State Convention held in Salt Lake City I was given a place on the program, and spoke on 'Leaves from a Colporteur's Note Book.' I explained to them why I like to do colportage work among the Mormons on behalf of an interdenominational society. I told them that the Mormons look upon each denomination as a different religion. But when I go to a Mormon home and say that the American Tract Society for nearly ninety-two years has had all evangelical denominations represented in it and working for it, this statement emphasizes to the Mormons the fact of Christian unity and presents a high standard, which commands their respect.

"To illustrate my method of work I told how in a Mormon home the lady selected the Wall Motto Card, 'While We Were Yet Sinners, Christ Died for Us,' and how this gave me the opportunity to speak on the doctrine of the Atonement, a doctrine that Mormons do not take into account, for they hold that salvation is by works.

"As a union missionary colporteur I can reach all the people irrespective of creed and I have been able to find church people from the East who have never attended any church in the towns where they now live. In all such cases I have given their names to various pastors, according to their former denominational affiliations."

For the Foreign-Speaking Population

The work that a missionary colporteur of the American Tract Society may do is set forth in a letter from Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage in our Southern Agency, who writes:

"Rev. Joseph Barton of Granger, Texas, is a Bohemian Pastor among a dense population of Protestant Slavs and Bohemians. The children are being trained to love and obey the Lord Jesus and early join the church and seek light in the Bohemian literature of the American Tract Society. It is wonderful to state that most of the young people are church members and very devout Christians. Christian literature furnished by the American Tract Society is the food on which their souls feed and grow strong, wise and pious.

"This good pastor will visit Oklahoma and more than twenty towns in Texas and Louisiana, where small settlements of his people live. He will report to the Society, and will probably work six or eight months amongst the people as a missionary colporteur."

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The Testimony of a Pastor

A prominent minister, who has retired from the pastorate in order to serve the Church in another capacity, writes:

"If I were in the pastorate now I would give great attention to the circulation of Christian literature among my people. One of the deep regrets of my life is that when I had the opportunity I did not take more pains to place good books and religious periodicals in the families of my several charges. *There is no better way to cultivate the religious life.*"

These are trenchant words, and they should serve to stimulate pastors and all other Christian workers to use to the utmost the "printed preachers" which are available in the form of Christian tracts, books and periodicals.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

DECEMBER 3. The Consecration of Business Life

Revelation 3:14-22.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Nov. 27. Business spirit. Rom. 12:11.
T. Nov. 28. Danger of prosperity. Rev. 18:7-19.
W. Nov. 29. Haste to grow rich. Neh. 12:15-21.
T. Nov. 30. A wrong principle. Prov. 20:14.
F. Dec. 1. Goods for God. I Chron. 29:10-16.
S. Dec. 2. Remembering God. Deut. 26:1-11.

We have now come to the last one in the series of topics dealing with consecration. Of all the phases of the subject that we have considered, however, there is none important than that which is now presented for our thought.

Business fills a very large place in the life of the average man, and it also occupies the attention of an increasingly large number of young women. For that reason it is imperative that the Christian young man or young woman carry the spirit of consecration into the business hours of the day.

Perils and Temptations

In the world of business there are many perils to be faced and many temptations to be overcome. This statement applies both to big business and to little business, so-called. Competition is felt by both large and small concerns. Dishonesty is as apt to occur in a great corporation as in a little store.

The vital and important thing is to adopt fixed principles in business, which shall be such as to conform to the moral code of Christianity and which will thus enable us to overcome the temptations that are so apt to assail us in the press and hurry of our everyday work.

Employers and Employes

Whether our position in the business world is that of an employer or an employe, our Divine Master calls us to show the spirit of consecration. This means that we shall be "diligent in business," or as it is expressed in the Revised Version, "in diligence not slothful." It means that we shall do with our might what our hands find to do. It means that we shall be considerate, each of the other, whether we are employer or employed. It requires that we shall provide things honest in the sight of all men. It means that we shall be kind in speech, clean in life and pure in heart.

It is a fallacy to say that we cannot mix religion and business. On the contrary, our business life should be a faithful revelation of our Christian character. True religion has a message for every sphere of human life, and any business that is devoid of the Christian spirit and conducted without regard to the principles that were taught by the Lord Jesus Christ is virtually a pagan and heathen enterprise.

The Golden Rule of Business

The Golden Rule of business is the same Golden Rule which was enunciated by the Divine Master. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," is a precept, the adoption of which would at once solve many of the great problems that are agitating the business world today. It would end unfair competition, it would settle multitudinous labor disputes and would drive out dishonest practices. In a word it would result in the consecration of business.

DECEMBER 10. Defy Evil

I Kings 21:15-20.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 4. Resist the devil. Jas. 4:1-10.
T. Dec. 5. Stand and fight. Eph. 6:10-19.
W. Dec. 6. A reason for boldness. 2 Kings 6:8-16.
T. Dec. 7. Fight wrong. I Kings 20:1-21.
F. Dec. 8. The invincibles. Rom. 8:21.
S. Dec. 9. Rebuke evil. Acts 24:24-27.

The Scripture selection for this topic presents a vivid illustration of a righteous man defying evil even at the risk of his life. It was a brave thing for Elijah to antagonize Arab and Jezebel, and it was only because he realized that with him was the God of Israel that this

prophet dared to rebuke their flagrant wrongdoing against Naboth. Upon every Christian there rests the obligation to defy evil, wherever it is found.

In Self

Before we can successfully defy evil in others, we must first drive out the evil that there is in self. There are tendencies to wrongdoing in every human heart. We must fight the evil within us in order that we may win the victory over the evil that is without us. We must keep the body under and the spirit in control. We must resist the devil and all his impious suggestions, and enthrone Christ as the King of our hearts.

In Politics

One of the perils of a democracy is the opportunity which it affords for evil men to win and wield great political power. Every Christian young man should rise in his might to defy whatever is evil in politics. Dare to oppose the man of low morals and questionable affiliations who wants to become the political leader of the district, and in his place strive to install some man of high principle and unquestioned morality.

Do not overlook the primary as a means whereby the forces of righteousness may be arrayed against the forces of evil, and take an active part in local affairs so that the men who are selected to serve in a representative capacity may be of worthy character and assured integrity.

In Business

Much that is evil in business has been eliminated in recent years. But there are still great wrongs that should be righted. It is for the Christian to defy all the forces that are doing underhand work and struggling to uphold questionable methods of business. We should oppose all Sunday work that is not absolutely necessary. We should uphold reasonable hours of labor, and co-operate with all those who are striving to eliminate the evil of child labor.

In Diplomacy

There is much that is evil in the world's diplomacy, and we should defy all those evil tendencies in international relations which threaten to add to the burdens under which humanity is staggering.

Let us defy the short-sighted politicians who are trying to stir up strife between our own country and other countries with which we are at peace. Let us oppose the selfish and militaristic statesmen who urge us to prepare for war but who utterly fail to show us how to cultivate those lines of activity and to strengthen those ties of friendship that make for peace between the nations.

DECEMBER 17.

Big Jobs Awaiting Us

Exodus 3:1-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 11. A nation-founder. Gen. 12:1-5.
T. Dec. 12. Joshua's job. Deut. 31:1-8.
W. Dec. 13. Priestly service. Ex. 28:1-5.
T. Dec. 14. A city-builder. Neh. 2:11-20.
F. Dec. 15. A lone apostle. 2 Cor. 10:7-18.
S. Dec. 16. Doing our best. Eccl. 9:10.

Moses was given a big job when the Lord commissioned him to lead the Israelites out of captivity into the Promised Land. There are big jobs to be done in the world to-day, and the biggest of these jobs are spiritual tasks, to accomplish which we must have the help of the divine Master.

Of the many big jobs awaiting us as Christians we will here mention only three, but these three seem to be the most important for us to prosecute at the present moment.

The Destruction of the Liquor Traffic

The greatest foe to the Kingdom in our own country to-day is the liquor traffic. If we can win our fellow-citizens to adopt the principles of total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the state, we shall take a long step toward the emancipation of our land from the drink habit which is perhaps a greater curse than even human slavery.

This is a job that demands zeal and energy and ability of the most marked degrees. But it is a job which is worthwhile, and one which when accomplished will bring more of happiness to the homes of our nation than any other social reform that can be mentioned.

The Establishment of World Peace

The greatest international task that confronts the United States to-day is the establishment of a world peace. We are the greatest of the neutral nations, and we ought, as it were, to blaze the way to some plan by which the nations of the world shall be bound into a World Peace League.

Christ came to the world as the Prince of Peace, and Christianity should stand for the establishment of a righteous and a lasting peace.

To bring peace among the warring nations of the world is a big job that demands the best efforts of the best men and women. But the humblest and most inconspicuous citizens may aid in this matter by creating an atmosphere that shall dissipate the feelings of suspicion and jealousy that now run rife and that shall promote an era of good feeling between the nations which shall make peace seem the natural and logical thing.

The Evangelization of the World

Undoubtedly the biggest job that awaits the Christian Church to-day is the winning of the world to Christ. It seems a gigantic task, but as some one has wisely said, it means only for each Christian the job of winning his neighbor to Christ.

The task of world evangelization must begin on the home field. The millions of our own countrymen who are unchurched must be reached and won. The immigrants who have come from other lands bringing with them an alien faith must be converted to Christ. But while we are engaged in these tasks in the home-land, we must also send forth the ambassadors of the Gospel to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to those who dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth.

DECEMBER 24.

Helping to Accomplish the Purpose of Christ's Coming

John 10:1-16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 18. Publishing the message. Isa. 40:9-11.
T. Dec. 19. Praying for men. Jas. 5:16-20.
W. Dec. 20. Fishers of men. Matt. 4:18-20.
T. Dec. 21. Examples for men. Titus 3:1, 2.
F. Dec. 22. Lovers of men. I John 3:14-18.
S. Dec. 23. Victory! Rev. 5:6-14.

The date for the consideration of this topic comes on Christmas Eve, and we should plan a Christmas meeting that will prepare us for the joys and the opportunities of the Christmas-tide.

The purpose of Christ's coming is set forth in His own words: "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." He assured to the world the gift of eternal life by vanquishing sin, death and the grave.

The salvation which Christ brought is redemption through His blood. He brought life and immortality to light, and by His work of atonement we are made "at one" with God.

The purpose of Christ's coming was to save the world. He delivered it from the midnight gloom of sin and shame, and by His redemptive sacrifice He has made us kings and priests unto God.

The Christian life is the only life worth living, and this is the life which Christ came to reveal unto men. It is the life hid with Christ in God which is offered unto all who will put their trust in Jesus and will enter into the fold through the door which He has opened.

In view of the blessings which Christ has brought to us it is pertinent to ask what we may do to help to accomplish the purpose of His coming.

He came that we might enjoy the gift of God which is eternal life in Jesus Christ. Let us therefore strive to impart to others the knowledge of this inestimable gift.

Christmas time is a season of gladness for us. Therefore let us strive to bring gladness into the lives of those who are sad and weary. Let us bring the sunshine of the Gospel into hearts and homes that are living in darkness and gloom.

The angels at Bethlehem sang praises unto God at the birth of Christ the Saviour. So let our hearts be filled with adoration to our Heavenly Father as we come to the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour and King.

Peace and good-will were proclaimed at the birth of Jesus, and one great purpose of His coming was to assure a basis on which lasting peace and good-will might be assured both between men and their fellow-men and between men and God. Let us therefore do all that is within our power to promote peace and good-will on earth.

We may help to accomplish the purpose of Christ's coming by reflecting His spirit in our lives. Let us pray that we may have the same mind that was in Christ Jesus, and let us strive to show forth in our words and deeds the indwelling presence of Him who was born in Bethlehem on the first Christmas Day.

DECEMBER 31.

Lessons to Learn from the Past

Ephesians 5:15-21.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 25. Sloth. Amos 6:1-11.
T. Dec. 26. God's patience. Isa. 46:1-11.
W. Dec. 27. God's care. Luke 12:1-7.
T. Dec. 28. Shortness of time. Ps. 90:1-17.
F. Dec. 29. Joy of service. 2 Cor. 1:12-14.
S. Dec. 30. Our need of power. Matt. 16:21-28.

This topic is particularly appropriate for New Year's Eve. While we look back over the past year, let us also take a forward look into the year that is just about to open, and from the lessons of the past let us learn how best to face the future.

Avoid Temptation

We pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and yet we are not always careful to avoid temptation. Some of the sins of the past would undoubtedly not have been committed, if we had resolutely avoided temptation.

It is true that we cannot always avoid temptation, but let us be careful not to expose ourselves to the wiles of the tempter, except when we are compelled to do so in the line of duty.

Grasp Opportunities.

How many opportunities of service have we missed during the past year, simply because we allowed them to slip from our grasp. And the saddest thing about it all is that most of those opportunities are lost to us forever.

But the New Year will undoubtedly bring to us many new opportunities. Let us have eyes quick to see and hands quick to act and hearts ready to respond to the calls for Christ-like service that will come to us during the hours of each passing day.

Redeem the Time

The most precious commodity in this world is time, and yet how wasteful are we of this God-given asset. Well does the Apostle say, "Look therefore carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise, redeeming the time."

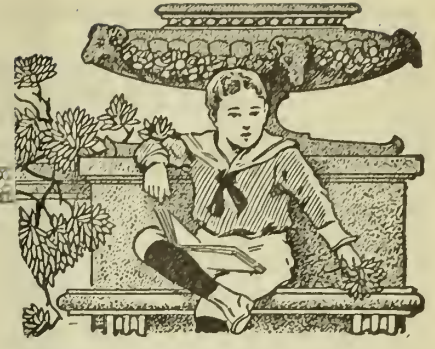
"Redeeming the time" is literally, "Buying up the opportunity"—the best bargain any one can make, as some one has sagely observed.

Be An Optimist

The experiences of the past should teach us always to look on the bright side. Christianity is essentially optimistic, while paganism is necessarily pessimistic. A pessimistic Christian is a contradiction in terms. Such a one is a spiritual anomaly.

There is always a bright side, no matter how dark may be the clouds that beset us nor how evil the days in which we are living. So let us seek for the sunshine, which we may always find in the presence of God, and let us seek from Him the strength that will make us brave to do and to dare and to conquer in His name.

Our Young Folks



What the Snowflakes Say.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

*The Snowflakes flit and flurry,
And seem in such a hurry
To reach the garden brown!
Still thicker, thicker, thicker,
And quicker, quicker, quicker,
They fly and flutter down.*

*"O Snowflakes, tell the reason,
At such a chilly season
Why you can bravely dare
To leave your sky-home airy,
And dance like any fairy
Down to the earth so bare?"*

*"Of course we'll tell the reason:
This is the very season
When we are needed here;
The Heavenly Father calls us,
And then, whate'er befalls us,
We answer with good cheer."*

*"He needs us for His flowers
In garden-beds and bowers
All lying fast asleep;
We'll keep them warm and cosy;
Then, golden, white, and rosy,
In spring they'll skyward peep."*

*"Oh, yes, we'd always rather
Obey the Heavenly Father,
To work for Him, or rest;
That makes us ever cheery,
And never, never weary,
For always He knows best."*

How Her Opportunity Came

BY SARAH N. M'CREERY.

WHEN Emma Wright touched the door-bell at the Eaton home three voices called "Come in."
"Late," remarked Alice Eaton smilingly and accusingly as Emma entered.

Helen Carr glanced at the watch on her wrist. "Ten minutes late," she reported.

"Then let's get to work at once," and Florence Beatty put some music on the piano and seated herself on the stool. Florence always believed in doing promptly and with her might any duty she had to perform.

The four girls were preparing for a Christmas entertainment that was to be given at the High School; they were to have two songs together, Emma was to whistle and Florence was to give an instrumental solo. When the songs had been rehearsed a half a dozen times, Emma announced that she would whistle her selections and the other girls could pass judgment on them. She started the first piece and her bird-like notes brought a smile of approval to the faces of her friends. Suddenly there was a false note and the whistler stopped; she tried again and made another mistake.

"Why, Emma, I never knew you to do such a thing before!" exclaimed Helen. "You are always so sure of yourself."

"I do not make mistakes—usually, but my thoughts will go wool-gathering today, that is why I made a mistake. I was so busy with my thoughts on the way here that I just strolled and that is the reason I was late."

"What weighty subject so occupies your mind?" inquired Alice with mock gravity.

"It is a weighty subject," agreed Emma. "I have been thinking all week of Dr. Burch's talk on Sunday about the girls and boys in our Southern mountains who try so hard to get an education. The letter he read which that girl named Maud Brewster wrote to the Superintendent of the Mission School was just pathetic. She wants to go to school so badly, and think of her disappointment when she was told there was only work enough for her to do to pay half of the tuition; somebody must send the additional twenty-four dollars or she will not get to school in January. I—"

"That letter was pathetic," interrupted Helen Carr. "Why I just couldn't keep

worse off we would be if we hadn't even gone to High School. I wish we might help Maud Brewster."

"But how could we make the money to send to her?" Alice Eaton looked doubtful about the wisdom of the suggestion.

"We don't have to make the money, we can take it from our allowance; that will be real giving because it will mean a sacrifice of something we want ourselves," was Emma's reply. "I had my allowance to-day and I happen to know that you girls get yours about the same time as I do."

"It is so near Christmas that we will need all our money this month," objected

gestions. And after a little more discussion the matter was settled on this basis.

"Now I think I can whistle," laughed Emma, and she did whistle like a bird without a moment of hesitation or a single mistake.

That very evening, Emma sent the money by post-office order to Dr. Burch so it would reach Maud Brewster before Christmas. A note was enclosed asking him to say the money was from four interested High School girls, who knew what the opportunity to go to school meant.

It was on the Saturday afternoon before Christmas that Emma Wright telephoned Helen, Florence and Alice to come to her home.

"I heard from Dr. Burch," she announced when they were all in the living-room in answer to the summons. "He was going South himself so he just took the money and gave it to Maud. He said she cried for joy when she saw it. Listen to the message she sent us."

"Tell those four girls," she said, "that I thank them for their good will to me, and I hope their Christmas will be a happy one, as happy as the new dress I shall buy will make me. Tell them, too, they have opened up a new world for me, for I shall study to be a teacher and go back to teach my people. They have helped me, and they will help all whom I shall teach, for it is their gift that has made my opportunity possible."

"Isn't it splendid that Emma made us see that we could give Maud Brewster her opportunity," remarked Helen Carr when the letter was finished. "I didn't mind selecting simple gifts for my friends this Christmas."

"Our gift to Maud Brewster is the one that really counts," Alice Eaton said thoughtfully, "because it was given without a thought of any return. We will all enjoy Christmas better because we made a little sacrifice to help somebody else."

Our Collectors' Column

One of Our Young Folks has sent us an interesting letter for Our Collectors' Column. This is what she writes:

"DEAR EDITOR: I have a collection of stones which I began to save about four years ago. I found most of them during my summer vacations, and when I look at these stones I think of many different places where I have had happy times."

"Some of my stones were given to me by friends. One of them is a large stone which a gentleman brought from the coast of Norway. It is filled with fossils among which are a little shell-fish and other creatures."

"I take my stones to school sometimes for the geography class, and my teacher showed the fossil stone to the college professor, who said it was a fine specimen."

"ANNA LORICCHIO."

We are glad to receive your letter, Anna. You are quite a geological student, and your knowledge of stones must surely add to your pleasure, whenever you go out into the country.

If any of our young readers have taken photographs that would make good illustrations for this page, we would be delighted to receive them. If you send any photographs for Our Young Folks' page, please wrap them securely, so that they will not be injured in the mail.

Please address all letters and photos for this page to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.



A HARVEST HOME BASKET.

the tears back as Dr. Burch told about it."

"Since we know of this need, what are we going to do about it?" asked Emma.

"What are we going to do about it?" the three girls looked at Emma in surprise as the question came simultaneously from their lips.

"Just what do you mean?" It was Florence who made the inquiry.

"You know that Miss Wells always tells us in the Sunday-school class that when a cause interests us and makes us feel that we want to do something and we fail to follow the good impulse, the second appeal will have less effect. We all know how we would feel if there was no chance of going to college after we finish High School this year; how much

Helen Carr. She was thinking of the gift she meant to buy for Grace Hayes. Grace was the daughter of wealthy parents and she always gave costly presents, so her friends felt that expensive ones must be given in return.

"I will make my gifts fit my pocket-book, if we decide to do this and I think we should," explained Emma. "It seems to me that the knowledge of the need is our call to service," she unconsciously quoted Dr. Burch.

Florence looked around the little group. "That would mean six dollars for each of us."

"And because it is Christmas let's put in an extra dollar, then Maud can buy a dress or something she needs," it was Helen Carr who made the generous sug-

CHURCH NEWS

Topics for the Week of Prayer

Topics for united prayer during the first week of the New Year, from Sunday, December 31, 1916, to Saturday, January 6, 1917, have been issued by the World's Evangelical Alliance through the agency of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. They are as follows:

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31st, 1916

TEXTS FOR SERMONS

"Another year's respite."

—LUKE xiii. 8, 9

"Christ the Head of the Church."

—EPH. i. 22, 23

"The triumph of faithfulness in national life."—HAB. ii. 4

"The only 'if.'—JOHN xii. 31, 32

"The God of our fathers."

—I CHRON. xxviii. 9

"The constraint of Christ's love."

—2 COR. v. 14

MONDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1917

THANKSGIVING AND HUMILIATION

THANKSGIVING—For the witness of the living Church and of the Holy Scriptures.

For the deepening of spiritual thought and life within the Church.

HUMILIATION—For our failure to live in "the communion of the Holy Spirit."

For the desecration of the Lord's day, the neglect of the Sanctuary, the contempt of God's Word, and the decay of Family piety.

SCRIPTURE READINGS: Psalm ciii. 1-5; Romans viii. 31-39; Psalm li.; Revelation iii. 14-32.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1917

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL—THE "ONE BODY" OF WHICH CHRIST IS THE HEAD

PENITENCE—For the failure of the Church to bear such faithful and united witness as would make its influence more deeply felt among professedly Christian nations.

PRAYER—For such a realization of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit as may lead to revival.

For the purification of the Church in every community throughout the world.

For the growth of a spirit of unity amid diversity of operations.

SCRIPTURE READINGS: Isaiah liv. 2-5; John xx. 19-23; Acts ii. 1-4; I Cor. xii. 4-7.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1917

NATIONS AND THEIR RULERS

PRAYER—For the world-wide recognition of the supreme law of love. That righteousness, mutual consideration and forbearance may prevail, and lasting peace be established.

That men of integrity, full of faith and of the Holy Spirit, may rule the nations.

SCRIPTURE READINGS: Psalm xxiv.; Psalm ci.; I Timothy ii. 1-8; I Peter ii. 13-25.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1917

MISSIONS AMONG THE HEATHEN

PRAYER—That the Church may give the Gospel in its fulness to the human race.

That a tactful, faithful, and fearless presentation of Christ may be made to Moslems.

That wisdom may be given in dealing with mass movements in India, racial problems in Africa, and tendencies toward materialism in China and Japan.

SCRIPTURE READINGS: Psalm ii.; Luke iv. 40-44; Romans xvi. 25-27.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1917

FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND THE YOUNG

PRAYER—That Family altars may be multiplied, and parents be influenced to pray with their children as well as for them.

That true Religion may have first place in all education.

That the movement in colleges and schools may be further widened and deepened.

SCRIPTURE READINGS: I Kings iii. 5-15; 2 Timothy iii. 14-17; Matthew xix. 13-15.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1917

MISSIONS AT THE HOME BASE

PRAYER—That Christians may no longer remain unconcerned while sin is working death among their neighbors.

That Christians may remember their debt to the Jews, and for Christ's sake seek to help them into the Light.

SCRIPTURE READINGS: Psalm ii.; Luke x. 25-37; Romans xi. 13-24.

Copies of the four-page pamphlet containing these topics together with the Call to the Churches may be secured at \$1.00 per hundred from the Federal Council of Churches, No. 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

Growth in the Philippines

Mr. Robert Speer describes the growth of the Christian Church in the Philippines in this striking way. "When I passed by the Philippine Islands, through the China Sea, eighteen years ago, there was not an evangelical church in the Islands. Now there are nearly 500. Then, I suppose, there was not a member of an evangelical church. Today such are counted by the tens of thousands."

Bible Teachers' Training School

The Bible Teachers' Training School in New York City has entered upon its seventeenth year with 143 students in attendance—the largest number ever enrolled at the opening of the year. In addition to these are many day students. This student body represents thirty-two States of the Union and four foreign countries—China, Japan, Korea and Mexico; seventeen denominations, two of which have made the Bible Teachers' Training School their official seminary for the training of their ministry. Fifty-four colleges, universities and seminaries are also represented. This school is really an aggregation of four schools—School of Theology, School for Bible Teachers, School of Missions, and a graduate school. An Italian department is maintained, which will have this year twenty students preparing for the Christian ministry among their own countrymen.

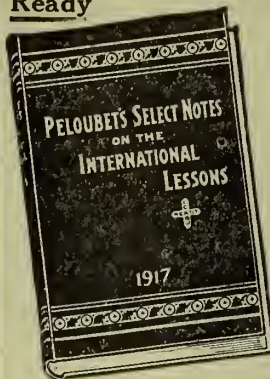
What One Subscriber Has Done

One of our subscribers, when sending her renewal subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER also sent the money to pay for a new subscription for a poor friend who would otherwise have been unable to receive the paper. She ordered a copy of our beautiful Calendar for 1917, entitled, "Making Friends," sent both to herself and friend. The entire expense of this transaction was \$1.10. Are there not many others among our friends who will do likewise?

"A Helpful Paper"

A lady in Fremont, Mich., writes: "I find the AMERICAN MESSENGER a very helpful paper."

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Should be in every Sunday School in the land

The above illustration is a small reproduction of the front cover page of one issue of APPLES OF GOLD. The paper itself is 10 inches by 7 inches in size. Of course, this reproduction does not show the beautiful color effect, so attractive to all children.

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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Park Ave. and 40th St., NEW YORK

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

"In Season and Out of Season"

We have often referred to the activities of the Japan Book and Tract Society, an organization, which was established under the joint auspices of the American Tract Society and the Religious Tract Society of London. We are glad to present herewith a picture illustrating the activities of the missionary colporters of that Society "in season and out of season."

In the illustration we see the entrance to Kabukiza Park in Tokyo, Japan. The colporter has been distributing Christian literature printed in the vernacular to the people who are entering and leaving the park. A close inspection will show that many of them hold in their hands the book or tract which they have received from the colporter. More or less snow can be seen in the foreground of the picture.



GIVING OUT TRACTS AT KABUKIZA PARK, TOKYO, JAPAN.

Winning Lepers to Christ

The Chiengmai Leper Asylum in North Siam is owned and operated by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. It is supported by the Mission to Lepers and by gifts from friends in Siam and America. It was established about eight years ago, and since its foundation it has sheltered nearly three hundred lepers. A recent statement concerning its work informs us that the work in this Asylum has been specially blessed not only in its philanthropic aspect, but also, and particularly, in its spiritual results.

The outcast leper has found here protection, food, clothing, and has also found the way of life. Of the more than 180 lepers now in the Asylum, all have become Christians of undoubted sincerity. The genuineness of their profession is evidenced by their changed lives, their fidelity in attending the daily chapel services, and their desire to extend the Kingdom of God, through their prayers and gifts. Prayer, which is not a part of the life or practice of the Buddhist of Siam, has become a very real and very precious experience of these leper Christians.

Hearing that the lepers of Persia were the most needy lepers in the world, they sent a gift of several dollars to them. They have contributed eight dollars to the American Bible Society, and ten dollars to the British and Foreign Bible Society for the distribution of Scriptures in America and Europe. At the communion service, held on the day of the visit of Dr. Speer, Mr. Day and Dr. Bovaird, these leper Christians contributed \$12.00 gold "to be sent to lepers in some other land, who are less fortunate than ourselves."

Where do these lepers get their money? They receive forty cents each Saturday to buy all their food for the coming week. Out of this scant allowance, all of which is really needed by themselves, they give with glad hearts to bring blessing both physical and spiritual to others.

The Conversion of a Hindu Carpenter

In the *Dnyanodaya*, a Christian periodical published in Bombay, India, we are told of the conversion of a man named Damji, a resident of Guzerat, and a carpenter by profession, who belongs to the middle class of Hindu society. The Voluntary Band of the Gospel-spreading Society, first came across him, listening earnestly to the gospel preached by them on the street, after Church service one Sunday afternoon, according to their usual practice. His keen interest was evidenced in his waiting till the end of the preaching, and buying a copy of the gospel in Guzerathi. When accosted by one of the band he asked for their address, saying he would communicate with them. Later he did write to one of the band, expressing his desire to keep up a correspondence. Soon he began to visit in person one or two members of the band, and for several months

he has been regularly visiting and seeking after the truth, coming to the pastor at night like Nicodemus and staying sometimes till one in the morning, absorbed in listening to the eternal truths of salvation. Finally, of his own accord, he sought baptism in the Hume Memorial Church, and accepted the Master in public.

Although he had heard the gospel in his own district in Guzerat, and had been favorably impressed with it, he needed personal communion with Christ, through His disciples, before he could be won over. In the prime of youth, and a man of intrepid and independent character, and of understanding, in spite of the lack of much literary education, he is conversant with popular Hinduism. In his early years he had lost faith in idols while tending the cows of a guru in a temple, because of the immoral ways of this guru and his followers, which were a shock to him. He then sought to forsake the world and adopt an ascetic life, but could not beg for his livelihood, as is the practice of sanyasis and gosavis. At this stage he came in contact with a guru of the Sanatan Dharma, and was favorably impressed with his charming ways and teaching, but was disgusted with his obstinate claim of equality with God.

Finally, Christ and His supreme claim won him, as he found in Christ the fullest expression of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. He has tried almost all forms of Hinduism, but could not find peace and joy as now in Christ Jesus in spite of all opposition and trouble. He knew full well what he would have to give up for Christ. His people, his only sister, and his friends, all have forsaken him. He is suffering great inconvenience, being unused to the food and ways of living of the Christian Community, and the few decent Hindu Vegetarian boarding houses in Bombay being now closed to him. But through Christ he is equal to the burden he has to bear.

On inquiry as to the attitude of his former co-religionists towards Christ, he asserts his belief that a great many of them would embrace Christianity were it not for the social ostracism and estrangement, from their people which would be the inevitable consequence. There is ample evidence for the above statement in the fact that hundreds of all classes listen quite earnestly and attentively to the gospel message and the

claims of Christ, whenever it is preached to them. This indicates clearly the attitude of India's millions towards Christ. It should also stir up the Lord's people to rise to this golden opportunity to help their countrymen to find Christ.

The Great Need in Central America

"As a superintendent of the American Bible Society," writes Mr. Alfred Hockings, "with three of the Central American republics under my supervision, and having to be constantly travelling through these republics, I have been led to realize the great need here of sound Gospel literature. We have found in our travels that the Central American wants to know things. These are not the days of indifference, but days of seeking after new things, and especially with regard to religions other than the Roman Catholic. The people, entirely dissatisfied, and disgusted with the representations of the Roman Catholic religion in these countries, are looking into Spiritualism, Agnosticism, Atheism, free thinking, etc. We can thank God however that not a few desire earnestly to know what Protestantism is, and especially what the Gospel of God's Grace is.

"In one town especially we spent two hours explaining to the Municipality at their request the soul-saving truths of God's pure Gospel. 'We have the Bible,' they said, 'but we want some explanation, we cannot search these things out for ourselves. Come and live with us, and teach us, or send some one to us, but meanwhile do not neglect to send us literature weekly, and sufficient to distribute around to others.'

"Gospel literature is especially useful to the colporters: often when we cannot leave even a portion of the Word of God, they will accept a tract or monthly Gospel paper. By these means they get so interested that they soon want to buy a Bible to learn more of what the tract teaches.

"On many occasions we have been called back to sell a book because the would-be buyer has read a tract given him a short time before. So it is patent that the Bible and the tract work together, and each help the other.

"On one occasion, while travelling by train in El Salvador we distributed tracts to each of the passengers. All were received gratefully with the ex-

ception of one given to a Roman Catholic priest. This priest immediately passed through the train demanding that the Gospel tracts be given up to him for destruction. With just one exception all resolutely refused. He then distributed little handbills full of insults against Protestants and Lutherans as we are called. These handbills described all Protestants as thieves, murderers, drunkards, etc. They were edited by the Roman Catholic Bishop who offered fifty to a hundred days indulgences to all who would read these insults and pray for the conversion of the Protestants.

"The passengers immediately compared our neat, four-page tracts with the insulting little handbills of the Bishop. They were loud in their praises of our tracts, and as loud in their denunciations of the handbills. This made the priest angry, and caused him to indirectly insult us, and challenge us to prove that salvation was by faith and not works. Needless to say the challenge was taken up, and a splendid opportunity for preaching the Gospel was the result. The train at this moment stopped at a wayside farm and the passengers in the other coaches came to inquire into the excitement so that the coach was full of eager listeners, much to the chagrin of the priest.

"In various places we have been asked for literature by the native deacons and Pastors of churches for distribution among the congregations who in their turn seek to pass them on to others for the propagation of the Gospel. We as colporters urgently need Gospel literature to carry into those places where the Bible has not been taken before so that if they do not buy a portion of the Bible, they will not be left without at least a good Gospel message to stir up their desires for better things, and holier lives."

The Flavor of the Gospel

A Chinese evangelist in Shantung discovered a truly remarkable person in a village seldom visited by missionary preachers. About five years ago this old man had by some means secured a large print Gospel of St. John. When the evangelist arrived the old man showed that he understood the message: "I know that Jesus came down from God, from heaven. I have the book that tells about Him, I read it constantly, Yo-han Fu-yin" (John's Good News).

He was told that St. John was one of many sacred writers; he replied: "I do not care for any others; this flavor is excellent; I read this constantly, and ten parts believe in Jesus (i. e., perfectly believe in Jesus). You need not exhort me to trust in Him. For nearly five years I have read about Him in this book, and want nothing better."

The evangelist then taught the old man to pray, and urged him to become acquainted with the communities of Christians near him, with whom he might have fellowship. The nearest missionary says: "We have sent him a large-print New Testament, and invited him to visit us. This man knows no church, no ordinances, no fellowship, no teacher, save Jesus' book and the Holy Spirit, Who reveals the deep things of this simplest, profoundest Gospel."

How the Way Was Prepared

Haitang is a Chinese island about twenty-five miles long, with a population of 70,000. About thirty-seven years ago, it is reported, one of the inhabitants, being on the mainland, heard of Jesus, from a fellow-traveler at a Chinese inn. He accepted the truth, returned to Haitang, and did not rest until he had carried the Gospel to every one of the villages on the island. When the missionaries went, about ten years ago, they found a prepared people. There are now preaching stations in thirty villages. Some of these poor village Christians give one-fourth of their income for the spread of the Gospel.

Our Fireside

Pete's Christmas Eve

By Felicia Buttz Clark

PETE felt he was down on his luck this cold morning. He whistled, but in a minor key, as he went across town to the scene of his duties as chief of a squad of boot-blacks, who worked in the more aristocratic sections of the city, near the men's clubs and on broad avenues where large houses stood and automobiles were waiting.

Pete's home furnished a considerable contrast to these palatial mansions. It consisted of four rooms, in one of which the poor, tired mother cooked for a family of eight children. In a room next to the kitchen, Pete slept with four brothers. The three girls occupied another room, with their father and mother.

This morning Pete's whistle was unusually minor, because his father, who had been in the habit of drinking, but not to excess, had come home thoroughly intoxicated, had struck his mother—Pete doubled up his fists now in impotent anger at the thought—and lay in a heavy sleep when he ought to be at work.

"Now, Jim Riley," said Peter, when he arrived at the scene of his labors, "none o'ye foolishness! You jest git down to work, an' mighty lively too. An' you, Buggy, take this here outfit an' git a move on ye. No idlin' now, no playin'. You've got your livin' to earn."

Jim Riley stuck an impudent face up under his chief's scowling one and made a sigh of derision. "D'ye know what day it is, Pete Dinky?"

"Dunno, an' don't care," was the gruff reply.

This, from a usually cheerful companion, daunted Jim.

"I say, what's come over ye, Pete?"

"Nothin'! Git to work."

"But it's Chris'mus Eve, Petie," Jim's voice held a melancholy quaver now.

"Don't care if it is," Pete gave a majestic wave of his hand and the boys vanished.

For his executive ability, the Polish boy had been chosen head of the small band of boot-blacks, who conscientiously brought him their earnings every night. The nickels and quarters were parted and divided exactly into four parts. The boys relied absolutely on Pete's honesty. "Shine, sir?"

The chief's tone changed completely, as a man came towards the corner where his brass-studded chair stood. Pete forgot the drunken father, the tired mother, the gloomy home and turned his attention to business. He knew this gentleman by name. Mr. Eric Hart, he was,

and he lived not far off in one of the finest mansions on the street. To ask him to have a shine was almost superfluous, for he had a lot of men to serve him, but from force of habit Pete hailed him.

To his surprise, Mr. Hart nodded, mounted the chair and Pete began operations. Glancing up quickly he saw the expression on the man's face. He was scowling to such a degree that Pete's own scowl, when Jim looked at him, was almost a smile.

"Down on his luck, too!" thought the boot-black, polishing fast. He wanted to do a good job. "By gum!" thought Pete to himself, "he looks as ef he'd ben eatin' nails."

"Fine day, sir, for Chris'mus Eve."

Mr. Hart grunted.

"Didn't know it was Christmas Eve," he replied, won to speech by the honest blue eyes raised to him.

"Ain't ye no got children?" queried Pete, examining his work on the first shoe with critical eye and giving it a final polish.

"No."

There was silence. No one but Mr. Hart knew how lonely that great brownstone house was, with its handsome furniture, splendid paintings and body of servants sufficient for a large family. It was because he was so horribly lonely that he had declined to enter the costly motor car in which he could ride in solitary grandeur, and was walking, intending to go down town by the plebeian subway. Something within him demanded companionship and life.

Well, it wasn't his fault that he was so lonely. He had asked a beautiful woman to be the light of his life and home and she had declined. Why? Because he was a man who believed that he was his own God, the arbiter of his own destiny. Perhaps they would not have been happy together, anyway, and yet—

His heart stood still just one minute, and then started on furiously as he saw coming toward him a slender figure in blue cloth, a mass of white fur, broad velvet hat with a snowy plume stuck straight on the side, and a muff to which was fastened a big bunch of sweet smelling Parma violets.

Pete had just finished polishing the second shoe to his satisfaction and rose to his feet, flushed with his labor.

Mr. Hart slipped down from his chair and wished that he could get away quickly, but he was not able to pay Pete, for the boy also had caught sight

of the lady and his eyes were shining with joy. The boot-black and Ellen Spear! It was a queer combination. Mr. Hart held his dime ready, and watched the little scene with a queer feeling in his throat. Never had she looked so sweet to him, yet that insuperable obstacle lay between them. She believed in God; he did not—or at least he thought that he did not, which is the case with most atheists.

"Oh, Pete," she said, in her rich young voice, utterly oblivious of the man whose shoes had been blackened. "You'll be sure to come to-night to the Christmas tree."

"I was kind o' fraid"—began the boy, his lips quivering as he glanced at his old, gray suit. "I ain't—got—no—clo'es but these."

"As if it mattered! Why, Pete, dear, this is the night when the Christ-child came to bring us love and peace and goodwill. You come just as you are and be sure to ask for me."

Growing suddenly shy in the idea that another person was present, the girl in the white fur lifted a face as pure and sweet as her violets, to the tall man.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and her cheeks turned scarlet. "Good morning, Mr. Hart."

"Good morning, Miss Spear." He raised his hat and she walked on very briskly.

"Ain't she jest the stunner? An' to think of her stoppin' to speak to sech as me. 'Come jes' as ye are, Pete,' sez she. 'This is the night that the Christ-child come to bring us love, an' peace an' goodwill,' sez she."

Curiosity got the better of the dignified Mr. Hart's habitual reserve. He changed the dime to a quarter and dropped it into Pete's hand.

"I ain't got no change, sir. It's my first job this morning."

"It's all right, Pete, keep it. It's Christmas Eve." This was said shamefacedly, for Eric Hart had not forgotten that only an hour before he had wondered bitterly why people keep up these antiquated customs. He had been obliged to give the servants the usual presents, a mere form, but nothing else would he do.

"Give me the quarter back, boy," he said, quickly.

Pete's face fell, but brightened at once when Mr. Hart held out to him a crisp dollar bill.

"I oughtn't to take so much, sir." The tone was awe-struck. "But are ye givin' it to me because the Christ-child come to earth an' the angels sung?"

Mr. Hart hesitated.

"You keep it, Pete. How do you happen to know that young lady?"

"She's my Sunday School teacher.

One day I was yellowin' her pretty shoes an' she sed: 'Where do you go to Sunday School?' An' I sed: 'Blamed if I go anywhere, Miss. What is Sunday School, anyway?' An' she sez: 'Come an' see.' An' I went an' it was so grand, I was afraid to go in, only she come an' tuk me by the hand, and sed: 'Come. It's the big church up on the avenoo, where the picture-windows is. I ben goin' there now fur six months. She's got a class o' boys jes' like me, mebbe not so poor. And she visits us."

Never had Eric Hart imagined that the elegant Miss Spear, the darling of aristocracy, had done such work as this. In spite of himself a deep respect for her religion took hold of him. She lived it, then. In this present age, the religion that is wanted is the practical religion that makes a man or woman feel the needs of the poor, suffering world, that makes them give of their wealth that the great work of lifting up mankind may go on, that forces them to give themselves, that the world may come nearer to Christ. So Eric Hart came nearer to a knowledge of what the soul-life hidden in God really is, by that little incident of the beautiful woman and the poor boot-black than he had ever done before in all his well-bred life.

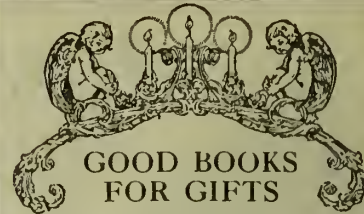
"What time is the Christmas-tree?" he asked.

"Half-past five, sir."

"You come around to my house, Pete, at five o'clock and you'll find something you like. Do you know where it is?"

"You bet, sir," cried the delighted

(Continued on next page.)



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Pete's Christmas Eve

(Continued from page 222.)

Pete, taking off his cap. "Yes, sir, all-right, sir. Shine, sir?" and he was again at business.

It was a new and timid Pete who entered Grace Church at exactly five-thirty that evening. Miss Spear gazed at him in astonishment.

"Why, Pete," she said, a little anxiously. "How did you get those clothes?"

"He gave 'em to me," he whispered with glee.

"He? Who?"

"Mr. Hart, the gentleman I was shinin' for when you come by this morning."

"Oh!" responded Ellen Spear. Eric Hart had dressed Pete up in this nice blue serge suit. Why? She dared not think the answer but her color was a little higher than usual as she went away to take a last look at the tree, whose splendor in lights of green and blue and red and gold would soon dazzle the eyes of five hundred children.

She looked very sweet in the eyes of a man who sat by one of the Gothic pillars, not merely because of her personal beauty, but because of a glimpse he had had into the loveliness of her soul. Never had she been so dear to him as at that moment; never had he longed so intensely to have her for his wife, for his life companion. Yet the obstacles were as insuperable as ever. He did not, could not, believe as she did. To obtain her consent, he could not pretend to believe, for Eric Hart was no hypocrite.

It was with a feeling of sadness that he followed the services, saw the tree lighted, heard the murmur of delight from the children, and listened to the singing of the beautiful Christmas hymns.

He had heard them often in his childhood, when, with his mother, he had sat in this same church, and Ellen Spear, a little girl with long shining hair, had sat just opposite, where he could see her. Eric Hart could not remember when he had not loved Ellen. But, after his mother's death, he had not gone to church any more. He and Ellen had only met in society or in her home.

It is strange how God uses very little things, and very humble instruments to accomplish His great ends. After all, it was Pete, the boot-black, who was the cause of a dawning of truth, the planting of a tiny seed of faith in the soul of a man who scorned hypocrisy, who was almost frightened for fear that love of woman would cause him to attempt to feel something not sincere. That temptation Eric was determined to resist. He would live without her before he would do that.

Idly, he watched the happiness in Pete's face, and a moisture came into his eyes at the remembrance of how Pete had looked when he donned his new suit.

"You must love the Christ-child very much," he had said, and Eric Hart was ashamed.

Pete was singing vigorously, over yonder, those exquisite words of Philips Brooks' song of Bethlehem. The words came straight into the rift in the heart of the world-worn man.

"How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.

No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in."

The surgeon lifted his head, after a thorough examination of Pete, who lay, white and peaked, upon the white bed of a hospital ward.

"He's all right," the big man said, cheerily, "only a bit shaken by the fall when the automobile struck him. You'll have a merry Christmas yet, my little man."

"Thank God!" burst from Eric Hart's lips.

Ellen Spear, from her place on the other side of the white bed, where she had been holding Pete's hand, not ashamed of the tears running down her

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cheeks, turned suddenly, and gave Eric a full, long look, which he met with such an expression in his dark eyes that she flushed and bent over Pete again. The last time she had spoken to Eric Hart, he had neither thanked nor praised God. In fact, he had treated her to a long scientific argument as to why there could not be any ruler of the universe.

"Lie still till to-morrow, little Pete," she whispered, conscious of a great happiness filling her heart. "I'll come for you in the morning, and take you away in the motor-car and we'll have a glorious Christmas. Oh, Petie, you were so brave; if it had not been for you—I—"

"I saw the auto a'coming, Miss, an' you was right in front of it, an'—you—didn't see it. I dunno what happened next, till I woke up here. An' Mr. Hart! My new suit is all spoiled and muddy!"

"You shall have a new suit, Pete," Mr. Hart said, with husky voice. If it had not been for the poor little boot-black—he did not dare to think.

Unconsciously, he reached out his hand

to the woman opposite him, over the body of Pete, and she clasped it warmly.

"I say—you two—" began Pete. Then his mouth spread with a broad grin.

When they had gone away Pete lay very still in the clean, soft bed. He was very sleepy, and pressed close to his face the bunch of violets, fallen from the dress of Ellen Spear. As they grew warm the fragrance was sweet as that of the wood-violets at the base of a tall oak when the Spring sunshine falls upon them.

"The Christ-child comes to bring love an' peace an' hope," he murmured, and then fell asleep, while the chimes upon a church near by rang out merrily, for Christmas Day had come.

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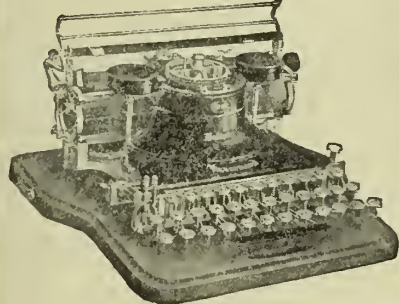


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Publishers will confer a favor by sending us announcements of their new books. So far as space will allow, we will ask publishers to send us for review such books as in our judgment will be of interest and value to our readers. We do not promise to review books that are sent to us unsolicited.

Any book here mentioned will be sent upon receipt of the given price, if ordered from the "American Tract Society," Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York City.

Peloubet's Select Notes.—This forty-third annual volume on the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons is a treasure house of information, inspiration and illumination. It stands foremost among all the helps available for Sunday School teachers and Bible students who use the International Lessons. During the first six months of 1917 these lessons will consist of Studies in the Gospel of John; in the latter half of the year the lessons will be taken from the Old Testament books (Kings, Ezra, Nehemiah and the Prophets).

The authors of this volume, Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and Amos R. Wells, Litt.D., LL.D., bring to their task long experience, profound scholarship and a most complete equipment for Bible study and research. They have put into this book in condensed form the results of many years of study, travel and observation. They have gathered the most telling illustrations and incorporated the most helpful plans and methods in their treatment of the lessons.

We commend this volume most heartily not only to those who are to use the International Lessons but to all students of the sacred Word. (Cloth, 384 pages. Price, \$1.15 net; delivered, \$1.25. W. A. Wilde Company, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.)

Mary Slessor of Calabar.—By W. P. Livingstone.

This volume presents a remarkable addition to the missionary literature of the world. It is the story of a simple Scotch factory girl who became a wonderfully successful missionary of the Cross in the wilds of Africa. It is a narrative of pioneer missionary effort which thrills the reader through and through, and which reveals how the Gospel of Christ may become a power unto salvation for the lowest and most degraded savage.

The author of this book, Mr. W. P. Livingstone, is the Editor of the Record of the United Free Church of Scotland. He has compiled the life

story of Mary Slessor from varied sources, but chiefly from her own letters, which tell in simple, unaffected fashion of the great work which she was able to accomplish in leading untutored barbarians to a living knowledge of the Gospel of which she was a most devoted and loyal exponent.

Mary Slessor stands out as a shining illustration of what may be done by a simple, earnest woman, endowed with little more than ordinary ability but endowed with a most indefatigable spirit of Christian zeal. By some people this woman would be described as peculiar. By some she might indeed be called a crank, but she demonstrated by her life and work that personal eccentricities are of little significance when one is moved by a holy purpose and filled with the power of the Spirit of God.

There is much that is amusing in the account of "Ma" Slessor's dealing with the natives. At times there is also the pathos of unspeakable tragedy, for, sometimes, even Mary Slessor could not save the natives from the deadly results of their evil habits and their benighted superstitions.

But through the midst of all this narrative there runs as a golden thread the revelation of the power of the Gospel to transform, uplift and uphold. Mary Slessor has passed from her earthly sphere of labor, but the record of her life will serve to stimulate all who read it to a desire to emulate her noble career of loving and self-sacrificing service. (Cloth, 347 pages. 12mo. Price, \$1.50 net. George H. Doran Company, 38 West 32nd Street, New York, N. Y.)

The Juniors; How to Teach and Train Them.—By Maud Junkin Baldwin.

This little volume, written by the Superintendent of the Elemental Division of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath Association, deals with the handling of that important group in the Sunday School known as the Junior Department, in which are grouped the boys and girls from nine to twelve years of age. It advocates a high standard for the Junior Department, and sets forth the ways and means by which it is believed that teachers may attain that standard. Christian workers who are dealing with children of the ages named will find many helpful suggestions in this book. (Boards. 107 pages. Price, 45 cents. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pa.)

A FINE CALENDAR FOR CHRISTMAS



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MANY words of glowing commendation have been spoken concerning the beautiful Calendar, "Making Friends," which we offer to our subscribers for the year 1917. This Calendar has been secured by arrangement with the Osborne Company, who are specialists in the production of Art Calendars. It measures 10 by 17 inches, and is printed in a rich sepia tint. When the year is ended, the date pad (which does not appear in the illustration) may be detached, and the Calendar will make a choice subject for framing.

We will give this Calendar, postpaid, and one year's subscription to the *American Messenger* for 60 cents, or we will give the Calendar as a premium to any subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1917 and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all. If the new subscriber in the foregoing case also desires a Calendar, \$1.10 must be remitted. For every Canadian subscription 12 cents additional for postage must be remitted, and for every foreign subscription 24 cents.

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The Microscopic Habit

"I suppose science is a great thing," said an old lady, with the doubtful tone of one venturing into unfamiliar regions, "and all these new-fangled fashions of investigating is useful, but seems like we haven't much peace at our house since John's taken to looking at everything through a microscope. The water ain't pure, the vegetables is inhabited, and all the wholesome, comfortable things that we've enjoyed and been thankful for all these years is discovered to have specks and spots, till 'most everything is spoiled."

But the microscope habit is still worse when it invades the moral and spiritual realm. There are those so addicted to it that they are constantly turning the glass upon their fellows and all their doings and exclaiming over the defects that keen scrutiny can bring to light. The home life that looks so beautiful has its flaws, after all; the kind deed that is so helpful holds its alloy of selfishness. The one whose example stirs to emulation is far from perfect. There are mixed motives to be discovered, if one looks closely enough, in the teacher whose words thrill and uplift those about him. Friendship, philanthropy and faith, all are subjected to the ever-ready glass and all pronounced imperfect. The trouble with the microscope people is that they only spoil what we have; they never substitute anything better.—EXCHANGE.

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OUR MEDICINE CHEST

"Your narrative is too highly colored," remarked the editor, returning the bulky manuscript.

"In what way?" inquired the disappointed author.

"Why," replied the editor, "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn green with envy, the hero turn white with anger, the heroine turn red with blushes, and the coachman turn blue with cold."

"Dat candidate was a gre't disap'intment to me," said the old colored man. "I dunno when I has been so took down." "Why, he greeted you cordially, and took you by the hand." "Yessah, he tuck me by de han', but when he leggo my han' ag'in dar was'nuffin' in it."

An old negro of Joplin, complaining that he had lost his dog, his employer asked why he didn't advertise for the animal in the newspapers. "Dat wouldn't do no good," returned the old man. "Why not?" asked his employer. "Well, sah, dat dog kain't read," responded the old negro.

A dealer in stuffed animals, who also kept a few live creatures for sale, gave his shopboy, who was permitted to sell the stuffed specimens, orders to call him when any one asked for any of the living animals. One day a gentleman called and demanded a monkey.

"Any one of these?" asked the boy, who was in charge, pointing to the stuffed specimens.

"No, I want a live monkey," answered the customer.

The boy stepped to the door of the back shop, and called to his master:

"You're wanted, sir."

The studio "tea" had been a great success; the one small and very youthful member of the company had walked softly about, looking at the pictures. Just before the party broke up the artist discovered him surveying a picture of a lion with awe and interest.

"Don't be afraid, little chap," said the artist, genially, patting his small guest on the head. "He won't hurt you."

"Oh, I'm not afraid at all," came the response in a clear treble that caused every one to listen. "He doesn't look a bit as if he were alive, you know."

"I certainly won't settle in this place," asserted the newcomer. "I met two men who looked as if they were starving to death."

"Just a proof of our healthy location," was the answer. "They are the doctor and the undertaker."

A colored man entered the general store of a small Ohio town and complained to the storekeeper that a ham that he had purchased there a few days before had proved not to be good.

"The ham is all right, Joe," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the other.

"Dat ham's sure bad."

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

Joe reflected solemnly a moment, and then suggested:

"Maybe it's don had a relapse."

"I didn't know your little boy had to wear glasses." "Well, y' know, he's not obliged to; but they were a good pair of poor dear 'Enry's, and I thought it such a pity to waste 'em."

Mark Twain, so the story goes, was walking on a Hannibal street when he met a woman with her youthful family. "So this is the little girl, eh?" Mark said to her as she displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex." "Yassah," the woman replied; "yassah, dat's a girl too."

"Now," said a Boston school teacher to his class in English, "can any one give me a word ending in 'ous,' meaning full of, as 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?"

For a moment there was a dead silence. Then a small boy raised his hand.

"Well," queried the teacher, "what is your word?"

Then came the reply, "Pious, full of pie!"

Dinah Snow was a colored cook in the home of the Smiths. One morning on going to the kitchen, Mrs. Smith noticed that Dinah looked as if she had been tangled up with a road-roller.

"Why, Dinah!" exclaimed she, "what in the world has happened to you?"

"Was me husband," explained Dinah. "He done went an' beat me ag'in, an' jest fo' nothin', too!"

"Again!" cried Mrs. Smith, with increasing wonder. "Why don't you have him arrested?"

"Been thinkin' ob it several times, missy," was the rejoinder of Dinah, "but I hain't had no money to pay his fine."

A new post office was established at a small village far out West, and the office of postmaster was bestowed on a native of the soil. After a while complaints were made that no mail was sent out from the new office. So an inspector was sent to inquire into the matter. He asked the postmaster why no mail had been sent out. The postmaster pointed to a big and nearly empty mail bag hanging up in a corner and said: "Why, I ain't sent it out because the bag ain't nowhere nigh full yet."

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The publishers of this paper frequently receive letters from people who would be very glad to receive the AMERICAN MESSENGER, but circumstances over which they have no control prevent them from sending even the small amount to pay for a year's subscription. Among such are faithful workers on home missionary fields, where the salary is small, aged men and women living in Homes, without any income of their own, chaplains in prisons and hospitals, and many other needy people.

Among the thousands of subscribers to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, we believe that there are many who would be more than pleased to assist in the Lord's work by sending this paper to one or more of these needy and deserving cases. We are confident that you will be well repaid by responding favorably to this appeal. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Fifty cents will pay for one copy for a year, or \$1.50 will pay for five copies to be sent to individual names. Surely a paper of this kind would be appreciated by all receiving it, especially at this Christmas season.

Please send all subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park avenue and Fortieth street, New York City.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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On account of the additional charge which is made by the New York Post Office for mailing to subscribers in New York and Bronx Counties (Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), no club rates, cash commissions or premiums will be given for subscriptions that must be sent to persons residing in those Counties. Each subscription in New York or Bronx County must be at the rate of 50 cents net.

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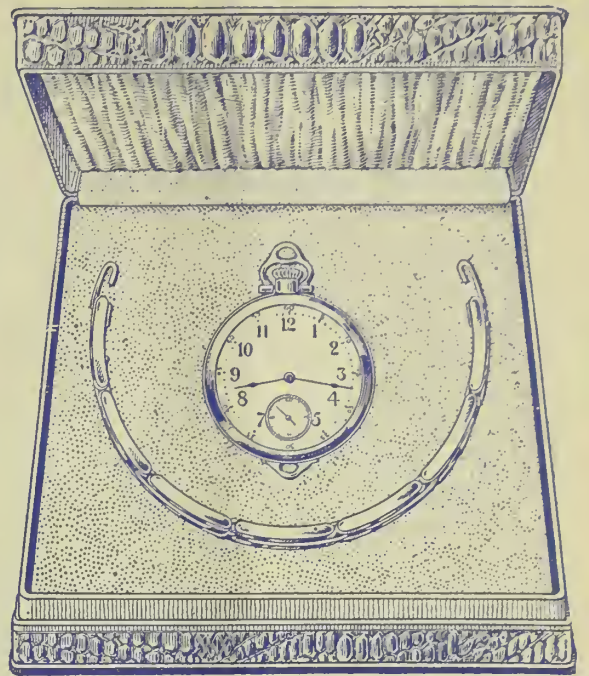
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"THE ROAD TO UNDERSTANDING"

By MRS. ELEANOR H. PORTER, Author of "Pollyanna," "Just David," Etc.

The above is the title of a new serial story written by Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter, whose famous story "Pollyanna" was first printed in the Christian Herald. Competent critics who have read the manuscript declare it to be better even than "Pollyanna." The first installment of this remarkable story will be printed in the Christian Herald early during the coming year. It will be preceded by another serial story telling

HOW JANICE DAY WON THE TEMPERANCE FIGHT

This is the story of the strenuous efforts of Janice to stamp out the drink evil from her beloved small town. How she did it is an example which might well be followed by women in many other small towns. Both of these stories will be printed in book form. 100,000 copies of "The Road to Understanding" will be issued from the first printing at \$1.35 each. Thousands of copies of the Janice Day book also have been sold in advance for \$1.25 each. But by subscribing for the Christian Herald you will be able to read both of these stories without one cent of extra expense. Either one of them is worth the subscription price alone.

OTHER REMARKABLE FEATURES

The Church and Present-Day Problems: This will be a series devoted to the study of the church in looking after the material well-being as well as the spiritual uplift of the people.

The Future of Christianity will deal with the effect which the great war in Europe will have upon religion.

The Church in the Rural Community will be a series of articles which should be of tremendous interest to all who have the welfare of the out-of-town church at heart.

Are We Nearing the End of the Religious Age? This will be a splendid article, which will contain information of tremendous interest to all religious people. There will be articles on the relation of children to church work; the Church and Socialism; the Rising Cost of Living; a review of the progress of all religious denominations during the past year; an article on Memory, and How to Improve It, will be especially instructive.

Through the Orient with that gifted young writer, Maynard Owen Williams, who is now on a trip through the Far East especially for the Christian Herald. He will visit the mission stations of Japan, China and other places in the Orient. His Japan letters, already received, make fascinating reading. This is one of the most entertaining and instructive features of the Christian Herald.

Our Sermonic Department will give the Gospel message a stronger and more confident note than ever before. Among the regular contributors will be Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D., who, besides contributing the first sermon of each month, will also lead in the Medi-

tations. Other contributors will be Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, Rev. David J. Burrell, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. D. H. Steffens, Rev. H. P. Eckhardt, Rev. C. A. Eaton and Dr. F. E. Meyer.

The Mountain Peaks of Prophecy. One of the leading authorities on Prophecy today is Prof. James M. Gray, Dean of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, already well known to our readers, who has promised to contribute four comprehensive and wonderfully enlightening articles on "The Mountain Peaks of Prophecy," which everyone who loves to look forward to the time of the world's redemption will read with intense interest.

Christian Experiences. The series will continue during a large part of the coming year and will tell of the personal struggles and triumphs of many who have found the way of salvation.

The Reformation Jubilee. Nineteen hundred and seventeen is the four-hundredth anniversary of the Reformation. Protestant America is arranging for a great Jubilee Celebration. All the denominations are interested in it. Special articles, dealing with the leading phases of the Reformation and the influence of Luther's life and work on America and the world, will be contributed by able writers, including Rev. D. H. Steffens, Prof. W. H. T. Dau, Rev. H. P. Eckhardt, Rev. E. H. Pannkoek, and others who are making a special study of the subject.

There will be the Young People's Departments; the news of the day, secular as well as religious; short stories; poems and thousands of illustrations during the coming year.

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FOR TELLING WHAT THIS PICTURE MEANS

The illustration represents a verse in the Old Testament.

If you know an appropriate Bible verse, write it on a sheet of paper or on a post card; sign your name and postal address. Mail it to the address below.

As a reward, you will receive a souvenir, such as a pretty book mark, art panel, or other minor attractive article, a copy of the Christian Herald, with its treasury of interesting pictures, delightful stories by eminent authors, important news topics (impartially printed), aids to right living, chatty information, original witticisms and other worth-while features; also prospectus telling about our Second great Bible Picture Study, in which you may gain \$1,000 in cash, or one of 999 other cash rewards for telling the Bible verses that correctly apply to a series of pictures.



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A most attractive inducement to Bible study is the contest to be conducted in the Christian Herald.

The Picture shown here is a specimen from the last contest; there were 60 pictures and over three thousand dollars paid in cash rewards.

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Miss S. A. Zelly wrote: "The contest is a wonderful work; I am finding more and more in God's Word for me as I seek." Chas. F. Harris wrote: "Can hardly wait for each issue of Christian Herald to come; am enjoying the contest very much." Mrs. Jennie Pettit wrote: "I have received unique, fascinating pleasure and spiritual uplift from the contest." These are but a trio from a legion of letters of praise. You will enjoy the Bible Picture Study, too.

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AMM

Vol. 75

No. 1

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

JANUARY, 1917



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

CHURCH NEWS

One Hundred Years Old

The American Sunday School Union of Philadelphia is preparing to celebrate its one hundredth anniversary.

This unique and distinctive organization has grown steadily from the time of its inception until now. It is known throughout the country as one of the most practical and efficient benevolent societies in existence.

Its headquarters are in Philadelphia, where it owns a modern four-story building on the main shopping thoroughfare in the business center of the city. This building contains over twenty thousand square feet of floor space, and is occupied exclusively by the various departments of the organization, including the retail book store, the stock and shipping rooms, editorial department, missionary department, mailing rooms, composing rooms, bindery, etc.

At the present time, there are over 230 active field missionaries promoting the work of the American Sunday School Union in the United States. It is the particular object of these field workers to establish and equip Sunday schools in communities which are without religious development.

The work of these field missionaries is very frequently in undeveloped sections of the country, difficult of access, and many of them have experienced hardships of almost every conceivable kind. It is their work, however, to go where they are most needed, regardless of the sacrifices involved.

The wide scope of the work of the American Sunday School Union is readily recognized by reference to some of the actual statistics. During the past year, nearly fifteen hundred new Sunday schools have been organized, into which over seven thousand teachers and over sixty-eight thousand scholars have been gathered. The society's representatives also visited and rendered aid to 14,753 schools, including 76,156 teachers and 902,109 scholars. And, in connection with this work, 10,770 Bibles were distributed with 25,633 copies of the New Testament Scriptures.

During the entire history of the society, approximately 130,000 Sunday schools have been founded, on an average of about four a day. Thus, literally millions of children have been taught the principles of Christianity and the advantages of upright living—many of whom otherwise would never have known the Word of God nor the meaning of worship in any form. And, in addition to these millions of children, many thousands of parents have become converted to Christian lives as a direct result of the society's work.

With results of such incalculable value to look back upon and still greater results to be attained in the future the American Sunday School Union and all its affiliated workers may justly feel a deep sense of satisfaction and pride in the forthcoming celebration of a whole century of uplifting service.

The American Sunday School Union is undenominational. Its board of managers consists of laymen, representing seven different denominations. The large percentage of the Sunday Schools organized, later become affiliated with, or develop into various denominational churches; all of which is governed entirely by the wishes of the community residents in each case.

The New President of the World's Sunday School Association

Mr. H. T. R. Ferens, of Hull, England, has been chosen to succeed the late Sir Robert Laidlaw. Mr. Ferens has been a member of Parliament for the last ten years, but during that time he has continued to act as superintendent of the Brunswick Wesleyan Methodist Sunday school, of which he has been in charge for forty-two years, and which

now has a membership of 2,500. During Parliamentary sessions, Mr. Ferens travels back from London to Hull each Friday, returning Monday morning—about two hundred miles each way—in order to superintend his school on Sunday and conduct the young people's service on Sunday evening. He has been treasurer of the British Section of the World's Sunday School Association since 1913, and in 1908 was president of the London Sunday School Union.

In addition to his Parliamentary duties, Mr. Ferens is Privy Councillor of London, and also High Steward of Hull—an office generally held by a peer of the realm. Political opponents admire him and many vote for him because of his high personal character.

Mr. Ferens is chief director of an industrial firm with a capital of £2,000,000. He entered the firm nearly fifty years ago with an empty pocket, and sterling worth has brought him to the front. He believes in systematic giving; when a man is only moderately well off, one-tenth of his income may suffice, but as he becomes rich his proportion should be raised. He has presented a public park to the city of Hull, has built and endowed a haven of rest for old people, and provided two recreation grounds for tennis, cricket, etc., in different parts of the city.

To such a national and international leader as Sir Robert Laidlaw, Mr. Ferens is a worthy successor; and the World's Association may well feel honored in his selection as the official leader of the Sunday-school hosts which number 31,000,000 souls.

On the Mexican Border

The Army Young Men's Christian Association is now operating forty-two large frame buildings in twenty-two camps of troops on the Mexican border. There are, in addition, six large tents and a traveling equipment consisting of an automobile truck, which is used to transport supplies to the isolated outposts in the Big Bend district of Texas.

Work is also carried on in hospitals, with troops on practice marches, at target ranges and visits are made regularly to the camps of patrol detachments. At intervals of five or six weeks, an expedition by motor truck carries Y. M. C. A. supplies to the men of General Pershing's command in Mexico. The work is in charge of 160 secretaries, who are assisted by committees of officers and men, and is supervised by two field secretaries, one at San Antonio and the other at El Paso. The general headquarters are in New York.

About 130,000 National Guardsmen and regular troops are served. Up to December 1st, 90 tons of writing paper and 80 tons of magazines had been distributed. Each center has a circulating library. Every building has a folding organ and many have pianos. Sixty phonographs are in use and 29 motion picture machines in operation. An average of 60,000 letters a day are written and mailed in the Association buildings.

There are lectures, concerts and entertainments in the evening. A regular educational program is being carried out, the courses including mathematics, English, Spanish and other branches.

Gospel meetings and Bible classes are held regularly and are well attended. The buildings are headquarters for the social life of the camps and are visited by thousands of men daily.

At Brownsville, Texas, there is an unusually successful group of Bible classes. On a single Sunday some 350 men from Virginia regiments attended. An interesting fact in connection with the teaching staff is the varied type of leadership. Among the teachers are one private, one corporal, one sergeant, five first lieutenants, three captains, one major and two Association secretaries.

Recent Temperance Activities

The Anti-Saloon League of New York announces that the Rev. Dr. James Empringham, who resigned the Rectorate of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Syracuse, N. Y., about a year ago, to become superintendent of the Metropolitan District of the Anti-Saloon League, has resigned that position in order to take charge of the work of the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The decision of the leaders of the Episcopal Church constituting the Board of the Church Temperance Society to give definite and practical aid in the furtherance of a specific temperance issue in New York following closely upon the endorsement by the recent convention of the Diocese of New York of the Optional Prohibition Bill is the most notable temperance event of the past year next to the dry victories in the recent election.

This endorsement by the Episcopal Convention of the Optional Prohibition program, and the action of the Church Temperance Society in coming for its leadership in this new aggressive policy to the distinguished clergyman of its own church whom the Anti-Saloon League had chosen and developed into an expert, and the fact that Dr. Empringham, although leaving the League to become the official representative of his Church, still holds to the Anti-Saloon League as the most effective agency for co-operative effort, will still further strengthen it in the confidence of the conservative element.

With this latest reinforcement added to the national victories and the outspoken attitude of strong political leaders to the effect that the time has come to recognize the rights of the people of the cities to a voice on the liquor question, the passage of advanced temperance legislation at the coming New York General Assembly is seemingly well assured.

Our Honor Roll

Some time ago we started on Honor Roll on which are placed the names of those into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSENGER has come for fifty years or more. To this Honor Roll we have now added the name of Mrs. Fletcher, of Melrose, Mass., who has been receiving the AMERICAN MESSENGER for sixty years, and also the name of Mrs. McElroy, of Lebanon, Kentucky, who has written us in part as follows:

"DEAR AMERICAN MESSENGER: I have been in a hospital for some time, but am improving now. I can read a little. You are very near my Bible. Your last issue is one of the very best. From childhood I have read you till now I am a very old lady. I am sending you a club of five subscriptions (as I have done for many years), to be sent to those who could not otherwise have the AMERICAN MESSENGER—as a 'little deed of love.' I have been a life member of the American Tract Society for many years, and have it much on my heart."



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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

Park Avenue and 40th Street

New York City

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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A New Year's Greeting

To all the readers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER we extend our best wishes for a very Happy New Year. We none of us know what the coming months have in store, but there is one thing of which we may be very sure, and that is the fact that God's love broods over all His creatures, and whatever the New Year may bring to us, we know that all things work together for good to them that love Him. So let us enter upon the New Year joyfully, "looking backward," as Marion Lawrance has well said, "long enough to fix the lessons of the year just gone; looking forward until the challenge of the New Year grips us; looking upward for sky-born ideals and God's help to interpret them; looking inward with a personal resolve to live the gospel of happiness, helpfulness and hope."

We believe that in this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER our readers will find many features that will help toward the cultivation of such a spirit as will make the New Year one of achievement and of blessing.

We commend especially to the attention of our readers the splendid keynote for the New Year which Dr. David James Burrell has struck in his editorial contribution entitled, "The 1917 Campaign." Many other inspirational articles and poems will be found in this issue, and we trust that both in this number and in those that shall follow there may be found reflected the image of Him who is "The Light of the World."

May we not make a personal appeal to all our friends for their most hearty support in this New Year upon which we are just entering? If every present subscriber would secure at least one new subscription, the usefulness of our paper would be more than doubled, for the effect of such a cumulative effort would go on multiplying itself through all the years to come.

Watch Night

The first Watch Night service is said to have been held by Charles Wesley, and it has been described as an institution peculiar to Methodism. In recent years, however, evangelical churches in general have joined in the observance of this solemn and significant occasion.

As New Year's Day falls on Monday this year, the observance of Watch Night on the preceding Sunday evening will doubtless find favor in many churches.

It gives a peculiar significance to the New Year if we enter it in the spirit of prayer and of consecration which are characteristic of the true Watch Night service. There can be no better way of beginning a New Year than by entering it with prayer and song and in the spirit of worship and devotion that finds expression in the Watch Night gathering.

Charles Wesley made much use of the Watch Night in his long and useful ministry, and since his day many others have found in it a means of great spiritual power and refreshment.



The Church Prayermeeting

The call that has been issued for the observance of the first week of the New Year as a Week of Prayer suggests a timely emphasis upon the value of the church prayermeeting throughout the whole year.

In too many quarters the regular church prayermeeting has been sorely neglected. Indeed so marked has this neglect become that in some cases the church prayermeeting has been abandoned entirely.

As we start upon a New Year we should seek for the sources of spiritual strength that will help us to go forward growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. One such source may surely be found in a church prayermeeting that is supported by faithful and earnest Christians and into which both pastor and people have resolved to put their full strength and energy.

It is a noticeable fact that the almost invariable prelude to a successful revival or evangelistic campaign is the gathering of the people together in prayer, sometimes in the meetings held at the various houses of worship and sometimes in "cottage prayermeetings" held in the different homes.

There is no good reason why the prayermeeting should not be one of the most popular and helpful services of the church. There is the promise of the divine presence where two or three are gathered together in the Master's name, and this means the assurance of power for all who will claim the promise.

If the church prayermeetings throughout our land should be revived and strengthened during

the coming weeks it would result in a strong forward impulse for the cause of Christ. The progress of the Kingdom depends upon the spiritual atmosphere of the Church of Christ. There is nothing that will so clear the atmosphere and stimulate the spiritual life as the communion which believers may have with God in the hour of prayer.

By our presence at the church prayermeeting we bear witness to our Christian profession, we gain spiritual strength and comfort, and we encourage our brethren in the faith. Above all we glorify our Father in Heaven, for His house is the house of prayer, and by observance of the weekly hour of prayer we glorify Him.



Buddhists Imitate Christianity

According to a report by Rev. K. Mito, Secretary of the Japan Methodist Sunday School Board, the Buddhist Sunday Schools of Japan have increased by 610 in the space of two months.

A movement to hold the children of Japan for Buddha was inaugurated at the time of the Emperor's coronation in the fall of 1915 and within six months after this event there were 800 Buddhist Sunday Schools in Japan with a registration of 120,000 children.

The Buddhist sect best known for its imitation of Christianity is the Nishi Hongwanji, which has a Sunday School Board that acts for all Japan. This Board gives a banner to the best Buddhist Sunday School, and confers medals for special merit. The child that has the best record in each Buddhist Sunday School is given the privilege of visiting the far-famed buildings and treasures of the West Hongwanji temples.

In every detail the Buddhist Sunday Schools imitate the Christian school, using the same officers and committees and the same classification of departments.

They have also organized Mothers' Meetings, Young Men's Associations, and hold special meetings for children corresponding to our Children's Day, Rally Day, and so forth. The literature distributed in the Buddhist Sunday Schools also conforms closely to that used in Christian Sunday Schools, except that the name of Buddha is substituted for that of Christ.

The climax of imitation is reached in the music. Christian hymns, including both the words and the tunes, have been appropriated. Such songs as "Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," "God is Love," "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," and "Bringing in the Sheaves," are being used by the Buddhists, practically the only change being the substitution of the

name of Buddha for that of Jesus. Many fundamental truths of the Christian religion have been brought into their stories and songs, which refer to Buddha again and again as "Heavenly Father," and ascribe to him many of the attributes of the living God whom Christians worship.

In view of these facts it is plain that the situation demands a strenuous forward movement on the part of the Christian forces in order to win Japan for Christ. It is therefore encouraging to note that during the past two years there has been an increase of 898 Christian Sunday Schools in Japan, with an added enrollment of 41,753 scholars.

It is apparent, however, that still more rapid progress must be made if the Buddhist Sunday School movement is to be outstripped by the Christian Sunday Schools after which they are so largely patterned.



A Heroine of the Switchboard

One of our exchanges tells of the heroism of the central telephone operator in the midst of a fire which threatened the destruction of the village of Jamesburg, N. J. The fire broke out in the dry-goods store underneath

the telephone exchange, and swept so rapidly upward that the girl at the telephone was in great danger. But she remained at the switchboard and sent out the alarm of fire in every direction. Only when the flames had caught her clothing did she leave her post to make her escape.

Such cases of heroism, happily, are not at all rare. Men and women in the every-day stations of life are constantly ready for deeds of noble self-sacrifice, whenever the opportunity may arise.

It is the genius of Christianity to inspire deeds of heroism. Furthermore it must be remembered that an heroic spirit may manifest itself in acts of self-abnegation and self-denying service which do not call forth the admiring applause of the general public, but which nevertheless just as surely reveal the spirit of true heroism.



Child Labor Day

By the request of the National Child Labor Committee the last Sunday in January has been designated as Child Labor Day, and it is hoped that on that day the people of our country will give special attention to this vital subject.

The passage of a Federal child labor law by

Congress has not removed the necessity for further action, for that law applies only to children engaged in producing goods for interstate commerce. It has been estimated that this Federal law will affect about 150,000 children in mills, factories, canneries, workshops, mines and quarries, but there are about 1,850,000 children from ten to fifteen years old who are entirely outside the scope of this law.

Those who have the welfare of children at heart should therefore press the various State Legislatures for the needed legislation to protect children of tender age. Some States have already enacted excellent laws which afford adequate protection to children from the greed of those who would otherwise exploit their labor regardless of their physical or moral welfare, but many other States have been very lax in this matter.

The Christian citizen who desires to protect children from the evils of child labor should find out what his State has done in this matter. If the legislation needed has not been enacted, then he should bend his energies toward seeing that there are placed upon the statute book the laws that will guard the children, and finally he should see to it that all laws designed to protect the little ones are faithfully observed.

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER

Travel Light

SCHOOL boys learn that the Latin word for "baggage" is "impedimenta." Caesar had to employ baggage trains, although they often proved just what the word he called them means in English—"impediments," or "obstacles." The army of the old Roman campaigner could not advance far beyond its slow moving wagon loads of supplies. To be anchored to a pack train is a disadvantage, as many a commander in ancient and in modern times has discovered. In war, therefore, nothing superfluous is carried.

Experienced tourists learn to travel light. While some imagine three trunks to be necessary, the instructed ones get along very well with a dress suit case. They prefer a single change of serviceable raiment to a lavish wardrobe. They pack with a careful eye to elimination. Only necessary equipment is included.

The wisdom of the road is applicable to travelers on that highway called life. Millions of human pilgrims are burdened with excess baggage. They are trying to carry too much. To learn to leave behind a lot of the "impedimenta" that cumber life becomes for a multitude of the sons of men a prime duty and a high privilege. In our generation, when the world is almost overwhelmingly with us, the call to a more simple life sounds in our ears as with the clear note of a trumpet.

Simplicity in the present age is an ideal that well nigh requires fighting for. Thousands seem deliberately to have set out to make life complex and difficult. Our normal wants have been increased by artificial demands until the satisfaction of them all becomes a burden grievous to be borne. The high cost of living in our day is very often really the cost of high living. We strive to keep up with the procession and yearn to possess every gewgaw our neighbor may have acquired, sometimes quite irrespective of our ability to pay for the same.

Our days are spent under the tyranny of merchandise. Crowded shop counters demand

our money or our lives. Acres of floor space are given over to bewildering assortments of goods, of the very uses of which our great grandparents would have been ignorant. Our sturdy forebears never dreamed of needing fifty per cent of the stuff to possess which we work overtime, to the profitless exhaustion of mind and body. With all the immeasurable advantages that civilization has brought, there have been foisted on us also scores of artificial wants that are no part of our fundamental human needs.

The discontent of men springs largely from mistaken premises. They imagine that they cannot live well unless they live elaborately. "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content," enjoins the apostle. The spirit of the times laughs the dictum out of court. It lays us under bonds to cumber life with infinite bric-a-brac, on the ground that we need it all. It points to some lack in our material estate as being a pitiful privation when, in eight cases out of ten it is no real privation whatsoever.

How few, after all, are the elemental needs of men! "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." Change the verb to "needs" and the sentiment of the old hymn can not be gainsaid. "Wealth begins," says Emerson, "in a tight roof that keeps rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so as to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn; in a good, double-wick lamp, and three meals." No one need be a millionaire to possess such wealth as this. The rich man has no monopoly on the real gifts of life. His table may be of rosewood inlaid with gold—but it is for all that no more serviceable than one of pine. His menu may contain such items as ruffled grouse and terrapin—but these are no better food than honest Irish stew, nor as good. For the broker in his limousine the sun is no brighter and the air no fresher than for the laborer in the trolley car. When King Archelaus offered Socrates a princely pension if he

would cease teaching morality to the Athenian youth, the sage replied: "Sire, meal is half-penny a peck, and I get water for nothing." The king had no gift that the wise man needed.

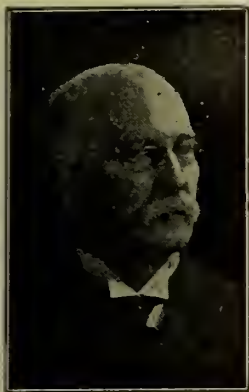
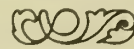
Here is suggested a perfectly valid philosophy for those who have the courage to receive and practice it. People could live happily with half of what the age forces upon them. One may snap his fingers at the time spirit who has learned that man's life consists not in the abundance of the things he possesses. The most perfect life our planet has known was surrounded by no luxuries. The Son of Man had not where to lay His head. The mighty Apostle who has stamped his thought on all succeeding generations was so meagerly furnished that an inventory of his goods revealed naught but an old cloak and some parchments. It is one of the rankest of human heresies to think that things make life.

There are some burdens too heavy to be carried along the highway of these earthly years. They ought to be cast aside, as teamsters lighten an overloaded wagon, or as sailors jettison the cargo of a craft that is being worsted in a rough sea. If one is being simply browbeaten by material or social demands, let him make an end of that slavery. Let him declare his independence of things. Let him bid the world know its own place.

Spiritual burdens, too, one must learn to shake off. Worry is one of them—a wretchedly heavy and useless piece of baggage. Grudges, jealousies and prejudices, withal, swell the unnecessary weight. They are drags upon progress. We must add our fears and hatreds, to be classed, nearly all of them, at least, among our "baggage of cares" of which Emerson speaks, that make heavy work upon the road. The Apostle Paul had learned the secret of traveling light. It was his counsel to posterity. "Wherefore," he says, "laying aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us run with patience the race that is set before us."



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



DR. DAVID J. BURRELL.

THE 1917 CAMPAIGN

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City

FAREWELL to the Old Year! "Alack, our friend is gone: step from the bier and let him in that standeth at the door." Welcome to the New Year, with all its promises of better things!

Now for the campaign. What shall it be?

Was there ever a country like ours? Never did God deal so with any people. A century and a half ago we were a feeble folk like the colonies; today we are the most prosperous and happy nation on earth. While the skies of all Europe are lurid with war we sit feasting under our vines and fig-trees with none to molest or make us afraid.

But there is a fly in the ointment. We call ourselves a Christian nation; yet there are seventy millions of our people who care nothing for Christ. What do our thirty millions of professing Christians propose to do about that? Nothing? Incredible!

What has our Lord and Master to say about it? "As the Father hath sent me into the world to seek and to save the lost, so send I you." It thus appears that the thirty millions are under commission to go out after the seventy millions, seeking, like the seeking Christ, until they find them and bring them to the Father through Him who said, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Thus the campaign is marked out for us. Its key-note is *evangelism*. And the keynote of evangelism is, "Come to Jesus." It is intimated in some quarters that "Come to Jesus" is a superannuated call: but that is impossible so long as Christ Himself continues to say, "Come unto me!"

What a country ours would be if the seventy millions were all Christians!

We should no longer be calling for *civic reform*; for when a sinner is converted he becomes *ipso facto* a good citizen. He can be trusted to put his conscience into the discharge of all public duties. No more graft and corruption and malfeasance in office. If the members of our Senate and House of Representatives were all Christians what a Congress that would be!

And *social reform* would also be an accomplished fact. Capital and labor would adjust their differences without strikes or lockouts. Dens of iniquity would be put out of business; for when gamblers and rumsellers are converted to Christ the doors of their headquarters close automatically. Tramps and hoboes would retire, with ogres and hobgoblins, into the limbo of ancient fairy tales; for when Bartimaeus is converted to Christ he casts away his beggar's cloak and begins to earn an honest living. Old feuds and quarrels would be healed; divorces would cease and wars would be impossible, because the spirit of the Gospel is the Truce of God.

But how shall this be accomplished? Only by a mobilization of the Church. There is a Dutch proverb, *Een dracht maakt macht*; which may be translated freely, "All at it, always at it, all together at it." The Church needs this spirit in the prosecution of the Holy War for the Kingdom of God. "Our Country for Christ?" We can have it, when we really want it and set about it.

If so, ministers must come to the front. This means that they must give up preaching on side lines and devote themselves to the evangel which is written in this nutshell, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." New Thought, New Ethics and New Theology do not convert men. Nothing but the preaching of sin can bring sinners to their knees with the cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" And nothing but the preaching of salvation through Christ can convert them to truth and righteousness.

It is said that Bishop Latimer on one occasion preached a sermon in the Royal Chapel before Henry VIII which greatly offended His Majesty by its frank exposure of certain royal sins. He was ordered to preach again on the next Sabbath and make a suitable apology. At the appointed time he read his text and began thus: "I heard a voice from Heaven saying, 'Hugh Latimer, dost thou realize before whom thou art to preach this day? Consider well; he hath the power of life and death over thee. But forget not on whose errand thou art come. Thou art under commission from the King of Kings; wherefore take heed and preach not as an eye-servant or a man-pleaser, but as one under bonds to declare the whole counsel of God!'"

But while the ministers are expected to lead, *the people must follow*. "If every one would look to his own reformation how easy it would be to reform the nation." The Christians in our country are to the non-Christians as one to three; wherefore if each were to convert one other annually, in three years we should be singing unanimously, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Is that too much for the Master to expect of us?

The reader of these lines is asking just now, "Does that mean me?" Certainly it does, if you are a Christian. Did not Christ say, "As the Father hath sent me, so have I sent you?" This then is the commission of every follower of Christ, "to seek and to save." All other businesses must be subordinated to it. "I cobble shoes," said William Carey, "only to support myself while bringing men to the saving knowledge of the grace of God."

Well, then, what do we propose to do about it? Shall we go on feathering our own nests? Shall we content ourselves with singing, "When

I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," or "Oh, how I love Jesus because He first loved me," or "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel?"

The Lord would make this new year a year of His own right hand; but He works through His people and invites them to cooperate with Him. He visits the market place where they stand with folded hands and says, "Why stand ye idle all the day? I come from the ingathering of souls. Behold my sickle; here is one also for thee! Say not, 'It is yet four months and then cometh the harvest'; lift up your eyes and see! The fields are white unto the harvest! Come with me; and thou and I will save the people today!"

It is only by such cooperation with Christ that we attain to the full measure of the Christian life. It cannot be done by going to Church on Sunday to "sit and sing our souls away to everlasting bliss." It cannot be done at the communion table or at the family altar or in the trysting place. If we would follow the Master we must go where He goes; out on the dark mountains after the lost, onward to Jacob's well where a woman of the town is waiting for the water of life, or away to the regions beyond where a Gadarene demoniac is helplessly groping for the right way. Always seeking to save! This is the plan of the campaign. Is the Church of Christ ready for it? Are we individually ready for it?

It is not a question to be referred to the Church *en masse*. You and I must answer it for ourselves. Saint Francis Xavier thought to convert Japan, some centuries ago, by sprinkling holy water on the multitudes who followed him; but nothing came of it. Nothing could come of it, because men are converted one by one. Andrew must go out after Simon, and Philip must go out after Nathaniel if they are to be brought in.

On the wall of my study hangs the picture of a man kneeling alone in an upper room. It was fifty-eight years ago that this man, a tailor by trade but an evangelist by commission, went into the room to supplement his work by prayer for an outpouring of the Spirit of God. A fortnight later that room was full of praying men who went out each to seek another and a few months after, the great revival of '57 was sweeping over the country like a prairie fire. Andrews and Philips were here and there and everywhere campaigning for Christ. The *Saturday Review* made this satirical comment: "An enthusiast emits a subtle aura which falls upon the nerves and gastric plexus and produces an epidemic." It is such an "epidemic" that our country needs; and individual Christians—such as *you*, kind reader—must say whether or no we shall have it.

Two things are pre-requisite; willingness and obedience. Here is the gracious promise, "If ye

be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."

It is said that when Ismail, the commander of the Mohammedan army, was asked if he could furnish fifty thousand men for a Holy War, he drew an arrow from his quiver and said, "Send this to my camp among the hills and fifty thousand men will come." "But suppose fifty thousand more were wanted?" he was asked. He then took another arrow from his quiver, saying, "Send this to my camp by the great river and you shall have fifty thousand more." "But what if all Moslems were needed?" "Carry my bow through the borders of Islam and the earth will tremble with the footfalls of multitudes hastening to the Holy War!" This is the spirit that should animate those who profess to follow Christ. His flaming Cross is lifted with a summons to all who profess loyalty to Him. How shall we answer it?

"If ye be willing and obedient." An old-time preacher says "A Christian is marked in the ear and the foot"; meaning that, on hearing, he runs to do the Master's will. Jonah was sent to Nineveh; but taking a slight liberty with his commission, he paid his fare and took passage for Tarshish. He might have known what would follow. The series of adventures that sent him back to take ship for Nineveh marked the turning point of his life. In the discharge of duty, following his instructions to the letter, he later saw the Ninevites clothed in sackcloth and heard them crying mightily unto God.

There is no blessing for Christians who sleep in the holds of vessels bound for Tarshish. All the promises are for the man who goes where the Master sends him.

Let us pray, therefore, that we may be "willing in the day of God's power." If any of the Lord's days can be called *par excellence* the day of His power it is New Year's day, when He leads us forth into all the possibilities of the future under a rainbow-arch of promise. Wherefore let us pray for the spirit of willingness and obedience; but not without knowing what it means. For an answer from heaven would make evangelists of us all.

"Ye are the salt of the earth," said Jesus, "but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted; it is thenceforth good for naught but to be cast forth and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world; let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Are we enlisted for the Campaign? Its banners bear this legend: "America for Christ!" Who lends a hand? If we be willing and obedient we shall see souls coming to Christ as doves to their windows. Roll swifter round, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome day!



This Year

BY GEORGIA L. NYMAN

This year,

*Should thought unworthy seek thy soul,
That thought deride;
O, let thy nobler self control;
With Him abide.*

This year,

*If word unkind should chill thy heart,
That word forget;
Thy sweetness will bid strife depart
And conquer yet.*

This year,

*Should earth's most valued gifts be thine,
O, let not pride,
Safe, sweet humility divine,
Cast far aside.*

This year,

*If syllables attuned to Love
Should crown thy days,
Forget not Love's sweet source, above,—
To Him, the praise.*

The Power of New Things

BY ANNE GUILBERT MAHON.

THE little child grieving over the broken toy is inconsolable, but the instant that child is given a new plaything or is shown something new, the old trouble is forgotten. The child is happy in the new!

Is it not so with us who are children of an older growth? Is there any hope of accepting our lot, of making the best of our sorrow, of bearing our losses or of overcoming our disappointments while we cling sadly to the past and keep afresh old, unhappy memories?

The only way we can go on happily through life is by turning our eyes and our thoughts from the things that make us sorrowful, from the unhappy past and the old memories, and thankfully and eagerly accepting the new, getting all the good we can out of it, and realizing its power to comfort, to divert and to help us bear what we must.

There are so many new things! If one resolutely sets out to find as many as possible, to look forward expectantly to each new day, with its new experiences, its new blessings, its new opportunities, for the new friends it may bring, the new books one may read, the new places which may be visited, the new ways of doing things which may be found, he will be amazed and delighted. There are so many, many new things just waiting for us to accept them, to enjoy them, to let them enrich our lives and bring us solace and enjoyment. As Susan Coolidge says:

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me, and a hope for you."

The trouble with us is that we so often shut ourselves up to our grief; we say we can never be solaced, that we can never be happy again, can never bear the loss, the sorrow, the loneliness, and so we cling to all the old unhappiness. We live so much in the past—in a dream, as it were—not in the present, not realizing our opportunities, not reaching out to grasp our blessings.

We are told that there is no surer sign of advancing age than to dwell continually in the past. We are also told, by those who have made a study of such subjects, that those who have been noted for retaining their health and youthfulness far past the average age are those who have looked forward to each new day with the zest and enthusiasm of childhood, sure that even amid the trials and hardships which may come that there will also come new blessings, that there will be sunshine to balance the shadows which are bound at some time to fall on everyone's life.

"What will be new today?" is the motto one woman has printed in large letters on a card in her mirror. Her eyes fall on these words each morning when she arises. The motto stays with her all day. She is constantly on the lookout for the new, for new and better ways of doing things, new blessings, new friends, new experiences and new lessons. She has resolutely turned her back on the troubles of her life. She reaches out eagerly for the good which she feels sure is in store for her—the newness of each new day.

Two objects cannot occupy the mind at one time. If our thoughts are filled with the new and the pleasant things there will be no room in our minds for the old and troublesome ones. Let us accept the new, let us seek for it, reach out for it and get from it its blessing; so only can we bear our burdens, so only can we go on with cheerful hearts and unfaltering steps to do the work which is ours to do, to grasp the present opportunities and to realize the present blessings. Let us not forget the best that was in the old—its lessons, its rich experiences, its happiness, but let us put aside its sorrows and reach out with welcoming hands for the *new!*

The Scope of the Vision

BY REV. A. MESSLER QUICK

*We thank Thee, O Father, for the year that has
flown,
Its blessings were boundless that came from the
Throne,
For surely Thou holdest in the palm of Thy
hand,
All the years that Thy grace, and Thy goodness
have spanned.*

*As the weaver's shuttle through the web swiftly
glides,
As speeds the vessel o'er the sea's billowy tides,
So the years in their flight are speeding away
The friendships that held o'er our bosoms their
sway.*

*The memories are with us though the moments
have sped,
And loves with us linger of those we call dead,
All the sweep of the years will never erase
The stamp of their love or their image efface.*

*When the eye of our faith has its fulness of
range,
It leaps over the bounds of sped moments and
change,
And sweeps in its vision the sphere of the soul,
The arena of life-work, and the joy of the goal.*

*The goal of the soul; ah, in vain shall we try,
To scale in our vision the veiled glories on high,
Though in thought and by faith 'tis our privilege
to soar,
Where our vision is barred from the largess in
store.*

*We bide in our faith where our vision is veiled,
Where even the eyes of seraphs have failed,
Assured that veiled things we cannot understand,
Are right, Our Father, in Thy wisdom well
planned.*



Quiet Service

BY G. T. RIGHTSSELL.

It is hard for most people to resist the temptation to make a noise in the world. It is natural to wish to have credit and praise and honor for what we do. But the motive that ought to inspire us is to do the things we have to do and to do them well. If honor comes, it is well, but this is not the thing we should strive after.

The life of Dorcas was one of quiet service. She was probably one of those who do not let the left hand know what the right hand is doing. She was modest, not giving herself credit for the good she did, and only properly appreciated till she was gone. Few take notice of the things we do till we are missed.

Some of the quietest lives are accomplishing the most of permanent value. In the process character is being built. Every little act of service leaves its imprint upon the life of the doer, and finally a beautiful character is called home to receive the approval of God.

The world is impatient to see results. It has little sympathy with the man who does not make a noise and commotion as he goes along. The world does not care about the substructure, but the wise man lays the foundation, as if he were building for God's approval, not for man's.

We may even dislike the work we have to do. In the story, "John Halifax, Gentleman," the hero in his youth toiled for years in a tannery, detesting the work, but staying faithfully with it. But he was not only qualifying himself for business success; he was also building up a grand and noble character.

Most of our deeds of service are stepping-stones to higher and more honorable service. As we complete one task another and more responsible service is revealed to us. There is but little need to be looking for something to do. More is usually presented for our doing than we seem to have time to do.

PRINTED PREACHERS

For Fishermen in the West

Rev. Francis E. Smith, a colporter evangelist of the American Tract Society, tells in a recent report how he came into contact with the fishermen at Gig Harbor in the State of Washington. With his report he sent a photograph, which is reproduced on this page, and which shows the fishermen dipping their nets in hot coal tar on the pier which has been erected at the water's edge. A stairway up the face of the bluff appears at the left hand side of the picture. High bluffs are the characteristic feature of the shore line of the Puget Sound region where this photograph was taken.

In his report Rev. Francis E. Smith tells of his work at Gig Harbor and other localities in the Puget Sound district in the following words:

"My work during the month has taken me into many isolated places in the Wollochet Bay district. I have come into touch with ranchers and logging camps. Near the bay is a small church, in which there is quite a congregation of young people. I had the privilege of preaching twice in this church. I hope to be able to get in touch with this community still more fully in the future, for there are some very promising young people in the vicinity.

"At Gig Harbor, Pierce County, there is quite a large settlement where there are many fishermen. To this place I have paid periodical visits for several years. The population is mixed and includes Americans, Scandinavians, Icelanders, Dalmatians and various other nationalities. There are three churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic. Until recently the Presbyterian church was presided over by an old-time missionary. Many are the interesting things he has told me about the early days in this Puget Sound country. He passed to his reward a few months ago after only a few hours' sickness. His career was truly an eventful one. The Dalmatians are members of the Roman Catholic church and are not easily reached, nevertheless I have managed to put some of our Christian literature into their hands.

"At Olalla in Kitsap County there is a community church composed of members of six denominations. They are working together in harmony and have engaged a retired Methodist minister to preach for them. I have supplied many families there with Christian literature which I am sure will bring good results in the future.

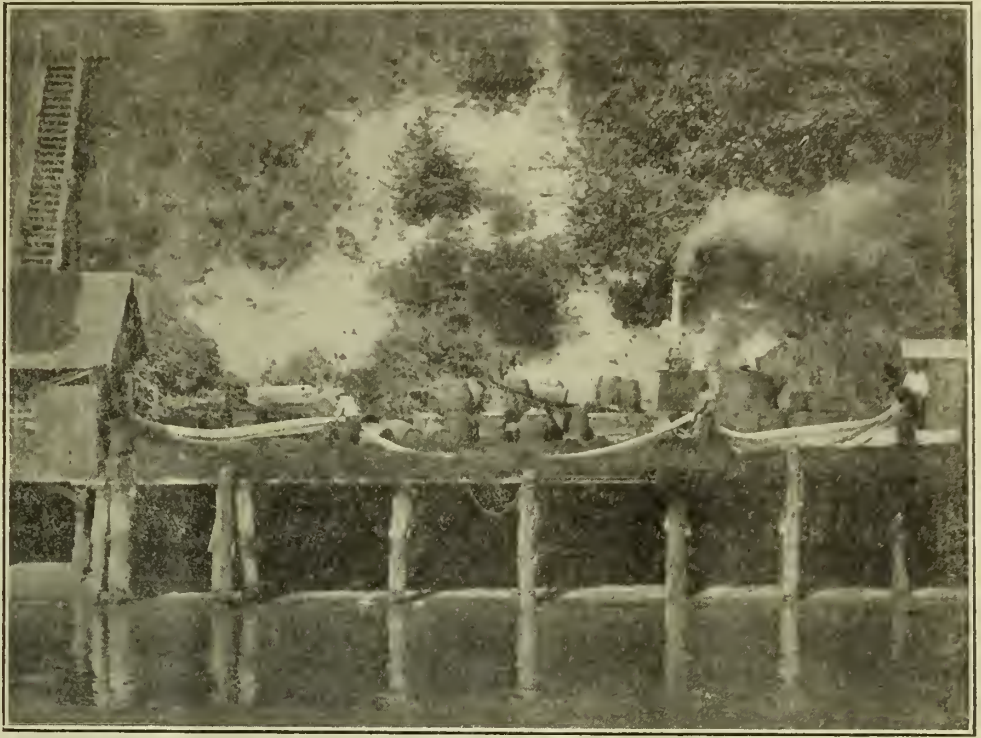
"I am also making regular visits to a Sunday school in a school district about three miles from my home. Here about thirty children gather for Bible study. It is a real treat to go and talk to a group of small children and tell them the story of Jesus. I am glad that through the aid of the American Tract Society I can do this work."

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In the South

Rev. James M. Carter, who has been circulating "printed preachers" among the people of the South for many years, sends this message from Martinsville, Virginia:

"Once more I stop to give you a few words from my field of labor. I am glad to say that the 'Good News' is being accepted and a hearty welcome is extended to the missionary colporter of the American Tract Society. As the darkness of night is followed by the beautiful sunlight, so beneficial results follow the visits which I make into different communities, and the people



FISHERMEN DIPPING THEIR NETS IN HOT COAL TAR AT GIG HARBOR, WASH.

are led into reading and searching for the truth.

"No other agency has so helpful an influence upon the hearts of the people as God's blessed Word, especially as it is presented in the printed page. As one writer has said, 'The best thing that we can do for the people is to influence them to read the blessed Word of God for themselves.' And this statement is certainly true, for I come face to face with so many who speak to this effect: 'The publications of the American Tract Society have opened up a new life for me, because I have in them something to engage my idle moments and something upon which to meditate while I am busy.'

"Our work in distributing Christian literature is highly spoken of by both the rich and the poor. Our Explanatory Bibles and other wholesome literature are helping to a better understanding of the Scriptures."

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A Spiritual Influence

Rev. August W. Reinhard, Field Secretary of the American Tract Society, who has been visiting a number of the German Presbyterian and German Reformed Churches in the Middle West was also able to visit a number of the families connected with those churches. He writes:

"In almost all these homes I found libraries, consisting for the most part of publications issued by the American Tract Society. Nowhere have I found such spiritual people as in these churches, and I told them that their books had much to do with their healthful religious life. I found the writings of Baxter, Doddridge, Bunyan and the like in nearly every home. It was a joy to visit these dear people of God."

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A Message from West China

In Chungking, West China, are the headquarters of the West China Religious Tract Society. Cash appropriations have been sent an-

nually by the American Tract Society to the West China Society in aid of its publication work. Recently Rev. Harold J. Howden, General Secretary, sent the following communication:

"It is my happy duty to convey to the American Tract Society the Vote of Thanks, which was passed by the members of the West China Religious Tract Society assembled at the last Annual Meeting. The resolution adopted was to this effect:

"Resolved that the best thanks of this meeting be accorded to the American Tract Society for their substantial help received during the past eighteen months."

"We are glad to be able to report a steady progress and are deeply grateful that the present conflict in Europe has not materially affected our work. Our position indeed is such that we are at the point of strengthening our administration all round and to receive a check would throw our plans back most seriously. However we trust that we shall be allowed to go forward and thus make the printed message reach larger numbers and do more effective work than we have ever done before."

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For Tamil-Speaking People

A recent letter brings the good news that Rev. A. C. Clayton, who has already devoted ten years of fruitful service to the production of Christian literature in the Tamil language for the people of India, has been appointed as Tamil literature missionary for a third term of five years, beginning January 1, 1917.

Mr. Clayton is a member of the staff of the Wesleyan Mission with headquarters at Madras, India. Much of his time is given to the work of the Christian Literature Society for India, whose headquarters are also in Madras.

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

A Special Note to Our Readers

This department of our paper is maintained for the open discussion of any question concerning the religious life, the treatment of which may prove helpful and interesting to the general Christian public. We therefore invite our readers to direct such questions to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. Only the initials of the writer will be given in connection with any letter that is printed. The answers to the problems thus presented will be given by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City, and one of the Contributing Editors to our paper.

The interest that has already been awakened by this new department is shown in two letters, which have been received by the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and which we venture to quote at this point. One lady writes:

"Dr. Work's beautiful letter on the future life (printed in the Religious Problems department of the October issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER) has been a source of great comfort to me, as no doubt it has been to many others. The blessed hope of seeing our loved ones again is so strongly implanted in us that it is a subject on which we all love to dwell and which always brings comfort and consolation."

Another subscriber writes:

"I have long been an interested and happy reader of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, but I want to tell you that the last two numbers have been even more interesting than those before them. I think the department 'Religious Problems' a fine addition, and Dr. Work is such an interesting and helpful writer that I am sure many will receive benefit from it."

The question presented for discussion this month and Dr. Work's reply are as follows:

DEAR SIR:

I am very desirous of knowing your views concerning our dear departed friends, whether they enter into the joys of the future life at once, or sleep in their graves until the final resurrection. Will you kindly answer in the next issue?
A. M. G.

DEAR FRIEND:

This question is still pertinent, although it has been many times answered. The Bible itself is in a sense responsible for this idea in the minds of many. Death is so often referred to in the Scriptures as a sleep that it is no wonder that some have concluded that the state of men after death is one of sleep or unconsciousness.

When our Lord spoke to His disciples about Lazarus, he said, "Our friend Lazarus is fallen asleep; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep." When He saw that they misunderstood His reference to sleep, He said plainly to them, "Lazarus is dead." Another passage that is likely to be misunderstood is the passage in the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, where the Apostle Paul speaks of those who have fallen asleep in Jesus. (See the Revised Version.) These words of the apostle certainly do not even remotely suggest the idea that we shall remain in an unconscious state after death. No doubt the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," which the church has sung for so many years, has done something to fix the idea of the sleep of the soul in the minds of some.

As a matter of fact there have always been some from the time of the early church down to the present who have held to the idea of soul sleeping. Both Origen and Tertullian argued against it. Calvin wrote a book against it. These psychopannychists, or soul-sleepers, as they have been called, have of course made exaggerated and we believe mistaken use of those portions of Scripture where death is likened to

sleep. They also base their conclusion upon a philosophical belief that the soul cannot act without the body, and that therefore it must wait in quietude or sleep until the body is raised. Christian teaching to be sure is that the body must await the resurrection—the body in this sense is asleep in Jesus. But the church universally has held tenaciously to the belief that the soul passes at once into the presence of Christ, as suggested by His own words to the penitent thief, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." One of the historic denominations of the church uses this language, which may be regarded as a suitable summary of Christian thought on the subject: "The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness and do immediately pass into glory, and their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection."

An excellent authority sums up the argument against soul-sleeping as follows:

1. The nature of the soul which implies constant activity. Freedom from the body should mean greater, not less activity.

2. The idea has a cheerless aspect. It makes the future blank. It makes death wholly a catastrophe, especially to those who are called in the midst of great activity. What about the words of Revelation, "They serve Him day and night in the temple."

3. Christian hope, faith and experience are against it. All our Christian anticipation bids us look, not for silence and inaction after death, but for a state of blessedness altogether different from mere slumber.

4. The testimony of Scripture is overwhelmingly against it. What did Paul mean when he said that to be "absent from the body" would be "present with the Lord," if the soul is to slumber after death in unconsciousness?

EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.

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Silent Evangelists

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

EVANGELISM is the method by which Christianity has been propagated in every age, but evangelism is of many kinds. Geographically we may divide it into home, city, and foreign missions—or we may say that there is evangelism by voice, by example, and by the printed page.

The invention of the printing press has made the task of the Christian church, both harder and easier. It has supplied the adversaries of souls with multiplied means of undermining the faith of men and of spreading abroad allurements to vice, and it has provided the Church with the instruments of evangelization on a world-wide scale. Tracts, religious newspapers, theological text-books, and good literature generally may be classified under the general head of "silent evangelists." The four great evangelists are Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, but they have been followed by a large host of little gospels, miniature New Testaments, epistles writ in the hearts of men, and acts of modern apostles, which constitute a great body of Christian testimony, ever enlarging, and ever needed to offset the multiplying literatures of the devil.

We are of those who believe that the day of the tract has not gone by, though now perhaps such leaflets should be prepared more artistically, and phrased with greater skill and tact. Much of the "good seed" of the Kingdom consists of just such fugitive leaflets, silent messengers of the Lord of hosts.

On missionary ground the saving value of even a leaf torn from a New Testament, which has fallen by chance (or providence) into the hands of some heathen has been proved again

and again. Even in the civilized New World these silent evangelists may accomplish a great work, supplementing though not serving as a substitute for, the spoken word and the force of consecrated example.

Though "their voice is not heard" these printed appeals in behalf of Christ's religion testify effectually for Him. The Church is only now beginning to realize the power and possibility of the religious press, which, as never before, is now called upon to compete with a bewildering variety of good, bad or indifferent offerings of the so-called "secular" journals. Let us keep on hand a supply of these silent evangelists—and then from time to time, as opportunity offers, send them forth on their quiet missions of testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus!

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The Dawn of Eternal Day

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

Have you ever stood at early dawn and watched the first faint rays of the rising sun, steal earthward, here and there touching a dew-kissed flower, until suddenly and mysteriously the golden rays shine forth on all sides, and the world lies bathed in the golden splendor of glorious morning?

Night with its shadows has gone, one by one the stars above have silently faded, and morning with all of its beauty and gladness has seemingly arisen from behind those far-away hills, and suddenly stretched forth its glory to all the world.

Hundreds of tiny voices blend their notes in a glad harmony for the new-born day. And then—have you stood at evening and watched again across those distant misty hills, the last faint glow of the dying day, as slowly the light in the west faded, leaving no golden rays to brighten the shadowy world?

Morning and evening—sunrise and sunset—and the day is done.

Have you listened to the rippling laughter of a little child, and gazed on a baby's smiling face, and then perchance turned to meet the dim, dark eyes of one across whose shoulders lie the weight of years? The morning sunbeams caress bright flowers along the gilded way to one, as the glory and gladness of coming day overwhelm him, but to the other, in the depths of those shadowy eyes, lie mirrored evening's sunset, as the twilight deepens and the light of earthly day closes around him. And—what then?

What of the day between the glorious dawn and the evening sunset? Symbolical of life is day—the day filled with its joy and sadness, care and song. Life's fair morning with its glorious promise just ahead, then the day of burden and heat, and afterward the evening calm. The glory of morning has vanished in the mist of bygone years, and life's long race is run.

And then?—Then shall the light of another morning gleam brightly, as over the sunset years arises a sun that knows no setting, shedding forth its glory on a fairer morning in the land of rest.

And the peace of the perfect day shall dawn.

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Fulfillment

BY ANNA B. BRYANT

God is so good He lets us see,

When every year is growing old,

How sure His promises can be—

Seed-time and harvest, heat and cold;

His promise to the changing Year

He keeps, and shall His children fear?

God is so patient! We forget

And doubt, as if He never spake

By prophet-mouth the word that met

Our need when hearts were nigh to break;

His object-lesson of the Year

He sends—oh, fling away thy fear!

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

"African Advance"

Under the name of *African Advance* a new missionary periodical has been recently issued by the Rhodesia Mission Conference. It succeeds the *Rhodesia Missionary Advocate*, and is devoted to the promotion of the work that is being carried forward by the East Central Africa Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The *African Advance* is a well illustrated paper containing twenty pages. It is printed on the Rhodesia Mission Press, and the editorial staff is composed of the full corps of missionaries stationed in Rhodesia.

The first issue of this paper gives to the reader a vivid idea of the great needs that exist in the Dark Continent. It tells of millions of square miles of untouched regions with seventy million human souls yet to hear their first Gospel sermon.

Special emphasis is given by the *African Advance* to the needs and opportunities presented in Rhodesia. Under the caption, "A Bookless People," Mr. Eddy H. Greeley tells of the appalling need for Christian literature. He says:

"In Rhodesia, Africa, the Methodist Episcopal Church has over ten thousand native members, adherents and day school pupils. During the fifteen years in which they have had the Gospel, their only books in the vernacular have been the New Testament, the Junior Catechism, a few hymns and a first and second primer. These have been very useful and still are for the children, but the older boys and girls are crying for more knowledge. They are a people without a written language, and without a literature. They want books. They want to learn. They are determined to learn. They look to us to supply their need. We have given them the Gospel and the appetite for knowledge. They can read but have not the books to read. We have brought them to the door of the library but have not opened the door. 'Behold (they) stand at the door and knock.' They need very much the knowledge they can gain by reading and study. They are hungry for it.

"We have eighteen books, translated and typed ready for the press, among which are *Pilgrim's Progress* and other most helpful and needed books. The people are pleading for these translations. We have the press (though we are badly in need of a larger one), the type, the typesetters, and the copy, but no money for paper and covers. How happy they and we would be if we could say, God has sent money by one of His servants to help print these books.

"Our pastor teachers have asked earnestly for a book containing the Parables and Miracles of Jesus. They feed upon them with great profit. They preach about them. The parables and miracles seem to be especially adapted to the needs of a people just emerging from heathenism. Our teachers want them all together in one book. We have them ready for the press but no money to buy the necessary paper. We want \$250 to get out this much needed help for our pastor-teachers.

"Another book which has been asked for is a Gospel Primer, a book of perhaps 125 pages, for home and school. The Christian mother will especially hail this book with delight, as it teaches mother love, father love, brother and sister love, love of God, etc. It has little Bible stories which teach kindness, truthfulness, faithfulness, honor to God, lessons from Joseph, and love to enemies. All who know it are anxious to have it. We believe God wants them to have it for it certainly will help the advance of His kingdom in this dark land. Only \$300 will put this book within the reach of, not only our ten thousand people, but many more who are under the care of other societies in Rhodesia.

"Here is a people utterly helpless in their ignorance and in their superstition. They are in the wake of heathen

custom, of disease, of filth and of fear. They have been without a book or a paper or a written word. They are ready, waiting, eager, and, as samples show, great in possibilities. With \$1,000 we could make a substantial start in building up a substantial literature for these people. The need is imperative. It is immediate. Our District Superintendent said that had he a thousand dollars and only a thousand dollars to give, he would not hesitate a moment as to where to place it to meet the greatest need and secure the largest and most permanent results."

It will be of interest to our readers to know that the American Tract Society is helping the faithful workers in Rhodesia by annual cash appropriations which are used for publishing Christian literature in the native tongue.

The picture on this page is reproduced from a photograph sent by the Mission Treasurer from Old Umtali,

man who has said he can't read, will, if the books are displayed, so that they will catch his eye, commence to read while the colporter talks to him. If he cannot read, an effort is made to inspire him with a desire to learn, and as the colporter is supplied with copies of the Alphabet for free distribution among those purchasers who cannot read, many do learn to read through the efforts of the colporters. This, in itself, is a great asset to the cause of Christian progress. In cases where men have no money, oftentimes such goods as eggs, rice, straw sandals, etc., are taken instead.

"In some villages the presence of a stranger is a rare occurrence, and the attention of the people is directed to the man, rather than his message. On one occasion I remember calling at a house in one of these far-away hamlets. An elderly lady came to the door, and the colporter commenced to explain the why and wherefore of our visit. While

people of these islands, who have never before heard the name of Jesus, receiving copies of the Gospel.' In order to stimulate and encourage these men in their work, a staff of instructors is kept, who visit them in their fields, work with them, and seek to help them in every possible way."

Fruits of the Spirit in India

Rev. Harold Cooper, a missionary of the American Board in India, writes:

"Last night, Pastor Samuel Joseph took me to see a man of an unusual type, who desires to become a Christian and who is thinking seriously of taking that step in the near future. The man is nearly blind and has suffered much misfortune. Only a few years ago he was mayor of this town of 30,000 inhabitants. Honors came to him from many sources. His home was headquarters for guests of the city, both European and Indian. He was a benefactor of the community, having given for the public good a building costing 6,000 rupees, which building he endowed with property worth another thousand rupees.

"Now, financial reverses have come to him. His health has given way. His eyes are almost useless. These and other sorrows have caused him to turn to our Lord and Master for the strength and comfort which he alone can give. When this man decides to follow Christ, it will mean that an entrance has been gained to a family of great influence. In this Aruppukottai pastorate, several conversions among the influential class have recently shown that Christianity is reaching upward as well as downward in its life-giving work."

In Northern Siam

From Chiangmai in Northern Siam comes cheering news of the progress of the Kingdom among the Laos people. A medical school, under the direction of the medical missionaries, has just been opened in the new infirmary of Prince Royal's College. The first class consists of seven men, all of whom are able to read and write in the English language. A building for the laboratories of the medical college has been erected and is now rapidly nearing completion.

The Prarachaya School for girls in Chiangmai is doing its usual high-grade work. Miss Van Vranken reports the formation of eight little prayer circles by the students themselves meeting once a day for prayer and serious thinking. The influence of these little prayer groups is already showing itself in many pleasing ways in the life and conduct of the school.

The Prince Royal's College of Chiangmai has a net enrollment of 200 boys. The evangelistic work done by the teachers and older boys on Sabbath afternoons, the religious tone and spirit of the weekly vespers, mainly conducted by the faculty of the school, the attendance and interest taken in the Young Men's Christian Association, conducted by the students, the vim and energy the members of the Boy Scouts put into their work, the enthusiasm shown in the preparation and delivery of the weekly essays and debates in addition to good daily grades and creditable showing in the Government examinations, all manifest unmistakably the value of a first-class school conducted strictly on Christian lines.

Fighting the Plague

In some parts of China the medical missionaries are called upon to inoculate hundreds against the dreaded bubonic plague. Doctor Leshner tells of a trip of many miles on his bicycle, with a supply of vaccine for inoculation. Some received the treatment who would not degrade themselves by entering the house of the Christian God, but this is just the work that in time opens the hearts and homes of the people to the gospel.



NATIVES OF OLD UMTALI, RHODESIA, AFRICA.

Rhodesia, Africa. It portrays two natives of the region, and is especially interesting in showing the costume that they wear.

In Korea

"The work of the colporter," writes Mr. Thomas Hobbs in *The Korea Mission Field*, "is chiefly among the unbelievers, and for that reason the books that he sells are of the cheapest kind. When he sets out from his home, he starts with a bundle of volumes on his back. He makes his way to a village, and starting at one end he calls at every house and offers his books. Only those who have attempted this work can understand the difficulties and discouragements these men have to face. There is very little variation in the answers given: 'No money.' 'Can't read.' He does not readily accept these answers as final, knowing that in the majority of cases they are not true. Sometimes the

he was talking another woman came up, and the two appeared to be extremely interested. On seeing this the colporter's zeal increased, but it was only for a short time, for one of the women turned to the other and said, 'Look at that fellow's teeth.' She had been interested, but not in what had been said, probably she had scarcely heard a word, her whole attention had been turned to the gold fillings in the colporter's teeth.

"Possibly some will ask, 'What is the colporter's idea of the work he is doing; does he consider himself a mere bookseller, or a preacher?' The reports of these men answer that question. Such remarks as the following are to be found in the 'Remarks Column' of their Monthly Report.—'It is beautiful to see the lives of men and women being changed from wrong to right by the power of God's Word.' 'I am praying that the seed sown may bring forth an hundred-fold.' 'It rejoices my heart to see the

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

JANUARY 7.

Evading Moral Issues.

Matthew 12:22-30.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 1. Pilate's evasion. Luke 23:6, 7, 13-24.
T. Jan. 2. Fear the cause of evasion. John 7:11-13.
W. Jan. 3. Aaron's failure. Ex. 32:1-6.
T. Jan. 4. God not deceived. Gal. 6:7, 8.
F. Jan. 5. A clear-cut issue. I Cor. 10:21, 22.
S. Jan. 6. A single heart. Jas. 4:7, 8.

The Pharisees of old evaded the moral issues presented to them by Christ, and drew from the Master the most withering and scorching denunciation that ever fell from His lips.

It is certain that any evasion of moral issues, however slight it may be, is a cause of displeasure to Him, who treated the matter of sin as the most important problem of human life, and who gave up His own life on the Cross in order that He might solve this problem for all humanity.

The Question of Christianity

The most vital question which Christianity presents to men and women to-day is this: "What think ye of Christ?" To evade this question is to evade the greatest moral issue that can possibly be presented to a human soul. Yet multitudes are doing this very thing, and utterly ignoring the claims of the Master upon their hearts and lives.

Christian Endeavorers should use all possible energy in striving to bring those who are indifferent to a recognition of their duty to yield their allegiance to Christ.

The Temperance Issue

The question of temperance is perhaps the greatest moral issue presented to the Christian citizen to-day. Let us see to it that we do not evade this question of such vital and pressing importance to the welfare of our nation, but rather let us face it earnestly and conscientiously and throw all the weight of our influence and example on the side of the forces that are fighting to establish total abstinence as the standard for the individual and prohibition as the organic law for both State and nation.

The Question of Honesty

Many of the problems facing the American people would quickly disappear if they were reduced to a question of simple honesty. And yet, in the last analysis, many of our most vexatious problems are really due to a lack of real honesty. The question of capital and labor is complicated because neither employer nor employed are thoroughly honest with each other. The problem of both big business and little business lies in the difficulty which both large and small business concerns seem to find in squaring all their dealings with a standard of absolute truthfulness and strict integrity.

Christ calls us to face the moral issue in all these matters and bids us follow His example in making our lives an embodiment of truth both in the business world and in every other sphere of activity.

How Shall We Win Peace for the World?

The greatest international problem that faces the world today is the problem of securing a firm and lasting peace between the nations of the earth. "How shall the present European war be ended?" is a question that is in every thoughtful mind. But the solution to this and to the other burning problems of the present age will not be found in evading the moral issues involved, but rather in facing these moral questions and seeing to it that some basis of agreement is reached which will be rooted and grounded upon righteousness rather than upon mere expediency.

The Eternal Question

It has been well said that nothing is ever settled permanently until it is settled right. The eternal question is not, "Will it pay?" or, "Is it the easiest way?" or "Can I do it?" but, "Is it right?"

JANUARY 14.

Ought. (A Pledge Meeting.)

Psalms 50:1-15.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 8. Duty to obey. Acts 5:17-29.
T. Jan. 9. Duty to pray. Luke 18:1-14.
W. Jan. 10. Duty to serve. John 13:13-15.
T. Jan. 11. Duty to the weak. Acts 20:17-35.
F. Jan. 12. Duty to follow Christ. I John 2:1-6.
S. Jan. 13. Duty to sacrifice. I John 3:13-24.

Our topic suggests several important words that have a vital bearing on the Christian life. One of these words is "duty," and our Daily Bible Readings give us some insight into the meaning and application of this word. Another word suggested by our topic is "obligation." *Noblesse oblige* is an ancient maxim, and it applies with full force to every Christian man and woman. In this age solemn obligations rest all too lightly upon the hearts and consciences of many professing Christians, and this topic should inspire us to a careful study of our lives, to see whether we are fulfilling all our obligations as we ought to do. Another word which is germane to our topic is "motive."

A Study of Motives

An analysis of the motives that underlie our actions will tell us whether we are responding to the right influences.

Fear is one of the motives that controls a great many people. But fear of man, fear of punishment, fear of consequences, or fear of any external force is not a worthy motive for human action. Only as we are moved by the fear of God can we say that we are responding to a right motive.

Some people are moved by the hope of reward. But whether this is the right motive depends upon the character of the reward that we seek. If we are tempted by earthly rewards, our actions will not be what they ought to be. It is only as we seek "treasures in heaven" that we may feel assured that we have a motive that is worthy of the divine commendation.

The Christian Motive

The highest motive for human action is found in the words of the Apostle Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

If we are moved by the love of Christ, then we shall do what we ought to do. This motive will make us faithful and loyal followers of Him, whose whole life on earth was an illustration of the word, "Ought." It will stimulate us to ready obedience, self-denying service, and exemplary self-sacrifice.

If we yield ourselves wholly to the constraining love of Christ, we shall find that this will solve for us multitudinous problems of conduct. The question, "Ought I do to do this?" will be answered, not by resorting to a specific category of permissible and forbidden actions, but by asking, "What would Jesus have me do?"

The Value of a Pledge

A pledge is a definite statement of purpose. It keeps before us the ideal, towards which we are aiming. It puts into concrete form the object for which we are striving.

Human life would be a loose, uncertain existence without the various pledges that mark our entrance into the different relations of life. The marriage vow is a pledge that is of inestimable value in the family life. The covenant which we make upon uniting with the church is a pledge of vital significance in our Christian life.

The Christian Endeavor pledge has proved its value in the Christian life of millions of young people. True, it has not always been kept. But we do not propose to throw all treaties to the winds, because some treaties have been treated as mere scraps of paper. So it would be folly to discount the usefulness of the Christian Endeavor pledge because there are some instances where it has not been fully kept.

JANUARY 21.

Seeing the Good in Others.

Philippians 2:1-11.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 15. Good shines. Matt. 5:13-16.
T. Jan. 16. Rejoicing in good. Philemon.
W. Jan. 17. Recognizing good. Acts 9:26-31.
T. Jan. 18. Christ's tolerance. Mark 9:38-41.
F. Jan. 19. Heart free from envy. Num. 11:26-30.
S. Jan. 20. Looking through Love's eyes. I Cor. 13:1-6.

The passage selected in connection with our topic contains the most wonderful description of the humiliation of Jesus that has ever been put into human language. It suggests to us the thought that though in human eyes Jesus was apparently reduced to the lowest position in life, being crucified as a criminal, yet in the divine eyes He was still the Son of God, worthy of the most exalted honor and of universal homage.

What Men Saw in Jesus

Some men saw in Jesus nothing but a man, but those who were spiritually-minded and enlightened by the Holy Spirit saw that Jesus was God in Christ. Those who looked upon Jesus as simply a man looked only on the physical exterior, but those who realized that Jesus was divine looked upon His spiritual character in which were revealed the very lineaments of God Himself.

What Jesus Saw in Men

It was because Jesus saw the potential good in men that He humbled Himself to die upon the Cross. He saw the divine spark in humanity, and by His sacrifice on Calvary He opened up for man the possibility of immortal life.

Jesus saw in man the possibility of a love that would be willing to endure death, if need be, in return for the gift of eternal life. As the Apostle John says, "We love, because He first loved us."

It is easy to see the faults in our neighbors. But Christianity teaches us to look for the good in others. Paul exhorted the Philippian Christians each to count other better than himself.

"Seeing good in others is largely a habit," says one writer. "Criticize, and you will see faults. Be sympathetic, and good appears."

In order to see the good in others we must try to develop the best that is in ourselves. Evil-minded men see only evil in others, but those who have the spirit of good-will are ever ready to see some good in others.

A striking legend is told of Jesus. A mocking crowd was making hateful remarks about a dead dog, but Jesus said, "No ivory can be whiter than his teeth." In other words he found the good, where no one else could see it.

The Power of Sympathy

Perhaps there is nothing that will so effectively help us to see the good in others as sympathy. Sympathy makes us appreciative of the trials and hindrances that enter into the lives of others, and helps to appraise at its true value the virtue that is developed in spite of these obstacles.

True Christian chivalry will lead us to seek for the good even in those who are our enemies. This was the spirit that Jesus showed when He prayed for His enemies, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Let us never forget that God is the source of all true goodness. Charles Kingsley has well said: "When we see, as it were, countless drops and countless rays of goodness scattered about in the world, a little good in this man, and a little good in that, shall we not say that there must be one great sea, one central sun of goodness, whence all human goodness comes?"

Love is the impelling motive that will enable us to find some good in even the lowest and most degraded specimens of humanity.

JANUARY 28.

Fruits of the Christian Endeavor Tree.

Revelation 22:1-5.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 22. Decisions. Ex. 32:15-26.
T. Jan. 23. Service. John 12:20-26.
W. Jan. 24. Workers. Matt. 4:18-25.
T. Jan. 25. Organization. Eph. 4:11-16.
F. Jan. 26. Fellowship. Mal. 3:16-18.
S. Jan. 27. Devotional spirit. Matt. 6:1-15.

This topic has been selected in view of the recurrence of Christian Endeavor Day, which falls upon February 2nd. This will be the thirty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the first Christian Endeavor Society. There are now over 70,000 societies with a membership of about 4,000,000.

The fruits that have already been gathered from the Christian Endeavor tree are rich and satisfying. But what concerns us most is not the fruitage of the past but the promise of the future. So let us consider briefly what are some of the desirable fruits that we may hope to gather during the days that are before us.

Greater Fidelity to the Church

The Christian Endeavor motto is "For Christ and the Church." One of the most valuable fruits of Christian Endeavor work is the emphasis which it puts upon our duties and obligations toward the Church of Christ. The existence of a Christian Endeavor Society in any church should insure to that church a larger measure of fidelity on the part of all who have taken the Christian Endeavor pledge.

Larger Service for Humanity

One of the practical results of the Christian Endeavor Society has been the larger service for humanity which it has inspired on the part of its members. The call for such service is still loud and insistent and there are many lines of Christian effort along which the Christian Endeavor Society may profitably occupy itself.

Personal evangelism is a very desirable fruit of the Christian Endeavor tree. The multitude of unconverted souls all around us present a constant invitation to a more vigorous effort to this line of service. "Win one," is a good watchword for every Endeavorer to adopt.

The temperance reform calls for an ever-increasing number of recruits. Though there are many encouraging signs, the battle against intemperance and the liquor traffic is still far from being won. We are now at the most critical period of this reform, and it needs all the strength of the Christian Endeavor hosts to push the conflict to a successful termination.

Social service embraces many forms of Christian activity. In their work for sailors and soldiers, for fresh-air camps and other beneficent causes Christian Endeavorers have already brought forth some choice fruit for the Master. But there is an almost limitless field before us in the realm of social service, and Christian Endeavorers should not overlook the opportunities for toil that are to be found in that realm.

In the mission fields the Christian Endeavor tree has already borne precious fruit. But here the work that still remains to be done is so great that what has been accomplished seems but as a drop in the ocean. Christian Endeavorers may help on the missionary cause in several different ways. They may disseminate more information about the missionary fields. They may secure larger support for the missionary enterprise by pushing the campaign for systematic giving and by enrolling in the Tenth Legion, whose members pledge themselves to give one-tenth of their income to the Lord's work. They may offer themselves as candidates for missionary service in both the home and foreign fields. Or, if not able to go themselves, they may assume the support of a personal representative in some mission field.

Our Young Folks



The Prettiest Freesia.

BY EDITH M. LARRABEE.

CELIA BROOKS walked along the street through the snow of a January morning. She had gone to carry home some sewing to the large house on the hill, and as a reward she had received a box of beautiful flowers from the lady who lived there.

On the way Celia stopped at a little store to buy a few things, and while waiting for her packages to be wrapped up, she opened the box for another look at her precious flowers. One by one she held up the individual stalks. There were six of them. On each grew several trumpet-shaped blossoms, pure white save for a small yellow blotch, and with a sweet, delicate perfume.

"Freesias, Mrs. Morris called them," she remarked to herself. "My, but they're handsome! Just think of her giving them to me. But then she has so many flowers she doesn't mind."

"Hello, Celia! What've you got?" she heard a voice call out. Turning she saw behind her Addie Jones who lived in the tenement house next to her own home.

Celia showed her one of the flower stalks.

"They're freesias." She pronounced the name proudly. "There, my things are ready. I've got to go." She closed the box quickly to shut the blossoms from Addie's sight.

She started on towards home but Addie followed and kept by her side.

"Say, Celia, won't you give me one?" she asked at length. "I never had any pretty flowers like that."

"I never did either," Celia answered. Yet something in Addie's tone produced a change in her feelings.

"I s'pose if she had six and wouldn't give me any I'd think she was stingy," she reflected. "Yes, I'll give you one," she called to Addie, "but you'll have to wait till you get home. I can't take it out here in the cold."

When they had gone some distance farther they met two other children who lived in their neighborhood.

"Celia's got some white flowers," announced Addie. "The prettiest ones you ever saw, and sweet! Why I b'lieve you can smell 'em right through the box. And she's going to give me one."

"Let's see!" the others cried. "I can't," Celia answered. "They'll freeze in this cold air."

"All of you come into my house," suggested Addie.

"O yes, we will," agreed the other two.

"What shall I do?" Celia was thinking. "I'll have to give them all one and they were meant for me. But I promised Addie, so I've got to go."

Just before they reached Addie's home two other girls joined them.

"Celia's got some flowers she's going to show us," cried the first three. "Come in with us."

Celia's heart sank. Would she have to give away all her flowers? "I had so many, and I shall only have one," she thought.

"Now let's see them," exclaimed the impetuous group when all were inside.

Celia opened the box slowly. A chorus of "Oh's" greeted the appearance of the blossoms, then "I wish I had some," was repeated over and over.

Celia looked at the five pairs of long-eyes.

"They don't have flowers either," she considered, "and they want 'em as much as I do. I s'pose I'd feel the same if one of them had 'em."

One after another she picked up the slender stalks with their snowy blossoms and gave them out to the waiting band.

"Don't let 'em freeze," she cautioned. She tore into small pieces the paper which had wrapped the flowers. "Here, put them in this." Then with her lone flower she left the house and went on to her own home.

"I b'lieve I've got the prettiest one anyway," she declared when she took it from the box. She held it up and examined it carefully. "There couldn't be a handsomer one. And maybe, after all, it's better for six people to be happy than just one."

Surely Celia was right, and do you know, I think that it was the sharing of her treasures which imparted such great beauty to the one flower that she kept for herself.

The workmen came to know and like Davy, too, and because he was polite and never meddled with anything they saved the odds and ends of lumber and gave them to him to play with in the garden.

"Davy, dear," called his mother one bright morning, "don't you think that you have learned enough by watching the workmen next door to be a carpenter yourself and build a doll house for your little sister?"

Davy's face was as bright as the day as he ran into the house for the hammer.

"Come on, Agnes," he called, "and show me where you want it put."

Little Agnes followed him into the garden and chose her lot.

"I'll have to drive piles there first to make it safe," Davy said, as he began hammering things into the ground.



Several of the workmen paused to watch Davy, as they passed the garden fence, and to praise his good work.

One sunny morning, when the house was quite complete, Davy and his mother sat under one of the garden trees and watched Agnes move her things in.

"I am glad you are so careful in your building," began his mother. "Did you ever think that people are like houses, my child?"

Davy's face grew puzzled, and he listened eagerly as she continued:

"You see, it's like this. Even little folks can begin by taking the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and laying a good foundation for their lives, and as they grow older and larger they must not neglect any part of their house, but put all good works into the building."

Davy smiled as her meaning came to him.

"I never thought before of people being like houses!" he exclaimed.

"There are poor cramped houses of weak material in the world, and there are also strong, beautiful houses carefully built," his mother replied softly. "Which kind are you going to try and make your life like, Davy?"

"I mean to try and be like the strong one, mother!"

"Then," she whispered softly, "your building shall not fall, but will remain strong and good throughout all the stormy days of life."

His Life Saved by His Dog

Kelley, an Irish setter, saved his master's life one night last winter when the latter broke through the ice and came near drowning. This is how it happened:

Mr. Bee Church, a farmer and stock-raiser of Richfield, Idaho, was visiting in Shoshone. One evening he set out for a friend's house along with Kelley by a short cut across the river. He had proceeded about half-way over the stream when the ice gave way under his weight and he was plunged into deep water.

As fast as he attempted to pull himself up the ice broke and the swift current threatened every minute to carry him under the ice. But Kelley, ever faithful, was right at hand, saw the desperate plight his master was in, and did the best he could to render help. He pulled and tugged at his master's clothes, but succeeded only in breaking in a bigger hole around him.

After some minutes of struggling and finally getting a good hold on the edges of the ice, Mr. Church shouted to Kelley to go for help. The dog lost no time in returning to the place where Mr. Church had last visited and by his yelps and frantic actions attracted attention and quickly convinced several persons that he and his master were in dire need of assistance. Mr. Church was well-nigh exhausted when human help arrived and pulled him out of the water.

Kelley was nearly beside himself with joy over his master's rescue and expressed his pleasure and gratitude with the heartiest of tail-waggings.

Where Boys Learn How to Sew

In Sweden, we are told, little boys are taught how to sew on buttons, mend stockings and repair their torn garments.

At the primary schools the boys as well as the girls are taught how to knit. In the lessons which are given, large needles about fourteen inches long are used. The yarn also is coarse and thick, so that the whole class can see just how to make the stitches.



THE SNOW FORT.

Davy's Strong Foundation.

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

DAVY stood and watched the workmen as they laid the foundation for the new house next door. He had never before seen a pile-driver, and the great hammer driving the piles was very wonderful and new to Davy.

Day after day found him watching at the fence that divided their garden from the next lot.

After a while the big pile-driver was moved away, and the workmen began using the lumber that lay waiting to build the house. Davy missed watching the huge hammer work, but he soon grew very much interested in the new house.

Agnes started to cry, and mother came to the window to see what the trouble was.

"She wants to see the house go right up, mother," called Davy, "but I've got to make the foundation strong before I begin to build."

"You wouldn't like your house to fall when the first hard wind blows, would you, dear?" asked her mother, joining the children in the garden.

And then, while Davy laid his foundation, she explained to her little daughter something of what Davy had learned all the days he had watched the pile-driver.

Davy took a whole week to build the house, and that seemed a long time to his little sister; but he didn't slight one thing about it, and so when it was finished, it was quite a nice little house.

Our Fireside

Marjorie's Two Talents

By A. Maria Crawford

EVEN as a little girl, Marjorie Dawson gained the reputation of being studious and clever. Later her essays and stories in the college magazine were frequently called brilliant and, when at commencement, she covered herself with distinction by a really excellent class poem, she decided that she would become a writer. Her mother was delighted at the promising future before her only daughter. She resolved that no stumbling block should be allowed to impede the girl's progress or thwart the development of her talent.

"I mean to write every morning and to be really systematic about it," announced Marjorie the night of her arrival home. "Of course I expect to burn up all of my attempts until I do something worth while. Father, you'll let me copy my work on your typewriter at the store until the sale of my stories warrants the purchase of a machine of my own, won't you?"

Mr. Dawson smiled indulgently, "You can use it for your best efforts when we are not busy," he answered. "I think that you will be so well employed helping mother with the housekeeping and the sewing that you won't have time to ride Pegasus very far nor very long," he added hopefully. He had educated his daughter with the expectation that she would be a help and a source of comfort to her mother. He had believed that she would bring a fresh impetus into their life and thought. He had pictured her making the home happy and lifting many little tasks from her mother's weary shoulders. Instead she had come home with the prevalent idea that every girl must develop the special

talent with which each individual is thought to be blessed. She evidently did not purpose to sweep, dust, cook and sew.

"I am going to take long walks every day," declared Marjorie, interrupting his train of thought. "One must exercise regularly and develop the body if the mind grows. I am so glad the Williards have moved out on the Kingston road. I can walk out there often and visit Julia, so you see that duty to myself can be happily combined with pleasure."

"Don't neglect the duty of helping your mother, Marjorie! I had rather be the father of a useful member of society than the father of a brilliant writer who thinks only of personal pleasure and attainment. Remember that!"

Marjorie's eyes filled with tears, and her mother was quick to see them. "I want Marjorie to have a good time, father," she said hastily. "She'll never be young but once," she asserted. "I'll be so pleased to have her write and accomplish something."

Mrs. Dawson took great pride the next day in helping Marjorie fit up a room where she could write and be undisturbed. Choice pictures were transferred from the living room, a bookcase and some bric-a-brac were brought from the library and a little tea table was carried down from the attic and covered with Mrs. Dawson's best linen and china.

"When the girls come to see me, I can give them tea and some of the delicious little nut cookies that you make every week. Won't it be fun to have a regular studio tea?" cried the girl seizing her mother around the waist and enthusiastically kissing her as she whirled her about the room.

"Indeed it will," agreed Mrs. Dawson, who was too blinded by love for the girl to think of her as selfish. "I'll make an extra supply Saturday so that you can have plenty. I must get the pretty window-boxes your brother Tom made for my east windows. The flowers will brighten up this room for you."

"Oh do, mother, they will help wonderfully."

Day after day Marjorie sat at her little mahogany desk pouring out her youthful ardor in stories. They were all filled with a sentimental love element. The heroines were strangely like the author, and most of the heroes were borrowed copies of Tom's boy friends who occasionally dropped in to visit him. If Mr. Dawson had any fault to find with the crowd of noisy girls who came every day or two to take tea in the cosy little den, he kept silent. One by one Marjorie's stories were carefully copied, most of them by his obliging stenographer, and then sent away to the magazines by the young aspirant for literary honors. And one by one the stories came back promptly with a polite rejection slip inserted within their white pages.

Tom laughed and joked the girl a good deal about her devoted sheep that always came home bringing their "tales" behind them. At first Marjorie took his raillery good-humoredly. All writers got their first stories back. She was not disappointed. Some day the very editors that refused her stories would write to her, begging the privilege of publishing one of them, at her own price. But after a time, when months of effort had brought no acceptance and no encouraging letters, she grew listless and actually dreaded the postman's merry whistle.

"The editors don't even unfold my manuscript," she sobbed to herself one rainy day when three bulky envelopes holding her most cherished stories had been handed to her. "I'll never try to write again, never, as long as I live."

And indeed she found very little time after that day, for Mrs. Dawson was taken ill with fever and Marjorie discovered real duties and many of them staring her in the face.

"I'll get a good housekeeper," said Mr. Dawson sternly. "You don't know anything about the work and your mother will worry if she thinks things are not going on orderly."

"I—I can manage, father, if you'll be patient with me," said the girl meekly.

"Patient with you? Well, I think I have been. What has come of all your writing? Nothing but a lot of foolish tea parties up there in your den that made extra work for your poor mother. I didn't send you away to school to develop a fad. I sent you there to learn useful things."

"Don't say any more, father. I know I have been blinded by a few compliments from teachers and students. I'll show you that I can be useful."

Mr. Dawson put his hand on the girl's shoulder. "There, there, I didn't mean to be cross. Your mother loved you too well to show you your faults. Maybe I am a bit brutal, but at any rate, I have tried to make you see things as they are."

Marjorie made a few blunders in the beginning, but with old Hannah's help and advice, she soon had the household machinery running as smoothly as an experienced woman. Often the trained nurse would say to Mrs. Dawson, "You have such a capable daughter. The house is immaculate and the meals are lovely." And the sick woman would smile and wonder what had become of Marjorie's writing but she was too weak to question.

A little story kept suggesting itself to Marjorie as she went about her tasks. It was a homely little story of a girl's dreams and how they unexpectedly came true. It ran in her thoughts so insistently that one evening after she had gone to her room, tired as she was after a hard day's work, she began scribbling the story down in a tablet on her knee. In three evenings the story was finished, and when a day or two later, her father playfully pinched her cheek and told her to run out and get some fresh air, promising that he would stay at home with her mother that afternoon, she slipped the tablet in her muff and ran straight to the store. Mr. Dawson's stenographer was busy working on the books, and when she asked if she might use the typewriter for a little

while, he told her to go into the next office and use it as long as she liked. So the little story was copied and Marjorie, whispering a prayer, dropped it into the postoffice and then hurried home.

"How bright my girl looks after her walk!" said her father. "I am afraid you have been staying indoors too much. Mother is nearly well now and you must get out oftener. I don't want to have you sick too."

Then turning to his wife he added: "Mother, she has developed into a fine housekeeper. She certainly takes after you when it comes to cleanliness, order and good things to eat."

Mrs. Dawson took the girl's hand in both her thin ones. "Never mind, dear, when I get well, I'll let you make up all this lost time."

Marjorie put her arms about her mother. "Mother," she said, "I have learned such a beautiful lesson since you were ill. Happiness comes from service. I am going to take over all the housekeeping burdens from your shoulders to mine if you will let me. You've had so many weary years of it and I just love to do it. I am happier than I have ever been in my life."

Marjorie was so busy working about the house and entertaining her mother in the days that followed that she forgot about the simple little story she had sent away. Then one morning when the postman handed her a thin blue envelope bearing a strange post mark, she opened it, thinking it was a letter from some unknown relative inquiring about her mother. A check fluttered out, and with it came a letter telling her how much the editor had enjoyed her little story and how glad he was to buy it for his girl readers. He would be pleased to consider anything she might submit to him, he wrote. Marjorie's joy knew no bounds.

"To think, dear folks," she cried excitedly when the letter and check had been passed around, "when I shut myself up selfishly in a den with all the best things in the house to inspire me, I didn't write a story that would sell but just as soon as I did my duty and tried to do it well, a real story suggested itself to me. I might have known that

(Continued on next page.)



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PLEASE READ THE LETTERS BELOW
From a Missionary: Very interesting to me was the reading of the numerous comments on your pamphlet (The prospectus). Some of them are truly excellent, and you have done well to publish it to silence the "unwise virgins." I agree with that brother who says, "Advertise!" The "ad." in "Christian Workers' Magazine" is well set. If you could afford it you should run it in every religious sheet in the country at least two times. I am convinced that one million of your booklets would do more good to God's people in America and in England than all the sermons they have heard this year, and all the books they have read. Yea, it is a powerful tract for the unconverted thinkers, also.

Letter from a Baptist Pastor. My dear Brother Baker: For some time I have been reading your advertisement in "The King's Business" of your pamphlet, "The Coming of the Lord Draweth Nigh," and did not order it because I thought that about all had been said that could be said on that subject by such men as I. M. Haldeman, C. I. Scofield, A. C. Gaebelin, R. A. Torrey, and many others too numerous to mention, but about ten days ago I concluded to send you an order and see what you had to say. About one week ago I received your pamphlet; I sat down and read it through, the next morning I read it through again with my Bible and Greek and Hebrew Concordance in hand and examined every passage of Scripture that you use and every passage that I had thought was a refutation of your doctrine. I was once a Post-ite, but for a long time I have been a Pre-ite. I am a believer in the imminent coming of our Lord. I have often said that I did not believe that the year 1920 would find the church on the earth, but I did not think that the time was so clearly pointed out in the Scriptures. But now, I desire to say that I swallow your teaching whole, not because you teach it, but because it is the teaching of Scripture and cannot be refuted. If we had an inspired chronology that we could take our stand by, I am sure that we could point out the year, day and hour of the rapture and the revelation. I thank God for you as an instrument in His hands to point out in the face of an unbelieving, scoffing, rebellious world, and in a great degree an unbelieving and Christ rejecting visible church, the teaching of the Scriptures on this important question and you have done it in such a sweet spirit, with loyalty to the Word and proving yourself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," bringing forth things out of the treasure, both new and old. May it please the Lord that this pamphlet may get into the hands of all His servants whose eyes are open to the truth, and will sound aloud the midnight cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," that all may be watching with their lamps all trimmed and bright. I am enclosing check, for which please send me 200 of "The Coming of the Lord Draweth Nigh."

Letter from an M. E. Pastor. Dear Sir and Brother: I have hesitated writing to you until I had time to read and re-read your booklets sent me. I have read your booklet, "The Coming of the Lord Draweth Nigh," with a heart bursting with happiness which to me is an internal witness of its truth; I read it in the street car one day and had often to turn my face to the window because of the emotion which overcame me. I am so glad, so glad that you have given the Lord's revelation to the world. Surely God would take your portion out of the "Book of Life" if you had kept back such great truth. And is not our God wonderful! If He had given His revelation to some great D. D. I would have been skeptical about it, for it seems very little spiritual food comes from that source for "He has hidden it from the wise and prudent and revealed it unto babes," but not "babes in Christ," for you have been tasting of strong food ere this or you could not have discovered this hidden treasure. Praying God's blessing upon you and your great work, I remain, Yours under the Blood.

Letter from a Congregational Pastor. Dear Brother: I enclose 30c. in stamps for one dozen copies of "The Coming of the Lord Draweth Nigh." A copy of the above fell into my hands a while ago and I threw it to one side because too busy to examine it and not knowing the author I did not see the importance of it. Later I took time to study it side by side with my Bible. Let me say I have read it over and over again many times, and each time enjoy it more. It has been a great help to me, a real inspiration to Bible study. My spiritual life has been quickened. I heartily endorse your little pamphlet as a clear, concise, non-awakening the feasts is unique. God bless you and your work. I am a pre for years and am looking for Him soon, any time.

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Marjorie's Two Talents.

(Continued from page 12.)

my sentimental love stories would not prove acceptable."

"I always knew you would succeed," said her mother softly. What a wonderful thing is a mother's faith! What miracles it has wrought!

"One pier doesn't make a bridge, my girl," said Mr. Dawson. "It takes many of them to build a bridge over the river of ambition to the shore of attainment for you have made a fair start and I am proud of you."

"I'll never neglect my duty and my pleasure to serve you. That will come first. Then when I find time, I'll try to write more homely little tales for the glory of the house of Dawson and an additional income for the members thereof," cried the happiest girl in that town. "But I believe my real talent is housekeeping after all, father. What do you think about it?"

"If you hadn't inherited your mother's talent for home-making you would never have succeeded so quickly, but you may be fortunate enough to have two talents, my dear. Only time can tell. You know the story of the talents. Use what you have, for unto every one that hath shall be given."

Training the Nerves

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."



OW Mr. Sanborn has 'gone to pieces' under this misfortune! And how splendidly Mrs. Sanborn has come to the rescue," said Mrs. Hill to her husband, over the breakfast cups, as they discussed the family and financial troubles of an oldtime family, who had been friends of Mr. Hill's family for three generations.

"Yes," said Mr. Hill, thoughtfully, "and it is just about the result for which we might look, had we known both families and their management, intimately. I remember that my dear mother used to say that if Walter Sanborn didn't become a victim of hysteria it would not be because his nerves had been properly trained, but in spite of this lack," and Mr. Hill sighed at the recollections his own words had aroused.

"Tell me," urged Mrs. Hill. "You know that I haven't progressed as far as you have in these mental studies, and have been more inclined than you have to leave everything to the guiding hand of Providence."

"Which is all right, up to a certain point, Marion," replied Mr. Hill. "But you surely believe that when God gave us good gray matter, He intended us to use it, do you not?" a bit doubtfully.

"Yes, dear."
"And that this can be improved by careful use, and application?"

"Probably; but this goes a bit beyond my depth, Sam."

"It need not," gently replied Mr. Hill. "You know, surely, that even musical expression requires practice, be the instrument never so perfect; that even penmanship, reading, walking, everything that we do, is susceptible of improvement by careful practice, rightly directed?"

"Until we get into the Kingdom of Mind, yes, but there I flounder," said Mrs. Hill, frankly, and with interest.

"But thought governs even these. Brain controls brawn, and the muscles obey the message from the power-house of mind. So, emotions should be trained, and from the start, to quick obedience. Mrs. Graves, Edith Sanborn's mother, knew this, and began the training of her baby very early. She was taught to overcome fear by investigation; to control worry through faith and trust in God; to forget herself in seeking the greatest good for the greatest number of other people; in short, to develop as long as anything imperfect remained. She gained alertness, efficiency, and poise from this, and has been both balance-wheel and air-cushion for Walter many times, and when this last reverse of fortune came, sweeping away the remnants of their once large fortune, she was ready to meet the emergency without a murmur and with quiet faith coupled with a brilliant business foresight and

energy that will be almost sure to pull them through."

"And Walter? What was his preparation for the battle of life?" asked Mrs. Hill.

"Almost *nil*. Indulged by both parents, foolishly so by his mother, he had only to want a thing to get it—regardless of other people's feelings. He was not trained to meet sorrow with hope, disappointment with cheer, distress with energy, pain with endurance; so that part of his manhood 'jellified,' instead of hardening his make-up. And as he was allowed to give way to all his emotions in childhood and youth, when he came into man's estate, through the passing of the years, he stumbled when he should have endured, fell when he should have stood a bulwark against disaster, and now has gone all to pieces, as you well expressed it, when he should have shown himself a well-rounded Christian man, who could run with patience the race set before him."

"Oh, Sam, I'm learning lots from you. I never knew how easy it is to study psychology, nor anything else, until I began my lessons with you! You are a fine teacher!" exclaimed Mrs. Hill, sparkling with enthusiasm.

"And you are a great inspiration," cordially.

"And I know, in the little experience that I have had, that one may overcome nervousness to a certain degree, any way, and largely by forestalling the things that lead to it."

"Yes, dear, and Bible truths are really made practical right through this avenue of Every-Day Living. We have no more right to let our nerves, or temper, or fears, get the mastery over us than we have to let our appetites or our passions dominate us. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord' is a distinct command. So is 'Love one another,' and unless we live what we profess to believe, the world may not be amiss in looking upon us as hypocrites!"

"Why, Sam!" almost in awe, for Mrs. Hill, though married several years, had seldom seen her husband so stirred.

"I mean it all, and even more. We pray, 'Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done'—and then stand right against work for the Kingdom, because it doesn't happen to be our idea of how it should be done; and when God's will conflicts with ours, there's a cross made of the two, when they should run parallel. We pray for the cause of temperance, and vote with our political affinity, regardless of temperance. We profess faith in God, and run to the doctor to read our 'symptoms,' when a little common sense would be more to the point. We have no business to 'go to pieces' before disaster, and so add to the burdens of others. But that's sermon enough for one breakfast, such a good breakfast too! It really inspired me! Don't take me too seriously, and do come down to lunch with me. Bring son," and Mr. Hill started for the station—for he was a suburbanite!

And, even if he exaggerated a bit—I don't say that he did—he was right, or on the right track!

Perhaps nervous people and super-sensitive ones are not all "selfish monsters," as one has said—but, if they loved their neighbors (or even their families) "as themselves" they would try to look at things differently and with a less exalted ego.

Sorrow comes to all. Every family must meet trouble, of one sort or another—and if one member of it has been petted and pampered and his whims and deficiencies catered to, at the expense of the rest, his feelings and preferences recognized as the dominant note, he is not getting the right preparation for life as it really exists, nor as he'll have to meet it, sooner or later.

It is wiser, then, and kinder, not to overlook even the nerves, in the training of mind and body, and I herewith submit some of the methods used in my classes of private students for more than a quarter of a century, and always with profit:

1. Keep the Golden Rule ever in mind—and with less of self and more of altruism governing conduct, one is less likely to allow a nervous condition to "get ripe."

2. Forestall this possibility, by special attention to personal solitude, extra rest and quiet. One is justified in seeking the

seclusion of his room for hours, daily, rather than to inflict unreasonable irritation on his family—as he does if "super-sensitive" or nervous.

3. Give up, for a time, all unnecessary work and social life. Surely, we all feel of importance in our "set"—or rut; and we are; but, to fill it, we must not ride over the dead bodies of our families and friends, and if our "nerves" are calling out anxious care from others, tears where we should reflect cheer, and anxiety which we have no right to implant, then, in justice to ourselves and others, we should give the tired nerves more rest and a chance to relax from the high tension in which they have been held.

4. Change of diet, clothing, exercise, environment, even if only for a few days, may be advisable in extreme cases, with plenty of out-of-door life—preferably in the country, the quiet country, but not the noisy sections. If that is impossible, then take long walks in the late evening and in the early morning, in the city, before "sun-up" while the air is yet charged and surcharged with ozone! But eat something, and take a cup of hot milk (slightly salted) before starting, at 4:30 A. M.

5. Don't read by artificial light, when trying to ward off "nerves" or to recover from them.

6. Avoid debates, and much conversation, for a few days.

7. Bathe often, taking a cool rub or cold plunge in the morning, but a warm or hot one at night.

8. Think of happiness, harmony, God's love, your duty and responsibility, and taboo disagreeable thoughts—until you can meet and slay them in mortal combat.

9. Try to help others and make them happy in little ways.

10. "Hang on" to yourself when inclined to let yourself go. Don't permit the start, and the game is in your own hands.

11. "Cast all your care" upon God—and rest on His promises to shield and help you.

12. Seek to be of the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number of others.

The Answer.

The village had been through the excitement of a fire late that afternoon. It was not strange that the subject should be in the minds and on the lips of those who were out at prayer-meeting in the evening. One good old man brought it up in his prayer.

"Oh, Lord," he petitioned, "be with all those in affliction this night. Bring comfort to the poor widow who lost her little all of worldly goods by fire this day, and raise up friends and helpers for her in her dire need."

He was scarcely through when another man stood up. "Friends," he said, "I believe the Lord has begun to answer that prayer already. He has reminded me that I have a good kitchen table that Martha and I can spare very well, and enough stuff in our cellar to furnish it with three square meals a day for Widow Brown for some time. I believe he will help the rest of you find chairs and a stove and firewood and bedding, and everything else she may need to start her in life again. How many feel the answer working out in their hearts?" And he sat down to make way for others equally ready to help in answering the prayer.

Some one says praying is expensive business, when it is done right. Rather, it leads to good investment—that lending to the Lord to help Him answer prayer, which brings such returns in joy and fellowship with Him as no worldly saving or spending can do.—EXCHANGE.

"A Great Help"

A subscriber who lives in Gobleville, Michigan, writes:

"The AMERICAN MESSENGER is to me the dearest paper ever: so full of religious inspiration: also a great help in the Christian Endeavor work in our church. I have taken it for twenty years and every number grows dearer to me."

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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During November, 1916

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$726.07 for Special Objects), \$6,853.21.

CALIFORNIA, \$24.65.
Mrs. Keese, \$5; Mrs. Rupp, \$4.65; Los Angeles, church offering, \$15

CONNECTICUT, \$79.26.
Mr. Howe, \$10; East Haddam, church collection, \$3.67; Miss Fowles, \$1; Mr. Barstow, \$5; Mrs. Green, \$1; Mr. Rogers, \$2; Miss Acton, for Mexico, \$5; Mrs. Frisbie, for Soldiers' Text Book, \$2; Mrs. Leete, \$5; Miss Manning, \$25; Cromwell, church collection, \$1.59; Miss Mix, \$5; Mr. Brown, for Mexico, \$3; Mrs. Hooker, \$10.

DELAWARE, \$30.
Mrs. Nisbet, \$15; Miss Spotswood, \$15.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$25.65.
Mr. Gates, \$10; Miss Robertson, \$15; Mrs. Zimmerman, \$0.65.

FLORIDA, \$1.26.
Mr. Greenwood, \$1.26.

IDAHO, \$2.60.
Mr. Radke, \$0.60; Mr. Radke, Sr., \$2.

ILLINOIS, \$83.14.
Mr. Evers, \$0.30; Scales Mound, church offering, \$5; Rev. Hochstetler, \$5.65; Mr. Zanon, \$0.65; Mr. Triller, \$3; Forrester, church offering, \$26.54; Forrester, church collection, \$40; Mrs. Abels, \$1; Mrs. Geizemann, \$1.

INDIANA, \$13.20.
Mr. House, \$1; Mrs. Acher, \$0.65; Mrs. Kuhn, \$0.55; Mr. Holliday, for Soldiers' Text Book, \$10; Mrs. Seymour, \$1.

IOWA, \$51.30.
Mrs. Brouwer, \$0.30; Burlington, church offering, \$12.50; Mr. Jungling, \$0.67; Mr. Breer, \$1; Sibley, church collection, \$10; Miss Vaughn, \$5; Mr. Greenfield, \$0.65; Aplington, church collection, \$8; Mr. Schwarzenrubler, \$1; Mr. Laurance, \$2; Mr. Brandt, \$0.18; Mr. Jones, \$1.00; Mrs. Decker, \$2.00; Mr. Hawks, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1; Mr. Page, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1; Miss Ludwig, \$5.

KANSAS, \$2.55.
Mr. Penner, \$0.15; Mrs. Krehbiel, \$0.95; Sister Hillegonder von der Smissen, for Ellis Island, \$0.80; Mrs. Krehbiel, \$0.65.

KENTUCKY, \$16.
Mr. Hunt, \$1; Mr. Alexander, \$15.

MARYLAND, \$11.
Mr. Levering, for Soldier's Text Book, \$10; Mr. Adams, \$1.

MASSACHUSETTS, \$295.
Mr. Rhodes, \$5; Mrs. Booth, \$2; Mr. Ropes, \$2; Mr. Todd, \$1; Estate of Amasa Hplmes, \$3; Mr. Zenas Crane, \$50; Mr. Smith, \$10; Miss Laud, for Mexico, \$1; a friend, for "Bill Sunday" campaign tracts, \$25; Hon. Crane, \$100; Hon. Wellman, \$10; Miss Pond, \$1; Rev. and Mrs. Clark, \$5; Mr. Jones, \$15; Miss Dawes, \$50; Mrs. Titcomb, \$10; Misses Pitken, \$5.

MINNESOTA, \$8.
Mr. Eaton, \$3; Mr. Mitchell, \$5.

MICHIGAN, \$34.51.
Grand Rapids, church collection, \$13.36; Mrs. Douglas, \$5; Highland, church offering, \$10; Mr. Moeller, \$0.65; Mrs. Phelps, \$0.50; Mr. Dosker, \$5.

MISSOURI, \$177.57.
St. Louis, church collection, \$3.40; Mrs. Schoenhut, \$0.67; Mr. Scholand, \$5; Mr. Jeffers, \$10; Mr. Walker, a life member, \$30; Buxton and Skinner Stationery Co., \$10; Mr. Brown, \$15; Mr. Peters, \$100; Webster Grove, church offering, \$2; Washington, Sunday school offering, \$1.50.

NEBRASKA, \$53.10.
Mrs. Schrackenberg, \$0.65; Mrs. Brinkena, \$0.65; Hastings, church collection, \$5; Mrs. Schroeder, \$1.30; Omaha, church collection, \$5; Glenvil, church collection, \$17.50; Cedar Creek, church collection, \$20; Mr. Seibert, \$3.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$46.
Mr. Murray, to constitute Alma P. Murray, a life member, \$30; Mr. Scelye, \$1; Miss Cummings, \$1; Miss Parkhurst, \$10; Mrs. Gale, \$2; Miss Swallow, for Mexico, \$2.

NEW JERSEY, \$3,668.13.
Mr. Kelsey, \$25; Mr. Allen, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Hightstown, church offering, \$5; Rev. Read, \$5; Mr. Jarvie, \$1,000; Sparta, church offering, \$3.60; Frechold, church collection, \$2.77; Rev. and Mrs. Boyd, \$2; Miss Morris \$0.50; a friend, \$10; Miss Williamson, \$1; Mr. Rower, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1; Mrs. Peschel, \$1.13; Mrs. Voorhees, \$2; \$14.58; Mrs. Fleischmann, \$0.55; Miss Day, \$1; Mr. Boardman, \$2; Mr. Day, \$10; Mr. Hoffman, \$1; Mr. Higbie, \$15; Dr. Hepburn, \$5; Mr. Conover, \$2; Miss Breuster, \$2; Mr. Mahon, \$5; Miss Knox, \$1; Mr. Peters, \$1; Miss Parker, \$1; Mr. Cutter, \$25; Mr. Morse, \$2; Mr. Mankin, \$3; Mr. Trimble, \$1; Mr. Meadowcroft, \$2; Miss Hull, \$3; Miss Ferric, \$1; Mr. Rumsey (deceased), \$1; Miss Carson, \$2; New Brunswick, church offering, \$5.

NEW YORK, \$1,066.
King Testimonial Fund, \$18; Miss Adams, \$10; Mr. Stuart, \$10; Mrs. Brinc, \$5; Mrs. Hesse, \$5; Mr. Wucnsche, \$1; Rev. Tilton, Jr., \$5; Mr. Schans, \$2; Rev. Sehlbrede, \$1; Miss Belloni, \$1; Mr. Riker, \$10; Mr. Cunningham, \$1; Mr. Douglas, \$50; Mr. Douglas, \$10; Mrs. Harkness, \$100; Miss Strong, \$20; Mr. Greeny, \$1; Owasco, church offering, \$4; Mrs. Quartius, \$0.39; Mr. Martin, \$1; Mr.

Bradt, \$10; Mrs. Monroe, \$500; Mr. Francis, \$5; Mr. Jones, \$3.25; Mr. Bahler, \$2.50; Mr. Damon, \$1; Mr. Wagner, \$0.65; Mr. Manier, \$10; Mr. Ludlow, \$100; Mr. Havemeyer, \$25; Mrs. Gardner, \$1; Mr. Smith, \$1; Miss Wood, \$2.50; Mrs. Bean, \$1; Rev. Sandreckzi, \$1; Mrs. Harris, \$5; Mr. Eisen, \$1.30; Mr. Olmstead, \$2; Miss Collier, \$10; Dr. Cady, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. Muller, \$2; Dr. Lewis, \$5; a member of the Tompkins Ave. Congregational Church, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. Remsen, \$2; Mr. Hubbs, \$5; Mr. Tag, \$5; Mr. Whitmore, \$10; Mr. Proctor, \$10; Mr. Blauvelt, \$3; Mr. Stebbins, \$1; Mrs. Dunham, \$2; Mr. Bacon, \$2.50; Miss Henry, \$1; Mr. McDougall, \$15; Mr. Manley, \$1; Miss Ralpelje, \$25; Mrs. Rodger, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, \$1; Rev. Swift, D.D., \$25; Mrs. Beer, \$2.

NORTH CAROLINA, \$2.
Rev. and Mrs. Brown, \$2.

NORTH DAKOTA, \$1.65.
Mr. Gisse, \$1; Mr. Schmekel, \$0.65.

OHIO, \$77.80.
Cincinnati, church offering, \$0.30; Cleveland, church offering, \$25; Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, \$20; Miss Parker, \$1; Mrs. Wagner, \$0.50; Miss McChintock, \$5; Mr. Currier, \$2; Mr. Lust, \$5; Mr. List, \$1; Misses A. C. and Helen T. Rogers, \$5; Mr. Patterson, \$5; Mr. Rutledge, \$1; Mr. Barrett, \$5; Mr. Hurd, \$2.

OKLAHOMA, \$3.40.
Rev. Voth, \$2.90; Rev. Sprunger, \$0.50.

OREGON, \$21.78.
Mr. Boekli, \$4.65; Prairie Dell, church offering, \$9.38; Baileyville, church offering, \$7.75.

PENNSYLVANIA, \$991.40.
Mr. Savage, \$75; Rev. Singinaster, \$1; Easton, church offering, \$2; Mr. Austin, for Cuban Colportage work, \$400; Mrs. Turner, \$150; Mr. Broadhead, for Soldier's Text Book, \$2; Mrs. Rendergast, \$3; Mr. McClelland, \$1; Mrs. Fender, \$2.18; Mrs. Weber, \$0.30; Mr. and Mrs. Aldred, \$2; Miss Stehley, \$1; "In His Name," for Colportage in the West, \$5; a friend in Pa., \$13.25; Mr. Wertz, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Rev. Wicand, D.D., \$10; Mr. Sharpe, \$5; Mrs. Rev. Hooper, \$0.50; Mr. Browne, \$25; Mr. Bixby, \$3; Mr. Dennis, \$5; Mr. Gearhart, \$1; Mr. Goodwin, \$2; Miss Leyda, \$2; Mr. Houston, \$10; Mr. Gordon, \$5; Mr. Glover, \$1; Mr. Bare, \$5; Rev. De Schweinitz, \$1; Rev. Gill, \$2; Dr. Taylor, \$3; Mr. Harbison, \$50; Mrs. Bishop, \$0.65; Mrs. Smith, Jr., \$5; Mr. Brown, \$5; Dr. Leaman, \$10; Mr. Finney, \$1; Rev. Prugh, D.D., \$1; Miss Weir, \$5; Mrs. Becker, \$5; Mr. Kreitler, \$5; Mr. Walter, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1; Mr. Clark, \$2; Mr. Wagner, \$0.65; Miss Bergstresser, \$2; Mr. Young, \$5; Mr. Britt, \$5; Mr. Nease, \$1; Mr. Armstrong, \$10; Mr. Barker, \$5; Mr. Clemson, for Soldier's Text Book, \$50; "A Friend," for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Miss Hope, \$1; Mr. Kinnear, \$10; Dr. McClelland, \$5; Mr. Munn, \$10; Mrs. Shephard, \$5; Mr. Thaw, \$5; Mr. Willock, \$10; Mr. and Mrs. Woods, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Wilkinsburg, church offering, \$5.72; Wilkinsburg, church collection, \$17.15.

SOUTH DAKOTA, \$1.
Mr. Manseger, \$1.

TENNESSEE, \$10.
Memphis, church collection, \$10.

TEXAS, \$13.50.
"A Friend," \$5; Miss Preston, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1; Rev. Schwab, for work among foreigners, \$2.50; Mr. Powell, \$5.

VERMONT, \$1.
Mr. Morse, \$1.

VIRGINIA, \$10.
Col. Dempsey, \$3; Mr. Glascock, \$1; Rev. Baker, \$1; Mr. Williams, \$5.

WASHINGTON, \$1.
Mr. Annas, \$1.

WEST VIRGINIA, \$9.30.
Mrs. Isch, \$0.30; Mr. Aglinby, \$5; Mr. Bishop, \$4.

WISCONSIN, \$17.75.
Mr. Mayer, \$0.60; "A Friend," for Soldier's Text Book, \$2; Mr. Lothes, \$1.15; Mr. Holt, \$10; Mr. Falkenstein, \$4.

FOREIGN, \$2.71.
Canada, Mr. Friesen, \$1; Mr. Epp, \$0.59; Canal Zone, Rev. Wood, \$1.12.

LEGACIES, \$1,530.
Kew Gardens, New York, estate of Samuel S. Scott, \$1,000; Rockford, Ill., estate of Mary H. Penfield, \$500; Jersey City, N. J., estate of Valentine Klein, \$30.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$1,300.
Income for missionary work.....\$1,250
Income for Annuitants..... 50

ERRATUM.
The following name was not mentioned in the list of donations received in October, 1916, as printed in the November issue of the American Messenger, although the amount was included in the total for the State of Pennsylvania:
Mr. Selden, \$5.

Life Members and Directors
THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

Form of Bequest
I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of.....dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 794,639,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$799,456.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$16,684.99. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,634,505.89, which is the equivalent of 5,269,010,000 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 206,167; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,517, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-five years 17,382,454, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,612,843.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a one volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, also other volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese, and its total publications for Latin America reach 14,748,588 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.
Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

TERMS: Subscription price, 50 cts. a year, payable in advance. In clubs of five or more, 30 cts. each. Club subscriptions mailed to separate addresses, if desired. Postage on foreign subscriptions, 24 cents additional. Canadian subscription, 12 cents additional. Single copies, 5 cents each.

On account of the additional charge which is made by the New York Post Office for mailing to subscribers in New York and Bronx Counties (Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), no club rates, cash commissions or premiums will be given for subscriptions that must be sent to persons residing in those Counties. Each subscription in New York or Bronx County must be at the rate of 50 cents net.

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CHANGES: When sending change of address, be sure to send the old address as well as the new one.

OUR ADVERTISERS: We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from responsible advertisers, and it is our intention to admit only such to our columns. Should, however, any of our subscribers find that any advertiser does not live up to his agreements, we would consider it a favor if they will inform us, and we will at any time give prompt attention to any complaint.

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Rev. Robert Murray, Field Secretary, Central Agency, 345 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 721 South 37th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage, Southern Agency, Crichton, R.F.D., Mobile Co., Ala.

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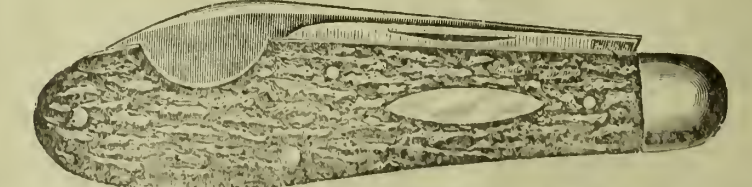
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This Knife is called the "Easy Opener" because of the way the handle is cut, so as to secure a good grasp of the blade when opening it. No broken nails or sore fingers from trying to open this knife. It has two good, strong, polished hand-forged steel blades, stag-handled, shaped so as to give a good, firm hold. It has a German silver bolster and name plate, and is brass lined. It is a handsome, strong, serviceable knife for either man or boy.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave., and 40th St., N. Y. C.

Our Book Table

Publishers will confer a favor by sending us announcements of their new books. So far as space will allow, we will ask publishers to send us for review such books as in our judgment will be of interest and value to our readers. We do not promise to review books that are sent to us unsolicited.

Any book here mentioned will be sent upon receipt of the given price, if ordered from the "American Tract Society," Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York City.

A Book of Family Worship.

This manual has been compiled by a committee, consisting of Rev. Louis F. Benson, D.D.; Cheesman A. Her- rick, Ph.D., LL.D.; Rev. Frank Lukens and Rev. Harold McA. Rob- inson. It contains a Psalm and a Lesson from Scripture for the morn- ing and evening of every day in the year; a morning and an evening prayer for every day in the month; and a copious selection of prayers for special times and occasions. It will doubtless prove of real service for family worship in many homes. (Cloth, 112 pages. Price, 50 cents net. The Presbyterian Board of Pub- lication and Sabbath School Work, Philadelphia, Pa.)

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Among the contributors to the book are Wilfred T. Grenfell, Professor W. H. Griffith Thomas, Reverends John Clifford, F. B. Meyer, Washington Gladden, Hugh Black, Timothy Stone, Bishop Quayle, Russell H. Conwell, David James Burrell, Hoyt M. Dobbs, Ira Landrith, Floyd W. Tom- kins, Bishop Woodcock, Maud Bal- lington Booth, President E. Y. Mulin- s and many others eminent in the evangelical religious world. (Cloth, 384 pages. Price, 35 cents, net. The Vir Publishing Company, 200 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

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A ten-day trial of this de- lightful, flavory hot drink has assisted so many to health and comfort that your friend, the Postum drinker, will tell you it's well worth while.

"There's a Reason"

Poems of Mary Artemisia Lath- bury.—This dainty volume opens with an introduction by Bishop John H. Vin- cent, in which he pays an appreciative tribute to the "Poetess of Chautauqua." W. Garrett Horder gives his testimony to the value of Miss Lathbury's work in a second introduction. A brief sketch of the life of the poetess, written by Frances E. Willard, is also included.

The poems of Miss Lathbury are ar- ranged and classified under these head- ings: Chautauqua Carols, Lyrics of Na- ture, Songs of Labor and Other Poems, Hymns and Sacred Songs, Out of Darkness into Light, Personal, Among the Children, Seven Little Maids, Idyls of the Months, April Skies and From Meadow-sweet to Mistletoe.

Concerning Miss Lathbury Bishop Vincent writes: "When the divine Light and Life enter and dominate a person- ality God does, in a measure, re- incarnate Himself. As the glory of the sun may shine like a diamond in a drop of water, and as in a diamond the sun may flash and tremble and dazzle the human eye, so may the Divine Spirit enter, possess and dominate a human soul. She lived in the spiritual world, recognized the beautiful harmonies be- tween the realm of matter and that of spirit, not failing to interpret the one in the light of the other. She had vis- ions, deep subjective experiences, was in constant communion with Heaven, knew the deepest, sweetest feelings of a spirit that had with closed eyes looked into the very face of the invisible God. She was both poetess and saint."

All those who have felt the charm of Miss Lathbury's poems will welcome this volume in which her writings are given an appropriate and beautiful set- ting. (Cloth, 292 pages. Price, \$1.25. The Nunc Licet Press, 920 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.)

Give Heed to Reading

No kinder counsel can be given to a friend than that he pay attention to reading. This is the only way to the true cultivation of the mind. Books are real helps to mental growth and moral progress. Those who have had most of this world's goods tell us that they owed much of their purest joys and loftiest purposes to books. Ma- caulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet in a charming letter he tells a little child: "I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

But books on the shelf will not en- rich the mind. They must be read. There is an art in reading as well as in speaking. Some people read vol- umes, but they do not benefit their minds because they fail to concentrate their thoughts. It is of the utmost im- portance that we digest the thoughts of the writer if his book is to do us any mental good.

Someone has well said: "The true uni- versity of these days is a collection of books." A well-read man has a double enjoyment of life, and the time that he spends in study will never be thrown away. In books we discover the mar- vels and beauties in literature; we find help for our problems; we see the se- crets of success, and we obtain strength for the hour of need. The best friend any of us can have is a good book. Poor books weaken the mind as much as good books strengthen it.—EXCHANGE.

A Pleasant Wish

Rev. J. A. Speer of Portland, Oregon, in renewing his subscription for another year, writes:

"Long live the AMERICAN MESSENGER! For many years I have greatly enjoyed reading it, and wish for it all that is good."

"A Kind Friend"

A lady in Skaneateles, N. Y., has sent this message in connection with her renewal subscription:

"I welcome the AMERICAN MESSENGER as a kind friend with its words of cheer and counsel which I need. It indeed brings an uplift on one's pathway through life."

Our Medicine Chest

While visiting in New York City a lady asked the little son of her friend: "Johnny, do you like going to school?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the truthful urchin, "and I like coming home, too; but I don't like staying there between times."

The teacher was instructing the class in the rudiments of the English language. "John," she said, "make a sentence using the word 'indisposition.'" John, who was evidently of a pugilistic turn of mind, assumed an aggressive pose and announced: "When youse want to fight, you stands in dis position."

Tommy's mother had made him a Christmas present of a toy shovel, and sent him up to the nursery to play with his baby brother. "Take care of Baby,

now," said his mother, "and don't let anything hurt him."

Presently screams of anguish from Baby sent the distracted parent flying upstairs.

"For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on the top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.

The teacher was hearing a class in mental arithmetic. It was the first les- son on fractions. "Now," said the teacher, "Mary had eight eggs. After using four for her cake, what part was left?" Lulu waved her hand frantically. "What is it, Lulu?" asked the teacher. "Eggshells," she answered promptly.

"Why, Jacky, open the door and let Katie in. Don't you see it's raining?" cried Jacky's mother. "Can't, mamma," said Jacky. "We are playing Noah's ark. I'm Noah, and Katie is the sinners; and she must stay out in the wet."

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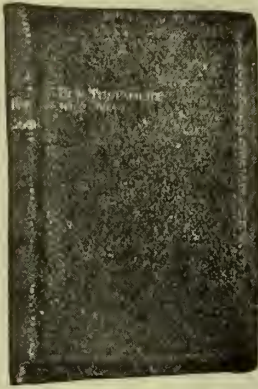
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Table with 3 columns: Publication Name, Regular Subscription Price, and Our Price for Both. Includes titles like American Messenger, Christian Herald, American Endeavor World, etc.

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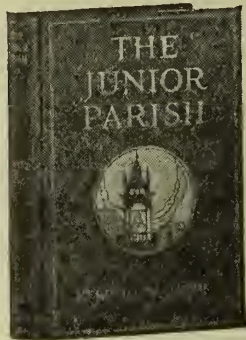
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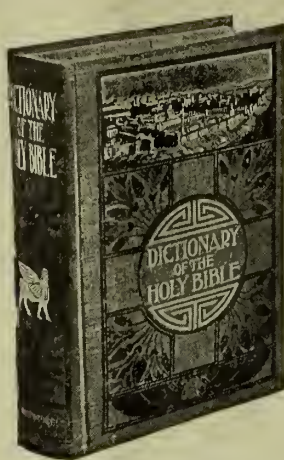
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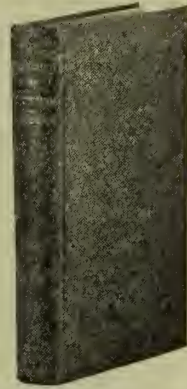
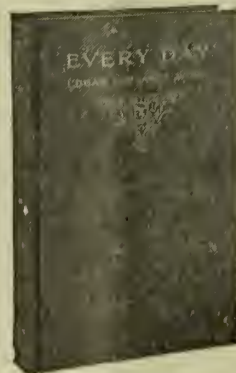
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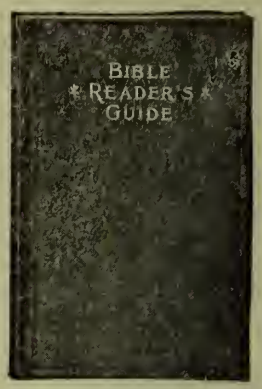
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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 75



FEBRUARY, 1917



No. 2



REBEKAH AT THE WELL

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.



H. E. FRITZ, DES.

CHURCH NEWS

A Revival Conference

A Revival Conference is being planned for the Thirtieth Reunion of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, to be held January 31 to February 5, 1917. In the list of speakers already announced are Bishop Luther B. Wilson, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D., Dean of the Los Angeles Bible Institute; Rev. A. B. Winchester, D.D., Pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Toronto, Canada; Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., Editor of the Scofield Reference Bible; and Pastor Paul Rader of the Moody Church. There is expected to be a large gathering of the Alumni of the Institute including evangelists, missionaries, and other Christian workers from all over the world.

An Appealing Field

Many of the representative churches of New Jersey, as well as churches in Pennsylvania and New York, have been privileged in hearing Rev. Malcolm H. MacLeod, of Colorado, speak under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, concerning the need of evangelizing the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest and the rural populations of the regions around the Rocky Mountains. The argument was made that rich dividends have already been received in return for work done, and that even richer returns will reward the faithful workers sent forth by the Church to these people who respond so readily when properly approached and ministered to. Attention was called to the fact that there are between 600,000 and 700,000 Spanish-speaking people in our country, the third and fourth generations of a race acquired by land annexation or conquest. Thousands of aliens have come from Mexico during the past four years of disturbance in that country.

The Largest Dry City in America

Petrograd, Russia, is of course the largest dry city in the world, and Toronto, Canada, with 400,000 population, has become by the Ontario prohibition act the largest dry city in America. By this act the province will be under absolute prohibition for three years, then a plebiscite will be taken on the question of its remaining dry permanently.

The Churches and the Sabbath

In speaking on the subject, "The Sabbath Vital to National Welfare," at the convention of the National Reform Association, in Pittsburgh, Pa., Harry L. Bowlby of New York said: "The churches must solve the problem of Sabbath desecration or the forces of Sabbath desecration will dissolve many of our churches. Already we are trying to roll back this mighty tide with the futile bulrushes of occasional Go-to-Church Sundays. These are good things, but they do not go to the heart of the non-church-going problem. The open Sunday saloons, theaters, dance halls, motion picture houses, places of business, the ever present Sunday newspaper, sports of various kinds, these bear witness to the prevailing conditions. Add to these the fact that over four million toilers are at work every Sunday and you have a tremendous problem which must be solved before you have a citizenship meriting the name Christian."

Mormonism and Christianity

The following significant statement is made by the organ of the National Reform Association, which is conducting the national fight for the passage of the Anti-polygamy amendment:

"Mormon missionaries sometimes dispute our statement that Mormonism is an attempted substitution for Christianity. And here comes the Mormon prophet's favorite son and favorite apostle, Hyrum M. Smith, who says in a sermon, printed in the *Deseret News*: 'Why, my brethren and sisters, Christianity never had the elements of

success in it from the first two or three centuries after Christ. It never has succeeded and never will succeed in the world, but let it be remembered that I absolutely and positively differentiate Christianity as it is known in the world today from the gospel of Jesus Christ. There is much of good in it and there is much of bad in it; there is much of truth and there is much of error, but it is lacking in that spirit which enables men to discern the good from the bad and the truth from the error. There is not within it that power that impels men to seek for God and to keep his commandments and to keep themselves from evil. That power is wanting in what is called Christianity."

The Scripture Gift Mission

The Scripture Gift Mission was founded in the year 1888, for the purpose of supplying missionaries and Christian workers in pagan lands, with free grants of attractively illustrated scriptures. It was felt that there were millions of heathen, Mohammedans and others who were too poor to spare even the smallest coin to purchase a copy of the Word of God. Millions more would never get a copy if they had to wait until someone came to sell it to them. Millions were too callous to purchase, but would accept a gift of a beautifully colored illustrated Gospel if offered to them with a word of advice as to its perusal.

In 1909, the Committee of the oldest British Bible Society (the Naval and Military Bible Society, founded in 1780) asked the committee of the Scripture Gift Mission to take over their work, and this was arranged. The Mission has no paid agents. All its work is accomplished through missionaries and Christian workers in almost every part of the world, and the Scriptures (Gospels, portions, and text-cards) are issued in about eighty-eight languages. The Scriptures issued by the Mission are printed in a very attractive form, and mostly illustrated with beautiful pictures of the Holy Land, by James Clark, R.A., and H. A. Harper, and in a way calculated to induce even the careless to accept and read the Word of God. The circulation for the last few years has been as follows, to March 31 of each year: 1914—4,459,698; 1915—8,264,857; 1916—10,503,886. The Mission relies solely upon the support of those of the Lord's people who believe that the Word of God is still "the power of God unto salvation to all who believe," and who, loving the Scriptures themselves, long to help to get them into the hands of those who do not possess them.

The special work which engages the Mission at present is distributing the Scriptures amongst the soldiers and sailors fighting in the European war. This distribution has been very signally blessed by God, and many thousands of soldiers have been won for Christ.

"Good Samaritans."

A new philanthropy, cousin to the Big brother movement, has been inaugurated by the West Side Branch Y. M. C. A., in New York City. It is known as the "Good Samaritans." While the Big Brothers deal with boys, the Good Samaritans deal with men, young or mature, who have missed out in life from one cause or another. The movement grows out of the street and shop meetings, which bring many men to the branch for interviews with business men by appointment. Some are down and out through drink, some through ill health or are in trouble for some other reason, and want advice and help. After an interview some one of the Good Samaritans becomes a brother to the individual, to see him through to better life conditions and stick to him until he makes good or all hope fails and even beyond that. The movement has only just begun, but it has in it the promise of large usefulness.

Libraries Free

The American Tract Society is ready to give a limited number of excellent libraries free of all expense except the cost of transportation to needy Sunday Schools, Mission Churches and Christian schools among the negroes and mountain whites.

This offer is made to cover only those cases in which the recipients are themselves unable to pay anything toward the cost of the books that they need.

Application for such libraries should be made at once to the General Secretary of the American Tract Society, Park avenue and Fortieth street, New York, N. Y.

Each applicant should state the reason why the church or school is unable to pay for the books needed, the number and ages of the scholars, and should also contain a guarantee for the payment of the transportation charges.

A National Fellowship

The opposing forces in the liquor fight are lining up in great industrial centers for the final conflict. One-half the population in the wet territory in this country lives in four great industrial States—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and New Jersey, and one-fourth of the people in wet territory live in six great industrial cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston and Cleveland.

The situation is far more serious than most of us imagine. While we have succeeded in keeping the liquor question out of the conventions of the American Federation of Labor, it is nevertheless true that the liquor men today practically dominate every Central Labor Union in America. This is so because they are taking an unfair advantage of the pledge of loyalty of trade-unionists.

Rev. Charles Stelzle, who has made an exhaustive study of the liquor problem from the workingmen's viewpoint, giving substantially two years of his time to this investigation, is about to inaugurate a national campaign among the trade-unionists in America, organizing a national Anti-Saloon Fellowship.

There are many trade-unionists in the churches who should co-operate in this movement and they are urged to communicate with Mr. Stelzle—addressing him at 105 East 22d Street, New York City,—signifying their willingness to help. These church men will be requested to distribute literature among their fellow trade-unionists in shops and labor unions and to enlist as many trade-unionists as possible in the work of the Fellowship.

A Helpful Subscriber

Mr. A. L. Packard, of East Bridgewater, Mass., has written to us expressing his very high appreciation of the value of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. He has shown in a very practical way the sincerity of his appreciation, for he has sent the sum of \$2.10 with the names and addresses of seven people to whom he wishes the paper sent for the current year. He says:

"When I saw in the AMERICAN MESSENGER that you would send five copies for a whole year to five different addresses I thought there was no other way in which I could do as much good, as it would be carrying the Gospel message into five different homes."

We hope that there are many other subscribers who will follow Mr. Packard's example by sending us a remittance sufficient to send the AMERICAN MESSENGER into the homes of five or more of their friends and acquaintances at the club price of thirty cents apiece. The monthly visits of the paper will be like the coming of a silent evangelist into the home, and may be the means of bringing a blessing that will endure to all eternity.

A Final Offer

What those who have received our Calendar for 1917, entitled "Making Friends," think of it is indicated in a letter from Mr. Edward B. Morrill of Allston, Mass., who writes:

"Permit me to express my thanks to you for your kindness in sending me the beautiful Calendar, 'Making Friends.' I can assure you I appreciate it. It will have a prominent place in my residence. It is a calendar of inspiration. The artist had a beautiful conception appealing to the human mind and leading to an uplift of thought."

Our superb Calendar has been secured by special arrangement with the Osborne Company, who are famous the world over as producers of Art Calendars. It measures 10 by 17 inches, and is printed in a rich sepia tint. When the year is ended, the date pad may be detached, and the Calendar will make a choice subject for framing.

We will give this Calendar, postpaid, and one year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for 60 cents, or we will give the Calendar as a premium to any subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1917, and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all. If the new subscriber in the foregoing case also desires a Calendar, \$1.10 must be remitted. For every Canadian subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted for postage, and for every foreign subscription 24 cents.

All those who have not yet attended to the renewal of their subscriptions for the year 1917 are earnestly urged to forward their remittance at once, accompanied by an additional ten cents for the Calendar, "Making Friends," if they desire to receive it.

AMERICAN MESSENGER
Park Ave. and 40th St., New York

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is a delightful paper for the little ones in the home and at Sunday school. It is published monthly, but arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. An ideal paper for primary departments and infant classes; charming illustrations; good clear type; every issue printed in color; a splendid full-page picture each week; beautiful half-tones. Single copies, 30 cents; five copies to one address, 25 cents each; ten or more, 20 cents each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cents per copy additional. Subscriptions accepted in clubs for 3 months, 6 months or a year.

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is a family monthly paper for German readers. This paper is ably edited and beautifully illustrated and maintains its rank as one of the best German Monthlies. It is evangelical and unsectarian in tone. The subscription price is 35 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more 20 cents apiece.

Manzanas de Oro

A beautiful little weekly for Spanish readers, printed in large, clear type in a fine tinted ink. It contains short stories, Sunday-school lessons and beautiful illustrations. The subscription price is 35 cents a year, or in clubs of ten or more, 30 cents a year.

Free Sample Copies on Request.

American Tract Society
Park Ave. and 40th St., New York

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

Vol. 75. No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1917

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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matter.

Shall Sunday Motion Picture Shows be Legalized?

A vital question has arisen in regard to Sabbath observance in the State of New York. A recent court decision has held that it is illegal to give motion picture performances for personal gain. The case has been appealed to a higher court, but meanwhile strenuous efforts are being made to induce the State Legislature to pass a bill legalizing Sunday motion picture shows to which an admission fee is charged.

The professional Sunday moving picture show is one of the greatest hindrances to Christian work which has developed within recent times. The performances given on Sunday afternoon lure the children away from the Sunday School, and those that are given on Sunday evening conflict with the church service usually held at that time.

Furthermore, the character of many of the films shown at these performances constitute a most glaring desecration of the Sabbath. In many instances they are not fit to be shown on any day of the week, and their exhibition on the Sabbath shows an absolute disregard for the divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

There are indications that a desperate endeavor will be made by the great financial interests that are behind the moving picture concerns to force through a law granting to moving picture theaters the right to give exhibitions on Sunday. There is a suggestion that a tax levied upon these concerns would provide a much needed revenue for the State, and it is hinted that the privilege of Sunday performances may be given as an offset to the proposed taxation.

Christian people all over the State should do all in their power to see to it that the Sabbath is protected against the greed of those who

would legalize the Sunday motion picture shows in exchange for a mere pecuniary gain to the State revenues.

There are six days and six evenings in the week when the motion picture shows may be seen by all those who desire to witness them. They should not be allowed to encroach upon the day which Christian sentiment dictates should be devoted to rest and worship.

The Lord's Day Alliance of the United States and other organizations for the protection of the Sabbath are taking a vigorous stand in this matter, and they should have the earnest and united support of all those who value the Christian Sabbath and who wish to see it maintained as one of the strong bulwarks of our present civilization.

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Revival Movements

There is a wave of evangelistic activity that is sweeping over a large part of our land. Revival services are being held in many churches, and organized movements for the stirring of whole communities are being conducted by evangelists of known power and effectiveness in many different centers.

The most conspicuous campaign in progress at the present writing is that conducted by Billy Sunday in Boston, which has stirred that pivotal city in a way which it has never before experienced and which bids fair to eclipse all previous campaigns in which that famous evangelist has engaged.

Preparations are already well under way for the campaign which Billy Sunday is expected to conduct in the city of New York, beginning on the first of April. Arrangements have been made for constructing the largest tabernacle which has yet been erected in any of Billy Sunday's campaigns; a strong committee has been appointed and for purposes of greater efficiency it has been incorporated; prayer meetings are already under way invoking the divine blessing upon the efforts that are to be made to win the great metropolis for Christ; numerous matters of detail are being quietly but carefully provided for in advance of the opening of the actual meetings.

A unique feature in connection with the forthcoming campaign was the coming to New York City on January 14th of hundreds of "Sunday trail hitters," who had been converted in other cities, and who came to awaken in the churches of New York a live interest in the evangelistic effort which Billy Sunday is so soon to inaugurate.

Billy Sunday and his methods have been provocative of much discussion, and many opinions, both favorable and adverse have been ex-

pressed concerning the way in which his remarkable campaigns are conducted. It is not our purpose at this time to enter upon this discussion, but simply to say that whatever may be the faults connected with the Billy Sunday campaigns, there is no question but that a very large measure of good has been accomplished by this unique evangelist, for he has been used under God for the turning of many to righteousness and the bringing of salvation to a multitude of human souls.

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A Noteworthy Temperance Victory

The most important news in regard to the temperance cause that has recently been announced is the fact that the Webb-Kenyon Law has been upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. This law prohibits the shipment of liquor of any sort into States, whose statutes forbid such importation. In other words, the interstate commerce in liquor is made subject to such restrictions as the individual States see fit to impose upon it.

Under the interpretation of the Webb-Kenyon Law, which has just been handed down by the United States Supreme Court, it will be possible for any State to prohibit absolutely the importation of liquor within its borders.

The three States that will immediately feel the benefit of the decision affirming the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon Law are West Virginia, Arizona and Oregon. These States all have enacted laws prohibiting the shipment of intoxicating liquor of any sort for personal or beverage use. Doubtless many other Prohibition States will speedily pass similar legislation.

Thus the lines are being drawn tighter and tighter around the liquor traffic, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when this traffic will be outlawed in every State of the Union.

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An Abuse of the Mails

Attention has been called to the misuse of the United States mails by the liquor interests, in their frantic efforts to bolster up a business which present indications plainly foreshadows is doomed to extinction.

This abuse of the mails consists in flooding the dry States with circulars advertising liquor for sale and inviting orders for the delivery of intoxicants despite the prohibition laws which exist in those States.

This advertising campaign for the sake of exploiting the liquor traffic is being carried on with diabolical ingenuity, and no expense is being spared in order to create and maintain a

mail-order demand for liquor, not only on the part of those who are already addicted to its use, but also on the part of women and children, in whom the taste for intoxicants has not yet been formed.

As has been well stated, a law excluding liquor advertising and solicitation from the mails would be in accordance with the precedent that has already excluded from the mails obscene publications, lottery tickets and various other articles designed for illegal and immoral uses.

The Christian citizens of our country are therefore urged to press upon their representatives a united and imperative demand for a law of this kind, which would be eminently fitting and proper for many cogent reasons. The Federal government is directly concerned in this matter because alcohol is a recognized source of

weakness, because the extension of the drink trade is always at the expense of other legitimate business, and because it is inimical to health and dangerous in times of national emergency. The Federal government also has exclusive jurisdiction over the mails, and it can therefore put into force immediately whatever restrictions are deemed to be in the best interest of the public welfare.



The Drug Evil

There are few people who realize what a hold habit-forming drugs have secured upon the American people. This evil is closely connected with the drink habit, and it calls for just as careful and drastic treatment as the evils that arise out of the liquor traffic.

A recent pamphlet by Dr. Charles B. Towns points out very clearly the Federal responsibil-

ity in the solution of the habit-forming drug problem, and suggests that Congress empower the President to appoint a committee of able men to investigate this whole subject in all its phases, making such appropriations for this purpose as may be found necessary.

"Such action of Congress," it is said, "would mean not only a solution of this subject as far as the Federal government is concerned; it would mean also a solution for the States. And it would establish a legislative, medical and sociological precedent that would give the United States for the first time the primacy it ought to have in asking other countries to join with us once and for all in terminating this evil—an evil which has now become not merely a series of national problems, but a united world problem."

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER

Exalt the Church

PRAISE of the church to readers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER may seem like bringing coals to Newcastle. Most of you are sympathetic with the purpose of the church and loyal to its traditions. Yet it sometimes appears that too much may not be taken for granted in this direction, even among Christian people. The church today is under fire in some quarters and is underrated in certain others. We are not speaking of those who are outside her fellowship and frankly hostile to her ideals. The wrath of such as these will eventually be overruled to the glory of God. The most serious wounds are dealt her in the house of her friends.

A leading evangelist of the present day, with an enormous following, is frequently moved to give the church sledge-hammer blows of criticism, and to chastise soundly the weak and inefficient ministers who serve it. The wonder is that the average "trail hitters" in these meetings can feel any impulse whatever to ally themselves with so defective and anemic an institution or to submit to guidance by its feeble leaders.

Too many ministers themselves, withal, are tongue-tied on the high theme of the glory of Zion. They preach on many important concerns, but seldom on the claims of the one divine institution on earth. It is widely assumed that Christianity is simply a matter of preserving a filial spirit toward God and therefore, needs no dogma, no form, and no institution to keep it alive. Men are called to work for the Kingdom of God in all places and in all ways and the very word, "church" is tabooed as smacking of a certain narrow ecclesiasticism. Needless to say, this is not true of the Roman Catholic communion in which the glory of the church is the first lesson branded into the consciousness of every child.

For one reason and another, many members of our Protestant churches are apathetic in their membership. They apparently hold the church to be one of a number of excellent institutions on the earth, but with no unique and wonderful mission and with no especial claim for them. The church represents merely one more worthy cause in the community to be supported. And this slothful habit of thought too often finds its way down among the sheep from shepherds who ought to know better. As Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D.D., said in his Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale University: "When those who sit in the seats of the mighty speak after this fash-

ion, it is not to be wondered at that men lower down begin to think of the church with a slackened interest and to speak of it with a diminished enthusiasm. The church has, to many Christians, become an object to be apologized for, and has ceased to be an institution to be sacrificed for and loved."

It behooves us, therefore, to study anew this ancient institution and to know its wonderful history since the day when the cloud received Jesus from the apostles' sight until now. We are privileged to realize how in all ages the church of Christ has helped the poor, restored the wayward, comforted the sorrowing, taught the ignorant, and healed the sick. We are invited to reflect how, for nineteen centuries, it has been almoner and friend to all humanity. We are bidden to call to mind how, above all else, it has preached to rich and poor alike that gospel of life which means a present and a future salvation. The story of the church, could one wholly know and write it, would be the most glorious in human annals. Subtracting the dross of error, of cowardice and of sloth from her history—since the church has ever been made up of human beings—there still remains enough pure gold of aspiration and achievement to convince the mind and to cheer the heart of every sincere churchman.

Good people today are sometimes dismayed because the church seems to be losing its hold on public attention. A host of organizations have taken over the work the church used to do. No longer is she the sole or chief fount of education, nor the foremost dispenser of charity. No longer, as formerly, does she undertake to control every department of human life. The church of mediaeval days could crown and uncrown kings, regulate the course of jurisprudence, establish current rates of interest, and, in general, direct the whole program of social progress.

It is not so now. These old doors of service have been shut and no man can open them. Yet no loss has come to the church through such diminution of her responsibility. Her great, unique door of opportunity is wide open in the present age and no man can shut it. In the words of a recent thoughtful writer: "The church's proper task, like her Lord's, is to hold up the ideals, furnish the motives and convictions, and provide the devoted men and women, who through the state or private companies or benevolent societies, shall render this social service. The church's function is to inspire, not to direct." The greatest and most pathetically needed service that can be rendered the present generation is

to furnish it with religion; to introduce into all its thronging concerns the principles and faith of the Son of God. This is the work of the church.

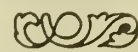
Exalt the church, then! Be proud of your connection with this institution that reaches back in blessing across all the Christian centuries and that holds the richest promise for tomorrow. It is a high privilege to belong to the church, to feel oneself a member of this mighty and immortal host, to sing the songs of Zion with a sense of proprietorship and to join in her prayers as no alien in the Commonwealth of God. It is a sacred joy to realize one's kinship with "the glorious company of the apostles, the noble army of martyrs." What earthly honor can be given to men higher than that of standing in such a succession? May the great Head of the church forgive us that we esteem the honor so lightly and so often prove faithless to its high behests!

The zealous churchmanship of the men who made Old Testament history puts us to shame. When David would build a temple for Jehovah he planned the finest structure of the age, for "the house of the Lord must be exceeding magnificent, of fame and glory throughout all countries." Our church building need not be magnificent, but it should be the best we can afford; reflecting the wealth and commanding the respect of the community. A drab, ill-kept, and generally unattractive church building is a travesty on religion. The good Hebrew of old loved the spot where dwelt the glory of Jehovah. "I would rather be a doorkeeper," he said, "in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go unto the house of the Lord.'" It is the sort of enthusiasm we need today.

How can any one expect to worship our Father in the hereafter who will not worship Him now? What trick can death perform to change an unloving, irreverent man into one in tune with the Infinite? The church is the school of the spirit. An earthly tabernacle must claim our loyalty till we view the one not made with hands eternal in the heavens. Exalt the church, support it, attend it and pray for it, whether the house of the Lord means for you some stately cathedral, or the little white meeting house on the hill. To the worshipper of a right spirit the simplest service becomes a vehicle of praise, and the humblest conventicle none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

"NOW," THE TIME OF ACTION

BY

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

Minister of Calvinistic Congregational Church, Fitchburg, Massachusetts

DURING the last month of the year 1900 the various periodicals of the world were crammed with articles giving a review of the Nineteenth Century. The next month every magazine was replete with essays and dissertations presenting a pre-view or prophecy of the one hundred years upon which we were entering. Indeed, with every passing twelve-month crossing the outstretched tape of time in the never-ending race of existence, we exchange our mutual Happy New Year salutations, and Janus-like, gaze with equal intentness over the pathway so recently trodden and over that upon which we are about to enter.

Forefather's Day, in December, and the birth-days of Washington and of Lincoln in February, add their emphasis to the double lesson of the hour. We tell our youth what others have done, trusting thereby to foretell what they also will do or at least to influence them in the same direction.

All of which is good—as far as it goes. Optimism and idealism are thus born. You cannot study the years which have flown without thanksgiving, you cannot peer into the decades to come without hope. In large measure the past may properly become a mirror of the future. Yet there is a danger—namely that of forgetting the present.

So Paul thought at least. Writing to the Corinthians he asserts: "Behold, now is the acceptable time: behold, now is the day of salvation." Men needed the warning then. They need it today. Boston has recently been stirred as no city on earth has ever been stirred before, by the same cry from the lips of a modern evangelist, and in the months just ahead of us we devoutly pray that New York City may be moved to its very foundations by the same message. For it is not the man after all, and it is not the method—it is the message—the Pauline message—"Behold, now is the acceptable time: behold, now is the day of salvation." It has been the note of every true pulpit, years without number. It must needs be the clarion call of the pulpit today, if the Church is to enter into its own.

When Richard of the Lion Heart was imprisoned by his enemies in some out-of-the-way fortress, according to tradition Blondel, his musician, travelled far and wide in search of him. And everywhere he went Blondel played the favorite airs of his royal master. Beneath the walls of many a castle, or on the further side of the encircling moat, he stood and played and listened—without avail, but at last in a strange land in the heart of a dark forest and surrounded by high mountains he came to the unknown stronghold and, as soon as ever an echo could return, he heard from within the

answering strain. Others indeed might count it an echo, but he knew the voice of Richard. Once the place of custody was known, the release was a matter of a few weeks or months at the most. So, every true herald of God repeats and reiterates this old time song of the Scriptures with the hope that somewhere, some time, some one—at least—will hear and respond. Oh, that souls imprisoned in self might listen—"Behold, now is the acceptable time: behold, now is the day of salvation."

Not the *past* then is the favored period of time. My father once remarked that he had "heard of an individual who could not look upon the new moon with any comfort, so great was his respect for the old one which was gone," but he added with a twinkle, "I doubt if such a person ever existed." Yet some would ever preach from the text, "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls." Such people are apt to live in the days gone by. Memory serves for all. They see little good in the present. They have no hope for the future. They are hidebound, stubborn bigots—not healthy conservatives. They are marking time, and they would mark time on the crackling edge of the ice floe, on the crumbling brink of the precipice, yes, even in the hour of combat when the bugle sounds for an advance. They are automats, like an eight-day clock, wound up to go just so long, their every action in circles—moving without progressing. They are creatures of heredity, as much so as the North American Indians or the Mound Builders. They are shackled by habit, as too frequently has been true of the inhabitants of Spain, or as has been characteristic through past ages of the people of China.

All such are "behind the times." They need the word of a great thinker who says: "Traditions are not manacles to bind us, but a harness to wear in the forward movement." Tradition is experience—that is all—the experience of some one else. Such experience is limited in its value. It is of worth only as you weave it into the present.

What is the use of wishing for the water that has run by; of supposing, "If I could start over again," or of saying, "I would have done this had I lived then, in the good old days when one had a chance." Listen to Helen Hunt Jackson:

"Today is the day of battle,
The brunt is hard to bear;
Stand back! all ye who falter,—
Make room for those who dare!"

You must start where you are and as you are—ignorant, unskilled, lazy, sinful—but you need not remain where you are. The present is the result of the past, and the past must needs affect the present, but it need not control it. Cling to the good in your past, cut loose from its evil—

and as for your forebears—hearken to this—a commencement epigram, "Let your ancestors be guide posts—not hitching posts."

Not the past and not the future is the gala day of the soul. Children delight in the days gone by. They are already agog when the story begins "Once upon a time." Why? Because it tells of something beyond their ken and out of their realm of knowledge. So the future is the fairy land of adults. It alone can bring to them that which is new, untried, alluring. And there, in the future, alas, is the habitation of too many—mere dreamers, not idealists aflame with a vision which must be realized. They, the dreamers, are guided by the will-o'-the-wisps, here and there through mazes and into labyrinths where there are no exit and no "open sesame." Fancy's most fantastic phenomena are to them far more than the patent facts of every-day life. They are constantly being misled by some strange illusion or some mirage, as of the City of Bright Promises. Indeed, they will point out to you what are, in their eyes, the well defined minarets and flashing domes of that Mecca of all futurists. To be sure, they mind not the scorching sun above nor the burning sands below and plod onward with ever new zeal till—just as they raise the hand and form the knuckles to strike on those far famed gates of brass—it all disappears, or perhaps reappears at an even greater distance than before. Yet they never faint, neither are they weary in the unending journey, for with them imagination is synonymous with intellect. Indeed, expectation overshadows reality. Such energy and ambition is misplaced and wasted. They should read Macaulay, who says, "I would rather have an acre of ground in Middlesex County than a principality in Utopia," and adds, "Better the slightest actual good than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities," or, as our grandparents would have put it, "Better a bird in the hand than two in the bush."

The future does feed ambition, it does inspire hope, it does encourage zeal. But we never quite overtake it. It is like the water which surrounded and came up to the very chin of Tantalus, yet when he stooped to quench his thirst, the waves receded, leaving his throat still parched and his very lips dry and burning.

It is of little avail for the child to say, "If I were a man"—; he isn't. It is of no use for you or for me to say, "If I were President—;" we are not. It isn't always wise to promise, "We will do so and so." Wait and see. Let the future inspire, let it guide, let it mould! But mark you—we may not cross its threshold, we may not enter its palace, though seemingly so close. It is a sealed book save to the prophet, and he tells us only its chapter headings. It is an unknown land except to the seer, and he only sketches its headlands and its mountain ridges. The future is indeed the promised land, flowing

with milk and honey; but Canaan is beyond, the Jordan flows between and we must wait our forty years, or God's own season, before we can pass through the divided waters.

"Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation." The past is gone forever, and above the door of its exit, like that "ominous bird of yore," sits indeed a raven with its croaking fatal, "Never more." As for the future, it will not be hastened by any word or wish of ours, nor have we any mortgage upon it when it comes.

The present is ours. And what is the present? A single moment. It is only a little nugget, but it is of pure gold. It is only a single gem, but it is a diamond without flaw, "of purest ray serene." It is only a perishable drop, but it is the elixir of life, to be spilled on the ground and wasted or to be quaffed with its pledge of eternal life. It is only a fleeting instant, but it is the gateway of opportunity if we will but enter in before it clangs—forever shut—in our very face. Only a moment—one at a time as needed, but how many myriad in sequence—impossible to differentiate between them, impossible to enumerate them as they pass.

In a novel, widely read a decade ago, we are told, "Anticipation, realization, recollection, thus the moment becomes almost synchronous with eternity. And the greatest of these is realization." Something achieved, accomplished! It may be the statue, lifelike and titanic, the masterpiece of genius to be heralded the world around, or only the hammer or mallet which some day the sculptor—or possibly the carpenter, Jesus-like—will use. It may be the immortal poem which will stir the hearts of those as yet unborn, or only the sum in addition, a problem simple indeed, but successfully solved by the growing lad. It may be the aspiration for a world unsaved and in the throes of bestial strife, or only (can we say only?) the prayer for self—a better self—a more unselfish self. Ah the thrill of work that is done or being done!

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught,
Thus at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought:
Thus on the sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

Often the philosopher had been asked where he found his beautiful thoughts. "In my garden," was the invariable answer. And so his disciples came and knocked at the garden gate. Opened, what was their astonishment; so small and so barren, not a flower, or a shrub or even a piece of statuary. He saw their looks, he knew their thoughts, and smiled: "I know it is not very long, nor very wide, but oh, it is wondrous high." So is it with the moment. Circumscribed. To be sure—but oh! its reach! In a single second light travels nearly 200,000 miles or about eight times around the world. In a single second, thought goes down the ages and back, bringing you the historical fact you desired; it travels from the overburdened heart of sinful man to the responsive, forgiving heart of a gracious God; it lifts a man out of his Hell of despair into a Heaven, that is a haven of hope and of assurance.

The instant changes past tendencies, and controls future results; it gives birth to character—not, Minerva like, full grown and pauoplied in armor, but character, like an infant, destined to grow slowly but surely through subsequent moments, as the moments themselves grow into hours and years. In the twinkling of an eye the desultory volition springs up and changes the course of a day: or a governing purpose is formed—the choice of a trade or a profession; or a supreme choice is made—for the world or for God, for the self or for the Christ. Now

we begin to understand Paul, who—forgetting the past and reaching forth to the future—maintained, "I press (the present tense) toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

There is an ancient proverb, "In every today walks a tomorrow." Caesar hesitated at the Rubicon, but when he crossed it the die was cast, the bridges behind him were burned, the history of Rome was already changed. This day can be such for you, far more than the first day of a New Year or of another century if you will but make it so.

"Forward, as warriors bold,
Forward, as men and kings,
The good to have and hold
And all that virtue brings.

"Forward, nor pause nor wait
For time to change nor tide.
The *now* is at the gate,
We can no longer bide."

How long may we put it off?" asked his disciples of the Rabbi Eliezer—referring to conversion. "Till one day before you die," was the instant answer. "But how shall we know when we are to die?" "Ah!" was the significant reply, "therefore—repent now!" Oh, the danger of procrastination—it is not only the thief of time, but of immortal souls. Said Horace, "Abridge your hopes in proportion to the shortness of the span of human life. Enjoy the present time and trust not too much what the morrow may bring forth. For even while we converse, the hours, as though envious of our pleasures, fleet away." You recognize at once the voice of Epicureanism, with its constant refrain, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Christianity prays, "Grant that I may have the will and the skill and the opportunity to serve God in two worlds and not merely in the one to come."

You cannot borrow the glittering garb of the future, nor walk down its broadening avenue. Nor may you return to your innocent childhood. The gates of destiny bar the one though permitting you to glimpse something of its cool shade and overhanging trees. And if you turn toward that earlier Eden you find your way blocked by a turnstile revolving in but one direction and with a golden chain—golden but nevertheless a chain—across the returning section, while within you see an angel with a flaming sword. Thus it is that this word of the Apostle Paul comes home with eternal force, and this is the gist thereof—you must start where you are and as you are, but, forget it not, you can start with Christ and for God.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead.
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

The Glory of the Vanquished

BY JAMES ELMER RUSSELL.

It is the glory of achievement and success which the world acclaims. Wealth, position, and power reward those who triumph over the material forces of the universe.

There are, however, rarer and nobler victories to which the world gives little heed—victories of the spirit, which are invisible to the unilluminated eye, but which require the highest sort of courage. Though generally unrecognized there are defeats which are more splendid than the most applauded triumphs. There are vanquished souls far more deserving of the laurel wreath than world's conquerors.

It is the worth of the vanquished which Mercié, the French Sculptor, tried to set forth in his immortal statue, "Gloria Victis." The inspiration to create this statue came to Mercié in 1871 at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, when France, unconquered in spirit, lay prostrate before the might of German arms.

The statue represents a young gladiator who has just received his death blow while facing his foe. As he falls, his broken sword still in his hand, the figure of victory with great outstretched wings swoops down and carries him upward in her arms."

This statue by Mercié was one of which the late Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, of Saranac Lake, the pioneer leader of the anti-tuberculosis crusade in America, was very fond. In his "Autobiography," Dr. Trudeau remarks, "The statue of Gloria Victis typifies many victories I have seen won in Saranac Lake by those whom I learned to love, the victory of the spirit over the body; the victories that demand acquiescence in worldly failure, and in the supreme sacrifice of life to itself as a part of their achievement; the victory of the Nazarene which ever speaks its great message to the ages. As typical of struggles with which I was familiar, long struggles in which even the gloom of death could not smother the triumphant note and which had taught me that the Spirit of God may dwell in a man—a precious message indeed—Mercié's statue was always my favorite statue."

Only a few can be conspicuous for outward success, but that finer inner victory, which Mercié's statue interprets, which many a one fighting a losing fight with tuberculosis, bravely and cheerfully has proved possible, and of which Dr. Trudeau himself was a splendid illustration, may be attained by every one. There is no defeat for those whose souls are unconquered.

"Speak, History—Who are life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say.
Are they those whom the world calls the victors,
Who won the success of the day?

The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans
Who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges
Or Socrates, Pilate or Christ?"

Saved by a Thread

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

This world is a labyrinth, and what men supremely need is a principle of guidance which will direct their way finally out into the sunlight of the eternal world. The story is told of a venturesome explorer who impelled by a passion for historic research had the temerity to enter the dark catacombs of Rome without a guide. At the entrance he fastened one end of a thread, and taking the spool in one hand and a lamp in the other, he started forth into the gloomy depths. For a time his mind was engrossed with the memorials of Rome's former greatness, and the relics of its art. In his intense interest, becoming self-forgetful, he stumbled, fell, and his light was extinguished! Thinking he had lost his spool, and overcome by the awful horror of the place, he fainted. But when he revived he found the spool still in his hand, and, rousing himself with an effort, he followed the frail thread (which happily did not break), and after a while, seeing glimmerings of light, he dashed out into the open. He had been saved by a thread! Our situation in this labyrinthine world hardly seems at times more cheerful than was that of the daring explorer of the underworld of Rome. Gloom often surrounds us, depressing mementoes or suggestions of departed things greet the eye on every hand, tales of disaster are brought to us by the daily papers. How then shall we find our way along, how shall we support our courage? Only by holding fast to the guiding principles of God's Word, and by placing our hand in that of the Divine Saviour and Guide. At times the indices of the heavenly course may seem faint and uncertain, but still we must hold fast to the thread which, *if unbroken*, will lead us out at last into the fadeless light of eternity

PRINTED PREACHERS

At Ellis Island

Though the European War has greatly diminished the volume of immigration, there are still a considerable number of immigrants who arrive at the Port of New York. About forty vessels land their human freight every month at Ellis Island. The average number of immigrants each month is about 13,000.

To care for the spiritual interests of these strangers in a strange land the American Tract Society has long maintained a missionary colporter at Ellis Island, and its present representative is Mr. Charles Carol, who is familiar with several different languages, and is thus enabled to converse with the majority of the immigrants in their own tongue.

Mr. Carol distributes on the average a total of 10,000 tracts each month to the immigrants. These are printed in about a dozen different languages and they carry the message of Gospel truth and spiritual comfort to the immigrants as they stand on the threshold of their newly chosen home.

The picture which appears on this page shows us some Swedish immigrants at Ellis Island. The Scandinavian contingent which comes to our shores is one of the most desirable elements of our foreign immigration, and the evangelical message presented in the printed page usually meets with a warm welcome from those who come to us from Sweden, Norway and Denmark.



Among the Mexicans

Rev. A. H. Sutherland, one of the missionary colporters of the American Tract Society, has recently been engaged in distributing Christian literature in the Spanish language far down into the interior of Mexico. He gives a vivid and unusually interesting view of the situation in the following words:

"It is unnecessary to say that Mexico has a war on hand. All the world knows that. Nor is it an ordinary war, but an unusual one—the worst in Mexico's long, sad history of wars and calamities. It has been raging for six years, and at this writing seems to be renewing its activities and its atrocities. For a while after the entrance of the American 'punitive expedition,' it died down, and the prospects were more favorable than the recognized de facto government would get on its feet and accomplish something in the way of organization and restoration. But as soon as the American troops were commanded to go into camp and stop their active pursuit of Villa, this bandit who has been so often killed and buried, came to life and took the field again, and now appears to be having his own way.

"This situation makes living, traveling and doing business in that country very unhealthful for foreigners, especially for Americans. And yet many of our citizens will occasionally venture down there to look after what is left of their properties. It costs some of them their lives to do this. Others escape the extreme penalty of their temerity by hiding or fleeing to other parts or clearing out of the country, when real danger approaches too near. For the last few years comparatively few Americans have been found in Mexico, and these have been much interfered with in their affairs. During my last visit, for the three weeks I was on the



SWEDISH IMMIGRANTS AT ELLIS ISLAND

Mexican Central Railway from El Paso, Texas, to Mexico City, I met but two Americans and they were the two young women who are serving as Presbyterian missionaries in Aguas Calientes. In fact, all business in Mexico is in a deplorable state. Still in the midst of this awful cataclysm there are some facts that give hope for the future.

"There is a very definite, extensive and energetic effort being made by the Carranza government to establish schools, reconstruct the railroads, and to revive industries and business generally; also to restore municipal, state and federal government, with its courts, legislatures and executive officers.

"But so great has been the upheaval that in social and religious matters the people have been powerfully affected, and they are destined to become a different people from what they were. As usual, this process begins with the loss of faith in their old religion and ends with the rejection of all religion. This development is as much to be feared in Mexico today as it was in the French Revolution.

"There is only one remedy for this situation, and that is to give them the true religion. Two great agencies for this are the American Bible Society and the American Tract Society. The Christian Church is the purveyor of these two great institutions. They furnish the means for producing the literature that we workers in the Master's vineyard must take up and pass on and out to the people. This literature, Biblical and religious, will demolish both Romanism and infidelity. Mexico has been sorely oppressed by the Roman Catholic priesthood for four hundred years, and it is now beginning to be sorely pressed by atheism. Infidelity is permeating all classes of men, and many of them are settling down into a state of religious indifference.

"Some heroic work has been done in Mexico to save the situation. The books furnished by the American Tract Society supplant what is false in their old faith, and teach clearly and attractively the great and saving truths of the evangelical faith.

"During my late visit to a dozen of the principal cities of the interior of Mexico and a number of small towns, I found a greater desire to read than ever before and less fear of the interference of the priests. The people were hungry for something to read. They seized and read with avidity all that I could supply, either of tracts which were given them gratis, or of such books as I could sell to them cheap. They would have bought books worth a dollar in American money, but did not have the forty dollars of Mexican currency to pay for them, for at that time our American dollar was worth forty dollars of their money. At the present writing it is worth more than a hundred dollars of their very best paper money.

"However, better times are coming. They may not yet be in sight, but they are on the way. 'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth,' and this is our hope and it insures the final triumph of the truth and the right."



In and Around the City of Buffalo

Rev. Samuel Goddard, a devoted missionary colporter, thus describes his work in circulating the various publications of the American Tract Society:

"I have this month gone forth again both in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., and into the towns and villages for some forty-five miles around. I have called upon about 4,400 people and have circulated by sale and grant 165 books, 112 mottoes, 350 tracts, 150 cards and 420 papers.

"Calling one day upon a lady in the town of Bridgeburgh, Canada, I found her much concerned about her husband, who did not attend any church. She asked me to see him and also to pray for him. This I did and handed him one of our tracts entitled 'Buy Your Own Cherries.' After a time he seemed to be convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and I have reason to believe that he will now join his wife in attendance upon the house of prayer."



For West Africa

For many years the American Tract Society has been sending foreign cash appropriations for the production of Christian literature in West Africa, until now the aggregate of these remittances amounts to several thousands of dollars.

The last appropriation for the work in West Africa was forwarded to the Batanga Mission of the Presbyterian Board. This is acknowledged in a letter recently received from Rev. Frank D. P. Hickman, who writes from Benito, Spanish Guinea, West Africa, in part as follows:

"Upon my return to Africa from my furlough at home I was assigned to acknowledge the gift from the American Tract Society of one hundred dollars, but, owing to delays of one sort and another, I have not been able to do so until to-day.

"We do thank you most heartily for your gifts to our work, and we always try to apply them where they will do the most good.

"It is expected that your gift this year will be applied in the purchase of additional supplies for our Mission Press, most of which were confiscated during the progress of the present war in Africa.

"Again we thank you for your help in our efforts to get Christian literature into the hands of the people."

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

A Word to Our Readers

This department of our paper is maintained for the open discussion of any question concerning the religious life, the treatment of which may prove helpful and interesting to the general public.

We therefore urge our readers to direct such questions to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York City. Only the initials of the writer will be given in connection with any letter that is printed.

The answers to the problems thus presented will be given by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City, and one of the contributing Editors to our paper.

The question presented for discussion this month and Dr. Work's reply are as follows:

DEAR SIR: I am a sincere believer in the Gospel of Christ. Yet I am strangely lacking in rest and peace. At times indeed I am filled with a spirit of unrest. I do not understand this, for as I read the Bible, God means His people to be at rest. Can you give me any help in my perplexity? Yours anxiously,
C. P. W.

DEAR FRIEND: I fear that there are not a few who are in this situation. There are some whose dispositions do not let them rest. They will not settle down and be at peace, even though God has given them a thousand promises in His Word to rest upon. They yield instead to their natural disposition to worry. Anxiety is their normal frame of mind, and they do not break away from it. Next to sin itself, the shackles of worry are the hardest to break. It is just because God knows how disposed we are to be restless and ill-at-ease that He has given us so many promises that deal with the rest that remaineth for His people. I do not know of a better thing to do than to sit down with one's Bible and make a list of such promises, and from day to day to read them for the sake of their healing power. Yes, God does mean His people to be at rest. He does not wish us to be the prey of carking care. He invites us to cast our care upon Him. To be a daily victim of world-fret, to be a mere creature of heats and colds, to be anxious all our days over a "thousand peering littlenesses"—all this is not of faith. God has something better in store for us.

It is well, however, to understand a little better what is meant by rest. Resting in the Lord is not basking in the Lord. I fear that some believers have an idea that God means to take our burdens clear away from us. They think that all they have to do is just to lay their burdens down at God's feet. This is not so easy, nor is it what God intends. "Every man shall bear his own burden." There are burdens that belong to us, that we never can dispense with. But God intends to relieve the pressure for us by sharing the burden with us. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The way to find rest therefore is not by throwing every burden off the soul—how impossible that is! That would be imposing upon God—that would be basking in God instead of resting in God. Rather the way to be at rest is to welcome the aid and companionship of Christ in drawing the load. He is our true yoke-fellow, and if we will but accept Him as such there is no burden that the soul has to carry that will not grow lighter. "Ye shall find rest unto your souls."

There is another thing to be remembered about rest. It means what it says—it means really to rest. But some of us do not do that at all. Even whilst we are trying to rest in the

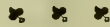
Lord, we are holding ourselves back. We do not let ourselves go. Rest in the Lord! Suppose we substitute another word—*relax* in the Lord. That is just our difficulty. A tired man goes away to the woods or the seashore to rest. His physician's last word is, "Now, just give up and take a real rest." Alas! he does not do it. He keeps holding himself in check. He never really lets go his grip upon himself. His cares and burdens still oppress him—he finds himself still trying to support himself. If he would but relax—let himself go absolutely! If he would but let himself fall away from the grip of self and all the burdens of self!

Have you never lain down on the bed to rest and found yourself trying to hold yourself up? What you needed was just to relax—to let yourself go. Now I cannot resist the conviction that our trouble about realizing the rest and peace of God is somewhat of this nature. We try to rest, but we hold ourselves up. There are some things that God expects us to do for ourselves. But there is one thing that He undertakes to do, and that is to furnish rest to His people. He alone can do this great thing. As for ourselves there is no rest in us. We are cumbered with care and with burden-bearing. The spirit of unrest is in us. But God is otherwise. He is all strength and grace and rest. There is no care, no anxiety, no unrest in God. His very Being is restful. His character is peaceful.

Now the Scripture bids us to rest in the Lord—relax yourself, let yourself go in the ocean of God's rest and peace.

I wonder, dear friend, if your trouble may not have been that you have been trying to hold yourself up, instead of relaxing in the Lord's promises. Faithfully yours,

EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.



A Supreme Example of Patriotism.

BY ELIZABETH D. PRESTON.

"This was the man God gave us when the hour
Proclaimed the dawn of liberty begun;
Who dared a deed, and died when it was done."



FEBRUARY is an exceptionally good month in which to teach,—or to learn, as the case may be—the meaning of patriotism. It contains the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, in whose memory special programs are given in the public schools, and their annual repetition has probably impressed the deeds and sayings of these national heroes upon the mind of the average boy, making him ready to understand the moral lesson prepared for him:—the distinction between hero-worship and the proper reverence for brave deeds.

That all courageous, noble, self-sacrificing or uplifting acts need not to be accompanied by trumpet and drum, or even to involve physical prowess, is evidenced by the lives of some other February-born men. England, more than America, remembers the birthdays of Dickens, Darwin, and Lamb, in this mid-winter month. Our Daniel Boone and Horace Greeley, successful adventurers each in his way, were born in February.

Because this list can be extended to include more than one hundred names of well known people, February has been called the "birthday month," rivalling, if not preceding April, with its bold array of dates that mark the coming to earth of important personages. However, a man is not remembered because he was born at a certain time of the year; that is an event over which he has no control. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen because, after he was

born, he did something for the good of humanity, and even after we have read through the brave looking list of February-born men and women, we shall, probably, still continue to think of the month as pre-eminently belonging to George Washington.

There have been generals as great, statesmen as mighty, legislators as foresighted; but never has there been a man with a greater purity of purpose and a more sincere desire to spend every power of mind and body in the service of a just cause, without any regard to personal consequences. As a boy, Washington wrote in his copybook: "Labor to preserve in your bosom that lingering spark of heavenly fire which men call conscience." His subsequent life showed that he had incorporated into it that very principle.

To him, God was not a mere "something that maketh for righteousness"; He was a personal friend, a constant companion. In his inaugural address Washington spoke of the guiding hand of God in establishing and controlling the destiny of the colonies: "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States." And again he said, "A man must be worse than an infidel who does not see the goodness of God, and has not gratitude enough to acknowledge it."

"Is this a Christian nation?" was a question raised during Washington's presidency. "I have never doubted it," was his reply, "or I would fear for its future." But let us ask the question again, "Is it a Christian nation?" Are we Christian citizens? We call ourselves such, but are we so, in fact? What are the duties of a Christian citizen? Dr. Robert S. McArthur once said that if it were in his power he would refuse the sacraments of the church to the man who declined to go to the ballot-box on election day. Evidently he thought that Christian citizenship demanded that each man should assume some responsibility in civic affairs. Loyalty to causes that are distinctly Christian,—such as the temperance question, for instance,—is a paramount duty of a Christian citizen; he cannot claim to belong to any political organization that sets aside the teachings of Jesus as antiquated or of no importance. There is a point where God's law must be obeyed even at the cost of what may seem to be an unpatriotic action.

Washington practiced what he preached. That in itself was no mean achievement. It was the habitual exercise of this high moral quality that lies at the basis of his greatness. To possess a worthy vision and never to lose sight of it; to determine not to deviate from the straight path of right living, and to carry out this determination, is a very great achievement, indeed. He was neither elated by prosperity, nor depressed by defeat. Repeatedly he expressed the belief that God was guiding the affairs of the nation, whose bright days might come only after storm and stress.

In the making of to-morrow the children of today will be important factors. The civilization of today is, in no inconsiderable degree what it is, because of the influence of Washington and Lincoln. Yet once they were, as far as human judgment could tell, children not superior to those of our own day. Let us teach the latter this sentence from Washington's Farewell Address: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." If this be true, the mission of the Christian church to the nation is as clear as the sun at noonday.

The month of February, as stated in the beginning, is an exceptionally good time in which to teach, or to learn, what patriotism really means.

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

"A Miracle of Christianity"

Some time ago the American Tract Society received a most interesting photograph from India, which is reproduced on this page. It was sent by Rev. A. C. Clayton, secretary of the Tamil Publication Committee of the Christian Literature Society for India, who writes concerning it:

"This photograph represents a miracle wrought by Christianity. It shows two blind Tamil women reading a Gospel in blind script. The Gospel they are using is in the Tamil language; for one of the 'blind alphabets' has been adapted to represent the sounds of the Tamil language, and these two blind women can read with the certainty and ease of those who are familiar with the ordinary written or printed characters.

"I call it 'a miracle of Christianity' because it was Christianity that inspired some one to produce the Tamil Gospels in blind script, it was Christianity that had compassion on such blind women as these, and it has been Christianity that has brought light and peace and hope into their darkened lives. When they go about and sit down by the roadside or in a Hindu house and are able to read, they are looked on as marvels.

"Few Tamil women can read, and for a blind woman to be able to read is beyond all ordinary Tamil ideas. You may be sure that they get a hearing, and as the book that they read is the Gospel, many, out of curiosity hear the Gospel who would not heed it otherwise."



Once a Gambler Now a Gospeler

"No missionary" writes a Christian worker in Guatemala, "can foretell from just what quarter the future preachers will come. It is quite certain that he would not have gone to the house of a man who had a cockpit and also ran a gambling joint.

"The Spirit of God knew that the man who had power in enticing others into evil ways could be of service in the kingdom, when once changed and made a new creature, so God has turned that shrewdness to good account. Now Flavio Argueta, who once went everywhere gambling, goes to some twenty towns every month preaching the Gospel of Christ. He who once approached men with a view to cheating them out of their money, now approaches them in order to share with them the Bread of Life.

"His ready wit and keen sense of humor that made him a favorite in the old life of sin, are now being used for the glory of God, for thereby he often saves the day and drives home a pointed truth with a jolly laugh and turns aside some bitter thrust at him or his message.

"We have often been with Flavio on our knees, or on mule back on long, hard journeys. We have nursed him back to life from death's door, when we have had him in our own home, before the Mission had a hospital. We have laughed together over our funny experiences in missionary work until our sides were almost split, and we have studied God's Word together, long and earnestly. We have seen him in all lights and shades, in joy and sorrow. We never cease to marvel over what a wonderful thing God did when he took the gambler away from his cockpit and cards and dice and made him a preacher. He is a living testimony to the grace of Christ and the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit of God. It is not any wonder that the man who has experienced such change and blessing in his own life, can present the Gospel with such conviction to others.

"We are constantly loading Flavio up with Christian literature, and as he goes about on trains or trails he is handing out Gospel tracts, so that he preaches not only in over twenty towns but all the way between them.

"We wish we could let you see Flavio and his work. We are sure that you would be stirred up to do more for the extension of the Gospel. There are yet hundreds of others like him, whom some one must catch and train. The harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

A Fiftieth Jubilee Celebration

A very impressive service was held recently in the Temple Hall Presbyterian Church in Chefoo, China, when the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the church was celebrated. Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D., a veteran missionary, is the pastor of this church and he gives some interesting details concerning this occasion. He writes:

"The first convert here baptized was in 1865; one year later the number had

nelius, believed with all their hearts and ordered their households accordingly. It has been our great joy to see many Christian homes established, the children trained for Jesus, the Sabbath observed and liberal contributions given every Sabbath.

"After more than a year's persistent effort to open a school for boys, renting a good building, employing a literary graduate for a teacher, and an offer to provide food, clothing, books, etc., free of cost, a school was opened in 1866 with three pupils. After two days two of the boys, frightened by the threats of their neighbors, never returned, leaving the one boy, now the father and grandfather of a large well-educated Christian family. It was years before prejudice and hatred gave way so as to

strange to inhabitants of the United States.

However, there is one town in Brazil where all who borrow a fashion book must read the message of salvation. It is in the state of Rio where there resides a Christian family devoted to the spreading of the gospel. The people round about, while formerly Roman Catholics, are now altogether infidels. Tracts and invitations to gospel meetings are refused with ridicule, but the young women love to borrow the fashion book, which this family possesses.

Now the wife and mother have so arranged the fashion book that the gospel has the pre-eminence in it. On each page side by side with the beautiful patterns, are appropriate Scripture selections which the seeker after "La Moda" is obliged to read in order to find what she wants.

The plan is meeting with success, for the owner of the book is now constantly in receipt of requests for copies of the Bible. Indeed, now a few of the young women are now inquiring the way of life and seeking Him who is able to clothe their souls in "the beauty of holiness."



From a Japanese Point of View

Baron Sakatani, former Mayor of Tokyo, a banker, and one of Japan's most prominent business men, was in conference with officials of the World's Sunday School Association while in New York recently. The Baron has been traveling in Europe, and was in attendance upon the Paris Conference as a representative of his government. He spoke with great regret of the unbrotherly feeling which he had found in Europe as one of the natural results of the strife, and expressed his earnest hope that the World's Sunday School Convention to be held at Tokyo after the close of the European War might be thoroughly representative of all the nations of the world, and that it might promote a world-wide spirit of unity. Baron Sakatani is one of the committee which is promoting the Tokyo Convention, towards the arrangements for which eminent Japanese are making substantial contributions because of their vision of the great service which this convention will render to religious progress and in the development of personal character.

On a recent Sunday Baron Sakatani, together with Sikio Tsurumi, the Japanese Minister of Agriculture, and Kikozo Yabe, Minister of Finance, were the guests of Hon. John Wanamaker at luncheon in Philadelphia. There were also present Mr. French, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Mayor Smith of Philadelphia, and Dr. Geo. W. Bailey, former President of the World's Sunday School Association. Following the luncheon, the party visited Mr. Wanamaker's Sunday School, where the Mayor presented Baron Sakatani with the American flag and the flag of the city of Philadelphia. In return the Baron presented the flag of Japan.

In the course of his address before the Sunday School, the Baron said he believed that the great war now raging in Europe was caused by civilization putting too much weight upon the material side and forgetting the spiritual. "Japan has been making this mistake for the past sixty years," said the Baron, "but now leading Japanese are feeling the necessity of emphasizing the spiritual side." He expressed his opinion that the Sunday-school was the best means of filling up this gap, and leading the people to see the importance of moral training. "The thing which impresses me most about the Sunday-school work in America," said the Baron, "is that so many successful business men are giving so much of their time and energy to the building up of the Sunday-school, and so many workers are giving free service. This safeguards the future of America."



A BLIND TAMIL WOMAN READING A GOSPEL FOR THE BLIND.

increased to 20 members and the church was organized. One elder and one deacon was elected. The following year the Chefoo church was enrolled as one of the churches under the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in America. Up to date the session books contain the names of 1,902 members received and 472 children baptized. As the result of extensive and yearly itineration by missionaries connected with the Chefoo mission and Chinese evangelists 27 additional churches have been organized in various parts of the province.

"A few of the converts after a time, like the Laodiceans, became lukewarm and were unable to do efficient work. Others joined the church mainly to secure a large share of the 'leeks and onions,' and finally, like their ancestors, 'From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him.' The large majority, like Cor-

secure pupils as we wished. Now there are probably 1,000 pupils studying daily, in the Chefoo mission schools, all paying tuition.

"The outcome of this first school has been that nearly one hundred continued study until they graduated from college. At present there are 13 ordained pastors, more than 50 evangelists, many school teachers, several doctors and a number of prominent business men, farmers and others who received their early training here."



Personal Work in Brazil

The young women of Brazil, we are told, are very fond of dress, a characteristic so different from anything we know in these northern climes as to awaken astonishment. A missionary writes that they are fonder of fashion books than the Bible, which sounds very

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

FEBRUARY 4.

Visions and Tasks

(Christian Endeavor Decision Day).
Joel 2:28, 29. 2 Chron. 34:1-7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 29. Soul-winning. Dan. 12:1-3.
T. Jan. 30. Spreading the Kingdom. I. Cor. 2:1-9.
W. Jan. 31. More givers. 2 Cor. 9:1-15.
T. Feb. 1. Deeper spiritual life. Eph. 3:13-21.
F. Feb. 2. Cleansing our cities. John. 2:13-25.
S. Feb. 3. Working for peace. Matt. 5:9.

The prophet Joel was a man of vision, and in his prophecy he has given us a beautiful picture of the result of the gift of the Spirit. He predicts that the sons and the daughters shall prophesy, the old men shall dream dreams, the young men shall see visions, and even upon the servants and the handmaids shall the Spirit be poured out.

Josiah was a fine illustration of the achievement of great tasks for God. In his early youth he devoted himself to the uprooting of idolatry, and throughout his whole reign he strove for the establishment of the worship of the true God.

On this Christian Endeavor Decision Day let us ask ourselves what visions should occupy our minds and what tasks call for our consecrated endeavors.

Exalted Visions

Young people should cherish the vision of duty. This is an easy-going age, and there is serious danger that the young men and the young women of our time will lose the sense of obligation and fail to hear the call of duty. But there never was a time in the world's history when there was a greater need for fidelity to duty. It is our duty to stand for the right at all costs, to uphold truth and righteousness in all the relations of life, and to maintain our allegiance to those great underlying principles of honor and purity, which are the foundation of both the family and the nation.

Young people should catch the vision of opportunity. The fields are ripe unto the harvest, and opening doors are beckoning on every side. The call for laborers is sounding everywhere. All that is needed is for the young men and the young women of our day to catch the vision and to choose the field of service to which they are willing to consecrate themselves.

We ought to keep ever before us the vision of victory. The cause of Christ is not a losing cause but a winning fight. The day of triumph shall surely dawn, when the Kingdom of God shall be established in all the earth, and the forces of evil shall be permanently vanquished. We must have faith, else we cannot enjoy this vision of victory, but to those who have put their trust in God there can be no question as to the final outcome of the battle for righteousness.

Finally, let us seek the vision of Christ. When we see Jesus only, then are we on the Mount of Transfiguration, and unto us shall be vouchsafed the vision of heavenly things. If we have the vision of Christ ever before us, no duty will be too arduous, no opportunity will be lost sight of, and the certainty of victory will be to us an ever-impelling incentive to deeper consecration.

Great Tasks Awaiting Us

On this Christian Endeavor Decision Day let us resolve upon a complete personal consecration. Let us give ourselves entirely to Christ and let us ask Him to use us for the accomplishment of the great tasks that are awaiting His disciples.

One great task that calls for loyal devotion is the task of civic reform. Our daily newspapers indicate the awful moral conditions that exist in many of our American cities and that call for heroic effort in order that our civic life may be purified from the taint of white slavery. In many quarters there are plain indications of political corruption and illegal practices, which if not eradicated will bring disgrace and disaster to our national life.

FEBRUARY 11.

Confession

Luke 19:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Feb. 5. Promise of pardon. Jer. 3:11-19.
T. Feb. 6. National confession. Neh. 1:1-11.
W. Feb. 7. The prodigal's confession. Luke 15:11-24.
T. Feb. 8. The shame of David. 2 Sam. 12:1-13.
F. Feb. 9. Mutual confession. Jas. 5:16.
S. Feb. 10. Confession too late. Matt. 27:1-10.

It is suggested that this topic be used for a consecration meeting. In any case it should lead us to a fresh dedication of ourselves to the service of the Master to whom Zacchæus made his confession of faith.

The story of Zacchæus is one of great interest and suggestiveness. His persistent endeavor to see Jesus and the Master's recognition of his zeal by a personal visit to his home led to a frank confession of his past shortcomings and a whole-souled dedication of himself to God. Thus does the Master always reward those who earnestly seek Him by the gift of full and free salvation.

Words and Deeds

Zacchæus showed by his actions as well as by his words that he was sincere in his purpose to serve and honor God.

It is an old but true saying that actions speak louder than words. But it is most desirable that both words and actions should be the harmonious expression of one and the same purpose.

Action is the outward expression of our thought. Our words should also furnish a true index of our thoughts. There are times when we should speak, times when we should act and times when we should both speak and act.

Words without action are often valueless. At times deeds without words are inexplicable. Normally, words and deeds should go together. The great value of the Gospel lies in the fact that they tell us what Jesus both *did* and *taught*.

There is nothing so eloquent as the testimony of a consecrated life. As Mr. Cleland B. McAfee has well said, "The weightiest argument for Christ and the weightiest argument against Christ are the same argument—Christians."

To attempt to be a Christian in secret is to rob the Christian life of its strongest appeal—and to lose all the eloquence of a consecrated life.

The Value of a Badge

The value of a badge lies in the fact that the emblem thus worn is an open confession of allegiance. It may not always be necessary or desirable to wear a badge of our religion, but there should always be the same readiness to acknowledge our allegiance that is manifested by those who wear some tangible insignia.

Many Christian Endeavorers wear the C. E. pin and often this proves a real help both to the wearers and to others, for it is an open confession of loyalty to the great Christian Endeavor principles.

The Dynamics of Christianity

Open confession of Christ has been the great moving power of Christianity from the earliest times until now.

The great source of power in the primitive Christian Church lay in the willingness of the early disciples to make an open confession of their faith in Christ. It was their persistence in making their confession despite the most bitter persecution that constituted the inherent strength of the Apostolic Church. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, and by their open confession these Christians of the first century laid an impregnable foundation for the Church of Christ.

The Danger of Delay

There is a grave peril in delaying our confession of Christ. We know not what the span of life allotted to us may be, and if we put off the declaration of our allegiance too long, we may never have the opportunity of enrolling ourselves under the banner of the Cross.

FEBRUARY 18.

Using What We Have

Acts 3:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Feb. 12. The neglected talent. Matt. 25:24-30.
T. Feb. 13. Using time. Eph. 5:14-17.
W. Feb. 14. Using money. Acts 2:41-47.
T. Feb. 15. Using prayer. Ex. 32:30-35.
F. Feb. 16. Using service. Amos 7:14-17.
S. Feb. 17. Using love. Jas. 2:1-9.

The Scripture portion upon which our topic is based is the familiar story of the healing of the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. When the lame man asked for alms, Peter said to him, "Silver and gold have I none; but what I have that give I thee." And then he spoke the words of power which through faith resulted in the healing of the sufferer.

What Have We

The first practical question that arises in connection with this topic is "What have we?" To this question there will be many different answers, for we are endowed with varying gifts.

There are those who, unlike Peter and John, are endowed with plenty of worldly goods. All such are in duty bound to use their wealth for the glory of God and the uplift of humanity. We are simply stewards, and whatever possessions we have are to be viewed as held in trust for God. When we give to God we are simply returning to Him what really belongs to Him. Whether we have much or little of this world's goods, we ought to use all our means so as to bless others and honor God.

There are comparatively few who are dowered with large means. Most of us are in the position of Peter and John, and we must therefore ask what other gifts we have that we may use for helping forward the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

There are some who have what we call genius. This should be used as a gift from God, not for self-aggrandizement but for the blessing of humanity.

Some have many talents and others but one, but whether our talents be few or many, we are under moral obligation to use all our talents so as to promote the welfare of mankind and to hasten the progress of the Kingdom.

Influence is a possession that we all have in common. It is true that some have a larger influence than others, but there is no one who is utterly destitute of this power. We cannot over-emphasize the importance of rightly using whatever influence we possess. Personal influence is a subtle and mysterious power, but it is a most vital force in the affairs of this world. Let us be careful not to disparage this potent asset of personality but let us use it to the utmost for Christ and the Church.

Giving Freely

Peter and John gave freely of that which they had, and thus they brought health and gladness not only into the life of the lame man but into the hearts and lives of countless others who came within the reach of their influence.

So let us give freely of whatever we have, and results may follow that will make the world bless us for what we have done. It is said that the late George Müller began his work for orphans with simply an extra bed in his own room. From this humble beginning came the great institution which has sheltered many thousands of homeless waifs.

Reaping Bountifully

The farmer who does not sow liberally reaps but a poor harvest. "Generous sowing pays—and also generous giving."

Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish astronomer, we are told, began to study astronomy, without a single instrument. He practically invented most of the instruments that he used, and yet with only this crude equipment he made great discoveries. This illustrates the reward of effort.

The unused limb atrophies. So the human soul that fails to exercise its God-given powers for the blessing of others is in danger of spiritual death.

FEBRUARY 25.

The Home Mission Boards of My Denomination: What They Are and What They Do

Isaiah 35:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Feb. 19. The first board. Acts 6:1-7.
T. Feb. 20. A board of prophets. Acts 13:1-12.
W. Feb. 21. Supporting missionaries. Phil. 4:9-23.
T. Feb. 22. Spreading the gospel. I. Thess. 1:1-10.
F. Feb. 23. Support weak churches. Acts 16:1-5.
S. Feb. 24. A bond of union. Ps. 133:1-3.

The Home Mission Boards are as numerous as the denominations and in addition there are many other interdenominational organizations that are doing home missionary work.

Over sixty different bodies report to the Home Missions Council, and this does not exhaust the list of societies that are engaged in some form of home missionary effort.

The important thing, however, for each Christian Endeavorer is to become acquainted with the home mission boards of his or her own denomination and then to learn what interdenominational societies are aiding their work.

Various Lines of Effort

Home missionary work consists primarily in the proclamation of the Gospel message by missionary workers in the home-land. This may be called the evangelistic phase of home missions, and it is still the first and the most important line of service that is rendered by home missionary agencies.

The scope of home missionary work, however, has been broadened with the passing of the years, and now it includes many other lines of effort besides that of evangelization.

One very important branch of home missions is the educational work carried on under home missionary auspices. This includes the establishment of special schools for the negroes, the mountain whites and other needy classes of our population.

It also includes the nurture and development of higher institutions of learning which are founded upon an evangelical basis, and which have as their aim the education of young men and young women in such a way as to lead them to become Christian citizens. This accounts for the numerous denominational academies and colleges which have sprung up as one of the direct results of home missionary work.

Another line of effort that has grown out of home missions is that of church building. The gathering together of congregations has made necessary some provision for housing the churches thus formed, and so there have sprung up the various denominational church building societies.

Still another line of home missionary service is seen in the great denominational hospitals which are found in various cities of our land, and which make their appeal for support on the basis that they are doing real home missionary work.

City mission work is a very vital and important department of home missions. The cities have become the great centers of population, and the evangelization of those who live within city limits is just as essential as the evangelization of those who live on the frontier.

An Essential Line of Service

Foreign missions have a fascination for many people who quite fail to see the importance of home missions. Yet there is a great deal of romance about home missions, if only we look deeply enough into the matter. But the main fact is that whether clothed with romantic surroundings or not, the home missionary enterprise is absolutely essential to the evangelization and Christianization of our own land. And to a large extent the evangelization of the whole world depends upon the winning of our country for Christ.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Recipe for Joy

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

IT was undoubtedly a rainy day. The sky had mislaid its blue coat, and in a gray ulster was weeping dismally.

After a whole morning of it, even the most cheerful little folks grow restless unless their busy hands find new employment.

The housework had lent wings to the forenoon. Even the Saturday baking was done. Molly had flitted about like an industrious fairy, armed with dusting pan and cloth.

She had played with the baby, making him gurgle gleefully and reach out chubby hands, as she paraded his woolly dog back and forth, or made a merry faced Kewpie perform gymnastics.

Mother smiled and hummed a happy tune, as she took the fine brown loaves from the oven.

"You may have a heel of this warm, crusty loaf for your lunch, Molly, my dear. Yes, and a toe, too, if you are real hungry—with plenty of butter and grape jelly on it. All my tasks seem light as this bread today, little daughter. How glad I am that it didn't rain on a school day! Come here! I'm just through icing the layer cake!"

There was no second hint necessary. Molly dimpled as she tip-toed away from the sleeping baby, nestled among the cushions like a warm pink rosebud.

Joyfully the spoon scraped the icing pan. It was delicious chocolate, and not a speck of it was missed. The pan looked almost clean when Molly laid down the spoon with a sigh of satisfaction.

When mother finished her tasks and went to lie down for a brief rest (snatched chiefly when little Son was in the Lullaby Lady's care) Molly felt a bit lost. She had forgotten to bring home a library book, and she knew all her story books from cover to cover. She didn't feel like sitting still anyway!

"Pitter, patter! Drip—drip!" sang the raindrops. "We mean to keep right on falling and rolling and singing—maybe all night!"

Molly heard them as they slid merrily down the window pane.

"I know what I'll do until supper time!" she thought. "I'll ask mother if I may run over to Mabel's. She got half a dozen new books for her birthday, and a lot of new games."

Molly turned swiftly to the door, her eyes happy as May violets. Then a sudden picture stayed her steps. Into her vision flashed a pale, girlish face with wistful eyes and a pathetic, small pair of crutches ever near at hand.

Jean Allen spent most of her days alone at the front window, where a red geranium did its bravest to add cheer to the room. The crippled child hungrily watched other children playing and romping on a vacant lot near by or going on their way to school.

Molly always waved her hand to Jean as she ran by. Once Jean had opened the window and wistfully asked bright-faced Molly to come in. Mrs. Allen was usually out working until late afternoon every day.

Molly had been on her way to her music lesson that day, but she had promised to come very soon.

Now her cheeks flushed hotly, as she admitted honestly to herself that because she would rather go to see girls who had nice books and plenty of things to amuse them, in short girls who didn't need her, she had failed to fulfill her promise to Jean.

"I'll go now!" declared Molly. "She'll need me today. It's so gloomy. And now I remember that her mother is helping Mabel's mother with house-cleaning today. Mother!" she trilled softly, mindful of the baby.

"May I splash out to see Jean Allen, and take her a story book or two?"

"Yes, do," answered mother. "And select a glass of fresh currant jelly from the fruit closet, dear. Mrs. Allen can't have much time to put up fruit."

Jean's somber, weary eyes shone starry bright, and the droop of her lips curved into a glad smile as Molly appeared, dripping and laughing—a sunbeam disguised in a raincoat.

"How did you guess I was so lonesome?" asked the lonely girl. "I—I cried a little at lunch," she confessed. "Only three tears, though!" she added bravely.

"Oh, oh! Jelly! And story books! Molly, you're a good fairy. Let me see if there aren't wings folded under your raincoat!"

Molly winked away a happy tear that slipped away saying to herself, "Now aren't you glad you came?"

"Here's Emmy Lou," chattered Jean, smiling and eager. "My Sunday School teacher gave it to me for my birthday, and I believe I know it by heart. Have you read it?"

"No, but I'd love to," said Molly, as she scanned its pages.

"Hello, girls!" called Mrs. Allen's cheery voice from the doorway.

"Oh, mother!" Jean was all aglow. "Look! Molly brought us the finest jelly, and—please, if you're not too tired, may we have biscuits for supper?"

"Course I'm not tired!" declared her mother, who had no such word as **complain** in her dictionary. "Molly, do thank your dear mother for this treat. And," here she bent to kiss the sweet face, in its rubber hood. "Come again—won't you? Jean looks like a different girl this minute! You're a real little rain-dear, Molly!"

Molly sped home in the rain drenched dusk, and rushed happily into her mother's arms.

"The very sunniest, brightest day of the week!" she declared.

"Of course," nodded her mother, who always understood.

She stroked Molly's curls with a tender hand.

"You have found for yourself, my dear, the most reliable recipe for Joy in the whole book of Daily Living," she said. And she added softly, "There is no real happiness in simply having or getting, but only in giving."

day; I am sure it would do them good to get a pretty valentine, unexpectedly—and grown-ups too, for that matter."

"It is an inspiration—nothing less," said Lou, admiringly. "No one else has such lovely thoughts as you, Nora. Let us see about it at once."

In a few moments the table was covered with the pretty Valentines, bright with flowers and birds, filled with greetings and loving thoughts.

"Let's send them by mail," suggested Louise. "It's such fun to get things in the mail."

"But we don't know the names," objected Nora.

"I'm a goose! Well, then, we'll just have to take them to Miss Forbes and ask her to distribute them as she thinks best."

Nora agreed, and the plan worked beautifully. On the eve of Valentine's Day, the two girls, carrying a big box of envelopes, rang the bell at the hospital, and asked to see the matron.

Miss Forbes beamed kindly on her two young visitors when they explained their errand, and promised to deliver the Valentines at mail time the next morning, without fail.

"You don't know," she said, "what pleasure you will give to these dear little sick ones, who are so patient under their sufferings; and some of the older ones, too, will appreciate being remembered—that means a great deal, you know."

"I hope there are enough to go round. Don't tell them where they came from, please," begged Nora, and the girls scurried away in the dusk.

On Valentine's Day the hospital wards seemed to have suddenly blossomed out with birds and flowers. On every cot lay a lovely valentine, and thin fingers lifted them eagerly, while dim eyes brightened with the joy of being remembered.

"Look," said a little pale-faced, lame girl, holding up her treasure for the nurse to see. "Only see what somebody sent me—all those lovely roses, and 'When this you see, remember me.' I wonder who sent it? An angel, I guess. I'm going to get well, now I know somebody cares about me."

"Of course somebody cares," returned the nurse, stooping to kiss the little pale face tenderly.

In another ward, a man lay helpless and despairing, wondering if there were any use in keeping up the losing fight, when there was no one to care whether he lived or died. All at once he noticed on his bed a big square white envelope. A letter? No, there was no one to write to him. There was some mistake, perhaps. Indifferently he opened the envelope, when out fell a beautiful affair of lace paper, birds and flowers, with good wishes and valentine greetings tucked in among the blossoms.

Greetings—to him! Kind wishes—someone had thought enough of him to send them. The thought was like a tonic. He put the valentine aside, muttering "Nonsense!" but again and again his hand sought the envelope, and holding the token of somebody's kindness and good will, his heart gathered courage to face the battle of life anew.

The matron kept her secret well, and no one knew where the Valentines came from; but many times during that day, as she noted the happiness they brought, she said to herself:

"Bless their dear hearts, if they could only see the good they have done. Why do not more girls think of these little kindnesses?"

And Nora and Louise, enjoying the new Valentines which the day had brought, were planning to pass them on again next year, letting them go forth like bright-winged birds and fragrant flowers, on their mission of love and kindness.



ON HORSEBACK

"Take it right home with you!" urged Jean, generously sharing her chief treasure. "See what I've been doing! Mother bought me a crochet needle and this lovely pink cotton, and I'm going to keep my fingers flying and make some lovely handkerchiefs. Miss Thorne, my Sunday School teacher you know, said she would show me a lot of pretty stitches, so I can make lace—and maybe sell it and make some money!" Jean glowed with pride.

"Oh, do show me that pretty edge!" begged Molly. "I've never thought I'd like to crochet, but seeing you do it makes me want to learn." Jean's slender fingers were flying now.

The time fluttered by on butterfly wings.

"Oh, can it be five o'clock? I must hurry!" cried Molly as the clock tinkled briskly, then went on about its usual business of ticking away the minutes.

"I'll wrap Emmy Lou up, so she won't get cold or damp," promised Molly, slipping into coat and rubbers.

"I don't know how to thank you for coming today," Jean's voice was shaky. "Cause just saying it isn't enough!"

The Mission of the Valentines

BY J. L. GLOVER

"WHAT do you do with your Valentines?" asked Nora.

"Why, nothing; just keep them—the pretty ones, that is. The comics I burn up. I don't get many of them—horrid things," replied Lou, with a disdainful sniff.

"No, I should think not. But what do you do with the pretty ones?"

"Oh, I just put them away; there's nothing else to do with them, is there? I like to look over them now and then, and think who sent them to me. I have a drawer full of them. But why all this curiosity about my Valentines?" questioned Lou.

"Because I have an idea," returned Nora. "I have a good many Valentines, too, and the other day it struck me what a pity it was that such pretty things should be doing nobody any good. And then it occurred to me that they might do double duty. They gave me pleasure when they came to me; why couldn't I pass on the pleasure, by sending them on this Valentine's Day to the hospital. Any little thing helps to brighten a sick child's

Our Fireside

Who Built the Handsome Stone Church?

By Grace Boteler Sanders

TO whom shall the credit be given for the handsome stone church, the crowds of interested old folks and enthusiastic young people and the many Christian activities which are the talk of the country in a certain section of our land?

"You will hear many answers to this question in the neighborhood," declared the young man who told me the story of this enterprise. "Some praise the local preacher and give him the credit. Others claim the traveling evangelist did it all. The young folks say that we would still be worshipping in the old mission chapel had it not been for the organized Sunday School class. A few go farther back and tell of the faithful Sunday School Superintendent who drove six miles every Sunday through rain or shine that he might be always at his post, although but a baker's dozen of pupils passed through the chapel door.

"We do know that if he had not persisted, the 'Loyal Daughters' would not have been organized. The Superintendent selected for teacher of that new class a consecrated, tactful woman whom all the youngsters liked and gave her four girls—all we had—for her pupils. That I say was the beginning. One of these girls was Marguerite, the secretary of the school; another was the pianist, the third was the treasurer, and the fourth was just an ordinary High School girl with a pug nose—a nose for news and a bewitching dimple and a splendid disposition; altogether she was the merriest and most taking little piece imaginable.

"These four girls organized their class and chose the southeast corner of the chapel—we had no class rooms—for their stamping ground. They immediately arranged for their first meeting which was to be held at the home of Mrs. Simpson, their teacher. Each girl was to bring one guest.

"The High School girl with the pug nose and charming dimple brought a big, awkward, stuttering, redheaded boy, named Chester, who was the laughing stock of the whole school. His enormous hands and feet were in the road of every one, their owner included. His fellow pupils laughed at him because that was the only way to gloss over an evil which could not be disposed of. One day at High School when his feet were in the aisle—there wasn't room under his desk—Chester tripped the Professor. Every one laughed except Chester and the teacher. Chester tried to apologize and stuttered worse than usual, but that didn't prevent a summons to the Principal's office, where he was warned to be careful about repeating the operation.

"The High School girl knew all these things, but she knew something else—namely, that Chester lived on a farm. When he once went in search of a turkey hen which had stolen her nest or in pursuit of a rabbit or a mad steer, he never stopped until he corralled whatever he went after. She considered these were good qualifications for a class builder. Hence, the reason for invitation number one.

"Marguerite, the secretary, was a modest little girl with the tiniest hands and feet, a demure rosebud mouth and the most innocent baby blue eyes. The Superintendent said she kept the neatest book which he had ever seen; every pupil, offering and visitor lined up, totaled and tucked into the proper niche. She invited Dick, a boy whose parents went picnicking and fishing oftener on Sunday than they went to church. Dick went to all the hops and card parties and picnics and was quite a popular young man. He laughed a little when Marguerite asked him to go to the Sunday School party. But since he was very much in love with Marguerite, the fact that she asked it was enough, so he appeared on time with his violin just as she had requested.

"The pianist's mother was a milliner who had hired as trimmer a girl who had been raised a Roman Catholic. Laura naively confessed that she hadn't attended mass since she went with her mother who had been dead for twenty years. She worked hard all day and had no time for social functions, even if she had been invited. There was nothing for her to attend evenings so she accepted the invitation to come to the weekly meeting of the class because she was glad to go anywhere just for a change.

"The treasurer brought Jennie, the blind girl, who saw the flowers and the books and the pictures with the tips of her sensitive fingers and enjoyed herself as well as any girl with two good eyes. Jennie also amused others. She told entertaining stories and sang alto and she set the pace by signing her name first to the class pledge. When Dick and Chester signed too, the class name had to be changed. From that night it was called 'The Loyal Sons and Daughters.'

"You would have been surprised if you had seen how interested they were immediately. They began to talk of efficiency, and class contests and enrollment meetings and what they could do. Growth was the first idea, and by the time the refreshments were disposed of, the new class had a half a dozen committees. They decided definitely that they would hold an exchange as the first trial, to get cash with which to fill their treasury. For of what use was a treasury without money to treasure?

"Coalton wasn't a large town, but it was surrounded by many wealthy

farmers and it had no churches. So when the High School girl with the pug nose and charming dimple and Chester, who forgot to stutter in his excitement, started out as solicitors, they found everything smooth sailing. When the day for the exchange arrived, hosts of delicious pies fairly rolled down hill like so many cart-wheels.

"It chanced—so said unbelievers, but The Loyal Sons and Daughters declared it was an act of Providence—that a trainload of people on the way to a big convention, were detained at Coalton for a whole day because of a wreck farther down the line. There were no hotels. The train-wrecked people soon found that they were hungrier than they had ever been in all their lives. But how could they eat without food?

"The Loyal Sons and Daughters had loads of refreshments at their exchange, which the old folks had declared would be thrown away for the want of a buyer. But the High School girl with a nose for news sensed the situation and she sent Chester flying for his mother's big coffee boiler which she had used on thrashing days. After consultation, Mrs. Simpson sent for her twelve foot table and all her second-best dishes and pots and pans.

"The milliner, who had a colored woman to help on washing and ironing days, suggested that the class get Dinah to wash dishes and help with the dinner. They did this. They held a hurried committee meeting, and so, because of efficiency and an organized class, the ravenous train-wrecked people were surprised a little later by a smiling boy in white cap and blouse—it was Dick—who announced that dinner would be served at the headquarters of The Loyal Sons and Daughters.

"You should have seen the people coming! The boys and girls made splendid waiters, although Chester did spill a cup of coffee down a fat man's back, but there was no serious damage done. The visitors, whose appetites had been whetted by a long fast, fresh air and plenty of exercise, declared this the best dinner they ever

tasted and when the hundred travelers rose from the table, they were glad to put one hundred fifty-cent pieces or their equivalent into Dick's money box.

"After the visitors had disappeared over the same hill down which the pies came rolling that morning, the High School girl grabbed that money box and shook it and laughed until all the others laughed too, and then she cried: "Who says that God don't help those who help themselves?" They had fifty dollars and they were hilarious, but after a while they looked over the deserted table and proceeded to take stock for every one of those men, women and children who had said they would be back for supper and many of whom had ordered lunches, too. They soon found that there wasn't enough food on hand to feed a dozen healthy sparrows.

"What could they do but send the High School girl and Chester out to state the case and beg the people to furnish more food? Some folks said they were too busy and others declared that they were tired, but when the mothers learned the amount that the young folks had made from that dinner, they caught the spirit of the occasion and by the time six o'clock came, there was food enough to feed the army of train-wrecked travellers.

"It was late when the tired young folks watched the train depart. But they rejoiced in the possession of a money box which contained one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Oh, but what a stir this news caused in the little village! Every woman was going to do something toward a new church building immediately. But the men laughed and said: 'This never happened before and maybe it never will again. So gradually they forgot, but the Loyals did not. At their next class meeting they initiated four new members. Chester had got on their track and with the same persistence which he used when following a jumping steer, he had kept after them until he hauled them in.

"They had a splendid time at the meeting. The treasurer announced that the hundred and twenty-five dol-

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"I have received light on the times of the Gentiles in this pamphlet that I never before had, although I have spent hours trying to find it for myself, and I cannot overestimate my gratitude for the privilege to study your treatment so remarkable and clear—of this much written—about subject."

"I found the booklet worthy of deep study and wish further to investigate and prove it. It has answered already several questions for me that have both puzzled and fascinated me for years. I am one of the old-fashioned Christians that believe in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation as the revealed word of God."

"I have read your 'The Coming of the Lord Draweth Nigh,' and am of the opinion that it must have been written under inspiration."

"I have read over and over again 'The Coming of The Lord Draweth Nigh.' To say that I have been deeply interested is putting it mildly. Who are you? How were you led to the study of the subject? I hope you are correct, that God has used you to reveal His truth."

"Many times I have purposed to write and tell you how much I thank you for sending me your booklet 'The Coming of The Lord Draweth Nigh.' I have read, re-read and talked with others over its contents. The logic of your conclusion concerning the typical significance of The Feast of Trumpets is to me unanswerable."

"You certainly have the Truth arrayed in such a manner that one is compelled to stop and give it careful attention and consideration. To me it is convincing that the Lord's coming is very near at hand, and my prayer is, Even so come, Lord Jesus."

"Enclosed find 50 cents for 20 copies of 'The Coming of The Lord Draweth Nigh.' The world is much in need of just such a focusing of truth as your pamphlet brings to bear on the present world conditions. The end surely is drawing nigh."

"Enclosed you will find 60 cents for which please send to my address two dozen of your books entitled 'The Coming of The Lord Draweth Nigh.' I have just read it and I want my people to read it also, so I will distribute this number among them. So far as I am able to understand I like your treatment of the subject better than any I have examined."

"Seems to me this is getting pretty close to the truth and am glad I have had a chance to read it."

"I have carefully read one of those sent me and believe your exposition is unanswerable and that my blessed Lord is coming quickly to take me home to glory."

"The dozen you sent me I have given away and every one seems so interested. I believe God has revealed things to you in a wonderful way. Praise the Lord."

"A dear sister, Mrs. H., is delighted with it. She is very deaf, so put in a good time with the Word and the pamphlet, and is sure the Lord is coming at His own appointed time. The more she reads the pamphlet the sweeter and clearer it gets, My Soul says Amen."

"I like your pamphlet very much—like its reasonableness for one thing. It is like a wonder. The growing interest one finds in these things. Also it is a blessed experience to one when the light begins to come to him. I found it so, and I read of similar experiences. It seems to me that you are doing a good work, and I rejoice in the understanding given you."

"Your presentation is very clear and Scriptural. The best I have seen. I want some to hand to friends."

"Surely the Lord is with you in this work, a fact that further persuades me that the time of the end is near in view of the fact that we have His promise of increased knowledge during the latter days."

"Have just finished reading your pamphlet on 'The Times of the Gentiles.' I just stumbled on to your advertisement by chance in an old 'Herald and Presbyter' of a neighbor's. I wouldn't have missed it for anything and I feel like criticizing you for not advertising more extensively—Begging your pardon."

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There has been
No Increase
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Grape-Nuts
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In the
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Or Quality
Of the Food

lars were so lonely, that they intended to break out of the strong box and be forever lost to the class, if they were not given company.

"But what can we do?" demanded the worried Loyals.

"Dick spoke. Oh, how eager was his voice. There's nothing to hinder us from giving an entertainment," he said. "Folks are always grumbling, 'cause there's nothing to go to. We'll give 'em something. Mary's a graduate of the Conservatory of Music. Marguerite can sing. I can play the violin a little. Chester's been studying the bass viol. Muggins—he nodded at the High School girl—can recite. Let's practice and see what we can do."

"It's the very thing, old pard. We'll begin tonight," shouted Chester. "We'll begin tonight."

"We advertised our entertainment well. On the night of the performance Laura's uncle, who is a humorist, arrived and offered to help us out. At half-past seven the auditorium of the township house was packed, and Dick had to rig up a sign: 'Standing room only,' and hang it out. The performance went off fine, and when they were all gone and Dick and the treasurer and I were counting the money, somebody laid a bill on top of Dick's pile.

"Cut it out," he growled. He thought some one was joking, but when he saw a fifty dollar sign, he looked up and saw Laura's uncle. His eyes got as big as saucers, but he growled again, 'What are you giving us?'

"It's my contribution to your new church. I never belonged to one," he said, just as if it were a common thing for him to hand over fifty dollar bills, 'but I have concluded that it must be something worth while or it wouldn't have driven you young folks to work as you have done, and when you build your new church, if you ever do, let me know and I will be a charter member.'

"In six months' time the Loyal Sons and Daughters had five hundred dollars to their credit, though if we had mentioned the thought of raising that much, the old folks would have said we could not get five hundred cents.

"But the Superintendent kept on coming, rain or shine, and the High School girl with a nose for news kept finding prospects, and Chester followed them and enrolled them as members. The whole Sunday School was growing.

"The Loyals, who had outgrown their corner, had moved into the back hall and strung the walls with pennants and mottoes. Everybody was watching to see what they would do next. One day they announced that their orchestra would play and the chapel was packed and brought in a large offering. The boys said they would play every Sunday if their music drew like that. In March, Mrs. Winslow, our teacher, offered a prize to that division of the class which furnished the most novel plan and earned the most money.

"We boys did a lot of studying as to what we might do and couldn't think of a thing, but one night Chester met me on the street. He was carrying a big package and he was so excited that he stuttered worse than ever.

"I've got a plan, a dandy one," he began. Uncle Fred sent me prize watermelon seeds enough to plant ten acres, and I thought that would be just the thing for us boys.' There were twenty boys now. 'I was studying out where we could get the best ground and I happened to think of that low field that belongs to old Scrooge.' Old Scrooge was our nickname for William Hamilton, the richest and the stingiest man in town.

"I suppose he donated it," I grinned.

"He did," was the answer. I gasped, but Chester stuttered on, 'and what I don't know about raising melons, you can't find in books.'

"If we work it right and have a good season we'll clear a hundred red-

heads'—this was Chester's name for five dollar gold pieces—'right off that patch. What do you say?'

"I grabbed Chester's hand, all covered with big red freckles and I ran my hand over his head and I said, 'Three cheers for redheads.'

"Old Scrooge came out just as we were going over the ground for the third time. He seemed as glad as we were when the dusty, three-cornered leaves could be seen across the patch. We didn't allow any striped bugs or fat worms to loaf around those vines.

"We advertised, 'Buy Loyal Melons. Every One Guaranteed to Be Sweet and Perfect.' We took especial pains to have them so too. Chester put a bed on his milk wagon, and he and Dick loaded up before daylight and went miles before noon.

"The housekeepers told each other and we soon had a fine reputation for our melons. We sold every one and when we counted up that fall, we had cleared nine hundred dollars. We did so well that we concluded that we ought to pay old Scrooge something, so we went to his house.

"Dick told him why we had come. I saw a twinkle in the old man's eye as he said, 'Well, you may give me two hundred dollars and we'll be square.'

"You should have heard Chester stutter, 'D-don't you th'think that's pretty high, Mr. Sc-Hamilton?'

"The old man laughed, 'Well, yes, I do,' he said, 'I'm going to give you an extra hundred instead of charging, and I'll do something else when you get ready to build your church. You may head your list with my gift of a thousand dollars.'

"I-I thought you didn't believe in churches,' stuttered Chester.

"I didn't.' Mr. Hamilton pulled a splinter from the fence and whittled it down to the fineness of a toothpick, 'and I let you have the ground to prove that there was nothing in organized classes.' Dick whistled. 'I thought you'd swear and fuss and fight and I watched you'—

"We didn't see you,' interrupted Chester.

"I've a summer house in that old bushy willow and I used my eyes and ears and telescope, but I never heard anything out of the way. All I heard was about helping the other fellow.'

"Mr. Hamilton stuck the finished toothpick in his mouth. 'If an organized class can do that for young folks, I'd like to see if it could reform me.'

"Didn't we grab his hand? We did! The evangelist came later and for six weeks the tabernacle was packed every night. We had six hundred accessions, Laura's uncle included, who came on the last Sunday.

"The church was dedicated without a debt. You should have seen the flowers and the crowd and heard the music. That was five years ago. The numbers have grown and grown. But we don't intend to pull the church up put it in the cellar as did Mr. Finney with his turnip. We expect it to keep on growing until there are churches all over the country which have started from this root. Of course The Loyal Sons and Daughters are busy but there are only a few of the charter members left. The High School girl with a nose for news and Chester who corraled the prospects became so accustomed to going soul seeking together that our preacher tied them into a knot and sent them into a mining camp where there was much work for followers of the Master. They are making it a better place.

"Jennie is teaching and preaching in a blind asylum. Marguerite and Dick are travelling evangelists. Of course we miss them, but the Superintendent still drives six miles, rain or shine, to the Sunday School service. Mrs. Winslow is still teaching. Laura and I are about the only ones left and since our tastes are so similar and our dislikes so much alike, I have decided to make a proposition to her tonight after class meeting. The church is on an independent footing now, and I see nothing to hinder our starting a home of our own."

Good Lord, Forgive

If I have wounded any soul today
If I have caused one foot to go astray,
If I have walked in my own willful way—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have uttered idle words or vain,
If I have turned aside from want or pain
Lest I myself should suffer through the strain—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have craved for joys that are not mine,
If I have let my wayward heart repine,
Dwelling on things of earth, not things divine—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold,
If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold
When Thou hast given me some part to hold—
Good Lord, forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee,
Forgive the secret sins I do not see,
That which I know not, Father, teach Thou
me—

Help me to live.

C. MAUD BATTERSEY.

Afterward

BY ANNE GUILBERT MAHON.

A WOMAN who was walking along the street felt herself weighted down by an overwhelming sense of discouragement, disappointment and bitterness in her life's work and her environment.

Unconsciously, her attention was attracted by a honeysuckle vine completely covering the porch of the suburban house she was passing. In spite of herself, she could not but admire it and enjoy its beauty. It was in full bloom. The yellow and white blossoms covered entirely the green vine. But, with all its beauty, there was something lacking. Engrossed in her own affairs as the woman was, she noticed it. "Where is the fragrance?" she asked herself. Suddenly the thought flashed across her that this, too, was a disappointment. The vine was at the climax of its blossoming, but where was the delicate, subtle fragrance always associated with honeysuckle in full bloom? It seemed to her as if this, too, was a disappointment, as if everything in life just then was a disappointment and a defeat.

She walked on, musing bitterly, but she had not taken many steps before she was enveloped in the most delicious and fragrant sweetness that she had ever known. The honeysuckle! The fragrance had not been apparent while passing the vine, but now the wind had wafted it to her *afterward*—after she had passed.

The question then flashed across the woman's mind, might it not be the same in her own life? Just as there seemed to be no fragrance to the blossoming vine while she passed it, yet afterward it came to her, more fragrant and entrancing than ever, might not the blessings now concealed in the hard experience she was passing through also come to her at some future time—*afterward*?

The woman went on her way, but her step was lighter, her eyes were brighter and her face more hopeful.

"I can't see now," she mused to herself. "It seems all wrong to me now, but *afterward* I shall look back and see where it was all right for me, and I will see how even out of these discouraging, bitter experiences good may result."

An elderly woman came to visit a younger one who was passing through a deep sorrow similar to one the older woman had herself experienced.

"I want to tell you," she said, looking at the young woman, earnestly, "that *everything* works together for good. I've found it so in my life. *Everything* works together for good!"

"I hope so," responded the younger woman, hopelessly, but in her heart she was saying, "How can this terrible sorrow of mine ever work for good, to me or anyone else? It is impossible that it could."

Years afterward the same young woman, older in years and experience, looking back echoed with all her heart the words of her elderly visitor, "*All* things work together for good!"

Again, it was a vision of "*afterward*." Not at the time can we always see the reason for the trials and the sorrows, which beset us so heavily, but, trusting



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in an all-wise Heavenly Father we need not fear. This same trial, this same sorrow, which seems so unbearable, so inexplicable at the present time will "*afterward*" be revealed to us in all the strength, all the beauty, all the blessing which God meant should come to us out of it. We shall see how *everything* has worked together for good.

"God's plans, like lilies pure and white unfold, We must not tear the close shut leaves apart; Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

In the midst of trouble, of perplexity, of sorrow, when we cannot see or understand, let us learn to lean hard on our all-wise, all-loving Heavenly Father, accepting all things as from His hand, waiting, trusting, accepting cheerfully, knowing that "All things work together for good," and that "*afterward*," in God's own time, we shall see the beauty and the blessing of what now seems so dark and unexplainable.

A Quaint Reply

A dear old Quaker lady when asked what cosmetic she used to produce such a lovely complexion, replied sweetly: "I use for my lips, truth; for my voice, prayer; for the eyes, pity; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness; for the heart, love." Truth, prayer, pity, charity, uprightness, and love. Could there be a more perfect circlet of jewels to adorn womanhood? They are priceless, yet free to all.

A Pleased Subscriber

A lady in Marion, Ind., in renewing her subscription for another year, writes:

"I am liking the AMERICAN MESSENGER better every month."

THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

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Total Donations (Including \$596.52 for Special Objects), \$2,197.83.

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Have You Made a Will?

If you have, did you remember the American Tract Society, and in proportion to the good it has been doing for nearly a century? If you have not made any bequest in behalf of the Tract Society, you are earnestly asked to add a codicil to your will to that effect. If you do so, you certainly will be happy in the thought that when you have been translated to your Heavenly home you will still be doing something to perpetuate and enlarge the great and important work of the American Tract Society. Please do not forget.

A Help to a Lonely Life
Mrs. M. C. Harvey, of Harveyville, Kansas, writes:
"These are close times, but the AMERICAN MESSENGER is such a help to me in my lonely life that I do not want to be without it."

Silent Evangelism

BY REV. HOWARD W. POPE.

THE indiscriminate use of tracts by those whose zeal exceeds their wisdom has led some people to question their value. It is foolish, however, to allow any prejudice against poor tracts to blind us to the value of good ones, and good ones can be had. The choicest thoughts of the best writers can now be found in leaflet form, and many a soul has been awakened by one of these silent messengers which God has put into the hand at just the right moment.

A man stepped into a street car in New York, and before taking his seat gave to each passenger a little card bearing the words, "Look to Jesus when tempted, when troubled, when dying." One of the passengers carefully read the card and put it in his pocket. As he left the car he said to the giver:

"Sir, when you gave me this card I was on my way to the ferry, intending to jump from the boat and drown myself. The death of my wife and son had robbed me of all desire to live, but this card has persuaded me to begin life anew. Good-day, and God bless you!"

There is no such thing as chance in this world, and those who seek to be led by the Spirit often find themselves messengers of mercy to some weary soul. A lady once traveled two hundred miles to tell the writer personally how a card which he had given her had led to her conversion. It lay in her bureau drawer, bearing its silent testimony from time to time as she read it, until finally it led her to Christ.

Some ministers make constant use of leaflets in their pastoral work. They open the way for conversation, and often they are better than words, for a soul under conviction is sometimes disposed to quarrel, but one cannot quarrel with a tract. It never loses its temper, never answers back, and it sticks to what it has said. Besides you can send a leaflet into many places where you cannot go yourself.

People in sorrow or sickness love to be remembered, and boys think more of a minister who occasionally gives them a bright leaflet. A man wrote me that in a town where he had used, "Why a Boy Should Be a Christian," forty-five people on their examination for church mem-

bership testified that they attributed their conversion mainly to that leaflet.

Housekeepers can use tracts to good advantage. Lay them on the parlor table that callers may read them while waiting. Often there is time enough for one to be converted while a lady is finishing her toilet. Give them to the milk-man, the grocer, the postman; enclose them in letters, library-books and packages.

Business men have fine opportunities for this kind of work. A man once said: "I cannot speak in meeting, but if you will supply me with choice reading matter, I will pay for it and inclose it in the packages which go out of my store." Recently a customer uttered an oath in a New York business house. The proprietor quietly handed him a "Little Preacher" entitled, "Why Do You Swear?" The man read it, tears came to his eyes, and he said:

"I beg your pardon, sir."
"Never mind me," said the other, "but don't you think you had better ask God's pardon? It was His Name that you profaned."

"I will do it, sir," said the man, and he shook his hand warmly.

It is not an easy matter to rebuke a swearer, but any one can say, "Here is a leaflet which you may find helpful," or he can mail one to every profane person whom he knows.

Teachers can make good use of leaflets. Those who cannot talk with their pupils can put into their hands the wise words of others. Old fashioned tracts will not do for boys. They want something which sparkles with life, which rivets the attention, and which stops when it gets there.

This is a busy age, we all know. People have not time, or think that they have not, to read books on religion, but if you put into their hands something which is attractive, interesting, and which can be read in a few minutes, it is sure of attention. I am convinced that any one can easily multiply his influence twenty-fold by a wise use of printer's ink.

Never give away a tract unless you know its contents. Use all the tact you have and pray for more. An old man said to a train boy, "No, I don't want your pop corn, don't you see I haven't any teeth?"

"Buy some gum drops then, nice fresh gum drops."

That boy knew how to adapt himself to his customers, and so should we. Occasionally select a good tract, and printing on it the name of your church or Sunday school with an invitation to attend the services, canvass the whole neighborhood, leaving a tract at every house.

A physician told me recently that three times in three different cities, and at intervals of about a year, some one put into his pocket without his knowledge a little card containing the words, "Have you a home in Heaven, where the angels are, and where your mother is, etc?" The first two cards set him thinking, but the third came at a time when he had just lost his mother, and it led him to Christ. No one of the three people knew that they were supplementing each other's work, and yet they were. None of the three ever knew that any good came from the card which they dropped into the stranger's pocket, but he knew and God knew, and that was enough. We shall never know all the good that comes from this kind of silent preaching, but we know enough to make it almost criminal for us to neglect it.

—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

An Appreciative Donor

In sending her annual donation for the work of the American Tract Society Mrs. E. P. Morgan of Georgia writes to the General Secretary:

"I want to tell you how greatly I value the American Tract Society for its grand work in sending the glad news both at home and also to the larger field, the 'uttermost parts.' Latin America needs the Gospel as greatly as the savages of the South Pacific. I cannot help much with money, but I am praying for you, your fellow-workers and your work."

Our Medicine Chest

"You must have had a terrible experience with no food and mosquitoes swarming around you," said a friend to the shipwrecked mariner, who had been cast away upon a tropical island.

"You just bet I had a terrible experience," he acknowledged. "My experience was worse than that of the man who wrote, 'Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.' With me it was bites, bites everywhere, but not a bite to eat."

A man approached a stand upon which some questionable-looking fowls were offered for sale. "What will you sell them for?" he asked, of a shrewd, gray-bearded farmer.

"I sell them for profits," answered that individual.

"Is that so?" answered the customer, in feigned surprise. "I'm glad to know they are prophets. I took them for patriarchs."

"Was I rude this afternoon?" a little girl asked her mother. "I hope not, my dear," said the mother. Little Girl: "Well, our teacher was examining us in poetry—'Casabianca'—and she asked why

did the boy stand on the burning deck, and I said because it was too hot for him to sit down; and she made me stand in the corner."

An old negro mammy who was addicted to the pipe was being lectured on the habit by a Sabbath school teacher. Finally the latter said:

"Do you expect to go to heaven?"

"Yes, indeedy!"

"But the Bible says that nothing unclean shall enter there. Now the breath of the smoker is unclean. What do you say to that?"

"Well, I reckon I leave ma bref behin' when I enter dar," was old mammy's response.

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "someone has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you!"

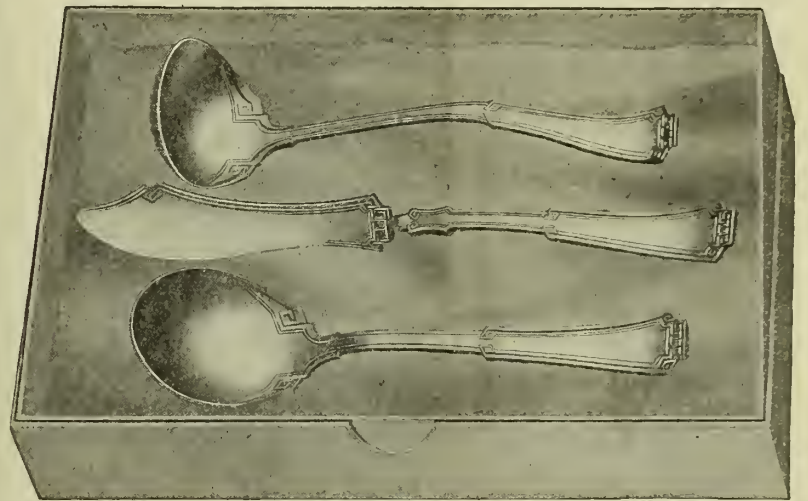
"It ain't all," replied Johnny. "Part of it's in Elsie."

"Why don't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair.

"Because I only buy from the homely girls," said the man. "They have a harder time making sales."

The girl was not offended, and he worked this right down the line.

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ARTICLES of silverware are always in demand in the home. Many of our friends, no doubt, would like to obtain some of the choice pieces we are offering at this time. With a little effort in securing yearly subscriptions for the American Messenger, one or more of these articles may be obtained and the person who receives this fine silverware will be well repaid for the effort made. These goods are manufactured by the well known firm of Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd.; they are sure to please and give satisfaction. The "Grecian" is the popular style of the goods we are offering. This quality of Electro Silverplate is well known for its beauty of design as well as for its excellent wearing qualities in actual household service. The goods will be shipped by parcel post, upon receipt of order. These offers are good only in the United States, as the duty in foreign countries would be prohibitive. Cash must accompany each order.

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1/2 dozen teaspoons.....	4		1.60
1 berry spoon.....	4		1.60
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1 soup ladle.....	8		2.50

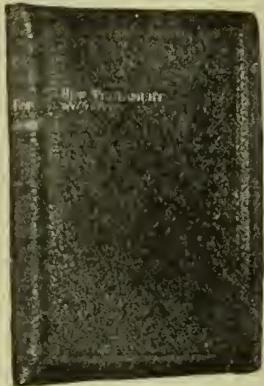
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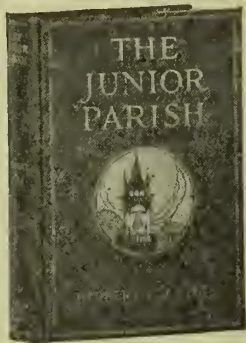
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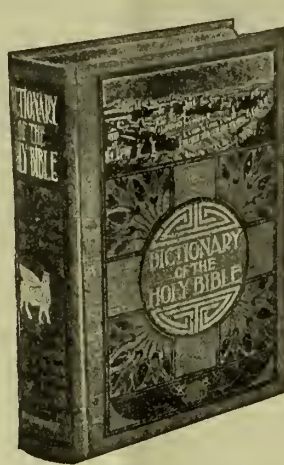
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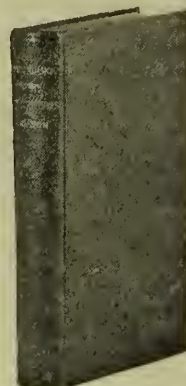
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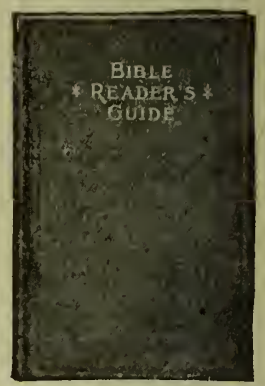


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Vol. 75

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No. 3



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On Our Honor Roll are placed the names of those subscribers to the AMERICAN MESSENGER into whose homes the paper has come for fifty years or more. To the goodly number of names already on the list we are pleased to add that of Jane E. McCall, of Connecticut, who writes:

"I have had the reading of the AMERICAN MESSENGER from girlhood days, and now at eighty-six years of age I cannot do without it.

"I send one new name with a prayer that the reader may receive a blessed realization of God's goodness."

We appreciate the loyalty of this valued subscriber and her co-operation in extending the influence of our paper. If every present subscriber would send us at least one new name, our circulation would be doubled and the usefulness of the paper would be correspondingly increased.

Another name which we are glad to add to the Honor Roll is that of Mrs. Simmons, of Providence, R. I., who writes:

"I do not want to be without the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I have had the reading of it almost all the seventy years of my life. Others enjoy it with me. The articles in it are fine and helpful to all, especially when one is deprived of Church worship by illness."

If there are others who have received this paper for fifty years or more, we would be pleased to hear from them so that that we may add their names to our Honor Roll.

The Church Taking Command
BY REV. ROY B. GUILD.

A group of men in New York City were planning a nation-wide movement. The most strongly emphasized phase of the work was the creating of public opinion to support a world-wide undertaking—"How can we get the churches back of this Movement?" Several religious leaders were called to the conference to answer this question.

Thus it has been for many years. The churches must furnish the money and the men for all great undertakings looking to the welfare of society. The Church has provided the sinews of war, but has not directed the use of the same except where denominational control has been possible.

But today so many of the splendid things being done for communities are outside the boundaries of denominations. They fill in all the space-between. One needs only to refer to the great charitable institutions of our cities. A more or less irresponsible but well intentioned group of individuals, recognizing a real need in the community, forms a committee and starts forth to secure the money to meet the need. The money is forthcoming; good is done; the church people pay the bills and furnish the officers. Then people criticize the churches for doing so little while they praise the organizations thus maintained.

This method is splendid as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The church abounds in good works, but too often loses its opportunity to do the best thing because it has not accepted the responsibility and burden of direction. In many cases it could not. The undertaking was too great for any one church.

Fortunately that day is passing in many of our cities. The churches are coming into their power. Not only do they say "Receive thy sight," but they can also say with more power "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

The greatest advance made in the last five years has been in the discovery of

the fact that community needs can be cared for by churches recognizing their community interests. In St. Louis, Missouri, over one hundred churches are thus banded together. When the Associated Bureau of Charities is called upon to render assistance to a family, that assistance is given. Most of the money is provided by Christians. Then if the family is not Hebrew or Catholic, Mr. Clair E. Ames, the secretary of the Federation of Churches of St. Louis, is notified. At once he sees to it that this family is assigned to the church most favorably situated to render spiritual help. Everywhere the social workers say that food, clothing and shelter will not re-establish a family. Religion is the most vital factor. Let the churches so do their work that they may not only manifest the spirit of Christ, but may name His name to those who are helped.

Social Betterment is a favorite aim with Christians—"He went about doing good." We give millions of money seeking to bring in the better day, but turn it over to all kinds of organizations, good, bad and indifferent, which are outside of the Church. Denominational rivalry prevents our giving it to any one church and we are too busy with our own peculiar interests to share the burden.

By learning team play the two hundred churches of Cleveland, representing twelve denominations, were able on one hand to persuade the civic forces to eliminate the red-light district and on the other hand to conduct the simultaneous evangelistic campaign by which ten thousand and ninety-eight members were quietly added to the churches in one year. So runs the story in the cities which have strong Inter-Church organizations and employ men to give all their time to co-ordinating their efforts.

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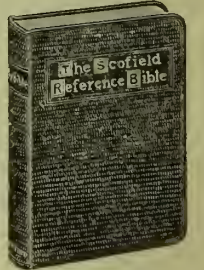
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The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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A World Crisis

The War between the Entente Allies and the Central Powers of Europe has now reached its bitterest and most violent stage, and its latest development has involved the United States in a situation that is fraught with the direst possibilities.

We face a world crisis, and what the outcome will be no one can predict. The relations of our country, hitherto more or less friendly with all the belligerents, have been changed, and diplomatic intercourse with the German Empire has entirely ceased.

The cause for this situation is clear, for by her resumption of ruthless sea warfare Germany has broken the pledges that she had previously given, and the United States had no other alternative than to carry out the policy which our President had announced would be adopted if such a contingency arose.

The complexion of affairs changes from day to day, and it might be said from hour to hour. It is impossible to forecast the trend of events even in the immediate future, and we have to adjust our action to the varying circumstances of each successive day.

We do not wish to discuss here the political, economic or military aspects of the present situation. But it may not be amiss to say a word as to the proper attitude which a Christian should take toward the crisis which has arisen.

The American people have so long held themselves aloof from the present conflict that when we found ourselves confronted by the necessity of action of some sort, it came as a shock, and even yet there are persons who do not perceive the obligation which rests upon us as a nation to take a definite stand not only in defence of our own rights, but in behalf of the rights of humanity.

The duty of a Christian citizen at this juncture is clear and definite. Loyalty to God and to our nation demands that we support our Government with unswerving fidelity in the stand which it has taken for the protection of American lives and for the upholding of those basic rules of humanity which lie at the very foundation of civilization.

In a crisis like that which now confronts us party lines should be forgotten and the one aim of every man, woman and child should be to support our President in the position which he has so carefully and deliberately taken.

Christian citizenship now has a splendid opportunity to demonstrate its true value. Every follower of Christ may now show that religion and patriotism are not opposed to each other, but that loyalty to God and fidelity to our country are both essential characteristics of those who profess the Christian faith.

The present situation calls for a spirit of prayer on the part of all who love God and desire to promote the best welfare of our land. Not only should special days of prayer be observed, but continuous and importunate petitions should be offered at the Throne of Grace that wisdom from above may be vouchsafed to those who have the direction of our national affairs and that every individual citizen may be found ready to perform the duty which he or she may be called upon to do in defense of our homeland and in behalf of the principles of world-wide justice and righteousness.

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The Progress of the Kingdom Abroad

The statistics of the work accomplished by the Foreign Missionary Societies of the United States and Canada during the past year present some ground for serious thought. The statistics were prepared by a Special Sub-Committee of the Committee of Reference and Counsel of the Foreign Missions Conference, and are presumably more authoritative than any other figures that can be obtained.

The total combined home income of all the societies has increased over two million dollars during the past year, and now amounts to over \$20,000,000. The total native contributions also show an increase and now amount to \$4,750,681. There are 10,601 missionaries in the field, which is the largest number on record. There are not quite as many native workers this year as last, the number having fallen from 50,001 to 49,305. The number of teachers and scholars enrolled in the Sunday Schools exceeds by over 50,000 the record of last year and now stands at 1,212,287.

The most marked decrease is that shown in the number of persons in full membership in the

churches on the foreign field, in which there is an apparent shrinkage of 4,471. Doubtless this is due in large part to the interruption in missionary work due to the European war, which has shed its baleful influence far and wide. It may be also that the statistics on this point are not as complete as usual. In any case, however, there is food for serious thought in the fact that no advance is recorded this year in this vital matter of church membership.

It is plain that unless more progress is made in this direction, Christianity will not succeed in overtaking the increase of population which goes steadily on in almost every missionary land. Much has been said about evangelizing the world in a single generation, but at the existing rate of advance the heathen world would never be Christianized. And yet we cannot believe that the present check in the rate of conversions will be permanent. During the past hundred years wonderful strides have been made, and we have confidence that in due time the missionary enterprise will again resume a triumphant forward march that will assure the winning of the world to Christ.

One thing is certain. Christians must be very much more in earnest than they are now. Some are faithful, but the great body of those who bear the name of Christ show far too little zeal in the prosecution of the great cause of missions.

Yet if the missionaries on the firing line can be assured of the unstinted support and devotion of the church in the homeland, and if they are only given the re-enforcements, both of men and women, and of money that they need and for which they are eagerly pleading, then we may look for a decided advance and may await with implicit assurance the final victory which our Lord has promised to those who go forth in His name.

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Henry Cole Smith

In common with many other religious organizations the American Tract Society has sustained a distinct loss in the death of Henry Cole Smith, a member of its Board of Managers, who passed to his eternal rest on February 7, 1917.

For many years Mr. Smith was actively engaged in the work of the Presbyterian Church in New York City. He was an Elder in the Fourth Presbyterian Church and Clerk of its Session at the time of his decease, and he will be sorely missed from the membership of that church, in whose life he bore a prominent and most helpful part. Mr. Smith was also Treasurer of the Presbytery of New York, Chaplain

of the Lafayette Post of the Grand Army of the Republic and identified with many other benevolent and religious societies.

At the funeral service, which was held in the Fourth Presbyterian Church, his pastor, Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., paid an eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of this devoted servant of God, drawing from his life lessons of fidelity, courage and faith, which will always be an inspiration to those who knew Henry Cole Smith.



Christian Living in Army Camps

One of the most important phases of Christian activity during the past year has been the work of the Army Young Men's Christian Association with the troops on the Mexican border.

The strongest and most valuable feature of this service has been the emphasis laid on Christian living. The Association's constant effort has been to bring the unsaved soldiers into the Christian life and to strengthen the spiritual life of those already enrolled as Christians.

Forty-two Y. M. C. A. buildings were maintained in the camps along the border, and in

these from two to five services were held on each Sunday. During the week two religious services were usually held in each building. The attendance at all the religious services up to the beginning of the present year was estimated at over half a million.

Throughout the various regiments the Association established organizations such as the "Inner Circles," the members of which devoted their energies to personal work. There were also "clean living" groups and "clean speech" clubs.

In the meetings held in the various buildings, "forward step" cards were passed to the men who were present. These cards contained suggested pledges for the men to check off and sign, such as promising to abstain from liquor, tobacco, profanity, obscene language and unclean living, and promising also to read the Bible and to attend a religious service each week, and as an ultimate step to give their lives to Christ. Up to the present time about twenty thousand soldiers have signed these "forward step" cards, promising to take one or more of the steps indicated.

Bible study was another feature of the work upon which great stress was laid. Over twelve thousand men were enrolled in Bible classes and 12,726 soldiers joined the Enlisted Men's Bible and Prayer League, an organization in which men pledge themselves to daily devotional reading and prayer.

As a result of the evangelistic efforts made by the Association workers co-operating with the ministers, evangelists and army chaplains who addressed the soldiers, there were 12,234 decisions for the Christian life.

Every possible avenue of approach to the men has been used. In the hospitals the Association secretaries made 25,944 visits, and thus they brought a strong Christian influence to bear upon the soldiers at a time when such efforts are unusually helpful.

Very wisely the Army Association has made arrangements for "follow-up" work, when the men on the border return to their homes, and the names of those who have signified their purpose to live the Christian life are sent to the secretaries of home Associations and to pastors of home churches.

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER

Attractive Piety



AN enterprising firm advertises that, as it can no longer improve its particular product, it will now improve the container the product is sold in. Excellent judgment, indeed, and well calculated to boom business! A good article is doubly valued if put forth in a neat package. Jael acted on this principle when the fugitive Sisera came, hungry and thirsty, to her tent. He asked for water but she "gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish."

The yellow-hued dainty was served up in fitting style. I have no doubt that the "lordly dish" bore a few sprigs of garnishing, withal, upon its gleaming surface. The defeated chieftain had never known so dainty a morsel as was now set before him. This last meal was made a feast for his eyes as well as for his palate.

In all our human concerns, inner worth is the first consideration, but outer attractiveness follows, at least, close behind it. Man is constrained to look upon the outer appearance, even if God does look upon the heart. The case that holds the jewel counts. The right thing must be done in the right way, if it is to tell in this world. Righteous character must be beautified and embellished, if it is to be fully efficient.

Why should good people ever be stupid and uninteresting? They never should be. Why should church services ever be prosy and dull? There is no reason for it under the sun. When a young man of high character and earnest life was asked why he elected to remain outside the church, he replied, with much frankness. "Because I don't like the people who are inside." He went on to say that neither moral scruples nor intellectual difficulties deterred him, but only his observation of unlovely and indifferent churchmen. We grant the lad's position to be wholly unjustifiable, but we accept his criticism for what it is worth. There are a good many rough and untutored saints inside the church who need to be waked up to their responsibilities. They command respect, but they do not win converts. If the rough diamonds would only submit to polishing, how they might shine and attract!

Piety becomes attractive when it becomes, first, forceful. The good man must be also good for something. President King of Oberlin, once,

in a public speech, referred to a dissertation by a classmate on the theme: "Is goodness interesting?" He did not tell the conclusion of the other man, but put his own position thus: "Goodness knows, goodness is not interesting when it consists only in refraining from evil." We are reminded of the schoolboy who wrote an essay on "Pins." He remarked that pins had "saved the lives of a great many people." When asked how this had come about, he replied: "By their not swallowing them." How widely this negative idea of virtue prevails in the world!

Piety is attractive that will not sit with folded hands, but is up and doing at useful tasks. Unless our faith sets us to work, it will make small appeal to red-blooded men and women of today. The rocking-chair type of Christianity is going out. "Oh, to be nothing!" is no longer sung by enlightened Christians. Says Professor Peabody, naming both a disease and a remedy, "How often the man of affairs is tempted to feel a certain contempt for the Church of Christ, when he turns from the intensely real issues of his week-day world to the abstractness and unreality of religious questions.

. . . Let us learn the lesson which even the grasping, unscrupulous world has to teach—the lesson of an absorbed and disciplined mind giving its entire sagacity to the chief business of life."

There is small demand for cloistered virtues in our modern world. The monks have long since been called out of their cells and Saint Simeon from off his pillar. We feel that piety must be gotten out of storage and into contact with the tremendous problems that vex society. Only so can it be either efficient or attractive.

Attractive piety, moreover, must be thoughtful, gracious, and informed with tact. Good people do not always grip men's sympathies as they might, because they are lacking at these points. How often we go blundering along, hurting those around us, and giving pain where we might as well give pleasure! The pathetic prayer that Sill puts into the mouth of the Fool may well serve as a universal human confession.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall!"

For careless sins of omission and commission, may the Lord forgive us all! Who has not realized that the blunders of the good are often more difficult to repair than malicious deeds of evil folk, against which we can all be forewarned and forearmed.

Strength is infinitely more winning when combined, as it may be, with beauty. In the cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice, a building fairly gleaming in Oriental splendor—stand pillars which tradition connects with Solomon's temple. They are of solid alabaster and so transparent that the light glows through them in lovely tints. Yet they are none the less firm and durable because they are beautiful. And so it is in regard to character.

What is needed to put the final touch of victory into many lives is just an infusion of grace and courtesy and charm into daily deportment. There are clergymen, deacons, saints, and "pillars" who are simply suffering for a course of lessons in etiquette. With this subtle touch, their austere virtues would become compelling. Honest people are irresistible when they are also polite. Courtesy may oft seem but a trifle; yet nothing is a trifle that conspires to make perfection.

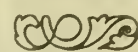
Ah the little more, and how much it is,
The little less, and what worlds away!

We are wont to say of Christianity that it is a matter of great principles, of mighty, fundamental choices; and that is true. We ejaculate with a kind of relish that, if one is right on the essentials, other things will take care of themselves; and that is only half true. Solid foundations are requisite, but a graceful superstructure is, at least, intensely desirable. On firm walls one may build a palace as readily as a cow barn.

There is every reason why a good life should be also an interesting and attractive life. We are called, in the fine Bible phrase, to "adorn the doctrine of God." We are disciples of Him who was not only the world's most radical reformer, but the foremost Gentleman of all time.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.

UNEXPECTED REVELATIONS

BY

REV. CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D.D.

Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York

IF the first question of theology is this, "Is there a God?" the second immediately follows, "Has He revealed Himself to man?" Reason affirms, "If there is a God, a personal God, and if He is good, He must reveal Himself to man." It is not blasphemy for a man to say, "If I were God I would reveal myself to men." That there has been such a revelation we thoroughly believe. That it is a manifold revelation is equally sure. In creation, in history, in the moral law written in our own natures, in the Holy Scriptures, and supremely in Jesus Christ, God has revealed Himself to us. All who will may receive and apprehend the revelation.

That God has revealed Himself specifically to particular persons, as to Abraham and Moses, to David and Paul, is the declaration of our Christian faith. That He has revealed Himself spiritually to multitudes of people through the ages we believe. The history of these revelations and of what resulted from them is in the biographies of the saints. God revealed Himself to William Penn, the Quaker, and John Bunyan, the Baptist. He revealed Himself to Martin Luther, and Protestantism is the fruit of that revelation. He revealed Himself to John Wesley, and Methodism is the fruit. He reveals Himself to humble men and women of whom the world knows nothing. How He reveals Himself is a story which, if it were fully written, the world could not contain. He reveals Himself as comfort to the stricken; as strength to the fainting; as wisdom to the ignorant; as rest to the weary; as refreshment to the languid; as inspiration to the halting and as light to the blind.

The times of these revelations of God to the spirits of His children are the golden hours of our lives. The late Bishop Foss of the Methodist Episcopal Church, while a resident of Minneapolis, suffered a long and painful illness. After his recovery he spoke, but with a strange degree of guardedness, of revelations which came to him during his illness. He referred to one day as "the pearl of days." The details of that revelation may not be known, but the content of it was God's intimate nearness. The meaning of it, if conveyed in a single word, was *communion*.

The lives of all the saints, and particularly of the mystics, contain the records of such revelations. There was a missionary in the early history of Canada to whom there came a revelation such as that which tradition says the Emperor Constantine saw in the sky. This missionary says he saw a luminous cross. Some one asked him how large the cross appeared to be, and he replied, "Large enough to crucify us all on." Missionaries in difficult fields and in various crises of their lives have had revelations.

It is as though the Infinite Father, with His eyes on all His children, stoops to touch them and to lift them up when He sees them passing through periods of darkness and danger.

The object of special revelations of God to His personal servants seems often to be to prepare them for definite undertakings. The appearance of the man of Macedonia to Paul was of the nature of a supernatural revelation, and his message called the apostle from one continent to another to inaugurate Christian work in Europe.

If we undertake to discover any fixed law governing the times, places and manner of God's special revelations, we shall find ourselves quite as much in the dark as those who undertake to discover laws governing the inspirations of genius. A poet is seated at his desk, or a painter at his easel. Nothing outwardly different occurs from what has been occurring for days or months. A moment comes, however, when the inner ear hears strange voices and the inner eye sees unwonted pictures. Some of the masterpieces of art and literature have been the work of just such inspired moments. Not a few of the noblest hymns we sing have been written at a single sitting.

Among the strangest facts connected with revelations and inspiration is that often these experiences are entirely unexpected. There is a great element of surprise in them. The law of surprise, however difficult it may be to define, seems to be one of the laws of the Eternal One. He visits His people at unexpected times. This is not saying He does not reveal Himself at expected times. He keeps His appointments with His saints. He does not forget the trysting place. Have we ever failed to find Him at the place of fervent prayer, or in the hour of reverent meditation? But the beautiful thing about it all is that there are times when He comes unheralded, when, to use the language of an old poem, "every joy He brings us comes a glad and new surprise."

When God revealed Himself to Moses in the bush, so far as we know, it was an unexpected revealing. When the angel of the annunciation spoke to Mary, she was startled—she had been looking for no such manifestation. Read again the story of the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. Human judgment would lead us to look for Jesus' revelation of Himself to these friends of His at the moment of His first joining them on the highway, or if not then, at the time when He was talking with them about the Scriptures and about Himself. But the exquisite moment of recognition came later, in the common act of breaking bread.

When Mary came into the garden of Joseph of Arimathea on the first Easter morning, she was looking for the body of Jesus in the rocky cavern where it had been laid. He called to her from another part of the garden, but His revela-

tion was so unexpected that she mistook Him for the gardener. When the disciples saw Jesus on the shore of the lake, after their night of fruitless toil, they thought at first that he was a stranger. If they had anticipated His coming, they would have been looking for Him walking on the water. Jesus proves Himself Godlike by revealing Himself at unexpected times and in unexpected places.

God reveals Himself through unexpected media. Friar Lawrence saw God in the blooming tree in the kitchen garden of the monastery. A few days before, the tree had been apparently lifeless. Now it was bursting into bloom. This was the beginning of the man's spiritual history. We should expect God to reveal Himself to a member of a religious order as he bent above his illuminated manuscript, turned the pages of his breviary, or at least as he fulfilled the humble duties of his office. But God used a tree, a fruit tree in blossom in the springtime, to make Himself known to His servant.

There is a difference of statement as to just when Martin Luther first received his vision of spiritual freedom and liberty. The long-received story is that the sentence, "The just shall live by faith," flashed upon him as he was climbing the *Sancta Scala* at Rome. But the latest of Luther's biographers tells that it came earlier than Luther's visit to Rome, which was in 1510 or 1511; that it was in Wittenberg, as early as 1508 or 1509, while Luther was reading Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

There was a Protestant clergyman who visited Europe about twenty years ago, and one day he entered a great cathedral. He was interested in the edifice more as a work of art than as a place of worship, for his manner of worship was simple, and his church at home was a plain meeting house. But suddenly, under the vaulted roof of this cathedral, amidst symbols of an alien form of worship, God spoke to his soul. That was his "pearl of days."

There seem to be no fixed times and seasons for spiritual visions and uplift, although there should be fixed times and seasons for our exercises of devotion. The universe of spiritual forces is doubtless governed by law, but the laws which determine the places, times and media of special revelations are beyond our knowledge.

God reserves to Himself liberty to come to us when and where and how He will. He sanctifies very ordinary things as channels for His message to us. A common frugal meal may be to us as holy as the Temple at Jerusalem. The angels surrounded Jacob's stony bed. Let us not be surprised if God comes to us at unexpected times. Let us be prepared to see the thousand forms He employs to make us one with Him.

SOUL WINNING BY MAIL

By Rev. Howard W. Pope

FEW people realize how much Christian work can be accomplished by letter-writing. In some cases a letter is a better instrumentality even than a spoken word, for it can be read and re-read, and pondered at one's leisure. Henry Clay Trumbull says that he was led to Christ by a personal appeal from a friend in a letter. What preaching and the ordinary forms of church work had not accomplished for him was done by a few sentences in a note. As he reflected upon this he began to realize the importance of individual work for individuals, and all his life long he engaged in this form of effort.

A prominent business man in a New England town went to his pastor and said that he would like to unite with the church. When asked how long he had been a Christian he replied that he had taken the step only a few days previously, and that he had been led to do this at the request of a lady who had written him on the subject. He said that preaching had not made much impression on him, but that this letter from a person whom he hardly knew, appealed to him so strongly that he could not resist it.

A little mission Sunday-school in Connecticut organized a home department. One of the workers wrote to a friend who was living in the forests of Canada far from any church, and asked if she would not like to join their home department. The reply was favorable and the home department literature was sent. Soon the friend in Canada wrote saying that she thought she could get some of her neighbors to join the Connecticut school if she had the proper literature. In a short time she succeeded in getting twenty-five more members, all of whom became identified with the little mission school in Connecticut, three or four hundred miles away.

They were so pleased with their work that after a while they organized a Sunday-school of their own. Soon they out-grew their accommodations, and raised money and built a chapel. Then they said, "We ought to have a Christian Endeavor Society," and soon that too, was organized. This went on for a time, but the more they studied the Bible the more hungry they grew, and by-and-by they organized a church and secured a pastor. And all this came from one letter written by an enterprising worker in a little school several hundred miles away.

Why should not Christians aim to make their correspondence count for the Master as well as their conversation? There might be some letters in which it would not be advisable to introduce the subject of religion, but on the other hand if the subject were uppermost in one's mind, opportunities would frequently be found to say a word for Christ, or drop a hint, or enclose a leaflet. I know a business man who was writing a letter one day when he saw a tract on his table. He enclosed it and mailed the letter without much thought. Then the devil whispered to him, "You have made a fool of yourself. What do you suppose that man will think of you for putting a tract in a business letter?" Being a Christian he lifted his heart in prayer to God, saying, "Lord, did I make a mistake?"

Back came the answer, "What is to hinder you from putting a tract in every letter you write?"

"By the grace of God I will," he replied, and for the remainder of his life he followed this practice. He saw so much good coming from this kind of effort that finally he withdrew

from business, and devoted his life to writing letters and sending out Christian literature of various kinds. Not every one can do as this man did, but all can do something if they will make an effort, and pray for tact and guidance in it.

I know a lady who, to help a drinking man, took him into her family as a boarder. Soon he committed some misdemeanor and was sent to prison. She did not forsake him in his disgrace, but remembering the Master's words, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me," she endeavored to help him by writing encouraging letters. Soon other prisoners requested that she write to them, and by degrees this work increased until finally she was writing between two and three hundred letters a year to the inmates of different prisons. Her aim was always to lead her correspondents to Christ, but her letters contained much kindly advice, and often in addition she sent little delicacies, or reading that would interest them.

As soon as a prisoner was led to accept Christ she sent him a Bible and concordance, and tried to interest him in Bible study. If he showed much proficiency in this work she entered his name in a Bible correspondence school which took her proteges at half price. Many of her correspondents became teachers of the Bible, and some of them had large classes in their respective prisons. Some of these prisoners, when their term of service expired, devoted their lives to Christian work, after taking a course of study in some institution. I have heard her say that there are eight pastors of churches who were converted while in state prison through her correspondence. Murderers, infidels and hardened men of all kinds, have been led to Christ by this humble woman through her prayers and letters. She is a farmer's wife, has had only an ordinary education, and has taken in sewing and washing in order to earn money to pay the postage. I have heard her say that there had been months when she could not write a single letter because she had not the money to buy a postage stamp.

If God can so signally bless the work of a patient and humble worker, who has made such sacrifices in order to help the unfortunate and criminal classes, ought not others who have more time and money, to ask themselves what they can do to honor God in their correspondence?

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Prayer

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

*True prayer is not asking
For some desired prize;
Nor yet is it seeking
To change the All-Wise;
It is but the yearning
To see with His eyes.*

*God hears all true prayers,
And answers—in love.
Not just as we ask
Does the deed always prove—
But are we more wise
Than the Father above?*

*Would He be worth seeking,
If so He should yield
To any chance longing
Of every loved child?
Refusing us evil,
His love is revealed!*

Man's Deeper Need

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

In the stamp-mill the noise was as the noise of battle. The boom of a cannon, had it been fired within a distance of twenty feet, could hardly have been distinguished from the deep and continuous thunder of the machinery. Down in the "Glory Hole," out of which gold to the value of many millions of dollars had been taken, men were working who, to the observer standing on the rim of the great quartz bowl, appeared scarcely larger than flies.

"This is the second largest gold mine in the United States, as to production, and as to tonnage the largest gold mine in the world," said the guide, as he led the way from the "Glory Hole" to the comfortable quarters provided by the management of the mine for their workmen—a clean, orderly dining room; a library and reading-room; swimming tank and bath-rooms; social and entertainment room, etc. "Nearly two thousand men are employed here, and one cannot easily think of anything more that could be done for them than has been done by the Company." Then he told of the mine's great gold output since its discovery nearly forty years ago.

The mind of one of the visitors slipped from the gold to the workmen.

"Men are more interesting than gold, and worth infinitely more," he said to himself, as he looked into the faces of a number of the workmen who had just come from their shift in the "Glory Hole." And then he felt his heart going out to them in a great passion of desire for the cleansing and ennobling of their inner life, and he longed to stand before them and tenderly point them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

If there were nothing of a man but his body, his brain and his social nature, then all that he would need would be a good dining-room, a library and reading-room, swimming-pool and bath-room, a social and entertainment room, and similar comforts and conveniences. But "there is a spirit in man." And it is in the very heart of the Divine passion for humanity that the needs of this finer life of man shall not be overlooked.

But is it not possible that in trying to place proper emphasis upon the relation of man to man in this day of "social reconstruction" we have not *lost*, but *dimmed* our vision of the relation of the Lamb of God to man and man's proper relation to Him?

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Getting Just Deserts

BY CORA S. DAY.

"He deserves to be poor and friendless! Years ago, when he was well-to-do, he wouldn't notice poor folks. Now he has wasted his fortune and would be glad of a helping hand, even if it was a bit grimy with common toil. I have no time nor sympathy to waste upon this sort." The tone was quite final, but the hearer ignored that fact.

"You poor fellow! Yes, you! You may not be haughty and spendthrift, but you are hard-hearted and scornful, and they are faults, too, remember. Did you ever hear the query: 'Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?' Not many of us would escape, I'm afraid. If everybody were getting his just deserts to-day—just what he deserves—instead of enjoying the toleration and pity and sympathy and help of his Christian fellowmen and their Master—"

"Say, I take it back. You make me ashamed to go about mwhipped. I think I know of a friend of mine who can give that much-to-be-pitied chap I mentioned a fairly good job. Suppose we go see about it right now. Oh, yes, you are going along to see that I've learned my lesson well," and the repentant one laughed as he marched the other off with him on the errand of kindly service to another.

PRINTED PREACHERS

For Italian Soldiers

A great opportunity for the distribution of "printed preachers" in the form of Bibles, Gospels and Christian books and tracts has been afforded by the mobilization of the Italian troops who are now fighting under the banner of their country.

The distribution of evangelical literature among the Italian soldiers has been effected largely through the agency of the Italian Tract Society, which is one of the many societies abroad that are aided by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society of New York.

Rev. Odoardo Jalla is the efficient and indefatigable Secretary of the Italian Tract Society, and in a recent letter to the American Tract Society he wrote: "I enclose herewith a photograph which illustrates how tracts and Gospels are distributed among our brave soldiers."

From the photograph sent by Rev. Mr. Jalla has been reproduced the picture on this page, which shows one of the colporters of the Italian Tract Society in the act of giving out the Gospels and tracts that are so highly prized by the soldiers.



For the Children

John Martino, a missionary colporteur of the American Tract Society in the State of Pennsylvania, has shown his tact by turning to the children when he has found it impracticable to approach the older people in the homes which he has visited in his house-to-house canvass. He writes:

"When the older people did not pay any attention to me, I turned my attention to a group of little children, asking them if they would like to read something. They all answered 'Yes,' but said that they had no money with which to buy. So I distributed among them copies of *Apples of Gold* and other Sunday School papers that I had. And to the older ones I gave a copy of the tract, 'Come to Jesus.' Then I had a very interesting conversation with them, and they all showed their gratitude by thanking me for the literature I had given them.

"In Pittsburgh I met a little Serbian child about nine years old. She asked her mother to buy her a copy of 'The Bible in Picture and Story,' and pleaded with her mother until the latter gave her permission to buy it.

"In the same locality a little boy wanted a copy of 'Jessica's First Prayer' in the Serbian language. He asked his mother to buy it for him, but she refused, so he took a couple of nickels out of his little bank and secured the book that he so eagerly desired. And this incident reminded me of the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"In Pittsburgh there is a certain house which I called 'The Lions' Den.' I had been there many times, but I never had a chance to speak plainly about the only remedy that can cure even the worst drunkard. The reason was that I always found the inmates of that home intoxicated. But last week I found them sober, so I had a chance to testify for my Master. Not one of the people said a word against me, but all were very much interested in my testimony."



DISTRIBUTING GOSPELS AND TRACTS TO ITALIAN SOLDIERS

In the Puget Sound Region

Rev. Francis E. Smith is a colporteur evangelist working under the auspices of the American Tract Society in the State of Washington, with headquarters at Tacoma. Mr. Smith has devoted special attention to the Puget Sound country, where he has carried on an energetic and systematic distribution of Christian literature which has had far-reaching results. In his annual letter he says:

"This month completes seven years of evangelistic colportage work in the State of Washington. My wife has been my faithful companion during all these years. More than four years of this time has been spent in the service of the American Tract Society. We have devoted our time to house-to-house visitation, coming in touch with people in every walk of life, conversing with them and preaching the Gospel to them by means of the printed page.

"Everywhere we have gone we have seen good results from the distribution of the Society's literature, and many a home has been brightened by the colporteur's visit and by the book which he has left behind him when leaving the home.

"The past year has been a year of many changes in the far West. The old style of building is fast giving way to modern wooden dwellings. I enclose a photograph of a type of building that was quite common among the early settlers, a reproduction of which appears on the front cover page of this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. This primitive schoolhouse, located in Ashford, near Tacoma, Washington, is built of red cedar shakes: these shakes are split out of the finest cedar trees that ever grew; they are shaped to resemble boards and are nailed on the sides and roof of the building, thus making quite a comfortable house for this climate; they would be of but little use in the more frigid weather of the Rocky Mountain States.

"Our country is making great strides in a material way, but spiritually we seem to be falling behind. There is great indifference about the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God; a large percentage of the people never attend church services; ministers of the Gospel

are put to their wits' end to know how to reach the people; children are allowed to grow up without any knowledge of God. Here is where the missionary colporteur can do his work. He visits the home and gets the people interested in his books; the children are delighted, because the books are something new to them, and usually the parents purchase something for the children. They may buy but a small amount at first, but it is enough to enable the colporteur to gain a foothold in the family so that a return visit is welcomed, and thus the family is kept supplied with Christian literature until we see a betterment in conditions. This has been our experience in many cases. We have studied the children that come from the homes that are supplied with our publications and compared them with the children who come from homes destitute of Christian literature, and the comparison is decidedly in favor of the children that are supplied with good, religious reading.

"As the masses of the non-church-going people increase, the field of opportunity for the colporteur widens and he is more and more in demand on the street and in the home.

"During the past year I have circulated nearly five thousand printed sermons as an experiment, and good results have followed, showing what can be done with the printed page in this and other communities."



In New York State

Rev. Samuel Goddard, a missionary colporteur of the American Tract Society in New York State, writes:

"A striking illustration of the wonderful power of prayer was seen in this incident. The mother of a son and a daughter who were members of the Salvation Army asked me to pray for them that they might be good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ. This I did, bearing their names before the Throne of Grace. When I called some weeks later the mother exclaimed, 'O, my brother, your prayers have been heard and answered! My dear boy and girl have now been safely brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd. The books you gave them, "Bravely Borne" and "Jessica's First Prayer," have done much in helping them. I shall ever be grateful to you.'"

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

What Is Your Problem?

This department of our paper is maintained in order to help our readers in the solution of the problems which confront them in their religious life. We therefore urge all who are interested to send to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York City, the statement of any question which is troubling them. The problems thus presented will be answered by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City, and one of the Contributing Editors to our paper. Only the initials of the writer will be given in connection with any letter that is printed.

We suggest that during the coming month it might be well to consider questions that arise in regard to Sunday School work, and we will be especially glad to know of any problems that are confronting the workers in that department of church effort.

The questions presented for discussion this month and Dr. Work's replies are as follows:

DEAR SIR: It seems to me that Billy Sunday's theology in some ways misrepresents the Christian religion, and that his methods drag it down to the masses instead of lifting the masses up to it. However, believing him to be sincere in his desire to make communities more religious and more righteous, I have not actively opposed him. On the other hand I have not actively assisted him. Do you consider this a right attitude? My thought has been that the good results from his work probably outweigh the harmful ones so that in his case one may properly remain neutral, not hindering his work, but devoting oneself to other lines of Christian work.

M. L.

DEAR FRIEND: It is reported that a certain Episcopal bishop was asked, "Do you approve of Billy Sunday and his methods?" As quick as a flash the bishop answered, "No, but apparently the Almighty does." This states the case with most of us. The writer does not know of any one who approves of Mr. Sunday wholesale. But that does not seem to matter—the work goes right on with increasing power. The truth is that the Lord often seems to approve of persons and methods which men decry. It would be interesting to examine history on this point. Remember John the Baptist. His wild, unconventional ways were too ultra to be approved by the complacent religionists of Jerusalem. They flocked to hear him, but they never thought of sanctioning his methods. Meantime the great wilderness preacher hacked his way into the hardened heart of the nation. Remember Savonarola and the role of the prophet that he assumed. Of course the rulers of the church could not approve of such a firebrand. He observed no rules, made for himself no barriers or limitations. He broke every bondage of the past, exceeded all restraints of utterance. Yet Savonarola was plainly a man sent of God to help prepare the way for Luther and the Reformation. Remember Jesus Christ. Surely our Lord Himself was unconventional. Recall the buyers and sellers in the Temple, and the whip of cords. Remember the swine driven into the sea. Think of a dozen other unexpected, almost sensational things that He did. Did they approve of Jesus? No—they asked instead their supercilious question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Yet His work has gone on, and His name, as one has said, has not only been written, but ploughed into human history.

A careful review of church history impresses one with the fact that God has found use for a great variety of instruments. There has been no fixed plan of doing Christian work. Whenever the church has fallen into conventional ways, it

has grown cold and formal. At such times there has usually come a new voice, like that of Luther or the Wesleys or Christinas Evans in Wales, to sound a new note and to call the church out of her ruts. God is not afraid of a sensation. He can use very unexpected and unusual methods. Jesus' miracles were sensational. He did not hesitate to startle men with the unusual. Some persons who criticize Mr. Sunday severely seem to forget that he is by no means the first eccentric and unconventional preacher. There have been hundreds and thousands of them in Christian history. In fact, almost every really successful preacher has had personal peculiarities. We are not advocating eccentricity or sensationalism. We are only trying to show that God has in every age made use of these things in men. Beecher was certainly full of surprises in the pulpit. Do you recall the day he brought a slave girl into the pulpit for auction? We have heard stories of Alexander Maclaren's personal peculiarities—prince of preachers as he was. The conclusion we reach is that God is far more generous towards His workers than we are apt to be. It means a great deal to Him if any preacher or minister of his is "sincere in his desire to make communities more religious and more righteous." We might be willing even to overlook some imperfections in theology, if only the essential truth of salvation and the doctrines of grace is present. It seems that God is willing to go a long way in tolerating the peculiarities of men who are sincere and earnest in their desire to preach the gospel helpfully to men.

Speaking of theology, whose theology does represent the Christian religion fully? Not mine and not yours. We could pick flaws in one another's theology with perfect ease. Yet let us hope that you and I have been in our way giving some true statement of the everlasting gospel to the world. The longer the writer lives and works with men having a thousand varieties of disposition and approach, the more he is convinced that wise workers for God ought to study every possible way of reaching the soul with the gospel.

Perhaps you will feel after reading the above that we have not answered your question at all. But have we not at least given you some material for an answer of your own? Do you not feel in view of past history, in view of God's wonder-working ways with strange and unusual instruments, in view of the sincerity of the man (in which you say you believe), in view of the fact which you admit "that the good results from his work probably outweigh the harmful ones"—do you not feel that you ought to go a long, long way toward giving Billy Sunday the benefit of the doubt; even if it be true that his "theology in some ways misrepresents the Christian religion, and his methods drag it down to the masses instead of lifting the masses up to it?"

DEAR SIR: Does love or fear lead most souls to Christ?

E. L.

DEAR FRIEND: What led you to Christ? It was certainly not fear. And this answer is the correct answer to your question. Fear alone seldom leads to any truly great action. The trouble is that fear contains an alloy of selfishness. No doubt there are elements of fear in many true religious decisions. Nevertheless it is the love of Christ that constraineth us. If it were fear alone that led most souls to Christ there would be a vast falling away. It is unnecessary to say that the "fear of the Lord" spoken of in the Scripture is not the kind of fear mentioned in the question.

EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.

"Four Anchors"

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

"You remember in that story of the shipwreck of Paul he said that they threw out four anchors and waited for day. I have thrown out in my life those four anchors—my faith in goodness, my faith in the possibility of men's accomplishment of goodness, my faith in Jesus Christ as the ideal of goodness, and my faith in the divine helpfulness in the world to help me to goodness." These are the words of a veteran preacher.

Faith in goodness—it is that which leads us to espouse a cause without regard to its unpopularity, to cling to it despite disastrous consequences to ourselves, to do right unflinchingly because it is right. It is that which makes us know that character is a higher possession than wealth or fame. Faith in the possibility of men's accomplishment of goodness inspires us, without yielding to oft-repeated failure, to seek to grow into the stature of the perfect man. This faith sees the divine hope for the sinner. It instigates prison reform, speaks an encouraging word to the discouraged outcast, and reaches forth a helping hand to the degraded in home and heathen lands. Faith in Jesus as an ideal gives us a perfect standard. We would follow Jesus. We would do as He would do. We would have in us the mind and spirit which was in Christ Jesus. Moreover, faith in the divine help girds us with the power of God. In His strength we can resist temptation and accomplish the high purpose for which He has placed us here.

Blessed is the man who, having thrown out those four anchors of faith, hears the voice of the Son of God saying, "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."

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Hanging Up the Receiver

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

In telephone usage—which represents the traffic of ideas, and too often the transit of temper—there is need for the same courtesy and mutual consideration that are demanded in the ordinary social intercourse of men. At times, however—though that may be theoretically forbidden—somebody takes up the telephone wire and pours into it petulance, complaint, and abuse of the person at the other end of the line. And quite as often it happens that the supposed receiver of that lecture or tirade hangs up the receiver, and cuts off the connection. It may be the only way, or the quickest way, to end the harangue, or to administer a mild rebuke—and far better than trying to answer back, in angry tones or with doubtful (because impassioned) argument.

In life we must not infrequently pursue this course of "hanging up the receiver." The world is full of false accents, seductive arguments, angry tones and vicious talking. It can do a Christian only harm to listen to such speech. Sometimes he may, after a Pauline or apostolic manner, rebuke it in stern and peremptory tones, and again he may find it the most effective way simply to turn a deaf ear to the talk—in other words, to hang up the receiver.

We are told in Scripture that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." It was so in the days of Solomon, and it is so now. Mutual recrimination settles nothing, and no man can argue with logical precision and judicial comprehensiveness when his heart is stirred with passion and his pulses beat madly.

Too much distraction is the danger of all good people in this rushing age, for by many calls upon their thought and time the mental and moral energies are dissipated, and little of lasting good is, in consequence, effected. It would be well if many of these "demands" competing for our attention were summarily cut off. Do not become the slave of the man at the other end of the line. Be courageous and cool enough to hang up the receiver!

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

In the Punjab.

Punjab is the name given to a large northwestern province of British India. It has an area of 133,741 square miles and contains a population of over 20,000,000 souls. The chief occupation of the people is agriculture. Some manufacturing is done, the Oriental domestic methods being most commonly employed.

Since the Punjab lies at the northwest gateway of India, numerous migrations and military expeditions from the west have passed through it, making it the scene of frequent conflicts. The result has been to differentiate this province from the other parts of India. The Caucasian blood is more pronounced, as is also the military spirit. The so-called Jats constitute a considerable part of the population and are largely Hindu in faith. The warlike Sikhs are an offshoot from the Hindu Jats. Other elements in the population are the Pathans and the Beluchis.

Delhi is the largest city of the Punjab. Lahore, the capital, ranks second. Most of the population live in rural villages.

Over one half the people are Mohammedan in faith. The Christian community is comparatively small, but it is gradually growing in numbers and in influence.

One of the most important missionary enterprises in this province is the Punjab Mission of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. This Mission carries on evangelistic, educational, industrial and literary work.

The literary department of the work is under the supervision of Rev. E. M. Wherry, D.D., with headquarters at Ludhiana. The last report available shows the publication in one year of 63,000 books and tracts in the various dialects used in the Punjab.

The American Tract Society has for many years aided the literary work of the Punjab Mission by foreign cash appropriations, which have been used for the publication of books and tracts specially needed for evangelistic purposes among the natives.

Recently Dr. Wherry sent a number of photographs to the American Tract Society, among which was one that shows a happy group of missionaries enjoying a unique trolley ride. We are pleased to present a reproduction of this photograph, which demonstrates the fact that foreign missionaries on an outing can extract as much fun out of the proceedings as their American brothers and sisters under similar circumstances.

The Chinese Tract Society.

The Chinese Tract Society recently held its thirty-eighth annual meeting in Shanghai. The General Secretary, Mr. Zee Vee-wai, read the annual report in English and Chinese. The Board of Trustees welcomed to the meeting Rev. Joshua Vale, who has resumed his work as Editorial Secretary of the Society.

The Treasurer in his report acknowledged the receipt of a cash appropriation of \$100 in gold from the American Tract Society. He also stated that the Special Chinese Finance Committee had raised the sum of \$1,320.81 (Mexican). This statement is very gratifying as showing that the Chinese Christians are keenly interested in the work of the Society.

A hearty vote thanking the many volunteers who assisted the Society during the past year was passed unanimously.

Owing to lack of funds affected by the great war, Mr. Zee Vee-wai was requested to continue his position as honorary general secretary for the ensuing year, the Board much appreciating this voluntary service.

The total number of books and tracts printed during the year was 766,500 copies, comprising about 5,839,000 pages.

The total distribution was 877,329 copies, equal to 9,385,447 pages.



MISSIONARIES ENJOYING A TROLLEY RIDE IN INDIA

The Embarrassments of Success.

In a recent report of the West Central Africa Mission of the American Board which Rev. John T. Tucker of Dondi has prepared on behalf of the mission he makes the significant statement that the difficulties confronting the mission arise largely from success.

The mission occupies a wide field largely in Angola, in Portuguese West Africa, south of the Belgian Congo and north of what was German territory. The people occupy small communities widely scattered so that roads and bridges are a necessity in keeping in touch with them. Ochileso, a station founded in 1903, reports that last year the mission built two stone and three hardwood bridges and that now four roads start from the station. At Chisamba, one of the older stations, the missionaries were asked by the government to supervise the roadmaking, and Dr. Moffat did hard and continuous work in overseeing the building of a bridge over the Ukolongo River and a road over the marsh land on either side. All this work makes it possible for the natives to get to the missionary and for the missionary to go to the native—but it takes valuable time and strength on the part of men whose main purpose and training has not been for bridge building.

The oldest station of the six main centers of the West Africa Mission is Bailundo, which was opened in 1886, and here are boarding schools for girls and boys, a kindergarten and a dispensary which treated, according to last year's report, nearly 2,000 patients. The total number of treatments given by the missionary doctors at this and other stations last year was 32,670. At Bailundo, owing to the rapid increase in church membership, it is impossible to have all the members who would be glad to do so attend communion at the same time.

Evangelism is given the foremost place in the mission work, although the need of schools and teachers along educational, industrial and agricultural lines make great demands upon the thought and time of the Board's staff. From Ochileso, the most northerly of the mission stations, there were made, last year, eighteen trips for the purpose of reaching those who had never heard the gospel.

Ochileso, too, reports an interesting case where the missionaries acted as peacemakers to good effect. There had been an uprising of the natives in the north, near Pungo Andongo, against the Portuguese authorities and the native chief, who was in hiding, sent a deputation to the missionaries asking for advice. They came, hearing fetiches and

with much ceremony. Presently thereafter arrived the wife of the Portuguese official who was said to have been killed and eaten by the natives. She desired medical treatment. The outcome of it all was the establishment of friendly relations all around and the mission promptly placed an outstation school in the disturbed district.

All the stations press the evangelistic work. From Sachikela Sunday afternoon trips are led by Dr. William Cammack; and Mr. Hastings, the newest worker, is already able to help in these preaching tours. Mrs. Ennis, at Sachikela, has also had a class of women evangelists which has gone out to other villages, held meetings, called on the women for personal talk and cultivated acquaintance with the leading women in the villages. From Chisamba natives go out two by two to preach in various villages.

The new Training Institute for pastors and teachers opened at Dondi in the autumn of 1914 had forty-four students in residence last year, drawn from all the mission stations; forty-seven candidates are registered for next year. The Dondi course covers seven years. The object is to so train the men that as pastors and as teachers they will be thoroughly equipped and will keep the sense of freshness and of urgency in their message and thus build up the native church.

The girls' schools have not been neglected. At Chisamba "the Savage-Darborn Girls' Boarding School" opened in 1915 with twenty-three in attendance and five added during the year. The girls are taught housekeeping, sewing, basket-making and agriculture in various phases. At Kamundongo more than a hundred girls of all ages and stages in the main school need very much more attention than the small staff of missionaries can give them, while the attendance at the girls' schools in the outstations brings the number up to 360 or more. The Kamundongo Boys' Schools, station and outstation, number an attendance of over 400, among them four boys from the Basuku tribe, a month's journey to the southward. One of these, the chief's son, is most urgent that teachers be sent to his father's people. But where are the teachers?

There is not space to tell of the good done by the mission doctors and we can only hint at the marvelous work of the translators of the Bible and of other Christian books. In both these directions the work could be multiplied over and over to the great advantage of the people, if the men, the medicines and the nurses in one case and the men, the type, paper and presses in the other were available.

A Phenomenal Demand for the Scriptures

A recent evangelistic tour in Salmas, Persia, among the Moslems and Armenians in their villages, resulted in the distribution among these peoples of numerous copies of Bibles in the Constantinople Armenian dialect. These Bibles had been at Tabriz station for a long time as the language is not used in Persia, but when large numbers of Armenians fled from Turkey to Salmas 300 copies were sent for free distribution. The books met with an enthusiastic reception, and in one place the evangelist was almost mobbed by the people in their eagerness to get them. As a general thing the priests and teachers co-operated with the evangelist, having been under evangelical influences in the American Board schools or orphanages, and were most sympathetic and friendly.

In the matter of Christian literature, two small Turkish tracts have been translated and printed on the Urumia Press. They are taken from the series of story parables brought out by the Nile Mission Press. Turkish readers are pleased with them. There is a phenomenal demand just now for the Scriptures from all the races and tongues of the polyglot country. The two colporters of the British and Foreign Bible Society go out expecting to stay several weeks, taking all the books they think they can dispose of in that time, and return in a few days all sold out and asking for more.

A Chinese Oberlin.

The "Chinese Oberlin" is in Shansi Province. It is concerned with secondary education in a very practical way and is made up of an Academy at Taiku, a grammar school at Fenchow, and eight other grammar schools scattered through the Province of Shansi. In its present form it is a memorial to Oberlin College martyrs who perished in the Boxer outbreak of 1900. An Oberlin-trained Chinaman, Mr. H. H. K'ung, is its leading spirit. "King and K'ung"—the chiefs, respectively, of the institutions in Ohio and Shansi—are frequently coupled in accounts of this offshoot of Oberlin. The group of Chinese schools enrolls 700 pupils and employs forty-three teachers. They are largely financed by the self-sacrificing gifts, amounting to \$5,000 yearly, of Oberlin students and faculty members. The plant is already of considerable size, thirty-one buildings upon a nine-acre enclosure. For the future Oberlin looks forward to a complete reduplication in China of its college plant, an institution imbued with Oberlin ideals and the Oberlin spirit. What better thing of equal cost could one wish in China?

A Holy Talk

A missionary, some years ago, returning from South Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the Gospel. Among other things, he pictured a little incident of which he had been an eye-witness.

He said that one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued, alternately, to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upwards towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book, and God speaks to me. Then I look up in prayer, and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up in this way a holy talk with each other."

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

MARCH 4. Service.

James 1:19-27.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Feb. 26. God's demand. Mic. 6:6-8.
T. Feb. 27. Serving men. Mark 10:35-45.
W. Feb. 28. Undivided service. Luke 16:1-13.
T. Mar. 1. Serving a servant. 1 Kings 19:19-21.
F. Mar. 2. Serving Christ. Eph. 6:1-9.
S. Mar. 3. Reward of service. 2 Tim. 4:5-8.

The Epistle of James is full of practical advice, and the portion selected for our topic is especially valuable in its application to our daily Christian living. In these words James sets before us the fact that Christianity requires that we be doers and not simply hearers of the Divine Word.

An Apostolic Ideal

It is a mistake to suppose that the present emphasis upon service is a late development of our Christian faith. Jesus Christ taught the obligation and the beauty of a life of service, and His teaching is re-echoed by all the writers of the New Testament, and especially by the Apostle James.

Service is the most tangible expression of the spirit of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life for the redemption of humanity.

"Ich dien," meaning "I serve," is the motto of the Prince of Wales, and it is an equally appropriate motto for every child of the eternal King. The spirit of service is not a badge of dishonor but the most royal emblem that we can possibly adopt.

Let us notice that our service, to be acceptable, must be rendered first of all unto God. What we do for others must be inspired by a love for Christ. Unless we are animated by a desire to serve God, our ministry for others will be weak and unavailing.

Action is the expression of thought, and unless our hearts are filled by the love of God, our words and deeds will not be of real service to mankind.

Serving Humanity

In these modern days there are multitudinous lines of service by which we may render help to humanity. Christianity has developed so many agencies for service that there is no excuse for anyone refusing to help along some line of Christian effort.

The Christian Endeavor Society presents many opportunities for service. Both in its regular work and in its special lines of effort there are many openings for whole-hearted and true-hearted service for God and humanity.

The Sunday School presents another fruitful field for valuable service. Not only the teachers and officers but the scholars also may find alluring opportunities for doing good both at home and abroad. As a single illustration may be mentioned the Department for Utilizing Surplus Material, which is a branch of the work carried on by the World's Sunday School Association. This is a line of effort whereby those in the homeland are brought into direct touch with the missionary forces in the foreign field. Full information concerning this attractive line of service may be obtained by addressing the Superintendent of the Department, Rev. Samuel D. Price, Metropolitan Tower, New York, N. Y. (Be sure to enclose a stamp for reply when writing to Mr. Price.)

Social Service

Great emphasis has been laid in recent times upon what is called Social Service. This is a broad term which includes all efforts for the uplift of human society. It includes service for children, service for the sick, the aged, the destitute, the erring and all other needy classes and conditions of people.

Social Service, when permeated with the spirit of Christ, is of inestimable value for the uplift of the race. It is carrying into effect the teaching of Jesus in the parable wherein He said: "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

MARCH 11. Spreading the Good News.

Acts 8:14-17, John 1:35-42.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Mar. 5. The broad field. Luke 24:44-53.
T. Mar. 6. Pentecostal power. Acts 2:1-13.
W. Mar. 7. Passion for souls. 1 Cor. 9:16-27.
T. Mar. 8. Passion for new fields. 2 Cor. 10:13-18.
F. Mar. 9. Bringing our friends. Mark 2:1-5.
S. Mar. 10. Spirit of soul-winning. Jude 20-25.

The object of this topic is to emphasize the subject of Personal Evangelism. The meeting, therefore, at which this topic is considered should be made as evangelistic as possible in every way. If possible, let some evangelist give a brief address on this theme. In any case it would be well to ask the pastor of the church to give some hints concerning personal, evangelistic work.

The Need for Evangelism

To every Christian there comes the divine bidding, "Do the work of an evangelist." Evangelism means simply the proclamation of the good news of salvation through Christ. While all ministers should be evangelists it is not necessary that every evangelist should be a minister. Every Christian is called to aid in spreading the good news of redemption through Christ, and we are not fulfilling our mission in life unless, as ambassadors of Christ, we are proclaiming the good tidings of His Kingdom.

The need for evangelism today is more pressing than at any previous time in the world's history. Despite the fact that Christ bade His disciples go into all the world and preach the Gospel, there are still hundreds of millions of human souls who have never even heard His name, and there are hundreds of millions of others, living in nominally Christian lands, who are yet to be won to His service.

Preparation for Evangelism

To be an evangelist does not require elaborate preparation. But there are certain things that are absolutely essential. First, there must be a full consecration to the Master. We cannot lead others to become disciples, unless we have surrendered ourselves completely to Christ. Second, there must be an endowment by the Holy Spirit. Only Spirit-filled men and women can successfully lead others to renounce the things of this world and to walk in the Spirit. Third, there must be a watchfulness for opportunities to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ and to persuade men and women to accept the gift of eternal life through faith in His name.

Evangelistic Campaigns

There are two kinds of evangelistic campaigns. One is the special movement carried on by a professional evangelist, who comes to a given community for a specified length of time, and who during that time seeks to enlist as many as possible on the side of Christ. Valuable results are often secured by this kind of effort. But there is another kind of evangelistic campaign which is described by the words, "Personal Evangelism." This does not depend upon the services of a professional evangelist. It is not limited to a specified time, but is carried on continuously, and while it does not produce sensational results, it brings into the Kingdom probably a larger aggregate of converted souls than are reached by any other method.

Results of Personal Evangelism

The results of personal evangelism are found in the upbuilding of the Church and the consequent progress of the Kingdom. Personal evangelism means the steady accession of those who are won by the personal appeal of consecrated men and women, and who enter the service of Christ in response to the influence and example of those who bear His name.

Personal evangelism was responsible for the rapid progress of the early Christian Church. It is the agency through which alone we may expect a rapid evangelization of the world today.

MARCH 18. The Curse of Cowardice.

John 18:15-27.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Mar. 12. The root of cowardice. Isa. 51:12-13.
T. Mar. 13. Giants in the path. Num. 13:26-33.
W. Mar. 14. The apostles' shame. Matt. 26:55, 56, 69-75.
T. Mar. 15. Safety first. 2 Sam. 15:13-23.
F. Mar. 16. A cure for cowardice. Luke 12:1-9.
S. Mar. 17. Fearing man, we defy God. Prov. 29:25.

The Scripture incident upon which this topic is based is Peter's denial of Christ. No more striking illustration of cowardice is given in all literature than this thrice-repeated disowning of Christ by one who had said to the Master but a few hours before, "I will lay down my life for Thee."

The predominant cause of cowardice is fear—not the fear of God but that fear of man which makes cravens of us all when once we yield to that ignoble feeling.

Lack of principle is at the root of a great deal of cowardice. The man or woman who is devoid of moral backbone will be the first to fall before the assault of evil. Fear is often based upon imaginary causes. We see lions in the path, but we fail to see the chains that bind them securely. We try to cross difficult bridges before we come to them, unmindful of the fact that we may never be called upon to cross the particular bridge that we dread.

Selfishness is another prolific source of fear. This is the primal cause of unreasoning panics, in which each individual blindly seeks security for himself instead of striving to assure the safety of all.

Incentives to Courage

It will help us to overcome fear if we remember the example of Christ. With Him fear was an unknown quantity. A consciousness of the right is one of the strongest antidotes to fear that we can possibly have. Right makes might, and when we are on the side of the right, we are spiritually invincible.

Truth is a tremendous incentive to courage. On the New York Public Library are carved these words, "But above all things truth beareth away the victory." It is Emerson who has said, "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again. The eternal years of God are hers." Faith makes us brave, because it gives us a spiritual insight into things, which is not available to one who is without faith.

There is no greater incentive to courage than love. Mother love will brave all dangers in the effort to preserve the threatened life of its offspring. The love of God will banish the fear of man. The love of Christ will make us ready to endure all things for His name's sake.

The Reward of Bravery

Courage wins honor among men. The coward is despised by all, but the hero who has overcome fear wins the plaudits of the whole world. Courage wins the divine commendation. God bids us be strong and fear not. When we take God at His word and go forward courageously, then we are absolutely sure of His approving verdict.

A crown of life awaits those who overcome fear. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life" is the divine promise.

Encouragement for the Fearful

Peter tasted of the bitterness of the curse of cowardice, but he also experienced the joy of restoration to the divine favor, for he sincerely repented of his cowardice, and became one of the strongest pillars of the Church of Christ.

So there is encouragement for those who have sinned through cowardice. God will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. If we strive to lay aside our fears and to walk in the courage that comes from an abiding faith in Christ, we shall receive divine strength.

MARCH 25.

The Saloon—The Foe of Society.

Isaiah 59:1-8.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Mar. 19. Maker of inefficient. Prov. 23:19-21, 29-32.
T. Mar. 20. Maker of irreligion. Isa. 5:11-16.
W. Mar. 21. Cause of a nation's fall. Isa. 28:1-13.
T. Mar. 22. Maker of fools. 1 Sam. 25:36-38.
F. Mar. 23. Maker of illusions. 1 Kings 20:10-21.
S. Mar. 24. Maker of grafters. Isa. 56:9-12.

In the Scripture selected for our topic Isaiah presents a vivid picture of the wrong-doing of Israel. But nothing that Isaiah says about these Israelitish evildoers is too severe to be said about the saloonkeepers of our own day. Of the latter it may be truthfully said, "Your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; your lips have spoken lies, your tongue uttereth iniquity."

It Blights the Home

The saloon is the eternal enemy of the home. It brings poverty, disease and death to the family. It weakens the marriage bond and alienates husband and wife. It stunts the growth of childhood and embitters the life of the aged. It is the foe of all that is best in the home.

It Corrupts the State

The saloon is the fountain of political corruption. It furnishes the headquarters for criminals. It is often the ally and adjunct of houses of ill fame, and it is constantly the scene of drunkenness and debauchery. It is a constant and flagrant violator of law and it has no respect for authority, either human or divine.

It Devastates the Nation

The saloon is an enemy to the nation, for it decimates the population through the deaths which are attributable either directly or indirectly to its agency.

The baleful influence of the saloon is the heaviest handicap which any nation can put upon itself. It ties the hands of those who would elevate the tone of citizenship, and it makes impossible the achievement of those high aims which patriotic men and women should always cherish for their country.

It Destroys the Spiritual Life

The saddest result of all the evil wrought by the saloon is the destruction of the spiritual life. Drunkenness destroys all the higher aspirations of the soul, and the Scripture tells us that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

The Saloon Must Be Banished

There can be no truce between the saloon and the forces of righteousness. The best interests of society demand that the saloon be eliminated from our national life. There is no room for compromise. Either the saloon must go or society will break down.

Happily the trend of recent events in our country seems to indicate very clearly that the saloon is doomed to extinction. Yet we must not be too confident of a speedy victory. The liquor power is strongly entrenched in certain quarters, and it will take strenuous exertion to banish it entirely from our land.

Total Abstinence the Solution

The only effective way to banish the saloon is to establish total abstinence as the practice of the individual in conjunction with prohibition as the law of the State and the nation. To interdict the saloon and yet to provide ways and means for the continued use of liquor as a beverage will not greatly improve matters. The habit of total abstinence must be cultivated and encouraged in every possible way.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Mar. 26. Surpassing wisdom. Rom. 11:33-36.
T. Mar. 27. Protection for travelers. Ps. 121:1-8.
W. Mar. 28. Care for the body. Matt. 6:25-34.
T. Mar. 29. Reviewing God's ways. Deut. 8:1-9.
F. Mar. 30. God's leading. Ex. 13:17-22.
S. Mar. 31. Trusting the Father. Ps. 91:1-16.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Girl in Silk.

BY J. L. GLOVER.

"MOTHER, I just can't stand that new girl!" And with these words Kitty threw her books on the table and herself into the Morris chair with a frounce, which emphasized her sharp statement.

"What new girl? And what harm has she done my little daughter?" asked Mrs. Preston, with a reproving shake of her head at her vehement little girl.

"It's those new people who have just come to live in that old brown house at the foot of the hill," explained Kitty, taking breath. "There's a girl about my age—Madge, her name is. She came to school today, and she's just as proud as can be, mamma. You ought to see the clothes she wears to school; the prettiest dark blue silk, trimmed with plaid, and silk stockings, and such a lovely coat—grey, trimmed with fur. She's real stuck-up about her fine clothes."

"But how did you know she was stuck-up?" asked mother, with interest.

"Oh, she wouldn't speak to Leila and me at recess—just walked by with her head in the air."

"And did you and Leila speak to her, and ask her to join in your play? Remember she is a stranger, and you ought to make the first advances."

"But mother, we wouldn't demean ourselves, when she looked like that, and all dressed up in silk, too. My frock was only gingham, and Leila's was calico. We couldn't go with young ladies dressed in silk."

"Perhaps she would rather have had on gingham, too, and had a good time," suggested mother. "It is never safe to judge too hastily, little daughter, unless you know all."

Kitty looked unconvinced, but she said no more. The next day, however, she came in from school triumphantly.

"Now, mother, she is proud, and I'll prove it to you. Lou Allen asked her to go blackberrying with us on Saturday, and she said Madge just looked down at her silk dress, and said, 'I can't go in this, it would be ruined.' So now, don't you see?"

"I see," returned Mrs. Preston, "but now I have a story to tell you in my turn, little daughter. I went today to call on Mrs. Lindsey, Madge's mother. She is a sweet-faced woman, very gentle and refined. While she talked to me, she was working on a beautiful dress. She seemed to think that I would be surprised that Madge should have such a handsome dress, for after a while she said very quietly that Madge's aunt in the city sent her daughter Ruth's outgrown dresses to Madge. 'And it is a great help,' she added frankly, 'because otherwise I could hardly afford to dress her suitably for school. I know these dresses are too handsome for our circumstances; and it's a real cross to Madge to have to wear silk and velvet, when her little sisters and I wear calico, and everyone knows we are poor. She would rather have ginghams for school wear, but there are shoes and stockings and so many other things to be bought that she will just have to keep on wearing Ruth's outgrown things.' I guess it isn't a very heavy cross," Mrs. Preston ended, smiling, "but I knew, from what you had told me, that it is a cross, and not a light one, sometimes, to a girl, to be misjudged by her schoolmates. And you girls haven't helped to make it easy for her, have you?"

Kitty looked ashamed. "I'm sorry, mamma; but how could we have guessed such a thing? I wonder if we could fix it up in some way, without hurting her feelings. I know, mother. You remember that blue gingham of mine that was too short, and I've never worn it. Do you think—"

"I think you might suggest in some nice way to lend it to her to wear blackberrying. Do it in a friendly way, and I don't believe she will take offence."

"I'll try it," promised Kitty.

The next day she sought out Madge at recess, and made friends; and soon they were thoroughly "chummy." Madge proved a congenial spirit, and before long a group of girls were eagerly discussing the blackberrying party they had planned for Saturday.

"You'll come with us, won't you, Madge?" asked Kitty, as the two girls walked homeward together, after school. "Do come, we'll have such fun."

And this time Madge answered very frankly:

"I'd like to, Kitty, really, but—I know it sounds funny, but I haven't anything to wear but this," looking down at her handsome suit, "and it would be spoiled

"Thank you," said Madge, simply, "I'll be glad to go blackberrying, then, Kitty. It was just this stupid old dress that stopped me."

So the next day a merry party of girls went to the blackberry fields, and, getting their pails and baskets full of great, juicy berries, they took the girl in the blue gingham dress into their innermost circle of comradeship.

"We had the best time, mother," said Kitty, that night. "Madge is so nice; and she helped everybody pick, and didn't mind whether she had her own basket full or not, and she told funny stories to amuse little Janey when she got tired and began to cry on the way home; and told us how to play some new

ing diluted by that chilling rain. He kept on crying his papers until he had only a half dozen left, but those must be sold before he could go home.

The boy finally grew so numb and tired that he crept into the shelter of a hotel side doorway, out of the rain. Of course, there was little chance to sell papers there, but he felt he must rest a bit, out of the rain, discouraged little fellow that he was! The world looked dismal to him just then. And all the while a bright streak was traveling his way to make him happy, though Ted did not know it.

Two gentlemen were coming that way, through the rain, talking earnestly. "Tell me how to be happy," said one man to his friend, who always carried a smiling face.

"Why do you ask that?" came the question.

"Because I would like to do something with my money, and what better thing could I do than to get happiness with it?"

"There is only One who can give you the greatest happiness," said the smiling man, "but you can get a good deal of happiness with your money, by giving it away. Have you tried that?" The other man acknowledged that he had not experimented in this direction to any extent.

"Begin now," said his companion. Just then he looked up. The two had come near to the shivering newsboy in the doorway. "Begin here," the cheerful man said, stopping on the sidewalk, before getting within ear-shot of Ted. "Look at that poor little fellow in the doorway, with the papers that he can't sell, at this late hour. Buy them all and give him fifty cents. See if that does not make him happy, and you too."

"I'll do it, and see," said the other, and the two walked on.

"You still have papers to sell," he said to Ted. "But you haven't much chance to get rid of them here." The boy shook his head.

"How old are you?" asked the man.

"Most ten," was the reply.

"Have you a home?" was the next question.

"Yes," came the answer.

"A mother?"

"Yes."

"Anybody else in the home?"

"Sister two years younger than I—that's all. I help support the family."

"Give me your papers, and take this." The stranger handed the boy a half-dollar, took one paper, and handed back the rest, saying, "Sell these on the way home, if you can."

Ted seemed too dazed with happiness to do more than stammer his thanks, but his radiant face spoke for him, as he presently rushed away, leaving two smiling gentlemen behind him.

"How do you feel?" asked the first.

"Well, it did make me feel better to see that boy's face light up."

"That makes two happy folks," said the other, "and I myself am glad to see the other two, which makes three. You may be sure that the mother and little sister will soon be happy, too. That makes five for fifty cents—a large number to make happy for so small an amount. You'd better go on doing this kind of work."

"I will," was the glad answer.

In a Buttonhole, or in the Soul

The city cousin had an artistic little buttonhole bouquet pinned to the lapel of his coat. He looked at his country cousin, who had none, with disfavor.

"Tom," said he, "don't you country people care anything about flowers?"

"What do you mean?" was the reply.

"Why, you never take the trouble to have a buttonhole bouquet. Why don't you?"

"Well," returned the country boy a little hesitatingly, "maybe it's because the flowers sort of grow in our souls that we don't think about having them pinned to our coats."



PEEK-A-BOO.

with the briars. I'll explain to you about it, some time."

"Oh, but what a pity," said Kitty, impulsively. "Of course you couldn't wear that lovely dress, you want a gingham—something that won't tear, and will wash."

"I know—but I haven't one good enough," said Madge.

"Well, but listen, Madge. I have a pretty little blue gingham I've never worn. It doesn't fit me, but you are just a shade smaller and it would fit you exactly. Please let me lend it to you, and come, Madge. You won't be mad, will you?"

"But suppose it got torn," demurred Madge.

"It wouldn't matter. Come, it's all settled. I'll bring it over this afternoon, shall I?"

games. We wouldn't have had half as much fun without her; to think we called her proud and stuck-up!"

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," quoted mother, softly.

"Well, I'll never judge anybody hastily again—that's positive!" said Kitty.

Madge came to school on Monday in a beautiful brown plaid silk, but nobody thought of calling her proud again. She had won her own place in the little world of school.

Five for Fifty Cents

BY JULIA H. JOHNSON.

POR TED shivered on his newsboy's beat in the wet city street. What a cold rain it was that came pelting down. Ted was not ten, and his stock of courage was in danger of be-

Our Fireside

THE TWO PARKS

By William Norris Burr

IN a city that is reached by way of The-Street-That-Is-Not-Far-From-Every-One-of-Us are two parks. One is known as the Park-of-the-Helpers and the other is called the Do-Not Park.

One day mother was very, very busy, so busy that she was sure she could not stop to help Fred with his kite-making, nor to tie Marian's ribbon, and she did not want to run the risk of being called out to wipe away Teddy's tears if he should stumble over the garden rake that Fred had carelessly left right across the walk in the back yard. So she told the children they might go over to Do-Not Park and play there all the afternoon—only they must be sure not to break any of the park rules.

This was a rare treat for the children, and they started off in high glee. The sky seemed like a great wide canopy of tender blue stretched over them protectingly, and the sunshine was just loving-warm—not the least bit hot and uncomfortable—and the birds were singing sweet little freedom songs, something like:

"Happy and free,
Happy and free,
We are as happy as we can be!"

"So-are-we, so-are-we, so-are-we!" sang the children, for they could not help singing something when everything in all the world about them seemed to be having such a good time!

They soon reached the trim and beautiful Do-Not Park, for it was not very far from their home, and they just skipped through the gateway, they were so light-hearted.

"Oh, what a soft, cushiony lawn!" exclaimed Marian. "It looks just like yards and yards of green velvet. I'm going to lie right down on it and shut my eyes

and try to imagine that I am the Queen of the Park reclining on a couch of down."

"The 'downs' are all in your talk, sister," said Fred, with a look spreading over his face that did not seem to harmonize at all with the "happy and free" song of the birds. "That sign there says 'Keep off the grass.'"

"Oh!" sighed Maid Marian, and the Cloudy Feeling began creeping into her heart, crowding out some of the Happy-and-Free Feeling.

They walked on around the curve to the big fountain and stopped to watch the dancing water-drops as they rose and fell and sparkled in the sunshine like diamonds.

"It's easy to imagine they're diamonds," said Marian, a bit dreamily. Marian was "always imagining," Fred often said, with a sniff of masculine contempt for any such weakness.

"I'd rather be a water-drop any day than a cold, hard diamond," he muttered, "only I should think these water-drops 'd get awfully tired jumping up-and-down, up-and-down, just so, all day long."

Somehow the fountain did not seem very satisfying after that, and the children soon trudged on.

"I want a flower," demanded Teddy, as they came to a great clump of shining "Golden-glow."

"No flowers for you to-day, Teddy boy," said Fred. "That sign reads 'Do not pick the flowers.'"

"Why does it?" persisted Teddy.

"Oh, I guess it's just because this is 'Do-Not' Park," explained Fred, his fingers itching to grip his old Barlow knife and cut out every bit of the word 'Not' on that little park sign.

"I'm tired walkin'," hinted Teddy sleepily, as they went on around another curve in the walk.

"So am I," sighed Marian. "Let's rest awhile on that bench over there. Does it say anywhere 'Do not sit on this bench?'"

"No; I guess we can sit there a minute or two if we want to," Fred replied, rather doubtfully. "Oh, fiddle!" he exclaimed a second later, as he was helping Teddy up to a seat on the bench.

"Any more 'Do Nots'?" asked Marian, beginning to feel crawly all over, just as she did once when Miss Caroline Estabrook was reading "The Goblins 'll Git Ye ef Ye Don't Watch Out."

"Same thing," replied Fred. "That one over there reads 'No lurching in this park,' and I've got three cookies here in this paper bag—one for each."

"I want one!" said Teddy, hungrily, reaching out a fat little hand.

"Well, you'll have to wait until we get out of this," said Fred, getting up from the bench. "I guess we'd better go back outside there somewhere and eat our cookies and then go home and play in our own back yard. This park's too 'Don'ty' for me!"

A little later mother heard some very familiar voices just outside the back door.

"Why! Haven't you gone to the park yet?" she asked, appearing in the doorway with her hands filled with her work.

"We've had enough of it!" snapped Fred. "They'll hardly let you breathe over there. You might puff something out of place."

The next day Uncle Doctor came along with his automobile and offered to take the children with him on a trip out near the Park of the Helpers. He was going out there to see a patient or two.

"They can play in the park while I am looking after my sick folks," he said to mother.

The Park of the Helpers was not so easily reached from home as was Do-Not Park. But the children were happy

as larks riding with Uncle Doctor, and when they reached the Park of the Helpers they were almost as much in tune with the birds and buttercups and all happy outdoor things as they had been the day before, when they went dancing into Do-Not Park.

Perhaps the Park of the Helpers was not quite so trim and prim as was Do-Not Park, but Fred felt, the minute he found himself inside the entrance, that here was a place where he could take a deep, deep breath—and just as many of them as he wanted to—without fear of puffing a posey all to rags and tatters and blowing the leaves and petals all over the lawn.

"Is that a 'Do-Not?'" asked Marian, when they had gone a little way into the park. She was pointing to a neat sign-board that had been set up where two wide roadways wound away in different directions.

"Not much!" replied Fred, with a ring in his voice that sounded something like the "Glad Christmas Bells" song they sang every winter in Sunday school. "That says 'Help us to keep this park clean and beautiful.' That's business, and we'll make it our business, kiddies, to keep everything as spick and span as we find it, everywhere we go in this beauty spot."

"It's the dandiest place I ever got into, and I'm going over there every chance I get," Fred reported to mother when Uncle Doctor brought them home late in the afternoon.

That night mother told father all about the children's visits to the two parks, and father and mother had a good long talk about it.

Finally father said: "At our next directors' meeting I shall suggest the adoption of the Park of the Helpers' principle in the management of all our affairs at the factory."

And mother added, tenderly: "The two directors of this home of ours, which has three of the dearest children in it that ever were born, will run it on the Park of the Helpers' principle, too."

"That principle is one of the keys to the Boy Problem," declared father. Just at that minute he was thinking a bit wistfully of Fred.

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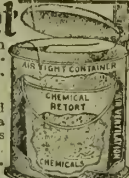
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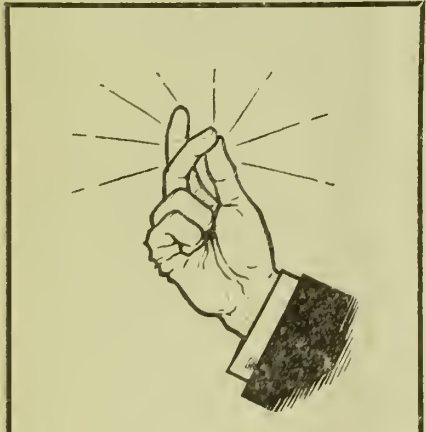
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"I am enclosing 80 cents for which please send me a supply of the pamphlet, 'The Coming of The Lord Draweth Nigh,' for distribution in my Bible Class. I consider this one of the best and most Scriptural expositions of the 'Times of the Gentiles' that I have seen."

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You Can Snap Your Fingers

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POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Look for Virtues

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"THE fact is, mamma is always watching me. If I put on my hat she wants to know where I am going. If I am five minutes late in coming home she wants to know where I have been. I am tempted to all sorts of indiscretions for this very reason. It's extremely annoying to be watched all the time; don't you think so?"

It was during an electric car ride that the above words fell upon my ear. The girls who were talking together sat directly opposite me and I could not help noticing the difference between the two faces,—one discontented and fretful, the other serene and cheerful.

"My mother never nags, she seems always to expect the best from me, and I wouldn't disappoint her for the world," was the quiet answer.

The brows of the first speaker came together in a frown as she went on:

"If mamma would only be less exacting and ever think that I was going to do the right instead of the wrong thing, but I gave up trying to please her long ago, and now one is always satisfied, and that one is myself."

The girl gave a short, flippant laugh, and just at this interesting point in the conversation I was obliged to leave the car; but I had food for reflection, which has not yet been exhausted. Why can we not always expect the best from others, instead of looking for faults that might never appear but for too close an espionage?

Mothers, especially, err in this respect and often bring about the very evils they seek to avert. Human nature is prone to contradictions. Tell a child that he must not play with matches, and ten chances to one he will indulge in the forbidden luxury at the very first opportunity. Tell him he must not deceive you and he will be very apt to try an occasional harmless subterfuge to test your ability as a detective.

To expect the best is a theory which too many guardians of youth utterly ignore in dealing with those committed to their care.

An old lady once made the quaint remark: "I feared a fear and it came upon me." And is it not often true that the evils we are dreading do swoop down upon us, while those we ignore never materialize?

The mother who keeps the idea of wrong-doing ever in her child's mind by continually counseling its avoidance may thus be nurturing the very trait she seeks to guard against. She also shuts out from the child's life much of the sweet and invigorating atmosphere of trust and comradeship so essential to the upbuilding of a character that shall be strong to withstand in the hour of temptation.

A good example is more effective than pages of rules or strings of reprimands. Wise counsel is judicious, but unwise nagging generally defeats its aim.

Begin at the Bottom.

An ambitious young man asked an experienced business expert to tell him how to start his career in a manner that would most nearly insure success and the experienced man said: "Begin at the bottom."

Seeing the look of incredulity on his young friend's face the expert continued: "One of the greatest banes of the business world today is the unwholesome desire of those who are entering the ranks to begin high up—what they term the easy jobs. These same youngsters would at once realize the folly of trying to build the walls of a house before the foundation was securely laid; but they do not seem to realize that it is just as foolish to try to build a life career without first securing an intimate knowledge of the fundamental principles of their chosen profession. Begin at the bottom, young man—but don't stay there."

This fault of trying to rear a structure without first properly laying the foundation is just as common in the religious world as it is in business life. Too often an effort is made to reap when no sowing has been done. We seem to expect our church, Sunday school or young people's society work to move off as if the car of progress was headed down hill instead of up. This will not do. Work—hard work—must be done. Our lessons must be well prepared, assigned work must be faithfully performed, committee duties, even when tiresome and seemingly unimportant, must be properly attended to before we, or our work, will show a healthy forward movement.

Quicker action can be secured by commencing at the top and working downward than by commencing at the bottom and working up, for the same reason that you can slide down a hill much quicker and easier than you can climb up it. But the result is disastrous—the cherished work lands in the valley of defeat instead of on the hill-top of success.

If work of permanent value is to be done an enduring foundation must first be laid. Obstructions must be carefully removed, suitable material for the foundation should be secured, the work on the foundation, even though it is to remain forever out of sight, must be done in the most thorough way. Then the work can proceed in an orderly, substantial manner.

"Begin at the bottom."—KIND WORDS.

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A friend in Long Branch, N. J., writes thus to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER:

"It is with much pleasure that I again enclose another year's subscription to your most excellent and valuable periodical. The AMERICAN MESSENGER is so fraught with interesting as well as profitable reading that it comes as a welcome guest every month and should readily find a place in every home."

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A subscriber in Binghamton, N. Y., writes:

"I have taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER twenty-five years, always reading it with great interest, and I pass it along to others."

A Hand on the Shoulder

When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark an' heavy,
An' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
Fer a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious,
It makes the tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart;
You can look up and meet his eyes;
You don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses—
But a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
Leastways, that is what I say
When a hand is on my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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IMPORTANT

to all our subscribers

The Publishers of this paper wish to thank all those who have promptly renewed their subscriptions for the year 1917, and to express grateful appreciation for the many messages of kindly commendation that have been received from the readers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

There are still some of our subscribers, however, who have not yet complied with the request to forward their renewals. As our fiscal year closes on March 31, 1917, it becomes imperatively necessary to collect all outstanding accounts and to have all arrearages settled before that date.

We would, therefore, urgently request all our friends who have not as yet renewed their subscriptions for the current year to do so at once.

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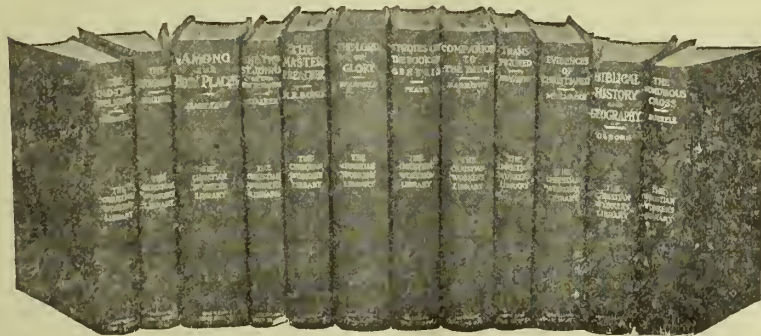
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—And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. *Luke 15 : 20.*



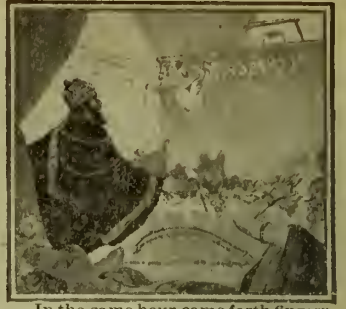
—And he dreamed and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. *Gen. 28 : 12.*



—But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. *John 21 : 4.*



—But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. *11 Pet. 22.*



—In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. *Dan. 5 : 6.*



—Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped. *Psa. 124 : 7.*



—And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. *Matt. 2 : 11.*



—The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. *Isa. 11 : 6.*



—And it came to pass, before he had done speaking, that, behold, Rebekah came out, who was born to Bethuel, son of Milah, the wife of Nahor Abraham's brother, with her pitcher upon her shoulder. *Gen. 24 : 16.*



—And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold behind him a rain caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son. *Gen. 22 : 13.*

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—And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook. *1 Kings 17 : 6.*



—And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand; but he told not his father or his mother what he had done. *Judg. 14 : 6.*



—And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. *Luke 2 : 8.*



—And they came to him, and awoke him, saying, Master, master, we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water: and they ceased, and there was a calm. *Luke 8 : 24.*



—Now when Daniel knew that the writing was shewed, he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. *Dan. 6 : 10.*

Vol. 75

No. 4

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APRIL, 1917



Painted by Burne-Jones



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

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Our Honor Roll

On our Roll of Honor are inscribed the names of those who have received the AMERICAN MESSENGER for the past fifty years or more. To this list we are delighted to add the name of Mary A. Perkins, of Portland, Me., who has written us as follows:

"The AMERICAN MESSENGER comes every month as the face of an old friend. It has come for fifty years or more and I have seen it from childhood. It grows better all through the years. I want my name on the Honor Roll. Please find enclosed my subscription for 1917, and also a gift subscription for some one unable to take it otherwise."

It was a happy thought to add that gift subscription, for we have thereby been enabled to send the paper to a worthy home missionary who would not otherwise have received it. We hope that many others, when they renew their own subscription will make provision for gift subscriptions to those who would not otherwise see this helpful periodical.

Whose Hand Holds?

BY REV. C. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

IT MAKES a great deal of difference whether you take hold of God or God takes hold of you. A man once illustrated this truth in this way: "My little girl," he said, "today refused to let me take hold of her hand when we were walking together. She thought she could go alone. But when we came to a place that was slippery she took hold first of my little finger, and then, as it grew more icy, of my whole hand. As we went on, and it was growing worse, she let go entirely, and said: 'Papa, take hold of me.' She knew I was strong, and that she could not fall unless I fell."

Now some of us have been slipping, slipping; and the reason is that we have not put our hands into the hand of God. We have been trying to take hold of him instead of asking him to take hold of us.

An aged man was asked to write the history of his Christian life and experience in the fewest possible words. He wrote the one word "Kept." We are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

It is well for us to remember whose hand it is that holds. This is especially true for young Christians, as also for those who are but thinking about beginning the Christian life.

There is an interesting reference to this truth in Lord Radstock's life. A well-known officer who had just left the Guards expressed to Lord Radstock his conviction that, being worldly by nature, it would be quite impossible for him to confess Christ, as he would disgrace him by falling away. Lord Radstock replied by taking out his pencil case, and, holding it upright on the table, he asked the officer why it did not fall. "Because you hold it," was the answer. "Then no inherent power in the pencil, but a power outside, is that which keeps it. God, seeing the utter ruin of man, did not tell him to stand upright, but brought in an external power, Himself. And the question of falling depends not upon the power of man, but on the Almighty, who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory." The message went home. The following year, as the train drew up to the platform at Stockholm, Lord Radstock was greeted by the officer with the words, "God has never let the pencil go for one minute."

God does not let go. His hand does not slip. The true Christian trusts God and is then "kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation."

The attainment is difficult. Dangers arise. Christians are not free from them. These dangers come from our own corruption, from the temptations of the world and from the power and malice of Satan. Yet is salvation certain because the believer is kept by the power of God.

There are two forms under which the power of God expresses itself. One is under His providence. The other is under His grace. The one is outward and the other inward. Providence includes all the oversight and guarding which God exercises over his people; in ordering their circumstances, in protecting them from their enemies and persecutors, and in restraining and conquering Satan. Grace includes all the inward operations of the Holy Spirit; in teaching and revealing truth, in sanctifying and consoling, and in sustaining under temptation and every stress.

We are kept amid all our conflicts by God. We are in a well-fortified garrison, in it God is with us.

And it is through faith that we are kept—a personal faith in God's Son, a faith embracing every promise that God has given us in his Word. Faith is used in two senses, or two kinds of exercises are included under the term. One exercise is that of acts of credence toward the truth, an abiding conviction of the truth of God and of the Gospel

He has revealed. The other is that of acts of confidence in Christ—confidence in His being what He is declared to be—confidence in His protection—confidence in His merit, and in the prevalence of His intercession.

The Christian has the privilege of reposing himself securely, assured that he is guarded as in a citadel, that he is kept by the power of God. He knows whose hand holds. He also knows that God's protection and support are to be continued until the end. He is kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, "ready to be revealed in the last time."

Be patient. Be hopeful. Be holy. Cultivate confidence. Cherish love to God. Console and help others.—THE HERALD AND PRESBYTER.

The Church Paper

The truth is that the Church paper must be recognized for just what it is—a missionary agency of tremendous value in providing the people with knowledge and stimulus which are absolutely essential for the growth of the Church. Therefore, whether they pay their own way or not, they should be supported just as a pastor is supported, but particularly as a missionary pastor is supported, in order that the people may have what they need for their development in Christian activity. The Church paper should not seek first to make money—nor should the Church nor the Christian college. All of these institutions should seek first to promote the Kingdom of God and, if financial assistance is necessary in order to success, that financial assistance should be provided. For the average church, the Church paper is just as essential as its Sabbath-school literature. Many churches are coming to discover this truth. When all have discovered it, they will do what some have already done, make provision in their budget that every family in the church may receive the visit of some good church paper—EXCHANGE.

The Man with the Lantern

He passed down the street in the silence of the night. There was a brightness about his feet which threw every stone in the pavement into relief and glowed on the terrace along the way. I could not see his face, nor tell the manner of his dress, but the light showed his direction. I could not see the hand that carried the light. It was invisible in the darkness, but I could see the circle of light as it moved along the way and the feet of the man as they followed the light. And out of the darkness and the gleam of the lantern there came back to me this thought: How little we know of our fellow pilgrims. We are journeying in the same direction, he following his best light and I following mine, but we are both on the same pavement and both going in the same direction, yet each is absorbed in his individual affairs. We live in our own narrow circle of light—narrow as compared to the great world round about us, and the vaster worlds far above us. We move on and into the eternities with scarcely a knowledge of

The Threshold

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

The threshold of the day—
Step over it with prayer,

For who can ever say
What shall await him there?
It holds within its span
For each a chance to be
Noble beyond his plan,
Beyond his hoping, free.

The threshold of the day—
Pause, and gird up the heart,
And on the Future's way
With shining footsteps start;
It leads, perchance, to fame,
To happiness, to power;
Let neither stain nor shame
Sully the beckoning hour.

The threshold of the day—
For each, for all, it waits,
And none who breathes but may
Press from its welcoming gates
On toward the hours that bring
The choices of the soul,
On, till the angels sing
The victory and the goal.

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each other's life or destiny. The reason, no doubt, is in ourselves; maybe in others, or in the circumstances that surround us. But the thoughts that absorb us and the duties that engross us are but little known to the man with the other lantern. He is following his onward moving circle of light engrossed with the affairs that concern him. But were we to raise a cry of distress, how quickly that man would reverse his direction and come to our help. The cry of need is the link that unites. It is that call that joins his circle of light and mine. And so I reverse my opinion about the man with the lantern. It seemed as though he thought only of himself, there in the darkness as he moved along. Man's heart is more sympathetic than we suppose, as we see him with all his cares and responsibilities crowding upon him. But when the need comes, when the suffering call, then we discover that the heart is nearer the light than the head and the appeal of the needy is not in vain. We can always trust the man with the lantern when his light is the light of life.—THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.



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Park Avenue and 40th Street

New York City

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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A Stirring Evangelistic Campaign

On Easter Sunday, April 8, 1917, will begin the tabernacle services of the Billy Sunday Evangelistic Campaign in New York City, which is scheduled to last for six weeks.

Great preparations have been made for the successful prosecution of this campaign, which bids fair to be the largest and most important effort that has yet been undertaken by this famous evangelist.

For many weeks prayer meetings have been held in the homes of the city, the object of which is to invoke the special power of God upon the evangelist and all officially connected with the work; to seek the restoration of backslidden church members and the prayerful, working co-operation of all Christians; to secure the awakening of the entire community to the importance of right personal relations to God; and to bring every unsaved person face to face with the question of the acceptance of Christ as the Saviour.

It is hoped that the Billy Sunday Campaign may mark the beginning of a new era of spiritual growth in the great metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. Hundreds of churches are co-operating in this evangelistic movement and thousands of Christian workers have been enrolled to carry on the various lines of activity that are necessary to its success.

Christians all over the land will be interested in the outcome of this campaign, and it would be well if a concert of prayer should be held throughout all the churches in our country, asking that the divine blessing may accompany this movement and that its results may be even larger and more permanent than its most optimistic supporters have hoped.

To the churches of New York City this campaign offers a great opportunity. The subject

of religion will be probably more discussed on the street and in the newspapers than ever before. There will be an air of expectation and a spiritual fervor such as do not ordinarily prevail. The question of a decision for Christ will be presented more persistently and doubtless more persuasively than it has ever been presented before to a vast multitude of human souls.

We trust that the opportunity thus presented may be most wisely used, and that the progress of the Kingdom may be greatly advanced by the Billy Sunday Campaign in New York.

* * *

Lord's Day Week

Lord's Day Week begins on the first Sunday after Easter and continues through to the following Sunday. It is set apart by the various evangelical denominations as a season of prayer in behalf of the observance of the Christian Sabbath.

Christians are asked to unite their petitions to the Throne of Grace, asking that the Christian Sabbath may be preserved as a sacred day; that the members of the Christian churches may be led to reverence the Sabbath more highly and by their influence and example to maintain the standards of this holy day; that the laws protecting the Sabbath may be upheld and that constructive legislation may be secured that will further safeguard the observance of the Sabbath as a civil institution.

As it has been well stated, with the tide of Sabbath desecration flowing so strongly against the gates of this priceless inheritance and bulwark of the faith, it is incumbent upon every Christian to give careful attention to this question and to strive to make Lord's Day Week a vital power in strengthening the hands of those who are striving to defend the Sabbath from the encroachments that threaten it on every side.

* * *

Planning for Child Welfare

Over five hundred communities have notified the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor that they intend to co-operate in the movement to promote the welfare of the children by celebrating what is known as Baby Week.

In the majority of cases Baby Week will be observed during the first week of May. State-wide plans for the celebration of this event are already under way in at least thirty-four States representing every section of the country. Several State committees have selected some one phase of infant-welfare work for special emphasis in this year's campaign.

In the State of Delaware the campaign is to be devoted to the prevention of infantile

paralysis. North Dakota is to consider the needs of children under school age.

The details of local plans develop later than the State plans, but it seems that local committees are commonly choosing one or more specific purposes in order that the campaign may have permanent results, even in States for which no specific program is suggested.

The Children's Bureau, at Washington, D. C., has a bulletin on the planning and carrying out of Baby Week campaigns and also other material of assistance to local committees, which it is glad to send upon request.

It is hoped that a strong religious emphasis may be given to this movement by calling attention to the importance of the Cradle Roll, which should exist in every Sunday School. Where there is no organized Cradle Roll, Christian workers should seize upon Baby Week as a most suitable opportunity for the introduction of this beneficent institution, which seeks to assure the future spiritual welfare of those who are too young to be in attendance upon the sessions of the Sunday School.

* * *

The Growth of the Churches

Some interesting facts are brought to light in the recently published statistics of the churches of the United States for the year 1916, which were prepared by Dr. H. K. Carroll for the Year Book of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

The figures show a grand total of 40,016,709 members of all religious bodies in the United States. This total includes not only Protestants, Catholics and Jews but also Spiritualists, Theosophists, Mormons, Christian Scientists, and members of various other independent religious organizations. This grand total shows a gain over the preceding year of 747,000. Of this gain about 216,000 represented the increase of the Roman Catholic Churches and about 500,000 the increase of the Protestant denominations. The Methodist Churches gained about 136,000, the Baptist 132,000, the Presbyterians 67,000, the Protestant Episcopal 27,000, and the Lutheran churches 20,000 members.

The gain in the number of churches was only 117, but there was an increase in the number of ministers amounting to 2,643, of which the largest proportion was furnished by the Roman Catholic Church, amounting to 478, next to which came the Baptists with 365, and the Lutherans with 159 more ministers than in the preceding year.

In explanation of the small increase in the number of churches it is suggested that many churches, particularly in the rural regions, are

being closed or merged for the sake of economy and efficiency.

Perhaps the most encouraging item is found in the fact that the returns from the Sunday Schools in the United States for 1916 show a much larger aggregate of scholars than any previous report has given, and that the total net increase in the last ten years is more than 6,300,000 with a gain of over 15,000 schools.

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Daylight Saving

The movement for the adoption of what is known as the Daylight Saving Plan is growing in public favor. Under this plan the clocks of the country would be set forward one hour in the summertime in order to secure an additional hour of daylight for recreation in the afternoon.

Briefly stated the essence of this plan is to take such steps as will induce the public to begin their waking and therefore their working day an hour earlier in summer than in winter. It is not intended that men shall be compelled to work longer than under the present system, but if by setting the clocks forward the working day is made to begin an hour earlier in summer it will also end an hour earlier, and thus increase by one hour that part of the afternoon daylight, which remains for rest or recreation, after the working day is done. And in all cases where overtime work is necessary, there will be available an additional afternoon daylight hour, thus decreasing by so much the strain resulting from artificial light and the actual cost of the artificial light itself.

The United States was the leading nation in effecting the Standard Time improvement, which was afterward adopted throughout Europe. Europe has now become the pioneer in daylight saving, and it would be well if the United States might follow in the adoption of

this plan for utilizing the daylight hours to the best advantage.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States is supporting this movement, and the reports received as to the operation of the plan abroad are decidedly in its favor.

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A Decision and Vocation Day

The General Sunday School Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have designated the first Sunday in April as a Decision and Vocation Day. As Decision Day it is to be made the occasion of a special effort to turn the hearts of the unconverted to Christ, and to induce those not already in the Church to apply for membership. As Vocation Day it is to be utilized in an endeavor to direct the attention of young Christians to the duty of selecting and preparing for definite lines of Christian work.

It would be well if a Decision and Vocation Day should be observed in every Sunday School in our land. The date suggested, which is the Sunday preceding Easter, is a fitting occasion on which to press the unconverted for a decision for Christ and to urge those who are already Christian to select some line of special service.

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A Union of Temperance Forces

An important step in the interest of temperance work has been taken in the union of the National Temperance Society with the Commission on Temperance of the Federal Council of Churches.

In this union we have a combination of the oldest temperance society in the United States with what is perhaps the newest temperance organization at work in our land. The significance of this association of forces is well set forth by Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, president of the National Temperance Society, who says:

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER

The Measure of Success

THE distinction between making a life and making a living is important to remember. How often, in our crowded times, the main business is obscured by the side issue! Occupations by which men win bread become veritable prison houses, restricting the free and full development of the soul. How many toiling mortals will finally merit the epitaph of the merchant of whom it was written, "He was a man and died a grocer!"

In fact, success is not the narrow and material thing the world would have us believe. It is not spelled \$ucce\$\$\$. It is generally accompanied, to be sure, by some visible achievement. The successful person, as a rule, has something tangible in the way of financial rewards or social honors to show for his success—but not always. The prize may be hidden within the depths of his own heart and mind, where no eye but that of God can see it.

The test of success is subjective rather than objective. It is not alone the achievement but what has come to the worker in its attainment that counts. The question is not only, what has this or that one done? but, what has he himself become in the doing of it? On this ground, some of the choicest spirits who ever dwelt on our planet have been content not to succeed, in the usually accepted way. They have refused to lower their ideals or deny their visions. To win the husk by forfeiting the kernel has been counted too great a sacrifice. The

humorist, George Fitch, hit the bull's eye of truth when he remarked: "Many a man is a business failure and has to rub along on \$75 a month because he has spent all the rest of his fortune buying a reputation that can go on his tombstone without making anyone wink and grin."

"The kingdom of heaven is within you," declared the Master of life. He who holds heaven in his heart has a secure possession. He is independently rich. Nothing else really counts. To be wealthy on this splendid scale, moreover, is a universal human privilege. No single one of the sons of men is shut out from it. Millionaires and crossing tenders are on a par here. To think otherwise is to be the victim of moral humbug.

Visitors to a certain great American exposition saw a motto displayed on a panel in the stadium where the athletic games were held: "He who fails bravely has not truly failed, but is himself a conqueror." The truth applies to contests bigger than hurdling and the hammer throw. What is called defeat in life lies less in the loss of any material good whatever than in one's attitude toward that loss. To keep a brave heart under the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," to do the day's work with a quiet mind, to face the sunrise, and greet the unseen with a cheer—this is itself victory.

Could an X-ray be turned on the spirits as well as on the bodies of men, startling dis-

"For the National Temperance Society this means association with the most powerful religious organization in America to-day, if not indeed in the world. Its potency is great and its potentiality is greater. The National Temperance Society avails itself of the Federal Council's splendid staff of General, Executive and Field Secretaries, an office in Washington with the constant services of a secretary for temperance interests connected with the National Capital, and above all, obtains relations with and access to the thirty denominations of the Council with their temperance committee and the 140,000 churches included in the Federal Council.

"The National Temperance Society has secured the service of Dr. Macfarland for general supervision, and the Rev. Charles Stelzle who is doing such a wide educational work for temperance among working men, and as soon as the right man can be found, will also have a secretary for the combined work who will give his entire time to its development."

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A Veteran Colporter Gone

We regret to record the sudden death of Mr. Henry Secord, one of our veteran missionary colporters in Canada, who passed to his eternal rest on February 28, 1917.

Mr. Secord began colportage work when about twenty-five years of age and carried it on continuously until the time of his death, when he was almost eighty-one years of age. He labored first with the American Tract Society. Then he took up work for the British American Book and Tract Society of Halifax, Nova Scotia. When that society went out of existence, he returned to the American Tract Society, and continued in its service up to the day of his death.

Mr. Secord was an earnest and consecrated Christian worker, an efficient colporter and a faithful and loyal servant of the Master.

coveries might be made. We might find many a fair exterior wholly unmatched by any beauty within. The reality would not seldom give the lie to the appearance. By and by, in the light of more searching judgments than mortals can apply, the matter will be straightened out. Our estimates of success will be re-aligned. "The last shall be first and the first last."

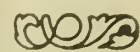
The success then that is worth talking about is spiritual victory. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Said Abraham Lincoln: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have." It is a sentiment to be graven on the hearts of youth who will soon be the leaders of the race.

A fallacy is sending half the sons of men on fools' errands. It is the fallacy that success is an external rather than an internal matter; that the goal of life is to make money, or to gain office, or to win popularity, rather than to make a character established in righteousness. Let Christians correct the mistake, preach the truth, and strive to live it.

"The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." How foolish the paradox sounds in modern ears, till the truth dawns upon us that spiritual forces are, after all, the mightiest, that the most significant battles going on in this world are in the souls of men, and that the ultimate victories are moral ones!



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.

THE ROYAL DAY

BY

REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City

EASTER is the greatest day in the religious calendar. Coming as it does at a time when nature returns to her hopes, and the world is garmented again in life, Easter is thus surrounded by an atmosphere of genial life and praise. But still more, it is the outstanding day in the spiritual life of the world, for each returning Easter summons the world to cherish high hopes and eager aspirations.

The world grows old and jaded. Its cares are many, and despair is never far away. But Easter comes to revive all our dying hopes, to quicken the waning flame of the heart's love, and to spur the pulses of our truest life. It is the day of hope made new. It is the day of growth and of promise. The early Christians changed the day of rest from the seventh to the first—so profound was their sense of importance in the day. It is the festival of immortality—for on this day we realize that "life and immortality" have been brought to light. Every dead thing in our souls seems to be touched on this day as by some Hand of Power, and a Voice that is like the sound of many waters is heard in our hearts—"Awake from the dead."

One of the early fathers of the church spoke of Easter as "the royal day among days." The word is well chosen and may rightly claim our attention. Yes, it is a royal day indeed. Well may nature put on her royal robes on this day, and appear in new splendor, for the world's true King is here. It is His day. On this day He burst the bondage of His tomb and came forth again. "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive forever more." It is His day, and it is a royal day.

His True Coronation Day

First of all, it is His true coronation day. The crown is upon His head today, and we hail Him as Lord of all. This is not the usual way of conceiving of our Lord's coronation; nevertheless it is true. We are more apt to think of the Ascension as the Lord's crowning time. Or we remember those stupendous descriptions of the Book of Revelation, where a crown was given unto Him that sat on the white horse, "and he came forth conquering and to conquer." Or we recall the description of the great hour of harvest and judgment when one like unto a son of man is seen "having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle," and thrusting in his sickle upon the earth to reap. Or we think of His second coming as His true crowning day, when many crowns are upon His head, and He is arrayed in a garment sprinkled with blood, and He hath on His garment, and on His thigh a name

written, *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*. It was amid scenes such as these that the mind of the gifted hymn-writer was moving, when he wrote the words:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all."

But our blessed Lord was truly crowned long before the times that are pictured in the apostle John's apocalyptic visions. His true crowning day was the day on which He arose from the dead. It was then that He was proclaimed King; it was then, as the apostle says, that He was "declared to be the Son of God with power . . . by His resurrection from the dead." Other facts and events declared Him to be the Son of God; the resurrection declared Him so *with power*.

The first evidence of this is seen in the way the early disciples went about their work. Every remnant of doubt left them, and they gave their testimony with assurance and power. They saw the risen Lord crowned before them by His resurrection from the dead, and it was the risen Lord whom they proclaimed. They preached the crucifixion of Christ, but they did not stop with the dead Christ. By many infallible proofs they knew that He had risen from the tomb. Before this indisputable fact all their doubts fled away. For them He had been declared to be the Son of God, not weakly, or inconclusively, but *with power*. He had conquered the last enemy, Death. Thus the Resurrection Day was truly His crowning day.

It is impressive to see from the sermons of the apostles recorded in the Acts of the Apostles how deeply satisfied they were on this subject, and how profoundly it affected their faith. Their thought of the risen Lord colored all their faith. Their faith took on the royal brightness of the resurrection. The resurrection brought to them a new quality of energy and power. From the beginning Christianity has been a strong faith. The energy of the resurrection has ever pulsed through the very being of this faith. It is not a dying faith, for it has not a dead Lord, but a risen Lord.

Yes, Easter is the royal day among all the days of our Christian calendar. On this day we feel how wonderful our dear Lord is. We look into His face, and behold in Him every King-like quality. We hear the old words spoken again, not now in derision, but in joy—"Behold your King." We look upon the ruin of many hopes, the shattered heap of our disappointments and our sorrows; but we see that Jesus Christ is standing over against these troubles of ours. We see that He is standing over against the fact of Death,

and over against the inevitable fact of the tomb, and over against all the darkness of life—and with an overwhelming joy we cry aloud—"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And it is in this spirit that we are to celebrate Easter. It is a coronation celebration. The crown is now upon Jesus' head, not the crown of thorns, but the crown of living gems—*of Life*. All the brightness and energy of faith should assert themselves today. Let not despair reign in the soul of any believer, but victory—such victory as takes its color from the victory of Christ.

It Brings the Spirit of Victory

For this is another reason why Easter is truly a royal day—it brings the spirit of victory into life. The resurrection is not a mere fact of history. It is very wonderful as history, but that is not all. The facts of history are apt to grow cold and distant, unless we clothe them with the warmth of feeling and experience. When Christ arose from the tomb He did more even than win a victory over death. By His rising from the dead He put the spirit of victory into life.

There is an old tradition that when Jesus arose from the grave and walked abroad, flowers sprang up in His pathway and blossomed out at every footstep. Is there not a precious truth in this? "I will make the place of my feet glorious," says the prophet Isaiah. Where Christ walks or stands, glory comes. He makes the place of His feet glorious in whatsoever place He is. The field where the shepherds watched their flocks, the manger where the Holy Child was cradled, the streets of Nazareth and the house and the carpenter shop, and the shores of Galilee—every place is full of glory. And most of all the pathway to the tomb is made glorious since Jesus walked there. Not only so, but the pathway from the tomb is made glorious. For Jesus has led us away from the grave. The grave could not hold Him; neither can it hold us. On this royal day we see our Lord walking away from the tomb, and He is taking us with Him. The apostle Peter declares, that God hath begotten us again "unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus-Christ from the dead." We like the old word of the King James version even better—a "lively hope." For this is the wonderful thing about the resurrection gospel—it is full of life and energy. Wherever the risen Lord walks, His footsteps are marked by the living green of the resurrection hope. He makes all things *lively*—or as it really means, *life-like*. The semblance of death passes away; the sombreness of life's pain and sorrow passes away; the darkness itself passes away. All things are *life-like*.

Now all this the apostle meant when he declared that the resurrection of Jesus has begotten us again unto a living hope. He has given us the spirit of victory and of life by His resurrection. He has invaded our dead and dying hopes with a new energy and power. He has poured forth the elixir of His resurrection upon everything about us and in us that threatens to die. Nathaniel Hawthorne tells us in one of his books of a weird old professor who brewed in his laboratory a strange elixir. And one day some drops of the wonderful mixture fell upon a stunted plant, and forthwith it began to put forth new leaves, and to take on new signs of life. It is even so with the resurrection of Christ—it has let fall into our life an awakening influence, a quickening power, a new quality of victory, a rare and wonderful joy. All things become *life-like* in the risen Lord! "Behold, I make all things new."

How much this ought to mean to believers every day. It is the risen Lord who gives a new sense of reality to life. His resurrection clothes all the bareness and hardness of life with the radiancy of a new and enlarged hope. The world gives us many things to hope in; but the world's hopes are dying hopes, Christ's hope is a living hope. It is this to which we have been begotten by His resurrection. We are heirs through the risen Christ of an "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Easter shall indeed be a royal day to us if it shall bring to our hearts a new sense of victory over death—the death which is trying to drag us down every day and hour.

Are you seeking reality in life? You shall find it in the Risen Lord. He can take the darkness of your life and touch it everywhere with light. He can take the fragments of your life and bind them together in a unity of truth and reality that shall bring new symmetry and new power. He can take your very life—"sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and can write across it the message of His resurrection—"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Tennyson thought that death was "a laughable impossibility" in view of the resurrection of Jesus. He has made life so strong, so victorious—He has so imbued it with a living hope, and a hope of living, that death no longer reigns in us. This is something of what it means to be begotten again unto a living hope through the resurrection of Christ. The Apostle Paul called such a life a "risen life." It is the life that all live who have truly taken the power of the resurrection into their faith.

For truly the day of our Lord's resurrection is a royal day, because it represents the coronation of believers with power. The early believers realized very soon that the resurrection was more than a fact—it was a power. Paul desired to know the power of his Lord's resurrection. He wanted to have the full vitalizing force of Christ's resurrection coming into his life. What a wonderful wish! What a transfiguring prayer—"That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection."

There are many believers who accept the resurrection of Christ who do not know its power. They have not got its warmth and strength in their hearts; they have not felt the full thrill of its energy.

The power of Christ's resurrection may manifest itself in the most ordinary life, and in the most commonplace circumstances. We need the power of His resurrection in our patience. Our human patience is so easily exhausted. It is always in danger of running out—it needs the quickening, re-vitalizing power of the resurrection. If we are to be partakers "in the tribulation and Kingdom and patience which are in Jesus," we must needs feel daily in the contacts and contests,

the irritations and frictions of life the stimulating powers of the resurrection of our blessed Lord.

The power of the resurrection is needed to vitalize and strengthen our faith. For there is ever a danger lest believers may be satisfied with faith that is dull and listless. They may have faith to be sure, but their faith is not a large and buoyant possession. It is no mountain-climber, "leaping from rock to rock." It is too well content with lower levels and with poor achievements. Faith needs to be broadened and deepened and heightened by the resurrection of Christ. We need a resurrection faith—a faith that finds its measure and its spirit in the resurrection of Jesus—a faith that "lieth foursquare, like the New Jerusalem—the length thereof is as great as the breadth." In other words, the resurrection gives magnitude to our faith, lifts it out of its narrowness, its ruts, its complacencies, its "peering littlenesses." Do we not see then why the apostle Paul, stating the terms of salvation, said, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

We need the power of the resurrection too, to work destruction to our sin. Our trouble often is that we are too easy with sin. We play fast and loose with it. We let it come and go. We cast the devils out, but we leave the house empty—we fail to barricade the door. Soon the unclean things are with us again. Nothing less than the power of our Lord's resurrection will avail to do the thorough work that is required in dealing with sin. The blood of His atonement on the Cross seals for us the pardon of sin. Now the risen Lord must come with the power of His resurrection and sweep the evil out of the heart. There are strongholds of sin that will not yield to a gentle touch. They must be blasted out as by the power of dynamite. There are secret sins too that are so elusive and so obscure that they must needs be searched out in their lair and driven forth mercilessly into the open. Yes, we need such power as that which broke the tomb of Christ on the first Easter morn to shatter for us completely the power of sin in our souls. Royal day indeed is that day when the risen Lord comes to reign in us and over us.

And we need the power of His resurrection in our work, that it may be strong and vital and enduring. Even our common toil needs this power that it may be lifted high and made uncommon by a new quality of energy and reality.

An artist painted a picture of the resurrection scene, and in his picture he put something unusual and unexpected. He painted Jesus coming away from the open tomb *with a mattock on His shoulder!* At first thought it seems like an intrusion. Why this common implement of toil in such a transcendent scene? Then as we think upon it, we realize that this commonplace tool belongs there—even on the shoulder of the risen Lord. For He comes in the power of His resurrection to touch our common everyday toil, and to touch even the tools with which we do our work, and to give us help. He comes to give strength to the right arm of the toiler and courage to the heart of every one that is weary. He comes to empower us so that we "can do all things in Him that strengtheneth us." It is a wonderful thing to feel day by day, as we work with our tools, as we wind our clocks, as we walk upon our appointed way, that there is a great power of gravitation that is helping us. But there is something more wonderful than this—and that is to feel when we put our hands to the commonplace task in this world, that the thrill of power which comes from the resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord may nerve us for our endeavor

and quicken us in our labor. What a privilege is this, to do our everyday work as "children of the resurrection."

Like Wordsworth's lark, we are nested in the earth, but we have the freedom of the upper air. We are doing many ordinary things in this world, but we need not do them in ordinary ways. The sons of the resurrection may be breaking clods on the rough highway, but they can do it like kings, for they have royal power.



A Rogue Among Flowers

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE

IN Southern California vast quantities of flower seeds are grown for Eastern seedsmen. It is essential, in the eyes of the professional grower, that a plant be true to type, that is, that its flowers closely resemble those of the parent plant.

One season a grower took a contract to furnish seven tons of sweet pea seed. He rented a field in one place and a few acres in another and a hillside in another. Here he planted seeds of white peas; there, of pink; and in a third spot, of lavender. When blossoming time came, he watched his fields day by day to see whether pink or lavender flowers bloomed in the white field, or the reverse. Every day men and girls were sent into the fields—into the white field to uproot every plant which bore a colored flower, into the pink field to destroy every vine whose flowers were not the correct kind of pink, and into the lavender field to see that none but lavender-colored blossoms were allowed to mature.

This process of elimination is known among florists as roguing, and the plant which is not true to type is called a rogue. A rogue may bear beautiful blossoms, but it has no value for seed.

So in the Master's garden a human being cannot serve the divine purpose unless he or she is right in heart. The Christian type is that which He desires, and nothing else can atone for the lack of Christian character.



Harbingers of Spring

BY REV. A. MESSLER QUICK.

*Hark! the piping of the robin—
Notes of promise and of cheer,
Tell us winter now is passing,
Buds and flowers will soon appear.
Nature's garb will clothe the meadows,
Where the snow so long has lain,
Balmy days of spring will follow,
When the robins come again.*

*Though the forests yet are leafless,
And the skies are lowering still,
Music from the early songsters
Now with cheer our bosoms thrill,
For we have the gladsome promise,
Icy king shall lose his reign,
When the robins pipe their greetings,
And the bluebids come again.*

*Never is the sylvan music'
Of the birds that later sing,
Sweet as notes of early warblers,
Heralds of the coming spring.
Later songs in fields and forest
May have more of warbler's art,
But the song when days are dreary,
Is the song that stirs the heart.*

*Nature's Easter matin sonnet—
Life anew from deathlike sleep—
Is the song redbreast is singing,
Causing hearts with joy to leap.
Ere the winter has departed,
These are notes of sweetest strain,
For we know we're nearing springtime,
When the robins come again.*

PRINTED PREACHERS

Deepening the Spiritual Life

Mr. Louis Toth has served as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society for many years. He works largely among the foreign-speaking population, many of whom he finds are sunk in formalism which lacks almost all the characteristics of true religion. His constant effort is to use the printed page as a means for deepening the spiritual life of those whose homes he visits.

Some time ago Mr. Toth sent an interesting photograph of the Sunday School which he has gathered together in a small town. This photograph is reproduced on this page of our paper. Mr. Toth himself is seen standing at the extreme right hand side of the picture. In his report Mr. Toth wrote:

"During the immediate past I have felt the presence of the Almighty more than ever before, and it seems that the people also have responded more readily to the Gospel than ever before.

"In my travels among the Hungarians and the people of other nationalities I have had opportunity to speak to them very earnestly about their souls' salvation and the deeper things of the Christian life, and I have tried to lead them into the prayer life.

"Many of these people have never associated religion with anything else but form. A great number on coming to this land have understood it to be a free country, and being glad to get rid of the 'old religion' of the Old World when landing on American soil, they swing to the other extreme of the pendulum as it were, and drop everything that has the word 'religion' in connection with it.

"There are a few who are true to their ancestral faith and cling tenaciously to the religion of their fathers. But a great many become atheistic and anarchistic socialists. These are the hardest ones to deal with of all whom I meet.

"In spite of all the hardships that I suffer the joy that I get out of my work as a missionary colporter is over and above all else in my life.

"One evening after one of my cottage prayer meetings I was assigned to a home to stay over night. After a little conversation with the members of the family I found out that they were atheistic socialists. They were a little hostile at first, but later they accepted some Christian literature and read it. In the morning I had an opportunity to talk to the man of the house, and he promised to buy a Bible the next time I came. I feel confident that the next time I will be asked to have a service at this home, and am trusting that they will accept Jesus as their personal Saviour.

"My usual method of approach to the people is to go into a town and get some family interested enough to agree to have a cottage prayer meeting at their home, inviting the neighbors to attend.

"I am sending you a picture of my Sunday School in a small town. In the picture there appears an old man with his son, daughter-in-law and seven grandchildren who have been led out of formalism into the real life in Jesus Christ.

"I am so thankful that you keep the light of the Gospel shining for my fellow-countrymen who otherwise might never hear the Gospel in its purity as revealed by the Lord Jesus Christ."



COLPORTER LOUIS TOTH AND HIS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

In the State of Utah

Rev. Henry W. Pratt who is carrying on missionary colportage among the Mormons in Utah and the adjoining States, tells us that the past winter was one of unusual severity in his field. He went forward bravely, however, and succeeded in distributing a considerable amount of Christian literature, which experience has shown is the best antidote to Mormonism that can be supplied. He writes:

"February of this year will be looked upon as a memorable month in the State of Utah. A prohibitory law was at last enacted after having been passed three times by the State legislature in the last seven or eight years. Our present Governor, Hon. Simon Bamberger, signed the prohibition bill on February 8, 1917, and the law goes into effect on August first of the present year. A few months ago the Governor said: 'This is the hand that will sign the bill that shall emancipate the State of Utah from the liquor traffic.'

"Another fact worth mentioning in this connection is that the State Senate voted unanimously for the bill. All the members of the lower House also voted in its favor except one member from Salt Lake City, who voted, 'No.' I do not think any other State legislature has come up to that record. On February first the legislature adopted a resolution providing for a constitutional amendment in favor of prohibition, to be voted on by the people in November of this year.

"It is always pleasant to receive orders for books coming from those in the remote parts of the State. This month brought an order from a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church living down in the State twenty miles from the railroad. He wrote, 'Send me fifteen more copies of "Daily Food." I know that these little books are doing good on my field.'

"When calling at a home the lady asked, 'Have you one of those motto cards,—"Christ is the Head of this house"?' I was glad to be able to furnish her with this card. She has five or six children and she is an earnest Christian mother. It will emphasize her purpose in her home to have the words constantly before her children, 'Christ is the head of this house.'

"In these days not so much is said of 'Blood Atonement' as it used to be taught in

the Mormon Church in the days of Brigham Young. Apostates from Mormonism do not have to suffer that treatment now, as the State laws do not permit it. A Mormon woman said to me, 'I was once threatened as a subject for Blood Atonement, and told that I would be put in the dogs' den.' She was cut off from the Mormon Church long ago but escaped any punishment.

"I called upon a man who joined the Mormon Church in the year 1839, about eight years before the Mormons emigrated to Utah. He said, 'I sent in my resignation three years ago and now I do not go to any church.' So many Mormons do this and become infidels."



Quiet Faithful Service

Among the missionary colporters of the American Tract Society is a quiet, earnest woman, Miss Sara E. Stambaugh, who in spite of various hindrances continues to aid the progress of the Kingdom by the circulation of Christian literature. She writes:

"Although you have not heard from me for some time, I am thankful that I can report some good work done. I know that I do not circulate many books, but I am sure that my tract work has done untold good, though I cannot tell how much.

"I have talked to children both in and out of meetings. I have distributed tracts and talked with the discouraged and the perplexed and with young Christians and many who are sick. I have not been able to visit as much as I should like, but many have come to me. It makes me feel very humble, and I long to help them aright, which is not easy in these days, when so much of error is being taught.

"I do not expect to see the fruit of my labors now, but I feel sure of a good harvest since I know that I am not sowing in vain, though it is often in tears.

"I heartily thank you for your good service and for the privilege of working with you. I could do almost nothing if it were not for the commission which you have given me as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society.

"The publications I am circulating will doubtless be read and will help the readers long after I am gone. I believe all who receive them from me keep and prize them, and they cannot fail to do good."

AGGRESSIVE EVANGELISM

By Rev. Warren G. Partridge, D.D.

THE call of this hour in America is for an aggressive propaganda of the Christian religion. This country can be Christianized only by the whole-hearted co-operation of all churches and all Christians, in a supreme endeavor to obey our divine Commander's Great Commission, "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Our one hundred million population can never be evangelized alone by ministers and professional evangelists. We must go back to the methods of Apostolic Christianity, when every disciple was commanded to be a missionary and an evangelist. In Acts 8: 4 we read, "Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." The bulk of these persecuted Christians in Jerusalem were the laity. But these men and women and young people became militant and eager soul-winners. They all became the flaming evangelists of the new religion. The Twentieth Century needs the same holy passion for souls, which set on fire the affections and will of the men and women who followed the Nazarene in the First Century.

A Startling Lack of Growth

The Christian Church was started by personal work. Individual Christians labored to win individuals, one by one, into the kingdom of heaven. The last decade has not witnessed an adequate growth numerically in membership among our Christian Churches. One able authority says, "The percentage of increase in Protestantism in the last decade has been the smallest of any decade in a hundred years." But we cannot place the blame on the great Head of the Church. "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." When? He will be satisfied when every disciple becomes another John the Baptist. For John was a "bright and a shining light." He was a courageous and faithful witness of the Messiah. His bugle blast to his age was, "Behold the Lamb of God." And the Baptist's testimony won such heroes of the faith as Andrew, James, and the other immortals.

We need today the proclamation of the evangelistic message from every man, woman, and child in our Christian Churches. President Mackenzie has truly said: "Evangelism is the only true regenerative of the human heart, the only real cleanser of the life of a nation."

Every Church member should be a soul-winner. Ministers and evangelists have no monopoly in this business. In Christ's conception, the Pastor is simply the Leader in a band of soul-winners. The modern Church can accomplish the magnificent achievements of Gideon and his immortal Band of Heroes, if every church member has a holy passion for winning the souls of men.

Serious Facts to be Faced

Suppose that a Church has one hundred members, and it has only four additions to its membership on Confession of faith, in one year. Then, on an average, it has taken twenty-five church members one whole year to win a single individual to Christ! And perhaps one member alone won that new member, while twenty-four members folded their arms! And yet many Christian churches show a smaller gain in membership than this. There are some city churches, surrounded by dense population, whose gain in membership year after year is less than their loss by death and removals! In many of our cities church membership is not keeping pace with the growth of population.

All Christian Churches should face these serious facts. And each church member should ask himself, "Have I been a personal worker to win men to Christ?"

We must have evangelistic hearts if we are to win men to Christ. We must enter into His holy service with glowing ardor and a sublime abandon. Good authorities tell us that in our American Protestant Churches there are one million less men than women. That would indicate that our men in the pews have not said to themselves: "I am my brother's keeper." The men of our churches have a man's job in winning other men to Christ.

Our Sunday Schools should have tens of thousands of recruits at once. Here is the whitest field for evangelism in all the wide world. The Church with an aggressive, wide-awake, and up-to-date Sunday School is sure of growth and prosperity. For with officers and teachers, who have a passion for souls, such a Sunday School is a missionary field of wonderful promise. Eighty-five per cent or more of church members are won through this mighty arm of the Church. But the Sunday School gains increase in membership, just as the Church is increased by the personal work of individuals for individuals. This was Christ's own method of securing disciples. Our divine Master had wonderful success as a personal worker, thus "leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps." The world is waiting for this personal touch in the home, the shop, the factory, the school, the bank, the office, and upon the street. And no disciple is excused from this holy war. Let there be no shirkers in this mobilization for the conquest of this world for King Emmanuel.

Remarkable Possibilities

Think for one moment of the startling results, if every church member was a personal worker to bring men to Christ. Suppose that there was only one Christian in the world, and that he labored a year to win one individual to accept Christ as his Saviour and that those two Christians kept on winning each year another convert; and that every person won to Christ brought another soul into the kingdom every year. Think of the remarkable result. Why, good mathematicians have figured out that in only thirty-two years every person in the world would be brought into Christ's kingdom! "But this kind goes forth only by faith and prayer." We need, each of us, for this glorious work, a new Pentecost. And we can have it if we pay the price.

There must be a deeper consecration, more heart-searching prayer, more searching study of the Word of God, and more hours of holy communion with our Lord. If we have a new vision of the suffering Saviour, who now is on His throne, and a new vision of the worth of one human soul, we can be successful co-laborers together with God.

Thousands are waiting for our message. It is said that a blacksmith in Glasgow said of Dr. Norman McLeod, "He never came into my shop without talking to me as if he had been a blacksmith all his life; but he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart." The laboring men and women, the business men and women, the professional men and women of this country, the young people and the boys and girls are famishing by thousands for the Bread of Life; and they need the visit and personal testimony of such soul-winners as Dr. McLeod, so that each one can say, "But he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart."

Where Opportunity Waits

BY DAISY D. STEVENSON

Contrary to her old custom of knocking once at doors, then vanishing in short order, Opportunity has decided to establish herself permanently in the city of Denver, Colorado.

"Opportunity School"—and there's a world of truth in the name—is the successful experiment of a wide-awake progressive Superintendent, and is supervised by a broad-minded, big-hearted woman Principal.

Old or young may enter this splendid trade school at any time, choosing those subjects they desire to study, attending only such hours day or night, as are most convenient. The fame of this institution and what it freely offered anyone with aims and hopes, spread like a forest fire uphill. During the first term over sixteen hundred pupils, representing twenty different nationalities, were enrolled.

Foreigners are taught correctly, and in a short time, to speak the English language. Young men or women who must toil all day for a mere pittance, take advantage of night school to learn a trade, or to acquire a complete business or High School course. Besides the usual school subjects, there are courses in drawing, electricity, wood work, domestic science, millinery, manicuring, dressmaking and dentistry. Before long it is planned to add a number of interesting new departments such as nursing, telegraphy, and automobile school, with experienced, competent instructors for each.

This remarkable mine of opportunity is free to all and through its help anyone who has the desire and the pluck to study and endeavor may strike a gold bearing vein that will broaden and enrich his whole future life.



Brighter Days

BY CORA S. DAY

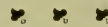
Lucile closed the book of old pioneer-day tales with a little sigh.

"Such a sad, pathetic story," she said. "Have you read it—the one about John Burke and his wife, the young couple in a fort besieged by Indians? They had given up all hope of holding the fort. The savages were breaking into the stockade. The men prepared to sell their lives dearly. But first John Burke took his bride in his arms, kissed her—and shot her through the heart, to save her from capture by the Indians. Then as he turned to fight to the last, a cheer was heard and a rescuing force appeared. But John Burke was not rescued. They found his lifeless body beside his wife's, both dead by his own hands because he despaired just a minute too soon."

"What a pity—two young lives wasted," agreed Harriet. "I saw a line that John Burke should have known, only today," and after a moment's thought she repeated it:

"Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till tomorrow, will have passed away."

"Yes, I think that is really true of most of our dark days. I've known it to work out with me—and every time it makes me ashamed that I am so slow to realize that God has brighter days ahead for me, and a lesson of hope and patience for me to learn from the dark ones," said Lucile softly.



An Easter Thought

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

*Our Easter promise is the life that throbs
Beneath the snowdrift, clothed again with
power;
The homing instinct of the sure-winged bird,—
The glad return of each unto its dower.*

*Our Easter pledge should be a purpose true,
Harnessed to effort, clothed anew with
might;—
Determination of the striving soul
To win its way into a clearer light.*

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Ploughing in India

A little while ago Rev. J. Passmore, Secretary of the Christian Literature Society for India, sent a striking photograph, a reproduction of which appears on this page of the *AMERICAN MESSENGER*.

This picture illustrates the extremely primitive methods of agriculture that prevail in India. It is a thoroughly characteristic scene, and it offers a remarkable contrast to the advanced methods of farming which are used here in America.

We have presented this picture not only for the light which it casts upon the daily life of the Indian agriculturist, but because its title suggests a striking metaphor for the spiritual process which is going on, as the old heathen faiths of India are being overturned in order that the truths of the Christian faith may be implanted in the minds and hearts of the people of that great country.

The metaphor of ploughing may seem to be a strenuous one to employ, but it represents the actual truth, for the heathen faiths of India are of such a nature that they must be completely overturned and, as it were, ploughed under, ere the minds of the people are prepared to receive the truths of the Gospel of Christ.

Christian literature in the vernacular is one of the main instrumentalities whereby the heathen religions of India are being displaced in order to make way for the introduction of the teachings of Christianity. The Christian Literature Society for India is one of the most important agencies engaged in this work, and by its recent amalgamation with the Madras Religious Tract and Book Society its efficiency and influence have been greatly increased.

During the last year the Christian Literature Society for India reported a total of 195 new publications printed in a dozen different dialects. Since the formation of the Society a total of over 50,000,000 copies of books, tracts and periodicals have been printed and circulated.

It may be of interest to note that this Christian Literature Society for India is one of the many foreign missionary organizations that have been aided by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society of New York.

Union Work in Korea

In a very interesting discussion of the subject of "Church Union and Efficiency," which appears in a recent issue of *The Korea Mission Field*, Rev. Herbert E. Blair sets forth some of the benefits that have already become apparent through the work of the Religious Tract Society of Korea and the Federal Council. He writes:

"Two of the most vital elements in evangelizing a nation are the translation of the Bible and the creation of a hymnal. United acceptance of the one Bible translation and the one hymnal by practically all churches in Korea makes possible a more powerful impress upon the life of the church and nation than could be possible, had each church its separate productions. Also through the Tract Society a common literature has fed the minds of the Christian communities.

"The Federal Council is a product of church unity among missionaries, but its influence has permeated the Korean church and guided its progress during the period the churches were not ready themselves for such union. The council has accomplished great things for the whole church. Probably no one will be found who would want to take one backward step from the unity attained in the Council nor would any question the great efficiency and economy resulting from its services even though it has not been able to keep some from independent action at times.

"The Federal Council's union newspaper for the whole country, the com-



PLOUGHING IN INDIA.

mon Sunday School helps and the united prayer calendar carry the whole church along with a common church intelligence. Union in medical work, in school work, in the Senate, the division of territory, and the conformity secured in church terminology though very small; all have led to efficiency, strength and intensiveness of impact on the part of all and have weakened the life work of none. Our chronicle of union work, though it has broken down in a few particular cases, is long and praiseworthy. Its blessings have been more than we have taken time to realize."

Preaching to Japanese Policemen

James Cuthbertson, Superintendent of the Japan Branch of the International Christian Police Association, is making a special effort to reach the native police of Japan with the Gospel message of salvation. In a recent issue of *The Evangelical Christian* he thus describes his work:

"My two months' experience of motor car evangelism has brought me to the point of wondering why cars are not in general mission use. I have preached the Gospel to more police sub-inspectors, inspectors and superintendents during these two months than all my previous eleven years in Japan. We have travelled over seven hundred miles, visited thirty to forty police stations, distributed New Testaments and spiritual literature, preached in several of the stations, and, using the car as a pulpit, an attraction in itself, have preached to small crowds by the roadside on sundry occasions. Most of all do I appreciate the fact that I have been able to enter the chief's private office and to lay before him the claims of God and the Way of Life. I have been greatly encouraged by the response. Occasionally my reception has been chilly, but generally it has been warm. Some seriously-minded men have been laid on my heart as a result of this work, and I am confident God is starting a work amongst the higher rank of police officials. We are believing for and expecting revival blessing. God has given us sips to whet our appetite, but that full soul-satisfying draught our souls long for, has still to come. But we believe it is coming.

"We have been greatly encouraged by the increasing attendance of new policemen at our Tokyo meetings. Nearly all are members of my English classes. Not only have they come, but, thank God, several have been saved, five policemen and two policemen's wives. Several others are under conviction, and will shortly be brought in. Also a few civilians have entered 'The Gate Beautiful' and are now walking the narrow path which leads to life.

"God has sent another worker to help us. His name also is Suzuki San. He

comes to help us for the greater part of the month. He receives no fixed salary, but trusts God to supply his needs. I also trust God to supply this need, for there is no obvious earthly source of supply. This man was in the police for ten years and has been in Christian work for six or seven years since.

"Good reports are coming in from our worker in the South, Tsuge San. He took Kako San's place. The work in Sakai is being greatly blessed. The Prison Governor is keen and meetings are being held in his house. Our old friend, the police sergeant in Sakai, was greatly helped through Tsuge San, and is now in the Japan Evangelistic Band Bible School for training as an evangelist."

The Burma "Northfield"

Nearly ten years ago a movement was got under way for the inauguration of an annual gathering of Missionaries and native Christians in Burma, with objects similar to those of the American Northfield. "The Assembly for Bible Study," is the title of the organization, and the first meeting was in 1908 on the premises of the Rangoon Baptist College. For four years the meetings were held there, but then it was decided to seek quarters in a more healthy location than the hot capital of Burmah.

Mawmyo, the centre at which the Assembly meets, is a beautiful hill station, and here spiritual refreshment is combined with the enjoyment of bracing air and invigorating climate. Various denominations co-operate in the work of the Assembly.

An Illustration of Grace

A correspondent of the *Bombay Guardian* writes of Edward Cornelius, who for forty-eight years labored among the Santals of India. He was the son of a tanner in Hernosend, Sweden. Going to sea as a lad, he fell into dissolute habits, but a tract by Bishop Ryle made a deep impression upon him. One day at sea the Spirit of God so strove with him that he crept away under one of the boat decks and cried to God for mercy. When he arose he was a new creature in Christ Jesus and began to tell others of the Saviour he had found.

When the ship reached Calcutta he decided to leave the sea to preach Christ to the natives of India. Trusting God for his daily bread, he started on foot, following the railway line to Rampur Hant, where he met some of his fellow countrymen who were missionaries. He remained with them for five years, after which he settled at Jamtara, beginning his work there in 1873. Much pioneering was done, and the one mission station has become seven with a band of European and Indian workers.

In Northern Siam

A Mission Press is maintained among the Laos people at Chiengmai in Northern Siam. Rev. D. G. Collins, the superintendent of this Press, has sent the following report of the past year's work.

"During most of the year we have employed twenty-eight men and women for the Mission and American Bible Society we have kept seven men employed setting Lao type, while most of the time we have kept three and sometimes four men setting Siamese. We now have the whole of the Lao New Testament in print and eleven books of the Old Testament.

"The native paper in the vernacular with the Sabbath school helps has been issued monthly. Almost eleven hundred copies of this valuable publication go into the homes of our Christians. *The Laos News*, in English, with about a thousand names on our list, has been issued quarterly, and is mailed to hundreds of Presbyterian homes in the United States.

"The American Tract Society as in previous years has donated one hundred dollars for the publication of tracts. This gift is greatly appreciated."

The total number of publications printed during the year amounted to 150,737 copies, comprising in all 5,609,000 pages.

A Baptism of Lepers

On a recent occasion as many as eighty lepers received Christian baptism in the large asylum maintained by the Mission to Lepers at Purulia, India, while from many other stations there are similar reports, if not perhaps on so large a scale.

At Purulia, Rev. E. Cannon, who is now superintendent, says, referring to these eighty candidates: "For all these new converts from Hinduism, and for their confession of Christ, we give thanks. They have been carefully instructed in the main facts of the Faith for at least six months previously. . . . I had examined them and found them sincere in desire to embrace Christianity and renounce Hinduism. The faith of some of them was very touching, and one could see that they had learnt to love Christ and trust in Him in a way that they had never trusted in their heathen gods."

American Indians Converted

The Rev. Fred G. Mitchell of Tolchaco, Ariz., a missionary among the Navajo Indians under the Presbyterian Board, tells how the Indians receive the Gospel in these words:

"We have seen the heathen sitting spellbound as they listened to the words of sin and salvation. We have seen the desire for the truth kindle in their faces. We have heard their appeals for more as they listened for the first time to the holy words from the Book in their own tongue. We have seen young hearts surrendered; and young men and women from the schools who have received the Lord Jesus are asking us to train them that they may take up the great work of bringing the gospel that breaks a nation's chains. Rejoice with us, you who have carried this work on your hearts. The victory was assured in heaven long ago, but to see it on earth is a tree of life to the hungry heart of the laborer. The pioneer stage of our work is passing. We shall need your prayers and gifts no less in the new order. The opportunity is ours to train a fine native force for the effective evangelization of this people."

Good News from Nigeria

From the Church Mission Society Mission in Nigeria, Africa, comes the good news that nearly 5,000 people among the Sofo section of the Igabos have forsaken idolatrous practices. Mothers, who formerly abandoned infants to starvation because they had cried at birth, are now raising them. Twins, too, are no longer looked upon with suspicious fear, but are allowed to live.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

APRIL 1.

The Quiet Ways of God's Providence

I Kings, 19:1-13.

The Daily Readings for this topic were printed in the last issue of our paper. They present a number of different instances in which we may observe the quiet way in which God works out His Providence.

Noise Does Not Make Power

The greatest forces in nature are the silent forces. Gravitation is the power which holds the universe in balance, but it works in perfect silence. Light is one of the strongest forces in producing chemical changes and yet it effects these changes without any audible sound.

Noise does not make power. It is rather the indication of a futile effort to resist some irresistible power, as when a river surges and bubbles when it passes through a narrow gorge or roars in impotent defiance as it is hurled over some mighty cataract.

So in the spiritual life the greatest force is the silent influence of God's Spirit, impelling men onward and upward in the line of Christian duty.

An Irresistible Influence

Though it works so quietly, God's Providence is an irresistible force. Men may oppose it, but their opposition is all in vain, for the Will of God is supreme, and in the end the divine purpose is sure to be accomplished.

Let us seek, therefore, to ascertain what is God's Will, and then let us put ourselves in the attitude of willing co-operation so that we may become fellow laborers with Him.

A Precious Promise

There is a blessed assurance of the beneficent results of the Divine Providence in the words of Paul: "We know that to them that love God all things work together for good."

Let us realize that this statement holds good under all circumstances, at all times, and in all places. There is only one condition and that is it applies solely "to them that love God."

God's Providence Rules in All Things

God's providence applies to individual lives. Elijah's life was crowded with marked instances of God's special dealing with him. But every believer may have the assurance of the same watchful care and protecting power as this prophet of old, if only he has the same faith.

God's providence applies to the nations of the earth. The history of Israel is a strong illustration of this truth. But God is still dealing with the nations, and there is every reason to believe that the nations which honor Him to-day will be just as richly blessed as were the chosen people of old.

APRIL 8.

The Significance of Easter

I. Corinthians 15:50-58.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Apr. 2. Angels in the tomb. Mark 16:1-7.
T. Apr. 3. Immortality demonstrated. 2 Tim. 1:10.
W. Apr. 4. The invisible made real. 2 Cor. 4:17-18; 5:1-9.
T. Apr. 5. Christ enthroned. Eph. 1:17-23.
F. Apr. 6. A day of reckoning. 2 Cor. 5:10-21.
S. Apr. 7. Resurrection life now. Col. 3:1-11.

The Scripture portion assigned for our topic is the conclusion of Paul's masterly argument for the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the dead. The significance of Easter is well summed up in these closing words of the Apostle's great plea for a firm belief in the reality of Christ's resurrection and in the resurrection of all those who by faith are one with Christ.

What Easter Means to You and Me
Let us try to summarize briefly some of the precious truths that Easter stands for.

Easter means a Risen Lord and Saviour. This was what it meant to the first disciples. This is still its glorious meaning to those who are His disciples now.

Easter means the resurrection of the dead in Christ. The Risen Christ has brought eternal life and immortality to light.

Easter means that death is conquered and the grave is vanquished. The assurance of the resurrection has robbed the tomb of all its terrors.

The Joy of the Eastertide

Easter is a time of joy. The awakening of nature from its long winter sleep thrills us through and through with the consciousness of the renewal of the life that seemed to have been suspended. The songs of the birds, the budding of the flowers, and all the vernal surroundings of the season arouse in us a note of joy.

But the greatest cause for rejoicing to the Christian at Easter tide is not the awakening of Nature but the remembrance of the fact that Jesus rose from the dead and that by His resurrection He has shown Himself to be the eternal and unchanging Light of the world.

An Incentive to Service

Upon every Christian rests the obligation and the privilege of making known unto others the precious significance of Easter.

At the end of his wonderful argument for the reality of the resurrection Paul draws this conclusion: "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Easter makes all Christian toil worth while. It emphasizes the fact that what we do for others we are doing for immortal souls. It stresses the "Resurrection life," and bids us order our lives with the eternal destinies of our fellow-men in view.

A Message of Comfort

Easter brings the most comforting message that humanity has ever known. It teaches us not to sorrow without hope for those that have died in the Lord, but to rejoice in their exaltation.

The thought of Easter transforms the thought of death. A silversmith throws broken metal into a melting pot, and out of old and battered material forms a new and beautiful cup. So God brings beauty out of the grave by giving to every human soul a new and spiritual body.

APRIL 15.

The Lord's Day the Best Day

Nehemiah 13:15-22.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Apr. 9. Best for meditation. Rev. 1:10-20.
T. Apr. 10. Best for instruction. Acts 16:12-15.
W. Apr. 11. Best for rest. Ex. 20:8-11.
T. Apr. 12. Best for worship. Ps. 118:24-29.
F. Apr. 13. Best for fellowship. Acts 20:7-12.
S. Apr. 14. Best for service. John 5:1-13.

The wording of this topic is a very happy one. In times not so very far past there was a tendency to regard the Sabbath as not the best, but the most tiresome and monotonous day of all the week. In those days when religion was looked upon by some people as almost synonymous with gloom, Sunday was of all days the most miserable, and instead of being considered the best it was often felt to be the worst day of all the seven. In these modern days the Lord's Day is looked upon in an entirely different light. It is regarded as a day to be enjoyed and not simply endured. It is prized as an opportunity for spiritual exaltation instead of morbid depression. It is employed by right-minded Christian people as an occasion for joyous service rather than for self-condemnatory introspection.

The Lord's Day is the best day for meditation, instruction, rest, worship, fellowship and service, as suggested in the Daily Bible Readings. It is also the best in many other ways, a few of which we will now consider briefly.

A Character Builder

The Lord's Day is the best for the upbuilding of character. Through the privileges which we enjoy on this holy day the moral fibre of our nature is

strengthened. By the instruction and fellowship which we enjoy in the Christian sanctuary we are made strong for the battle of our daily lives. By the contemplation of the spiritual verities of our most holy faith we are stimulated and inspired for the daily struggle with things which are of the earth earthy.

A Golden Opportunity

The Lord's Day is the best for specific Christian work. This does not mean that our religion is not to be a weekday as well as a Sunday profession. But unquestionably the Lord's Day brings a golden opportunity for a great deal of direct personal service which it is not easy to perform on any other day of the week. In other words the environment of the Lord's Day is distinctly helpful to the rendering of personal Christian service.

A Day to Be Guarded

Since the Lord's Day is the best, it must be jealously guarded from the foes that threaten it. Nehemiah showed a resolute spirit in dealing with those who profaned the sanctity of the Sabbath in his day, and we should be equally vigilant and determined in dealing with those who would weaken the observance of the Lord's Day at the present time.

Let us uphold the hands of those who are fighting to maintain the integrity of the Lord's Day. The need of a day of rest is ingrained in man's physical, moral and spiritual nature. Let us cherish the Lord's Day as a gift from God which is to be used to His Honor and glory and for the blessing of the human race.

APRIL 22.

How Lying Undermines Character

Lev. 19:11,12; Prov. 6:16-19.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Apr. 16. The first lies. Gen. 3:4-12.
T. Apr. 17. Cain's lie a subterfuge. Gen. 4:9.
W. Apr. 18. Leads to deception. Matt. 2:1-8.
T. Apr. 19. Leads to meanness. Luke 20:20-26.
F. Apr. 20. Lying fears man, dares God. Acts 5:1-11.
S. Apr. 21. Where lying ends. Rev. 21:8.

No one can study the Bible carefully without coming to the conclusion that God is a lover of truth and a hater of lies. Both the Old and the New Testament unite in teaching that truth is an essential attribute of God and that He requires truth as one of the characteristics of His children.

A lie is an abomination unto God. He whose very essence is truth cannot look upon that which is false without loathing. A lie is an offense unto God because it contravenes His very nature.

Untruthfulness in word or deed is a sin against mankind. Normal human relations are based upon truth, and nothing is more destructive to the maintenance of the right relations between men as the introduction of a falsehood.

It has been well said: "An untrue man is a moral murderer, his mouth the deadly weapon, and his neighbor the victim."

Lying leads to an inevitable deterioration of character. The utterance of one falsehood usually leads to the utterance of another and that to another, and so on. In other words the evil effect of lying is cumulative.

The moral result of a career of falsehood is illustrated in the incident that is told of Denades, the Athenian, who, in addressing the populace, said: "I call the gods to witness the truth of what I say." But the people, who knew his habit of lying, replied, "And we call the gods to witness that we will not believe what you say."

The habit of lying undermines character because he who values truth lightly is not apt to have a high regard for any of the other virtues.

Whatever temporary triumph may seem to be won by lying, let us remember that in the final analysis truth is always victorious. "Wisdom and truth are immortal," says Robert Hall, "cunning and deception, after glittering for a moment, pass away forever."

APRIL 29.

Missionary Opportunities in Latin-America

Isaiah 60:1-5.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Apr. 23. Educational opportunities. Acts 19:15-20.
T. Apr. 24. Religious example. I Pet. 2:9-20.
W. Apr. 25. Ready to listen. Acts 17:10-14.
T. Apr. 26. Opportunities to serve. Rom. 12:17-21.
F. Apr. 27. Reconstruction. Zech. 3:1-7.
S. Apr. 28. The power that saves. I Cor. 1:17-25.

Latin America is now being studied as a missionary field more extensively than ever before. The problem which it presents is not simple but complex. Despite the difficulties that are involved, large and substantial progress is being made in arriving at a program of action, and ere long it is hoped that advanced steps may be taken in winning Latin America for Christ.

Missionary work in foreign lands is now carried on under several well-defined divisions or departments. Among these are included evangelistic, educational, medical, industrial and literary lines of effort.

There is room in Latin America for all these different branches of missionary endeavor.

The population in Latin America includes the South American aborigines, who are most of them practically heathen. There is a large element of the population, who were once Roman Catholic, but who are now infidels, agnostics and atheists. A certain proportion of the people still cling closely to the Roman Catholic Church. Finally there is the Protestant element, which is small, but which holds out the brightest possibilities for the religious future of Latin America.

Evangelistic missionary work is needed in Latin America to proclaim the simple truths of a pure Gospel both to those who are heathen and agnostic and also to those who are living in the darkness of superstition and error.

There is a wide field for the educational department of missionary effort in Latin America, for illiteracy is widespread and educational institutions are few and far between.

Unfortunately too, atheism and infidelity are the dominant influences in those schools and colleges which exist apart from the missionary enterprise. Hence the crying need for the establishing of Christian institutions of learning to disseminate a system of education founded upon the principles of the Gospel.

There is sore need of medical missions in Latin-America. Vice is one of the plague spots of all South American countries, and medical missions and wise sanitary regulations are needed to counteract the evil results that have followed an unbridled regime of lust and impurity.

Industrial missions find an appropriate field among the uncivilized natives of Latin-America.

Probably the most important agency for the evangelization of Latin-America lies in the use of Christian literature prepared in the Spanish and Portuguese languages. The great bulk of the population use one or the other of these two languages.

There are vast regions where as yet the Protestant missionaries have not yet secured a footing, but Christian books and tracts may be scattered far and wide, if only the necessary financial means be provided, and each book or tract may be a silent evangelist, winning souls to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

For many years the American Tract Society has been supplying Christian literature for Latin-America. It has already published over 15,000,000 copies of books, tracts and periodicals in the Spanish and Portuguese languages, and it is now making comprehensive plans for the issue of new and greatly needed publications, including a One Volume Bible Commentary in Spanish and other books that will be of invaluable service.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Easter Joy Bells

BY CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT

*How silver-sweet the Joy Bells ring!
Hark! They proclaim again
The Resurrection of our King,
Whose right it is to reign,
White clouds in the blue sky above
Like angels' pinions gleam.
O Day of joy, of peace and love,
Thou art no poet's dream!*

*We know in whom we have believed—
He for our ransom came,
His Gospel we in faith received,
Confessed His Holy Name.
O Blessed Christ! the crown of thorns
Oppressed Thy sinless brow;
A peerless diadem adorns
The Victor's temples now.*

*Saviour and King, we cleave to Thee!
Each glorious Easter day
Illumes life's unresting sea,
That bears us all away.
Sweet Joy Bells peal! Your silver chime
Resounding o'er and o'er
Reminds us of the heavenly clime
Where death shall be no more.*

*No tears, no sorrow—best of all,
No sin to cloud our peace;
Father! As we Thy love recall,
May all forebodings cease.
We bless Thee for the matchless love
That sent the Saviour down;
This Easter Day, enthroned above,
He wears the Victor's crown.*

A Pair of Spectacles

BY JEAN MATEER BEEMAN.

"HOW would you like to go over to the prison with me this afternoon, Marion?" asked Mrs. Thornton of Marion Mills, her young niece from America, who had come to pay her missionary aunt a visit at Tai Yuan Fu in North China.

"Oh, I'd love to go, Aunt Madge. Tell me something about the work, won't you, so I'll know what to expect. It's rather a novel experience, going to prison, you know," laughed the girl as she turned inquiringly toward the older woman.

"Several years ago," replied Mrs. Thornton, "the governor of this Province went to Japan to study prison work and upon his return he set about the establishing of a model prison here in our city of Tai Yuan Fu. The women prisoners usually number less than a score. The male prisoners number four hundred at the present time. Each woman has her separate cell, and as soon as the day's work is done and the evening meal is over, each prisoner is locked into her cell until the morning and no light is allowed her. Extreme cleanliness and orderliness is insisted upon. The diet is simple, but abundant. All the prisoners are compelled to work, the men in the various workshops, or at building, gardening, and so forth, the women with the laundry and needle work. One of the old women has been a great trial to me; she has been sentenced to serve for fifteen years, is very talkative, and so far has absolutely refused to listen to the Gospel message."

"It's all so interesting!" exclaimed Marion. "The letters you have written have told so much about the terrible conditions in the usual Chinese prison, that it is indeed good to know of a governor who has the welfare of his prisoners so much at heart!"

That afternoon when Mrs. Thornton and Marion Mills reached the Tai Yuan Fu Model Prison the women were busy at their work. A warden led the callers to the women's quarters, unlocked the door of the courtyard and called to the wardress, who came forward to receive the foreigners. The order was given and instantly the women hurried to their cells to smooth their hair or hastily put on their outer garments. As the ladies entered the narrow court each prisoner stood at the door of her cell with head bowed and eyes down.

Then at a few cordial words of encouragement from the missionary the poor souls crowded around her with many requests. One woman wanted stuff with which to patch her clothes, another material for the soles of shoes, another ties for her hair, and so on.

The troublesome old woman, sentenced to fifteen years, finally slowly approached the missionary; she had never before done such a thing, always running into her cell and refusing to be talked to about the "Jesus Doctrine." But on this particular day she seemed eager to converse. In her hands she carried an old pair of Chinese spectacles, which she held out to Mrs. Thornton, saying breathlessly:

"I cannot see through them. Do you think you could exchange them for a stronger pair? The days are so dreary—but if I had some good glasses, I could do mending and help the other women to keep their clothes in shape."

Mrs. Thornton was pleased at the request and promised to see what could be done about the spectacles—perhaps it might be the salvation of this poor soul who had so long resisted the Gospel Message.

For the next few days, after her visit to the Chinese prison, Marion Mills was

life. She was always losing her spectacles and I made it my special duty to keep track of them for her. Just the day before she left us, for her Heavenly home, she called me to her bedside, saying softly: 'Dear child, I want you to have my glasses as a keepsake, but if there should ever come a time when they can do any good in the world, be sure to pass them on. I had thought that their day of usefulness was over, but who knows—perhaps a new day may dawn for them.'

For a few moments it was very still in the little parlor of the missionary home, as both Mrs. Thornton and her niece recalled to mind the one they had loved so much.

"I was thinking, Auntie, that the 'new day' has come, and that Grandmother's spectacles might do a great deal of good if we gave them to Mrs. Li," said Marion wistfully.

"I am sure of it, dear," was Mrs. Thornton's quick reply, as she gathered Marion into her arms and told her that her gift would surely bear fruit unto a golden harvest.

When the next weekly visit to the prison came around, a box filled with a variety of things was unpacked before the eager eyes of the women prisoners.



WASHING DAY.

strangely silent, and finally her aunt said to her:

"What's wrong, girlie? Are you worried over anything? You haven't seemed quite happy since your visit to the prison."

A tender smile lit up the face of the young girl.

"I cannot forget that poor Mrs. Li, who begged so hard for new spectacles. Have you taken hers yet for exchange to any of the native shops?" she asked eagerly.

"Not yet, I had planned to attend to that to-morrow. But why do you ask?"

Marion bent forward quickly, laying her hand upon her aunt's arm, as she said:

"You needn't search further, Auntie—I have the spectacles for her."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton in astonishment. "Where did you get them?"

"They are Grandmother's spectacles!" "Grandmother's spectacles! My own mother's glasses! Why, child, how do you happen to have them?" inquired the aunt.

Marion pulled a chair up beside her aunt and quietly proceeded to explain.

"You know that Grandmother lived with us for the last few years of her

Then Grandmother's spectacles appeared! The old lady cried for joy, stretching out her hands eagerly for the treasure!

"But they may not suit your eyes!" said Mrs. Thornton anxiously. The glasses were immediately tried on—and they suited perfectly!

Old Mrs. Li turned to young Marion Mills, who had brought the gift and said regretfully: "I'm afraid these will cost more money than I can raise in a long time."

"Tell her," replied Marion, turning to her Aunt as interpreter, "that I give them to her free. Tell her they were Grandmother's!" and her voice was a bit choked.

"No! no!" insisted the prisoner, "I cannot take them that way! The young lady from over the seas is too good. She must accept these cash—they are all I have in the world—but I'll pay more just as soon as I can make some with the sewing."

"Tell her again," said Marion gently, "that I would not think of taking money for Grandmother's spectacles. She is in Heaven with the Christ, who died to save us all! Tell her that it is a free gift, just as the Heavenly Father freely offers His salvation to her to-day."

In the next hour the wretchedness of the prison life was forgotten as the women listened eagerly to the story to which the gift of Grandmother's spectacles opened the way—the tale of the welcoming love of the Heavenly Father, waiting to receive every repentant sinner.

At the close of the talk, old Mrs. Li—who had long been considered the most hardened of all the prisoners, took both the hands of Marion Mills into her own rough palms, and there was a new and wonderful light in her face as she said earnestly: "Thank you so much for your gift! I'm going to study the 'Jesus Doctrine' with all my might—and someday, perhaps in the other world—I can thank your dear grandmother for her spectacles!"

One Millionaire

"He's a millionaire, that boy is," I said to a young friend at my side.

The boy with whom I was walking looked across the way at the lad of whom my words were spoken. There was certainly nothing about the latter to suggest his wealth.

"You don't say so! It can't really be so; he looks almost shabby."

"No matter for that. I live in the same block and I know. But I did not say that he was worth a million of money."

"Oh!" The boy who was listening looked rather disappointed. Still, he was anxious to know what the other one might have, anyhow, so he asked, "What, then?"

"He is what is called a 'millionaire of cheerfulness.' He is merry and bright the whole day long, not alone when all is sweetness and light, but when it isn't. He has such pluck and spirit, and such unfailing good nature, that he must have a million to draw upon, though he pays no taxes upon his capital. You never see him scowling or hear him whining. So he scatters his fortune all about and is a blessing to the neighborhood. I wish there were more millionaires of cheerfulness. There might be, if everybody gathered up all the sunshine to be had and gave it out as royally as Rob, who goes whistling yonder."

Then I went on, leaving Dick to wonder whether he were as rich as Rob, and if not, why not?—EXCHANGE.

Laugh It Off

Does your work get into kinks?

Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks?

Laugh it off.

If it's sanity you're after

There's no recipe like laughter—

Laugh it off.

Our Fireside

How They Faced the Parting of the Ways

By Charles A. Ingraham

ORRIN OLMSTED sat by the fireside gazing steadily at a picture of a boy, holding it at different angles, endeavoring evidently to gain as realistic a sense of it as possible. Everything in the room betokened comfortable living; a great, soft lounge seemed to invite you to a quiet nap, an old-fashioned, roomy rocker with hospitable arms seemed yearning for companionship, and an ancient tall clock, with a quaint hood and dial, ticked lazily in the corner. A lamp burned brightly on the center table, on either side of which was a well-worn arm chair, which had been occupied by Orrin and Molly Olmsted for upwards of sixty years. When Molly had taken her accustomed place, Orrin said:

"Molly, while I was getting together the things I wish to take with me to the Home, in rummaging around I found this old picture of Sammy Hawkins. Don't you remember him; that little boy who lived next door and was about my own age? Well, there he is, and I declare, I hadn't thought of him in many, many years. Sammy gave me the picture at the station when he was leaving with the family to settle in another State. It was hard for us youngsters to separate, and I remember that Sammy's father had to pull us apart, for we were locked in each other's arms. It was no wonder, for we had been much together, so that the neighbors called us 'The Twins.' I can recall just how Sammy looked, with his face all red and tear-stained as the train moved away, and then he threw this picture to me from the car and burst out crying again harder than ever."

Orrin Olmsted laid the photograph on the table, removed his spectacles and gazed thoughtfully into the fire before him. He was a man of noble countenance, and his high, broad forehead and shaven, well-chiseled features in which there beamed always an amiable light, made him attractive and restful to look upon. He was contented and ever happy, feeling confident that everything was running on in a proper manner and that he need not worry about the future, that somehow and in some way he and his, namely, Molly, the canary, Dan the dog, Jack the cat, Old Frank the horse, Kate the cow, and twelve hens would fare as well in the future as they had in the past.

Molly was of the same optimistic temperament; quiet, happy and uncomplaining. Even in the crisis which was upon

them, they manifested little if any anxiety or sorrow.

"Molly," Orrin would say, "God is good, and that is all we need to know." And she would smile at him in a trustful, reassuring way, quite indifferent to the cloud which was hanging over them.

Orrin and Molly—thus they were associated by all the villagers—had come in their old age to their greatest trial. They owned their little place; a house with a few acres of land, but their money was gone, and it had been arranged that Orrin would go to dwell in the Masonic Home and that Molly would live at the Home for Aged Women, widely separated from each other. Thus their long and happy wedded life was to be sundered. The people loved Orrin and Molly, and the sentiment being reciprocated, their only desire was to live on among their life-long friends and at last to be buried on the hill in the pleasant field of the dead, which looked out on the river winding on through the valley. Their home was on one of the less frequented streets and in the outskirts of the village and looked directly against the embankment of the railway, upon which night and day, trains thundered by.

For many years Orrin Olmsted had been the village postmaster, but the place had been secured by a younger and a more energetic man, and with the little cash laid by for the future exhausted, there was nothing for the old couple but to accept the offerings of charity.

But when Orrin and Molly walked out to church on the last Sabbath that they were to be in the town, both were in their accustomed good spirits, greeting everyone cordially and wearing the gracious smiles of which all so much enjoyed being recipients. No one would have considered them other than affluent, both being of portly build, tastefully clad and carrying with them a general atmosphere of dignity and opulent security.

Yet, as the day of separation came nearer, their excellent spirits began to lag, for it was impossible for them to be cheerful under such depressing circumstances, and though it had been arranged that all harassing features of the leave-taking should be avoided, there was yet unspoken to each other and hardly acknowledged by themselves, a great burden of grief in the hearts of the venerable couple. Everything that ingenuity could contrive to ease the shock of the inevitable calamity had been accomplished, each endeavoring to hide from themselves and from others the dread reality of the fateful day now almost at

hand. A married nephew of Orrin had been secured to dwell in the home with the understanding that in all respects, even to detail, the house and the out-buildings with all they contained were to be undisturbed, and that the domestic animals were to be provided for on the premises during life. All this having been settled, Orrin and Molly, when the sad day should arrive, were merely to walk away as if going for a visit.

It was now but a few days ere the time set for their departure, and as Orrin opened the morning mail he was pleased to find an invitation for himself and Molly to the golden wedding of friends whom they had known from childhood. A sunny smile shone on his face as he gave the note to Molly and said:

"That will be an enjoyable occasion, and you and I must be on hand early and stay late. All the old boys and girls will be there and it will be a happy renewal of life to meet so many of them again and under such pleasant circumstances."

Molly, too, was delighted, and even began singing a bit of an old love ditty, when she suddenly paused in her sewing and with her hands lying listlessly in her lap looked sadly towards Orrin who was taking the wrapper from a newspaper:

"Orrin," she said, "when the wedding is held we will be—" her voice failed and she hurried from the room, while Orrin lifted his paper to conceal his face. It was the first time that they had allowed themselves to betray their feelings.

Orrin went slowly to the stable and gave Old Frank a pail of water. It was a pleasing Spring morning, the birds were singing and the grass was freshening the lawn. Oh! it was hard to leave forever the little home endeared through the happy associations of so many years. Though he had tried to minimize, conceal and gloss over the ordeal now so near at hand, even the anticipation of the event was almost more than he could bear.

Old Frank appropriated the water with relish and the pleasant look that he gave his master was an additional pang of regret to the old man, and taking his neck in his arms he said brokenly:

"Old Frank, we have companioned together many a day, but soon we must part; yet I have made the future secure for you, old horse. You will always enjoy excellent care, dwelling right here where you have lived so long. Molly and I will remember you and think fondly of you frequently, for you have always served us faithfully, taken us on lots of pleasant drives, and you have never done us a mean trick. God bless you, Old Frank!" And Orrin gave him a liberal ration of salt and brushed down his coat caressingly.

But Orrin and Molly soon recovered their usual composure and sat down to dinner in cheerful spirits. Said Orrin:

"Molly, I've been thinking that our plans, though they may not seem very attractive, are on the whole what will be better for us than if we were to remain here. Very likely the house would be struck by lightning or catch fire, or a frightful accident would befall one or both of us, or a calamity of some kind would overtake us. Then, in our new homes, there will likely be found enjoyments which we do not anticipate. Anyway, I am of the positive conviction that everything is working for our eventual good, and I am going to stick to that belief even if the earth should open and swallow us up."

"Orrin," replied Molly with emphasis, "I've been thinking out those very same ideas. I'm sure that we are being wisely directed, and if trouble is sent to us, then trouble is what we stand in need of. Yes, Orrin, I am perfectly reconciled to whatever the future has in store for us."

Molly's reassuring philosophy was interrupted by the joyful notes of a bobolink, the first of the season, and she went to the door the better to hear the wild, exultant music of the song bird.

All too soon the final day arrived in which they might enjoy their home, and they were sitting at supper, the last they would partake of under the old home roof; but they were cheerful outwardly, whatever may have been their sufferings. They heard the roar of a train as it dashed by, jingling the spoon in the sugar



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bowl, while a faint, pungent whiff of engine smoke wafted in through the open windows. Orrin glanced at the clock and remarked:

"The 'six-twenty' is on time all right." But it was the last evening, he sadly thought, upon which he would hear it thunder past the pleasant old home.

He walked over to the post office for the evening mail, receiving from those he met expressions of regard mingled with words of regret. Even the children came to him, bidding him goodbye and clinging to his hands, a bevy of them walking with him along the street. For the first time the villagers were realizing that Orrin and Molly had been a power in the place, ever exerting by their genial and kindly personalities a cheering and helpful influence; and now that they were about to depart, they could not sufficiently express their affection for them and sorrow at their removal from their midst.

As Orrin was returning, at the railroad crossing he noticed that the station agent was turning the switch, and inquiring as to the meaning of it was told that a special was due from the junction, twenty-five miles away. A few persons had collected to see the train arrive, and Orrin joined them. Presently a locomotive with a single coach drew into the siding and a plain, keen-visaged man, its only occupant, alighted and gazed vaguely around. He was of advanced years, but well preserved and with a quick step and business-like air. Observing that he seemed at a loss as to where he should proceed, Orrin approached and bidding him good evening, inquired if he could be of any assistance.

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I was looking for the Peterson House, but it seems not to be visible, or else I have lost my bearings."

"The Peterson House!" exclaimed

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Orrin. "Why! that tavern was torn down thirty years ago. That brick building yonder, Benton's Block, stands where the old hotel stood."

The stranger removed his hat and wiping his forehead remarked that time and he had not kept very good track of each other, and inquired where he might find the leading hotel.

"This way," said Orrin, promptly, and the two moved from the group who, greatly disappointed, esteemed Orrin a favored mortal in that without doubt he would arrive at a full degree of information as to the name, residence and errand of the visitor.

Having shown him to the hotel, Orrin proceeded home and remarked to Molly that a special had just come in bearing a stranger on mysterious business.

"Oh, that was the man who tipped his hat to me as the train passed a little while ago," said she.

"Did you return his bow, Molly?" inquired Orrin.

"Of course I did; you are not jealous, I hope," she replied archly.

"Not at all," Orrin hastened to explain. "I only wanted to be sure that you did, for he is a civil man and of considerable importance of some kind, I am sure. Funny though that he should be bowing to people along the road."

O, the tragedy of that last evening in the dear old home! They sat in their places by the center table, but in spite of themselves there was silence, deep and heavy. Their thoughts went back to the happy time so long ago when they had come after their marriage into this house and had sat in this very room. Here, even, Orrin had been born, and throughout his life had known no other home. Of childhood days they dreamed, and saw themselves hand in hand coming from the village school, lovers even then. Had they not, they thought, deserved something better for their old age? Was it not a cruel providence that was driving them from their home and friends? Such thoughts would obtrude in spite of their efforts to maintain a spirit of resignation.

"Molly," said Orrin at last, breaking

the long and painful silence, "it seems that sometime or somewhere I have met that stranger that came on the special. I have thought of it repeatedly ever since I saw him; it is like a dream; something in his voice, looks and manner seems familiar but somehow I cannot place him."

There was a tap on the door and answering it, Orrin saw before him the stranger of whom he had been speaking.

"Orry," exclaimed the caller, "you don't know me! I am Sammy Hawkins." The two old men looked eagerly at each other for a few moments and then fell into an embrace.

After the surprise and the pleasurable emotions had in a measure subsided, Hawkins explained that he had read an item in the local village paper which stated that his old friends were about to leave the place, and how that hastening from his home in Chicago he had barely the possibility of reaching the town before the event would be consummated.

"Orry," said he, "I am here to help you and if I can prevent it, you will never leave this roof. I have been a long while in Chicago, but I have never forgotten you, and when I remember our loyal friendship, and how we suffered when we were separated, it gives me a better opinion of humanity, and I will say here that it is the recollection of our love for each other that has kept me from a good many mean acts. You would have heard from me long ago, only that I have had a hard fight with the world and have had no time and little disposition to interest myself in anything but business."

While Hawkins was thus making himself understood, the house dog arose from his slumbers, and having gaped and stretched himself, came familiarly up to the caller and placed his chin on his knee and looked kindly into his face. Unconsciously he stroked the dog's head, while the cat taking courage, sprang up and settled himself comfortably in his lap.

"Now Orry," Hawkins went on, "I want to pay you what is really yours. Many years ago my father had a deal with yours which involved the sale to the former of a certain piece of land. This property my father disposed of to a mill company who were damming the river and were compelled to purchase the ground that would be flooded by the impounded waters, and realized a large advance in the sale. My father had inside information of what was coming and secured at a low price the land which thus was to be in demand at higher figures. I have always felt that in equity you should be reimbursed and I am here to do so with compound interest from the date of the sale. It foots up to a nice sum of money, Orry, and you will find it to your credit in the bank here whenever you may call for it."

With a business-like air Hawkins took up his hat and cane and arose to take his leave. Orrin and Molly were too overcome to speak, and could only hold his hands and look their gratitude.

That night Samuel Hawkins, millionaire, slept in the "spare room" of the Olmsted house, for Orrin and Molly would not permit him to return to the hotel. Never had he felt happier than when he lay thinking of the joy he had brought into this modest home and to the hearts of his childhood's playmates, and just before lapsing into sleep he heard Orrin saying:

"Molly, I kept telling you that God is good."

Sharing With Others.

A practical tribute to the value of the AMERICAN MESSENGER is given by one of its valued subscribers, Mrs. Bruce of New Rochelle, N. Y. This esteemed lady, who is nearly ninety years of age, has recently sent us not only her own renewal but also a new subscription to be sent to a friend. We would be deeply gratified if every subscriber when renewing would also send one or more new subscriptions, thus increasing the circulation of the paper and widening its helpful influence.

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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During February, 1917

Total Donations (Including \$286.53 for Special Objects), \$1,720.99.

CALIFORNIA, \$35.65.
Mr. Stewart, \$25; Mr. Smith, \$5; Mrs. Nolting, \$4.65; Dr. Esgate, \$1.

COLORADO, \$1.
Miss Hall, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1.

CONNECTICUT, \$218.28.
Mr. Baldwin, \$20; Mrs. Mead, \$25; Mr. Lummis, \$2.50; Mrs. Walter, \$5; Miss Reynolds, \$5; Prof. Farnam, \$10; Mr. Lewis, \$10; Miss Sterling, \$2; Mrs. Cameron, \$5; Mrs. Barber, \$4; Mr. Nettleton, \$2.50; Mrs. Stone, \$1; Farmington, Church Collection, \$20.48; Mrs. Williams, \$1; Miss Shipman, \$5; Mr. Tatem, \$5; Mrs. Avery, \$1; Mrs. Chapin, \$2; Mr. Beecher, \$5; Miss Clark, \$2; Miss Pier-son, \$1; Mrs. Osgood, \$10; Mrs. Curtis, \$2; Mrs. Colt, \$5; Southington, Church Offering, \$10; Mrs. Griswold, \$5; Mr. Dean, \$2; Mr. Jennings, for Aid of Gospel Work, \$10; Mrs. Beard, \$5; Westchester, Church offering, \$2.80; "A Friend," \$1.00; Mr. Wells, \$3.00; Mrs. Wil-lard, \$1; Mr. Cooke, \$5; Miss Ernesty, \$1; Miss Sill, \$5; Mrs. Fitzsimmons, \$10; "A Friend," \$5; Mr. Stettbacher, \$1.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$55.
Washington, Church Collection, \$5; Wash-ington, Church Offering, \$50.

GEORGIA, \$5.
"Griffin," \$5.

IDAHO, \$3.
Mr. Froese, \$3.

ILLINOIS, \$46.
Sutter, Church Offering, by a member, \$2; Rev. Mr. Hildenstein, \$0.65; Kirkwood, Church Collection, \$1.35; Mrs. Klein, \$2; Mr. Schmidt, \$15; Forrester, Ladies Society Col-lection, \$25.

INDIANA, \$20.33
Connersville, Church Collection, \$4; Mrs. Anderson, \$0.50; Mrs. Woodward, \$0.35; Greensburg, Church Collection, \$3.48; Mr. Humphe, \$2; Dr. and Mrs. Hawk, \$10.

IOWA, \$65.18.
Orange City, Church Collection, \$10; Mr. Meyer, \$5; Mr. Schmidt, \$5; Mr. Kraemer, \$5; Sac City, Church Collection, \$10; Breda, Church Collection, \$30.18.

KANSAS, \$16.20.
Mr. Graeber, \$2.65; Mr. Epp, \$2.30; Mr. Regier, \$4.30; Mr. Fred and Mrs. Haas, \$2; Mrs. Regier, \$0.65; Mrs. Heim, \$2.30; Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, \$2.

KENTUCKY, \$10.
Mayville, Church Collection, \$10.

MAINE, \$13.
Mrs. Eaton, \$5; Bath, Church Offering, \$5; "A Friend," \$2; Mr. Liscomb, \$1.

MARYLAND, \$13.
Baltimore, Church Offering, \$8; German-town, Church Collection, \$5.

MASSACHUSETTS, \$164.97.
Mr. Hofmeyer, \$0.65; Miss Bates, \$1; Miss Sedgwick, \$5; Mrs. Sylvan, \$1; Miss Thacher, \$2; Miss Thompson, \$3; Mrs. Mehaffey, \$5; Mr. Crosby, \$10; Miss Belcher, \$1; Mr. Wy-man, \$1; Mr. Brewster, \$2; "A Friend," \$1; Miss Choate, \$1; Mrs. Brooks, \$1; Dr. Berry, \$2; Dr. Byrne, \$2; Mrs. Bird, \$2; Mr. Brooks, \$5; Miss Fountain, \$1; Mrs. Keyes, \$0.90; Mr. Wight, \$2; Mrs. Dole, \$5; "A Friend," \$5; Mr. Dyer, \$1; Mrs. Jenkins, \$5; Miss Southworth, \$5; Mr. Hills, \$1; Miss Driver, \$1; Mr. Haskell, \$5; Miss Richards, \$1; Miss Fales, \$1; Miss Buttrick, \$2; Mr. Buffinton, \$2; Mrs. Dearborn, \$1; Miss Galpin, \$1; Mr. Bailey, \$3; Mrs. Alcott, \$2; Miss Estabrook, \$1; Miss Haynes, \$1; Miss MacKenzie, \$0.25; Mrs. Connor, \$5; Miss Mann, \$1; Mrs. Belcher, \$3; Mrs. Love, \$1; Miss Strong, \$1; Mrs. Knowles, \$5; Miss Leonard, \$0.25; Mr. Stearns, \$1; Mr. Wales, \$5; Mr. Whittemore, for distribution of Literature, \$25; Miss John-son, \$1; Miss Means, \$2; Mrs. Kimball, \$2; Mr. Childs, \$1; Mr. Pomeroy, \$2; Miss Speare, \$5; Miss Prescott, \$1; Rev. Mr. Bying-ton, \$1; Mr. Robinson, \$1; Mrs. Smith, \$0.42; Mrs. Cannon, \$0.50; Mr. Chase, \$5; Mrs. Deane, \$1; Rev. Mr. Enrich, D. D., \$2.

MINNESOTA, \$5.
Miss Green, \$3; Mr. Houliston, \$2.

MICHIGAN, \$26.30.
Mr. Blackmon, \$25; Mrs. Schindler, \$1.30.

MISSOURI, \$24.65.
Mr. Mallinckrodt, Sr., \$1.65; St. Louis, Ladies Aid Society Collection, \$5; St. Louis, Church Offering, \$3; Mrs. Vetter, \$3; Mr. Campbell, \$10; Webster Groves, Church Col-lection, \$2.

NEBRASKA, \$47.95.
Rev. Mr. Hammann, \$0.95; Mr. Nuss, \$2; Hickman, Sunday School Collection, \$10; Hickman, Ladies Missionary Society Collec-tion, \$10; Rev. Mr. Reinhard, \$25.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$14.
Miss Benn, \$2; Mrs. Day, \$2; Mrs. Buswell, \$1; Mr. Williams, \$2; Mrs. Haskell, \$1; Mrs. Rollins, \$5; Mrs. Rowell, \$1.

NEW JERSEY, \$161.64.
Miss Pennwell, \$2; Miss Alden, \$5; Cape May, Church Offering, \$3.88; High Bridge, Church Collection, \$4; Orange, Church Col-lection, \$5; Westfield, Church Offering, \$39.23; Mr. Voorhees, for Soldier's Text Books, \$2.50; Jersey City, Church Collection, \$2; Mrs. Williams, \$5; Princeton, Church Offer-ing, \$4.68; Burlington Church Collection, \$5; Newark, Church Offering, \$5; Trenton, Church Offering, \$20; Miss Bonnell, \$2; Miss Carter, \$10; Mrs. Ferris, for Soldier's Text Books, \$2; Salem, Church Offering, \$5.58; Middle Valley, Church Collection, \$3; South Orange, Church Collection, \$20.90; Atlantic City,

Church Offering, \$2; Chatham, Church Offer-ing, \$1.39; Mrs. Holmes, \$7; Freehold, Church Collection, \$4.48.

NEW YORK, \$237.82.
King Testimonial Fund, \$18; The Christian Herald, \$1; Mr. Brinker, \$0.53; Miss Holgate, \$2; New York City, Church Offering, \$3; Mrs. Hyde, \$50; New Brighton, Church Of-fering, \$25; Miss Strong \$20; Setauket, L. I., Church Offering, \$13.29; Miss Lockwood, \$25; Oriskany, Church Collection, \$5; Rochester, Church Offering, \$20; Mr. Otis, \$10; Miss Krehbiel, \$5; Mr. Ramsey, for Soldier's Text Books, \$2; Miss Tatlock, \$1; Mr. Downs, \$5; Mr. Francis, \$5; Miss Brown, \$5; Mr. Hoyt, \$0.50; Mrs. Duncan, for Soldier's Text Book, \$10; Mrs. Cowee, \$5; Utica, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Burrell, \$1.50.

OHIO, \$242.15.
Mrs. Bassenhorst, \$0.65; Cincinnati, Church Collection, \$2.50; Mr. Rutledge, \$1.50; Mr. Buss, \$5; Mr. Corner, \$5; Mr. Hopkins, \$5; Mr. Kirkpatrick, \$5; Mr. Kite, \$5; S. Morton & Sons, \$5; Mabley & Carew Co., \$5; Mr. Meininger, \$10; Mr. Richardson, \$1; John Shillito Co., \$5; Miss Thorp, \$5; Dr. Walton, \$1; Dr. Withrow, \$2; Mr. Adair, \$1; Mr. Baker, \$3; Mr. Bright, \$2; Hon. Mr. Duncan, \$2; Mr. Dunn, \$5; Mrs. Gill, \$3; Mr. Har-rington, \$2; Mrs. Holmes, \$7; Mr. Hughes, \$1; Mr. McManigal, \$1; Mr. Putman, \$2; Dr. Tinberman, \$5; Mrs. Ackley, \$30; Mr. Carr, \$5; Dr. Dunham, \$10; Hon. Mr. Mc-Cann, \$2; Rev. Mr. Wilson, D.D., \$1; Messrs. C. & P. Benninghofer, \$10; First National Bank, \$5; Dr. Francis, \$2; Miss McKee, \$1; Second National Bank, \$5; Mrs. Kohl, \$3; Mrs. Black, \$0.50; Dr. Bliss, \$0.50; Mr. A. Barrett, \$1; Mr. E. Barrett, \$1; Mr. G. Brain, \$3; Miss Brain, \$1; Mr. W. Brain, \$2; Miss Burrowes, \$1; Mr. Carson, including \$5 for Soldier's Text Book, \$10; Mr. Corry, \$1; Mr. Craig, \$1; Dr. Davy, \$1; Mrs. Geiger, \$5; Mrs. Gotwald, \$3; Miss Hunt, \$2; Col. King, \$1; Dr. Oldham, \$0.50; Mr. Pierce, \$1; Mr. Price, \$5; Mr. Rodgers, \$2; Miss Rodgers, \$1; Miss Starrett, \$1; Mr. Thomas, \$5; Mrs. Tresler, \$2; Mr. G. Winger, \$1; Mr. J. Winger, \$2; Wooster, Church Collection, \$10; Mrs. Brine, \$5; Mr. Brauer, \$1.

OKLAHOMA, \$1.
Mr. Ben Hill, \$1.

OREGON, \$22.
"Ein Freund," for German Sailors, \$5; "A Friend," \$5; Mr. Voorhies, \$10; Mr. Bartelt, \$2.

PENNSYLVANIA, \$195.75.
Frauenverein der evangel Christugemeinde, \$5; Mrs. Clawson, \$2; Rev. Mr. Kelly, \$1; Penfield, Church Collection, \$1; Missions Schwestern Verein, \$1; Miss Merkle, \$1.65; Philadelphia, Sunday School Offering, \$26; Miss Walker, \$2; Slovak National Union, \$5; Reading, Church Collection, \$5; Clearfield, Church Offering, \$5; Philadelphia, Church Of-fering, \$8.23; Miss Lehman, \$5; Mr. Menzie, \$5; Pittsburgh, Church Collection, \$7.02; Miss Thomas, \$10; Scranton, Church Collection, \$10; Mr. Denison, \$10; Mr. Magill, for Literature to Russian Prisoners of War, \$5; Germantown, Church Offering, \$5; Mrs. Ireland, \$0.50; Sewickley, Church Offering, \$25; Mr. Pietzsch, \$5.85; Library, Church Collection, \$5; New Castle, Church Offering, \$4.50; Pittsburgh, Church Collection, \$25; Warren, Church Offer-ing, \$10.

RHODE ISLAND, \$16.
Miss Day, \$2; Miss Bushee, \$1; Dr. Moore, \$2; Providence, Church Collection, given by C. H. Leonard, M.D., \$3; Mr. Gamwell, \$5; Miss Leavitt, \$3.

SOUTH DAKOTA, \$16.
Sioux Falls, Church Collection, \$15; Mr. Timmermann, \$1.

TENNESSEE, \$1.
Knoxville, Church Offering, \$1.

TEXAS, \$1.
Mr. Goode, \$1.

VERMONT, \$16.50.
Miss Goodhue, \$1; Miss Keyes, \$2; "A Friend," \$1; Miss Higley, \$1; Mrs. Kilburn, \$0.50; Rev. Mr. Barnes, \$7; Mrs. Hall, \$2; Mrs. Pease, \$1; Mrs. Notting, \$1.

VIRGINIA, \$6.
Mr. Blackstone, \$1; Mr. Simmons, \$5.

WASHINGTON, \$4.65.
Mr. Gredel, \$4.65.

WISCONSIN, \$8.30.
Mr. Ott, Jr., \$0.65; Mrs. Kolb, \$1.65; Water-town, Church Offering, \$1; Mr. Wintermantel, \$5.

FOREIGN, \$6.67.
Canada, Rev. Mr. Ritzmann, \$2.04; Mr. Loewen, \$1.15; Mrs. McCrae, \$1.48; Turkey, Rev. Mr. Christie, \$2.

LEGACIES, \$190.
Clarion, Pa., Estate of M. E. Bittenbender, \$190.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS.... \$754.24
Income for Missionary Work..... 754.24

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not au-thorized to supply Life Members.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of.....dollars to be ap-plied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

To the Friends and Donors of the American Tract Society in the West and Northwest

Correspondence has been received at the Home Office of the American Tract Society, New York, N. Y., which reveals the fact that there is a decided misap-prehension on the part of many people as to the relations existing between the American Tract Society and the Chicago Tract Society.

Connection between these two Societies was severed more than two years ago, and since that time they have been, and are now as distinctively separate as it is possible for two organizations to be.

Gifts or legacies in behalf of the Chi-cago Tract Society do not reach the treasury of the American Tract Society, nor do they in any way aid the world-wide work of the latter Society.

Gifts sent to the Chicago Tract So-ciety support the local work of that So-ciety among the immigrants.

Donations and legacies in behalf of the American Tract Society are used for the creation and distribution of Chris-tian literature throughout the mission fields of the world, including a large service among the foreign-speaking peo-ple in our own country.

All those, therefore, in the West and Northwest, who wish to aid the world-wide work of the American Tract Society should send their donations to Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary of the American Tract Society for the Western and Northwestern States, 721 South 37th Street, Omaha, Nebraska, or to Louis Tag, Treasurer of the American Tract Society, Park Avenue and 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Welcomed as a Friend.

Mrs. Heath of Palo, Michigan, in re-newing her subscription to the AMERI-CAN MESSENGER writes:

"I have taken the AMERICAN MESSEN-GER for a number of years, and don't feel like giving it up. I welcome it as a friend with its words of cheer and coun-sel which I need."

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On account of the additional charge which is made by the New York Post Office for mail-ing to subscribers in New York and Bronx Counties (Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), no club rates, cash commissions or premiums will be given for subscriptions that must be sent to persons residing in those Coun-ties. Each subscription in New York or Bronx County must be at the rate of 50 cents net.

Remit by Express, Money Order, Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. For very small amounts, postage stamps may be sent at the risk of the sender.

RENEWALS: The date opposite your name shows to what time the subscription has been paid, and a change in the date is the receipt for renewal.

CHANGES: When sending change of ad-dress, be sure to send the old address as well as the new one.

OUR ADVERTISERS: We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from re-sponsible advertisers, and it is our intention to admit only such of our columns. Should, how-ever, any of our subscribers find that any ad-vertiser does not live up to his agreements, we would consider it a favor if they will inform us, and we will at any time give prompt atten-tion to any complaint.

We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made by ad-vertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

Our readers will confer a favor upon adver-tisers and also upon us if they will mention the American Messenger when answering advertise-ments.

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Rev. Isaac Pierson, Field Secretary for New England, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Robert Murray, Field Secretary, Cen-tral Agency, 345 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 721 South 37th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

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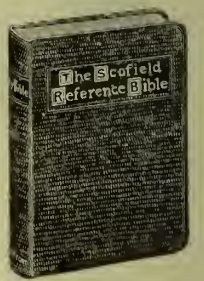
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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D., says:
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AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave., and 40th St., N. Y. C.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 794,639,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$799,456.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$16,684.99. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,634,505.89, which is the equivalent of 5,269,010,000 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 206,167; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,517 making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seven years 17,382,454, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,612,843.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a one volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, also other volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 14,748,588 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Draughts from the Living Water
BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

One of the most serious problems in time of war is how to supply a great army with fresh, pure water. Often the sources are so unlike what they ought to be as to be positively dangerous. Only when driven to do so by stern necessity are the brave soldier boys impelled to use the water at all. Think of the suffering which must follow the deprivation of water! Try to realize what it must mean from a sanitary point of view to be compelled to drink water every drop of which is loaded with impurity! And then to know that rivers of pure, crystal-clear water are every moment coursing their way through the land, but always beyond the reach of those who need it most.

No one would willingly drink water from a tainted source of supply when he might slake his thirst at a hillside spring. Still, that is what many do when it comes to satisfying the soul with needed drink.

Now think of the books and papers men are reading today. Most of these are beautiful. Never was more or better work done by the artists and painters of the world than today. But what about the inside of these papers? Are they written out of a pure heart? Will they make the heart better? Do they inspire to higher, holier, truer living? These are serious questions, for the health of the soul depends upon the nourishment it takes. What are you reading?

A gentleman whose writings are a source of help and inspiration to all who read them says that before he sits down at his desk in the morning to begin the work of the day, he takes up the best book he can and reads in it for a little while. Most often it is the Book of books that is thus honored. Then he goes to his writing with a heart in tune with the choicest thought possible.

"And I always find," he says, "that if I miss my morning's dip into the fountain of pure literature it makes a difference with the quality of my work. When

I come to my desk with heart bounding with the fire of some other soul that is reaching out after the good, the true and the beautiful, my own thoughts strike out for the higher peaks."

Think what a spur it is to better living when you have been for a little while in the presence of a friend who never lets his mind run in low channels, but whose very best thought is always given out, no matter how trivial may be the work in hand! It is not necessary that one should be a writer of books or of stirring magazine articles to carry an uplift of spirit to those one meets. One may think high when doing work of a lowly sort. Some of the choicest thoughts a man ever has may come to him hoeing out in the fields.

Just a word now about high thinking and lowly working. Have we not all noticed that when we are lying awake at night, our thoughts strike a level that is wonderfully more clear than when we are busy about the day's work! But in the morning we have lost the thread—we cannot find it anywhere. The thought has vanished.

It is often so with the things we think when about our everyday tasks. We are sorry we have forgotten the good thought which was given to us. Now, here is a way of making the thought really ours, ours to think of over and over again, ours to pass on to others: When we go out to our work, we may take with us a little book with blank leaves and a bit of pencil in the pocket. Then when the thoughts come which we would like to keep, we may write them down. It is even worth while to get up at night if we are blessed by the coming of a choice thought and set it down for reference in the morning.

Here we come to this most helpful thing: Thoughts of good are the whisperings of God. Built into the web and woof of life, they become a part of the spirit we shall take with us into the life beyond. He who sends these thoughts wants us to use them and make the most of them. He would not have us soil our soul's garment by trailing it through the dust of bad books or papers or by companionship with those who, thoughtlessly or otherwise, speak the things which are calculated to mar and to spoil the soul's beauty.

At the fountain of pure water, then, let us always drink. The best of books, the purest of literature in papers and magazines may always be had; and if we turn toward these, the time will soon and surely come when it will hurt the delicate thing we call the soul to come in contact with evil expressions in the conversation of others or in what we read. We will no longer be satisfied with anything but the best, and upon that best our lives will grow more and more into the image and the likeness of the One whose every thought and every action were away up on the highest possible plane.

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Every Day

BY W. H. DAVENPORT.

There's a prayer that should be said,
And a Book that should be read
Every day.

There's a work that should be wrought,
And a battle to be fought,
Every day.

There are duties to be done,
And victories to be won,
As soars and sets the sun
Every day.

There's a cross that must be borne,
And a thorny chaplet worn
Every day.
And God's dawn shall follow night,
And darkness yield to light
Every day.

If in patience we are strong,
We shall not suffer long,
But shall beat down fraud and wrong.
Every day.

There's a prayer that should be read,
"Give us our daily bread,"
Every day.

While we grapple with our sin,
O, Christ, Thy work begin,
Every day.
And when the race is run,
And the battle has been won,
We shall rest—our life's work done—
Every day.

Our Medicine Chest

Mr. Dean, the head of a large manufacturing business, built up his success by his own dogged and persistent toil. He had never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation. Not long ago he decided that he was getting along in years and was entitled to a rest. Calling his son Ellis into the library one evening, he said:

"Ellis, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done pretty well, so I have about decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?"

Ellis pondered the situation gravely for a moment, then his face brightened and he replied:

"Say, pop, how would it do for you to work a few years longer and then the two of us retire together?"

A Hebrew boy was a fever patient in a hospital, and had shown a disposition to whine and complain at all times. The nurse was giving him an alcohol sponge bath and, thinking to divert his mind, she said to him as she rubbed under his arms:

"Ticklish?"
Still whining, the youngster said:
"No; Yiddish."

"Tommy," said the boy's father sternly, "where are those six apples I left on the table?" "Father," said the boy, "I did not touch one." "Then how is it that there is only one apple left?" demanded the father. "That," replied Tommy, "is the one I didn't touch."

Two little boys who had been naughty all day were told by their teacher that they must stay after school and write their names 500 times.

After the other pupils had gone they fell to work, and for several minutes wrote away without a sound. Then one of them stopped writing and began to watch the other unhappily.

"Why don't you write, Tommy?" asked his teacher.

Tommy burst into tears. "'Tisn't fair!" he said between his sobs. "His name's Lee and mine's Schluttermeyer!"

A wealthy American girl was attending a social function at a country house in England.

"You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have," said an English duchess to the girl. "I always wonder why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attracts them," responded the American; "it's our green backs."

"Mother," said Bobby, after a full week of obedience, "have I been a good boy lately?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother, "a very good boy."

"And do you trust me?" he continued. "Why, of course, mother trusts her little boy," she answered.

But the chastened child was not pacified. "I mean really, really trust me, you know," he explained.

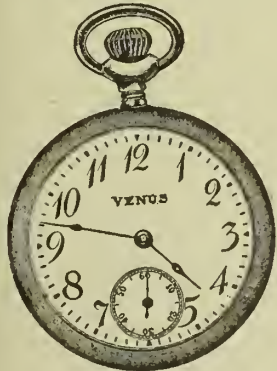
"Yes, I really, really trust you," nodded his mother. "Why do you ask?"

"Just because," said Bobby, diving his hands into his pockets and looking her in the face, "if you trust me like you say you do, why do you go on hiding the jam?"

WATCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Every boy and every girl would like to have a watch. Here is a good opportunity to secure one free. Boys and girls in different sections of our country have gone to work and within a very short time, and with very little effort, they have become the owners of beautiful watches. Our youthful readers can do likewise. Boys, try it and see how easy it is to secure only 4 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each. Girls, you certainly can obtain the names of 7 of your friends as subscribers to aid you to secure this watch. Why not go to work now?

Girl's Nickel Watch



Boy's Nickel Watch

This Boy's Watch given FREE and POSTPAID for only 4 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER

Guaranteed by the Manufacturers



This beautiful little watch is finished in solid nickel silver case with fancy engraved edges and is stem wind and stem set. The dial has plain figures, and the crystal is made of heavy beveled glass. We have used this watch as a premium in the past and it has given the best of satisfaction.

The Watch will be sent FREE and all charges PREPAID for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.

This watch is an up-to-date, American-made serviceable watch, stem wind and stem set, and is a good timekeeper. It has a highly polished open-face nickel silver case. A guarantee for one year goes with each watch. The illustration given herewith is an exact reproduction of the watch we are offering.

As a special inducement, we will send to each new subscriber a copy of our beautiful picture in colors, "The Good Shepherd," size 14½ x 20 inches.

American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

When you study the Bible you are always eager to get the most out of it. Questions, however, are bound to arise. Are you content to let them pass without answer? Do your Bible problems go unsolved? Fortify yourself against such occasions by having at hand the Christian Worker's Library. We carefully assembled this library so that the broadest information might be easily accessible, compressed into the fewest volumes possible and offered at a price which is as attractive as the books are interesting. With a knowledge of events, conditions and people of the Bible, insight is given into many doubtful chapters. This library has many interesting and valuable features. Possession of it will make your study four-fold as enjoyable, will answer questions for you, and will help you now and in the future; in fact as long as you need help and assistance. Just examine the titles.

THE ATONEMENT

By James Stalker, D.D.

The Atonement is a master subject and takes a master hand to treat it so that it is understood. Divided into three parts this book deals in a striking and scholarly manner with the New Testament situation, the Old Testament preparation and the modern justification. The book will work wonders in clearing up many of the questions on the subject.

AMONG THE HOLY PLACES

By James Kean, M.A., B.D.

The author takes the reader with him in his journey and enables him to see in the most vivid manner the scenes visited. One can from this book obtain all the advantages of a personal visit to the places described and probably with still greater profit, for the reason that the author has the ability to see all that is worth seeing. Fully illustrated and with index.

BIBLICAL HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

By H. S. Osborn, LL.D.

Admirably adapted for use in Bible Classes. Dividing the Old Testament into six periods the author takes up chronologically the prominent events and historical points and defines them. Three



chapters are given to the canonizing of the Scriptures and the origin of the Talmud. A description not generally obtainable of the places where the events occur is given in each case. A splendid perspective of events, time and places in all their original forms is thus presented. The New Testament is likewise analyzed. There is an excellent index and many colored maps.

COMPANION TO THE BIBLE

By E. P. Barrows, D.D.

This is a critical study of the books of the Bible in four parts. Part 1 treats of the evidences of revealed religion. Part 2 examines and classifies the books of the Old Testament. Part 3 examines and classifies the books of the New Testament. Part 4 takes up the principle of Biblical interpretation.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY

By Charles P. McIlvaine, D.D.

This is one of the standard works on the Evidences. The material as set forth in this volume proves clearly, decisively and conclusively a sufficient basis for faith in the divine origin, nature, methods and results of Christianity. After reading this book a believer in God and His kingdom would become a stronger man with stronger beliefs. An unbeliever would turn from his unbelief to the earnest and continued following of Christ.

THE MASTER PREACHER

By Albert R. Bond, A.M., D.D.

Jesus was a teacher and a preacher with methods, a personality, themes and a success of His own. His methods and themes could be followed with success to-day if it was only known how. Dr. Bond knows how, has done it successfully, and presents in this book for your benefit practically every phase of Christ's methods. Its careful study will well repay any minister.

THE LORD OF GLORY

By Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D.

Here is presented the Godhead of Christ on evidence taken from the New Testament. It is an unanswerable plea based on the designations which the New Testament writers apply to Jesus when concurrently speaking of Him. When Dr. Warfield comes to the end no doubt remains that Jesus Christ was indeed the "Lord of Glory." The book has index of designations, passages of Scripture and authors cited. As an aid to the study and preaching of this subject it is without equal.

THE TWO ST. JOHNS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

By James Stalker, D.D.

Did it ever occur to you to make a study of the two Johns in the New Testament? Dr. Stalker with his remarkably original method, clarity of style, comprehensiveness of view and suggestiveness of matter, contrasts the lives and characters of John the Evangelist and John the Baptist. Full information on a vitally interesting subject.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION

By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

There is not a dull sentence in this whole book, much less a dull page. Full of terseness and vigor, replete with sound

thoughts, the book goes to the root of the Christian religion and tells why this religion is so solid and satisfactory. Young and old may read it with profit. Young ministers may well take it to heart.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS

By H. B. Pratt

This is without doubt one of the best commentaries on the book of Genesis. There are so many doubtful points, overlapping events and apparently conflicting circumstances in the first book of Moses which need satisfactory explanations that this volume meets a demand of students of the Old Testament. It is especially valuable because the subject is handled by a man who has given a life to its study and research. The book makes an excellent companion volume to "Evidences of Christianity."

TRANSFIGURED

By Joseph Hamilton

What "Studies in the Book of Genesis" does to give light on a difficult subject in the Old Testament, "Transfigured" does to explain one of the most talked-of events in the New Testament. "Transfigured" is an unusual volume—a devout and common-sense study of this unparalleled scene. It treats of the unseen and eternal.

THE WONDROUS CROSS

By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

We could not resist the temptation to have the twelfth and last volume of this library one of Dr. Burrell's. The Cross is such a vital factor in every life when properly understood that this book seemed more than appropriate to lend dignity to a library intended first of all for the Christian reader and student. It is most acceptable with its pointed truths full of significance.

Our offer saves you one-half. These twelve handsome volumes will be delivered to your door for \$7.50. The original selling price was \$15.00. The illustration gives but little idea of the beautiful appearance these books make. They will add dignity and strength to any library. Think of it. Twelve books, 4300 and more pages well printed on clear white paper, each book uniformly bound in one of the best library cloths, gold stamping, at the low price of \$7.50. Good paper, good printing and good binding. A vast array of information on a multitude of subjects. A library for the Bible student, pastor, teacher and scholar. Send us your order to-day. Delay will mean loss of this opportunity.

American Tract Society
New York

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The SEAT OF GOVERNMENT



**UNITED STATES CAPITOL
WASHINGTON, D. C.**



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

The Heart of the Tree

BY HENRY CULVER BUNNER.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of the sun and sky,
He plants the flag of the breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that flush and fade again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

The Reading of Books

Why should we read? The question sounds absurd, yet few devote themselves constantly and consistently to the careful reading of great books. We have spoiled ourselves by "easy reading," which is not reading at all. We are blind to the value of the reading habit in relation to the building of character and the enriching of life. The number of people who really understand and appreciate the untold wealth that lies concealed beneath the covers of a good book is comparatively small.

When Livingstone returned from his first journey through the Dark Continent he brought with him to England certain of the native chiefs who had befriended him in his travels. It is said that of all they saw in London nothing seemed so utterly inexplicable to these men as the great library of the British Museum. Not London Bridge, nor the White Tower, nor the crowded shipping of the Thames, nor even Westminster impressed them so deeply. When they stood under the dome of the library and saw the vast expanse crowded with books to the ceiling, and marked the eagerness with which a hundred readers, seated at the long tables, pored over the pages open before them, those simple black men were confronted with a mystery to them insoluble. To most of us, enlightened and educated though we be, the library remains a sealed mystery. We are familiar with the backs of books. We do not share the startled wonder of the savage in presence of the stored learning, the precious treasure of the thought-life of the ages; but our very indifference is our condemnation.

Many men who have themselves become famous have acknowledged their indebtedness to certain books that influenced profoundly the development of their intellectual life. Robert Murray McCheyne gained inspirations of incalculable value through the repeated perusal of Edwards's *Freedom of the Will*. Dr. Samuel Johnson testified that he became a Christian through the reading of Law's *Serious Call*. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll once said that he had known six men who attributed their choice of the foreign mission field to the reading of the *Life of Henry Martyn*, one of the rarest revelations that has ever been made of the aspirations of a Christly soul. Gladstone was a tireless student of Homer and Bishop Butler. Benjamin Franklin tells us that Mather's *Essays to do Good* affected all the principal events of his life. Keats affirms that the reading of the *Faerie Queen* was the decisive factor in shaping his career and inflaming him with the poetic passion. Why, then, should we read? That we may grow thereby.

When should we read? The times are strenuous. The insistent urge of one's chosen occupation often crowds the hours which should be given to leisure, with tasks and duties carried

THIS OFFER STILL HOLDS GOOD

We offer a Special Trial Subscription to the **AMERICAN MESSENGER** for the balance of the year, that is until December 31, 1917, for only Twenty-five Cents

This Special offer provides an excellent opportunity to introduce a splendid religious paper into many homes where such a periodical is not now taken. It is hoped that a large number of our subscribers will avail themselves of this generous proposition by sending this helpful, attractive paper to hundreds of homes where there is no other religious reading. There may be a considerable number of such homes in your own immediate neighborhood. Remember that the printed page will carry a message for Christ into many places that could not possibly be reached by your spoken words.

You could not make a choicer gift to any of your friends than to send them a subscription to the **AMERICAN MESSENGER** for the balance of the year. As a birthday remembrance or a graduation gift this paper would prove a most acceptable and appropriate present. Do not miss this unusual opportunity, but act promptly and send in your list of gift subscriptions, while this Special Trial Offer still holds good.

If you are not a subscriber yourself to the **AMERICAN MESSENGER**, why not send twenty-five cents so that you may receive this paper for the remaining months of this year.

American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street **New York**

over from the stated hours of work. So we content ourselves in our rest time with the daily paper and the ephemeral magazine. It might be a boon to our intellectual life if all the daily papers were issued only once a day and at the same hour. The successive editions appeal to our craving for the latest news, so we keep buying and consuming our precious time in exploring the pages when our minds should be busy with greater things. The everlasting magazines shout at us from the news-stands. The newest novels thrust themselves on our attention, through circulars, advertisements and review articles. We yield to the pressure and feed upon the poorly-cooked dishes, while the nourishing and life-giving books remain untasted.

We try to deceive ourselves by asserting that we are brain-weary and have just time enough to read a racy story or a clever sketch. We fail to realize that a brain that is fagged by attention to the external details of our business is refreshed and renewed by fellowship with the ripest thought of the finest minds. The practical man, the everyday man, needs this fellowship, this personal contact, for the invigoration of his own soul. Otherwise he becomes a dull creature and more or less of an automaton. The man should arrange his time in such fashion that he shall sip the cool draught from the mountain spring each day. It is chiefly a matter of careful planning and determined purpose. The temple exalts; the machine degrades. Men must enter the temple of learning. The more intense their life the more frequent must their visits be. History is full of illustrations of men who used the fag-ends of time for the enlargement of their souls. What others have done we can do. We need but the courage of high resolve, the will to do well.

What should we read? This question is quite as vital as either of the other two. We should read whatever our tastes direct, provided it be wholesome. We should find out what our tastes really are, and train them. One man has a fondness for history; another likes to learn and quote poetry; another has a philosophical bent; another likes a good story; while still another is mightily quickened by the higher inspirations of religious literature. Every man should seek something apart from and above his daily occupation. Except in the case of science the old books are likely to be the best books. No matter what a man's particular predilections may be he cannot afford to neglect the Bible. It is a literary masterpiece as well as a spiritual revelation. Here are

history, poetry, philosophy, narrative, and practical wisdom.

Books are worth more than gold or silver, stocks or bonds, houses or lands. "Give me a book, health and a day in June," said Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of kings ridiculous." In a letter written by Longfellow in 1843 are these words: "How different from this gossip is the *Divine Comedy* with which I begin the morning! I write a few lines every day before breakfast. It is the first thing I do—the morning prayer—the keynote of the day." He prefixed a fine sonnet to his translation of the *Inferno*, in which, after recalling the vision of a laborer laying down his burden and kneeling in the vast quiet of some dim cathedral, he adds:

So as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling to pray and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

—THE WATCHMAN EXAMINER.

A Bible Written by Hand.

Visitors to the Congressional Library at Washington are shown a Bible which could not be matched today by the best printing office in the world. It was written by a monk in the sixteenth century, and was the work of a lifetime. Even under the microscope not a single flaw can be found in all its thousand pages.

The general lettering, which is in German text, is arranged in two columns on each page, and nowhere is there the slightest irregularity of line or space. At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in red and blue ink. Within each of these capitals is drawn the figure of a character of whom the chapter treats.

A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task. Each letter was wrought with reverence and love, and when the last touch was given to the last letter, the artificer, then an old man, reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together.

The parchment still is in a perfect state of preservation. The volume is kept under a glass case, which sometimes is lifted to show the visitor that all the pages of the book are as perfect as the two which lie open.—EXCHANGE.

What True Gospel Tracts Can Do

Every true gospel tract is a cup of cold water, of which the Lord says, "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name . . . he shall not lose his reward" (Mark 9:41).

Good tracts are almost always well received. Commander Salwey wrote when in Paris lately, "People are more interested than ever, and when the suspicion wears off come round and say, 'Give me, please.' So many speak English—girls and young men, tradesmen, gendarmes even. One gendarme forgot his dignity to entreat one." And again, "I came into a stream of business folk returning for lunch. I explained I only had English tracts left. Every one I had was soon gone, a fight almost taking place to get them. Fancy seeing stolid English folk doing that in Regent Street; and these were not the poorer of the people! We must pray that the Spirit may take of the things of God and reveal them to some."

It was the regular practice of a gentleman, who was thought rather eccentric for his pains, to frequent the busy railroad junction of O— when the early morning trains were arriving and departing, and offer tracts to passengers at the car windows. He did so to three young men one morning, each of whom in turn refused to accept the offered tract. "You may refuse my tracts," said our friend, "but remember you have each a soul to be saved." The remark so impressed one of the young men that he seemed to hear each telegraph pole which the train passed, repeating the words, "Remember you have a soul to be saved." He had no relief from the power of the words till he came to Jesus, who saved him. Not only so, but he was led to offer himself for the ministry of bringing others to the Saviour, and is now a most useful and much blessed clergyman of the Church of England.

A young man in Scotland who was in sore distress of soul went privately to his minister; but he thought it was not a case for his services, and advised him to see a doctor. The medical man, finding nothing seriously wrong with his body, advised him to try some place of amusement as a diversion for his mind. With a shrinking from theatre and music hall, he went to an institution where he expected to obtain spiritual help, but only to hear some comic discussion going on. Distressed, disheartened, and in despair, on his way home he found, lying on the road, a gospel tract, and in it the very news his heart was craving for.

Tracts go where no person can. A drummer in India writes: "I am a soldier worker in my regiment for the Lord Jesus Christ . . . and having to get a good number of books from the regimental library every week, if I can get any suitable tracts I have been in the habit of putting them in the books given round the hospital; this often gives the chance of talking to a sick comrade about the Lord Jesus Christ and His love for us. I shall be very pleased if you can send me a parcel every month."

One word on a tract may be blessed of the Spirit. One writes: "I was arrested when a godless young man of twenty by that one word, 'Eternity.' It was the title of a booklet handed me by a fellow-worker in the factory, and as I read it I became deeply concerned about my soul's condition, and where I would spend that Eternity. I had no rest, no peace after that, till I came as a sinner to Jesus the Saviour, and was saved by him alone."

Many years ago a lady gave some leaflets to two actors. One of the actors was led by his tract to attend church, and was converted. It was Dr. George Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston. Through his influence Russell H. Conwell was led into the ministry. Thus the great Baptist Temple in Philadelphia, together with the work of Tremont Temple, and the personal influence of these two notable pulpit speakers, is really traceable in its origin to one little leaflet in the hands of a woman. Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the great China Inland Mission, was led to Christ by means of a tract.—EXCHANGE

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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Ninety-Second Anniversary of the American Tract Society

The ninety-second anniversary of the American Tract Society will be held in the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, on Wednesday, May 9, 1917, at 4 p. m.

A report of the year's work will be presented by the General Secretary, Rev. Judson Swift, D. D., and officers for the coming year will be elected. Mr. William Phillips Hall, president of the society, will preside.

The evening session will begin at 8 o'clock and will be addressed by Rev. John N. Mills, D. D., on "A Tourist's Impressions of the Needs of Latin-America," and Rev. William B. Stelle of the North China Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, on "China Seeks the Printed Truth."

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In the World War for Humanity

The month of April, 1917, will ever be memorable in the annals of our country, because it marks the entrance of the United States into the world-wide struggle which is being waged for the cause of democracy and humanity.

It is not necessary here to enumerate the steps by which the United States advanced to the position which she now holds, for the historical facts are fresh in all our minds. But there is one outstanding fact that is worthy of special mention, and that is the substantial unanimity with which the American people have arrayed themselves beneath the standard upheld by our honored President.

Never before in all our history was a war entered with more deliberation than in the present instance. No one can say that this country was swerved by sudden passion or that it was stampeded into a conflict without due notice. Indeed it may be truthfully stated that our Administration endeavored in every way

to avert the dread scourge of war, and only recognized the existence of hostilities, when every other alternative had been tried except that of yielding to cowardice, selfishness and dishonor.

Now the United States is at war with the Central Powers of Europe and stands as an ally beside the many other nations of the world who have decided that a righteous war is preferable to a dishonorable peace.

President Wilson has issued a notable proclamation in which he urges upon every man, woman and child in this country the duty of service and self-sacrifice in order to bring this struggle to an honorable and successful conclusion. He pleads for efficiency, co-operation and untiring devotion to duty on the part of all classes of our population. The farmers especially are urged to use all their resources in producing the food that is so imperatively needed to sustain life both at home and abroad.

"The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act and serve together," are the inspiring words with which the President closes his ringing summons to the American people, and to this clarion call to duty let us all respond to the very limit of our strength and ability.

» » »

Bible Presentation at West Point

The annual presentation of Bibles to the one hundred and thirty-nine members of the graduating class at the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., took place on Sunday morning, April 15, 1917, in the beautiful chapel which is located on the army reservation at that place.

Rev. Dr. Judson Swift, General Secretary of the American Tract Society, presented the Bibles to the cadets on behalf of the Society.

Forty-seven years ago Mrs. E. T. Throop Martin, of Auburn, N. Y., established a fund of \$3500.00, the income of which is used annually for the purpose of presenting a Bible to each member of the Senior Class at the Academy. Each cadet is allowed to select in what version and language he shall receive the Scriptures, and the name of each recipient is stamped in gilt letters upon the copy of the Bible that he receives.

On account of the existing state of war the Class of 1917 was graduated on April 20th instead of waiting until the usual date in June. The exercises held on Sunday, April 15th, partook of a double character since they included both the graduating sermon preached by the Rev. H. Percy Silver, Chaplain of the Academy, as well as the presentation of the Bibles. It

was a unique and impressive service and was attended by the entire corps of cadets, numbering 697 men, in full uniform. They sang with vigor the national anthem, "America" and "Alma Mater," being led in the singing by the choir composed entirely of cadets. At the close of the sermon the chaplain, who came to West Point four years ago, at the same time as the present outgoing class, gave the cadets an eloquent parting address, exhorting them to hold to high ideals in all things as they answered the nation's call to assume the training of other men for service.

Dr. Judson Swift, in presenting the Bibles to the cadets, said in a few brief words that it was their arsenal of munitions and that they would be strong men if they would let the Bible have a large place in their lives.

» » »

Gospel Munitions

The American Tract Society has undertaken to furnish Gospel munitions in large quantities for the United States soldiers and sailors. The value and urgency of Gospel munitions is set forth in the following testimonies:

Capt. J. Madison Hare, the Chaplain of the Fourth New Jersey Infantry, while on the Mexican border said: "I desire to thank the American Tract Society for the Soldier's Text Books sent to our men. They were greatly appreciated." Another Chaplain on the border telegraphed: "Send me by express 10,500 copies of the Soldier's Text Book, also leaflets—all urgently needed."

President Wilson has said: "Right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts. America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

The Tract Society appeals for not less than sixty thousand dollars (\$60,000) to supply more than two million copies of the Soldier's Text Book and Cromwell's Soldier's Pocket Bible, also hundreds of thousands of leaflets, among them The Converted Soldier, Pivot Battles in Life and Sunny Jim's First-Aid Package, all being especially prepared for and adapted to meet the needs of the men in both the Army and Navy. The supply of Gospel munitions in the quantities needed is dependent upon special donations, and a most earnest appeal is made for this vital and important work.

Donations may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

A Sunday School Centennial Day

A national observance of the One Hundredth Anniversary of organized Sunday School work in the United States of America is being arranged for Sunday, May 6, 1917.

Every Sunday School in the country is invited to participate in this important event, which is intended not only to commemorate the beginning of that helpful institution which has rendered such valuable service in the spiritual development of our nation, but also to promote greater interest and co-operation in Sunday School work in the days to come.

Coincident with this celebration of the beginning of Sunday School work in our country will be the Centennial Anniversary of the American Sunday School Union, the leading features of which will be held in the city of Philadelphia, where the headquarters of the Society are located.

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Mother's Day

In these strenuous times let us not overlook the recurrence of the day consecrated to the mothers of our land.

Mother's Day falls upon the second Sunday of the month, May 13th, and on that day we are called upon to pay our tribute to the one who stands upon the highest pedestal upon which any human being can ever be placed.

Mother's Day, it has been well said, affords an opportunity for us as a nation to pay tribute to the women who, as pioneers, colonists, and as "best citizens" in war and peace, rendered to their country noble and valiant service through their sufferings, privations and heroism. These "heroes of heroes" not only sacrificed their own lives through their sufferings, hardships and sorrows, but loyally gave to their country lives more precious than their own—the lives of their husbands, sons, fathers and brothers! These heroic women are not—and could not be re-buried in our national cemeteries, but the memory of their heroism, privations and sufferings is enshrined in the mother-loving and patriot hearts of our people.

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An Unusual Worker Exalted

We regret to record the passing away of a most faithful and indefatigable worker in the person of Mr. Pedro Pozo, a missionary colporteur of the American Tract Society in Cuba. He labored under the immediate superintendence of Rev. J. Milton Greene, D.D. of Havana, who has sent this tribute to his memory:

"Our dear brother and tireless co-worker, Pedro Pozo, passed to his reward on April 6, 1917. I was with him for an hour before and at the time of his death. He had been a great sufferer for three months, but no one heard from him a word of complaint. His death was

the most peaceful and tranquil I have ever witnessed. He was conscious almost to the last moment and indicated by a pressure of the hand his response to God's Word and to our prayers. His body was laid to rest in the Protestant Cemetery. He leaves a widow and seven children of whom two are under twelve years of age. He died very poor in all but his faith and usefulness.

"For thirteen years he had labored for the American Tract Society under my direction and I have never met his equal as a missionary colporteur. He distributed not less than 10,000 Christian publications in Cuba. His consecration, humility, conscientiousness, enthusiasm, self-denial and tact in dealing with all classes won for him the most profound respect and love of the brethren of all the churches.

"Mr. Pozo sought souls, not comfort, and because of this he visited not only towns, but the scattered homes in the country districts. He aimed to leave in every home at least a tract or a copy of *Manzanas de Oro*, the beautiful little Spanish Sunday School paper published by the Society. His favorite publication was *Manzanas de Oro*, for the reason that its pictures disarmed the fears of the Romanists.

"At different times Mr. Pozo expressed himself as deeply grateful for the consideration with which the American Tract Society had treated him. For seventeen years previous to his work in Cuba he labored in Spain under the British and Foreign Bible Society, being stoned near Bilbao on one occasion and often suffering great annoyances at the hands of the authorities."

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER

Hold Your Tiller True



IT IS related that Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome, had in his employ a brave pilot who had served him long and faithfully. When affairs of state called the ruler to distant parts of his vast empire, this trusted man was his constant companion. On one occasion, during an imperial journey, they were caught in a terrific storm on the Mediterranean and, for a time, it seemed certain that the galley with all aboard of her must surely go to the bottom. Up on deck and lashed to his post in the stern, the old pilot was steering; and, as he held the lumbering craft in the teeth of the gale, he muttered his prayers. It was a time when the ancient faith of Rome had begun to lose its hold over men, while nothing better had yet taken its place. The old seaman was not sure about the power of Jupiter or Neptune, as his ancestors had been, but still he was praying to them, and this was his prayer: "Oh, Father Jupiter! Oh, Father Neptune! You may sink us, if you will; you may save us, if you will; but, whether you sink us or save us, I'll hold my tiller true."

Let the old Roman, with his dim faith, be our teacher, for the moment, at least. His is the mood, surely, in which any of us should strive to encounter the vast perils and uncertainties of this mortal life. When the tempest rages, when fears or doubts assail, it is our part to press on in the right way, to steer the truest course we know.

Hours come when the best of people feel the weight of this "weary and unintelligible world." Awful things have happened in Christendom during the past two or three years, and are happening still, every day. The world war, with its frightful losses and barbarities, has confused the thinking of millions of minds. A measure of moral uncertainty prevails, because of the breaking up of many of the sanctions of human society that we had considered settled and sacred. Amid the clash of arms and the no-

less bitter clash of opinions, men are asking where the right is and how they may find it. The answer to the query is, of course, a very simple one. They may find the right by striving to do the right. Clear vision is conditioned on a will dedicated to righteousness.

The mood of doubt is commoner than we often think, and frequently difficult to deal with. Young people (some of the best of them, too), as well as those who are older, find themselves perplexed on matters of faith and of philosophy. There are times when the mysteries of life oppress and even appall them. They cannot understand all the creeds of the churches, nor accept all the explanations of the preachers. Some valued friends of the writer have been thoughtful doubters of this kind.

How shall any of us meet these hours when thinking is perplexed, when the mystery of life baffles us, when questions arise to which no man is able to give a sufficient answer? There is a need then for the courage of the old Roman pilot. Let the life mariner hold his tiller true. Let him do the best to steer a morally straight course. Even should doubts arise like a cloud of fog about one's head, there are always some fixed stars to pierce the gloom. There is always the duty of living a white, honorable, and useful life.

The late Professor Sharp of Oxford University wrote a little poem that has been a challenge to many students passing through periods of religious doubt.

"I have a life with Christ to live;
But ere I live it must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this and that book's date?
I have a life in Christ to live;
I have a death in Christ to die
And must I wait till Science gives
All doubts a full reply?"

The scholar's answer is that no one needs, nor should wait for, a full reply to all his questionings before he begins to do the things that Jesus commands. There is duty enough immediately

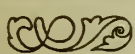
at hand and perfectly clear to keep us busy, without waiting to settle every question of life or death that our curiosity might suggest.

Another Englishman, the great preacher Frederick Robertson, once touched the truth with striking power. In an address to workmen, he said: "If there be no God, and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks."

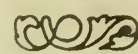
Let us heartily acknowledge that the obligation of Christian conduct is on us all, whether or not we have solved all the problems of the universe. Not even a college sophomore is in duty bound to have evolved a complete explanation of human life. But he is bound to be true. He is not compelled to justify all the mysterious ways of God, nor weigh the earth in balances, nor mete out heaven with a span. But he is under bonds to practice righteousness.

The best thing about holding the tiller true is that by steering in this way we are sure to run out of the tempest and, by and by, to reach a happy harbor of faith. That was Robertson's experience. The way to grow into true and comfortable beliefs is by steadily doing right deeds. The great, heartening convictions that keep humanity from despair never have come from the loafers, nor the sneaks, nor the profligates; but always from those earnest about doing their Father's business. Those people are getting the best philosophy of life who are putting the best work into it.

Long ago, the divine Teacher of Galilee assured us: "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." The way to learn more is to practice the best we know already. No matter, then, how the wind blows, or the spray flies, or the waves smite our ongoing bark, the steersman who hopes to make port at last will hold his tiller true.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

The Old-Time Secret of Evangelistic Power

BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

It is folly to suggest that we must change our methods of preaching to meet modern conditions. I have studied very carefully the work of Whitfield, Wesley, Finney, Moody, and the modern evangelists, and in so far as they have been successful, they have been possessed of the same spirit.

While attending the funeral service of Mr. Moody at Northfield, I heard a distinguished minister utter the following expression:

"I do not know whether I dare say what I am about to speak to you. I asked a brother minister this afternoon, and he would not take the responsibility, but after thinking it over I will say it. I believe if Christ had actually lived in the body of our dear brother and had been subject to the same limitations that met him, he would have filled up his life much as Dwight L. Moody filled up his, and for that reason I say, after the most careful thought, that I had rather be Dwight L. Moody lying dead in his coffin than to be the greatest man alive in the world today."

This remarkable tribute was paid by Dr. H. G. Weston, of the Crozier Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa., and when he had finished it, there was a wave of sympathetic expression and approval which swept over the entire audience, and his remarkable utterance was greeted with quiet Amens and suppressed sobs.

Naturally I am a hero worshipper. There are certain names that have always stirred me, and certain personalities that have ever been my inspiration. No name, however, has ever been more sacred among the names of men than that of Moody, and no character has ever so taken hold of my very being as his.

Written in large letters on my list was the name of Charles H. Spurgeon, and it has ever been the regret of my ministry that before it was given to me to cross the sea God had called him to cross over into the better land.

But of all the names written, none stood out so plainly before me as that of Dwight L. Moody. I had somehow made up my mind from what I had heard of him, and from what the newspapers had printed of his work, that he was to move me more mightily than any other man in the world, and I bear glad testimony to the fact that the after-years proved my expectation to be true. He exercised the most profound influence over me from the very first moment I met him, an influence which only increased with the passing years, and still abides, although he is now in the presence of his God.

In the providence of God I was frequently with him in services; notably, at the World's Fair meetings in Chicago, when he was not only the genial host of the workers with whom he was surrounded, but was the leader of a great force of Christian ministers and laymen, commanding the city for God with as great genius as ever an officer commanded and led his soldiers against the enemy on the field of battle.

He invited me to be with him in Pittsburgh in the year 1898, and one of the most tender memories of my life is that which I have of him in connection with the meetings held in the Exposition Building.

I saw him in frequent conferences when I was pastor in Philadelphia, when his great heart yearned over the cities in the East, much as did the heart of the Master when looking down upon the city of his love, He said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"

I was with him in the special campaign in New York when from early morning till late at night in the Grand Central Palace, he not only preached himself, but called to his assistance workers and friends from many other cities.

I used to love to watch him in the meetings he conducted. His eyes were always open to take in the most minute detail of the services, and things to which other men would be blind he was ever seeing. I frequently almost lost the message he was giving in my admiration for the messenger. While he was sitting in the first part of the service he would make a dive into his pocket, take out a little piece of paper and write a message to some of his workers, put down an illustration or record something which was to be the seed thought for a future sermon. Sometimes you would scarcely think he was noticing what was going on, and suddenly he would be on his feet announcing a hymn, and while he could not sing himself, yet he was superb in his power to make other people sing. "Isn't that magnificent," he would say, as voice after voice took up the great chorus. "Now the galleries sing, that is my choir up in the gallery, now show the people what you can do; now the men, now the women, now altogether," until it would seem as if greater singing one had never heard in all his life.

He was a master in moving men. I can shut my eyes now and see him, with tears rolling down his cheeks, as he pleaded with men to turn to Christ; sobs breaking his utterance as he told of the love of God to men and of God's special love to himself. He was as sincere a man as ever stood on the platform to preach, and it was for this reason that people of all classes and grades believed in him. When the New York dailies came out with great headlines saying, "Moody is dead," a Jew in one of the courts turned to a friend of mine to say, "He was a good man," and when his death was being discussed in one of the great clubs in the City of New York, a man who was an infidel said, "I think he was the best man this generation has known, and if I should ever be a Christian I should want to be one just like Moody if I could."

There were times when Moody was more than eloquent, when every gesture was a sermon. Who can ever forget his description of Elijah going up by a whirlwind into heaven. When carried away by the power of his own emotions, he lifted his hands while his audience seemed to be lifted with him, and raising them higher and higher, I can hear him say the words, "Up, up, up, I can see Elijah going, and I see heaven open to receive him as he rises." The impression on his audience was profound.

To have known him at all was a blessing, but to have known him with any degree of intimacy was one of the rarest privileges of a minister's life.

HERE is a constantly increasing interest in evangelistic work throughout the United States. I am quite sure that there has not been a time in years, and perhaps there has never been a time, when so many ministers were inter-

ested in evangelism as at the present day, when so many evangelistic campaigns were being conducted, and when so many great cities were either considering the question of entering upon such a campaign, or were seeking to gather the results of services which have already been conducted.

In my own evangelistic experience I do not recall a time when I have been in receipt of more invitations to do this work. These invitations have come not only from the United States, but from all parts of the world, and I am quite sure that I could make out my schedule for three or four years in advance, if I wished to accept the invitations which are coming for the services of Mr. Alexander and myself.

I have been so many years in the field that I have visited practically all the large cities in the United States, and it is extremely encouraging to be receiving at this time invitations to return to cities which I visited fifteen or twenty years ago. This in itself is a proof that evangelism is worth while, and that evangelistic campaigns leave an abiding impression upon the communities where they may be conducted.

I have no hesitation in saying that I believe credit must be given to Mr. William Sunday for much of the increase of interest in evangelistic work at the present time. His personality is so striking, his message so stirring, his spirit so sincere, that all must be interested in him, whether they agree with him or not, while the space given to him by the daily press makes him not only a national, but an international character.

It has seemed to me that in the light of this increase of interest in evangelism, it would be well for us to consider some of the characteristics of Dwight L. Moody, and fortunately my connection with him was so intimate, and the help he gave me was so great, that I am in a position to write some things about him which others possibly might not be able to write.

Great as may be the influence of other men, I firmly believe that no greater blessing could come to any city in the United States than to have Dwight L. Moody back again, and preaching as he used to preach, praying as he used to pray, and living as he used to live.

Moody's was a wonderful life. In one of Tissot's pictures there is seen a great multitude of people lame and halt and blind in the way along which Jesus of Nazareth is to come, and then there is a view representing Him passing, and as He moves along only those before Him are sick, while all behind Him are well. This was a symbol of Mr. Moody's life. All that was behind him felt the touch of his power. The Chicago Bible Institute has become an object lesson to Christian workers everywhere. Northfield is a center of influence forth from which streams of blessing flow to the very ends of the earth. England, Ireland, and Scotland have felt the touch of his consecrated life, millions of lives the world over thank God that he ever lived, and those who were lame, halt and blind spiritually now leap and praise God for the work of Dwight L. Moody.

He was so very thoughtful of other people. The last time I rode with him to Mount Hermon he stopped to talk a few minutes with the men at the old ferry, asked them about their homes and spoke a cheering word concerning their work and said as he drove on, "I want them to know that I am interested in them."

Driving up from the station at the last students' conference at Northfield, he stopped every student trudging along with his baggage and took the bag into his buggy until it was piled up with luggage, and the greater the number of men whose burdens he lifted, the happier he became.

The first time I saw him is a memorable day in my life. I was a student at Lake Forest University, and he was to speak in Chicago. Four times he preached the Gospel that day, and I was present at every service; but the service of all services was that of the afternoon in old Farwell Hall; it was for men only. The place was filled to overflowing with men; the singing was superb, so said my friends, but I lost the power of the music in the sight of this man of God of whom I had heard so much. His text was, "Be not deceived, God is not mock; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The sermon is remembered because, under God, it has been used to lead so many to Christ. Under the power of it I saw my own heart, and then I saw the Saviour, who was waiting to make it clean.

The next impression was in connection with the brief conferences held throughout the country when five days were spent in Albany and Troy, and the meetings were held in the First Reformed Church, of which I afterwards became pastor. I came down from my country church with many other ministers from different parts of the State. The great church was crowded; I was obliged to stand in the aisle, but I forgot all discomfort in the impression that was made upon me by this mighty man of God. I followed him from one city to another and then went back to my own church to preach to my people on the story of the Moody meetings. The power of God was not only on his work, but was on the very mention of it, so that my church officers came together and said that this work must go on, and more than a hundred people came to Christ because of it. In the day when rewards are given for service, I am very sure that my dear friend will share in the glory of these who came to Christ indirectly through his ministry.

In his day no one was closer to Mr. Moody than Prof. Henry Drummond, and he said this of his friend: "Whether estimated by the moral qualities which go to the making up of a personal character, or to the extent to which he has impressed these upon communities of men on both sides of the Atlantic, there is, perhaps, no more truly great man living than Dwight L. Moody. By moral influences in this connection, I mean the influence which, with whatever doctrinal accompaniment, leads men to better lives and higher ideals. I have never heard Mr. Moody defend any particular church.

I have never heard him quoted as a theologian. But I know of large numbers of men and women of all churches and creeds, of many countries and ranks, from the poorest to the richest, and from the most ignorant to the most wise, upon whom he has placed an ineffaceable moral mark."

Had Mr. Moody lived he would have been eighty years old on the fifth day of February, 1917, but it seems quite unnecessary to use such an expression as this, because while in one sense he is dead, in another sense he is very much alive today throughout the world.

When Mr. Alexander and I were in Scotland three years ago, our workers were the converts of Mr. Moody's meetings, and they always spoke of him as if he had held his services a few days, instead of years before.

We began our meetings in Edinburgh exactly forty years, to a day after he had closed his services. Our chairman was his chairman; our ushers and personal workers had either served in his meetings, or had been converted under his preaching.

When we visited London we found men speaking of him as if he had visited the city but recently, and indeed, wherever we have gone around the world, we have found the same thing to be true.

He is indeed very much alive, although years have passed by since he was buried at Northfield.

We have found the fruit of his labors everywhere—in China, Japan, Korea, in Great Britain and in her Colonies, and we have seldom conducted a service when some one did not come forward to say, "I came to Christ under Moody's preaching."

His was a marvelous evangelistic career, and because he is so firmly entrenched in the thoughts and affections of the people, there must be some special secrets of his power, and these I would mention briefly.

He was called to preach the Gospel. He was not ordained of men, but he was fore-ordained of God, and because he knew that he had a divine commission, he preached with boldness and seemed to fear no man. This was one of the secrets of his great strength as a preacher.

He must have frequently been conscious of the fact that he had been denied the privileges of a collegiate education, but he must also have been conscious of the fact that like Paul of old in Arabia, he had passed through an experience which gave him quite as complete an equipment for preaching as many another man has possessed who has taken college honors.

He was a completely consecrated Christian. I have been told that after he had been preaching for some time there came to him a wonderful experience of the infilling of the Holy Ghost. I have also been told that Harry Morehouse, the Irish Evangelist, exercised a profound influence over him. But of this I am sure—that from the first day he preached until the closing day of his great ministry, just so far as he knew he was yielded to God, he kept back no part of the price, and he counted no sacrifice too great to make for his Master.

He was a man of great faith. He absolutely believed in God. He knew that God would keep His Word with him. He accepted God's promises as being worth while, and he used them as men would use a check given to them. He just cashed them in at the Bank of Heaven, and with urgent voice and ever-increasing faith, he walked in the power of God's fulfilled promises, and all who heard him preach were made conscious of the fact that here was a man who was preaching without doubt, and with the most intense conviction that God would do for him exceeding abundantly above all that he could ask or think.

He was a man of one book, and that book was the Bible. He was not a narrow man. He was exceedingly broad, but the Bible was the

book of his counsel. He knew this book thoroughly; he believed it implicitly; he proclaimed its truths faithfully; he loved it dearly, and so when he rose to speak and said, "Thus saith the Lord," men believed because Moody believed, and I wish with all my heart that he could come back again and preach with this same intense conviction. What rebuke he would be to the men who in their preaching today are unsettling the faith of the people and dimming their vision of Jesus Christ.

He was a man of prayer. Over and over again I have seen him on his knees and heard him pray with sobs. One time I remember hearing him say, as he was pleading with God, "My heart will break if the cities are not moved." He forgot to eat and to sleep, because of his spirit of prayer. He not only walked with God, but he talked with God, and his sermons were great, and his appeals to men irresistible, because he preached in an atmosphere of prayer.

The average minister fails today because he prays so little. I have seen Moody pray with tears rolling down his cheeks. I have heard him pray when sobs would choke his utterance, and I have learned from him that nothing can take the place of prayer, if one would be a successful preacher of the Gospel.

He was a man of passion in preaching. His voice was so tremulous at time, his tones so pleading that men would hear him almost with breaking hearts, and when the invitation would be given they would throng the after-meetings and would sob their way into the Kingdom of God.

He never gave his approval to any form of evangelism which did not mean a serious and thoughtful consideration of the claims of Jesus Christ. He never stood for surface work in evangelism. He never was led astray by numbers. Like his Master, he felt that he was fulfilling his mission when speaking to a single individual, and I recall, as if it were yesterday, that he came and sat by me when I was a student and pleaded with me as if I were the only person in all the world.

He was indifferent to financial returns. It is a very beautiful thing to remember that Dwight L. Moody died a poor man so far as money is concerned, but he died a rich man in the affections of the people and in their ever-increasing confidence in him as a great preacher of the Gospel.

If we are to have an evangelism which is worth-while, I am persuaded that we must be possessed of the spirit of Mr. Moody. I think that this is the only thing that can break the hearts of men and bend their stubborn wills. I believe that the evangelism for which he stood is the evangelism which will mean a permanent strength to the church, an inspiration to the ministers, and an invincible appeal to the men who do not believe in Christ.



Memorial Day

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND

*To-day the stars and stripes shall wave
O'er many a fallen hero's grave;
Their silent forms in death serene,
Lie 'neath the flow'r strewn mounds of green;
They sleep alike in storm or shine,
Within His care, the Lord divine.*

*No more they hear the call to arms,
They rest secure from war's alarms;
Though swiftly roll the years away,
Their memory shall live for aye.
We pledge to them our promise true,
For freedom's cause brave things to do.*

*To-day the stars and stripes shall wave,
Where peaceful rest the noble brave;
With loving hearts we breathe a prayer,
That they may find an entrance there
Where Christ our Captain waiting stands,
With victors' crowns in His dear hands.*

PRINTED PREACHERS

Progress in Porto Rico

Public interest has been directed toward the people of Porto Rico during the past month because of their entry into the rights and privileges of full United States citizenship. This means much for the future progress of this important island possession, and there is no doubt that a new era of advancement has been inaugurated which will bring increasing prosperity to these fellow-citizens of ours.

The spiritual needs of Porto Rico are not being overlooked, for the missionary campaign for the evangelization of the population of that island is being pushed with increasing energy.

Substantial churches are being erected for the use of evangelical congregations. On this page is a picture of the building used by the Presbyterian church in Aguadilla, and this is simply a single illustration of the fact that the Protestant faith with its teachings of a pure simple Gospel is taking a firm foothold in this island which was once described as a nominally Roman Catholic country without true religion.

Christian literature in the Spanish language is playing a vital part in the transformation of the people of Porto Rico. The American Tract Society has had several colporters in this island, and they have distributed a large amount of evangelical reading. Among these colporters is Mr. Fernando Muniz, who has labored in Aguadilla and the surrounding country and who furnished the photograph from which our illustration was reproduced.

During the past year Colporter Muniz has circulated over a thousand volumes. He has made 9,033 family visits and has held 257 gospel meetings.

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In Many Languages

Rev. Samuel Mueller, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, who has been distributing printed preachers in the form of Christian books and tracts in many languages in the State of Oregon, tells of his recent labors in the following words:

"During the past month I met people of all nationalities in homes, stores, lodgings, railroad camps, and on farm wagons, automobiles, street cars, railroad trains and river boats.

"I distributed the printed page carrying the Gospel message, spoke to men concerning their souls' salvation, and did this work in season and out of season. In logging camps I tacked up sixty-one pages of Scripture reading taken from Wall Rolls. To an Israelite I gave Yiddish tracts which he read with interest; he was a junk man, stopping with his team before a farmhouse. He expressed the wish to have a New Testament and a Christian presented him with a Bible. At another home I prayed for a fever-stricken young girl.

"One of the great joys of my heart is to distribute free Christian literature to the men in camps and quarries.

"I find difficulty in dealing with Mormons, Christian Scientists, Seventh-Day Adventists, Russellites, Anarchists and others. It requires grace, forbearance, love and self-denial to visit these people.

"In one home I had a long conversation with a Roman Catholic to whom I read from the Scriptures. She confessed that she knew little of the Bible.

"In the hilly country at Mountindale I visited a family whose seventeen-year-old boy was very ill with heart disease.

"I prayed with the boy, for which the family was very grateful.

"During this month I distributed Christian literature in thirteen different languages."

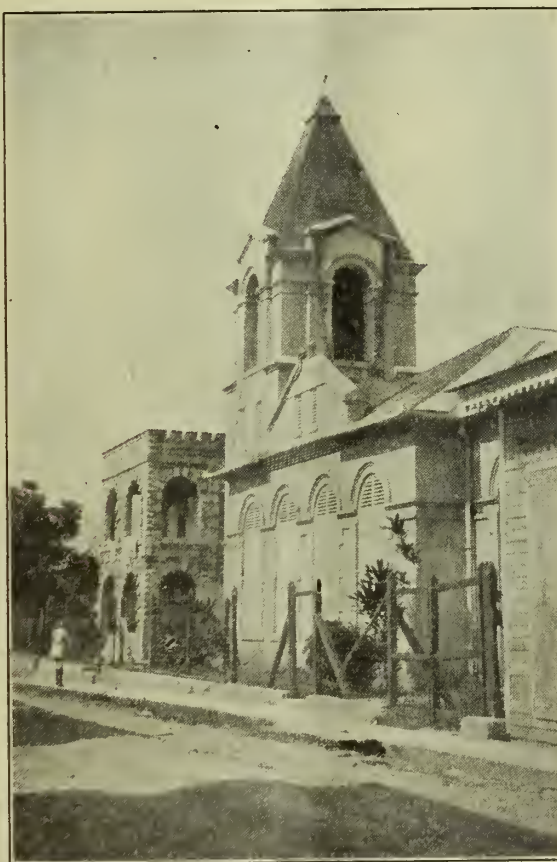
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In Missouri

Rev. J. H. Holland, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, whose headquarters have been at Struther, Mo., writes:

"This report closes the record of another colportage year. I hope that it has been one of the best years of work for Christ in the history of the Society.

"I have not made many public addresses, but I have done a great deal of personal work in my house-to-house visitation. Many who were strangers to grace have freely talked about the Way of Life, and I have tried to point them to the Cross of Christ.



A PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN PORTO RICO.

"I have found a great many homes destitute of the Bible and of religious books. I am thankful to the dear old Society that by means of its grants and the low prices at which it furnishes Bibles and good books that I have been able to supply many destitute families. In one family consisting of father, mother and six children, I found no Bible and scarcely anything else in their little two-room house. The floor was bare and everything bespoke poverty. I gave them the 'Good News in Story and Song.'

"May God's richest blessing rest on the Society and all its work."

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Among Many Nationalities

Mr. John Martinco, who has been engaged for many years in the work of circulating Christian literature, writes:

"This is the fourteenth year of my work as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society.

"Most of my time recently has been spent in Pittsburgh and vicinity. Altogether I have canvassed over seventy-five towns and villages. The people I have met are largely of Slavic race; there are also a good many Hungarians and Italians. Their occupation is chiefly iron-working and mining. In religion the majority belong to the Roman Catholic and the Greek Catholic Churches. Ninety per cent of the Slovaks are loyal to the American cause and they are ready to sacrifice their lives for their adopted country, if necessary. The Roman Catholics are well organized and very few of their children attend the public school for fear that they would be excluded from the Holy Communion. The reading of the Bible and Protestant literature is strictly forbidden by the priest. Nevertheless they are powerless to stop me from entering many homes where I am gladly welcomed by the people.

"During the last year I visited over four thousand families and circulated Christian literature to the value of over \$400.00. I had nice conversations with many of the people, including some young children. Some of them have since gone away from this section, but they correspond with me very often. I am glad to say that I feel that the American Tract Society is doing a great work through its missionary colporters."

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Hungry for the Gospel

For several years the American Tract Society has sent a cash appropriation to the Mission which is sustained by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Old Umtali, Rhodesia, Africa. This appropriation is used to supply "printed preachers" in the form of Christian tracts and books in the vernacular. A recent letter from Rev. John R. Gates, District Superintendent of the Rhodesia Mission gives some interesting news concerning the work. He writes:

"Since I wrote you last the work has been most encouraging in the way the people have received the Gospel. They have been most responsive to every form of Gospel presentation. I have never seen them more hungry for the truth than now.

"I am not able to give you the exact figures, but in spite of so many stations being closed and so few missionaries being at work on the field there has been an increase of two or three hundred full members and probationers. More than a hundred children have been baptized and in every place that I have visited delegations have come asking that a teacher be sent to them.

"Certainly the words of our Saviour, 'And when I am lifted up, I will draw all men unto me,' were never more truly demonstrated than here on this field. People from everywhere come asking to be taught about Him. If we truly lift Him up, the people will surely come. Our difficulty is that we cannot care for them all.

"The American Tract Society is helping more than it is possible to tell in lifting up the world's great Saviour. The mission through your help and that of others, has brought Christian songs to take the place of heathen and obscene chants. It has brought the Bible and the ability to read it whereas before they had not seen a book of any kind. It is gradually bringing about the emancipation of women who have hitherto been bought and sold as cattle.

"Thank you for your help."

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

Have You a Question to be Answered?

This department of our paper is maintained in order to help our readers in the solution of the problems that they meet in their religious life. Any question concerning the Christian life may be sent to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York City. All the problems thus presented, the discussion of which is likely to be of interest and profit to our readers, will be answered by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City, and one of the Contributing Editors to our paper. Only the initials of the writer will be given in connection with any letter that is printed.

The questions that have been presented for discussion this month and Dr. Work's replies are as follows:

DEAR SIR: I have heard it said that Melchizedek was Christ, but I can't think so. I would like to have it explained. R. A. S.

DEAR FRIEND: Nothing more is claimed for Melchizedek than that he was a type of the Messiah especially in his kingship and priesthood. Read carefully the three passages that refer to him, Gen. 14:18-20, Ps. 110:4 and Heb. chapters 5, 6, and 7. The key to the whole matter is the statement made about Abraham, that "he gave him (Melchizedek) a tenth of all." David in the psalm, where he is apparently picturing the Messiah, makes use of the dim and far-away figure of Melchizedek unto whom Abraham gave a tenth of all—"Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." The author of Hebrews makes use of both these passages and draws out the comparison at considerable length. The point of emphasis is that Christ's priesthood was of the nature or order of Melchizedek's, that is, it was superior to all earthly priesthoods. In the person of Abraham the whole Jewish priesthood represented by Levi paid tithes to the higher priesthood of Melchizedek. The argument of Hebrews is that if Abraham, who was the father of the faithful and the ancestor of the sons of Levi acknowledged the dignity and superiority of Melchizedek, then Christ is worthy to take his place as the High Priest of men above all other mediators. "Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." Nothing is known about Melchizedek historically. His sudden appearance, his majesty, his evident independence and superiority, his exalted claim to the attention of such a representative person as Abraham—all this fixed itself upon the minds of later Biblical writers as a wonderful type of the eternal royalty and priesthood of Christ.

DEAR SIR: I am praying for one who at one time acknowledged Christ as his Saviour, but he has wandered away from Him. I am praying earnestly and yet I am told that God never saves any unless they are willing and will open their hearts to Him. When I think of this, the terrible thought comes to me that if it depends on one's own self, what is the use of praying when that one seems to be drifting farther and farther away? I want also to ask what warrant we have for changing the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week? M. M.

DEAR FRIEND: It is true that God does not save anyone against his will. It is also true that God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Our knowledge of the spiritual forces that are at work in the world of mankind is necessarily very limited. We only know that God's grace is very wonderful, and His Providence is very far-reaching. Often when souls

seem to us to be wandering far away from God they are in reality very near to Him. They may soon "turn again home." Who could have told that Saul of Tarsus was so near to the Kingdom when he went to Damascus breathing out slaughter against the Christians? The sainted Monica prayed earnestly that her wandering son Augustine might not go to a certain city, but Augustine went to that city. There however he met a great bishop of the church who was the means of his conversion. The point is that we must never allow ourselves to give a soul up as a hopeless wanderer. It is not God's way: it should not be ours. Prayer is only one of the mysterious and wonderful influences that God desires us to make use of in dealing with souls. The rule is, "Pray without ceasing." Our counsel then is, "Do not yield to your 'terrible thought' about the wanderer, and keep on working, praying and hoping."

There is no place in the Scripture where the change from the seventh to the first day is expressly prescribed. It is very plain however from the hints that are contained in the New Testament that the first day of the week at once assumed a prominent place in the minds of the disciples. Very soon it seems to have been called the Lord's Day (See Rev. 1:10) being observed as the anniversary of the resurrection of Jesus. The change was probably not made all at once. But little by little the groups of Christian believers formed the habit of observing the Lord's Day as the Christian Sabbath. That such a momentous change was made without the mind of the Spirit is scarcely conceivable. So far as the modern church is concerned therefore the warrant for observing the first day of the week is found in the example of the early Christians.

DEAR SIR: I would like to ask your opinion upon the nearness of the coming of the Lord. I would like also to inquire concerning the practice of tithing, just what a tenth should be, whether of the entire income or simply of the profit? I should like to know for instance how a man making ten per cent on an investment and needing to re-stock at regular intervals, as in a store, could meet his tithing requirements justly. Is the law of tithing a present Christian obligation? C. S. D.

DEAR FRIEND: "It is not for you to know times or seasons, which the Father hath set within His own authority." Acts 1:7. "Of that day or that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." Mark 13:32. "Watch therefore, for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh." Matt. 24:22. "Be always ready, for in an hour that ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Matt. 24:44; "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." I Thes. 5:2. "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy living and godliness, looking for and earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God." II Peter 3:11, 12. "I come quickly." Rev. 3:11. "Amen, come Lord Jesus." Rev. 22:20. We conclude from these and other passages that God does not intend us to know the time. It will be sudden, quick, unexpected. We must therefore watch and be ready: for "the Lord is at hand," (Phil. 4:4). We are to live daily in expectation of His coming. Many however are not content with these statements of Scripture and must needs begin to figure out the time of His coming. Answering the question directly, the writer has no opinion upon the nearness of the coming of the Lord. He only knows that the Lord is coming again.

If one who receives a salary of one thousand dollars gives a tenth of it to God, wherein

does the case of a business man who does a thousand dollar business differ from his case? The difficulties that arise are to be met in general by making tithe-giving a regular part of one's business, and thus calculating it in with everything else in the course of the business. The question as to whether tithing is a present Christian obligation is much debated. It is remarkable that the last book of the Old Testament contains these memorable words, "Bring ye the whole tithe into the store-house." Our Lord seems to recognize the tithe. "You give tithes and this ye ought to have done." The principle of proportionate giving is certainly thoroughly established in the Word of God, and Christian stewardship cannot be developed without it. We believe that the Old Testament tithe is to be accepted as an expression of what is permanently right and convenient in the matter of giving. The New Testament rule, "as God hath prospered you," is only an expansion and application of the principle of proportionate giving. If C. S. D. will send name and address to the writer in care of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Office of the American Tract Society, he would like to send a recent and masterly discussion of tithe-giving by a well-known writer.

DEAR SIR: Supposing that we ourselves have come to such a stage in our spiritual life that money-getting and exciting pleasures are secondary to us, how can we preach this gospel of putting first things first to men immersed in business and to those who are caught in the whirl of pleasure-getting? F. N.

DEAR FRIEND: Phillips Brooks once said that what men need most is not a syllogism but an example. All the argument one can bring to bear upon worldly men is not half so convincing as one true redeemed, uplifted life. Go on living and working in the light of the Gospel. Lose no opportunity to preach and teach and even argue if you can—but be assured all the while that the power of your right example will reach farther and go deeper than your words. It is often true that the best personal asset a community possesses is not the preacher in his pulpit, but the believer in business, or in the home, or in the social circle, who truly lives the Gospel of Christ.

DEAR SIR: I feel that Jesus has been such a good friend to me through life. He has comforted me in trouble and has given me the sweet assurance that I am saved, so that it seems that He is nearer and dearer than the Father to me, and I feel that I love Him more than I do the Father. Do you think that God will hold me responsible for that? W. T. C.

DEAR FRIEND: Study prayerfully such passages as John 1:14, "We beheld His glory, glory as of the only-begotten from the Father," John 1:18. "No man hath seen God at any time: the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." John 6:38. "I am come down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." John 5:19. "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father doing." John 5:23. "That all may honor the Son, even as they honor the Father." John 5:17. "My Father worketh even until now and I work." John 8:16. "I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me." Do you not feel that Jesus is very jealous for the honor of the Father? There is no rivalry between the Father and the Son. The Son reveals the Father. The Father glorifies the Son. The Son brings us to the Father. The Father makes us joint heirs with the Son. We are never to forget that when Jesus taught His disciples to pray He bade them say, "Our Father." See also Romans 8:14-17.

EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Tract Work in Hainan

One of the agencies for the production and circulation of Christian literature in China is the American Presbyterian Mission located on the Island of Hainan, which has a population of 2,000,000 souls.

Recently the American Tract Society sent a cash appropriation for the support of the literary work of the Mission in Hainan. This remittance was most gratefully received, and used to the best possible advantage.

The people of China have various amusements. One form of diversion is shown in the picture before us which was reproduced from a photograph sent by the Hainan Mission.



CHINESE CONTORTIONISTS.

The North Fukien Tract Society

A recent mail from China has brought a report of the year's work of the North Fukien Religious Tract Society. Mr. William Muller, Secretary of the Society, writes:

"A proper Book Depot is the great need for our work, and we really hope to do something in this direction almost at once, for the Committee has resumed its search for suitable premises, and I believe there is good reason for expecting that the British and Foreign Bible Society will join us in this effort.

"We have instituted a Subscription Membership which we hope will be successful and add not only to the funds of the Society but to the general interest, especially as the Chinese are also invited to become members, and already have three members on the Executive Committee.

"This Society is very grateful to the American Tract Society for its generous help and passed a hearty vote of thanks at its Annual Meeting. It also requested me to solicit an equal generosity for the current year, and indeed if we are to go on with our work we shall need it more than ever."

At the twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the North Fukien Religious Tract Society a Revised Constitution was adopted. Rev. L. P. Peet was re-elected President and Mr. William Muller, Secretary-Treasurer.

In Central and Northern China

The Religious Tract Society of North and Central China has its headquarters in the city of Hankow. A review of the year's work was recently received from this Society, and from it we glean the following salient paragraphs:

"The year just ended has been one of comparative quiet in Central China. The agitation which arose over the question of the restoration of the Monarchy subsided very quickly when President Yuan died and his position passed to the great general Li Yuan Hung. The reassembling of the Parliament and the cancellation of the various declarations of independence have resulted in a great lull in the political storm.

"So far as the Churches are concerned there has been no serious case of persecution and the work of preacher and colporteur has proceeded in quietness and comfort. The Board of Education has framed certain regulations which if enforced will prevent Christian Day Schools from securing a place in the national system of education, but thus far the sale of our educational publications has not been affected.

"Great interest has been created by the preparation of 'a study of Christian Literature suitable for evangelistic purposes.' This book is the work of Pastor Cheng Ching-yi, the Chinese secretary of the China Continuation Committee, whose speeches at Edinburgh won for him an almost world-wide recognition. The book aims at selecting a list of four hundred books and tracts suitable especially for use by those who are conducting the great evangelistic campaigns which have been a feature of Chinese Church work in recent years. We may

be pardoned for mentioning that seventy-six of the books and tracts selected by Pastor Cheng will be found in the Catalogue of our Society.

"There have been grave difficulties during the year, owing to the abnormal rise in the price of paper, in maintaining our stock and issuing new publications. Books and tracts have run out of print with a speed which would have been enheartening in any ordinary year, but which has been embarrassing in the year now closed. A detailed report of all that has been discussed at the monthly meetings of our Publication Committee would amaze our friends. Qualities of paper, possibilities of using cheaper qualities, how large an edition of this or that we dare print on such paper as we could get, whether such a tract should remain out of print, whether we should issue any new publications, whether we could get any paper at all—these are questions which have been dealt with at various meetings.

"The circulation for the year will cheer the hearts of all our friends. In times such as these, when the missionary is faced with a lessened income from the Home Board owing to the disastrous rise in the price of silver and when we have advanced our prices, one might have expected some falling-off in the orders received. But instead we find that the total of our issues from the Hankow depot has grown from 1,092,145 last year to 1,417,203 this year, while the value of these issues is correspondingly increased. To this latter total must be added the issues from the Tientsin depot, which have amounted to many hundreds of thousands. It has not yet been possible to secure a record of total issues of the North China Religious Tract Society prior to the amalgamation, but the total output of books and tracts from the Hankow depot has now reached about 34,000,000 and to this may be added about 16,000,000 tracts freely distributed for other Societies.

"Among the new publications of the year are the following titles: Perpetua and Felicitas, A Miner's Salvation, Christian Privileges and Duties, A Home Prayer Manual, Christianity and Confucianism, A Guide to Reform and The Light of the World.

"Beside these seven new issues we are glad to announce that after long delay, the Hymnal has been published and that the first edition of 5,000 copies is exhausted. A second edition is now ready. The Calendar for 1917 has been designed by a highly gifted missionary, the Rev. A. J. MacFarlane, M.A. Following the precedent set last year by Miss W. I. Coxon, who took as the theme of her beautiful calendar the idea of 'Light,' Mr. MacFarlane decided to use the thought of 'Power' and he has skilfully worked out this thought in letterpress, illustrations and border. We

feel that these two Calendars mark a distinct advance in the work of producing annually a Calendar which shall on the one hand compete successfully with the native productions and on the other convey a Christian truth to the mind of him who uses it."

Converted Through Wondrous Grace

Mr. C. H. Stevens of the China Inland Mission, gives two interesting cases of conversion as the result of the efforts of Mr. Yang, a Chinese worker in one of his out-stations, which show that the Gospel is adapted to the needs of even the most depraved. He writes:

"Mr. Liu was given up as hopeless, being a physical wreck when Mr. Yang met him. Liu besought Yang to help him with medicine. Mr. Yang responded by telling him that if he were willing to kneel down just where he was and in faith call upon the Lord to heal and help him, he could yet be saved. He did so, and to-day the man is free from opium, and physically stronger than many an ordinary individual who has never touched the drug. He bears testimony to the wonderful grace of God shown towards him.

"The other man, a Mr. Feng, comes of a wealthy family. His father was a scholar with a M.A. degree, and Mr. Feng himself has taught in a school. The father died some years ago and alas! the home was finally ruined through opium. When Mr. Yang took Feng in hand, the latter was a moral wreck. I understand that even outsiders intimated that if Mr. Feng could be reclaimed, Christianity was certainly divine. To-day Mr. Feng is 'clothed and in his right mind,' and while I write this is taking his part in evening prayers."

A Village Christian Saint in India

Baba Karam, an Indian Christian who fell ill and died recently, was not a paid agent of any missionary society, but he was a real missionary called of God.

His silent and faithful work has been the means of forming three congregations in three different villages in the field of the National Missionary Society. His life has a great interest, in that it shows how Christ can make use of even the poor and illiterate Christians of our villages when they are swayed by a real missionary spirit. He was a Christian from among the low caste. Even before he became a Christian, he was anxious to know about God.

During the last ten years of his Christian life since his baptism, the more his body grew feeble on account of his old age, the more his missionary spirit grew in him. Though advanced in age he took great pains to learn to read so that he might be able to read the Word of

God himself. Often he had to go a long distance to learn a lesson with the help of non-Christians who were not quite willing to teach him.

Baba Karam earned his living as a tenant under a Hindu landlord. During the months of the year when there was not much work in the fields, he went about from village to village to deliver his message. Thus a large number of Christian congregations found in him a natural religious leader able to help them in various ways.

Besides this, wherever non-Christians got to know him they respected him. He was respected by all communities in his own village, and was known as an honest, hard-working, and humble man, zealous for his own religion. As Christianity was a new thing in this district, he had plenty of opportunities every day to witness for his faith, for people asked him again and again why he became a Christian. He welcomed such opportunities, and was only too glad to tell everyone the good news. Although there were many Christians in his own village and in the villages around him, yet he was called "Karam Isai" (i.e., Karam the Christian).

Growth in Uganda

Recent returns from the Church Missionary Society Mission in the Uganda Protectorate in Africa indicate progress. The Protestant Christian community in the mission now numbers 114,570, almost exactly double the total of ten years ago; the communicants (29,000) have very nearly doubled their number during that period; the contributions of the people have almost trebled; the students and pupils in the schools have more than trebled.

The Power of His Word

A missionary from South America writes: "Some Roman Catholics were burning a pile of Bibles in the public park. The wind caught a leaf of the gospel by Luke and carried it the length of a number of streets until at last it ended its journey by entering an open window. A lady saw it, picked it up and read; that was the first step in her conversion. Truly the winds obey Him. A sacrist, or man who helps the priest, was curious to know more about a pile of books that the priest was going to burn, so he stole one, a New Testament, which resulted in his salvation."

Generous Gifts

An encouraging feature of the work in Japan is the fact that the Japanese Church is beginning to develop some large givers. For example, we are told that an alumnus of the Methodist College in Tokyo has come forward with a gift of 150,000 yen (\$75,000) to provide much-needed buildings for that institution; alumni of the Doshisha College (Congregationalist) have collected 300,000 yen (\$150,000) for an endowment fund. Baron Morimura, a wealthy Christian, is personally financing Mr. Kimura, the Japanese evangelist, and his assistants on their evangelistic tour in the Hokkaido.

A Bright Outlook

Rev. A. Stuart McNairn, General Secretary in London of the Evangelical Union of South America, has recently returned from a tour of Argentine, Brazil and Peru. He says the response of Brazil to the gospel is wonderful; the fields are white, and it is only a question of gathering in the harvest. In Gamelleira, in Goyaz State, a Brazilian "Keswick" was held, attended by five hundred people, some of whom journeyed two or three weeks on horse-back, or in ox-wagons, or on foot in order to be present. The Christian community is a light to all the country around, and believers in other parts of the State wish to move there because of the Christian atmosphere.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

MAY 6. Love

I Corinthians 13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Apr. 30. Forgiving love. 2 Sam. 18:1-5, 27-33.
T. May 1. Patient love. 1 Pet. 4:12-19.
W. May 2. Pardoning love. John 3:14-17.
T. May 3. Serving love. Gal. 5:1-15.
F. May 4. Seeking love. Luke 15:1-10.
S. May 5. Yielding love. Gen. 13:1-11.

The Scripture selected in connection with this topic is one of the choicest passages in all the Bible. It is an inspired commentary on the most vital subject that has ever engaged the attention of the human mind. Love, according to Professor Drummond, is the greatest thing in the world, and his statement has met with universal assent and approval.

A Divine Quality

If we ask for the source of love, we find the answer to this question in the statement of the Scriptures that God is love. Love is a divine quality, and hence its exalted character. God is the source and spring of all true love, and He has given to the world a matchless exhibition of this attribute in the gift of His Son to be the Saviour of the world.

God has implanted the natural affection in human hearts which finds its expression in family love. The impulse to friendship, which finds its only secure basis in mutual love, is a God-given instinct. The spiritual love upon which rests our fellowship with believers is the gift of God's Holy Spirit. Moreover, our love toward God is inspired by Him. "We love Him, because He first loved us."

The Crowning Virtue

The Apostle Paul ranks love as the crowning virtue. He subordinates it to all other Christian graces and gives it the highest place in the category of human virtues.

Love is not the only virtue, nor is it antagonistic to justice, righteousness or any of the other moral attributes required for a perfect character. But love is complementary and supplementary to all other moral qualities. It bathes in its warm glow those virtues which by themselves alone might tend to produce an austere and unattractive personality. "Love," it has well been said, "is the ground of Christian character, the soil out of which deeds must grow. Without love we may have artificial trees in our lives, but no real fruit."

The Power of Love

Who can measure the power of love? In these days, when it seems as if all the world had turned to physical force as the most effective means for attaining desired ends, let us remember that the power of love still transcends the might of all material forces. Indeed, as we look closer into the present situation, we may see that the love of righteousness is still the controlling instinct in the majority of human hearts, and the love of humanity still reigns in human lives that are being freely offered for the defense of our home land and the suppression of the menace to human liberty that lurks beyond and beneath the sea.

What is the most powerful thing in the world? It is not money, for there are many things which money cannot buy. It is not physical force, for there are things which the strongest artillery cannot accomplish. It is not self-interest, for the world is witnessing a self-almegation and a yielding of oneself to service and to sacrifice such as has never been seen before in all the range of secular history.

The most powerful thing in the world is love. This is the motive which animates the mother who gives her life for her child. This is the motive that actuates the patriot who gives up his life for his country. This is the motive that inspires the missionary of the Cross, who lays down his life as the result of his devotion to the Master

MAY 13.

Fellowship with God (The Quiet Hour)

Psalms 119:97-104.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. May 7. Fellowship in prayer. I John 5:14-15.
T. May 8. Fellowship in suffering. Mark 14:32-42.
W. May 9. Condition of fellowship. I John 1:5-10.
T. May 10. Meditation. Gen. 24:63.
F. May 11. Fellowship in toil. I Cor. 3:1-9.
S. May 12. Joy of fellowship. Ps. 23:1-6.

The Scripture portion for this topic is a part of the 119th Psalm, which is both the longest and in some respects the most remarkable of all the Psalms. It has been called the "Psalm of the Law," "the Psalm of the Saints," and "the Alphabet of Divine Love." Some one has described it as "the Christian's golden ABC of the praise, love, power and use of the Word of God."

The entire Psalm is eminently appropriate for use in the Quiet Hour. The opening verse of the section selected for our consideration is especially suitable for our topic: "O, how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day."

The Blessing of Meditation

In this rushing, tumultuous age there is great need for the observance of a time of meditation, when the soul may hold fellowship with God and dwell upon the essential realities of life.

Meditation does not preclude action, but it helps to direct action in the right channel. Men of action are usually also men of thought, and the more important the interests committed to their charge, the more careful should be their thought.

"Study to be Quiet"

A most helpful little book that bears directly on our topic is "Study to be Quiet," by Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D. In the opening chapter of that book entitled "A Pauline Sentence," Dr. Work writes:

"It is trite to say that our age is hasty and restless. But it has not yet been too often said that Christianity's message in part to the world is a message of quiet strength and rejoicing amidst turmoil and haste. The Christian faith, to be sure, is dynamic in its influence upon men, yet at the same time it is ever summoning men back to the silent sources to the steady processes of faith, where life may obtain its poise, secure its own legitimate privacy, inherit the gifts and graces of Quiet. The terminology of the subject—'silence,' 'stillness,' 'calm,' the 'inner life'—has a strange sound in the ears of these noisy generations.

"The apostle Paul was no mystic. He writes indeed of being carried into the seventh heaven of vision and he has much to say of the deep things of the Christian faith. Yet he is always the most practical of men, teaching ever the insistence of task, as well as the importance of vision. Paul illustrates a combination of qualities. He puts duty with doctrine, action with vision, service with thought, works with faith. He calls men to a personal and growing acquaintance with Jesus Christ their Lord, in order that they may go out and do His work with loving hearts. Keenly alive as he is to the need of activity, Paul also insists upon Quiet, such Quiet for the Christian as is described by Fellowship, Meditation, Communion, Growth. The great apostle himself must have his quiet years in Arabia before he could begin his apostolic labors.

"This Pauline counsel is very valuable to-day. The Christian of to-day needs silence, including, as the word does, whatever is of the inner life, whatever is preparatory in the heart, whatever represents the deepening of the soul's experience. Study to be Quiet means, not less activity, less doing, but more thought, more worship, more prayer, more secret, personal education of the heart in grace and knowledge."

MAY 20.

Growing As Christ Grew

Luke 2:41-52.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. May 14. Growing in God's House. I Sam. 2:18-20, 26.
T. May 15. Growing in grace. I Pet. 2:1-4, 20.
W. May 16. Growth of character. 2 Pet. 1:1-11.
T. May 17. Arrested growth. Heb. 5:12-14, 6:1-3.
F. May 18. Growth in good. Col. 1:1-14.
S. May 19. Perfect Manhood. Eph. 4:26-32.

It is suggested that the meeting at which this topic is considered be a union meeting with the Juniors and Intermediates. This is a good suggestion, and such a meeting should be very helpful.

The thought which every young person should carry away from a study of this topic is the desirability of growing as Christ grew. Let us consider briefly some of the ways in which Christ developed and in which we should follow in His steps.

In Spiritual Insight

Christ grew "in wisdom." This may refer in part to the acquirement of intellectual knowledge, but we are inclined to think that it includes also the gift of spiritual discernment. The danger of the present day with many young people is that while they are growing in earthly wisdom they are gaining all too little of that wisdom from above which alone can serve to guide us safely through the journey of life.

Jesus found the source of wisdom in the Scriptures, in His contact with those about Him and in communion with His heavenly Father. So we, by the study of the Bible, by fellowship with those who are Christian and by seeking the presence of God in the Quiet Hour, may find the springs of that wisdom from above which we need to equip us for the race that we have to run.

In Physical Power

As Jesus advanced "in stature" He doubtless increased in physical strength. To perform the duties of life properly we need to have a strong, healthy constitution. We must care for our bodies as well as for our minds. There are well-meaning Christians who overlook this fact, and who seem to think that piety and anemia are practically synonymous terms. This is a great mistake. Christianity is virile, and the more robust we are physically the more valuable the service that we can render to our Lord and King.

In Favor with God and Men

It seems but natural that Christ should grow in favor with God. And yet should it not be natural for us, who are children of God also to grow in favor with our heavenly Father?

Jesus grew in favor with God because of His essential oneness with the Father. And the more closely we are united to God by faith in Christ, the more we shall grow in favor with Him.

Jesus grew in favor with men because of the perfection of His character. He was winsome; He was true; He was kind; He was generous; He was unselfish; He was merciful; He was self-sacrificing. In short, He was perfect in every attribute of character.

If we would grow in favor with our fellowmen, we must seek the same perfection of character that was exemplified in Christ. "Be ye perfect" was His bidding to His disciples. Because perfection seems unattainable in this present life, let us not be discouraged, but let us remember that the more nearly we approach to the character of Jesus, the more nearly do we approximate to His ideal of character.

In Efficiency for Service

Let us aim to grow in efficiency for service. Ministry for others was the goal which Christ set before Himself, and in which He grew increasingly effective until he reached the consummation of His ideal in His death on the Cross.

MAY 27.

Financing the Kingdom

Luke 19:11-26.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. May 21. God's gold. Ps. 50:1-15.
T. May 22. God's tenth. Mal. 3:7-18.
W. May 23. Systematic giving. I Cor. 16:1-9.
T. May 24. Proportionate giving. 2 Cor. 8:7-15.
F. May 25. Liberal giving. 2 Cor. 8:1-6.
S. May 26. Cheerful giving. 2 Cor. 9:1-15.

Financing the Kingdom is a vital matter for every Christian to consider. A nation cannot prosper if it is not upon a sound financial basis. We cannot expect the Kingdom of God to progress if the proper financial support is not given by those who are its citizens.

The Jewish Law

In the Old Dispensation a standard of giving was established for the chosen people of God. That standard is known as the tithe. Under this requirement the Israelites were expected to give to God one-tenth of the produce of their fields, trees, flocks, and herds. This was devoted to the maintenance of the Levites in their respective cities. But this did not fulfill all the obligations of a pious Jew, for a second tithe seems to have been required for the maintenance of the temple, and in addition gifts were required for the support of the poor.

These requirements do not seem to have been found burdensome by those who were religiously inclined, and the divine blessing followed those who were faithful in their tithing. There were many, however, who disregarded this obligation, and one of the reproaches uttered by the prophet Malachi was directed at those who had failed to render the whole tithe.

The Christian Ideal

When we come to the New Dispensation we find no specific commands laid upon Christians in regard to the practice of tithing. By implication, however, this practice is commended, and the whole subject of giving receives strong and repeated emphasis.

In his Epistles the Apostle Paul teaches the duty of systematic, proportionate, liberal and cheerful giving, and this constitutes the Christian ideal, which every follower of Christ should adopt.

The Tenth Legion

In recent years a strong movement has been inaugurated, which seeks to urge upon Christians the duty and privilege of giving at least one-tenth of their income for the Lord's work. This is one of the offshoots of the Christian Endeavor Movement and is known as the Tenth Legion. Full particulars concerning this admirable movement may be secured from the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass.

Another enrollment of tithe givers has been made by the Layman Company under the title of the America Tithers Union, and all those who desire to be enrolled on that list and to receive the Certificate of Membership offered should address the Layman Company, No. 143 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Call for Giving

Never before in the world's history has there been such a loud call for giving as at the present time. The appeal for beneficence is universal and the channels of benevolence are practically unlimited.

With such a multiplicity of demands the need for wise discrimination is urgent and the obligation to consecrated liberality is imperative.

As the needs are world-wide so should our gifts be world-wide in their scope. We should give not only to our own local church but to the boards and societies which are carrying out the Master's command to evangelize the world. Furthermore we should aim to help all branches of the missionary enterprise, not forgetting the department of Christian Literature, which has in it the promise of the largest possible influence in hastening the coming of the Kingdom of God.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Tree Choir

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

*I know a vested choir
Who sing at early dawn,
When dewdrops shine and sparkle
On field and wood and lawn;
They're always fresh and spotless,
And shine with daintiness,
Although they rise so early,
With little time to dress.*

*And then again at twilight,
When all the world is still,
Their music echoes sweetly
From orchard, grove, and hill;
A song of true thanksgiving
They jubilantly sing,
And then each little singer
Tucks head 'neath downy wing.*

The May Day Fairies.

BY A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

TO-MORROW is May Day," said Miss Freeman to the girls in her class, "and I hope that you will remember to send these lovely baskets you have made here to people who have very little to cheer them. Unselfishness is the keynote of real happiness."

Several of the girls exchanged glances meaningly. Then Mary Elizabeth said, "Why Miss Freeman, I want to return some social favors with my baskets. There is Mrs. Crockett, who is always having parties and inviting me! I simply owe her one of these baskets."

"You can do as you please about it, Mary Elizabeth," said the pleasant young teacher, "but Mrs. Crockett has everything that money can buy and there are so many lonely, poor people to whom a May basket of bright flowers would mean so very much. Think it over, girls!" she admonished as they gathered up their baskets to leave.

"I planned to give this elegant cream basket filled with lovely jonquils to Ted Rae's mother," declared Marjorie O'Neil.

"Oh, ho," laughed the girls, "so it's Ted Rae this week, is it?"

"I think that you are all horrid." Marjorie tossed her black curls and pretended to be very angry, but she was secretly pleased at the teasing. "You know that Ted has taken me to several parties lately and his people are rich and go in the best society, so I think, in view of the fact that I will soon be a young lady, it is good policy to be nice to them."

"So do I," said Mary Elizabeth, sympathetically. "Now Miss Freeman has just spoiled everything with her old-fashioned ideas of giving to those who have little of this world's goods," she mimicked.

"They may be old-fashioned ideas, but they are lovely and I am going to try to carry them out to the letter," said little Eleanor Monroe. "My prettiest basket, this pale green one, I am going to fill with arbutus and give it to mother. The other baskets I am going to send to mother's poorest friends."

"Where are you going to get the arbutus?"

"Brother Tom has gone to the ridge for it. You know there is always so much of it up there," answered Eleanor.

"Haven't you any other flowers to put in your baskets? I planted bowls of bulbs weeks ago and they are blooming wonderfully just in time," said Marjorie.

"No. I counted on the arbutus blooming in time." Eleanor smiled very bravely although her lips were trembling. Surely the girls knew that she had not been able to afford even a few bulbs after her mother's hospital bill had been paid.

"What will you do if the arbutus hasn't bloomed yet?" asked Marjorie O'Neil, voicing the fear that had been growing in Eleanor's heart.

"I—I don't know." When they reached the little gray cottage where she lived, Eleanor said goodbye to the girls and hurried around to the side door to keep her mother from seeing the lovely green basket intended for her.

It was when she was showing the other baskets she had made that the doorbell rang and she ran to answer it. Mrs. Crockett's automobile waited at the curb and that lady herself, resplendent in a beautiful gray silk dress, stood on the porch.

"How do you do?" she said. "Are you Eleanor Monroe?"

"Yes, ma'am. Will you come in?" Eleanor managed to stammer.

"They are exquisite, just what I want. I will give you two dollars apiece for them. But where is the pale green one? Miss Freeman spoke of it especially. She said it was worth at least three dollars and a half. I have some pale pink tulips in bloom and I want the green basket for them."

Eleanor's face was very red as she stood there wondering what to say. Her mother was looking at her.

"Where is it, daughter?" she asked. Eleanor thought of three dollars and a half and what a substantial gift it would buy for mother. Something in her eyes made her mother understand.

"Dear, you have hidden that basket to give it to me, haven't you?"

"Mother, dear, I wanted you to find it to-morrow, hanging on our door. I meant to fill it with arbutus, if Tom finds any on the ridge."

to the cottage and generously offered some of their flowers, provided Tom had not found the arbutus in bloom. Mrs. Monroe told them the story of Eleanor's baskets and more than one of those girls turned away to hide the tears that suddenly moistened their eyelids.

"Tom didn't find any arbutus but he brought a handful of blue-bells, and I am sure that Eleanor intends to make a little basket for them to-night," Mrs. Monroe explained.

Sure enough, Eleanor slipped away to her room that evening after the supper dishes had been washed and with her apron full of materials, she set to work to weave a tiny basket to hold the blue-bells. She waked up early the next morning, long before sunrise and opening the front door softly, she hung her little gift of love on the door knob outside. An hour later, when her mother opened the door, a wealth of lovely baskets met their eyes and in the center stood Eleanor's own pale green basket filled with hot house tulips.

"Why, mother, who sent all these beautiful baskets of flowers?" she cried happily, lovingly touching the basket she had fashioned for her mother.

"The fairies," answered her mother, just as elated as Eleanor herself. But in their hearts both of them knew that Mrs. Crockett and Eleanor's school-mates had masqueraded as fairies early in the morning on that lovely May Day.

Won by Song

Celestina is a little girl about eight years old, who lives in Brazil. Near the place where she lives is a "Bible Church," as the Protestant churches are called in Brazil. Celestina was attracted by the singing she heard in this church; it sounded quite wonderful to her and she insisted upon going in to listen. Her mother and grandmother very strongly objected to their little girl going into a Protestant church. But Celestina's father was a free thinker and it made little difference to him what kind of religious meetings his daughter attended. So her humored her, and against the will of mother and grandmother, she went to the meeting.

The music particularly attracted her, and she went again, this time staying for Sunday-school, which greatly interested her.

It was not long after Celestina started to go to Sunday-school that she desired to confess Christ as her Saviour and unite with the church. She succeeded in obtaining consent from her father to do this, although her mother was very unwilling. She soon began bringing back into the home some of the things she found in the Bible church. One thing she brought home was her Bible. She repeated the lessons that were taught her, and sang the beloved hymns that she had learned.

Her father saw that some great blessing had come into his little girl's life, and after a time he went to the meeting to see what it was that she had found. He found himself listening eagerly to the Word, then this father who professed no religious belief took heed to what he heard,—and he followed Christ.

It was not long before Celestina's mother and her grandmother went to the wonderful church, and they, too, were converted, and the rest of the family as well. And happy little Celestina's father is now an officer in that church.—SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

Share Your Good Things

Happiness is a cloak that is always big enough to stretch and cover two. Be sure you find some one to "go halves with", no matter what the nice thing is that happens to you. A little boy came into the house one day with a very sober face. He wanted a playmate. "All the nice games are made for two—or a lot," he said. "Even candy doesn't taste good without some one to divide it with and help you eat it!"



CHERRY BLOSSOMS

"Miss Freeman has just told me of the lovely baskets that you made in her class-room and I am wondering if you will be willing to sell them to me?"

Sell her lovely baskets, the ones she had made to send to mother's poorest friends? Sacrifice all the pleasure she had expected in doing something that would make mother happy? Then she thought of her mother's face that morning when she had said, "Daughter dear, I wish that I could buy new shoes for you and for Tom. The ones you are wearing are worn almost through to the ground. Perhaps, in a few weeks, we can manage it. If I could only have stayed well so that we would not have had those awful hospital bills!"

Eleanor decided quickly. "Yes, ma'am. Will you come in and look at them?"

She shyly introduced her mother, then presented her baskets for Mrs. Crockett's inspection.

"Well," said Mrs. Crockett, "that's all right, Eleanor, and quite the sweetest thing I have heard of a young girl doing in a long time. I'll try to buy a green one at the florist's."

"I will sell mine to you and give the money to mother," cried Eleanor, and ran to get the basket from the place where she had hidden it.

Mrs. Monroe touched it lovingly, perhaps enviously, for had not Eleanor's slim young fingers fashioned it in love for her? Mrs. Crockett's eyes were full of tears as she patted Eleanor on the shoulder and wished her a happy, happy May Day. Then she put a roll of bills in her hand and Eleanor immediately transferred the money to her mother. There was enough for shoes for herself and for Tom and five whole dollars for mother to spend as she pleased.

After Eleanor had taken her brother to town to select new shoes that afternoon, the girls in her class went around

Our Fireside

"A Tribute to Mother"

By Grace Boteler Sanders

FOR the first time since she had received it, Anna Knox consulted the Women's Club program. It was a neat, little affair printed in black and gold on deckle-edged lavender paper and tied with a silken cord of deep heliotrope. The scent of heliotrope lingered. The sweet, subtle fragrance which came stealing to her nostrils brought back the remembrance of one snowy winter's day when the Club Secretary laid the card in her lap and placed her hand upon her shoulder.

"Mrs. Knox, won't you come?" The appeal flashed forth by the dark eyes was so intense, that Anna Knox, the woman of a thousand and one social duties, deliberated. When the secretary continued, "You can't imagine what it would mean to us to have you at even one meeting," Anna Knox promised to be present.

But that was in winter-time, snowy and cold. Mrs. Knox shuddered at the very thought of that winter, the first which she had not spent in Florida since her marriage. To drive away the troublesome memories, she turned her gaze to the window to look at the laughing, pulsating, joyous eyes of the springtime which had spread its loveliness before her window like a great panorama.

Smiling eyes peeped from the buds of the nearest peach tree. Wizen little faces with leering brown eyes peered from those blossoms which had blown and were about to die. Flirting, nodding, cunning eyes laughed from the maple leaves, shaking out their glorious skirts of green and gold. It was the month of May and her promise to attend the club had not as yet been kept. Yesterday the secretary reminded her.

She had been so busy. Anna Knox thrust her feet into her slippers and glided noiselessly across to the window to throw herself in a reclining chair, where the brilliant moonlight threw fantastic shadows upon the letters of black and gold which set forth the first number on the program for the May day meeting.

"Response to Roll Call—A Tribute to Mother from Your Favorite Author." Why did her heart bound so strangely? Why did her hand seek her heaving breast? She had worried because she had not kept her promise to the club, but what about her promise to her mother?

She threw off the query with a forced laugh. How could the busy wife of a

professor, the mother of five children, the mistress of social affairs and a leader in political economies and reforms of all kinds, do everything? Memory reminded her that only a few real things required the attention of Anna Knox.

As the professor's wife, she must entertain and grace the college functions and aid church and school and community affairs. The prominence which she had gained as a public speaker, made her greatly in demand. She had servants, it was true, but there were many things which servants could not do. For instance they could not visit this club meeting and respond, as she must with "a tribute to mother."

Oh, if she had breath—Anna Knox here alone in her room waxed eloquent—had she ten thousand voices they could not adequately sing the praise of the mother who had sewed at night and done washing in the daytime so that she might keep her only daughter in school. Of course she should have visited mother oftener—but she was so busy. Yet for once this excuse seemed pitifully tame. She felt that she must go to see her at once. And now, all unconsciously, she fell into a trance, in which the real and the unreal were inextricably blended. Driven by an impelling force, she exchanged her lounging robe for a street costume and with bag and purse hurried out into the silence of the night. At the station she boarded the train for her home town and lay back in her seat absorbed in deep thought. Just as the clocks were striking nine, the train stopped at the depot, from which every morning in her girlhood days she had taken the train to the city where she had secured her education and had found her husband, her children, her wealth, her social position and everything she held dear.

Down the street she hurried past half a hundred chimneys from which the smoke of the morning fires was lazily rising. Snow was heaped high in the hollows and on many a walk, and the disgust which some city dwellers feel for small towns, surged up in the breast of Anna Knox. How could they bear it?

As she passed an awkward lad with his push cart filled with mail sacks, she sarcastically compared them with the shining auto and uniformed driver that yesterday stopped at her door. But when she reached the foot of the hill on which stood her mother's little green house, she stopped aghast at the crowd which had gathered about the door. She pushed past them and across the thresh-

hold. Then a neighbor told her quietly that mother was dead!

Anna Knox sank down in the faded old Morris chair, where so many times she had learned her lessons, and tried to realize what had happened. Dead and alone! Ah, at that moment, she remembered the neglect she had displayed during the hours, days and weeks when she had not written or called or visited.

There as she sat in the quiet room not far from the silent figure of her departed mother magical pictures floated across the screen of her mind. There was a certain Thanksgiving day which she had promised to spend at home. She had not known that her mother cared so much, but this picture showed a little woman trotting happily about, mixing, baking, bending over buckets and crocks and pans that she might make "gran-ma's cookies which the dear children loved," and mince pies and twisted crullers. Mother was very tired when she stood smilingly inspecting the long rows spread out on the pantry shelf, so tired that she could not kneel to say her prayers, but lay in bed plaintively murmuring: "Excuse me Lord, because of my poor old knees." She could not sleep well. She was too tired and rose before dawn to set the big table with the best linen and company dishes and silver and glass and some flowers which the minister had sent. She was stripping the old lean purse of her whole month's allowance and telling herself that she'd get along somehow when Anna Knox looked at the feast.

The little house was set in perfect order, the chicken done to a turn, the snow-drift potatoes and the scalloped oysters all ready with crispy celery and crimson cranberries for the coming of the noon train. But when the chicken had dried to wisps and the oysters and potatoes were ruined, and the little woman had trotted out into the street a dozen times to stand with her hand over her eyes to watch the holiday crowd which poured from every train, and when at last she saw there was no chance of her daughter's coming, she fled to the house and this very chair in which Anna Knox was now seeing dreams and sobbed until her troublesome heart gave warning.

And then there was Christmas. Anna had promised to be home, but when, at the last minute, the governor asked her as an especial favor to him, to speak at the mother's meeting and afterward to banquet with the crowd, Anna Knox had tucked a shining gift into a box, and sent it in lieu of herself. She saw now her mother's trembling fingers untying the cords which bound that box. She saw her take the gold piece from the blue cotton bed and toss it into the corner with unveiled wrath. Anna Knox hadn't meant it for an insult, this bestowing of something which had not cost her an effort nor a sacrifice. But she knew now that she had wounded mother sorely by giving gold and not self on Christmas day.

"A Tribute to Mother" would be a mockery from such as her, society leader, church member and reformer though she was. She had neglected the one who had borne and molded her. What punishment was enough? She went dazedly through the trials, the funeral, the falling of clods upon a coffin lid, and thought of a certain time set for mother's visit, when she proposed a postponement, because she said she feared the children's noise would worry grandmother. In reality, it had been because the children were entertaining fashionable company and did not wish to be bothered.

At that last farewell, the daughter took the work-hardened hand in her soft, white palm, and dropped kisses and tributes which would have brought exquisite joy to the recipient a few days before. Mother did not answer. It was too late. In overhauling the house and getting ready for the sale, Anna Knox found in an old bureau her first shoe, the grandson's first letter, Katherine's post card book and many things which grandmother had treasured. The auctioneer came and laid sacrilegious hands on the Morris chair which had once been a place of prayer. And then came that "going-going-gone," which seemed the end of every homely joy.



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A tribute to mother? She would be glad now, if she could lighten labor and shower gifts upon her who deserved everything. But it was too late. With a moan she sank to her knees on the threshold of her old home and then—opened her eyes in her luxurious room lighted by moonlight and made sweet by the breathing of the children in the adjoining room. In the room below, she heard the tread of her husband. She dashed away her tears, but it was not until she caught up the heliotrope program which lay on the floor that Anna Knox fully realized that the words of the black and gold announcement were a reality and the other experience a dream.

It was not December, cold and snowy, a season of open graves and dead hopes. It was May, joyous, blossoming spring when every bud and blossoming thing were pulsating with life. Neither was mother dead, but probably sleeping in the green little house. Mother should have her tribute, and have it now.

Pink-shod feet slid quickly down the stairs and into the study that two arms might clasp her husband's neck as a voice, between sobs, told the story, ending with the words, "I didn't mean to be thoughtless, but I'm going right away, Bob, to tell her. Will you take me to the station now?" The professor nodded. "And will you pray—pray that I won't find it so?"

"I will," promised the professor gravely.

Anna Knox reached the railroad depot in the old home town as the birds twittered in the apple trees against a rosy sky. Oh, how beautiful were the blossoming lawns and the air of homely comfort on the streets through which she passed! At the foot of the hill, her heart thumping with fear, she paused to look up at the little green house which sat so quietly against the sky. There was no crowd, no sign of life, except an exquisitely thin line of smoke which was curling slowly upward from the chimney.

Over the path worn by her childish feet, Anna hurried and saw through the

**THOUSANDS
UPON THOUSANDS OF
HEALTHY BOYS & GIRLS EAT
Grape-Nuts
AND CREAM EVERY
MORNING BECAUSE
WISE MOTHERS KNOW
"There's a Reason"**

kitchen window a white head bowed over a plate and cup and saucer. She heard a murmured name—it was her own—and rushed to clasp her beloved mother to her heart.

"I've come for breakfast, mother; what have you?" she cried.

The mother held up her hands in delight. "You poor child, did you stay up all night on that old train to come to visit your poor old homely mother?" she asked reproachfully.

"You're not a homely mother. You're a pretty one," laughed happy Anna Knox, "and I've come to take you for a long, long visit."

The little mother hung back. "I've no clothes fine enough for such fashionable folk," she demurred.

"As if that were any excuse in these days of ready-mades," laughed the daughter. "Of course you'll go."

On the happiness of that trip on the train, followed by the shopping excursions, the concerts, the music and the flowers! But the happiest time of all was a guest day at the Women's Club when the two joined a company of women who carried heliotrope programs to a fine house on the hill which was appropriately decorated for Mother's Day. There a happy party gathered about a little woman in satin with real lace at neck and wrists, a smiling little woman, who listened with glowing face when her daughter, responded to Roll Call—when queenly Anna Knox told, word for word, this story of her dream vision.

Not a woman thought of weariness although the telling of the story took almost an hour. Many sobbed and resolved mentally that they would be more thoughtful; but it was the young secretary to whom Anna Knox turned with her humble confession.

"My dear, had it not been for you I might not have enjoyed these days with mother nor the anticipation of happier future hours, and so I have decided, if the society will permit, to become an active instead of an honorary member, so that I may help all I can."

And then how they crowded about her and the little mother, and every one declared that of all the responses to the roll call, that of Anna Knox was the very best.

Little Things.

BY MRS. A. R. PERHAM.

*Only a little post card,
With loving words of cheer,
Made glad a heart so lonely
And dried the falling tear.
It said, "I'm thinking of you,
Though I am far away;
I cannot come to see you,
So send this card to-day."*

*Only a smile but it gladdened
A little child one day;
Only a tract but it led a soul
To choose the better way.
A little deed of kindness
Done unto one in need,
A little burden lifted
Is Christlike work indeed.*

*Then let us scatter sunshine
In loving deeds each day,
E'en little things may gladden
Some heart upon the way.
We know 'tis not expected
Of all great things to do,
But simply in His service
Faithful to be and true.*

Help in Temptation

An English naval officer told a grateful story of the way he was helped and saved from dishonor in his first experience in battle. He was a midshipman, fourteen years old. The volleys of the enemy's musketry so terrified him that he almost fainted. The officer over him saw his state and came close beside him, keeping his own face toward the enemy, and held the midshipman's hand, saying in a calm, quiet, affectionate way: "Courage, my boy. You will recover in a minute or two. I was just so when I went into my first battle." The young man said afterwards that it was as if an angel had come to him and put new strength into him. The whole burden of his agony of fear was gone, and from that moment he was as brave as the oldest of the men. If the officer had dealt sternly with the midshipman, he might have driven him to cowardly failure. His kindly sympathy with him dispelled all fear, put courage into his heart, and made him brave for battle.

It was thus that Christ is touched with a feeling of our infirmity when, assailed by sudden temptation, we quail and are afraid. He comes up close beside us and says: "I understand. I met a temptation just like yours that tried me very sorely. I felt the same dread you feel. I suffered bitterly that day. I remember it. Be brave and strong and your fear will vanish and you will be victorious." Then He takes our hand, and the thrill of His sympathy and of His strength comes into our heart, dispelling all fear.—SELECTED.

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Meaning makes a life, just as it makes a picture. What is in a man's heart works out in his character, year after year. The Bible speaks continually of a man's heart, because the heart is where the first designs of living are formed. When a man means with all his heart to be a Christian, he has begun to paint in his life a picture of Christ that all the world shall see some day.

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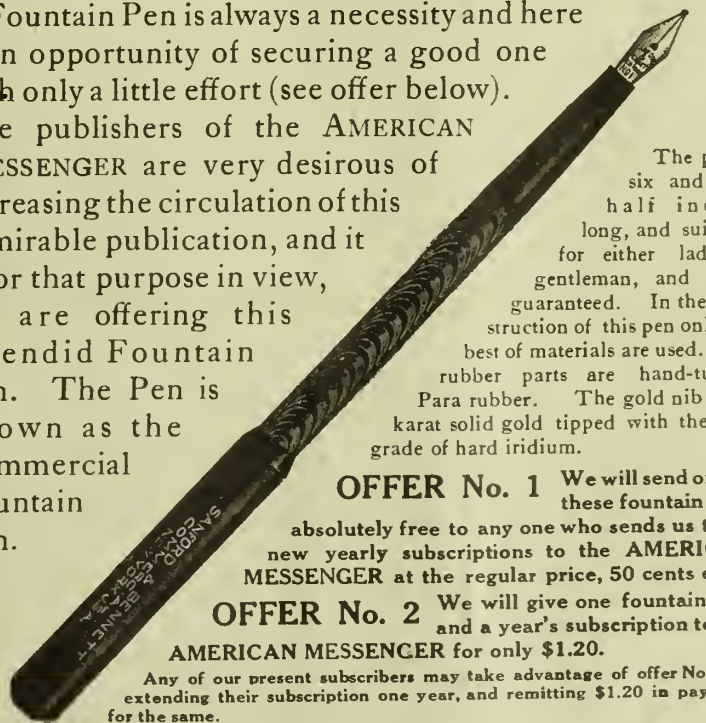
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OFFER No. 1 We will send one of these fountain pens absolutely free to any one who sends us three new yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at the regular price, 50 cents each.

OFFER No. 2 We will give one fountain pen and a year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for only \$1.20.

Any of our present subscribers may take advantage of offer No. 2 by extending their subscription one year, and remitting \$1.20 in payment for the same.

Our young friends will find this, a very good method of securing a Fountain Pen for themselves. Try it and see how easy it is to secure only 3 new yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, **New York**



Scientific facts prove the drug, caffeine, in coffee is harmful to many, while the pure food-drink—

POSTUM

is not only free from drugs, but is economical, delicious and nourishing.

Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, Postum is highly recommended by physicians for those with whom coffee disagrees.

Postum is especially suitable for children.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers.

THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During March, 1917

Total Donations (Including \$734.87, for Special Objects) \$6,710.31.

ARIZONA, \$1.

Miss Hubert, \$1.
CALIFORNIA, \$86.50.
Oakland, Church Offering, \$4.50; Santa Barbara, Church Offering, \$5; Rev. Mr. Ainslie, \$1; Mr. Vanderveer, \$30; Rev. Mr. Babcock, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Los Angeles, Church Collection, \$10; Berkeley, Church Collection, \$25; Mrs. Parker, \$5; Mr. Miles, \$1.

COLORADO, \$22.50.

Wray, Church Collection, \$3; Denver, Church Offering, \$5; Denver, Church Collection, \$5; Boulder, Church Offering, \$7.50; Mr. Evers, \$2.

CONNECTICUT, \$179.91.

Greenwich, Church Offering, \$10; Mr. Hawley, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Mrs. Taylor, \$2; Mr. Morgan, \$1; Mrs. Troland, \$2; Mrs. Capron, \$1; "A Friend," \$2; Meriden, Church Offering, \$5; Southport, Church Offering, \$48.65; Miss Hotchkiss, \$0.50; Mrs. Kelsey, \$1; Mr. Estabrook, \$3.76; Stamford, Church Offering, \$10; Mrs. Greene, \$1; Mr. White, \$50; Miss Mix, \$5; Mrs. Speeler, \$1; Dr. Smith, \$2; Mrs. Burnham, \$25; Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Baker, \$1; Mrs. Gay, \$3.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$21.

Mr. Rotheimer, \$5; Miss Robertson, \$5; Washington, Church Offering, \$6; Mr. Baldwin, \$5.

IDAHO, \$2.

Mrs. Baumann, \$2.

ILLINOIS, \$123.25.

Rev. Mr. Barrett, \$1; Mr. Sprick, \$10; Elgin, Church Collection, \$5; Mr. Buss, \$5; Mrs. Reinebach, for Soldier's Text Book, \$5; Mr. Ollendorf, \$2; Du Quoin, Church Collection, \$3; Freeport, Church Offering, \$5; Carbondale, Church Collection, \$5; Maywood, Church Collection, \$10; Alton, Church Offering, \$5; Eureka, Church Offering, \$0.40; Lawrenceville, Church Collection, \$2; Chicago, Church Offering, \$4.85; Mr. Blosser, \$1; Rev. Mr. Northrup, \$1; Rev. Mr. Britt, \$5; Philo, Church Collection, \$5; Lake Forest, Church Offering, \$30; Mr. Reed, \$5; Towanda, Church Offering, \$3; Minonk, Church Collection, \$5; Miss Keith, \$5.

INDIANA, \$29.50.

Crown Point, Church Offering, \$5; Hanover, Church Offering, \$2; Richmond, Church Collection, \$5; Monticello, Church Collection, \$2; Vincennes, Church Collection, \$5; Shelbyville, Church Collection, \$2.50; Bedford, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Best, \$1; South Bend, Church Collection, \$2.

IOWA, \$60.20.

Mr. Hardin, for Soldier's Text Books, \$2; Mr. Frech, \$5.20; Audubon, Church Offering, \$5; Greene, Church Collection, \$1; Family Penn Litterer, \$5; Mr. Ramsburg, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Oelwein, Church Collection, \$2; Mrs. Pommer, \$5; Nevada, Church Collection, \$5; Griswold, Church Collection, \$2; Miss Warner, \$1; Winterset, Church Collection, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Stacyville, Church Offering, \$6; Rock Rapids, Church Collection, \$15.

KANSAS, \$141.60.

Mr. Lohrenz, \$1.30; Mr. Todd, \$1; Mr. Schwalter, \$1.50; Junction City, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Epp, \$20; Mr. Funk, \$4.65; Miss Wiebe, for German work including Ellis Island, \$100; Mr. Krebber, \$2.65; Mrs. Bloecher, \$0.50; Garden City, Church Collection, \$5.

KENTUCKY, \$6.

Miss Wynne, \$1; Rev. Mr. Penneman, \$5.

MAINE, \$5.

Portland, Church Collection, 2; Miss Harding, \$1; Mr. Marston, \$1; Dea Pope, \$1.

MARYLAND, \$12.

Berwyn, Church Collection, \$2; Baltimore, Church Offering, \$10.

MASSACHUSETTS, \$466.65.

"A Friend," Salem Mass., \$10; Miss Horton, \$1; Mr. Buclow, \$1.65; Mrs. Brayton, \$2; Mrs. French, \$2; Mrs. Whitcomb, \$2; Miss Richardson, \$2; "A. W. K.," \$5; Hallowbrook, Church Collection, \$11; Mrs. Bessey, \$1; Mrs. Rusk, \$1; Mrs. Tufts, \$5; Rev. Mr. Peabody, \$1; Mr. Bowers, \$1; Mrs. Whitehead, \$25; Mr. Clark, \$1; Mr. Pearson, \$1; Miss Duncan, \$10; Mrs. Gaylord, \$5; Mr. Rich, \$25; Mr. Johnson, \$10; Mrs. Greenwood, \$2; Capt. Hinckley, \$50; Mr. Scott, \$25; Rev. Mr. Piske, \$50; Mr. McCully, \$3; Mr. Jones, \$50; Mr. Vialle, \$10; "A Friend," \$25; Miss Rickey, \$1; Mr. Cole, \$5; Mr. Conant, \$2; Mr. Bull, \$1; Mr. Newcomb, \$1; Mrs. Moore, \$5; Mr. Fletcher, \$10; Mrs. Mear, \$3; Miss Daniels, \$5; Mrs. Dunbar, \$5; "A Friend," \$2; Mr. Griswold, \$1. Mrs. More, \$25; Mr. Tufts, \$1; Mr. Gardner, \$5; Mrs. Barley, \$5; Mrs. Buttrick, for Soldier's Text Books, \$3; Mrs. Hodgkins, \$3; Mrs. Teal, \$10; Dea Carleton, \$5; "A Friend," \$2; Mrs. Abbott, \$10; Miss Clapp, \$1; A. W. & W. T. Tilton, \$2; Mrs. Edes, \$1; Mr. Rockwood, \$5; Mr. Carter, \$10.

MINNESOTA, \$13.

Clara City, Church Offering, \$5; Bethel Deaconess Hospital, \$2; Minneapolis, Church Collection, \$5; Mrs. Baumberger, \$1.

MICHIGAN, \$44.40.

Mr. Doster, \$3.40; Detroit, Church Collection, \$10; Holland Church Offering, \$25; Mr. & Mrs. Stulp, \$3; Detroit, Church Offering, \$3.

MISSISSIPPI, \$150.

Miss Murray, \$1; Verona, Church Offering, \$2.50.

MISSOURI, \$157.68.

Mrs. Hobein, \$2; Mr. Busse, \$0.65; St. Louis, Church Offering, \$2; Family A. J. Hofer, \$3; Parkville, Church Offering, \$4.43; Miss Dietz, \$4.60; Webb City, Church Collection, \$10; St. Joseph, Church Collection, \$5; Mr. Eyerly, \$5; Springfield, Church Collection, \$5; Brookfield, Church Offering, \$5; Butler Church Collection, \$5; Oregon, Church Offering, \$1; Miss Boyle, \$100; St. Louis, Church Collection, \$3; Webster Groves, Church Offering, \$2.

NEBRASKA, \$68.09.

"Ungenannt," \$2; Schwestern Missions-Verein der Baptist Gemeinde, \$6; Mrs. Lay, \$1; Mr. Baumann, \$1; Mrs. Meyer, \$6; Lyons, Church Offering, \$6.93; Rev. Mr. Clark, \$5; "A Friend," \$1; Miss Hawley, \$5; Miss Cooke, \$5; Cedar Creek, Church Offering, \$14.16; Mr. Ault, \$5; Mr. Lohnes, \$10.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$7.

Mrs. Williams, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Miss Marden, \$3; Miss Wentworth, \$3.

NEW JERSEY, \$703.84.

Jersey City, Church Collection, \$10; Mrs. Fritsche, \$0.65; Mrs. Grant, \$5; Millstone, Church Collection, \$38.05; Mrs. Ballentine, for Soldier's Text Book, \$10; Flemington, Church Offering, \$5; Jersey City, Church Offering, \$10.94; Elizabeth, Church Collection, \$10; Camden, Church Offering, \$5; Bloomfield, Church Collection, \$10; Mr. Parnly, \$5; Dayton, Church Collection, \$5; Trenton, Church Offering, \$5; Paterson Church Collection, \$5; Red Bank, Church Offering, \$5; "A Friend," \$10; Mr. Pearson, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Miss Halsey, \$100, to constitute Rev. Dr. King a Life Director, \$130; Summit, Church Collection, \$5; Miss Simms, \$2; Mrs. Woodruff, to constitute Miss Riddle, Ravenna, Ohio, a Life Member, \$30; Wenonah, Sabbath School Collection, \$5; Dr. Watson, \$10; Caldwell, Church Collection, \$10; Arlington Church Collection, \$5; Rev. Mr. Machen, \$5; Miss Duryea, \$5; Williamstown, Church Collection, \$5; Beverly Church Offering, \$10; Clinton, Church Offering, \$8.89; Newark, Church Collection, \$56.80; New Brunswick, Church Offering, \$8; Phillipsburg, Church Collection, \$2; Wenonah, Church Offering, \$10; Newark, Church Collection, \$5; Morristown, Church Collection, \$40.16; Miss Pfleger, \$5; Trenton, Church Offering, \$5; Succasunna, Church Offering, \$4; Boonton, Church Collection, \$2.68; Boonton, Sunday School Offering, \$2.32; Perth Amboy, Church Offering, \$5.84; Collingswood, Church Collection, \$5; Princeton, Church Collection, \$7.27; Verona, Church Collection, \$1; Jersey City, Church Offering, \$5; Hamilton Square, Church Collection, \$5; Hanover, Church Collection, \$10; New Brunswick, Church Offering, \$15; South Orange, Church Offering, \$27.48; Cape May, Church Collection, \$3.08; Bridgeton, Church Collection, \$5; Westfield, Bible School Offering, \$5; Bloomfield, Church Offering, \$5.91; Basking Ridge, Church Offering, \$15; Audubon, Church Collection, \$5; Newark, Church Collection, \$5; Pennington, Church Offering, \$5; East Orange, Church Offering, \$45.77; Newark, Church Collection, \$10; Plainfield, Church Offering, \$5.

NEW YORK, \$2,567.49.

New York, Church Collection, \$5; New York, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Underwood, \$1,000; New York City, Church Collection, \$799.73; Harlem, New York, Church Offering, \$25; New York City, Church Collection, \$10; Mr. Nagel, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; New York City, Church Collection, \$25; New York City, Church Offering, \$10; Mrs. Stevens, \$1; Mrs. Quick, \$1; Camillus, Church Collection, \$2; Mrs. Barnett, \$2; Mrs. Bodelmann, \$3; Miss Doscher, \$3; Middletown, Church Offering, \$13.47; Mrs. Staiser, \$1; Mrs. Gardner, \$2.75; Lancaster, Church Collection, \$3; Binghamton, Sunday School Offering, \$5; Mr. Murray, to constitute Miss Murray a Life Member, \$30; Mr. Oliver, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Miss Gilbert, \$2; Miss Mills, \$10; Mrs. Lawrence, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Miss Tinning, \$10; Mr. Tinning, \$5; Miss Simkin, \$1; Troy, Church Offering, \$10; Brooklyn, Church Offering, \$25; Mrs. Hoag, for Soldier's Text Books, \$2; Mrs. Taylor, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Miss Kyte, \$2; Mr. Bettys, \$1; Pleasantville, Church Offering, \$5; Waterloo, Church Collection, \$5; Mr. Reed, \$1; Bergen, Church Offering, \$4; Utica, Church Collection, \$10; Mr. Johnson, for Soldier's Text Books, \$25; Miss Meye, \$1; Seneca Falls, Church Offering, \$5; Miss Roeschly, \$2.50; Penn Yan, Church Collection, \$10; Mr. Crosby, \$200; Mrs. Rogers, \$2; Morristown, Church Offering, \$5; Haverstraw, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Bowers, for Soldier's Text Books, \$25; Otsego Church Collection, \$2; Brooklyn, Church Collection, \$12.28; Gates, Church Collection, \$1; Hobart, Church Collection, \$5; Hempstead, Church Collection, \$15; Middletown, Church Offering, \$25; Clinton, Church Offering, \$5; Troy, Church Collection, \$4; Iliion, Church Collection, \$10; Miss Van Duzee, \$1; Wyoming, Church Offering, \$2; Monticello, Church Collection, \$4.84; Brooklyn, Church Offering, \$12; Mr. Webster, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Brockport, Church Collection, \$6.28; Dolbs Ferry, Church Offering, \$8.52; Mrs. Garlock, \$5; Auburn, Church Collection, \$10; Welcott, Church Offering, \$6; Astoria, Long Island, Church Offering, \$18; Elmira, Church Offering, \$4; Sodas, Church Offering, \$5; Brooklyn, Church Offering, \$23.12; Buffalo, Church Offering, \$50; Endicott, Church Offering, \$2; Mrs. White, \$1.

NORTH CAROLINA, \$1.

Mrs. Savage, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1.

NORTH DAKOTA, \$5.

Towner, Church Offering, \$5.

OHIO, \$700.07.

Cincinnati, Church Collection, \$10; Huntsville, Church Offering, \$1; Mrs. Baker, \$7; Cleveland, Church Offering, \$10; Mrs. Dunlap, \$1.50; Toledo, Church Offering, \$10; Bradford, Church Collection, \$1; Madisonville, Church Collection, \$5; Cincinnati, Church Offering, \$10; Mr. McCollor, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Peuberville, Church Offering, \$3; Cleveland, Church Offering, \$5; Troy, Church Offering, \$5; Bridgeport, Church Offering, \$10; Nello, Church Collection, \$2; Mrs. Zuchelmeyer, \$0.30; Middleport, Church Offering, \$3; Mrs. Richard, \$1; Chillicothe, Church Offering, \$8;

Bucyrus, Church Offering, \$7.50; Mr. Settlage, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Mr. Wick, \$500; Cadiz, Church Offering, \$8; Cincinnati, Church Collection, \$10; Cincinnati, Church Offering, \$5; Mrs. Burke, \$15; East Liverpool, Church Offering, \$0.68; Maysville, Church Offering, \$2; Newark, Church Collection, \$18; Norwood, Church Collection, \$5.20; Dr. Gotwald, \$5; Springfield, Church Offering, \$2.04; Upper Sandusky, Church Collection, \$3; Wooster, Church Collection, \$16.35; Youngstown, Church Offering, \$3.50.

OKLAHOMA, \$7.50.

Blackwell, Church Offering, \$5; Muskogee, Church Collection, \$2.50.

OREGON, \$6.70.

Mrs. Sneed, \$0.70; Mrs. Byers, \$1; Mr. Voorhies, \$5.

PENNSYLVANIA, \$1,151.50.

Mrs. Grauer, \$0.65; New Park, Sunday School Collection, \$8.29; Mrs. Semple, \$5; Mr. Hoover, \$2; Mr. Miller, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Beaver Falls, Church Offering, \$5; Powell Knitting Co., \$5; Millburg, Church Collection, \$10; Philadelphia, Church Offering, \$10; Newtown, Church Collection, \$5; Mr. Stewart, \$100; Mr. Abbot, \$1; Mr. Schadt, \$5; Mrs. Blight, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Vanport, Church Offering, \$2; Rev. Mr. Webster, \$5; New Castle, Church Offering, \$5; Greenville, Church Offering, \$10; Carlisle, Church Collection, \$20; Mrs. Burns, \$2; Philadelphia, Church Offering, \$15; Scranton, Church Offering, \$10; Chester, Church Collection, \$3; Weatherby, Church Offering, \$1; "In His Name," for Colportage in the West, \$5; Narberth, Church Collection, \$8.28; Philadelphia, Church Offering, \$25; New Alexandria, Church Offering, \$5; Natrona, Church Offering, \$5; Johnsonburg, Church Offering, \$2; Wilcox, Church Offering, \$1; Miss Rebbman, \$1; Mrs. Scharph, \$0.30; New Brighton, Church Offering, \$10; Franklin, Church Offering, \$3; Wilkinsburg, Church Collection, \$15.70; Mr. Crutchfield, \$5; Mrs. Reynolds, \$5; Mr. Warner, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; State College, Church Collection, \$9.60; Rev. Mr. Ferry, for Soldier's Text Books, \$10; Quarryville, Church Collection, \$5; Mr. Gearhart, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Erie, Church Offering, \$2; Paxtang, Church Collection, \$5; Shamokin, Church Collection, \$10; Vandergrift, Church Offering, \$18; Buffalo, Church Collection, \$5; North Girard, Church Offering, \$5; East Brady, Church Offering, \$1; Steelton, Church Offering, \$2; Ansonville, Sabbath School Collection, \$2; Mahoningtown, Church Offering, \$5; Sayre, Church Collection \$5; Jamestown, Church Offering, \$5; Greencastle, Church Offering, \$5.40; Falls Creek, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Fleming, \$5; Philadelphia, Church Collection, \$5; Pittsburg, Church Collection, \$6.70; Mr. Barnett, \$10; Germantown, Church Offering, \$25; Franklin, Church Offering, \$8.48; McKeesport, Church Collection, \$10; Mrs. Wilharm, \$1; Easton, Church Collection, \$2; Pittsburgh, Church Offering, \$10; Monongahela, Church Offering, \$10; Carbondale, Church Collection, \$30; Philadelphia, Church Collection, \$10; Volant, Church Offering, \$2; Bellevue, Church Offering, \$25; Coraopolis, Church Collection, \$8.71; Erie Church Collection, \$20; Homestead, Church Offering, \$10; McKees Rocks, Church Collection, \$1; New Wilmington, Church Collection, \$5; Oil City, Church Collection, \$10; Mr. Armstrong, \$1; Dr. Arthur, \$5; Mr. Clapp, \$1; Miss Dalzell, \$5; Mr. Dain, \$5; Messrs. P. Duff & Sons, \$5; Mr. Follansbee, \$25; Pittsburg, Church Offering, \$10; Pittsburgh Church Collection, \$12.91; Mr. Gillespie, \$1; Mr. Kay, \$5; Mr. Lazear, \$5; Mr. Lockhart, \$100; Mr. McKnight, \$5; Mr. Magee, \$5; Mr. Morrison, \$5; Mr. Neely, \$5; Mr. Orr, to constitute himself a Life Director, \$100; Mr. Park, \$20; Mr. Pears, \$5; Mr. Patterson, \$10; Mr. Phillips, \$3; Mr. Ralph, \$1; Mr. Rennie, \$3; Pittsburgh, Church Collection, \$10; Pittsburgh, Church Offering, \$100; Mr. Torrance, \$25; Dr. Wright, \$5; Uniontown, Church Collection, \$15; Wilkinsburg, Church Offering, \$5.48.

RHODE ISLAND, \$32.

Mr. Johnson, for Soldier's Text Books, \$10; "A Fellow Christian," \$2; Mr. Wells, \$10; Providence, Sunday School Collection, \$5; Mr. Hunt, \$5.

SOUTH CAROLINA, \$1.

Mrs. Prince, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1.

SOUTH DAKOTA, \$4.35.

Mr. Ohling, \$0.65; Mrs. Janssen, \$3.70.

TENNESSEE, \$4.

Harriman, Church Collection, \$2; Miss Chamberlin, \$2.

UTAH, \$3.

Mr. Pratt, \$3.

VERMONT, \$2.

Mrs. Gillilan, \$2.

VIRGINIA, \$12.

Mr. Coybill, for Soldier's Text Books, \$2; Mr. Taylor, for Soldier's Text Books, \$10.

WISCONSIN, \$18.30.

Rev. Mr. Kempf, \$2; Frau Emelia Graf, \$1; Mr. Walenta and family, \$2.50; Rev. Mr. Zeh, \$0.65; Reedsburg, Church Offering, \$2.50; Mrs. Freitag, \$5; Ungenannt, \$2.65; Milwaukee, Church Collection, \$2.

FOREIGN, \$39.78.

Central America, Miss Garcia, \$0.25. Canada, "Ungenannt Canada," \$9.53. Hawaii, Miss Atherton, to constitute herself a Life Member, \$30.

LEGACIES, \$902.60.

Emsworth, Pa., Estate of McAllister Dunlap, \$402.60. Ionia, Mich., Estate of Ira F. Le Valley, \$500.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$1,540.00.
Income for Missionary work, \$1,477.50.
Income for Annuitants, \$62.50.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

TERMS: Subscription price, 50 cts. a year, payable in advance. In clubs of five or more, 30 cts. each. Club subscriptions mailed to separate addresses, if desired. Postage on foreign subscription, 24 cents additional. Canadian subscription, 12 cents additional. Single copies, 5 cents each.

On account of the additional charge which is made by the New York Post Office for mailing to subscribers in New York and Bronx Counties (Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), no club rates, cash commissions or premiums will be given for subscriptions that must be sent to persons residing in those Counties. Each subscription in New York or Bronx County must be at the rate of 50 cents net.

Remit by Express, Money Order, Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. For very small amounts, postage stamps may be sent at the risk of the sender.

RENEWALS: The date opposite your name shows to what time the subscription has been paid, and a change in the date is the receipt for renewal.

CHANGES: When sending change of address, be sure to send the old address as well as the new one.

OUR ADVERTISERS: We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from responsible advertisers, and it is our intention to admit only such to our columns. Should, however, any of our subscribers find that any advertiser does not live up to his agreements, we would consider it a favor if they will inform us, and we will at any time give prompt attention to any complaint.

We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made by advertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and also upon us if they will mention the American Messenger when answering advertisements.



FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Rev. Isaac Pierson, Field Secretary for New England, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Robert Murray, Field Secretary, Central Agency, 345 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 721 South 37th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage, Southern Agency, Crichton, R.F.D., Mobile Co., Ala.



American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in thirty-three languages among the immigrants and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 794,639,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$799,456.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$16,684.99. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,634,505.89, which is the equivalent of 5,269,010,000 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 206,167; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,517, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-five years 17,382,454, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,612,843.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a one volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, also other volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 14,748,588 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

To the Friends and Donors of the American Tract Society in the West and Northwest

Correspondence has been received at the Home Office of the American Tract Society, New York, N. Y., which reveals the fact that there is a decided misapprehension on the part of many people as to the relations existing between the American Tract Society and the Chicago Tract Society.

Connection between these two Societies was severed more than two years ago, and since that time they have been, and are now as distinctively separate as it is possible for two organizations to be.

Gifts or legacies in behalf of the Chicago Tract Society do not reach the treasury of the American Tract Society, nor do they in any way aid the world-wide work of the latter Society.

Gifts sent to the Chicago Tract Society support the local work of that Society among the immigrants.

Donations and legacies in behalf of the American Tract Society are used for the creation and distribution of Christian literature throughout the mission fields of the world, including a large service among the foreign-speaking people in our own country.

All those, therefore, in the West and Northwest, who wish to aid the world-wide work of the American Tract Society should send their donations to Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary of the American Tract Society for the Western and Northwestern States, 721 South 37th Street, Omaha, Nebraska, or to Louis Tag, Treasurer of the American Tract Society, Park Avenue and 40th Street New York, N. Y.

Advertising and Selling Cost

The rising cost of living is the great universal hardship of the present day. So great and so many have these rises been that few people stop to realize that there have been any exceptions to the general rule. But the fact is that there have been numerous exceptions and all of these exceptions belong to the same great class—that of nationally advertised goods.

The old idea that the cost of advertising raises prices dies hard. But the business man knows better. He knows that selling goods is costly business—no matter what the goods or what the selling methods. And he knows that anything which creates demand on a large scale, and thus makes selling easier, is bound to reduce selling costs and thus helps to reduce prices.

But evidence is better than argument; facts are better than theories. The Association of National Advertisers, an organization of 260 of the leading advertisers of the country, has been at great pains to collect the facts. It has secured an immense body of data from its members which proves that advertising does reduce selling costs and thus tends to reduce the selling price of advertised goods. "The proof of the pudding" is the argument that settles everything.

To present all the evidence, instance by instance, is impossible within these limits. A few representative cases will suffice.

The makers of a famous photographic camera, when they began advertising twenty-eight years ago, made one camera which took a 2½ inch picture and which sold at \$25. Today they make a far better camera which sells for \$10.

Another, which took a 4 x 5 picture, sold for \$60. Today they sell a far better one for \$20. And so on through the line.

A prominent hat manufacturer has, by means of advertising, reduced his selling cost seven cents per hat. Result—the buyer gets a hat of better quality at no increase in price; this despite increased cost of raw material and workmanship.

When the manufacturer of a famous breakfast food specialty began advertising, his goods sold at 15 cents a package. Today the package is fifty per cent larger and the price has been reduced to 10 cents. Again advertising did it, the same causes producing the same results.

Twenty years ago a nationally advertised shaving stick was sold in a cheap metal leatherette covered box. Today a stick containing 20 per cent more soap is sold in a handsome nickel box at the same price.

Then take the most conspicuous example of them all—the automobile business; and compare the \$5,000 or \$10,000 cars of ten years ago with the equally good cars of today, selling for a fraction of the money.

And so on through a long list. In nearly every case, the manufacturer either has been able to lower the cost or improve the quality at no increase in price.

How has he done it? By means of advertising, which has created demand on a larger scale and thus permitted production and distribution on a large scale. Result—improved manufacturing efficiency and reduced selling costs. And all of this in the face of a steady increase in the cost of labor and raw materials which, with advertising eliminated, might in many cases have fairly doubled the price of the goods.

"A triumph of economical marketing" is the only possible verdict for advertising in the face of these facts.



An Appreciation of the Printer

Christianity owes much for its world-wide influence to the printer. Without the printing press, the circulation of the millions of Bibles would have been impossible. It has been the wings to the Gospel and enabled it to fly abroad and conquer hearts for God. To the printer belongs the credit for all the books, periodicals and papers that flood the world. What training it requires to produce the fine specimens of the printer's art! Nowhere is mental discipline so exact and constant as in a printing office. Some of the best men in the world have been graduates from the press-rooms. Benjamin Franklin was a companion of types. He found an education there that made him most helpful to mankind. It is always a sign of defective culture when persons sneer at printers. There is no occasion for it. It is a noble occupation. It develops talent. It encourages genius. There is a charm in the touch of types that is magnetic. Printing makes men ready thinkers and correct talkers.

Many valuable lessons are taught by the printer as you see him at work. The printer works at a sort of desk, known as a stand, upon which rest two cases, the upper and the lower, in which the type is found. Letter by letter the pages of books and papers are made up. Out of the little apartments have come all the words in all the books and periodicals in circulation. The influence for good or evil upon the millions of readers will depend upon the subject matter.

Human life is built up in the same way as a book or paper. Time is the alphabet. Every day is a page. The entire life is the completed volume. You can make your life read like an impure novel or a gospel of peace according to your copy and your choice. And as the printer's page is not read by the world until issued, so neither is a man's life read until he appears on the stage of action. Let the world read a pure gospel in our lives. Let each letter be in its proper place so that our words may spell out the gospel of salvation to dying men.—REFORMED CHURCH MESSENGER.

Our Medicine Chest

A Southern senator, so the story goes, once rented a plot of several acres to one of his black neighbors. The land was to be planted in corn, and the senator was to receive one-fourth. The corn was duly harvested, but the senator did not receive his fourth. Meeting the negro one day, he said: "Look here, Sam, have you harvested your corn?" "Yes, sah, boss; long go." "Well, wasn't I to get a fourth?" "Yes, sah, boss; dat's de truf, but dar warn't no fo'th. Dar was jes' three loads, and dey was mine."

Goldski (dictating a letter): "My dear Mr. Schankelhausenheimer"—Miss Keytap: "How do you spell that name?" Goldski: "S-c-h-O, py der vay, I dink you petter pegin der letter 'My Dear Sir,' und zave de vear and tear on de machine."—Exchange.

"I'll tell you, Pat, my boy," the big man of the town confided, laying a patronizing hand on the young Irishman's shoulder, "I wish I had your tongue." "Sure, sor," grinned Pat, "but it would do yez no good without me brains."

On a train going West a little old lady became dreadfully bored by the unending acres of alfalfa passed. "Now ain't this land the limit!" she finally observed. "All they can raise is alpaca, and they have to irritate that!"

"Sir," said the angry woman, "I understand you said I had a face that would stop a street-car in the middle of the block." "Yes, that's what I said," calmly answered the mere man. "It takes an unusually handsome face to induce a motorman to make a stop like that."

Picking her way daintily through the locomotive works, a young woman visitor viewed the huge operations with awe. Finally she turned to a young man who was showing her through and asked, "What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive boiler," he replied.

She puckered her brows. "And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender." And the young man from the office never smiled.

A Boston school teacher had read Whittier's "Maud Muller" to her pupils, and at the close of her reading spoke of the sorrowful significance of the words "It might have been." She asked the boys and girls if they could think of any four sadder words. One alert youngster of a dozen years held up his hand and said: "I know two sadder words." "What are they?" asked the teacher. "Please remit."

In a recent examination paper for a boy clerk's post was this question:

"If the premier and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?"

Robert, a boy of fourteen, thought for a time, trying in vain to recall who came next in succession. At last a happy inspiration came to him, and he answered:

"The undertaker."

"Bill," the poet gasped, staggering into his friend's room.

"Why, what's wrong?" the friend enquired, startled as he grasped hold of the frottering man.

"Wrong!" the poet muttered. "Just see! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began the first verse with these lines:

"My son! My pigmy counterpart."

"Yes? Yes?"

The poet drew a long breath as he took a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read!" he blazed suddenly. "See what that criminal compositor did to my opening line.

The friend read aloud: "My son! my pig, my counterpart!"

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

<i>Black tea—1 cupful</i>	1.54
<small>(hot) (5 fl. oz.)</small>	
<i>Green tea—1 glassful</i>	2.02
<small>(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)</small>	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	1.21
<small>(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)</small>	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	1.12
<small>(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)</small>	

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J., Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A.

The New Testament

With Notes, Instructions and References.

POCKET EDITION.

DR. CHAPMAN'S INDORSEMENT.

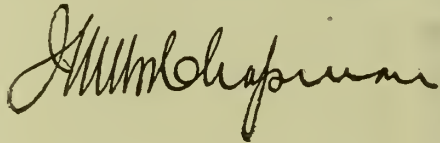
The New Testament with Notes cannot but be helpful to its readers.

The **Introductions** to the several Books have been prepared by an expert in Biblical scholarship. Taken together it would be impossible to find in the same compass Introductions that present in a better way the salient features of each Book while giving information at the same time concerning questions of authorship, date, purpose and destination.

The **Notes** upon the text are themselves marvels of scholarly condensation. They aim to present a concise explanation of the words of Scripture, selecting those passages which need such explanation. The writers of these Notes have used rare discrimination in their preparation, and possessors of this book will find in it a perfect mine of information at their command.

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The **Outline of the Harmony of the Gospels** given is based upon the Standard American Revised Version, which is unquestionably the best modern Version and presents an outline of the Life of Christ that will commend itself to those who make use of it.



John exalts Christ.

JOHN IV.

Salvation by faith.

30 He must increase, but I must decrease.

31 He that cometh from above is above all:^a he that is of the earth is earthly,^b and speaketh of the earth: he that cometh from heaven is above all.

32 And what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth; and no man receiveth his testimony.^c

33 He that hath received his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true.^d

34 For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God:^e for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.^f

35 The Father loveth the Son,

^a Ch. 6:33; 8:23; Eph. 1:20, 21. ^b 1 Cor. 15:47. ^c ch. 1:11. ^d 1 John 5:10. ^e ch. 7:16. ^f Psa. 45:7; Isa. 11:2; 69:21; ch. 1:16; Col.

now rejoices to be lost sight of in his greater glory.

30. *He; Christ. Must increase; in influence and honor.*

31. *He that cometh; Christ. Is above all; in character and work, and ought to be honored above all. Is of the earth; as are John and all merely human teachers. Is earthly; inferior in character and teaching, and ought to hold an inferior place.*

32. *Seen and heard; in heaven with his Father. No man; few compared with the whole, and none uninfluenced by the Holy Spirit.*

33. *Hath set to his seal that God is true; by believing in Christ, he acknowledged that what God hath said concerning him is true.*

34. *By measure; John and the apostles received the Holy Spirit only in a certain measure, but Christ without measure.*

35. *Hath given all things; pertaining to the salvation of men. Into his hand; as Mediator, that he might give eternal life to all who should believe in him. Compare chap. 17:2.*

INSTRUCTIONS.

7. As all men are naturally destitute of the love of God, no one should think it strange that he must experience that change which Christ called being born again.

9. It is not necessary, in order to believe a fact and receive the benefit of it, that a man should understand the manner in which it is ac-

and hath given all things A. D. 24 into his hand.^g

36 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life:^h and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.ⁱ

CHAPTER IV.

¹ Christ talketh with a woman of Samaria, and revealeth himself unto her. ²⁷ His disciples marvel. ³¹ He declareth to them his zeal to God's glory. ³⁹ Many Samaritans believe on him. ⁴³ He departeth into Galilee, and healeth the ruler's son that lay sick at Capernaum.

WHEN therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees

^{1:19.} ^g Matt. 28:18. ^h Hab. 2:4; ver. 16, 16. ⁱ Rom. 1:18.

complished; and he should not let his ignorance of what God has not revealed hinder him from receiving and treating as true what he has revealed.

11. As Jesus knew the truth of what he taught, all are bound to believe it, and to let it have its due influence over their hearts and lives.

20. The reason why men do not believe what Christ has taught is, that they love error, they do evil, and his truth on this account condemns them.

26. When sinners in great numbers come to the Saviour, some men, if it lessen the number who follow them, are greatly grieved. But good men, with right views, rejoice in every accession to the number of Christ's followers. They are delighted to see him increase, though it cause them to decrease.

30. It is a high spiritual attainment to be willing that others should excel us in usefulness and honor.

35. As all things pertaining to the souls of men are in the hands of Christ and at his disposal, the eternal life of those who believe in him, and the eternal death of those who continue to reject him, are certain.

CHAPTER IV.

1. *How the Pharisees had heard; he was aware that the knowledge of his growing popularity excited their envy and ill-will, which he wished for the present to avoid.*

Exact size of page and type.

Under Fire

With shells bursting in every direction, a little company of French soldiers kept their place in the trenches. They expected to meet death at any minute. One of these men pulled a well-worn Testament from his pocket and distributed a part of it to each of his comrades. There, in the din of battle and bombardment, a small Testament consoled and strengthened these men. When they might otherwise have lost courage and turned their backs, this little Testament acted as a shield and a comforter. It was Christ's message, which carried a meaning and had a force as at no other time and under no other conditions.

Perhaps you have a son or a loved one who would give anything he possessed to have the comforting Testament in his time of trouble and to know the message it conveyed. Why not put a NEW TESTAMENT WITH NOTES into the kit of every "soldier lad" you know—whether he is now serving or expects to be called? Make it a necessary part of his equipment. It will mean a new life for him.

Bound in silk cloth. We offer, for a short time, the little Testament above depicted at 75 cents a copy, postpaid. Better prices in quantities.

American Tract Society
Publishers and Booksellers
Park Avenue and 40th Street
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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

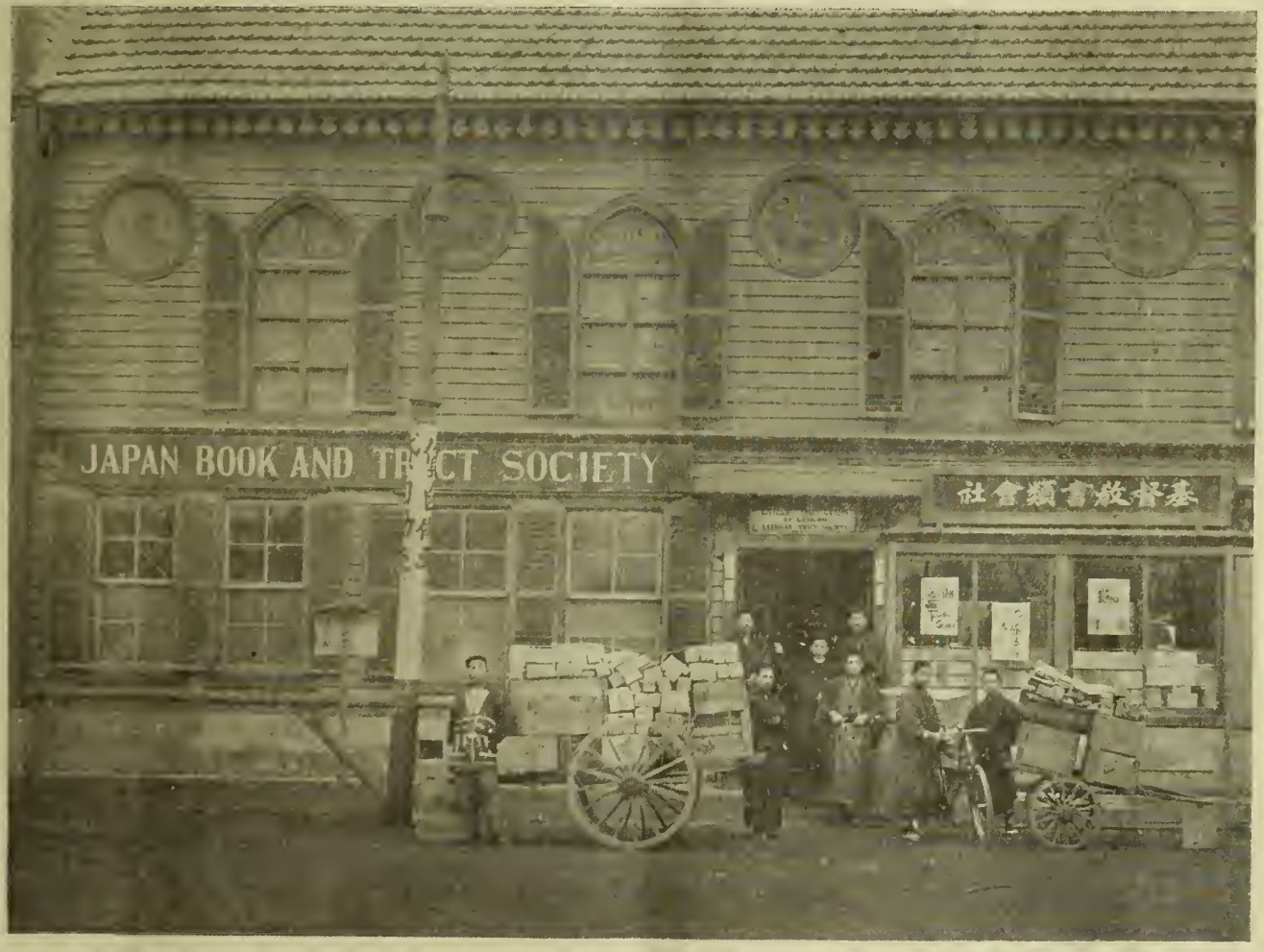
Vol. 75



JUNE, 1917



No. 6



SENDING OUT CHRISTIAN LITERATURE FROM THE JAPAN BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY'S DEPOT IN TOKYO

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.



W. E. FRITZ, DES.

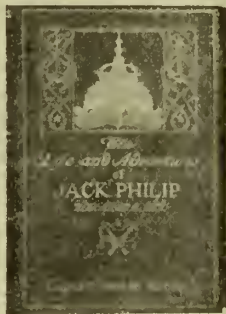


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By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A. M. Bound in cloth, 288 pages, 16 illustrations. Price 75 cents postpaid.

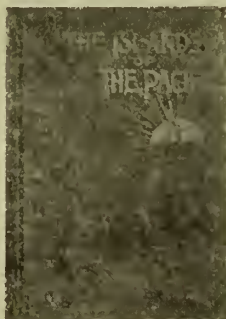
It is the well-told life of one of the most modest and noble heroes of the great American navy. Admiral Philip was a Paul Jones of our later sea-fighting line. Brimming over with action, written in admirable spirit, this book will be an inspiration to all patriotic fathers and sons. If we must have war, Admiral Jack Philip should be the hero of every last man.



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over the Philippines, especially at this time.

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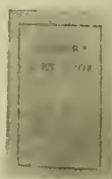


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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

PARK AVENUE AND 40th STREET

NEW YORK

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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Flag Day

On June 14th we come to a day, which, though not a national holiday, has a peculiar and significant meaning for every American. It is the day which has been selected for paying special honor to our national flag, and which is therefore known as Flag Day.

Flag Day has never been observed before under circumstances fraught with more tremendous possibilities than it will be this year. Never before has the nation faced a situation which called for such loyal service and such devoted allegiance as does the present crisis. These are times which try men's souls, and which reveal as never before the moral and the spiritual fibre of every citizen of our great Republic.

Under these circumstances therefore, we should make the most of Flag Day, and seek by our observance of that occasion to stimulate in the lives and hearts of all our citizens the largest possible measure of self-sacrificing devotion to the public welfare.

Bishop Charles H. Brent has well said, "A national flag is not an ornament, but a symbol, ranking next the Cross and the Sacraments that flow from it; therefore we reverence the flag. It is a symbol of the past and the future; of achievement and responsibility, full of history and inspiration, crammed with risks. The flag of to-day is richer than the flag of yesterday. The symbol is the same, but that for which it stands is a hundred-fold greater. Every true citizen makes his contribution to the flag."

We honor the flag, not merely by spreading it to the breeze, but by living lives of fidelity and integrity. A Christian patriot is the finest product of civilization, and there is no citizen so humble or obscure but that he may show forth his love for the country and for its flag.

Remember the Children

Among the many significant features of the month of June is the celebration of Children's Day, which has become one of the most delightful events in the calendar of most of the Protestant Churches.

The largest possible emphasis should be given to Children's Day this year because in these days of stress and anxiety we need the inspiration that comes from contact with the little ones of whom the Master said, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven."

Many churches in their celebration of Children's Day combine with it what may be called a Floral Sunday in which flowers in the most lavish profusion are used for the decoration of the church building. The juxtaposition of the flowers and the children in the house of God is a happy and a significant combination. Our Savior drew many choice and helpful lessons from the flowers, while He exalted, as had no other teacher, the limitless possibilities and the imperative claims of childhood.

Both now and in the days that stretch before us let us remember the children with their varied needs and their boundless possibilities. Though our nation is at war, let us strive in every way to protect the little ones, for it is upon them that the future destiny and fate of our country will finally depend. And above all other things, let us care for their spiritual welfare, and seek to bring them early to the knowledge and service of Him, who said, "Feed my lambs."



Filipinos Learning English

A fact which has a very important bearing upon the future success of missionary work in the Philippines is disclosed in the recently published report of the Department of Public Instruction in those islands, which states that there are now 621,000 pupils in the schools and that they are all taught in the English language and use text-books written in that language.

This indicates that in due time all of the Filipino boys and girls, who now speak various dialects, will eventually be familiar with the English language. This will make available a wealth of literature which it would take many years to translate into the different dialects.

Thus the laborious and expensive process of preparing a Christian literature in the vernacular will be obviated to a very large degree, and we may hope to see the Christian Church in the Philippines making far more rapid strides than in any other section where the missionaries are dependent upon the scanty amount of Christian literature that is available in the native languages.

Ninety-second Annual Meeting of the American Tract Society

The ninety-second annual meeting of the American Tract Society was held in the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, New York, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon and evening, May 9, 1917. Mr. William Phillips Hall, President of the Society, occupied the chair.

Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. John E. Lloyd, D. D.

The minutes of the last annual meeting of the Society were approved. A general review of the operations of the Society during the past year was given in the reports presented by the Treasurer, Mr. Louis Tag, and the General Secretary, Rev. Judson Swift, D. D.

The following resolution was then adopted:

Resolved, That the Annual Report, an abstract of which has been presented in the reports of its officers be approved, and published under the direction of the Executive Committee.

A brief statement was made concerning the Society's work among the immigrants at Ellis Island. The following resolution was then adopted:

Whereas, the American Tract Society has for seventy-five years been carrying on a non-sectarian and interdenominational work in behalf of the immigrants at Castle Garden and Ellis Island, for the sole purpose of helping them to become worthy citizens of a Christian Republic, and, whereas, this work has recently been suspended by the Immigration authorities at Washington, it is

Resolved, That the General Secretary of the American Tract Society be directed to forward an official request to the authorities at Washington, and to urge upon them the fact that it is more important under the present war conditions that the work above outlined should be carried on among the immigrants than at any previous time.

On behalf of the committee appointed to present nominations for officers of the Society, Rev. David James Burrell, D. D., its chairman, presented the following recommendation:

Recommended, That the Board of Managers for the coming year be the same as last year, as shown in the printed copy of the Ninety-first Annual Report of the Society, except that in place of Mr. Henry Cole Smith (deceased), Mr. Adolph Pfender (resigned), Rev. William P. Stevenson, D. D. (removed from the vicinity), Rev. Robert Scott Inglis, D. D. (to be transferred to the Distributing Committee), Rev. C. Rexford Raymond, D. D. (to be transferred to the Publishing Committee), and to fill vacancies now existing on the Board, the following be elected: Rev. Elliott W. Brown, D. D.; Mr. William L. Amerman, Rev. Finis S. Idleman, D. D.; Mr. W. W. Carman, Rev. Oscar M. Voorhees, D. D.; Rev. William H. Kephart, D. D.; Mr. Alexander Lyman, and Mr. Lewis L. Tribus.

Motion was made, seconded and carried, that the report of the Nominating Committee be received, and that the Recording Secretary be authorized to cast one ballot for the election of the Board of Managers, in accordance with the above recommendation.

Thereupon the Recording Secretary cast the ballot and the President declared the Board of Managers elected in accordance with the above recommendation.

Motion was made, seconded and carried, that the matter of securing a closer relation between the American Tract Society and the Mission Boards and Societies of the various denominations be referred to the Publishing Committee.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Ninety-second Anniversary of the American Tract Society be further celebrated by a Sermon to be preached by Rev. Walter Duncan Buchanan, D. D., in the Broadway Presbyterian Church, New York City, on Sunday morning, May 20, 1917, at 11 o'clock.

At this point a recess was taken, while the President and Board of Managers met in an adjoining room.

Upon the return of the President to the chair announcement was made that the Board of Managers had elected the following officers of the Society to serve for the ensuing year:

PRESIDENT: *Mr. William Phillips Hall.*

VICE-PRESIDENT: *Rev. John Henry Jowett, M. A., D. D.*

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS: The same as last year, as shown in the printed copy of the Ninety-first Annual Report of the Society, except that in place of Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., deceased, and Mr. Joshua L. Bailey, deceased, the following were elected: *Rev. Cortland Myers, D. D., and Hon. Carl E. Milliken.*

It was also reported that the Board of Managers had elected the following members of the Executive Committee:

On the Publishing Committee, for three years, from May, 1917, to May, 1920, *Rev. J. W. Kemp, D. D., and Rev. C. Rexford Raymond, D. D.*

On the Distributing Committee, for three years, from May, 1917, to May, 1920, *Rev. Harlan G. Mendenhall, D. D., and Rev. Robert Watson, D. D.*; and for one year, from May, 1917, to May, 1918, *Rev. Robert Scott Inglis, D. D.*

On the Finance Committee for three years, from May, 1917, to May, 1920, *Mr. Edward L. Suffern and Mr. John T. Underwood.*

The following resolution was adopted for transmission to President Wilson:

Resolved: In view of the fact that ours is a Christian nation, that the President of the United States be respectfully requested in the name of this Society by its President and General Secretary to appoint a Day of Prayer:

Messages for Modern Men

BY REV. FRANK B. McALLISTER
The Soldier Spirit

IT IS impossible to love either the theory or the practice of war. Some of the finest soldiers who ever lived have confessed that they loathed war as a brutal and bitter, even if a necessary, business. The time is coming, if we have eyes of faith to pierce the present gloom, when the profession of the soldier shall be done away with. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

But that stands as a dim prophecy and a wistful yearning. Today, the soldier stands to the fore, a strategic figure in the life of the nations. Khaki has become the primary color. In the present, fearful stress of world events, the military aspect of life has been forced upon us all, whether we will or no.

Our Lord saw soldiers in the streets of Jerusalem centuries ago. The Apostle Paul saw them and was on intimate terms with some of them. The Roman centurion cannot be eliminated from the pages of the New Testament. Think of Cornelius of Caesarea, that broad-minded man; of Julius, Paul's escort to Rome, who treated the Apostle kindly; of the two centurions who believed in Jesus, the one at Capernaum, and the other at the Cross. Surely there are hardly any other characters in the sacred narrative to exceed these fighters of old Rome in nobility of nature and of purpose.

It is interesting to note how often Paul uses military imagery. He is one who fights the good fight of faith. His protection against the wiles of the devil is investiture with the whole armor of God. His counsel to Timothy, his beloved son in the faith is: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

If the work of the soldier must often be of a cruel and repellent sort, the character demanded of him has points both of strength and beauty. The reason parents send their sons to "military" schools is not to make fighters of them, but to make men of them. No better lesson can be learned by thousands of us than that of submission to authority. It is in the very alphabet of the soldier.

Sublime things are going on, these days, in the terrible fields of France. At the word of command, ten thousand men will leave the shelter of the trenches and step out into an inferno of shell fire. It takes courage—for all that a man hath will he give for his life—but hesitancy is unknown. Well did the London *Times* say: "When a monument is erected on the Somme battlefield, it should bear the simple inscription—'There were no stragglers.'"

Obedience is the glory of the soldierly man—of the good soldier of Jesus Christ. What cannot God do with the man who will obey? When Paul met Jesus on the Damascus road he yielded his whole life in instant and complete consecration. "Wherefore," he says, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." No wonder his cause triumphed. He has told us the reason.

If the chariot wheels of the Kingdom drag heavily in our community, if the life of our church is bound in shallows and in miseries, may it not be because so many of us are disobedient to our visions? We hear the voice, but do not heed the commands of our great Captain.

The good soldier must accept the general "hardness" of life from the outset of his career. Rigid discipline is his portion from the moment of enlistment. Look at an average day in the life of a West Point cadet! There is the awakening on signal; there are the drills, the inspections, the classes, the study hours, the meals, all on schedule time. There is an inflexible decorum for all occasions and situations. Superiors are to be saluted; rooms to be kept in order; arms and uniforms kept spotless. It all makes for efficiency. The young officer goes out at last with a trained mind and body. The sentiment of order has been made a part of his very being.

The soul must be made spiritually efficient through discipline. There is a manual of arms that may not be neglected save with loss. "Pray without ceasing"; "Search the scriptures"; "Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together"—such exercises as these have stood the test of time. It is by the use of them that choice souls in all the years have come into

First, to pray for Divine wisdom and guidance for the Leaders of our nation and its Allies in this time of supreme trial in the world's history; second, to pray for the blessing of Almighty God upon all enterprises that may be undertaken, and all efforts that may be put forth by this Government and the Governments of its Allies in the meeting of the great issues of the hour; and, third, to pray for such an early and lasting peace between all the nations of the earth as may be consistent with the Divine purpose.

The following resolution was also adopted:

Resolved, That the President appoint a Nominating Committee of three to present nominations for officers of the Society at the next annual meeting.

At the evening session devotional exercises were conducted by Dr. David James Burrell, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church.

Rev. John N. Mills, D. D., of Washington, D. C., spoke on "A Tourist's Impression of the Needs of Latin-America."

Rev. William B. Stelle, of the North China Mission of the American Board, spoke on "China Seeks the Printed Truth," and gave several telling illustrations of the usefulness of Christian literature, which had come under his own personal observation.

A closing prayer was offered by Mr. William Phillips Hall. The meeting then adjourned.

spiritual stature. He who assumes to dispense with such means of grace is trying an extremely doubtful experiment.

The good soldier belongs to a regiment. He would never think of taking his rifle and going out all alone, hoping, as an independent, to get in a few shots at the enemy. He enlists, dons a uniform, drills, marches, fights in association with his fellows. We have heard of people who thought they could be good soldiers of Jesus Christ in utter isolation from the Christian church—but we have not been impressed with their success.

The call for good soldiers is a loud one in these portentous days. The "hardness" incident to war comes mainly on the brave boys who go to the front, but not upon them solely. There is work for those who stay by the stuff, as well as for those who serve in the trenches. Our social practices must be, in some regards, modified. Economies must be practiced and unwanted forms of work engaged in. It is possible that we may see our taxes doubled and trebled.

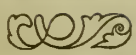
Now that the Rubicon has been crossed, let us press on bravely. Let us bear the discomfort involved, the inconvenience, the downright sacrifice it may be, without complaining. Let us give to the multifarious causes to relieve human need as the Lord hath prospered us, let us do our bit for God and country, let us keep the altar fires burning.

The nation must not fail; the holy church of Christ must not fail. Neither shall fail, if you and I and our neighbor will each bear a soldier's part.

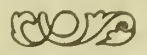
In our Lord's last words to his people the blessing is promised "to him that overcometh." No attractive prospect is held out to slackers.

Not to the vanquished
Heaven opens its portals;
Rest is the glory given
To crowned immortals.

Think not of mere release
Welcomed victorious;
God giveth more than peace,
His rest is glorious.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



DR. DAVID J. BURRELL.

"SCHOOL'S OUT"

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City



JUNE is the month of "Commencements." Boys and girls are leaving the public schools with proud and happy hearts. The graduates of our colleges and universities are saying goodby to the campus and going out into life with diplomas in hand. They have been drinking at the Pierian spring of knowledge; and now the question that confronts them is:

What Will They Do With It?

For knowledge of itself is a vain thing. It has value only for what it will do. In this respect it is precisely like gold, which stored away in a vault, is no better than iron pyrites. It must be molten, minted and stamped with the image and superscription of the King and put into circulation so that it may go about doing good, or else one might as well not have it.

There is nothing finer in literature than Milton's eulogy of Truth:

"Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,
Through which her orient hair waves to her waist,
By which believing mortals hold her fast
And in those golden cords are carried even
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,
And you may see her heart shine through her breast:
Her right hand holds a sun with burning rays,
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys:
Her voice is like a trumpet, loud and shrill,
Which bids all sounds in earth and heaven be still!"

Nevertheless Truth as an objective thing is as little worth as fruit that hangs unplucked and rotting on a tree. Here is a fact for truth-seekers to ponder. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art there is a picture by Larolle called "The Rehearsal." A young girl is on trial for a position in the choir. The organist is at the keyboard; the other singers are standing by to observe how the candidate will pass the ordeal. Her lips are open to sing. I never pass that picture without wishing that I might hear her voice. Will she make good? One feels a like concern for those who are now graduating from our institutions of learning. *Will they make good?*

But the question is one of large application. We, of maturer years, are all, so to speak, but school children. We have learned a little; and that little, with whatever may be added in the curriculum of life, is our equipment for the business in hand. It is a true saying that "knowledge is power;" but it is more than power; it is happiness and usefulness; it is character and influence; it is life and immortality. It is all this if only our knowledge is truth and used in the right way.

It is safe to say that people, as a rule, do not know as much as they imagine they do. The graduating class is always wiser in its own esteem than the Faculty, just as fledglings are more confident than older birds. But everybody

knows some thing, if it be only "*Cogito ergo sum*," and "every little bit, added to what we've got, makes a little bit more."

He is but a poor makeshift of a man who cannot lay his hand on something or other and say "This I know." It may be only the postulate that there is a God. Here, at least, is a starting point. Possibly he can go further and affirm that God has revealed Himself in His only-begotten Son. It is a straight path from the manger to the Cross, and from the Cross to the open sepulcher, and from the open sepulcher to the gate of heaven. But there must be no standing still. "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know." It is like promotion in the public schools, out of one "grade" into another, until by God's grace we graduate *summa cum laude*.

But, as Socrates wisely said, "There are two ways of learning; one is by absorption and the other by communication." Latent power is no power at all. Whether we increase our modicum of knowledge is largely dependent on what we do with it. We can use it in three ways.

First, for our own personal advantage. We may do as certain capitalists are said to have done with an alleged leakage of inside information from Washington; that is, we may feather our own nests with it. This is what Solomon did with his singular gift of wisdom until he learned better in his later years.

The best of the personal uses to which knowledge can be put is the building of character. A man's character is never better than his creed. If a Christian believes that he "liveth unto himself" he will spend his days and nights in worrying about his own salvation and sanctification; in which case he will be "saved so as by fire" with nothing else to show for it.

Second, we can use our sum total of knowledge for the benefit of our fellow men: as it is written, "To do good and to communicate, forget not." The things that we know are a splendid asset in the business of beneficence. The man who discovers gold is a miser (literally, a miserable man), if he keeps it to himself. A farmer's well is sweeter when he allows his neighbors to draw from it. Therefore, if you know a good thing, tell it.

"That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives and nothing gives;
Whom none can praise, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot, creation's blank!"

Diffusiveness is the genius of Christianity. The air is vibrant with a cry for help; and he who knows anything has something wherewith to answer it.

There are some kinds of knowledge that are simply calculated to make this world a better place to live in: for example, an acquaintance with the laws of health and economics. So far forth, the social scientist and reformer can smooth the pathway of the unfortunate to the

furtherest verge of this present life; but no further. There his beneficence ends. Time and sense are its horizons.

But the knowledge of spiritual things covers a wider scope and entails a corresponding responsibility. One who has learned that God is love and that He has manifested His love in atoning grace, is under bonds to pass that knowledge on. His beneficence knows no such limit as three score years and ten. By putting the cup of living water to thirsty lips he helps men on to live forever.

We are sometimes derided for "otherworldliness." So be it. A human animal belongs to one world, but a Christian belongs to two; and the world beyond is as much more important than the world here and now as the sun is larger than the least infinitesimal mote flying in a sunbeam. To know this and not to live accordingly is the height of stupidity. For a Christian to have such knowledge and not use it for the benefit of others is worse than stupidity; it is selfishness so gross that it lays his profession wide open to the charge of insincerity. It is difficult to see how a candle once lit at the Light of the world can help shining. "A city set upon a hill cannot be hid."

To share our loaf of religious knowledge with the hungry is not only our duty but our splendid privilege as followers of Christ. It is thus that we make for ourselves a large and wealthy place in heaven. A lonely sort of heaven it will surely be for any Christian who has kept his knowledge of the Gospel to himself and exhausted his vocal chords in singing "When I can read my title clear." But blessed is the man who, in looking after the spiritual welfare of others, has prepared for himself a welcome at the hands of those whom he has brought to a saving knowledge of the grace of God! This was in the mind of Rutherford, the saintly pastor of the little church at Anworth when he wrote:

"If but one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land!"

But the third use of our knowledge is the supremely important one, namely to invest it with an eye single to the glory of God.

No man has really begun to live until he is able to answer the first question in the Shorter Catechism by saying without the slightest hesitation, "The chief end of man is to glorify God." For God is not only the source but the ultimate of life. He is Alpha and Omega; that is, the beginning of every right purpose and the end of every noble enterprise.

In the book of Ecclesiastes we have the autobiography of a man who was singularly endowed with knowledge, but was long uncertain what to do with it. For a while he esteemed it for its own sake; saying, "Go to, I will be wise, I will search and find out the reason of things." But

presently he perceived that knowledge of itself, without a worthy end in view, was mere "vanity and vexation of spirit." He then resolved on using his wisdom for the acquisition of wealth; with this result: "I gathered me silver and gold with the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; and I looked on all the labor that I had labored to do, and behold, it was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit under the sun." Then he thought of pleasure as worth while, saying, "Go to, I will prove thee with mirth;" but the apples of Sodom turned to ashes on his lips. He heard the call of ambition and resolved on being the greatest of kings: "So I was great and increased above all that were before me." The Queen of Sheba was amazed at his magnificence. But listen to him: "Better is an handful with quietness than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit; better is a poor wise child than an old foolish king; what profit hath he that laboreth for the wind?" So the years passed, and at length this man Solomon, "the wisest of men," was driven to this final conclusion: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: *Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole of man.*" (The word "duty" does not occur in the original Hebrew text of this passage. It is therefore correctly rendered as here given, "This is the whole of man.")

And this brings us directly to Christ: who said, "I am the truth." In Him we are made acquainted with God and brought into vital union with Him. To know Christ and to cooperate with Him is to enter into the secret place of truth. This is where Pilate failed. He said to Jesus, with a skeptical lifting of his eyebrows, "What is truth?" while then and there the incarnate Truth stood before him! Thus do many truth-seekers go groping like blind men along the wall. To reject Christ is to leave school without a diploma and to enter eternity with no equipment for it.

The happiest hour of the days of my boyhood was four o'clock in the afternoon. It was then that the head-master struck the bell and announced "School's out!" Later on, in the college course, we looked forward to "Commencement" as the time when the doors were to open into life, and the lessons of the class-room would be translated into larger tasks and responsibilities. What we call "death" is Commencement. We then enter upon our post-graduate course; and for this the interminable aeons are before us. Here "We know in part and prophecy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we are known."

Thus the vistas of truth open before us. The post-graduate course of one who has become personally acquainted with the Truth as it is in Christ Jesus is destined to go on forever and ever. The noble quest is ours. This is heaven; to know the life-giving Truth as through the succeeding ages we "follow on to know it."

Supplication

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

*Father, keep us lest we stray, far from Thy hold,
Where all Thy loved ones rest within the fold;
Help us to bear in mind Thy promise full of love
Awaiting those who serve Thee, far above.*

*When sore at heart and fainting on the way,
O, tender Father, pity us we pray,
And help us bear our cross of pain below
Remembering ever, the cross that Thou once bore.*

*Oh, keep us lest we stray from sight,
Far from the home of Thy eternal light;
So when the evening comes, and life is o'er
Shall come sweet rest, and sorrow nevermore.*

*Father, bless us from the great, white throne,
As stumbling, blind, we tread the path alone,
Oh, guard Thy weary ones along the way,
Till night is past and we can see Thy day!*

The Message in Particular

By William Norris Burr



OMEWHERE I have read of a minister who one day asked a member of his flock how he was led to turn from the old life of indifference and sin to the new life that seemed now to be meaning so much to him. And the man replied, that it was through hearing the minister read one day at service the words: "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand." The minister remarked that those were striking words, but he asked, "How did those words help to lead you into a new life?" "Why, don't you see, sir," the man replied, "when I heard those words, I felt myself standing before God, and I had to yield my life to Him when I woke up to the fact that all my life long I had been standing before God. When a man 'finds himself,' sir, he always finds himself standing before God; and when he begins to realize where he is every day of his life—standing before God!—O, sir, I don't see how it can help but make a new man of him!"

We have a great many conceptions of human need. The great humanitarian movements, the social service ideals, a multitude of schemes for human betterment press their claims upon us; and many of them deserve our thoughtful attention. But there is one supreme need that overtops them all. Man's greatest need is to know God; and the highest service that any man can possibly render to a fellow-man is to help him to get his eyes open to the fact that every day of his life he stands before God, and that the great need of his life is to know the God before whom he stands.

And God has commissioned His church to go about throughout all the world carrying this as its supreme message: Know God! Love God! Serve God! Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness. The church has an obligation along social service lines, along good citizenship lines, and clean politics lines, and along any line that makes for betterment in human affairs. But its supreme business, its message in particular, is to be calling men to God, to saturate the world with a sense of God, to thrill the souls of men with a divine patriotism that is born of devotion to the kingdom of God. Even love for one's fellow-man must not be allowed to obscure his vision of God; and the Christian church dims its vision of its message if it falls into the way of emphasizing neighbor-love above the obligation to know and love God. Each has its place; but, as Rev. Albert W. Palmer has put it, in his book, "The Drift Toward Religion": "The world cannot be saved by any merely social regeneration, though it is a part of the whole. The supreme task of the church is not accomplished until it has brought the individual soul face to face with God. The world is glad Jesus was a carpenter, but at its deepest moments that fact merges into the greater fact that he was the Son of God. It is because through Jesus we come not merely to brotherhood but also to God that we cleave to Him. The parable of the Good Samaritan does not stand alone—the tenderer story of the Prodigal Son must ever be bound in the same volume."

This accords with the teaching of the Author and Finisher of our faith. A lawyer one day asked Him a question, to test Him: "Teacher, which is the great commandment in the law?" and the Master answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

There has drifted into the minds of a great many people the idea that the church is a superfluous institution, that the world can get along now very well without it; and many have yielded to the inclination to try the experiment of getting along without the church. May it not be that the church itself is somewhat at fault and that in its zeal to meet the demands of the second command it has lost power by dimming its vision of the first and great command?

To the church has been given a distinctive mission. It is not here as another social service institution, another industrial organization, another temperance society, or just to furnish another club house for the physical and social upbuilding of the people. It is not here to be "another" anything! It is unique among institutions for human betterment. It is out of place as a competitor—in the highest drift of its service. Properly focussed its one aim is to make the Eternal Christ real and vivid to men, that God may be revealed to them through Christ. We shall not find God through serving men; we must know God that we may best serve our fellows. As another has said: "The truth as it is in Jesus is equal to all our vicissitudes, all our calamities, all our problems, whether of war or of peace; what we need now and always in America, in England, everywhere, is not a new religion, but religion anew; a deeper realization of religion in personal experience that there may be a wider application of it in social, industrial and national life."

Men are standing every day of their lives before God, and they do not realize it. Their eyes do not see Him, their senses do not discover Him, they are not awed by His greatness, they are not melted by His love. It is the business of the church to awaken them to a sense of God, before whom they stand.

Children of Light

BY CORA S. DAY.

It was a fine house, with large and beautifully kept grounds. A daintily dressed little girl played upon the lawn, tossing her golden curls and laughing as she ran after her pet kitten; while a trim nurse watched her carefully.

Outside the low stone wall stood a child of the slums; ragged, grimy, unkempt and unsmiling, she watched the other more fortunate little one. Suddenly the child within saw her. She ran to her gaily.

"Come in and get some flowers, and see my kitten—and nurse will get you some cake," she cried hospitably. Nurse evidently was used to this, for she did her part in giving the poor child one hour of pure delight. To her the rich little girl was indeed a child of light, giving her a glimpse of such joy and beauty as she never forgot.

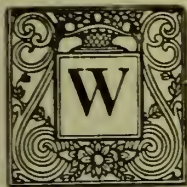
We may all be children of light if we will and that not only to have the joy of the Light for ourselves, but to shed its brightness upon other lives as well. Indeed the latter is one of the greatest joys and duties of those who possess the Light themselves. As Mrs. Wylie says:

"Children of light, till the day-dawn appeareth,
God has commanded you ever to shine."

Let us then, make sure that we are truly children of Light; and so shine that those who see us will never forget the joy and the beauty of a consecrated life.

A NOTE OF VICTORY

By Judson Swift, D.D.



We are living in the days when every follower of Christ and every laborer in His vineyard must hear and be sensitive to both the near and far cry of human need; when we must have a world vision, beholding all the nations and peoples bounded by the whole horizon, and place ourselves in the relation of sympathy to them. We must, moreover, realize that God is in His heaven, and if all does not seem right to us in the world, God in His own time will make it right. "He taketh up the isles as a very little thing, and the nations are as a drop in the bucket," flowing and mingling according to His will and purpose.

Our Creator and Heavenly Father is eternally triumphant and victorious. The word, "defeat" has never been heard and is not known throughout His Kingdom and universal reign. In His onward marching the dominant note is the note of victory. He who holds and guides the stars in their courses is the omnipotent Creator and our Heavenly Father. Hence we go forth to our work always conscious of final success and triumph. Fear is banished, assurance and certainty taking its place. In every line of Christly service, there is and must be the consciousness of finally overcoming and defeating evil throughout the world. In this spirit we all need to do our work, there being born in our hearts the impulse and in our wills the decision to give our entire selves for the betterment of humanity.

Faith in God and the thought and note of victory have been the inspiration for another year of service on the part of the American Tract Society, whose thought and purpose is to diffuse a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of sinners and to promote the interests of vital religion and sound morality through the publication and circulation of the Gospel Message in the form of Christian literature.

New Publications

There have been added to the Society's list during the last year ten new publications: two in Spanish, namely, "Principles of Biblical Interpretation," by Rev. E. P. Barrows, D.D., translated into Spanish by Alfredo S. Rodriguez y Garcia, and "The Christ of History," by Rev. John Young, translated into Spanish by Rev. Daniel Hall; and eight in English, five of these being volumes, and three of them tracts or leaflets. A total of 175,300 volumes were issued during the year. The number of leaflets and tracts issued during the Society's ninety-second year reaches 843,700. The Society has published during the year four periodicals, *The American Messenger* and *Apples of Gold* in English, *Amerikanischer Botschafter* in German, and *Manzanas de Oro* in Spanish. The total of these periodicals for the year is 2,046,000. There have also been issued 85,000 "Go to Church Stamps," which added to the 125,000 issued and distributed one year ago totals 210,000. This Stamp was originated by the American Tract Society, and is the only one of its kind in existence.

Missionary Colportage

Missionary colportage was organized seventy-six years ago for the purpose of increasing the distribution of the Society's tract and volume publications. The colporters went forth bearing the precious seed of the Gospel, sowing it in the individual home and also in the individual heart wherever and whenever opportunity offered. The evangelical Churches with their millions of members and millions of dollars expended are not making a perceptible advance in lessening the percentage of the non-Church-going,—fully 60,000,000 of our 100,000,000 population not attending either Church or Mission. Only through missionary colportage can the Gospel Message be carried to these tens of thousands of our fellow citizens.

During the past year the Tract Society's colporters have made 200,000 family visits, distributed 55,712 volumes of Christian literature, and conducted 7,117 religious meetings, while the colportage distribution at Ellis Island has amounted to 119,925 copies of books and tracts.



SOME OF THE READERS OF OUR SPANISH PAPER, MANZANAS DE ORO

Gratis Distribution

"Freely ye have received, freely give," are among the most precious words spoken by Christ. Giving the Gospel Message without money and without price has carried salvation to millions of unconverted souls, scores of thousands of whom have not only heard the Gospel, but accepted it and become earnest and devoted Christians. Requests and appeals for Gospel leaflets and volumes are constant and often persistent. These appeals come from all the States in the Union, and frequently from beyond the oceans. The distribution, as a rule, goes to those most destitute of wholesome and inspiring reading.

During the year nineteen libraries have been granted to poor Sunday Schools and Mission Churches. The total value of free distribution for the year is \$18,461.65, making the grand total of free distribution \$2,652,967.54, the equivalent of 5,305,938,080 pages of leaflets or tracts.

In Behalf of Latin America

The Congress on Christian Work in Latin America, held in Panama in February, 1916, has borne abundant fruit in the way of awakening a deep interest in behalf of the many millions of people living immediately south of us. Special courses of study have been prepared and pursued with earnestness and zeal, while many of

the Missionary Boards have undertaken the raising of additional funds for enlarging the educational work and increasing the number of missionaries at the mission stations. The great and overwhelming need is that of an abundant supply of Christian literature in the Spanish and Portuguese languages. The American Tract Society is bending its energies towards meeting this demand, and appealing for special funds to provide the literature so earnestly and continuously sought and prayed for. The publication of a One Volume Bible Commentary in Spanish has been decided upon, and is now in the hands of a competent Committee, and there is under consideration the publishing of "The Principles of Jesus," "How to Pray," "With Christ in the School of Prayer," "How to Bring Men to Christ," "The Way to God," and other titles in the Spanish language, and in Portuguese, "The Teacher's Manual," Stalker's "Life of St. Paul," a "One Volume Bible Commentary," "The Bible Text Book," and other important publications. If the funds are forthcoming, there is no doubt as to the furnishing of the literature required.

The Foreign Field

Notwithstanding the titanic world war, the work in the foreign mission field has gone forward not only encouragingly but amazingly. While it is true that the increasing demand for men at the front has lessened the number of missionaries going out from Protestant Europe, it is also a fact that the Mission Boards in North America report the sailing of a larger number of missionaries than a year ago. In the United States the Foreign Mission Boards with few exceptions report an increase of funds and in some instances the largest income ever received, the total cash receipts reported from one hundred and thirty Societies reaching over \$24,688,000.

It is, however, true that the white harvest fields throughout the non-Christian world remain unreaped and ungarnered for Christ, and cannot be gathered until the sickle of Christian literature is grasped by the hand of the entire Christian Church and a united movement is made to carry the Gospel Message on the printed page to every unsaved human soul. Christian literature above and beyond all other instrumentalities is the one thing now lacking. It is, indeed, true that the problem of greatest importance is the creation of a good Christian literature in the vernacular, and in every land throughout the foreign mission field it is both conceded and recognized that Christian literature is the crying need. It is not sufficient to translate standard religious books now existing in Europe and the United States. It is of prime necessity to create a new literature, and this is among the greatest of tasks, which, however, can be accomplished if the funds are provided. The Tract Society's foreign cash appropriations for the year amount to \$3,510, while \$1,140,93 have been sent to the foreign field for other purposes, the objects being designated by the donors, making the total sent to the foreign field \$4,650.93.

Total of Work Performed

It is of impressive interest to note that the American Tract Society has published the Gos-

pel Message in one hundred and seventy-eight languages and dialects, and that the grand total of all its publications issued from the Home Office has reached 797,704,700 copies, of which 35,188,890 are volumes, 299,567,168 periodicals and 461,929,642 tracts.

The missionary colporters of the Tract Society have made a total of 18,812,806 family visits have distributed 17,438,166 volumes, and held 599,410 religious meetings.

In the Spanish and Portuguese languages, chiefly for Latin America, there have been issued a total of 16,012,088 volumes, tracts and periodicals, including 158,500 Spanish hymnals, the whole of these issues amounting in value to \$642,918.87.

In foreign lands 5,667 titles of distinct publications, whose circulation aggregates many millions of copies, have been issued by the aid of the Society's foreign cash appropriations, now amounting to \$802,966.39 and its grants of electrotypes valued at \$61,177.96, thus making the grand total expended for Christian literature in foreign lands \$864,144.35.

During the past year there have also been issued and distributed to the Army, principally to those serving on the Mexican border, 28,500 copies of tracts and "The Soldier's Text Book," and 70,400 leaflets have been issued and distributed in the William A. Sunday Evangelistic Campaign.

The Gospel Triumphant

Gospel Munitions must no longer be discounted. The power and effectiveness of the printed page have never yet been understood or fully realized. It is the one mighty warrior that flings itself into and beyond all barriers; the barbed wires of ignorance and all forms of evil are torn asunder and go down before it. All weapons are dulled and twisted in combat with it. Its power is simply marvelous, going forth undaunted and in the full consciousness of its power to regenerate and save the human heart and triumph over falsehood and wrongdoing; and it goes unhindered to all classes and conditions in the community.

For ninety-two years the American Tract Society has been to the full extent of its ability preparing and publishing Christian literature. A hundredfold larger work would have been performed, if the Society's benevolent income through donations and legacies had been many times multiplied. There is an imperative need that all the friends of the American Tract Society, both those near to it and those farther away, should realize the necessity of a more generous support. It is not sufficient to be well-wishers and time-givers. It is, indeed, of vital necessity that we experience a consecration to the service of our Lord, the fruitage of which will be the sacrificing of the best and most costly things that we possess, and the giving of our silver and gold.



The Teaching

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

*After the silence, song;
After the sorrow, laughter;
Failure bravely met
Means triumph after.*

*Brightest the morning seems
Where dark was thickest;
Ever where winds are strong
The sails are quickest.*

*This is the truth our lives
Are ever teaching;
This is the faith the years
Are ever preaching:*

*Happiness waits beyond
Our pain and sorrow;
Always the dark day has
A brighter morrow!*

A Call to Immediate Service

By Rev. I. Mench Chambers, D.D.



IT IS an exceptional privilege to be called of God to aid in the carrying forward of the work and word of reconciliation. The only one who is qualified to entreat and enlist others for the new life in Christ is he who lives rightly himself. That laborer will fail who is not constructive; he must be a doer of the word.

Your gift for service, dear reader, is of God. Reckon with it now. We are workers together with Him, and this fact means that we shall have light and guidance and blessing in our undertakings. We must not forget what God has done for us. He has heard us in a time accepted. In the day of salvation He has succored us. We are the redeemed of God in Jesus Christ, and have been given the new hope through His cross and resurrection.

The Father has a just expectation of us. We are to work out our soul's salvation. We are to effect that for which God redeemed us. Now is the available time. Make His gift to you effective in your service for Him. Do not live a negative life. That is to fail. Do not deal in futurities. Bend down over the needs and calls of today with all the force of your begotten nature. This is the only time of which you are sure. God asks your best, and many along the dusty road of life need that best just now.

Give out your kindness now. Jesus did. He went about doing good daily. "So send I you," He says. Extend your kindness in the home. Live Christ among your own. Be kind to the aged who seek shelter with you for a little while longer. In the place of toil oil the bearings of life, for the lives of many who stand close at your side are filled with friction.

The words and deeds which may be given for Christ will place a new spirit of helpfulness in your office or store. To friend or stranger strive to be one of God's angels in charge of some special blessing, and your life will have a precious asset added to it.

Your immortality in the minds of men lies in the deeds of love scattered today.

To be worth while you must learn to serve your fellows today. It is not yesterday or tomorrow, it is today.

"I do not want your roses when I am gone," said one. Bear one another's burdens today.

An aged Christian minister entered his blessed home and God shut the door so he never could come back. He had toiled under deep conviction for God and the truth for forty years. He was a rare spirit, one of God's choice servants. His life had been laid down daily for others in their joy and sorrows, and yet his flock had failed to give him a word of appreciation when often he bore a heavy load. There were no flowers at Christmas. He oft received thorns of criticism from those who did not value his devotion and sacrifices. When he passed on, many of those who through neglect had hurt his heart, brought their "American beauties" and laid them on his bier. It was too late.

Do not save your kindness
For tomorrow's sky,
For the ones who need you
Now are passing by;
Live your best this moment,
That's the better way.
Cheer God's needy children
Just today, today.

Give God your best service now. Dedicate your gifts to His service. Give your voice to sing, your hand and heart and offerings today. Make life worth while around you. Live to

bless, and ask God daily to deepen your consecration to Him.

"Crown Him with many crowns,
Crown Him Lord of all."

A little ragged girl came into a mission in Philadelphia one night. She had been taken from a drunkard's home where curses and cruelty had seared her life. A kind friend had wrought the rescue for Christ's sake. She was thankful to God for what He had done for her. Testimonies were given, and she desired to join in this, but had no words; so she arose and sang in her child's sincerity a simple hymn which had been taught her.

"I love Him, I love Him,
Because He first loved me.
And purchased my salvation
On Calvary's tree."

The pathos and feeling of her soul went with her words and God used her testimony to break up many stony hearts that were present. Men and women steeped in sin were touched to tears by a little child's message who was sent to lead them back to God.

Place your gift on the altar and see what God will do with it. You will be surprised and rejoiced at His blessing when you are ready to give Him all and to say "God bless me." Give your heart and life to Jesus today. He has waited a long while for you to come back home. He has been infinitely patient. Do not wait until you have naught to bring but wasted gifts and years. Come now, make haste while Jesus calls for you with all the power of His presence. Hear Him say "Come" today, and then obey, and find the peace which passeth knowledge. He will pardon all your sin. He will give you the inward witness of His spirit. He will make you a child of God and put heaven at the end of a life which even here is sensitive to the glory that awaits His coming.



Wishbone or Backbone?

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

Is the symbol of your life a wishbone, or a backbone? Are you forever desiring, and rarely doing things? Are you a broken reed, or a strong pillar in the Temple? Is your zeal but smoking flax, or is it like a Burning Bush by life's roadway? These are serious questions, and each of us must answer them for himself.

The trouble with much of American life today is it is vapid, flabby, nerveless and resultless. It may mean this or that, but it never means anything very much, or for very long. It is covetous of all sorts of favors, but scant in faith, and short on duty. Of formal, wishy-washy religious profession there is plenty, but not enough of the John the Baptist style of downright witness, and of Cromwellian non-conformity. So many people are busy "wishing it on themselves" that they forget to secure a backbone, that is, a vertebrate morality which will enable them to stand up, like a sturdy oak, against all possible blasts of temptation. We are afraid that the wishbone does our churches great harm, for so many men seek after all kinds of things that they neglect the central value of a really indispensable Christianity. In this connection we are reminded of a prayer which old Father Taylor of Boston was wont to offer. "Lord, grant that men of principle may be our principal men!"

At all costs get on the right side of every question, and then stay there. Never allow your desire to outrun your duty. Don't let your wishbone be where your backbone ought to be!

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Christian Literature in Japan

Advance proofs of the last annual report of the Japan Book and Tract Society show a steady continuance of the work of furnishing Christian literature for the people of Japan. The total publications for the year reached a total of over 10,500,000 pages. Five new books were issued, among which were "Quiet Talks on Prayer," by Rev. S. D. Gordon, and "The Traveler's Guide." The last named book has been under preparation for two years or more and the call for it is so great that the first edition of 10,000 copies is already nearly exhausted. Concerning this book a Japanese pastor and evangelist writes:

"I have read your precious book, 'The Traveler's Guide,' with much interest. It is especially valuable, not only because it has so many passages from the Bible, but because so many explanations are given to lead truth-seekers on into salvation. The book, therefore, is a most suitable one for giving to truth-seekers as well as to believers. I wish, therefore, to use this book as an instrument to show forth the glory of God."

Grants of tracts were made by the Japan Book and Tract Society to missionaries and Japanese Christian workers. Among these were a grant of 10,000 tracts for distribution among the people who went to see the exhibition of cherry flowers at Mukojima, 9,000 tracts for use at the Gospel Hall at Asakusa, 2,000 tracts for giving away at a Holiday Meeting of Office Boys and a number of tracts given to prisoners and other specially needy cases.

The Japan Book and Tract Society represents the American Tract Society and the Religious Tract Society of London. The American Tract Society has recently forwarded a cash appropriation for the support of the work in Tokyo, and the total of the cash appropriations that have thus been sent now amounts to many thousands of dollars.

Recently the Japan Book and Tract Society sent some interesting photographs, two of which are reproduced in this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. On the front cover page of our paper will be seen a picture taken on January 23, 1917, showing packages of the Japanese "Traveler's Guide" and other books and tracts just leaving the Japan Book and Tract Society's depot at Tokyo. The other picture, which appears on this page gives a view of Yushima Park, Tokyo, Japan. A colporter of the Japan Book and Tract Society has just been passing through this section of the park, and in the picture the people may be seen reading the tracts which they have just received from him.

Remarkable Church Growth

In a recent issue of the *Missionary Review of the World* Dr. A. W. Halsey tells the wonderful story of the growth of a church in West Africa. He says: "In November, 1916, there were received into the Presbyterian Church at Elat, West Africa, over 1,000 on confession of faith. This is the third consecutive year that the additions by confession of faith have exceeded 1,000. There are 280 Bible readers, supported by the church, or giving their services gratuitously.

"During the past year thirty-two candidates for the ministry have been received. There is an average of seven to each church. The catechumen classes, as last reported, numbered 18,883—under constant instruction for two years. Practically these catechumens are all envelope givers. Think of a church with 15,000 envelope contributors and the amount of detail work involved; where the contributor cannot read, certain marks, such as a red check on the envelope, indicates to the donor whether payment has been made or not.

"Some of the work which these men can do can be seen. During the twelve months ending August, 1915, 7,500 persons confessed Christ at the Elat Church.



DISTRIBUTING GOSPEL TRACTS IN YUSHIMA PARK, TOKYO, JAPAN. •

Of these, 5,000 were led to Christ by the native workers, the missionary not having had any personal touch with any of them until they were brought to him to make confession and give up their fetishes. For efficient development of native evangelistic activity, I doubt whether this record is to be found excelled, certainly not in any of the missions under the care of the Presbyterian Church which it has been my privilege to serve."

A Great Opportunity

The Japanese government is showing active interest in the life of its young men between the time they leave school and the time when they go for their military service, especially in the rural communities. At present about thirty thousand clubs or societies have been organized in the villages and smaller cities among such young men. The clubs are largely under military influence. A leading Japanese paper has editorially commented on these clubs as being a great opportunity for the Christian church, and especially for the Y. M. C. A., saying that the government would be glad to have these societies become "a moral force with the help of religion," and of agencies for character building and public service.

Lantern Evangelism in Korea

In Pyeng Yang, Korea, there is great rejoicing over the fact that two thousand new believers have been brought into the churches of the city through a recent series of revival meetings. The efficient way in which this evangelistic program has been planned and carried out, as described by Rev. J. G. Holdcroft, representing the World's Sunday School Association in Korea, is worthy of special attention.

The men and women who were to participate in this work were first prepared through special Bible study classes. Over 1,100 Korean men have been enrolled in these classes in Pyeng Yang since the beginning of the year. Following this preparation, a week of union prayer services were held in the churches of the city.

At 2 o'clock every afternoon during the revival meetings, a workers' prayer meeting was held, and the workers were then divided into eleven bands and sent to every section of the city for house-to-house preaching, and to distribute specially prepared tracts. Of these, 10,000 were used daily, and 1,000 big red posters in prominent places all over the city helped give the invitation to come

and believe. There are 1,000 Christian homes and shops among the 10,000 houses of Pyeng Yang, and nearly every one of these displayed a paper lantern at night with invitations to "believe in Jesus," written upon it, so that the "Jesus doctrine" for the time being was thrust into even more prominent notice than the cigarette advertising which usually holds the field in that city.

Huge parades of Christian men and boys with bands and banners, songs and shouted invitations to "Yei-su mit-oo-si-o" (believe in Jesus) marched through the city on two separate days. Every morning the church bells pealed forth their invitation to rise and join in prayer for the city. Every praying home sang "Hover O'er Me, Holy Spirit" so that thousands of non-Christians roused themselves for the day's work to the notes of this hymn, and in one way or another all day long were persistently invited to do what even in that heathen city the great majority of people deep down in their hearts feel they ought to do—give their hearts to Jesus.

And many of the people did. At night scores of willing workers brought to church those who during the day had promised to attend the meetings, and by the close of the week 2,000 people had signified their desire to become Christians. These new inquirers were immediately enrolled in Bible classes, so that they might later, in their turn, join in the effort to lead others to Christ. This particular revival is but a part of the evangelistic movement which has been sweeping over the Orient during the past two years, and which is enlisting among its workers every member of the Christian church in the different communities.

The Chinese Tract Society

A recent mail from China has brought the Annual Report of the Chinese Tract Society, whose headquarters are at Shanghai. Besides many reprints of former publications the report announces the issue of one new book entitled "Analysis of Romans," by H. Westnidge, and two new tracts, entitled "Temporary and Eternal Blessings" and "The Gate of Believers."

An encouraging fact is the raising of the sum of \$1,320.81 through the efforts of the Chinese Special Finance Committee. It is of interest to note that this amount was contributed by some 872 individual Chinese Christians and 53 churches.

The report acknowledges the receipt of the cash appropriation of \$100.00 sent by

the American Tract Society for the support of the work.

Among other items of interest we find the following statements made by the officers of the Chinese Tract Society:

"It is gratifying that for another year we have been allowed to be His fellow-workers in distributing and circulating Christian literature throughout the great Republic of China. We are thankful also that notwithstanding unrest and conflict—both within and without—the Chinese Tract Society has not only stood firm, but has continued to prosper during the year. As our publications are adapted to all classes and ranks of readers they find a ready acceptance in all the provinces of the Republic and in all parts of the world where Chinese reside.

"From our report it will be seen that we have printed some 75,500 books equal to 5,148,000 pages, and 763,000 sheet tracts. We have also distributed 877,329 copies of books and tracts equalling 9,385,447 pages.

"We have received orders and donations not only from Chinese Christians in China but also from Chinese emigrants in America, New Zealand, Australia, Canada, England, and many other countries.

"Our Society, being established on the same principles as those of the Religious Tract Society of London, and the American Tract Society of New York, is of great assistance to preachers and evangelists, because the printed page can enter the homes of the people, official Yamens, and other places where preachers could not go and there exert their silent influence, leading men and women to a knowledge of the truth and a saving faith in Christ."

Well Used Bibles

A missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church thus describes his experience as a newcomer to Korea: "What has struck me more than any one thing is the universal use and well-thumbed appearance of the Bible in Christian homes. Last autumn I visited a Korean Christian, who lived with his wife and two children alone in a remote and secluded valley. He was extremely poor, and entertained me to dinner on potatoes and salt. But when we sat down to worship God, three Bibles were produced, and each person, except the youngest, fingered his or her treasure."

Among South America Indians

Mr. W. B. Grubb, who is carrying on missions among the Indians of Paraguay, says that at the present time the Roman Catholic Church has generally abandoned its efforts to Christianize these people. "To such an extent is this so that in all my experience we have never come into collision nor have been brought into contact with them. In vast districts, over wide areas, that Church is not even known, nor have the Indians here any tradition concerning it. We are unquestionably the first and only people who have attempted to reach many of these tribes."

On the official government maps a large district is marked "Evangelical Missions Established under the Patronage of the National Government." Since 1891 Mr. Grubb and his associates have been officially nominated by the government as their authority in this part of the republic,—in fact, as the commissioners for these Indian territories. Their stations are registered as townships. The Argentine government is equally complacent. It stands ready at any time to grant land to the mission. The State Museum publishes at its own expense the grammars and dictionaries which the mission prepares. Pioneer work is going on among the Matacos and Tobas of the Argentine Chaco and is projected among the Choroti of Bolivia, whose language has been reduced to writing by the mission staff.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

JUNE 3.

Confidence and How to Get It Nehemiah 6:1-16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. May 28. Joshua's confidence. Num. 14:1-10.
T. May 29. A song of trust. Isa. 12:1-6.
W. May 30. Men of faith. Heb. 11:1-10.
T. May 31. Do right and trust. Dan. 3:8-25.
F. June 1. Confidence through prayer. 2 Cor. 12:1-9.
S. June 2. Confidence by obedience. Exod. 14:13-31.

The Scripture portion upon which our topic is based presents to us one of the heroes of the Old Testament. Nehemiah, the cup-bearer to Artaxerxes, stands out in the sacred narrative of a man of courage, tenacity, sagacity and consecration. He was of a chivalrous nature, eager to help his fellow-countrymen in their desolation and distress, and in his character he displayed a deep-seated reverence for God and a passion for righteousness, which made him a model ruler for the people of Israel and a worthy example for all succeeding generations.

Hindrances and Obstacles

The notable thing about Nehemiah was his persistent confidence in the final success of his efforts to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem and to restore the temple, in spite of all the hindrances and obstacles that confronted him.

In order to accomplish his aim, Nehemiah had to contend not only with the ordinary difficulties inherent in a task of such magnitude, but he had to face the hindrances and obstacles that were put in his way by bitter and unscrupulous enemies. He had to contend against plots and conspiracies devised by Israel's foes and also to overcome the timidity and inertia that were present in many of his own countrymen.

The secret of Nehemiah's confidence is found in his consciousness of the fact that he had undertaken a God-given task. He saw the forces that were striving against him, but he also had a sustaining vision of the divine presence, which kept him firm and strong in the midst of all opposition.

With the example of Nehemiah before us, we may now proceed to consider how we may secure the necessary confidence in order to accomplish the tasks which God has committed to our hands.

A Sure Foundation

A prime requisite for confidence is a sure foundation. Faith in God furnishes the only sure foundation for confidence. When we know that we are backed by the divine strength, then we can go forward with the utmost confidence in our ultimate success.

The consciousness that we are in the right gives to us a feeling of confidence that nothing else can bestow. We know that we are in the right when we know that we are doing the Will of God, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that we use all diligence to ascertain what is really the divine purpose.

We may gain enlightenment concerning the Will of God by the study of His revealed Word. Through the exercise of prayer we may be taught by the Holy Spirit as to what God's plan is concerning us. The counsel of wise Christian friends will also help us to determine God's Will.

Helps to Confidence

There are some simple helps to confidence which we should not neglect. It is an old saying that practice makes perfect, and this maxim applies to the performance of Christian duty as well as to the ordinary tasks of life.

When we first rise to testify in a Christian Endeavor meeting, we may feel a lack of confidence, but if we continue our effort in this line, we shall finally gain a feeling of confidence that will make it a joy and a privilege to testify for the Master.

Careful preparation for the duties that we assume will help us in maintaining our confidence. The better we are equipped, the surer will be our confidence.

JUNE 10.

Sins of the Mind Romans 8:1-11.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. June 4. Carnal mind. Rom. 1:28-32.
T. June 5. Cause of sin. Eph. 4:17-19.
W. June 6. Religious sins. Col. 2:18-23.
T. June 7. Unclean minds. Tit. 1:10-16.
F. June 8. Sins to put off. Col. 3:5-15.
S. June 9. The cleansing bath. Tit. 3:1-9.

In considering this topic let us notice at the very outset that it presupposes the existence of sin. To-day there are far too many people who would have us believe that there is no such thing as sin. But the Scriptures give us no ground for such an opinion. On the contrary, the existence of sin is taught by all the inspired writers, and the Apostle Paul is especially clear on this subject.

By "sins of the mind" may be designated those infractions of the Divine law which are committed in the realm of our spiritual life as contrasted with the "sins of the flesh" by which we transgress against the Divine law with our bodies. It should be noted, however, that sins of the flesh grow out of sins of the mind, and therefore it is all the more imperative to keep our minds pure and holy.

Some Familiar Examples

Among the common sins of the mind we may mention worry, envy, pride, selfishness, anger and covetousness. This is not an exhaustive but rather a suggestive list of the sins to which our minds are prone. There are many other sins by which we offend against the spiritual welfare of our being, and we should each examine into our own souls so that we may find out whether we are harboring any of the sins that so easily poison the life of the spirit. We should continually use the prayer of the Psalmist: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; Try me and know my thoughts; And see if there be any wicked way in me."

And lead me in the way everlasting."

The Cure for Sins of the Mind

Christ is the Saviour from all sin, and in the indwelling Spirit of Christ we may find release from the thralldom of all sins of the mind. Sin cannot abide in the heart that is fully possessed of the Spirit of Christ. Light and darkness are irreconcilable, and so the Light of the World inevitably drives away the darkness of sin.

We may keep ourselves from sins of the mind by occupying our minds with the affairs of the Kingdom of God. By concentrating our thoughts on the work of Christ and by devoting ourselves to the interests of His Kingdom we will find that we shall crowd out the temptations to evil which might otherwise press in upon us.

It is not enough simply to banish the evil thoughts out of which grow the sins of the mind. We must fill our souls with the precious and beautiful thoughts of our most holy faith, so that out of these there may grow the deeds of love that will make our lives fragrant in the memories of those around us.

Incentives to High Thinking

To keep ourselves from sins of the mind let us seek the incentive of high thinking which comes from communion with the best books. First of all let us devote ourselves to the Book of books, from which we may draw the inspiration of the life of Him who is the world's greatest and noblest example. Then let us seek for the incentive that comes from reading books that will stimulate high thinking and pure living. Let us read the biographies of great leaders, the life-stories of men and women who have not spared themselves but have freely devoted their lives for the service and uplift of humanity. Let us read of the achievements of the missionaries of the Cross at home and abroad, of the doings of those who have been apostles of social righteousness, and of the transformations wrought by those who have been great reformers, such as Luther, Huss, Zwingli, Melancthon, and others.

JUNE 17.

What is Reverence and Why Should We Be Reverent?

Hebrew 12:18-29.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. June 11. Reverence defined. Hab. 2:20.
T. June 12. Honor God. Exod. 3:1-5.
W. June 13. Revere the aged. Lev. 19:32.
T. June 14. Honor God's house. Matt. 21:12-17.
F. June 15. Honor God's Son. John 12:26.
S. June 16. Reverence for parents. Matt. 15:1-9.

Reverence is the instinctive feeling of a truly religious mind. It is prompted by sentiments of respect, awe, veneration and adoration. The foundation of reverence is love; without the element of love reverence becomes little more than a feeling of fear.

Reverence is one of the bulwarks that protect the most sacred things of life. It promotes a due regard for all those things which we hold most precious in the fabric of human society.

Reverence gives sanction to all law, both human and divine. It acts as a safeguard in times of crisis and stress. It throws a protecting mantle about the most important institutions in the home, the state and the nation. It is the mark of every soul that has been touched with a sense of the divine fitness and order of the universe.

Things We Should Reverence

One of the most helpful ways in which we can use this topic is to consider what are the things in life that call for our reverence.

First and foremost among the things which we should reverence let us name God's Holy Word. The Bible claims our reverence because it is an inspired book, bearing to us the revelation of God Himself. We need not fear to subject the Bible to every test that can be suggested in order to prove its authenticity, its authority, and its inspiration. But let us ever remember that it is a sacred book, that it has been given to us as the infallible guide of our lives, and let us render to it not a superstitious veneration, but that whole-hearted reverence due to its sacred character.

The Lord's Day is a divine institution that claims our utmost reverence. There is grave peril at the present time that this day of days shall lose its distinctive character as a day of rest and worship and that it shall become rather a day of feasting and sport. Let us do all in our power to stimulate the spirit of reverence for this sacred day and thus save it from extinction in the flood of twentieth century secularism.

The Christian Church is another divine institution that calls for reverence. We should revere it, because it was founded by Christ and because it is His representative in the world to-day. We should honor not only the body of believers who constitute the Christian Church, but we should show a becoming reverence for all that is connected with the church—for its place of meeting, for its sacraments and for its ministry.

The family altar calls for our reverent allegiance. In these rushing, strenuous days, there is a growing neglect of this hallowed institution, but a rich reward awaits all those who will maintain this instrumentality of divine grace.

Reverence for parents is a quality of character which needs to be cultivated in many homes. Too often is the divine injunction, "Honor thy father and thy mother," forgotten, and yet filial piety is one of the cornerstones of a Christian republic.

Reverence for the marriage relation is another crying need in many quarters of our land. The growing prevalence of divorce as well as the multitude of cases of separation between husband and wife indicate all too plainly how lightly matrimonial ties rest upon many shoulders. Let us strive to exalt the sacred character of the marital bond and lead the men and women of our land to a deeper reverence for the holy ties that bind together man and wife.

JUNE 24.

Mission Work in Our Cities Psalm 87:1-7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. June 18. Passion for a city. Rom. 1:8-15.
T. June 19. Prayer for a city. Gen. 18:23-33.
W. June 20. A superstitious city. Acts 17:23-34.
T. June 21. A godless city. Ezek. 9:1-11.
F. June 22. Cleansing the city. Isa. 1:1-20.
S. June 23. Street Preaching. Jonah 3:1-10.

The Psalm selected as the Scripture portion for this topic gives us a picture of Zion, the City of God, as the mother of nations. It depicts Zion as the metropolis of the universal kingdom of God, into which all nations are adopted as citizens.

Thus, as it has been well said, the Psalm is a prediction of the incorporation of all nations into the Church of Christ, and the establishment of the new and universal nationality of the kingdom of God. It is the prophecy in Old Testament language of "the Jerusalem that is above, which is our mother" (Gal. 4:26). It looks forward to the time when the Gentiles shall no longer be alienated from the commonwealth of Israel, but become fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." (Eph. 2:12, 19).

Cities are Strategic

The importance of carrying on mission work in our cities lies in the fact that cities are the strategic points of our modern civilization. As go the cities, so goes the nation. Therefore, if our country is to be won for Christ, we must win the cities to Him.

In most American cities there is an increasing element of foreign population. Special efforts to reach the foreigners must therefore be undertaken, and this is one form of mission work that is greatly needed.

The use of Christian literature in many languages is one of the indispensable instrumentalities for ministering to the spiritual needs of the foreigners who dwell in our cities. This is a line of service that is vigorously maintained by the American Tract Society, whose publications are issued in scores of different languages so that they may be used by the city missionaries and the pastors and Christian workers in the foreign-speaking churches.

Social Service

Social service is one of the valuable auxiliaries in carrying on city mission work. Poverty, crime, atheism, and many other forms of evil abound in our cities, and to combat them various forms of social service must be employed. By improving material and industrial conditions we may often prepare the way for uplifting the moral and spiritual conditions of city dwellers.

Social service attacks many of the problems which hinder the progress of the Kingdom in the cities of our land. It seeks to grapple with the housing conditions, with the question of sanitation, with the problem of the saloon and with many other vital and pressing situations.

Gospel Evangelism

Mission work in our cities cannot succeed unless it includes evangelistic effort. Gospel evangelism is an absolute essential for advancing the kingdom, and the preaching of the Gospel of salvation through the blood of Christ must form an integral part of our program, if we are to win the cities of our land.

In city mission work we must preach a simple Gospel such as may be understood by the most unlearned and ignorant people. Yet if we are faithful ambassadors, we shall so present the truth that the people will recognize in it the unsearchable riches of Christ.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. June 25. Procrastination. Prov. 6:1-11.
T. June 26. Missions. Eccl. 10:1-3.
W. June 27. Lack of judgment. Heb. 12:15-17.
T. June 28. A little word. Prov. 15:23-33.
F. June 29. A little love. John 12:1-8.
S. June 30. A chance meeting. John 4:1-15.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Tell Me, Baby

BY E. A. BRINNSTOOL.

*Little wee maiden, with love-lit eyes,
Lying here in my arms tonight,
What of the Dreamland beyond the
skies,*

*Whither you drift in the soft fire-
light?*

*Tell me, lassie, the places fair
Way out yonder, which you be-
hold,*

*Magic castles and sights so rare,
Over beyond the sunset's gold.*

*Tell me, baby, with eyes of blue,
What you see in that fairy land!
Lead me there with your wee, pink
hand,*

*Little charmer, those sights to view,
Let me wander along with you,
Down in the dewy dells out there,
Which in the distant Past I knew,
Far removed from the Days of
Care.*

*Little wee maiden, with curls of
night,*

*Drowsing here in the firelight's
glow,
Tell me, dear, of each rapturous
sight*

*You behold, as the sun dips low.
Hark to the wavelets against the
strand,*

*Where the spires of Sleep-Town
gleam!*

*Lead me, sweet, with your baby
hand*

*Into that beautiful Land of
Dream.*

*Tell me, baby, with drooping eyes,
What you see in that magic clime.
Sing to me of its joys sublime,
Far removed from that crimson
skies.*

*Little dreamer, what is the prize
Which you seek on your journey
there?*

*Tell me, baby, with sleep-bound
eyes,*

All the charms of that city fair.

Butterfly Lane.

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

BETTY was a blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl of seven summers. She had recently moved into the white farmhouse on the hill, with her mother and father and aunt Kitty.

Betty had lived in the city before, and everything seemed wonderful and new at Brookland Farm. The first warm days had come, and here and there she discovered little green patches springing up like a pretty green carpet.

Betty named the lane that ran for a mile behind the house, Butterfly Lane, for here, each day, she found bright yellow butterflies, flying over the flowers, and she loved best of all to play there among them. One day she took Blossom and Violet, her twin dolls, from her trunk and carried them out for a walk.

There had been so many strange, new things to take up the time since they moved into Brookland Farm, that a whole month had gone by before the twins were unpacked.

Betty turned down the lane, rolling them in front of her, while she talked aloud to the butterflies. "How I wish you could talk," she was saying, pausing now and then to wave her hands to them as they flitted past. "but anyway, I'm sure you are a lot of company, even if you can't"

She stayed a long time in Butterfly Lane that morning, showing the twins the pretty flowers along the way, and the hours passed very happily. Betty grew to love the farm so well that she begged her father never to move away from Brookland.

There was just one thing lacking to make it complete! She wanted another little girl to share all of her good times.

The animals, and flowers and butterflies, were great company but she needed a playmate too. One afternoon as she and the twins were walking in the lane, a very strange thing happened. Under one of the trees, where Betty had played all morning, someone had left a hat! Betty grasped it excitedly, her eyes big with wonder. She peeped around on the other side of the tree—and there curled upon the grass, lay the most marvelous surprise in the world—a little girl fast asleep.

Betty gave one little scream, then sat down beside her in a small heap, too delighted almost to breathe. The twins leaned against the old tree, bolt upright, their eyes wide and staring.

Even the yellow butterflies, flew gently over the small stranger, to fan her flushed cheeks while she slept.

"Isn't it lovely that we've found her," whispered Betty, never for a moment

The next morning she took Una to visit the animals, and while they were feeding Brownie, the pony, up dashed a horse and buggy at a very fast pace, and stopped at Brookland Farm gate.

Una gave a glad little cry, and was off in a flash, and Betty watched while the strange lady took her in her arms happily.

She didn't wait to see any more, but turned and ran as fast as she could down the lane. She had gone a long way before she stopped to rest, and even the yellow butterflies seemed to know that something was wrong with Betty that morning, and came and alighted on the bright flowers around her.

"You see," she said addressing them sadly, "I had so wanted Una to live with us, and now I am afraid the strange lady will take her away." Betty sat a long time down in Butterfly Lane that morning, until the sound of running feet made her start up quickly. Una came flying along, gaily waving her hat in the air, with her cheeks brilliantly pink, as she reached Betty, almost breathless!

"We're going to stay on and on at Brookland Farm," she cried, "come and hear about it, Betty, they've sent me for you."

The two little girls joined hands and flew down Butterfly Lane as fast as

The Tall Blue Lady

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

GUY and Stella Wentworth lived in a long dusty street in a big dusty city. They had seen very few flowers except those in the flower shop window.

"They're nice flowers," Stella would say, "but they cost so much we never can have any. What I'd like to see is the flowers in the real country—whole fields of them, so that everybody can pick some. Only think of that, Guy!"

The two children saved all the pictures of wild flowers they could find and pasted them into an old book. Guy made paintings of the prettiest ones whenever the artist who lived at the top of the house would give him an old tube of paint squeezed almost dry. Stella had no paints, but she used to make paper ladies, as she called them. They were dolls made to look as much like the flowers as possible.

One day the children found a card in the waste paper basket—a plain card with one tall blue flower on it. They did not know what flower it was, but it was so pretty that Guy jumped for his paints to make a picture of it while Stella ran for her box of colored paper scraps.

"I shall call that flower the tall blue lady," she said, "and try to make the paper lady look like it."

When the picture and the paper doll were finished, they put them side by side and looked at them.

"Your picture is pretty enough to give to Mr. Heath," declared Stella. Mr. Heath was the artist at the top of the house, and he had been ill for a week.

"All right, I'll take it up to him," said Guy. "Give him the paper doll, too, Stella. It may make him laugh, and laughing is good for sick folks."

They carried their gifts upstairs and left them at Mr. Heath's door. For three days after that they heard nothing from the artist except the message of thanks he sent down to them. But on the fourth day he came down stairs early in the morning, declaring he was quite well and that he would like to have Stella and Guy go to ride with him.

They went out of the city on a trolley car, far out into the real country. Then they walked across some fields and up a little lane past some willow trees.

"Now look," said Mr. Heath as they came out from behind the willows.

They looked and saw a small field, low and wet, with a shining pool of water at the lowest part. In and around this pool and half way across the field were sheets of lovely blue made by their flowers, "the tall blue ladies."

"It is the blue iris, or as some call it, blue flag," explained Mr. Heath. "It grows wild in wet places like this. It's worth coming all these miles to see, isn't it?"

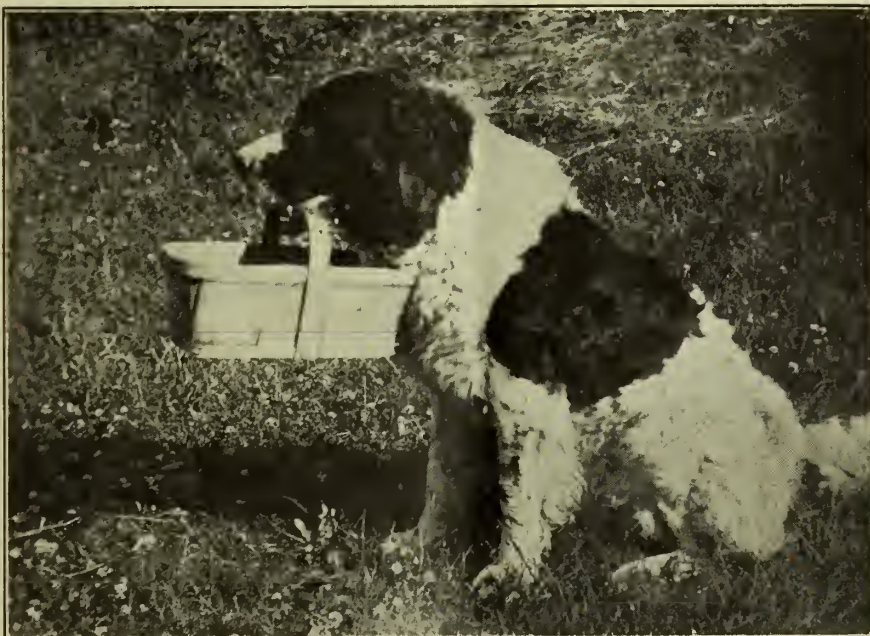
They spent a happy half hour with their tall blue ladies and went home with their arms full of the flowers.

"I feel as if I'd been to fairyland," said Stella as they stepped into the house.

"Perhaps the fairies have been here while we were gone," suggested the artist, picking up two boxes which lay in the hall. "Anyway, here's a gift for each of you."

Guy's box was smaller than Stella's, but when he opened it he declared you couldn't tell by the size how valuable a thing was. It was full of paint tubes, not old squeezed ones, but new tubes well-filled with colors. But Stella could hardly stop to look at them because her box held a doll dressed like the paper lady she had made for the artist, only in real silk and velvet. Her skirt was of green silk just the color of the long iris leaves standing up around the stem of the flower. Her waist was blue velvet and on her head was a blue hat as much like an iris blossom as it could be made.

"She's really a tall blue lady," cried Stella, "and of course her name couldn't be anything but Iris."



READY TO GO TO MARKET.

lifting her eyes from the little girl's face. "I always knew," she continued, drawing in her breath happily, "that Butterfly Lane was the nicest place in the world."

A passing breeze stirred the soft brown hair of the small sleeper—then very slowly, she opened her eyes wide, and saw Betty's eager face.

"I don't know where I am," began the small stranger, starting up quickly. "Oh, yes, I remember now, I got lost and the train left without me, and then I walked and walked until I got here, and sat under this tree to rest."

"I'm so glad you found your way into Butterfly Lane," Betty said quickly—"and behind us about a quarter of a mile, is Brookland Farm, where we live, and it can be your home now, too."

The little girl smiled, and held out her hand shyly.

"My name is Una," she said, "and I'd like first to find my mother, but the train left with her on it, while I was lost."

Betty was very happy as they walked down the lane, hand in hand, toward Brookland Farm. Una spent the night, because there was no train for her to go on to the next station. She told her story again, to Betty's father and mother, with Betty breaking in eagerly, now and then, to tell of how she discovered her under the tree, fast asleep.

their feet could carry them. And then when they reached home, Betty heard the whole lovely story, or rather the whole lovely truth. Una's mother had been teaching to support herself and her little girl, ever since Una's father had died, some years before. She was on her way to find a new position, when Una had gotten lost, and then of course she took the first train back to Brookland, where she had last been seen.

Betty's father and mother, had then thought up a plan.

They were very soon going to advertise for a governess to teach their little girl, and if Una's mother would consent to stay on at Brookland Farm and fill the place, it would suit beautifully.

There were two empty rooms on the west end of the house that they could occupy, and fix as their home. Una's mother gladly consented to stay and be Betty's governess, and so the two little girls were made very happy.

Betty declared that if it hadn't been for Butterfly Lane, she would never have found Una, and Una was glad that she had wandered off that day and gotten lost, since it all turned out so well.

And the grown people, and the animals, the twins and the butterflies, and the two little girls, were all glad and happy together at dear, old Brookland Farm.

Our Fireside

"These Little Ones"

By Anna Burnham Bryant

THE chief benefactor of the Orphanage had passed away at midnight. The old pastor and lifelong friend of the Orphanage had himself been housed for a week with sudden illness. To him, next morning, therefore, came his young assistant with a message from the house of mourning.

"You don't mean he is dead, Rockwell?"

The old pastor faced him with a sharp amazement. In all his plans for the Orphanage—his pet project for half a lifetime—it had never occurred to him that its chief patron could take his hand from the lever. That the hand could ever grow still in death had been equally absent from his calculations. Grief for his old friend suddenly softened his sharpness. He sank down between the outstretched arms of his old study chair, so white and trembling that Richard Rockwell took an alarmed step forward. But the old man waved him off, and then, resting his elbows on the shabby old horsehair arms of the chair he leaned forward and made a piteous gesture. His voice had almost a wail in it.

"You said 'dead,' Richard! What will become of my poor Orphanage?"

Again the public loss overwhelmed the private one. The Orphanage had been born in the old doctor's loving heart and brain, but it had lived and had its being ever since out of the liberal gifts of the man whose death was that morning chronicled in the newspapers. The pastor's brain was nimble. He foresaw results that might break his heart, for the loyal old roots of it were twined about that Orphanage.

"He may have left it well endowed," suggested the younger man, hopefully. "You often begged him to do it."

"True! I did—I did! He may have

done it—he always refused to. Still, he may have done it at the last. He may—he may!"

Three days later there was a hasty summons that brought the young man from his working study in the church.

"He has left us nothing—nothing, sir!" cried the doctor, pacing the floor distractedly. "No will, and not a word in any of his private papers! And we are bankrupt, that's the plain English of it. It means a locked door and the curtains down and those poor children scattered."

Richard Rockwell was too young a man to be considered as the official colleague of the venerable pastor of the First Church of Granby, and from the beginning he had not left it to any one else to say so. He well understood that he must be like a staff to the hand for the good old doctor, and, strong as he was, he doubted his ability to be leaned on so heavily. His very frankness captivated the people, and he let himself be persuaded. This was one of the times when he had a chance to be sorry.

"Isn't there any other man to take his place?" he asked, sitting down thoughtfully to consider the question. "There's Griswold—would it do any good to talk to him?"

The old pastor stared at him solemnly with pursed-out lips for a moment.

"Griswold went to sleep years ago," he said impressively, "when he began to pile up money at compound interest. Dead asleep! And the chances are that he will never wake up. If anything ever does wake him, it will be a still, small voice that speaks to his heart and his conscience—not yours or mine, Richard Rockwell!"

"Then you've tried him?"

"He told me the last time I spoke to him that if I ever said the word 'Orphanage' to him again, he would move out of town," confessed the old man whimsically. "I dare say I did pester him. I do everybody. But somehow I've always been willing to be the Lord's beggar."

"You've no equal in that line!" said the young man warmly. "I've heard your Orphanage Day sermons. I know it used to make me feel as if the Lord himself stood over against the Treasury. If you appealed to the people—" he began hopefully, as if a new thought had struck him, and then broke off, studying the intricate pattern of the rug as if he meant to reproduce it.

"Rockwell, you've hit it!" cried the pastor, standing upright in his enthusiasm. "It isn't the sermon—it's the subject! The appeal is in that. It's the Children's Age, man! Age of invention, yes! Age of discovery, no doubt about it. But above all, and beyond everything, it is the Age of the Child. Never can you get away from it. Nowhere can you get out of the sound of it. And that is why I think we are getting back nearer and nearer to the spirit of Him who said, 'Suffer the little children.' The subject only needs to be presented and it does its own special pleading. I'll preach 'em a sermon. No, I know it's nowhere near Orphanage Day. All the better—I'll show them there's a special exigency. The general is dead on the field of battle. I'll call the rank and file to the rescue!"

The young man's face lighted responsively. It was as he had said; on these annual "Days," the aged pastor was the old man eloquent. The love and labor of a lifetime seemed to take visible, tangible form and speak with his voice, look out of his eyes, and persuade with his presence and gesture.

"It's the very thing!" Rockwell replied heartily. "If I can be of any assistance—making arrangements or seeing people—I'll keep close by."

"Thank you—Right Hand!" said the pastor, affectionately, sending him back to his study in the church. "I'll occupy the pulpit next Sunday!"

The week wore on to Saturday. Without orders or further consultation Rockwell did "see people." He held no formal interviews, but he followed the regular routine of parish calls, in which it was easy to come around naturally to the subject, and plant seeds of suggestion in favor of the newly-orphaned Orphanage.

Between whiles they talked it over together, the old man and the young one. His subject had come to him in a flash of inspiration—"A Cup of Cold Water." The tenderness of the text about the "least of these little ones" suffused the whole sermon. Even in these private rehearsals, Rockwell himself was affected, and he rejoiced in the impression he felt sure it would make on the following Sunday. So it was doubly disconcerting when, late Saturday afternoon, he was hastily summoned to find the prospective preacher unexpectedly and entirely disabled. He was sitting in his armchair, which he had wheeled round to face the window, through which he could see the red roofs and tower of his beloved Orphanage.

"It was foreordained you should preach this sermon!" he remarked in greeting.

"I!" cried Rockwell. "What has happened?"

"The doctor has happened!" cried the old man, testily. "Drops into dead languages and talks about organs I never heard of. Old age has happened, my young friend," he added sadly, "and—oh, it's an old trouble, and I dare say this excitement, as he says—"

"What is it?" demanded the other. "What does it mean? You were all right yesterday!"

"Oh, yes, and I shall be again day after to-morrow, likely. The doctor prescribed rest—a medicine you can't take out of a bottle. And it means you've got to take this sermon and preach it!"

Rockwell was used to preaching. But he liked to begin before Saturday night to prepare his outline.

"Here it is—all the heads of it!" said the doctor, holding up a scrap of paper on which certain suggestive "heads" were jotted down in paragraphs. "That's all I ever have, and I don't take that into the pulpit. You can go by that."

Foreordination is a stubborn thing, even if it exists only in a man's imagination. In the end Rockwell made up his mind to try to do what was expected of him. There was nothing else to do. He tried to get what comfort he could out of the thought that the whole line of treatment was as familiar as the text itself, that he had every illustration at his tongue-tip, that even the old doctor's persuasive inflections were in his mind, and rightly his to use if he wished to do so.

"Talk of foreordination!" he muttered to himself grimly enough, as he struggled into his pulpit coat, and prepared to go to the scene of his martyrdom, as it verily seemed to him on his way thither. "I'm foreordained to fail, and the old doctor's heart will break square in two when I tell him what I've done to his Orphanage!"

"Oh, Mr. Rockwell! Mr. Rockwell!" called a breathless child's voice at the foot of the steps of his boarding-place. "The teachers wants to know is the Old Doctor going to pritch a sermon about US? An' if he is, we're all going to git to hear him!"

"No, he's sick to-day. I'm going to preach his sermon for him," he told her. "O-o-oh!" in a long-drawn sigh of unmistakable disappointment. Orphanage outings were too blissful to be lightly relinquished. The next moment she came closer, her round, freckled face lifted, and her little hands held up as if she were praying.

"Kin we come just the same, if it's only you? The Old Doctor loved to have us, and he says things just for us right in the middle of the grown-up stuff. Couldn't you—just a little few things? Kin I tell the teachers you said so?"

Rockwell stopped short and looked at the dusty mite, standing there in the blazing sun, hatless and imploring. The form of her appeal touched, amused and appalled him. He never thought of resenting it.

"You've always left US out, you know!" suggested his unconscious accuser. Her reference to herself and the other Orphanage children was always in

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capitals. Plainly, to themselves, at least, they were important.

"Yes! yes! tell them to come," he said, a sudden compassion blurring his eyes and making his voice so gentle that she instantly presumed on it.

"And kin I bring my little sister? She's a new one!"

He nodded back a smiling "Yes," and the child sped homeward to give her message to the "Teachers."

"What difference does it make?" he soliloquized, his head down-bent, like one already defeated. "I'm going out in Saul's armor, and failure is a foregone conclusion. But the little ones shall come. Perhaps they will make their own appeal. God helping me I'll say a 'little few' things to the children after this, as well as about them!"

As he walked on, he was conscious of a curious thrill of interest in the coming service. Success, as he defined it to himself that morning, meant interesting and arousing the people to empty their pockets in behalf of the Orphanage. Since sleepless midnight he had relinquished all thought of doing that. Yet the exhilaration of a new idea and a new purpose possessed him. The Orphanage had suddenly resolved itself into a collection of little children—children with round, eager, wistful eyes, and sweet, chirpy voices, and tiny hands that tugged at coat and fingers. So that was what the doctor thought of when he talked about his Orphanage. And then—they really were little intelligences! They wanted to hear and understand, if there was anything for them to understand. Once in the pulpit, he looked instinctively over to their corner, the wing reserved for them in the old doctor's day, and still well-filled whenever he was advertised to fill the pulpit. It was empty, but presently they filed in, demure little things in brown dresses and blue sailor suits and all marshalled by the watchful teachers.

Then he looked down along the aisles and reekoped up the rest of the audience. Was there a man or woman among them to respond to a philanthropic appeal like that which he had come to make to them? Where was the money to come from? The one rich man—Griswold—was never seen in his pew on Orphanage days. He did not see him there to-day. There was no question of even trying to wake him up.

The sermon went lamely enough in the beginning. A miserable consciousness that he was weakly presenting the doctor's best arguments and spoiling his most winning pleas came over him, and he saw in the faces of his hearers his own feeling reflected. Faintness half overcame him, to the degree that his white face attracted the attention of one of the ushers, who quietly set a glass of water on the desk beside him. It occasioned no comment beyond a whispered comment that the day was too hot for preaching. It was indeed one of summer's most torrid days and all the fans were going. He took up the glass and was about to drain it, when a child's piping voice broke the stillness. It was the little "new" sister of the Orphanage.

"P'ease, don't d'ink it all up! Leave me just a 'ittle d'op!"

For an instant he stood with poised hand, while all eyes gazed at him, and at the tiny disturber who stood a-tip-toe in her seat one of the teachers, red-faced, tugging at her little skirts. She was near the platform and stood her ground, holding out her little hands confidently. It seemed minutes that he stood there, a crowd of confusing thoughts rushing through his mind, before one came with

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lightning flash that cleared all others away. It was as if he heard it spoken, audibly and plainly, the words of his text applying to the present instance:

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Into her waiting hands he gave the untasted glass, holding it carefully and gently to her lips till she had finished; then, thanked by her sweet smile, walked gravely back to the pulpit, while she subsided, refreshed, into the seat beside her scandalized elders. But all over the house a murmur of satisfaction and approval showed the feeling the act had awakened. As he stepped back to his place, a change came over his face and manner as well as his preaching.

"Friends," he said, leaning forward earnestly, as if to get closer to them, "I have been trying to preach another man's sermon to you and failed. Bear with me while I try to say a few words to you of my own. Seldom, surely, does a speaker have an unrehearsed illustration of his subject furnished ready to his hand. If that doesn't make its appeal to you I do not know what can! What was that little one's request but the voice of little children everywhere, and especially these of our own Orphanage, crying out confidently to each one of us, holding to our lips our cup of prosperity and comfort, of joy and ease and pleasantness—to you, to me, to all of us—'Don't drink it all up! Save at least one little drop for me!' Friends, I dared not! Tell me, do you dare?"

That was the end of the sermon. It was a very, very short sermon, with minutes to spare, if he had chosen to use them. He did not choose.

"That object-lesson was the sermon," he said to himself, walking soberly homeward, speaking to no one. "It was all there was to it. I wonder what the old doctor would have said!"

He presently found out what the doctor wanted to say. Before night he was startled by the doctor's voice over the phone, with a jubilant ring in it that promised revelations.

"Great news!" he called. "Come over." Rockwell lost no time in "going over." He had wanted to be summoned, feeling sensitive and diffident.

"That paper has just been handed me."

said the doctor, reaching out a long roll of foolscap with names and subscriptions. They were in small sums, from men, women, and children, all over the parish; and their amount exceeded the running expenses of any former year.

Rockwell was dumb with sheer delight and amazement, but more was to come.

"What did I tell you this morning?" cried the doctor. "Did you preach my sermon?"

"As well as I could," answered Rockwell, literal and truthful. "That is, not well at all. I—I talked a little, and something happened."

"I should think there did!" almost shouted the old doctor in glorious excitement. "I should think something did happen! Who do you think has been here?"

Rockwell only shook his head. "I am waiting for wonders."

"Well, you'll get 'em!" The door has just closed on him—Griswold!

"Griswold! I didn't know he was there. He must have come in late. What did he want?"

"Wanted to give to the Orphanage!"

"Along with the rest, eh?"

"No! All by himself—support the whole thing. Of course he can afford it. I told him No."

"You—told—him—No!"

"I—told—him—No!" mimicked the doctor. "Told him I'd made up my mind to move out of town if ever he came around pestering me about giving to that Orphanage!"

"What did he say?" asked Rockwell, in sympathy with the doctor's glee, though not fully comprehending it.

"This is what he said. He said, 'Oh, come now, don't hold grudges! I know I've held you off on this business, but it came over me this morning that a cup of cold water isn't much to give to anybody, and these babies don't ask but a drop or two out of our cup, anyway. I don't mind telling you that this morning's brought me to the point of being willing to share mine.'"

"Good enough!" cried Rockwell, wringing the doctor's hand delightedly. "I'll warrant you didn't tell him No to that."

"Not exactly. I told him he could help if he wanted to. But I showed him this," holding out the subscription list proudly. "He was pretty crestfallen, for a few minutes, and then he brightened up and offered to give us a new building. We're going over the plans to-morrow. Oh, it's a great text—that is! 'Whosoever giveth a cup of cold water!' I thought it would take hold—I thought it would! But I own I never thought that it would wake up Griswold."



Children in War Time

Thousands of children besides war orphans and refugees have been directly affected by the war, according to reports from belligerent countries which have come to the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor. Juvenile delinquency has increased, more children have been employed under adverse conditions, special measures have been necessary to protect the health of mothers and babies, and home life has been broken up by the increased employment of mothers.

The Bureau believes that the experience of other countries should be carefully considered in order that all possible provision may be made to prevent similar harm to children in the United States. The Bureau has therefore begun a brief review of foreign experience, in so far as it can be understood from available reports, and will shortly publish a series of special articles about children in war time.

A preliminary survey of the foreign material emphasizes the importance of a strict enforcement of all child-labor and school-attendance laws and a generous development of infant-welfare work by public and private agencies.

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American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

Christian Training for Military Camps

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, has lent one of its professors, E. O. Sellers, to the International Y. M. C. A. for evangelistic service in the English Camps. He gave some time last year to the Canadian camps. The Institute is desirous of living up to its pseudonym of "The West Point of Christian Service," by being prepared for any demand on its student body for workers in the United States camps in the evangelistic field, or through the channel of the Red Cross or in other ways. Some of its graduates at the close of the last term were called into Christian work in the

army and others are expecting service as chaplains in the navy. The training is entirely free for Christian men and women of any state, nation, or denomination when references are satisfactory.

"Tithing and Prosperity"

Until August 30, 1917, the 100-page volume, entitled "Tithing and Prosperity," also enough of two tithing pamphlets to supply one to each family represented in any Church or Sunday School will be sent gratis to any address on very easy conditions.

Write for samples and particulars, mentioning the name of this paper, to The Layman Company, 143 No. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



**WHAT!
NO SLEEP
LAST NIGHT?**

**If coffee was
the cause
change to
POSTUM
and sleep!**

"There's a Reason"

THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During April, 1917

Total Donations (Including \$272.21 for Special Objects) \$1,728.36.

CALIFORNIA, \$17.58.
Mennoniten Gemeinde, \$3.58; Redlands Church Offering, \$10; Mr. Hodges, \$2; Mr. Touzcan, for Colportage Work, \$1; Mrs. Alexander, \$1.

CONNECTICUT, \$122.10.
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Smyna, Church Collection, \$2; Mr. Warren, \$0.50.

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IOWA, \$3.90.
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KANSAS, \$36.80.
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MAINE, \$3.
Dea. Gray, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; Miss Cutter, \$2.

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West Manchester Township, Pa., Estate of Jacob Bare, on account, \$1,482.35; Middletown, N. Y., Estate of Mary E. Robson, \$300; Philipstown, N. Y., Estate of Anna B. Warner, on account, \$6,000.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$228.75.
Income for Missionary Work, \$228.75.

Books for Prisoners

A grant of books for the Prison Relief Society in Tennessee was acknowledged by the President of the Society, Mrs. Mattie E. Hunter. In her letter addressed to Dr. Judson Swift, General Secretary of the American Tract Society, she writes:

"I thank you so much for your kindness in sending the books and am sure the boys in the Branch Prison will be greatly delighted and benefited. Thank you for your expressions of interest in my work. I am so thankful that God has called me to this needy field. It is in some ways a hard and, to the human eye, a barren field, but the Lord of the harvest I am sure will give the increase, and there will be a time of reaping."

A Welcome Library Gift

In response to a call for books for a library in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, a grant of selected volumes was forwarded by the American Tract Society. This gift is gratefully acknowledged in the following communication from Rev. R. B. Norton, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church:

"An express package of twelve splendid books has arrived in response to my request for Christian books for our public library in this Mormon community. I am deeply grateful to you for the interest you have shown in our work, and for the excellent selection of books. The attractive bindings will aid in the circulation of the volumes."

"I have pasted on the inside front cover of each volume this legend: 'This Book was given to the Mt. Pleasant Public Library by the American Tract Society of New York City through the Presbyterian Church of Mt. Pleasant, Utah.'"

"Today I will place the books in the Library, and they will begin their Christian mission at once."

"A Sympathetic Note"

The AMERICAN MESSENGER is sent to many Theological Seminaries in our land. Rev. E. Lyman Hood, M.A., Ph.D., President of Atlanta Theological Seminary, has sent this acknowledgment of the copy received by that institution, which is the only Congregational Divinity School in the South.

"Again I write to thank you for a complimentary copy of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, which has been duly received and placed on file during the year in the reading room of the Seminary."

"The Southland is both evangelical and evangelistic; consequently there is a sympathetic note always heard in the pages of this paper. We trust that the American Tract Society will be able to do even more for the Southern people in the coming years. In our country districts, the people are still poor and illiterate to a degree not known in the North. We are therefore grateful for any help from any quarter."

A Great Inspiration

Some kindly words of appreciation concerning our paper have been written by one of our subscribers in Decker-ville, Mich., which we desire to share with our readers. In renewing her subscription for another year this friend says:

"I am truly glad that I can have the AMERICAN MESSENGER yet another year. It is ever a welcome visitor, and I can never tell you how great an inspiration it has been to me and what help it has given me in enabling me to understand more clearly the way of the Lord. May God ever bless you and may many homes be helped by the coming of this paper is the wish of your friend."

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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On account of the additional charge which is made by the New York Post Office for mailing to subscribers in New York and Bronx Counties (Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), no club rates, cash commissions or premiums will be given for subscriptions that must be sent to persons residing in those Counties. Each subscription in New York or Bronx County must be at the rate of 50 cents net.

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We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made by advertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

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FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

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WOULD YOU LIKE to earn some of the attractive and useful premiums that we offer for securing new subscribers? A copy of the AMERICAN MESSENGER containing a full list of these very desirable premiums will be sent on request.

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Have You Made a Will?

If you have, did you remember the American Tract Society, and in proportion to the good it has been doing for nearly a century? If you have not made any bequest in behalf of the Tract Society, you are earnestly asked to add a codicil to your will to that effect. If you do so, you certainly will be happy in the thought that when you have been translated to your Heavenly home you will still be doing something to perpetuate and enlarge the great and important work of the American Tract Society. Please do not forget.

Our Book Table

Publishers will confer a favor by sending us announcements of their new books. So far as space will allow, we will ask publishers to send us for review such books as in our judgment will be of interest and value to our readers. We do not promise to review books that are sent to us unsolicited.

Any book here mentioned will be sent upon receipt of the given price (plus postage in the case of "net" books), if ordered from the "American Tract Society," Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York City.

The War of Democracy.—This volume presents the causes and conditions of the European War as seen from the point of view of the Entente Allies. Its twenty-one chapters have been written by some fourteen different writers, among whom are James Bryce, Arthur J. Balfour, Lloyd George, Edward Grey and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan of Great Britain and various representatives of France and Belgium. The strong interest in this volume lies in the fact that therein have been brought together for the first time authoritative statements of the aims of the Allies collected especially for American readers. (Cloth, 441 pages. Prices, \$2.00. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Their Call to Service.—By Philip E. Howard.

This little volume contains an illuminating study in the partnership of business and religion as illustrated in the life stories of ten men, whose names have become familiar to almost every American household. It demonstrates

out of the actual experience of practical and successful Christian business men the truth of the statement that there should be business in our religion and religion in our business. Indeed, it goes a step further, and shows that religion is our supreme business and that all our affairs should be adjusted so as to further the interests of the Kingdom of God, to which we owe our un-failing and complete allegiance. Among those whose life story is briefly told in these inspiring pages are General Samuel C. Armstrong, George H. Stuart, John H. Converse, John S. Huyler, Cyrus H. McCormick, and Henry Clay Trumbull. (Cloth, 157 pages. Price, 60 cents net. Westminster Press, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.)

When Faith Flash Out: Essays in Spiritual Replenishment.—By David Baines Griffiths, M. A.

Here is a choice collection of essays, sparkling with vitality and dealing with subjects that are of deepest interest to all thoughtful minds. The author is a writer of rare charm, and he handles his varied themes in a way not only to delight and entertain, but also to enlighten and inspire his readers. There are twenty-five essays in all, and it is the third essay in the book that has given the name to this attractive volume. Other titles that illustrate the trend of the author's thought are, "The Beatitude of Insight," "Faith and Fidelity," "The Scholar's Yoke," "Badge of the Gentle Heart," "The Spiritual Sources of Democracy," and "Bring Back the Age of Gold." Essays are not always interesting to the general reader, but anyone who is fortunate enough to scan the pages of this volume will find therein a source of unalloyed pleasure, for these

essays fascinate the reader by their subtle thought, their beautiful imagery and their wealth of illustration. (Cloth, 192 pages. Price, \$1.00 net. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

An African Trail.—By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.

Those who follow the trail indicated in this book will find themselves face to face with a picture of conditions in Africa that is most illuminating. Here is an intimate and withal a sympathetic portrayal of the Bulu, first in his native pagan state, and then as he appears when he has come to a saving knowledge of the Gospel and has experienced the great change which Christianity brings into every human heart and life. Miss Mackenzie, the author of this volume, is an experienced missionary and a skilled writer, and in this work she has made a valuable contribution to the missionary literature dealing with Africa. (Illustrated, 222 pages. Paper covers, 30 cents net; boards, 50 cents net. Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions, West Medford, Mass.)

Books and Reading

It has been well said, that books are the best of friends, since they advise without flattery, and reprove without anger. What an emporium of wisdom is the mind of the widely read man! Truly, as our Lord declared, the Scribe instructed in the Kingdom of heaven is like the merchant bringing out of his treasury things new and old. Carlyle's simile was apt, when he compared the trained intellect to a well-stored arsenal. His own writings have shown how ably a deep knowledge of literature can be used in the spiritual combat of noble ideals against the base.

The thoughtful gather truth from the mart of many lands. They may not speak often, but when they do, it is as though they had opened their treasury to our wondering minds. It is not so much what is said in the sermon, or written in the book, that has impressed us most; rather, what is unsaid, that which a chastened restraint conceals—the reference, the quotation, that flash of light, which reveals back of the spoken word deep depths of knowledge—vistas that lead out to the infinite. We know that there is an intellect stored with truth as Joseph filled the granaries of Egypt in the years of plenty. Hence Bacon wrote: "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. Therefore, if a man write little he had need of a great memory; if he confer little he had need of a present wit; and if he read little, he had need of much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." So, "reading maketh a full man," yet not reading in a trout-fly manner, skimming along the surface of shallow pools—not the reading of many books (*non multa, sed multum*) not many things, but much; the deep reading of great books.—SELECTED.

Judge Not

Judge not; the workings of his brain

And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,

In God's pure light may only be

A scar, brought from some well-won field,

Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight

May be a token that below

The soul has closed in deadly fight

With some infernal fiery foe,

Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,

And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—

May be the angel's slackened hand

Has suffered it, that he may rise

And take a firmer, surer stand;

Or, trusting less to earthly things,

May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,

With hopeful pity, not disdain;

The depth of the abyss may be

The measure of the height of pain

And love and glory that may raise

This soul to God in after days!

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Our Medicine Chest

The favored suitor rang the door bell.

"Is Miss Blank at home?" he inquired.

"O yes, sir," replied the maid, and she

ushered him into the drawing room.

Having waited for almost an hour, he

summoned the maid again.

"Did you forget to tell Miss Blank that

I was here?" he asked impatiently.

"No, sir," was the reply. "Miss Blank

hasn't got back from shopping yet."

"But you said she was at home."

"Yes, sir. She told me positively that

she was always at home to you sir."

First Horseman—"Pulling, is he?"

Why don't you try riding him on the

curb?"

Second Horseman: "Ride him on the

kerb? Good heavens, I can't scarcely

ride 'im in the middle of the road!"

Wife (enthusiastically): "How much

do you think we took in at the bazaar?"

Husband (quietly)—"How many, you

mean."

"Pa, what is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my son, is a man who

remembers a lady's birthday, but for-

gets her age."

Maude: "What makes you think his

intentions are serious?"

Mabel: "When he first began to call,

he used to talk about the books I like to

read."

Maude: "And now?"

Mabel: "Now he talks about the

things he likes to eat."

During a social evening a woman sang

for the guests. One of the guests turned

to a meek-looking little man sitting at

his side and said: "How awful! Who

can she be?" "That," replied the man

addressed, "is my wife." "Oh, I h-b-eg

your pardon!" stuttered the other. "She's

really a—I know she'd sing beautifully

if she made a better selection of her

music. Who do you suppose wrote that

song?" "I am the author of that song!"

replied the meek-looking little man.

"Do animals possess the sentiment of

affection?" asked the teacher of small

Margaret. "Yes, ma'am, almost always."

"Correct," said the teacher. Turning to

young Harold: "And now tell me what

animal has the greatest natural fondness

for man." With but a slight pause the

little fellow answered, "Woman."

Jones—Do you know, I fancy I have

quite a literary bent.

Friend—All right, old boy. Keep on

and you'll be worse than bent; you'll be

broke.

Willie (aged four)—Has you got any

more speaking tubes?

Telephone Repairer—Yes, my little

man; lots of 'em.

Willie—Well, I wish you would put

one in our baby, 'cause he can't speak a

word.

"Why do you consider women superior

to men in intelligence?"

"A bald-headed man buys hair restorer

by the quart, doesn't he?"

"Er, yes."

"Well, a woman doesn't waste time on

hair restorer; she buys hair."

As the stage coach careened toward

the edge of the cliff the timid tourist

gazed anxiously down at the brawling

stream hundreds of feet below. "Do

people fall over this precipice often?"

she asked. The driver clucked to his

broncos. "No, madam," he returned

placidly; "never but once."

Pat was in the museum looking at a

copy of the "Winged Victory." "And

what may yez call thot?" he asked an at-

tendant. "That is a statue of Victory,

sir," was the answer. Pat surveyed the

headless and armless statue with renew-

ed interest. "Vichtry, is it?" he said.

"Thin, begorry, Oid loike to see the

other fellow."

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

Black tea—1 cupful..... 1.54
(hot) (5 fl. oz.)

Green tea—1 glassful..... 2.02
(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)

Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz..... 1.21
(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)

Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz..... 1.12
(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J., Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A.

Complete \$1.40 Novel for 50 Cents

"THE ROAD TO UNDERSTANDING"

By ELEANOR H. PORTER, Author of "Pollyanna"

THIS delightful story, now appearing serially in the Christian Herald, has all the sweetness, inspiration and human appeal of the "Pollyanna" stories, so justly famous, which first appeared in the pages of the Christian Herald. It is charmingly written, and in the telling Mrs. Porter reveals a truly wonderful insight into human nature—especially the feminine side of it.

It is a love story, the best that has ever come from her pen, with a plot novel, and cleverly worked out.

"The Road to Understanding" will continue in every issue of the Christian Herald for several months. It is also published in book form at \$1.40. You will get this story complete by taking advantage of the introductory offer noted in coupon.

BILLY SUNDAY'S NEW YORK REVIVAL

BILLY Sunday's revival meetings, which are now in progress in New York, are the biggest ever held. The Tabernacle seats 20,000 persons, who listen twice a day to the evangelist. Forty thousand people hear him speak daily! More than 300 churches are actively interested in the movement. A special effort is being made to enroll 50,000 men in the Bible classes. Among the picturesque features

It might almost be called a problem novel—though it isn't. But we mustn't anticipate, preferring to let those who read the story find out for themselves all about Helen, what she did, and why, and what happened afterward.

In illustrating the story Mrs. Blumenschein has caught the spirit of Mrs. Porter's theme and the personality of her characters, so that the story is one of those rare ones in which story and pictures are in gratifying harmony.

are the trained choruses of 2,000 voices each, arranged in three distinct choirs—that is to say 6,000 voices.

The Christian Herald is publishing a weekly sermon by Billy Sunday, selected by himself, during his campaign in New York, and, being on the spot and in touch with the great evangelist, we believe our descriptions will give an intimate insight into this the greatest of all revivals.

THE GREATER UNITED STATES

By FRANK G. CARPENTER

THE Christian Herald has just begun publication of a series of travel articles by Mr. Carpenter. The aim of these travels is to learn just what the United States has in resources and industry, and how they may be protected, developed and made most efficient for the American people.

Mr. Carpenter will make extensive trips covering the great agricultural and industrial centers. He will take up the great industries and show the new things that are taking place in them, especially drugs, dyes, etc. These articles will deal with New England, with the Newest South, with the bread

and meat lands of the Mississippi Valley and will tell what is going on in and about the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Duluth.

Mr. Carpenter will visit and tell about the fast-growing Southwest, and also the Northwest and the Pacific Slope.

The Rockies, with their gold and silver, and the mountains of copper now being mined with steam shovels, will give interesting stories, as will also Uncle Sam's work in exploiting our National Parks, and in reclaiming the desert and in draining the swamps. Don't miss this series of articles; see coupon below.

TRAVEL STORIES FROM THE PHILIPPINES AND CHINA

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

MR. Williams has had unusual opportunities for studying conditions in the Orient and, as Christian Herald readers already know, he has a most felicitous way of writing. His series of letters from Japan have been widely and warmly appreciated. Mr. Williams seems to catch the spirit of the Oriental people and gain a clear insight into their customs and institutions. He also has special talent for surveying and estimating the cumulative value of Christian mission work.

Mr. Williams having completed his travels for the Christian

Herald through Japan is now making an extensive tour through the Philippines to be followed by a trip through China. His experiences and observations will be embodied in a series of articles that will be of intense interest. The articles on the Philippines will be especially interesting as they will tell of the life of the wonderful Igorrotes under the new territorial government of the United States. The new Republic of China will also afford unusual matter of very timely value. Note introductory offer in coupon below.

THE AGE OF PROPHETIC FULFILLMENT

By DR. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean Moody Bible Institute

THIS forthcoming series on "The Mountain Peaks of Prophecy" to appear in the Christian Herald will shed light on the World's Great Problems. The series will include five or six articles, and will be among the outstanding events of the coming months. They will be welcomed by all Bible lovers.

Among earnest Christian people everywhere, there is a growing conviction that we are living in an age of wonderful events that need spiritual interpretation. One of the ablest

thinkers in England, H. G. Wells, whose writings on the war have been widely read on both sides of the Atlantic, in a new book just issued boldly declares that organized Christianity is unable even to influence, much less to settle, the world's quarrels. He proclaims the conviction that nothing short of "the world Kingdom of God" can do it, and that the time is drawing near. Dr. Gray's articles turn the Bible Searchlight on the great prophetic mysteries, and give the spiritual interpretation needed. Don't miss even one of these contributions.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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Gentlemen: For the enclosed 50 cents, send the Christian Herald for 4 months including all the installments of Mrs. Porter's new story, "The Road to Understanding," to

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 75

JULY, 1917

No 7



"THE MINUTE MAN" AT CONCORD BRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

H. E. FRITZ

Our Honor Roll

On Our Honor Roll are placed the names of those into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSENGER has been a constant visitor for fifty years or more. To the goodly list of names already thus enrolled we are pleased to add the name of Miss Focht of Tipton, Iowa, who writes:

"The AMERICAN MESSENGER has been in our home since the year 1845 (which is only two years after it first began publication). Mother told me that my parents had taken it from the time they were married. I have taken it myself since my parents died in 1894, and will always have it come to my home as long as I live."

Another name which we are glad to place on Our Honor Roll is that of Mr. Randolph, of Salem, West Virginia, who writes:

"My father took the AMERICAN MESSENGER more than seventy years ago, when I was a small lad. Its coming is like renewing old friendships. I love it."

We should be delighted to hear from others into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSENGER has gone for the last fifty years or more, so that we may add their names to Our Honor Roll.



Contradicting the Golden Rule

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

IT is generally conceded that, in the part of California where the writer lives, the "Japs" excel all other nationalities in the culture of small fruits and vegetables. Hence, it is a common thing to hear a housewife say, "I prefer to buy of the Jap peddler, his vegetables are always fresh from the truck gardens."

Indeed, I, too, have come to feel that way, and count myself very fortunate in a choice I made six months ago. This particular son of the Orient, who appears at our door every week day with the most tempting fruit and vegetables the season affords, is surely an honor to his race. He is a man of about twenty-five years of age, I should judge. He has a keen, intelligent face, bright laughing eyes, and he could not be more courtly in manners if his patrons belonged to royalty.

As from time to time I have noted that he is seemingly a stranger to tricks of the trade, in his line, and that he strives not only to please but to deal honorably, I have become greatly interested in him and have asked questions which elicited the information that he is associated with an older brother in running a ranch, and raising berries and vegetables.

He gave me to understand, too, that it was his choice to cultivate, rather than peddle, but that his brother, who has been "much years" in this country, said he would never learn to talk like an American if he stuck to garden work, so he was obliged to do what was not so much to his liking.

I had not found it easy, however, betwixt and between selecting fruit and vegetables, to lead up to what I wanted to know—whether the man who so faithfully served us had become interested in the flourishing "Japanese Mission" in our city, but one morning it all came out in a most unexpected and surprising way.

I had priced some luscious looking grape-fruit, and received the reply: "Six for two bits (twenty-five cents), lady. I pick out all big ones for you!" as he reached for the largest.

"Oh, no," rejoined I, "take them just as they come. It wouldn't be fair to your other customers for me to have the best."

The Jap gave me a surprised look, and then, with a shrug of his shoulders, said, with a rising inflection.

"I think you try for to keep it, lady. I like it so."

He evidently saw that I was puzzled, and tried to make his meaning clear by adding:

"(Christian, Golden Rule, I mean, lady, you forget it not."

Unusually Attractive Premium Offers

DURING the month of July we are offering to new subscribers a Special Short Term Subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, from July, 1917, to December, 1917, inclusive, (six months), for only Twenty-five Cents.

As you are a reader of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, we are confident that you appreciate its unique value. It is exceedingly helpful to young people in aiding them to participate in the Christian Endeavor Prayer Meetings, and it contains interesting and inspiring reading for every member of the family circle, whether young or old.

To those who secure Short Term Subscriptions among their friends and neighbors, we are offering the choice of a number of very attractive premiums, which will richly reward them for their co-operation with us in increasing the circulation of this paper.

For each new Short Term Subscription the sum of Twenty-five cents must be remitted in full. The subscription, as stated above, will run from July, 1917, to December, 1917, inclusive, making six issues in all. As a reward for securing such Short Term Subscriptions we present the following Offers. In each and every case the premium will be sent free and postpaid.

For Three (3) Short Term Subscriptions we will give any one of the following books, which are attractively bound in cloth:

Daily Food for Christians, Kept for the Master's Use, Advice to Young Christians, Arrow Head Light, Dairyman's Daughter, Nellie's New Home, Beside Still Water, Christian Living, Pilgrim's Progress, Fritz's Ranch, May Stanhope, Emily Ashton.

For Six (6) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer the choice of any one of the following premiums:

The New Testament with Notes (cloth bound).
A fine Fountain Pen with 14 karat solid gold nibs.
An Easy Opener Knife.
One Meat Fork (Wm. A. Rogers Ltd. Silverware).

For Eight (8) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer the choice of any one of the following:

A Pearl Handle Penknife, suitable for either lady or gentleman.
A Three Piece Child's Set, consisting of Spoon, Knife and Fork (W. A. Rogers, Ltd. Silverware).

For Ten (10) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer the choice of either of the following:

An Overland Nickel Watch, suitable for men and boys.
One Scholar's Companion Set, which contains the following articles: one Rex Fountain Pen with 14 karat gold pen, guaranteed, one filler for same, one Spear Pencil, with extra box of leads, one Magic Knife, one Rubber Eraser, one Combination Pen and Pencil Holder, and one dozen assorted Steel Pens.

For Fourteen (14) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer:

A Venus Nickel Watch, suitable for ladies.

For Fifteen (15) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer choice of the following articles in Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd. Silverware:

One half dozen Medium Forks.
One half dozen Medium Knives.
One half dozen Butter Spreaders.

For Sixteen (16) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer

A Scofield Reference Bible, cloth bound, size 5½ by 13½ inches, clear, black-faced type. An ideal Bible for Christian Endeavorers.

American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street New York

Wishing to draw him out still further, but not on the street, I made no reply, but concluded my purchases and followed the peddler to the rear of the house and when he had emptied his basket I ventured to say:

"I judge by your remark that you are on the lookout to see if your customers live up to the Golden Rule in this so-called Christian country."

"Yes, yes," was the hesitating reply, "but I not find many. Week days, when they want the best I got for half worth, mos' times, they forget Golden Rule, See?"

Yes, I did see, but was speechless. The Jap halted, however, and then, with a catch in his voice, pointing to another block, queried:

"You know lady in that big, big house?"

I knew her only by reputation as a woman of large means, and "near," as well, so I answered in the negative, at which my interrogator said:

"She no Golden Rule Clistian! No!" It seemed difficult for him to proceed, and so I ventured:

"One cannot always judge rightly, you know."

"But I make no mistake, lady!" The Jap who was all eagerness now, as if to right himself, continued rapidly: "It was like this—My brother say to go to Mission Bible School on Sunday. 'You learn English better.' I go. The lady in that

big house my teacher. My, she talk good! so much Jesus talk I think some days I want to be Clistian like her. She teach us the Golden Rule, too, an' ev'ry day after I learn that I put jus' as big berries on bottom of boxes all times. You understand, lady, I try to live it, like she say."

"Yes, I understand," was my reply, deeply touched to see how much more ready this foreigner was to put the Golden Rule into practice than many of our own people who have heard it all their lives, "and I am greatly interested, too. Please continue."

"I likes not to tell you," was the way he proceeded, with a sorry shake of the head. "But I goes not to Bible school any more! My—my teacher she talk good, but she live bad—worsen'n Pagan!"

I was too distressed for words and my looks must have betrayed me, for the Jap with a low bow, and the air of one who wanted to drop into the proverbial "knot-hole," continued:

"Excuse me, lady, if I makes you sorry, but I tells you the truth. I sure thinks much of my teacher other days—more'n anybody 'cept in Japan. Her Jesus talk som' good till—till I peddle. When I sees her come to my wagon for to buy of me I so glad I laugh out loud. But, lady, I tell you true, she forget Golden Rule, 'cept Sunday. She fin' fault! She want the best I got an' beat me down so's I not one cent make. Some days

she say 'I got no money,' an' then she forget to pay an' gets mad when I ask her. So I quit her, an' I quit Bible school, too. Golden Rule no good for her, no good for me!"

It is needless to add that the one to whom he had so unburdened himself endeavored to make the "Almost persuaded" Jap see his mistake in thus stifling his inclinations to accept Christ because of the unfaithfulness of his teacher; but her efforts evidently availed little. He listened, with head bent low, but the only comment he made was:

"Some day maybe I forget how she fool me! I try for it, lady!"



A Church Revived

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago endeavors to perpetuate the spirit of its founder, Dwight L. Moody, and to minister to neglected classes and weaker churches. A member of its Extension Department, Rev. C. P. Meeker, recently conducted an interesting series of meetings at Niles, Ohio, in a section of the city south of the river, where only one church edifice was standing. At one time services were conducted in this building in the Welsh tongue, but had been abandoned for years. In this section was a large and growing community without church privileges.

When Mr. Meeker and his singer arrived, they found that no preparation of any kind had been made for the meetings. They had to begin by getting the furnace of the old church repaired, the carpet mended, and the broken window panes replaced. They provided oil lamps and made a cinder walk through the mud so the people could reach the church.

After getting the building in shape, they sought to reach the people by a house to house canvas and by advertising. Much time was spent in earnest prayer. The audiences at first were very small, but steadily grew as the work continued, so that before the close of the meetings, the church was packed and interest at white heat.

There were about eighty professed conversions, and at the end of the four weeks, a new church organization was formed with a Sunday School of ninety-three. This enrolment has been increased to 125. The church now has the largest prayer meeting in the city, with an attendance of seventy or more, and 150 or more at the Sunday evening services. This is an illustration of what can be done in neglected communities where the old time Gospel is preached in the old time power.



Christian Endeavor Convention Postponed

For patriotic reasons and in the interests of the safety of the thousands of young people who would have been entrusted to their care the trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, with the indorsement of the local Convention committee, have postponed for one year, if the war shall then be over, the International Christian Endeavor Convention which had been called for New York, July 4-9, 1917.

Arrangements for the Convention were virtually completed, and several thousands of dollars had already been expended. But with the heavy additional burdens placed upon the transportation systems of the country as the result of war, the added risk or travel, and the necessity for conserving every public and private energy of the nation, the United Society came unanimously to the conclusion that this radical step must be taken.

The advice of competent authorities was virtually unanimous; the facts before the trustees, which were supported by letters from officers of some of the largest State unions, left the committee no other choice.

It is planned now to hold a small conference of field-secretaries, State presidents, and other representatives in some central place of the country, July 3-6 inclusive, for the vitally essential planning and consultation of State and national leaders.

In the meantime the Campaign for Millions will be vigorously pressed, and all other activities of Christian Endeavor will go forward.

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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Patriotic Sunday

From several different quarters the suggestion has come that the first Sunday of July, which this year falls upon July 1st, should be observed as Patriotic Sunday. This suggestion is especially appropriate in view of the fact that the date indicated is the Sunday immediately preceding Independence Day.

The International Sunday School Association has appointed a Special Committee to formulate and direct a campaign whereby the Sunday Schools of our land may be enlisted in some form of patriotic service during the existence of the war in which our country is now engaged. This Committee has urged that special emphasis be given to Patriotic Sunday, and that an effort be made on that day to enlist all Sunday School members in some form of beneficent service for our country.

Patriotic Sunday should be made a day for supplication to the Throne of Grace for the divine blessing upon our own country and its Allies in this time of supreme trial in the world's history. Prayer should be offered in behalf of the leaders of our nation that they may receive divine wisdom and guidance so that they may rightly direct both the civil and military policy of our country. Petition should also be made that the people of our land may be actuated only by the highest of patriotic motives so that they may see eye to eye and stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of our precious heritage of liberty and may fight manfully so that the other peoples of the earth may also enjoy the blessings of freedom.

It has been suggested by the Federal Council of Churches that on Patriotic Sunday the subject of the Conservation of Food be considered in all the pulpits of our land and that an effort

be made through the co-operation of religious and civic bodies to enlist every American citizen in a campaign for Food Saving.

On this subject Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, the National Food Director, has written to all the pastors of the country to this effect:

"As a minister of God, a leader of the people and a lover of liberty and of your fellow men, your co-operation is earnestly desired and greatly needed. In such a time as this the people naturally turn to the church. It will be a calamity to the nation and to the churches if their chosen ministers neglect to exercise their proper leadership in the great cause of feeding a world in need. For the world is in want of food.

"To meet the needs of the war and of the world we must produce generously, give freely to our allies, ourselves eat as much, but no more than we need, and especially save the waste. Lasting disgrace will fall upon us if lack of self-restraint should prevent us from taking our proper part in the great conflict against the doctrine that might makes right."

In this matter of food saving we must naturally look largely to the women in the home. We doubt not that they will eagerly respond to this appeal, for the saving of food is directly within their sphere, and without food conservation we cannot win the war upon which we have entered for the protection of American lives and for the liberation of humanity from the threatened despotism of a cruel and relentless military autocracy.

While the first Sunday of July has been designated as Patriotic Sunday, we should not limit patriotic service to this one day. Rather let each and every Sunday and week-day too, be made the occasion for continuous, self-sacrificing acts of devotion that shall serve the best and highest interests of our beloved land.

Independence Day reminds us of the heroic deeds and the loyal service performed by those of a by-gone generation in order that this nation might be made free. To those who are living to-day there has come a call for deeds of heroism and patriotic service in behalf of a cause as sacred as that for which the Continental soldiers fought in the War of the American Revolution. May the call to duty, whatever it may be, find us ready and willing to respond to the very limit of our ability.

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"We Brothers of 99"

A few months ago a Bible Class of thirty young men in the Student Church at Manila in the Philippine Islands organized under the name of "We Brothers of 99," the significance of the numeral 99 being that they hoped to attain that membership. As a matter of fact on a recent Sunday there were 717 members pres-

ent, thus making it the largest Bible Class in the Philippine Islands.

"Practically all who joined this class were not evangelical at the time, and most of them are not yet so," writes Rev. J. L. McLaughlin, who is the World's Sunday School Secretary for the Islands, "but on a recent Sunday morning some fifty members of the class knelt at the altar and pledged membership to the church in which they had been led to find Christ."

From this and from similar classes a great harvest of recruits for the organized evangelical churches is expected. The idea of the organized class has met with a ready response among the student body, it is said, as nothing, perhaps, appeals more to the average young Filipino than the idea of organization and office holding. This situation presents a great opportunity, especially when we consider that the majority of the student body in the Philippines are without religious belief of any kind, and are, therefore, particularly open to Christian teaching.

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The Call for Prohibition

The war situation has already brought about many striking results, one of which is the imperative call for the prohibition of the liquor traffic that is being heard on all sides.

Every argument in favor of prohibition in time of peace applies with still greater force in a time of war. War conditions furnish additional arguments in favor of the abolition of the liquor traffic which are absolutely irrefutable.

On the ground of efficiency, nation-wide prohibition ought to be adopted without further delay. It is not enough merely to forbid the men in uniform from procuring or receiving liquor. Present conditions demand that every man whether in civil or military life should attain the highest possible degree of efficiency. Nothing so robs a man of every element of efficiency as the use of strong drink, and herein lies one of the strong arguments for nation-wide prohibition.

The conservation of the food resources of the nation demand that grain be used to the utmost possible advantage and with the greatest possible economy. The most wasteful use to which grain can be put is to turn it into liquor, and a sound economical policy forbids the continued employment of the precious food materials of the nation for the manufacture of intoxicating liquor.

But the strongest argument of all is the moral reason which demands the enactment of prohibition as a safeguard against the evil influences that are all too prevalent in a time of

war. Sad results have followed the lax conditions in regard to the use of liquor that prevail in some of the European countries. The United States should not repeat the history of Great Britain, whose leaders have allowed the liquor traffic to work infinite harm to the material, social and spiritual life of the country by their failure to control the use of intoxicants.

Every effort should be made by the friends of temperance to influence both our national Congress and our State Legislatures to enact the laws needed not merely for the regulation but for the abolition of this deadly traffic.

The argument that our country needs the revenue to be obtained from the taxation of the liquor traffic is a fallacious one. A nation without the liquor traffic is richer than one which tolerates this industry, no matter what may be the apparent loss of revenue, because whatever debauches the people impoverishes the nation, and there is nothing in this world that so debauches the physical, mental, moral and spiritual life of a people as the indulgence in strong drink.



Show Your Colors

Never before in the history of our country has there been such a lavish display of the national ensign as is seen at the present time. The streets and avenues of our cities are fairly alive with color and everywhere that we turn our eyes we are greeted by the sight of the Red, White and Blue, with which are freely mingled the colors of our Allies in the great conflict in which we are now engaged.

There is little need to urge patriotic citizens to display their flags at the present time, for every true citizen is proud to show his allegiance by displaying the national ensign. But it is not at all unnecessary to urge upon all soldiers of the Cross the duty and the privilege of showing their allegiance to the great Captain of our salvation.

The stress of war time demands from every follower of Christ the fullest expression of loyalty to the great principles of the Christian faith. In such times as those through which we are now passing there is a great temptation to side-step moral issues, to obscure great spiritual truths, and to lower the standards of morality that should govern all our relations in life.

Now is the time for every Christian to display his moral courage, to withstand all the forces of iniquity, and to show his colors in the battles for righteousness which must be waged not only on foreign soil but right here in our own land, where the forces of evil are eagerly watching every opportunity to gain the mastery.

Christian young men who are called to the front during the present month and in the months to come will have a splendid opportunity to test their moral fibre as they face the conditions of camp life. As the days go by they will find that the temptations to evil increase rather than diminish. May they have the grace and the grit to stand firm for the divine Master and by showing their colors may they lead others to take their stand under the ever-glorious banner of the Cross.

A Pioneer Worker Among the Mexicans

We regret to record the recent death of Rev. A. H. Sutherland, who passed to his eternal reward after spending one-third of a century in faithful missionary work amongst the Mexican people dwelling in the Valley of the Rio Grande.

As a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society his work consisted in circulating the Gospel message in the printed page from house to house. His first convert, we are told, was Alajo Hernandez, who was brought to the service of Christ by reading a copy of one of the Society's Spanish publications, entitled "Noches con los Romanistas."

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of the Southern Agency of the American Tract Society, under whose immediate direction Mr. Sutherland carried on his work writes:

"When Rev. A. H. Sutherland began his work, there were no Protestants on the Mexican Border, though many had ceased to be Romanists. Now there are more than forty evangelical churches and more than 5,000 Protestant Mexicans on the Border. Mr. Sutherland was prominent in this good work. He went far into Mexico, preaching the Gospel and scattering the issues of the Bible and Tract Societies. During the last few years of his life he had given himself exclusively to missionary colportage, and at the time of his death was publishing a monthly Spanish periodical (*El Libertador*) for the Mexican families of the Border. He was a Christian and a gentleman, always full of hope and zeal for the evangelization of the Mexicans. Like Barnabas, he was a good man, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, and much people were added unto the Lord as the result of his consecrated labors."

God's Hiding Places

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT



MY little child loves to hide things from me. He enjoys nothing more than to creep away with some treasure, bidding me the while to be sure and not "peek a single bit"—not even between my fingers—until he is all ready for my search. Then how he laughs at me when I am "cold," and tries all his tricks to call me aside when I begin to come too near the trinket he has hidden!

But the greatest sport of all is when he tip-toes away himself, his face all aglow with delight, and hides for me to find him! When at last I have pulled aside some curtain which he has wrapped about him, or opened some door behind which my darling is snuggled away, oh! the ripples of laughter which break from his lips, sweeter to me than the gurgling of the prettiest and most star-lit brook.

Sometimes it seems quite as if my Heavenly Father finds joy in hiding from me for a little while something I hold most precious. Is not that a way He has with many a beautiful thing? We find His richest gems deep buried in the hills or at the bottom of the sea. In how many out-of-the-way places does He conceal the things we need most and which we prize most dearly!

In the very heart of some rock we may all unexpectedly discover the shell He has kept hidden from human sight, for who knows how long? Then on some day when the frost or man's inquisitive hand breaks the stone, there lies the tiny thing, waiting to tell its story of the ages which have swept on since the little creature which once made that shell his home

crept into it for the last time, to stay till God called "Ready!"

There are other things I covet even more dearly than I do the pearl or the shell from the rock. Some days it seems to me I cannot wait for my Father to brush the clouds out of the sky with His hand and let the sunshine flood the world. How long and how dreary have been the hours since last I looked into the face of the blue heaven! Winds have blown, rain has fallen, the earth has been all a-drip. Every tree and flower and grass-plant has been bending its head in a subdued, lonely way.

Then all at once away the shadows flee! It may be just as the sun drops over the western hills! But that one moment when God brings from His hiding sky, sunshine, field, flower and wood is enough to waken in my heart a song of joy and thanksgiving! For now I know that it was only for a moment that He hid away my treasures. They were all safe in His keeping! He was only keeping them from me for a little while, so that I might love them the more when He came to me with them again!

Why is it that some things for which I long with all my heart, things which I have worked for, things which my very soul cries out after, why are these hidden from me, it may be for years? Here is the dear one I have loved so fondly. I have tried so hard to help him to know the very best in life. When I have been alone, I have sent my very soul up to God, pleading that the day might come when the desire of my heart should be granted. He knows how I yearn over my friend; how I would if I could, give all I have and all I am so that the mists may be swept from the eyes of

the one I love, so that he might become a child of God.

But how long God hides from me this longing of my heart! Some times it seems to me that it never will come to me to see the joy light up the soul of my friend; that I must, after all, fold my hands and say, "It is not for me to know that happiness." Then suddenly the treasure breaks on my sight! My tears and my prayers and my hopes have not been for nothing! God has only been holding my jewel in His keeping until the best time—His own blessed time—should come!

And now, how is it, I wonder, that I do not sooner see the fulfilling of my dreams? Is it because I have not learned to say, and say with all my heart, "In Thine own time, my Father?" Is it because I have not caught the secret that it is not for me to know when the souls I love, and for which I am praying, shall see the rapture of God's great love, but that my part is just to sow the seed, to do my little day's work and go on, sure that the day will come when the harvest ears will hang heavy in their golden ripeness, ready for the Master's gathering?

How shall I learn the sweet lesson of patient working, trusting, waiting, earnest watching? Oh, my Father, teach me the lesson of the gem hidden in the field! It was only when he who had found it sold all he had and laid it down with joy, that the field and treasure became his own! I want the treasure; and yet, I do so cling to my little gold! I cannot pay the price unless Thou dost help me to know how small is any price by the side of the good that will come when I yield all I have, all I am, all I ever expect to be, a glad offering to Thee!

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

THE MESSAGE OF OUR FLAG

BY

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

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NO MORE thrilling sight ever greets the human eye than the display on gala occasions of the ensigns of the nations of the world. And among all such national emblems fluttering in the breeze there is none so beautiful to the eyes of an American as our own "Old Glory."

Shrouded in more or less mystery as is the origin of the flag of the colonies, we cannot but bow in wonder and almost in reverence before Betsy Ross and General George Washington and others, known and unknown, as they met and counselled in the humble Arch Street cottage of bygone days. Was it the spirit of prophecy or of poetry that breathed forth from their hearts and breathed into mere fabric and colors the breath of national life? Or was there a higher personality in their midst who gave genesis to the Stars and Stripes? You remember the question of James Whitcomb Riley, and the response that he received from the only source of authority:

"Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?
Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.
And it spake, with a shake of its voice, and it said:
"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
My name is as old as the Glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory!"

How can an American be superstitious as to the number thirteen, remembering those early days and the action of our forefathers—thirteen States in the federation, thirteen battleships ordered to properly represent them, thirteen rattles to be counted on the warlike reptile of that early banner with its motto, "Don't Tread on Me," thirteen arrows in the talons of the eagle, thirteen stars in the original field of blue, and, save for the earliest years the unchanging thirteen bars of red and white. Let such superstition be far from us, for thirteen has been for the United States a veritable slogan of progress and prosperity.

Flags have a language of their own—"dipped" in salutation, "struck" in the hour of surrender and, "lowered" to half mast in the time of mourning. Red bespeaks revolution, black the spirit of piracy, yellow of quarantine, and white of peace, temporary or permanent. But the red, white and blue are a symphony of colors; their language has a music of its own, hinted but only hinted at in "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner." It is the song of the redeemed that they sing, and, as we trust, the song of those who understand the cost of redemption, and who are willing to pay the price for the redemption of the world.

Even the eagle perched upon the banner's crest sings the song of aspiration. We think of it as emblematic of the spirit of liberty, and

so it is. But it is typical also of that higher aspiration which involves not merely personal freedom but spiritual vision and unselfish impulses. Witness the eagle with widespread wings holding the Word of God Himself, the lectern of the Christian Church throughout the ages. This "lion of the air" in the thought of the early heralds is noted for its strong and lofty flight with consequent range of vision and purity and vigor of atmosphere—just what we desire and what we should earnestly supplicate for our citizens of to-day and especially our youth.

Indeed the eagle should be the ensign of young manhood here in America. The Japanese boy has a flag of his own, flown over every Japanese home having a male child on one day in the year: that flag represents the carp, a fish noted for its pluck and endurance in swimming up stream, mounting the lesser waterfalls with ease and even leaping some of the swiftly flowing cataracts. In the same spirit let us give to our boys—men in the making—the American eagle as their particular standard, representative not of ambition, political or otherwise, not even of emulation in the search for popularity and position, profits and pleasure, but of aspiration—the reaching out and up in ideals of virtue, usefulness, influence and patriotism.

Thus shall we teach them and ourselves that it is not selfish to wish for a noble character. Only so can we help others and build up the nation. The mountain climber does not go behind and push, but goes ahead and from a superior height reaches down his helping hand. So only can we induce foreign peoples coming to our shores to ascend with us the heights of national greatness. We believe in national expansion, but only in self-forgetful integrity—the integrity of the nation, which is after all the sum of the integrity of millions of individual men, women and children. Integrity is not necessarily success any more than it is pugnacity. Richard Watson Gilder placed upon one of the pylons at the Pan-American Exposition the words, "He who fails bravely has not truly failed but is himself a conqueror." Washington came near to defeat, indeed on occasions he knew defeat, and yet of him it was written, "He never turned his back, but marched breast forward." Integrity looks back in the spirit of Kipling's "Lest we forget," but forward with a sense of aspiration commingled with responsibility, for it is written, "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

How significant just now are the words of John Hay:

"Not in dumb resignation we lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist, content to do and die.
Our faith springs like eagles, who soar to meet the sun
And cries exulting unto Thee, 'O Lord, Thy will be done!'"

"When tyrant feet are trampling upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe beneath the iron heel.
In Thy name we assert our right, by sword, or tongue or pen,—

And e'en the headsman's axe may flash Thy message unto men.

"Thy will—it bids the weak be strong, it bids the strong be just.

No lips to fawn, no hand to beg, no brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man beneath the liberal sun,
O Lord be there! Thine arm make bare! Thy righteous will be done."

So too the colors of our flag tell of loyalty, sacrifice and citizenship. What else could that field of blue mean but undying loyalty. Blue is the color of the firmament, telling of the harmony of the spheres, of heaven's own laws and truth and constancy. Our fidelity to country and to principle should be as unswerving as that of the compass to the pole star. In words not to be forgotten we say, "Our country, right or wrong!" and we should add, "If right, to keep her right: if wrong, to make her right."

Our patriotism is not to be a patriotism like that of Benedict Arnold, for the tragedy of his life was that for years his patriotism was at the full, only to wane like a changing moon—a shifting patriotism. Our patriotism is to be like that of Patrick Henry—"Give me liberty or give me death!" The dying soldier lifting his head on the field of battle—and for him the field of death—urges on the other men surging past over his prostrate body with the words: "Follow—the—flag—boys!" Can we in the midst of health and wealth say less? So let us help to give power to the colors, exclaiming with the loving enthusiasm of the Psalmist, "Thou art fair, O my love, as Pisgah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners." Let loyalty express itself—and let it count, for as the late President William McKinley maintained, "A government like ours rests upon the intelligence, morality and patriotism of the people."

Nevertheless—forget it not—patriotism without service and sacrifice is like iron pyrites—fool's gold. It may deceive the very elect, but it is worthless. The red stripes in our national prism are the color of blood—blood, the most precious thing in life—blood which is life itself. It spells sacrifice. Think of the blood poured out in sacrifice—the blood of victims on the altar, of the Son of God upon the Cross, of Christian martyrs and of heroes down through the ages, of men upon the battlefields of freedom in other lands and in our own. This outpouring of blood means sacrifice and it is written into the red bars upon our banner—written there by the patriots of colonial days—written by the soldier dead of the Civil War, who like that Roman knight of old closed the awful chasm in our midst by themselves leaping into the yawning abyss. As Hancock in our Colonial Congress gave his voice in favor of razing every house in Boston to the ground, if need be, though all his own property was

within its limits, and as Governor Nelson gave directions to train the cannon upon his own mansion in Yorktown as the probable headquarters of Cornwallis, and as John Brown mounted the scaffold counting it a privilege to "die for a cause," and as by such readiness to sacrifice, the nation was made and kept whole, so must it ever be.

"O banner blazoned in the sky,
Fling out the royal red—
Each deeper hue of crimson dye
Won by our sainted dead."

Yet blood need not be shed—its swift flow within arteries and veins with consequent thought and action may mean even more. Florence Nightingale was worth a regiment in the Crimea, as with her lamp she walked the hospital corridors. And so our nation must needs thank farmer and mechanic and men in the coast patrol and life-saving stations as well as heroes on the field of crimson. Mothers know better, sometimes, than soldier boys the sacrifice of war. One such has recently written from England of her own lads, wounded, lost in unknown trenches or starting for the front, closing with the significant words, "But it ever has been so and ever must be so—there is no redemption without cost."

And finally the white stripes—color of the snow, freshly fallen from the skies—emblem of purity and of unselfish service and citizenship. For this is the color of the *toga virilis*, assumed by the Roman youth on entering the ranks of manhood, and also of the *toga candida*, a robe of glistening white worn by political candidates as a sign and symbol of untainted character, a fair mark for mud-slinging if reputation did not conform to the honors sought. But at least those garments stood for an ideal, an ideal which was really embodied in our own George Washington, so ready to serve without pay and in spite of cruel criticism. We need such men in office to-day, but we cannot have them without clean-handed voters, clean-minded mothers, wives and sweethearts, and clean-hearted boys and girls. You and I are citizens, whether we vote or not. Universal suffrage in a short time seems possible and even probable. In any case all influence votes, for all exert an influence, for good or evil, upon the character of voters. True citizenship is based not on position but on loyal and aspiring service.

Alpheus Hardy's soul was wrung while in Andover Academy by the thought that he could not be a Christian minister, but he became a great merchant, and as a steward of God he fathered the stowaway Neesima, sending him to Andover and then to Amherst College—Neesima, the great missionary and the greater statesman, the leader of Japan. So you and I may feel that we cannot be present at Armageddon, but we can help to equip the soldier, and we can stand back of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and other beneficent organizations as they seek to provide for his spiritual welfare, and we can try to awaken the military authorities to a realization of the dignity and power of religion and to make the name of chaplain something other than a by-word in the ranks.

All hail to the red, white and blue—colors of the ruby and the pearl and the sapphire. The Other Wise Man sold his all, we are told by Henry Van Dyke, and purchased a ruby red as the heart's blood, a sapphire blue as the sky at midnight, and a pearl as white as the snow on the mountain's summit bathed in the sunlight. He thought to lay them at the feet of the Infant Prince to rival gold, frankincense and myrrh. But no—they went, one by one, for the weal of humanity on the journey and in long wandering in Egypt and the last—the pearl—was given to save a girl from the band of the Roman soldiers—but the Other Wise Man had his reward—the voice of the Crucified Master—whom he would have saved but could not—and in these words, "Inasmuch—the least—my brethren—me"

In an Oriental City one bell has rung the midnight hour for a century and a half and more. Tradition says that twice the molding of the bell was a failure and that one more opportunity was given to the bell-maker, his own life to be forfeit if on the third attempt the bell did not ring true. A large crowd was present in the final hour of trial, whether in sympathy or cruel curiosity, who shall say? Present also was the bell-maker's daughter, knowing full well from the oracles that success could not crown this final effort save as a virgin's blood mingled with the bronze. Pale and strained was her look as the great doors of the furnace were thrown open, but pity for her was not prolonged, since with one cry—"For my father"—she leaped into the molten, gleaming mass. And when at last the great bell was hung in place, it pealed forth a silvery note at once sacrificial and triumphant.

So in the present day, as the furnace door of world strife is thrown open and we feel the burning breath of fiery war and gaze upon the white-hot but reddening stream issuing thence, we shall see many a fearless one plunge therein and so lose himself in that silver tone of the new master bell which is being molded—the bell of universal liberty, whose vibrant note shall soon be heard around the world. So shall the aspirations and prayers of Christendom be answered through loyalty to God and sacrifice for the brotherhood.

"So, in the name of our God we will set up our banners." The outcome is in the hands of the Eternal Father of us all.

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne—
But that scaffold sways the future
And behind the great unknown,
Standeth God within the shadows
Keeping watch above His own."



Recruiting Scottish Soldiers for Christ



THE gathering of large bodies of men in military camps in Great Britain has furnished unusual opportunities for evangelistic efforts, and Christian workers have not been unmindful of these openings for service.

One of the most hopeful lines of work has been that carried on by the Pocket Testament League among the Scottish soldiers. A recent letter from George T. B. Davis, whose name will be remembered by some of our subscribers because of his inspiring contributions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER describing the Chapman-Alexander Evangelistic Campaign some years ago, gives us an insight into the work that is going on. He writes:

"More than two years ago I was invited to Scotland to visit the military camps and speak to the soldiers by the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Mac-lay Bart, the President of the Pocket Testament League in Scotland, and now the Shipping Controller in the British Ministry. The invitation was accepted and since then I have had blessed and glorious times speaking to multitudes of soldiers throughout Scotland; enrolling them in the Pocket Testament League; and seeking to win them for the Master.

"Since coming to Scotland more than 60,000 soldiers have been enrolled in the Pocket Testament League, and have received League Testaments; and more than 36,000 men have marked 'A. C.' in the corner of their League cards, thus signifying that they 'Accept Christ' as their personal Saviour. I do not say that 36,000 soldiers have been born again into the Kingdom, but I am sure that multitudes have been saved, and that many who marked A. C. on their cards, and have since lost their lives, are in glory to-day because of their decision.

"Recently I conducted a most interesting mission in a Scottish Camp where every man in the camp had been out at the front at least once, and some of them several times. Rarely

have I enjoyed a mission more than that one. The men attended the meetings in large numbers, and literally drank in the messages. A large proportion of the men declared their acceptance of Christ. One night a Sergeant joined the Pocket Testament League and made a simple but definite decision. He had come over for the night from a neighbouring camp. A few days ago I received a beautiful letter from him in which he told how he had gathered a band of seventeen men to read God's Word, and pray, and sing together. He says: 'It makes a wonderful difference, and I am still striving to fight the good fight of Faith, and keeping my group together. We always remember you in our prayers, at the same time trusting in Him who died for us.'

"Another man who made a beautiful decision during the same mission was a Lance-Corporal who was an old soldier, having joined the army seventeen years ago. He has been both in France and Mesopotamia. He had two brothers in the Army, one having been killed and the other taken prisoner. The first night of the mission he was in the canteen drunk. The second night he came into the Y. M. C. A. Institution, while the meeting was in progress, to make a purchase. He was gripped by the Spirit of God, and joined the League that night, but did not make a decision. The following evening he came up at the close of the meeting and asked for a special interview. When I met him in the manager's room of the Y. M. C. A. the next morning he was just waiting to go on his knees to make a full surrender. He said 'Every time I woke up during the night I just felt that I was practically saved already. I am not taking this step for a month nor a year but for life.' A few days later a party of soldiers went from this camp to a neighbouring one where I was holding meetings, to bear witness to the saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lance Corporal intended to have gone with them but was prevented through being sent away on escort duty.

"At another camp where I recently conducted a mission one of those who came out for Christ early in the meetings was a Corporal. He gladly said he would get a little group together for Bible reading and prayer. Later in sending a report of how he was progressing he wrote: 'We have arranged to get the ante-room of the Baptist Church for two nights in the week just for a quiet talk together. Of course, we still read a few chapters of the Pocket Testament at night, but this will help us to bring together more of our chums.' A little later, when writing of his meeting in the Baptist Church, he said, 'I was surprised at the heart and soul way my comrades went into it. We started off with a prayer; we sang two hymns, and then read seven chapters of the Pocket Testament. Then we had a prayer all round and we did not forget to pray for you and your good work.'

"Another who came out clearly for Christ in that mission was a man who had been one of the roughest and wildest men in the Battalion. He said that he had scarcely been to Church twice in his life, and although he had been to the front and been wounded, he had never thought of carrying a Testament with him. He asked me to write and tell his mother of the change that had come over his life. On a half-holiday that occurred during the mission, when many of the other men were away this man stayed in the billet most of the afternoon, and read St. Matthew's Gospel right through, and on the last night of the mission he told me that he and a chum had formed a little band of men for Bible reading and prayer, and that one or two of his comrades had signified their acceptance of Christ."

This is surely a heartening account of how Scottish soldiers are being recruited for Christ. Mr. Davis requests the prayers of our readers for the continuance of the Divine blessing upon this work, and we are confident that his request will be gladly heeded.

PRINTED PREACHERS

In the Philippine Islands

Among the cash appropriations recently forwarded by the American Tract Society to mission stations abroad for the production and distribution of Christian literature in the vernacular was a remittance of \$100.00 to the Publication Committee of the Evangelical Union of the Philippine Islands, whose headquarters are at Manila.

The total amount of the appropriations that have been sent by the Society to this Committee is now \$1,800.00, and the money has been very wisely and judiciously disbursed.

By the aid of these appropriations a volume entitled, "Teacher Training Lessons" has been issued in three of the Filipino dialects, namely, Tagalog, Ilocano and Visayan.

It is planned to issue an Ilocano hymn book, which will undoubtedly have a wide circulation and prove of great assistance in the work. It is expected that Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress will also be published in Ilocano at an early date and other volumes will follow as fast as they can be provided for.

As illustrating the class of young people who are helped by the publication of evangelical literature in the Philippines we reproduce on this page the photograph of a group of native workers taken at a mission school at Jaro.

A glance at this interesting assemblage reveals many indications of promise, and it is a great joy to the officers of the American Tract Society to be able to aid in ministering to the spiritual needs of the rising generation in these far-away islands, whose destiny has been largely committed to our care.



In Pennsylvania

Mr. John Martinco, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in Pennsylvania, tells of some practical results of the distribution of Christian literature among the foreign-speaking people in these words:

"Most of my time during the last month was spent around Pittsburg, which seems to be the Mecca for all nations. At the present time the people are somewhat suspicious of every one, because they fear Government spies, and so it is not easy even for the colporter to gain their confidence. Nevertheless, I was able to hold many conversations with them, since my aim is not only to circulate the books but also to lead the people to Christ.

"A young man lives in Allegheny, who thinks that he has consumption and has spent a good deal of money on doctors and medicine, but has found no relief. I told him to go out of the city on a farm where he would have pure air and might be able to save his life. And then I reminded him of the Great Physician, Jesus Christ, who is able not only to cure the body but also to save the soul. He was touched very much by my words and promised to do the best he could. He also took a New Testament.

"There is a young man in Pittsburg whom I have known for several years and I have had many conversations with him about Christianity, but never before has he shown such appreciation as he did last week when he told me that he believed that every word which I spoke is really true and that he wished to live a Christian life, if he only could."



NATIVE FILIPINO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

In the Empire State

Rev. Samuel Goddard, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society who is distributing Christian literature in Buffalo and vicinity, in New York State, writes:

"During the past month I have been able to go out into some of the villages around the city of Buffalo. I have been able to effect a somewhat larger circulation of Christian literature, and I hope as the season advances to increase the record.

"The Billy Sunday meetings held in Buffalo have stirred up the people a great deal, and I have reason to believe that many will be led into the churches.

"My visits to the Ingleside Home, the Buffalo Orphan Asylum and to various Sunday Schools were well received. I have also had many welcome words of thanks from the people to whom I have been able to speak. The blessed Word of God and the prayers offered in their homes have been of much comfort unto them.

"One lady upon whom I called had just lost her boy. With tears she thanked me for the comfort she had received and for the cheering words of faith and hope drawn from the Holy Scriptures. She said, 'Praise the Lord for sending you unto me. May the dear Lord bless you in your work of love for Him. You have greatly comforted me.'"



For the Intemperate

Mr. Adam Folta, a missionary colporter in Pennsylvania, tells in a recent report how he tried to help a drunkard whom he found in one of the homes he visited.

"The other week when visiting from house to house I came to one family where I had previously left some tracts. I had given these tracts free, but now the family called me into their home and told me that if I had any good books, they wished to buy some from me, and after I showed them what I had they took several different volumes, including 'Come to Jesus.'

"I went to another row of houses, where a number of my Slovak countrymen used to live. I asked whether there were any more Slovak people there, and they said yes. Then they told me of one home where there was an

old man who was a great drunkard. I went to that house and there was the old man and his family. His wife said to me, 'He has been drinking so much that we do not know what to do with him.' I told her that Jesus could alone cure this man of his appetite for drink, and that if they would go to Him in prayer, He would help the drunkard to get rid of his drinking habit. I talked to the people for an hour, and they listened very attentively and thanked me very heartily as I went out."



In the Old Dominion State

Rev. James M. Carter thus describes some of his recent experiences while engaged as a missionary colporter in the distribution of Christian literature in the State of Virginia:

"Recently I traveled through a section of country far from any railroad. I find that the counties in this district have not been visited much by missionaries and therefore they offer an inviting field.

"It is delightful to go to these back counties, far from the railroad, as there is so much hospitality shown to a missionary colporter. While the people are hospitable, a goodly number of them are not professing Christians. Here I have an opportunity to proclaim the message which I am sent to declare, and the people listen with much interest to the Master's Word. I did not have enough books to supply the demand, and as I would leave the homes, the people would say, 'Come again, and bring us some more good books and cheer us with your message, for we feel that your visit has been a blessing to us.' I hope that I may be privileged to meet these people again. There is so much of this work yet to be done, and oh, how greatly it is needed!

"I have distributed Christian literature this month to all classes of people, from the highest society whites to the poorest colored people. The work continues to brighten and to help fallen humanity to see God and what He requires of man.

"The most lasting influence I can leave with my people is the Word of God in print. They want to know what the Scriptures say. Then I have a good opportunity to read from the Bible in answer to their questions and thus to rivet His Word deep into their souls."

WORDS

By Clarence E. Flynn



WORDS determine the trend of human events. They make sad or glad the years we live. Like flowers or tares, sown along the highway of life, they make every landscape a little brighter or a little less lovely.

The tongue is equally capable of being the messenger of angels or of spirits of evil. It can sting like an adder. A thrust of the dagger or the sharp sting of a bullet, and all is over; but the sting of a hard word abides through the years. It warps, withers, and embitters everything it touches. The human heart shrivels under it like the drooping of a tender plant beneath the direct rays of the burning sun.

But a word in due season, how good is it! It helps the weary to take courage again. It helps the broken life to make another effort. It revives drooping hopes and purposes. It counts for more than could a gift of gold or a bestowal of power.

A dozen years ago a school boy was standing, tired and discouraged, in the shadow of a dark stairway on the public square of the town. He was away from home, and he was almost down to his last cent. He was not sure whether his hard efforts were worth the while. He heard an approaching step. It was one of his teachers. He drew farther back, not expecting the teacher to see him, but the teacher did. He stopped and said a good word for something the young fellow had done. That was all it took to put fresh courage into a weary heart. Today that boy, now become a man, is still toiling on, trying to do something worth the doing. He is still at it for the sake of a simple sentence or two—in due season.

The value of a word is so great that the name best befits the nature of the Master. In the first chapter of the Gospel, according to John, we find that Jesus is repeatedly referred to as the Word of God. He is, indeed, an expression of that which men had so long thought to be inexpressible. A Word, made flesh, He came and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory.

Words slip back the shutters from the windows of the inner life. It is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth is sure to speak. The tongue is daily engaged in drawing an open picture of the heart. The very vocabulary of a person will tell you the story of what goes on in the silence of his thoughts.

The power of uplifting speech and the right to enjoy helpful conversation are high privileges. When a group of people are together, a splendid opportunity is afforded for conversation which is not only self-improving, but also mutually helpful. It is worse than a tragedy when that never-recurring time is spent in conversation concerning what is foolish and evil. Is it not a standing wonder that, when there are so many worthy themes, anyone should be willing to allow his conversation to keep the slimy level of the soil?

Words should pay respect to the dignity and beauty of language. Language has a majesty peculiarly its own, and its sanctity ought never to be violated. It is violated, frequently, in two especial ways.

The first is by the way of slang. Those who allow themselves to grow accustomed to slangy expressions do themselves and their language alike a great injustice. They do themselves an injustice, because speech so surely marks the man, and the world will always take it as an indicator of character. They do their language an injustice because every deviation from its defined paths tends to break down its dignity and power.

Of course, slang is not a cardinal sin, but it is like a good many other things that are not

cardinal sins in that the tendency is a bad one. The cardinal sins are less dangerous because we are more afraid of them.

The second is by the way of extravagant and untrue utterance. Enough people have gone "simply crazy" about things to fill all the insane asylums to overflowing, and it is a marvel how the cemeteries continue to provide room for all the people who have been tickled or scared "to death" or who have encountered so many things that were "simply killing." The users of these terms are people who have not stopped to contemplate the fact that simple English is always sufficient for the telling of the whole truth.

Words are certain to react upon the speaker. The effect upon others of a word let fly is equalled only by its effect upon the person who says it. In other words, speech possesses boomerang qualities.

Just after William Henry Harrison had been nominated for the presidency in 1840, a Baltimore newspaper contemptuously called attention to his humble habitat by referring to him as "Log Cabin Harrison." Instead of arousing prejudice against him, as the utterance was meant to do, it only stirred up a great popular enthusiasm in his behalf. The public took up the cry as a slogan; the log cabin became the campaign symbol; and William Henry Harrison was elected.

When John Wesley and a number of his fellow students who felt a desire for a deeper religious life formed a "Holy Club" at Oxford University, they became so methodical in their habits and work that other students of the university dubbed them. "Methodists." The name not only did not militate against them, but John Wesley remained a Methodist, and tens of thousands have been proud to bear the name that was first bestowed as an epithet of disgrace.

If there was anything derisive in the voice of Pilate when he exclaimed "Behold the man," his derision has been increasingly mocked by the voice of history. All the years have been obeying the command of the Roman governor. They have been beholding not only Jesus, but Pilate also, to the increasing fame and power of the one and the growing shame of the other.

If there was any taint of sarcasm in the words Pilate ordered placed at the head of the Cross, the years have turned it into living truth. The words have risen up to mock their maker.

Slander is more than half the time the offspring of jealousy and envy. The reason for a great deal of unjust and unkind comment is to be found in the proneness of man to condemn his brother most fiercely for that fault which lies most deeply imbedded in his own life. Adverse criticism is never a proper topic of conversation. The chances are so great against the justice and truth of a harsh judgment that it should never have a place in human speech.

One reason for this is the fact that one never knows the inner story of his neighbor's life. It is easy to fail to take into account the secret effort, the unknown struggle, the unheralded difficulty. Others have battles to fight and obstacles with which to contend of which we will never know. It may be, furthermore, that in their situation we would not do so well as they.

Another reason is the fact that we are not commissioned a race of judges and set to determine the guilt and weigh the faults of mankind. Even if it were our business to be judges, we should be poor ones indeed if we failed to give the accused the benefit of the doubt. There is plenty of time to speak when one can speak from indisputable facts.

There is an unwritten law which forbids speaking against the dead. It may be wrong to

speak against those who can no longer lift their voices in their own defense, but it may also be remembered that, though the dead cannot defend themselves, neither do they need to do so. They can no longer be harmed by the shaft of malice, and will slumber as sweetly under the poison breath of the fault-finder as beneath the perfumed words of affection and appreciation. With the living it is different. They still care what men think of and say about them. They can feel the stir of joy and the sting of pain. They respond to kindness and recoil from the bitter and unjust word. If a word is to be spoken against anybody, it is far better that it be against the dead and that the living be spared the destruction of their all.

One of the best services to render to the world is to breathe a helpful word upon it. It will be like a shower of cooling moisture on a field grown dry and dead. In it you send forth a messenger imperishable. It will echo where you little know, and it will speak for you when your lips of clay can speak no more.



Leaving Out the Sky

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"Don't leave the sky out of your landscape." So runs a bit of excellent admonition which merits our careful attention.

Imagine a picture taken from nature, with the sky left out. Any painter of landscapes who tried to put a bit of the Infinite Artist's great out-of-doors without a sky-line, or a glimpse of the brooding heavens, would fail utterly in making a picture. Even if he made anything which he called by that name, no one would ever care to buy it.

Why must the sky go into the picture? Because it belongs to the landscape. It is always there. It overarches all the earth and sea. It may be overcast with clouds and riven with vivid lightning, but "behind the clouds is the sun still shining," and the black curtain makes a background for the rainbow, when the storm is over. Again the blue appears when clouds are gone. It was there all the while. It is sometimes murky weather as we take our ways through life. "It rains and the wind seems never weary." What then? Shall we look only at the puddles in the path? Shall we glance no higher than the roof on which the hurrying raindrops patter?

If we are so "foolish and unwise" as this, then we shall lose half of what belongs to our picture. Even weeping skies bring showers of refreshing that never fall out of the blue. But if we look up, and resolutely include the heaven-side, we shall catch the first glimpse of returning sunshine as it parts the clouds, and rejoice in its light.

We can not leave out the sky in the sense of extinguishing or destroying it, for God has set the perpetual arch above us. But to leave it out of our own view or out of consideration in estimating our surroundings and thus to judge only from the earthward side, is to rob ourselves of God-given comfort.



The Gates of Dawn

BY HERBERT CROMBIE HOWE.

*In full retreat, the legions of the dark
Thin and take flight before the sun's approach;
The beacons blaze to eastward, cloud by cloud,
Till earth responds to heaven—peak on peak,
The spectral snows are lit with sacred fire.
Afar they burn, paling, as now draws near,
And now forth issues through the gates of dawn,
The glory of that God whose first command
Revealed Himself, saying, "Let there be light."*

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Conditions in India

The interesting picture on this page gives us an insight into one of the modes of travel used in India. Camels are extensively employed both for riding purposes and for bearing burdens. That they may also be used for carriage purposes is shown in this unique illustration, reproduced from a photograph sent to us by the Rev. E. M. Wherry, D. D., of the Punjab Mission of the Presbyterian Church.

The last annual report of the Punjab Mission gives an encouraging outlook upon the progress of the missionary enterprise in that section of India. After describing other features of the work, the report says:

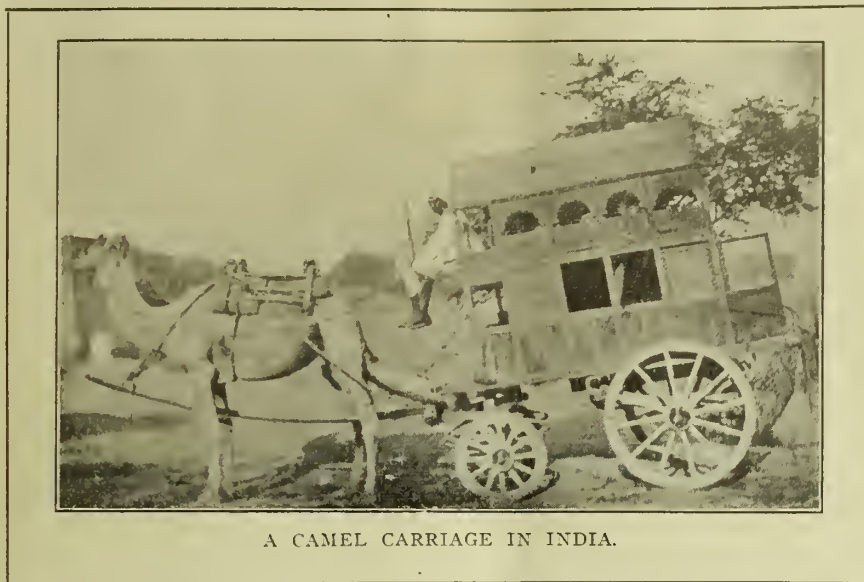
"The progress made in the sphere of Christian literature, both in English and the vernaculars, is worthy of mention, and it is adapting itself to the changing conditions that are making new requirements and are affording new opportunities. Some notable books have been published in recent years; others are in the Press, and still others are in course of preparation. Dr. Griswold is one of the editors of a new series, called 'The Quest of India' series. The Y. M. C. A. and the Christian Literature Society, not to speak of other agencies, are making constant contributions. It is a delight to look over the lists of new books that already are, or soon will be, available—to see the range of subjects and the names of the authors, which are a guarantee of work at once scholarly and popular.

"There is another class of literature that is issued in cheap editions and sold in the railway bookstalls, that should not be overlooked; I refer to an ever-increasing number of works of fiction dealing with life and work in India in which no religious motive is apparent, but that are healthy in tone and are of value in giving an insight into many phases of life, Indian, Anglo-Indian, and European. These may be welcomed as at least indirectly serving a missionary purpose.

"Friends of mission work in India must often wonder under what conditions it is carried on in this, the third year of the war; and all the more so because of the sensational reports that have found a place from time to time in the home press. The fact is that the work is carried on with the completest sense of security. The missionary hospitals are thronged with patients; the missionary schools and colleges have to turn away students for whom there is no room, and the spirit among them in this part of India, certainly, was never better. Itinerant missionaries go everywhere, and never have had kindlier treatment, or received a more sympathetic hearing. Men with an anti-foreign spirit are not in evidence in this part of India. Sikhs, Jats, Mohammedans, Gurkhas, Garhwallis and others of the fighting races of the north are freely enlisting, and all classes, from the rulers of the great feudatory states to the small shopkeepers, are loyally and generously giving to the support of the government, and to the comfort of the soldiers at the front and in the war hospitals. Indeed, missionaries in India have everything to be thankful for."

While the general conditions are encouraging, specific hindrances have been met in conducting the work of the Punjab Mission Press at Ludhiana. These difficulties are frankly set forth by Dr. Wherry, who is superintendent of this branch of the work. He writes:

"The work of preparing and publishing books during the past year has been hindered by a number of circumstances of an unusual character, and first among these has been the effect of the war on the price of printing paper. Not only so, but it has been almost impossible to get it. With the greatest difficulty we succeeded in getting Norwegian paper at six annas a pound. This is more than double the ordinary price of paper of the same quality. Another obstacle in our



A CAMEL CARRIAGE IN INDIA.

way was the breaking down of the lithographic steam press, due to the wearing out of the rollers because of the heat of the weather. The material for replacing the rollers was also most difficult to find, especially the particularly fine quality used. The consequence was that the printing was so bad as to be almost impossible for book work.

"However, the *Bible Stories for Little Ones* (illustrated), in the press last year, was completed, and 2,000 copies were published. The *Nur Afshan* was issued regularly and 500 copies were issued weekly. In this paper we have tried to push the work of the evangelistic campaign as far as possible. The articles published will soon appear in pamphlet form, and form a sort of text book for use this winter. *The Garden of the Heart*, a publication for women, also has suffered, and thus far only two numbers have been issued. About twenty manuscripts are in the printer's hands. These will be published some time in the future, provided the paper can be secured.

"We desire to acknowledge with hearty thanks the usual grant from the American Tract Society of \$100. The total issue from the book depot at Ludhiana was 32,850 volumes.

"The total sales and gifts of the mission for the year was about 46,000 volumes. The reports indicate an increasing desire among the people to read Christian books, and especially the Scriptures."

How Christian literature is distributed in the Hoshiarpur District of the Punjab Mission is told by the Rev. A. B. Gould in the following words:

"As for supplying the Bible to non-Christians, our greatest opportunity is at 'melas' (fairs). Originally religious, these gatherings of the people are now largely worldly in their nature.

"The tombs of the 'saints' are usually the centres for melas. Thither on the appointed day groups of people from the same village come from all the neighborhood round about, within a radius of from ten to fifty miles, according to the fame of the shrine. Several days ahead the enterprising shopkeepers of the towns send out their men with all sorts of merchandise to sell. These squat on the ground under temporary awnings of cloth, and display their wares spread out on a 'durrie' (cotton carpet) on the ground. Cooked food, candy, dry goods, soap (a little), trinkets and cheap jewelry are the chief attractions at these 'al fresco' shops. For amusement there are always jugglers of various descriptions, and one or more miniature Ferris wheels, ten or fifteen feet high, and turned by man power. At the largest melas there will usually be several side shows: wrestling, a 'flying Dutchman,' and possibly a 'movie.' The attendance ranges from one to ten thousand in this district. We take along a band of ten

or twelve Christian teachers and preachers, a preaching tent, stereopticon, Sunday School lesson picture roll, a musical instrument, and a big box of Bibles and other Christian literature. Generally we sell 500 or more copies of portions of the Bible, but sometimes very few. In June last we had a sample of small sales, and thereby hangs a tale. We went out to the 'sacred' spot, some thirty-five miles from the city, prepared to sell any amount of books in several languages, but somehow the whole mela seemed a fiasco. The crowds were thin and suspicious. Something had frightened them off. That something turned out to be a most innocent European commercial traveler, who had come here to do big business for a certain famous tea company. He had boxes and boxes of tea to give away. But nobody would touch it, for some one had started the story that he was a secret recruiting agent of the government, and that his scheme was to induce the people to drink this free tea, in which he had already mixed some intoxicating drug, the object being to get their signature or thumb impression while under the influence of the drug, and then draft them off to the war! It is marvelous how easily the common people will swallow such ridiculous rumors and refuse to accept sound truth.

"During the past year we, together with our Indian assistants, were privileged to sell 933 Gospels, 3,173 books, and to distribute free 15,832 tracts. Will you not add your prayers to ours that the people may, through this printed word, come to see and know Christ, the living Word, whom to know is life eternal?"

Evangelization in Central America

Concerning the Central American Mission, of which Dr. C. I. Scofield is the General Secretary, it is reported that last year was in many ways the best year in the Mission's history. In the Central American Bulletin we read: "Of course testimony for Jesus was the most extensive in all this land because we had more witnesses, including natives in active service, now numbering about fifty.

"Our missionaries are not much at furnishing numerical results of evangelical work, but prefer to leave the question of the number of converts with the Lord, where it only belongs. So we are only able to say that as far as we can judge from the letters of our missionaries and their personal testimony while visiting the home land, this has been the most fruitful year of this Mission, for which all praise is due to the Lord.

"We feel sure that more people sitting in darkness in these lands, have heard the pure Gospel. And this is our responsibility and privilege, for the Lord has definitely promised that His Word shall

not return unto Him void. So if we in the home land can be definitely established on the fact that it is ours to preach the Word, as our missionaries seem to be, then it would add greatly to our peace and comfort. One who faithfully gives the Gospel to those who reject it, will be as fully rewarded when the Lord comes, as when given to those who accept it. 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.'

"Not only has this been a great year for service, but the Lord's hand has been wide open in supplying all the needs of the Mission. 'My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus', has been fully verified during the whole year. Two new missionaries have gone to the field, and some on sick leave have returned well; new friends have been raised up by the Lord to help with gifts and prayer, and the lives of all the missionaries and council have been preserved, so that we can say with the Psalmist, 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.'"



The Value of Medical Missions

In a recent issue of *The Korea Magazine*, Dr. W. T. Reid of Songdo, Korea, says:

"The work of medical missions produces fruit in many brands plucked from the burning and many souls brought from death unto life, from darkness to light and from ignorance to the knowledge of God and that which is thus blessed and used of God in the salvation of souls is worth all the church can put into it and far more than the church has been putting into it in the past.

"To illustrate by a concrete example: it has scarcely been a month since we discharged cured from the hospital a man whose whole attitude to Christianity was changed by his treatment here. It appears that of the whole clan this man's aunt and her daughter were the only Christians. His father at one time seriously considered becoming a Christian but was prevented by the violent opposition of this man and his younger brother. Not long since he was brought to the hospital in a very dangerous condition from abscess of the liver and without operation would have died. His life was saved by the operation, however, and during the two or three weeks in the ward he opened his heart to the Gospel and made confession of faith in Christ before he left. I now hear that his brother also has been impressed and now has a believing mind. Thus opposition has been removed and we may confidently expect other members of the family to also turn to God and to His truth in Christ. To pluck one such soul from the error of darkness to the light of life is worth more throughout the endless ages of eternity than can be computed in terms of material value and finite time.

"Thus the medical mission fulfils its purpose and the angels of God rejoice more over one soul that repenteth than over ninety and nine that need no repentance."



A Vital Need

According to the *Assembly Herald* the Mission and Government schools of India are producing not less than 200,000 new literates every year—young men and young women who are learning to read, and they are not being supplied by the missions with sufficient reading material.

Secular agencies have discovered, however, that Missions have created a great reading public, a great market, and they are quick to enter into that market with their secular and often antagonistic literature from the standpoint of Christianity. Much of the literature which is being provided for this large and rapidly increasing reading public is destructive both of morals and of the right conception of truth.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

JULY 1.

Little Things That Make or Mar Song of Solomon, 2:15; Prov. 25:11.

The Daily Bible Readings for this topic which were printed in the last issue of our paper suggested a few of the many little things that make or mar the beauty of human character.

"Trifles make perfection; but perfection is no trifle," said Michael Angelo. So in our study of this topic, let us remember that nothing is unimportant which contributes in any way to the up-building of Christian character and the determination of human destiny.

Human life may be divided into three spheres—thought, speech and action. In each of these realms little things may be productive of great results.

A passing thought may become the great life purpose of some human soul. How vital then is it for us to guard the channels of our thoughts so that they may be focussed upon the things that will make for the attainment of high purposes and the realization of high ideals.

A thoughtless word may mean the marring of a whole lifetime. It may result in the sundering of some precious friendship, the breaking of family ties, the blasting of a fine reputation, the disruption of social relations or even the upheaval of governmental authority.

An apparently insignificant action may have infinitely important results. As Amiel has finely said, "What we call little things are merely the causes of great things. One simple black speck may be the beginning of a gangrene, of a storm, of a revolution. From one insignificant misunderstanding hatred and separation may finally issue. An enormous avalanche begins with the displacement of an atom."

"Sow a thought and you reap an act; sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny." How true is this statement, and how vital then is it for us to watch each thought and act, so that our final reaping may be fraught with happiness rather than despair.

The trained ear of an orchestra leader can detect the slightest error on the part of the humblest member of the orchestra. In other words one man may mar the performance of the entire orchestra. So by some slight act we may spoil the harmony of a human life.

A great machine is made up of hundreds and often thousands of different parts. The imperfection of a single part may render the entire machine useless and valueless. So by some little word or act we may paralyze the whole influence of our Christian profession.

Constant watchfulness is the price of safety. This is true not only in the realm of our physical existence but also in the moral and spiritual sphere of life.

We need divine help in order that we may successfully guard ourselves against the little things that mar human life and destiny.

We also need divine aid in order that we may think and say and do the things that will make this life worth the living and assure us of lasting happiness in the world to come. The Lord Jesus Christ will give us the help that we need, and let us consecrate ourselves anew to His service so that we may have His aid.

JULY 8.

Tried and Proved. A Promise Meeting

Hebrews 6:9-20.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. July 2. Great promises. 2 Pet. 1:1-8.
T. July 3. To the afflicted. Isa. 43:1-5.
W. July 4. To believers. Mark 11:22-26.
T. July 5. To the humble. Luke 9:46-50.
F. July 6. To the obedient. Josh. 1:1-9.
S. July 7. To the penitent. Ps. 51:1-19.

"The promises of God," says a quaint old writer, "are the kind declarations of His Word, in which He hath assured us He will bestow His blessings upon His people."

The Scriptures are full of promises, some of which relate to the Messiah,

some to the Church, and some to the believer. One writer has said that the Bible contains ten thousand promises.

The value of a promise lies in the ability and the willingness of the one who has made the promise to fulfill it. Measured by this standard, the promises of God are of infinite value, for He is both able and willing to fulfill every promise.

As Christians we do not avail ourselves as fully as we ought of the splendid promises which are recorded in God's Word. A promise of whose existence we are ignorant is of no service to us, and we should seek to familiarize ourselves more fully with the precious promises that are scattered through the Scriptures.

"Tried and proved" are the key-words of our topic, and practical testimony as to the value of God's promises should be made a prominent feature of the meeting at which this subject is discussed.

God's "precious and exceeding great promises" are directed to all classes and conditions of humanity. They are for the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the weak and the strong, the wise and the unlearned, the prosperous and the unfortunate. They cover all the varied realms of life, and deal with both material and spiritual matters.

The greatest promise ever made by God to man was the promise of a Saviour, and that promise is fulfilled in the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the city of Venice, we are told, a line of red stones is laid in the crooked streets, and by following that line we come to the Cathedral of Venice. So in the Bible, God has laid a red line of promise that leads us to Christ.

If we did not rely upon the promises of God, life would have a barren and hopeless outlook. It is only as we rely on God's Word that we gain the vision of the better and brighter things that are in store for those who through faith and patience, inherit the promises.

The Christian who takes firm hold on God's promises has as an anchor of the soul a hope both sure and steadfast. Nothing can shake his confidence, for he knows that the promises of God are based upon infinite power and infinite love.

Some one has well said: "Every promise is built upon four pillars: God's justice or holiness, which will not suffer Him to deceive; His grace or goodness, which will not suffer Him to forget; His truth, which will not suffer Him to change; and His power, which makes Him able to accomplish."

JULY 15.

God Our Helper

Psalms 121:1-8.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. July 9. The eternal Helper. Deut. 33:26-29.
T. July 10. Strong and tender. Isa. 40:9-12.
W. July 11. Help in perplexity. Ex. 5:22, 23; 6:1.
T. July 12. Shelter in adversity. Ps. 46:1-11.
F. July 13. Comfort in sorrow. 2 Cor. 1:1-11.
S. July 14. Protection in danger. Zech. 2:1-5.

The Scripture assigned for this topic is one of a series of Psalms which has been called "The Pilgrims' Songs of Ascents" (Psalms 120 to 134).

Psalms 121 is really a poem of four stanzas, each stanza consisting of two verses as printed in our English version. It presents God as our Helper, or to use the words of the Psalm itself, its theme is "The Lord Thy Keeper."

Dr. A. F. Kirkpatrick, in his admirable Commentary on the Psalms, says: "This exquisite Psalm, inspired by perfect trust in Jehovah's guardianship of His people, was probably composed to be sung by pilgrims going up to the Feasts at Jerusalem, possibly at the point where they first caught sight of the goal of their journey. We seem to hear in it the voices of the pilgrims encouraging one another with words of faith and hope, as they journeyed to Jerusalem, once more in the centre of national life and worship to realize the relation of Jehovah to Israel and to each individual Israelite as their guardian in all the vicissitudes of life."

As this Psalm cheered and encouraged the Israelites of old, so it should serve to inspire and strengthen us as Christians to-day, as we walk the pathway of life, with our faces turned toward the heavenly Jerusalem.

God is our Helper as long as we look unto Him. His power as the creator of heaven and earth assures us that His might and His wisdom will be sufficient for all the experiences of life. He is ever watchful to hear our cry, for He neither slumbers nor sleeps.

At a time of crisis, like that through which our nation is now passing, it is reassuring to remember that the Lord is our keeper. Whether we are at home or abroad, on sea or on land, at the battle-front or in some sheltered and protected post of duty, let us remember the blessed assurance of the Psalmist, "He shall preserve thy soul."

This Psalm is full of comfort for those who are afflicted in any way. Whatever the burden that rests upon us, we may rejoice in the presence of the Lord, in whose hand is our going out and our coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.

As a ship in distress uses the wireless to summon aid, so when we are in any danger whatsoever, we should seek help from God by the use of prayer.

In human warfare the enemy often succeeds in cutting the line of communication, but in the battle of life nothing can sever us from our divine Helper save our own lack of faith.

JULY 22.

Applying the Golden Rule to Life Matthew 7:7-12.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. July 16. Good for evil. Matt. 5:43-48.
T. July 17. David's generosity. 1 Sam. 24:1-19.
W. July 18. Feed the enemy. 2 Kings 6:15-23.
T. July 19. Put yourself in his place. Jas. 2:8.
F. July 20. Open house. Heb. 13:1-3.
S. July 21. A golden motto. Heb. 13:18.

This is a very practical topic. The Golden Rule is a beautiful ethical maxim, but unless and until it is applied to our daily living, it is of no tangible service either to ourselves or to others.

In the Golden Rule we have the New Testament interpretation of the Old Testament law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Leviticus 19:18).

The Golden Rule gives us "the substance of all relative duty; all Scripture in a nutshell." It is an incomparable summary of "the law and the prophets." Well does James speak of this as "the royal law" (James 2:8).

"It is true," writes one commentator, "that similar maxims are found floating in the writings of the cultured Greeks and Romans, and naturally enough in the Rabbinical writings. But expressed as it is here—in immediate connection with, and as the sum of such duties as had been just enjoined, and such principles as had been before taught—it is to be found nowhere else. And the best commentary upon this fact is, that never till our Lord came down thus to teach did men effectually and widely exemplify it in their practice."

The Golden Rule is a precept for positive action. Confucius taught a negative form of this injunction, but Christ put it into a form that calls for practical exercise. It is not enough simply to refrain from doing what we would not like to have our neighbor do unto us. We must see to it that we do unto him the things that we would like to have him do unto us.

We should apply the Golden Rule to all the relations of life. In the home, at school, in business, on the street, in the trolley car, on the railway train, in political life, in social life, in church life—everywhere we should strive to follow this royal law so clearly enunciated by our Master.

In time of war the Golden Rule, like the other teachings of Christianity, is apt to be disregarded. And yet, it is a principle which should never be aban-

doned. If followed, the Golden Rule becomes one of the amenities by which the scourge of war is tempered, and the more fully it is heeded, the more it tends to palliate the horrors of strife.

Should the Golden Rule be adopted as a principle of action by nations as well as individuals, it would undoubtedly lead to a peace more firm and lasting than any gained by a mere preponderance in arms.

JULY 29.

Evangelistic, Educational, Medi- cal and Industrial Work in Foreign Missions

Isaiah 61:1-3.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. July 23. Evangelistic work. Matt. 28:16-20.
T. July 24. Educational work. Prov. 8:1-8.
W. July 25. Medical work. Mark 16:14-20.
T. July 26. Industrial work. I Thess. 4:9-12.
F. July 27. Work we can do. Matt. 9:35-38.
S. July 28. The healing message. Ezek. 47:1-9.

Four of the great sub-divisions of missionary work in the foreign field are named in our topic. There is still another branch of work, which is complementary and supplementary to all other lines of effort, and without which the missionary enterprise cannot make marked advance in any direction. This fifth sub-division is what may be called the Christian literature branch of missions, and it is as fundamental in its importance as any form of service that is being carried on in the mission field abroad.

Christian literature in the vernacular is a vital aid to each of the four branches of work that are named in our topic. When the missionary goes forth to preach, that is to evangelize the people, he finds in the printed page a means of reaching many who are beyond the sound of his spoken words. Furthermore he finds that even in the case of those who hear his voice a book or a tract serves to impress upon the hearts of his hearers the gospel message which he has uttered by word of mouth.

In the educational work Christian literature is both invaluable and indispensable. The printed page is an absolute necessity for the schools, colleges and theological seminaries that are maintained at the mission stations abroad. Without books the great educational work of all the foreign mission boards and societies could not be carried on for a single day.

In medical work the printed page often plays a very helpful part. The patient who comes to the mission hospital may receive a gospel leaflet to read while in the waiting room, and this may be the initial step in the conversion of that soul to Christ. Or, perhaps, while an inmate in some ward of the hospital during weary hours of convalescence, the patient may be given a tract or a book to while away the time, and while reading simply for diversion, the gospel truth may find entrance into that soul.

One of the important branches of industrial mission work is the preparation of Christian literature. Many mission stations maintain a printing establishment as an industrial feature of their work, and the publication of Christian literature usually constitutes the chief activity of such a mission press. For example, in connection with the East Central Africa Methodist Mission a printing plant is run by the boys of the training school at Old Umtali, and this mission press renders great service to the missionaries by publishing Christian books, tracts and periodicals in the native language.

Thus the Christian literature branch of missions serves to strengthen and support all the other branches of missionary work. And while we support the evangelistic, educational, medical and industrial activities on the foreign field, let us not overlook nor neglect the effective instrumentality of the printed page, which is the strong right arm to all these beneficent forms of service.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Betty's Adventure

BY CORA S. DAY.

FATHER, Mother and Betty were going to see a big Fourth of July parade. There would be flags and marching soldiers, and wonderful scenes on floats and bands playing gay music. For days and days a lot of workmen had been busy all along the street where the parade was to pass. They were building great wooden grandstands, where people would sit to watch the parade go by. Of course they had to buy tickets for these seats. Father had promised to get three tickets, so they could all have a good view of the beautiful sight.

Betty went into a flutter of excitement when Father came home one evening and said:

"Feel what's in my pocket, Betty."

"Oh, it's the parade tickets, I know," Betty cried gleefully, and sure enough it was. Her small fingers soon found and pulled out the three bits of pink pasteboard.

"One might think they were tickets to fairyland," mother laughed as Betty danced about with them and then brought them to her to put safely away.

Independence Day came at last, bright and sunny. Betty was so glad and excited that she could scarcely stand still to be dressed. Then, just at the last minute before they were to start, some one came in and delayed them. So when they came to the street where the parade was to pass, the sidewalks were already packed with people who stood in deep rows behind the ropes that stretched along the curb.

Betty's father soon found it useless to try to push through the crowd. So they got in line with those moving the way they wished to go, and moved along slowly with them. Everybody was good-natured, and Betty thought it was quite jolly, until her father said:

"Our seats are on the other side of the street."

"Oh, how will we ever get to them?" gasped Betty. She was holding fast to his hand so she would not get pushed away from him and her mother and be lost in the crowd. "The policemen are not letting any one cross the street."

Betty thought they would have to stand on the sidewalk, like the hundreds of people who had no grandstand seat tickets in their pockets. Then they would lose the nice seats father had paid for, and the good view which they had hoped to have of the parade.

"Wait," Father answered smilingly. Pretty soon they came to a cross street on which cars ran. Here the ropes were parted every few minutes to let the cars pass; and Betty saw that then people were allowed to cross. Here they stopped to wait their chance, close by the rope.

A half dozen boys were waiting. Betty heard one of them say:

"Now boys, watch and follow me when the ropes part. And all keep together."

Right beside Betty stood a little old lady. She seemed to be alone and instead of looking happy and eager, like everybody else, she seemed worried and half frightened. Just then the ropes parted, the line of cars began to move, and the crowd pushed forward.

The little old lady started too, in nervous haste. Betty and a big policeman both caught her arm just in time to keep her from stepping in front of a moving car.

"Wait a minute, lady, while the cars pass," the blue-coat said kindly. The little old lady looked up at him with scared, faded blue eyes.

"Oh, please, I must hurry. I lost my folks in the crowd. I must try to find them," she said. Betty squeezed her arm gently and smiled up into the troubled old face.

"We'll take you across with us," she said kindly. "Will we not, father?"

"To be sure," said father heartily. The boys were listening now. Betty's kind interest made them interested, too.

"We'll all look out for you going over, lady," the leader said. The frightened look vanished from the dear old face as the lost one found herself surrounded by new friends ready to serve as a body-guard.

Then the last car passed; Betty kept a protecting hold of the old lady's arm; father said: "Now boys," and then they all swept across the street together. There the lost one was landed right in the midst of her "folks," who were anxiously waiting and watching for her. And stranger still, the folks were Betty's dearest friend Flora and her father and mother; and the little old lady was

Why Emeline Refused

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

"No, Marie, I just can't go on that auto ride with you, much as I'd like to if things were different," and Emeline's voice almost broke into a sob as she turned her head away.

"I don't see why," said Marie, a bit impatiently, for she was fond of the fun-loving Emeline, though often out of patience with her chum's "old-fashioned notions," as she called them. "Your mother didn't tell you not to, before she went away; and certainly you've earned the right to a little amusement by taking care

them, and no matter how much I may wish that I could go, I would never question her judgment, nor the love for me which prompts her care, even in such matters."

"And you nearly seventeen, and in your last year of High School!" almost scornfully.

"Yes, dear," laughing; and that cheery, whole-souled laugh drove the shadow of disappointment from her face, and the echo of its tone from her voice. "I am that very mature and highly-educated person! Yet, Marie, Mamma is at least six weeks older and a lot wiser than I. She knows best, even if she also knows that I'm goose enough to prefer what isn't best nor even proper, according to her social code and standard," firmly, even for Emeline whose reputation was "like a flint, for Right."

"It will break up the party, for I shan't go if you don't, though I've no mother to honor by my obedience to her known wishes," said Marie, thoughtfully, almost wistfully, as a tear shone in either eye.

"How I wish that you had, dear! You'd feel, as I do, that you'd rather forego a dozen auto rides or anything, which she felt to be unworthy! But come with me, upstairs, and let me show Mamma's picture as she was at seventeen. Then we'll see what Bridget's planning for dinner, set the table, and visit until Leonard finishes his nap. When Papa comes home, he'll help us forget about the auto ride, for he has so much to tell us about his day in town, the war news, business, and other current events."

"How happy you always seem in your home life Emeline," said Marie, as they went up the broad stairs, their arms interlaced about each other.

"Therefore, the least that I can do is to help keep the home atmosphere free of chill or cloud. You were away the Sunday that we had the Fifth Commandment for the day's lesson; but besides making it all very plain, the point that was most strongly impressed on me was when Miss Preston said: 'We may often honor one quite as much by refraining from doing something of which they do not approve, as we can by doing something which is sure to have their sanction.' Isn't it so?"

"It certainly is. The one is only negative, it is true, and the other positive; but it is sometimes true that the negative force is even more powerful than the positive," replied Marie, again radiant.

And all of us may honor our parents, by respecting not only their more mature judgment—even in little things—but their wishes, their preferences and even their personal peculiarities. It is a blessed way to pile up pleasant memories, too: for to all must come the day when Father's work for us is done, his account book closed, and mother's busy hands are folded for the last time on earth.

Happy the girl or boy who can look back upon the days when they honored the living parents by consulting them upon the little things of life—dress, books, friendships, business, amusements, studies, etc., as well as upon the larger ones of greater and graver importance.

And now is none too soon to begin what may be an eternal bank account in favor of young people who so "lay up treasures" "where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." To-day is yours; to-morrow may be too late.

Pointed Paragraphs

Live in the sunshine; you will live longer.

Tell the truth; neither God nor man has any use for a liar.

Obey your parents; the world loves the boy or man who loves and respects his mother.

Join the Church; for your own good as well as for the good that you can do, you should line up with God's people.—EXCHANGE.



CELEBRATING INDEPENDENCE DAY

Flora's grandmother, who had come to visit them and see the parade. Best of all they had seats on the same stand, close to Betty. Soon they were all seated comfortably, and Betty and Flora were smiling back and forth. Then there came a faint strain of gay music, growing louder and closer every minute. Then the flags and soldiers and wonderful floats and splendid bands came sweeping down the street.

The people cheered and clapped their hands joyfully at the brave sight. But among them all there was not one happier child than Betty. Her own good time was made all the brighter by the adventure on the way, for it had given her the chance to help the dear old lady, and to plant the seeds of kindly helpfulness in half a dozen boyish hearts.

of this house and family while she's away!"

"So far as earning anything is concerned, I think you're wrong, Marie dear. I happen to know something of my High School expenses for this year, to say nothing of room-rent, board, and clothing, all of which are very expensive items at present—as you, too, know. But it is the fact that I am sure that Mamma would not approve of the party as it is being arranged, which keeps me from saying 'Yes, and thank you!' Personally I don't see the harm, as they are all girls and boys from our 'set,' if it weren't for the late hour which the long ride will mean, the supper at some public place and the going without a chaperone. But these are just the points where Mamma has her own convictions, and a right to

Our Fireside

Ngai Tsz—The Story-Teller's Daughter

By Jean Mateer Beeman

ONE bright beautiful morning in the Spring of the year a Chinese pastor's wife went to the village stream to wash her bowl of millet before it was to be cooked for breakfast.

As soon as the grain had been thoroughly cleansed and she was about to return home, her attention was attracted by peculiar sounds which came from an odd little bundle lying exposed on the stones along the water's edge.

Making a closer inspection, the woman gave a gasp of astonishment, lifted the bundle tenderly in her arms, then hid it within the folds of her loosely flowing garment and turned homeward with flying footsteps.

Rushing breathlessly into her courtyard, where she met her husband, she exclaimed joyfully:

"See! See! What I have found!"

"What is it?" inquired her husband curiously as he followed his wife into the bedroom where she gently laid her burden upon the couch.

"Look!" exclaimed she, standing proudly aside to give a better view.

"A babe! Where did it come from?" he inquired, now much interested.

"I found it down by the stream. And it's a little girl, but we'll keep her anyway, won't we?" and the woman looked appealingly into the manly face of her husband.

For a little time the man did not reply. There had been a childless home. Formerly Mr. Wang was a professional story-teller, going about Shantung Province, making a livelihood as best he

could by entertaining the people with his recital of the folk lore of their land. They had spent a great deal of money in offerings at the temples that they might be blessed with a son. A few years previous to the opening of our story they had heard of the "Jesus Doctrine," had consecrated their lives to God, and were spreading broadcast the news of the Bible stories and yet all their prayers to Heaven for a child of their very own had as yet gone unanswered. They would have preferred to have a son, for that is a natural wish of the Chinese—and yet, perhaps this little waif was the answer to their prayer!

The young native evangelist bent thoughtfully over the little bundle and just then the babe opened its tiny black eyes and smiled up into his face. He smiled in return, raised the child into his strong arms, and said to his wife:

"Yes, she shall be our daughter. Let us dedicate her to God now and to the service of the Church!"

Still holding the wee stranger closely to him, the husband knelt with his wife upon the earthen floor of their humble home and earnestly, reverently and joyfully gave unreservedly into God's keeping His new gift to them.

And so, it happened that glorious Spring day, that a poor, forlorn, abandoned babe from some unwelcome home, was received gratefully into the hearts of its foster father and mother—who loved it and treasured it above every earthly possession.

Thus the years passed quickly by. They called their daughter "Ngai Tsz"—"God's gift"—because He had sent her to be the sunshine and blessing of their home. The child grew strong and robust in body, and early developed an unusually bright mind and sweetness of character, which won for her a host of friends.

When she reached school age her foster father took great pride in teaching her himself, so that she kept far ahead of her fellow pupils in the little country school which was taught by a graduate of the Wei Hsien High School for Girls. Mrs. Wang was an adept needlewoman and a skilled housewife and delighted in training her little girl in all those things which would some day make her a good wife and mother—capable of efficiently managing a home of her own.

Little Ngai Tsz was never quite so happy as when, out of school hours, she would gather her heathen schoolmates about her, sing to them the sweet Gospel hymns and tell them in her quaint childish way the beautiful stories to be found in the "Jesus Book"—the Bible. In this way, her own heart bubbling over with love for the Christ, she was able to lead a great many of the children of the village to a knowledge of the "Jesus Doctrine," and they in turn told their parents and urged them to go to the Christian Chapel to see and hear the wonderful things for themselves.

So the years, as they flew by, brought marvelous changes to the "Flowery Kingdom." Telegraphs, telephones, post offices, electric lighting, newspapers, and other modern inventions were widely introduced. Railroads were built across many provinces. The old Empress Dowager issued an edict urging the women of the nation to cease the binding of their feet. While, most wonderful of all, throughout the Empire there suddenly sprang up everywhere Government schools for girls, fostered by the highest officials of the land and attended by girls of all classes, from the poor beggar lassies who must be self-supporting all the way up the line of rank to the daughters of court officers and Imperial Princes of the realm.

Finally there was flashed over the Empire the welcome news that the Imperial family at Peking had been overthrown and a republic was to be set up

in place of the old tyrannical rule of the Manchu Dynasty.

This new state of affairs ushered in a wonderful new day for China's daughters, and the nation awoke at last to its responsibility and privilege in giving to its girls every educational advantage open to its sons.

When Ngai Tsz had finished the course in the grade schools, her parents sent her for four happy, profitable years to the excellent Girls' High School at Wei Hsien. Through all her life in the missionary compound Ngai Tsz was a universal favorite with schoolmates, teachers and foreign friends, who were soon convinced that this young girl, with such a bright intellect and such a sweet Christian character, had indeed been raised up of God for a definite purpose, that He might be glorified.

When the graduation time came, one lovely June afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Wang were justly proud of their daughter as she sat upon the beautiful decorated platform among her fellow classmates; and finally, their hearts overflowed with praise to God as she arose modestly and gave the valedictory address entitled: "Women's Work For The New Republic."

During the summer vacation following her graduation there came to Wang Ngai Tsz a very attractive offer of a position as Principal of a Government School for Girls to be opened that Autumn in a little township some miles distant from her own home. It would not be a large school at the beginning, for it was only an experiment in that particular locality—the Mandarin being strongly opposed to the education of girls and being especially bitter against "the foreign devils' religion"—he himself being an ardent Buddhist adherent.

And so, at the appointed time, equipped with her splendid mental training and fortified with her deep consecration to the service of her Master, the young graduate assumed her new duties in the small but attractive building which had been erected for the purpose, and enthusiastically she entered into the work among the twenty-five enrolled heathen girls.

For many miles in every direction there was no Christian church of any kind, and Ngai Tsz had a very difficult time persuading the high and mighty Mandarin to permit the reading of the Bible in the school—but finally he was constrained to give his reluctant consent.

We cannot here follow this earnest young worker through all the mingled experiences of that wonderful year. But toward the close of the Spring Semester a remarkable thing happened, which we shall briefly relate. The Mandarin—the highest official of the county—caused to be circulated broadcast the news that upon a certain day in June every man, woman and child who could possibly come, should gather at the great Temple at An Kiu.

At once there was a tremendous excitement among the people. What could be the object of such a gathering? It was not one of their Feast Days. It was not their New Year Time, when all were supposed to go before their gods to burn incense and offer gifts of flowers, food and paper money. What could it all mean?

The Mandarin would answer no questions; he remained silent, secretive—but smiling. He knew he had indeed a surprise for his people.

When the day arrived, the town was simply thronged with a vast mob of chattering, laughing, wondering souls—ready to be enlightened as to the meaning of this very unusual occasion.

Before the stone steps of the large Buddhist temple there had been erected a platform, upon which sat the Mandarin clothed with all the splendor of his robes of office while about him were grouped his assistants and underlings.

Suddenly he arose and in quick, decisive sentences he made the following announcement:

"Just a year ago there came to our township a young woman teacher from the foreign devils' school yonder at Wei Hsien. She insisted upon the privilege of reading each day portions of 'the Jesus Doctrine Book.' As you know, I have always worshipped Buddha, as we have

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all been taught to do. But my own daughter happened to be a pupil of our new Girls' School. She brought into my home a copy of the book of the white man's religion.

"At first I would not read it—but gradually I became curious. I closely watched the life of this young woman, so different from the rest of us. I decided that she had found something worth while—and she claimed it was because she was a Christian and got her orders from the King of Heaven. So I began to read her book—day and night I have read it—and I have been convinced that it is far superior to the teachings of the Buddhist faith, which give us no hope either for this life or any future existence.

"I have called you here to-day, my people, to make this my public profession of my faith in the 'Jesus Doctrine'—and in the name of the only true God, I invite you each one to investigate and see for yourselves if I have not found the Better Way.

"I want to say also that I have given orders for the immediate total destruction of this temple. Upon this site there is to be erected before another school year begins, large and commodious buildings, where our girls may have every advantage for culture and advancement—that they may be trained, under the able leadership of their Christian teacher to take their places as useful, enlightened citizens of our great Republic of China."

The Girl That Counts

There are cloudy days and days of sunshine. The cloudy days have their limitations; for certain conditions they are acceptable and we welcome the gray sky, the heavy rains. But the day of sunshine has no limitations; it is always welcome, always joybearing. The sick, the helpless, the laborer, the weary, all hail the day of sunbeams, and this is just what happens to the girl who scatters sunshine. The gloomy girl is given standing room, but the girl who leaves a ray of sunshine everywhere is the girl that every one welcomes. The girl who works with a smile, the girl who looks on the bright side, who always has a cheery word, who can find time to take a bunch of flowers to a friend, or write a word of sympathy to the one in need—in short, the girl who can transform sadness into gladness, by the force of her sunny presence, is the girl that counts wherever she may be found.—SELECTED.

Not Happy

Rev. John Gunn, who has been for thirty-three years a missionary of the Free Church of Scotland on the Island of Futuna, in the New Hebrides, has made this significant statement:

"Some persons who think the natives should be left alone to live their simple happy lives, free from care, should live among them. Quite happy, are they? In daily fear of malignant spirits; dreading to omit the smallest detail in their ceremonies, lest they should be smitten with disease, or their gardens be blighted; in terror they move at night from their huts lest they should fall under the unseen bullet of the hidden enemy—their lives were miserable, and it is the greatest mockery to say they were happy."

It is the splendid mission of the Gospel to change all this, and by the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus to bring true happiness into the hearts and lives of those who are dwelling in the darkness of heathendom.



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The Romance of Self Denial

BY MARY DAVIS.

I DROPPED in at the home of the Winchesters the other day on my way home from office. They are a merry hearted family and enjoy life and each other. There was a great shout as I entered the dining room.

"Aunt Mary will have to eat some of our corn meal mush," shrieked the twins.

"Yes, do have some mush, Mary," coaxed their mother with a twinkle in her eyes.

The table was set out as daintily as usual and the little candles cast a rosy light from under their silk shades, but mush was the only article of food on the table.

I am an old friend, so Mrs. Winchester explained simply, "Miss Abby Wright is convalescing from the grippe and the doctor says she needs appetizing food. I wanted to buy her a chicken, but our budget for charity was exhausted so we sent her our chicken and are eating mush ourselves."

"Last week we sent our ice cream to Susie Tibbetts," boasted the Girl Twin. The Boy Twin nodded happily as he ate a second helping of mush with gusto.

I told the story of the mush to the girls at the office. Dorothy, who is as quick-witted as a fox, said in a minute, "We could do that too! Now, listen! We four are each going to pay a dollar for our tickets to Madame Burton's concert. Now if we contented ourselves with seventy-five cent seats we could take little Helen along too. She is crazy over music."

"All right," agreed the others, so our little office girl had a treat because of the Winchesters' mush.

Mr. Wallace, the manager of our office, must have heard about the tickets. Perhaps Dorothy told him about the mush too. But at any rate he told us the tale of his new coat. "I was going to pay twenty-five dollars more for a coat that I liked a little better than this one. Then I decided to send a check for the twenty-five to our minister's boy who is putting himself through college.

And the youngster wrote back that he bought a suit of clothes with it." Mr. Wallace looked ten years younger as he told the story.

Out of the bowl of mush came our tax for luxuries. Quick-witted Dorothy proposed it, but it won the approval of the entire office force. Whenever we buy flowers, magazines, candy or other unnecessary trifles we drop a small coin into the "Iron Man." During the year the funds in that "Iron Man" have bought shoes for poor children, sent a religious paper to a little woman "up country," and provided dainties for the sick. All out of our abundance!

When I was a child, the hardest and most difficult text in the Bible was, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Now I feel the truth of it. The bowls of mush made the merry-hearted Winchesters feel the ties of brotherhood to the great human family. We enjoyed our concert better because of little Helen's glowing face, and Mr. Wallace felt warmer because the minister's boy had a decent suit of clothes. And the girls in the office were as happy as crickets over fitting out the ragged, darling little Smiths.

That body of water is never stagnant that has an outlet. The stagnant waters of the soul, morbid thoughts, selfishness and sordidness turn into higher, nobler passions as we bestow our bounty cheerfully upon the unfortunate and we find that instead of impoverishing ourselves we are astonishingly rich. As Elizabeth Barret Browning sings,

"A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man served by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

"Not Uncertainly"

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

Paul of Tarsus declared to the Corinthians—who were particularly in need of steadying counsel—that in the race of life he did not progress "uncertainly." The adverb in the Greek denotes that which is "not manifest," or, as we would say, a "dubious" course. This caution against indecision, vacillation and erratic wandering is needed in every age. Too many Christians pursue only a zig-zag course toward heaven—they belong to the church's force of Irregulars. What is needed in their lives is more of the single eye, more accuracy of moral aim, more sureness of approach to the goals of God.

Vacillating souls, easily diverted from the narrow way to the side-shows of evil, ought to adopt as their own Paul's motto—"Not as uncertainly!" The certainty, too, should apply to matters of belief as well as to conduct. It has been said that the difference between the two English leaders, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law, is that in Parliament, when some member of the opposing party would ask a pointed question, Mr. Law would reply "Certainly," whereas Mr. Balfour never could be betrayed into giving a positive answer either way to such an inquiry—or perhaps would simply look up to the ceiling. There are times in life when very properly judgment may be reserved, but just as truly there are many occasions when the attitude of uncertainty, or of hesitating reserve, is unseemly.

When we are dealing with the great doctrines of the Christian faith we need "blessed assurance," not weak equivocation. In doctrine as well as in practical life "not as uncertainly" should be our motto. The Bible does not indeed ask any man to believe without evidence, but it does demand that all men accept the evidence which is abundantly presented for the historic facts of the New Testament record, and the truth of the spiritual message which the sacred Book contains. No man need abide in ignorance regarding God's will, or become the prey of bewildering and numbing doubt.

But what is the price of this religious certainty? What is the condition on which "blessed assurance" can be ob-

tained? It is a close fellowship with Christ, an abiding in the Word of God. They who walk close to the Master have no doubt of His divinity, of the reality of the spiritual life, of the need of salvation from sin, or of the adequacy of the redemption provided in Jesus Christ.

If anything is sure, Jesus is sure, and satisfying. Unrest and dismal doubt have then no place in the plans and purposes of a true Christian, who, alike in his beliefs and his daily walk and conversation, approves and fulfills the motto of that noble and far-seeing scholar-missionary from Tarsus: "not as uncertainly."

Longing—and Working

If we could ever realize when our natures are becoming poverty-stricken, arid and dry, perhaps we could alter them before it is too late. If only we could be brave enough to come close to life and say to it: "I am willing to be plowed deep if that is the only way I can be made tender. Send sorrow, if it must be, that tears may fall on my sterile heart and soften it. Give me as much joy as I can earn, or can be trusted with, that sunshine may help to make me sweeter and more fertile; only teach me to live in the depths of myself, giving all I have to give, holding nothing back, lest it dwindle and die in the holding."

It does not mean conceit or vanity when you believe in those powers that enable you to give generously, even royally, such things as smiles, kind words, praise, comfort, good cheer, courage, happiness, love, compassion, heart's ease. All those, we sometimes say, "cost nothing." Alas which one of us would say that it costs nothing to cultivate a golden heart? If it were easy, if it could be attained by a momentary impulse for good, most of us would be saints at this very moment.

Longing lights the lovely fire; but
Longing brings thee still no higher
To thy heart's desire.
Work: work, and thou shalt know!

SELECTED.

Our Big Little Savings

It is said that the national Bureau of Engraving and Printing uses every day from twenty to twenty-five miles of twenty-two-inch cloth just in wiping surplus ink from the plates used in printing bills and postage-stamps. After a single using, the cloth must be thrown away. But now a company in Virginia buys these discarded cloths, and gets from them every year 3,500,000 pounds of fine ink, black, green, red, and orange. These inks the company transforms into pastes and ready mixed paints of all colors, and turns a handsome penny by the operation, besides enriching the United States government.

This is a lesson we all sadly need in our daily lives, the lesson of economy. How much waste time we wipe off of our daily work and play! How much waste effort we throw into the scrap-basket of our lives! How much waste emotion, waste thought, waste manhood and womanhood, goes on to the rubbish-heap from our heedless years!


It is because we do not plan carefully and wisely. We do not husband our resources. We print our hours and days from a lavish press as if paper and ink were ours from an exhaustless storehouse and at no cost. Then, the first thing we know, a staggering bill is presented. Perhaps we find bankruptcy facing us—bankruptcy of health, or of ideas, or of courage, or of faith. There are many bankruptcies worse than the financial kind.

Let us save the waste ink. Let us save all the odds and ends. Let us utilize the fragments. As in Christ's miracle, they will make twelve basketfuls, and they will feed us for many days.

—CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD.

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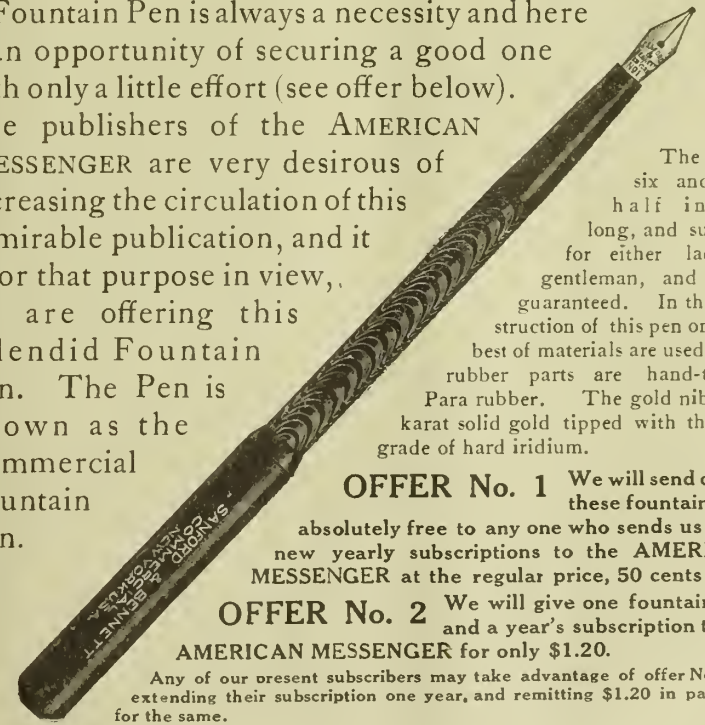
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Receipts of the American Tract Society During May, 1917

Total Donations (Including \$537.79 for Special Objects), \$4,548.43.

CALIFORNIA, \$7.50. Mrs. Walker, \$6.50; Miss Hills, \$1. COLORADO, \$1. Mr. Croston, for tracts for Army and Navy, \$1. CONNECTICUT, \$117.90. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Woolworth, \$5; Mrs. Lane, \$2; "A Friend," \$1; Hartford, Church Offering, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Mrs. Green, for Soldier's Text Books, \$20; Mr. Clark, for Soldier's Text Books, \$25; Thompson, Church Collection, \$7.90; Mr. Platt, \$25; Mr. Taylor, \$1; Mrs. Churchill, \$5; Misses M. H. and S. P. Rogers, \$10; Judge Perry, for Soldier's Text Books, \$10; Miss Andrews, \$1.

ILLINOIS, \$16. "A Friend," \$5; Mrs. Bradford, \$5; Miss Jonkman, \$1; Mr. Brooks, \$5. INDIANA, \$1. Evansville, Church Offering, \$1. IOWA, \$253.21. Miss Roth, \$1; Mr. McGregor, \$10; Mr. Kinsman, \$5; Mr. Addengast, \$5; Miss Weed, \$5; Miss Baird, for work in the Army and Navy, \$1.50; Mrs. Christie, \$5; George, Church Collection, \$54.84; George, Church Offering, \$8.55; Sibley, Church Collection, \$13.34; Lyon Co., No. 1, Church Offering, \$43.35; Ashton, Church Collection, \$33.74; George, Church Offering, \$11.25; Mr. Freerks, \$2; Mr. Groot, \$5; Mr. Klinkenborg, \$2; Little Rock, Church Collection, \$46.64.

KANSAS, \$10.75. Mrs. Bergmann, \$1; Mr. Entz, \$4.15; Rev. Mr. Entz, \$3; "A Friend," \$1; Mr. Lichte, \$0.65; Rev. Mr. Klitzing, \$0.30; Mr. Kaufmann, \$0.65.

KENTUCKY, \$44.35. Dr. Clarke, \$5; Mr. Curran, \$5; Mrs. De Long, \$1; Hon. Mr. Hunt, \$0.35; Mr. Lyle, \$1; Mr. McCann, \$1; Mr. Massie, \$1; Mrs. Payne, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Mr. Ross, \$2; Mr. H. Barrett, \$1; Mr. Barrett, \$1; Mr. J. Barrett, \$2; Mr. Davis, \$5; Mr. Dortch, \$5; Mr. Meldrum, \$2; Mr. Newbold, \$1; Dr. Tileston, \$1; Mr. Wheat, \$5. MARYLAND, \$2. Miss Birnie, \$2.

MASSACHUSETTS, \$51. Mr. Hendry, \$1; Mr. Perry, \$1; Mrs. Howland, \$5; "A Friend," \$5; Mrs. Stimpson, for Soldier's Text Books for 100 Soldiers, \$3; Dr. Miles, \$3; Mr. Wyman, \$10; Mrs. Allen, \$0.25; "A Friend," \$0.25; Boston, Church Offering, \$0.50; Mr. Webster, \$2; Mrs. Mason, \$10; Mr. Brewer, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Mr. Marcy, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5.

MICHIGAN, \$10. Jackson, Church Offering, \$10. MINNESOTA, \$2. Mrs. Wyss, \$2. MISSOURI, \$124. Mr. Lease, \$5; Miss Gibson, for work among Soldiers, \$5; W. H. Markham & Co., \$5; Mr. Andrews, \$5; Mr. Ballard, \$5; Mr. Bousack, \$5; Mr. Brimsmade, \$2; Mr. Galt, \$1; Mr. Herriot, \$1; Mrs. Holmes, \$10; Mr. Langenberg, \$1; Mr. Manning, \$1; Mr. Miller, \$5; Mr. Pauley, \$5; Mr. Peters, \$10; Dr. Post, \$1; Dr. Rehfeldt, \$5; Hon. Mr. Spencer, \$10; Miss Switzer, \$3; Mr. Ten Broek, \$15; Mr. Waterworth, \$2; Mr. Whitchill, \$5; Mr. Wiggins, \$5; Winkle-Terra Cotta Co., \$10; Webster Groves, Church Offering, \$2.

NEBRASKA, \$6.20. Mr. Haub, \$0.20; Mr. Woods, \$1; Lyons, Church Offering, \$5.

NEVADA, \$1. Mr. Buterbaugh, \$1.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$15. Mr. Wetherbee, \$15.

NEW JERSEY, \$2,709.20. Miss Davis, \$5; Mr. Cowan, \$2; West Hoboken, Church Collection, \$8; Mr. Indersoll, \$1; Caldwell, Church Collection, \$10; Mrs. Voorhees, \$2,508.20; Miss Calkins, for distribution of Bible Literature, \$25; Miss Littell, \$3; Mr. Cook, \$5; Miss Brown, \$2; "A Friend," \$1; Mr. Hoffman, \$1; Mr. Cortelyou, to constitute Mr. Woodward a Life Director, \$100; Dr. Franklin, \$2; Mrs. Lynde, \$20; Miss P. Dwyer, \$1; Rev. Mr. Honeyman, \$5; "Ein Freund," \$10.

NEW YORK, \$746.86. Mrs. Crockett, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; The Memorial Fund, \$18; Dr. Buchanan, \$100; Miss Davison, \$2; Mr. Bayne, \$5; Mr. R. Keen, \$10; New York City, Church Collection, \$27.49; New York City, Church Collection, \$366.74; Miss Strong, \$20; Miss Dooley, In Memory of Her Father, Rev. H. T. Dooley, \$5; Mrs. Hawkins, \$10; Mr. Frank, \$2; Mr. Watson, \$1; Miss Zabriskie, \$2; Miss Mills, \$10; East Bloomfield, Church Offering, \$18.80; Miss Andrus, \$1; Irvington-on-Hudson, Church Collection, \$25; Mrs. D. L. ... \$2; Mr. Peckham, \$3; Miss Davison, for Soldier's Text Books and general work, \$5; Meadow Brook, Church Collection, \$5; Miss Masters, \$1; Watertown, Church Offering, \$10; Miss Bowen, \$3; Mrs. Brown, for work in Army and Navy, \$5; Mr. King, \$10; Mrs. Cole, \$1; Mrs. Rothberg, \$0.53; Mrs. ... \$1; Mr. Johnson, \$4.50.

NORTH DAKOTA, \$10. ... \$10. OHIO, \$91.46. Mr. Hunt, \$2; Mr. Behner, \$5; Mr. Ring, \$1; Mr. ... \$5; Rev. Mr. Crook, \$2. Mr. ... \$5; Mr. ... \$5. Miss ... \$10; Prof. ... \$1; Mr. Meacham,

\$5; Mr. Ponnford, \$5; Mr. Ritchie, \$5; Mr. Shipley, \$10; Mr. Stearns, \$10; Dr. Chase, \$1; Mr. Gump, \$1; Mr. Irwin, \$1; Mr. Kumber, \$1; Mr. McKee, \$2; Mr. Marietta, \$1; Mr. Perrine, \$1; Mr. Phelps, \$3; Mr. Frank, \$1; Mr. Wintchiet, \$3; East Liverpool, Church Offering, \$1.46.

PENNSYLVANIA, \$264.90. Mr. Neff, \$5; Mrs. Buckman, for Literature for Soldiers, \$10; Mr. Albert, for distribution of Tracts and other Literature, \$15; McKeesport, Church Offering, \$10; Mrs. Cain, \$100; Mr. Trexler, \$10; The Misses Weigle, for Literature for Soldiers, \$2; "In His Name," for Colportage in the West, \$5; Mr. Patton, \$5; Mrs. McCormick, \$10; Mr. Heilig, \$1; Miss Coleman, \$10; Mr. Wertz, \$4.90; Miss Cole, \$5; Rev. Mr. Frith, \$5; Mr. Kerrick, for Soldier's Text Books, \$2; Mr. Wilbur, \$5; Mrs. Hailman, \$5; Mr. Eiler, \$5; Mrs. Langhin, Jr., \$50.

SOUTH CAROLINA, \$7. Misses Ella and Ida Dudley, \$2; Rev. Mr. Andrews, for work among the Soldiers, \$5.

TENNESSEE, \$2. Mrs. Williams, \$2.

TEXAS, \$2. Mrs. Johnston, \$2.

VERMONT, \$25. Miss Worcester, \$1; Mrs. Benedict, for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Mr. Crane, \$5; Mr. Howe, \$5; Mr. Perkins, \$5; Gen. Peck, for Soldier's Text Books, \$1; "A Friend," \$1; Mr. Ritchie, \$2.

VIRGINIA, \$15. John L. William & Sons, \$15.

WASHINGTON, \$7. Dr. Chapman, for Soldier's Text Books, \$7.

WEST VIRGINIA, \$2. Mr. McCoy, \$2.

WISCONSIN, \$2.10. "Ungenannt," \$1.80; Mrs. Arpke, \$0.30.

FOREIGN, \$1. Canada, Mrs. McCrae, \$1.

LEGACIES, \$644.77. Warsaw, N. Y., Estate of Adelia C. Walker, \$69.77; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Estate of Sarah M. Pells, \$570; West Manchester Township, Pa., Estate of Jacob Bare, on account, \$5.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$1,225. Income for Missionary Work, \$1,225.

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum ofdollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

"Behold, I Am Living"

One of the inquirers recently baptised in the Congo Mission of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, was Iyeza Nkoi, an old Nkum or feudal lord. His name might signify Lord Leopard. So far as we have been able to ascertain, he is the only man of his class who has been baptised. He did some really heroic things to become a Christian, and he has endured persecution for the cause. He washed his body with water—an unheard of thing for an Nkum to do. He broke his vow, he bared his head to the gaze of all as he was baptised. An Nkum must appear in men's presence with covered head. Some of his family, though Christians, were afraid that he would drop dead as he uncovered his head. But he braved it all. He said to us one day as we were at supper: "Teachers, I have washed my body with water, and done other things that an Nkum never does, and behold I am living; should I longer fear to uncover my head?"

From a Subscriber

In renewing her subscription for the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Mrs. Fitch of Mattoon, writes: "I find the AMERICAN MESSENGER one of the best magazines I ever have taken for the money. It carries a true, clear spiritual inspiration."

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 797,704,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$18,461.65. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,652,967.54, which is the equivalent of 5,305,935,080 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 199,963; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,712, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-six years 17,438,166, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,812,806.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a one volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 16,012,088 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President. JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary. Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

For a Sunday School Library

A grant of books for a Sunday School Library in Menomonic, Wisconsin, has brought forth the following acknowledgment:

"The books for a Sunday School Library in our church are at hand. We are delighted with them, and desire to extend to the American Tract Society our sincerest thanks for this lift in our 'labor of love' for a none-too-encouraging field of labor. If the time should ever come that we can do anything to assist the Society in its greater 'labor of love' it will be a pleasure to render such service."

The American Tract Society

- 1. It is a GREAT MISSIONARY PUBLICATION SOCIETY, having printed and distributed at home and abroad the Gospel Truth in 178 languages or dialects, thereby multiplying many times the power of the missionary.
2. Its UNION MISSIONARY COLPORTAGE reaches the dense population of the city and the scattered population of the country.
3.—Its WORK AMONG THE IMMIGRANTS is most successful. Its colporters are native foreigners speaking Christian Truth in the tongues of those to whom they are sent.
4.—By its GRANTS of cash, publications and electrotypes to missions and societies in the foreign field it enables them to print and circulate an undenominational Christian vernacular literature.

WHY IT SHOULD BE SUPPORTED

- 1.—Because the printed page finds tens of thousands who never learn of Christ in any other way.
2.—Because through its publications many souls are converted both on the home and foreign fields.
3.—Because its volumes and tracts and periodicals develop the spiritual life of Christians.
4.—Because its publications counteract the influence of impure and evil literature.

HOW I CAN HELP IT

- 1.—By making an Annual offering.
2.—By speaking of its work to my friends.
3.—By asking God's blessing upon its work and workers.
4.—By increasing the circulation of its publication.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

TERMS: Subscription price, 50 cts. a year, payable in advance. In clubs of five or more, 30 cts. each. Club subscriptions mailed to separate addresses, if desired. Postage on foreign subscription, 24 cents additional. Canadian subscription, 12 cents additional. Single copies, 5 cents each.

On account of the additional charge which is made by the New York Post Office for mailing to subscribers in New York and Bronx Counties (Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), no club rates, cash commissions or premiums will be given for subscriptions that must be sent to persons residing in those Counties. Each subscription in New York or Bronx County must be at the rate of 50 cents net.

Remit by Express, Money Order, Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. For very small amounts, postage stamps may be sent at the risk of the sender.

RENEWALS: The date opposite your name shows to what time the subscription has been paid, and a change in the date is the receipt for renewal.

CHANGES: When sending change of address, be sure to send the old address as well as the new one.

OUR ADVERTISERS: We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from responsible advertisers, and it is our intention to admit only such to our columns. Should, however, any of our subscribers find that any advertiser does not live up to his agreements, we would consider it a favor if they will inform us, and we will at any time give prompt attention to any complaint.

We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made by advertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and also upon us if they will mention the AMERICAN MESSENGER when answering advertisements.

FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Rev. Isaac Pierson, Field Secretary for New England, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 721 South 37th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage, Southern Agency, Crichton, R.F.D., Mobile Co., Ala.

MANZANAS DE ORO

A charming little paper for Spanish readers. Published monthly and arranged in four-page parts for weekly distribution. In large part a reproduction in Spanish of the Tract Society's well known juvenile periodical entitled, Apples of Gold. Beautiful pictures; large, clear type; every issue printed in color. Single copy, 35 cents per year. Ten or more copies to one address, 30 cents each. A rebate of half these prices is given as a grant to missions and Sunday-schools. In all foreign countries except Cuba, Porto Rico and Mexico, 6 cents per copy must be added to the subscription price to cover postage. For individual subscriptions, the postage is 12 cents additional. American Tract Society, Park Ave. and 40th St., New York.

Recreation in the National Forests

That over a million and a half people use the National Forests as playgrounds each year was the statement recently made by Henry S. Graves, Chief of the Forest Service, before the American Forestry Association. "Located as they are," said Mr. Graves, "The National Forests comprise many regions of superb scenery and unexcelled recreation attraction. In a very real sense these attractions of the Forests constitute a natural resource that must be safeguarded, utilized, and developed."

Mr. Graves stated that a quarter of a century had passed since the establishment of the first National Forests by a law which marked the beginning of a new and more enlightened method of public land administration. The nineteenth century land system, he said, was one wholly of land distribution, which was successful as applied to agricultural lands but unsuccessful as applied to non-agricultural lands chiefly valuable for growing timber. The keynote of the present-day policy is to secure such a disposition, use, and development of the public lands as will render a maximum service to the public. "The country has recognized that public lands of chief value for forest purposes and essential to protect water resources should remain under public control," Mr. Graves continued. "The struggle is now on as to who shall own and control the public water-power sites, the coal, oil, phosphate, and potassium deposits and the common grazing lands that are not suited to development by individuals under any of the homestead laws."

"Ten States in the East have invited the Government to establish National Forests in their borders by purchase of

mountain lands, while others have inaugurated a policy of acquiring State Forests. Underlying this movement is the recognized principle that there are public interests in mountain forests that can not or will not be safeguarded under private ownership. Private ownership of timberlands has been for the most part speculative and temporary in character. Where public interests are involved, the public must protect itself by direct ownership, co-operation, and ultimately a measure of regulation."

More and more of the larger private holdings are being posted with "No Trespassing" signs, and are closed to the public, so Mr. Graves stated. The closing of private lands points to the value of publicly owned forest lands where people living in cities and hot agricultural regions can find an opportunity for the refreshment and recreation that can be secured by a sojourn in the Forests.

Innumerable localities on the National Forests, which are not generally known, have a wealth of scenic beauty. A very practical problem is that of opening up and making these great public properties available for as wide use as possible by people of little means as well as by the wealthy.

In the National Forests of Colorado alone, there were last summer 676,000 visitors. Thousands came in automobiles and used the roads built by the Forest Service under the law which provides that ten per cent of all receipts of the National Forests shall be spent for road and trail building.

The recreation features of the National Forests are fostered in a variety of ways. Areas of scenic value are set aside as camping sites and are withdrawn from any use which would reduce their beauty. Roads and trails are

built by the Forest Service to open up points of scenic interest, streams are stocked with fish, and sites for summer homes can be leased for long periods.

About 25,000 miles of trails and 3,000 miles of roads have been built on the Forests. Congress has appropriated a special fund of ten million dollars for road building on the National Forests, which will become available at the rate of a million dollars a year. This money, added to the quarter of a million dollars now annually available from the receipts of the Forests, will result in opening up many regions now inaccessible for industrial use and also for recreation.

"In developing the recreational resources of the Forests," said Mr. Graves, "we are planning systematically and far ahead. Problems of landscape and sanitary engineering present themselves in large numbers and we have associated with us a distinguished landscape engineer to guide our work. Our system of scenic highways when worked out will be comprehensive in character, and ultimately routes of tourist travel will be furnished with comfortable hotels and rest houses. This development will be of great economic importance to the local communities, both on account of the added business which the tourist trade will bring and the permanent improvements which will be made."

Bible Against Hatchet

Some years ago a scow was tied up in Brooklyn harbor. The captain was a profane and ill-tempered man. One day a quiet, friendly caller visited the scow. He was a Swede, and he brought with him some Bibles to sell or give to the crews on board the freighters along the docks.

The captain flew into a rage. He rushed below decks and came back with a hatchet. Raising it over the Swede's head, he said loudly that he would kill him for bringing a Bible aboard his boat.

The colporter was quiet, but he also was brave. He stood perfectly still, waiting for the hatchet to descend. As it was raised higher, he said calmly: "I am not here in my own name. The Master I serve could strike you down immediately."

At this the captain, awed in spite of himself, dropped his weapon. Sullenly he stood and listened as the Swede read from the Bible and explained the Scriptures to the curious crew gathered about him. When the Bible-reading was over, no comment was made, and the Swede went on to another scow, where he was received with more courtesy. He wrote down in his report that night, "I feel assured that in this case the Word of God will not be without fruit." But why he felt that assurance he did not explain, for the incident would have been a truly discouraging one for most people.

Two years later this same Swede made the following report, which is printed in the *Bible Society Record*: "During this year I had the opportunity to be in a little soul-saving station on Manhattan Island. After the meeting was over, I was told that a certain man wished to speak to me. I went over toward him, and he said, 'Come over here and take this chair, which I have kept for the sailor's Bible man. You do not need to be afraid of me or of my hatchet any more. I am a new man now, and if you only can, forgive me!'"

It was the same captain who had once lifted the hatchet so murderously over the colporter's head. More powerful, more keen than any weapon forged by mortal hand, the two-edged sword of the Spirit had pierced his stubborn soul that day. He was no longer an enemy, but a brother of the brave and peaceful messenger who had brought him God's message two years before.

Its Message.

In sending the renewal of her subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Miss Berger of Jarbolo, Kansas, writes: "I welcome the coming of the AMERICAN MESSENGER more and more each year, as it brings a message to one and all. It brings joy to hearts that are glad and comfort to the hearts that are sorrowing."

Our Medicine Chest

Cholly—"When I was a boy, you know, the doctor said if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes I would become feeble-minded."

Miss Keen—"Well, why didn't you stop?"

"The meanest man that ever lived," says E. A. F., "lived in Vermont and had a chronic cold and used to wait for a sneeze so as to blow out the candle without wasting his breath."

Patience: "Your brother is a great bargain hunter, I hear."

Patrice: "He sure is. And he's quite excited just now."

"What about?"

"Oh, he's a confirmed bachelor, you know, but he read an advertisement yesterday in the paper about great bargains in wedding rings, and now he's all upset."

"Why don't you take the trouble to find out the way I like to have things done?" asked the mistress. "It's not worth while, mum," replied the new girl, "I never stay in a place long."

"I'm afraid you went to sleep during that learned discourse," said the woman with a strong sense of duty. "Yes," replied her husband; "when it started I was afraid I wouldn't."

Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked: "Where have you been, my pet?"

"Playing postman," replied her "pet." "I gave letters to all the houses in our street. Real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother.

"They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.

"I understand that after waiting twenty years she married a struggling young man."

"Yes, poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him."

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday school teacher: "And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas this year?" "I dunno," said Harry; "I gave him the measles last year."

The young girl was visiting her girl friend for the first time after her marriage.

"And does your husband give you all the money you want?" she asked.

"Why, no dear. There isn't that much money."

Stubbs was feeling his way to the kitchen stove in the dark when he fell over the coal scuttle.

"Oh John," called Mrs. Stubbs sweetly. "I know what you need. You should get what they have on battleships."

"What's that?" growled Stubbs, as he rubbed his shins.

"Why a range finder."

"You remember that you sold me a horse last week?" said the cabman angrily to the horse dealer.

"Yes. What about him?"

"He fell dead yesterday."

"Well, I never!" said the dealer. "I told you he had some funny little ways, but upon my word I never knew him to do that before."

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host: "don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman. "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb; but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

"Conscience," said Uncle Eben, "is only a still small voice, an' half de time when it tries to speak up it finds dat de line is busy."

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

<i>Black tea—1 cupful</i>	1.54
(hot) (5 fl. oz.)	
<i>Green tea—1 glassful</i>	2.02
(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	1.21
(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	1.12
(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J., Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A.



BOOKS OF THE HOUR

Life and Adventures of Jack Philip, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A. M. Bound in cloth, 288 pages, 16 illustrations. Price 75 cents postpaid.

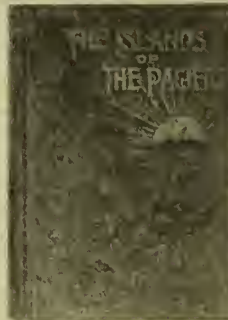
It is the well-told life of one of the most modest and noble heroes of the great American navy. Admiral Philip was a Paul Jones of our later sea-fighting line. Brimming over with action, written in admirable spirit, this book will be an inspiration to all patriotic fathers and sons. If we must have war, Admiral Jack Philip should be the hero of every last man.



The Islands of the Pacific

By James M. Alexander. Bound in cloth, 369 pages, 37 illustrations, 9 maps. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

A timely volume dealing with the more important of the Pacific Islands, relating the almost incredible experiences and the remarkable accomplishments of people who have gone to the various groups. Special chapters on the Society, the Pearl, the Fiji, the Austral, Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands, Hawaii and New Zealand. An extremely informative history.



An Observer in the Philippines

By John Bancroft Devins. With a foreword by Ex-President Taft, and an appendix containing extracts of addresses by William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Judge Alton B. Parker, Elihu Root and Luke E. Wright. Bound in cloth, 416 pages, 64 illustrations. Price, \$2.00 postpaid.



Dr. Devins made a thoroughly personal study of the Philippine Islands. He travelled extensively among the natives, knew their customs, habits, peculiarities and latent possibilities. This book is an authority as to whether or not the Filipino is capable of governing himself and how he would do it, if given a chance. Dr. Devins also realized the commercial value and diplomatic advantage of this group of Islands. Read what we, as a nation, received for our \$20,000,000 purchase price. Read whether it is wise for us to lose our right and release our supervision

over the Philippines, especially at this time.

Religious Life of Famous Americans

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 75



AUGUST, 1917



No. 8



JESUS AND THE MINISTERING WOMEN

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

W.E. FRITZ. DES.

Our Honor Roll

On Our Honor Roll are placed the names of those into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSENGER has come for the last fifty years or more. To the growing list of those whose connection with this paper dates back for half a century or more we are pleased to add the name of Mr. Richard Lewis of Gillett, Pa., who writes in part as follows:

"My grandfather, David Sayre, used to get subscribers for the AMERICAN MESSENGER when my mother was a little girl. My mother is living with me now and is seventy-five years of age. She says the AMERICAN MESSENGER was a large two leaf (four-page) paper then. We think very much of the AMERICAN MESSENGER."

We are delighted to receive this communication from Mr. Lewis, and trust that he and his mother may continue to be readers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER for many years to come.

If there are others, whose connection with our paper extends back for fifty years or more, we shall be very pleased to hear from them.



The Man With the Basket of Fruit

Amos was a man of the fields. He loved the scent of the vines, the olives and the pomegranates. The orchards were his delight. He saw the blooming of the trees and he dreamed of the coming of the golden fruit. And one day as he thought on the strange providence which evolved so much beauty, fragrance and prophecy out of the earth and the trees, the God of the open air spoke to him, and said, "Amos, what seest thou?" and the farmer-prophet answered: "A basket of summer fruit." That is just what we would expect him to see, this man of the trees. The basket of fruit had filled the horizon of his dreams. Had he not gone to the open field and planted the trees? Had not his nurturing care been the good providence that had watched over them? Had he not seen the young trees grow until the blossoms shone like jewels among the leaves, and he dreamed of the good day when the Lord would transform those blossoms into fruit? Did he not hope for the day when he would go out with his basket to the trees and gather the treasures which the grateful boughs had brought from those secret byways along which no wheel has ever rolled? It was a basket of summer fruit that filled his prophetic vision. That is what he had a right to see, and, trusting God, had a right to expect.

"But," said this prophet of the green fields, "this is what the Lord Jehovah showed me." Of course. Who else could show it to him? What other power could bring those striped, pink and white miracles, fragrant with the sweetness of a land unseen, and hold them up before his gaze? Who could put an apple where no apple had ever been before. Who could call out of the secrets and the mysteries such delights and wave them before his sight—who but the Lord Jehovah? Amos did well to say that he saw a basket of summer fruit, for he had worked for it. He did well to say that the God of the trees showed it to him, for no other power could teach the roots of his trees to take hold on the earth and gather out of its night and silence the elements of the fiber and the leaf and the blossom and the fruit, ripen them in the sunshine and the breeze and turn them over to him as the wages of his toil and patience.

What may we not see in a basket of fruit if we will only put on our glasses, sit down beneath the trees, take the apples from the basket or the bough, invite God to come and sit down by our side and do a little research work on our own account! That basket of fruit will carry us back to the days when the earth was young and God was new to His own universe. It will lead us along paths which no human foot has ever trodden, and "the vulture's eye hath not seen," down into the earth where the juices are brewed and carried by invisible aqueducts out of the undiscoverable

Special Short Term Subscription Offer

WE have decided to continue for one month longer our offer to new subscribers of a Special Short Term Subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER from July, 1917, to December, 1917, inclusive (six months), for only Twenty-five Cents.

As you are a reader of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, we are confident that you appreciate its unique value. It is exceedingly helpful to young people in aiding them to participate in the Christian Endeavor Prayer Meetings, and it contains interesting and inspiring reading for every member of the family circle, whether young or old.

To those who secure Short Term Subscriptions among their friends and neighbors, we are offering the choice of a number of very attractive premiums, which will richly reward them for their co-operation with us in increasing the circulation of this paper.

For each new Short Term Subscription the sum of Twenty-five cents must be remitted in full. The subscription, as stated above, will run from July, 1917, to December, 1917, inclusive, making six issues in all. As a reward for securing such Short Term Subscriptions we present the following Offers. In each and every case the premium will be sent free and postpaid.

For Three (3) Short Term Subscriptions we will give (3) one of the following books, which are attractively bound in cloth:

Daily Food for Christians, Kept for the Master's Use, Advice to Young Christians, Arrow Head Light, Dairyman's Daughter, Nellie's New Home, Beside Still Water, Christian Living, Pilgrim's Progress, Fritz's Ranch, May Stanhope, Emily Ashton.

For Six (6) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer the choice of any one of the following premiums:

The New Testament with Notes (cloth bound).
A fine Fountain Pen with 14 karat solid gold nibs.
An Easy Opener Knife.
One Meat Fork (Wm. A. Rogers Ltd. Silverware).

For Eight (8) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer the choice of any one of the following:

A Pearl Handle Penknife, suitable for either lady or gentleman.
A Three Piece Child's Set, consisting of Spoon, Knife and Fork (W. A. Rogers, Ltd. Silverware).

For Ten (10) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer the choice of either of the following:

An Overland Nickel Watch, suitable for men and boys.
One Scholar's Companion Set, which contains the following articles: one Rex Fountain Pen with 14 karat gold pen, guaranteed, one filler for same, one Spear Pencil, with extra box of leads, one Magic Knife, one Rubber Eraser, one Combination Pen and Pencil Holder, and one dozen assorted Steel Pens.

For Fourteen (14) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer:

A Venus Nickel Watch, suitable for ladies.

For Fifteen (15) Short Term Subscriptions, we offer choice of the following articles in Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd. Silverware:

One half dozen Medium Forks.
One half dozen Medium Knives.
One half dozen Butter Spreaders.

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A Scofield Reference Bible, cloth bound, size 5½ by 13½ inches, clear, black-faced type. An ideal Bible for Christian Endeavorers.

American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street New York

reservoirs into the upper air to be wrought into woody structure, green leaf, pink and gray blossom and tempting fruit. It will pilot us into the secrets of the sunbeam and carry us away on the wings of the wind. It will tell us of the changing seasons and the needs of man. It will convey us to the market place to exchange the fruit for gold, and in turn make glad the grocer, the clothier and men of many trades. We are glad of the answer of Amos. Into how many avenues his basket of summer fruit leads us, and along every line of exploration we find God and man at work together. It takes two to make a basket of summer fruit.

—THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.

Christian Endeavor and the War

South Africa will hold no national Christian Endeavor convention this year on account of the war, but only provincial conventions.

The Christian Endeavor Army of Production and Food Economy in America has received warm indorsement from many leading citizens, including a number of State governors.

Hardly a Christian Endeavor society in the United States but has already lost some of its young men to the regular army and navy, the ambulance and other special forces, or the training-camps.

A Life of Poise

BY JOHN TIMOTHY STONE.

Anxious, troubled lives are not strong lives. Great strength is seen in that which is calm, quiet and composed. The loud voice and the irritable nature suggest a lack of composure. The great ocean, with its unfathomed depth, its regularity of tides, its unlimited power and its far-reaching, never-ending shores, is quiet and calm in its matchless strength. The tides are regular and sure. In its wild commotion and extreme fury it is not stronger than in its placid, regular, constant, unceasing ebb and flow.

The rugged, snow-covered mountains, with their solid granite sides and their vast, far-stretching forests, are serene and sublime in their stillness and strength. The stars and planets which illustrate infinity send their rays of light and twinkle on amid the darkness of the night without noise or confusion. They move in their courses, undisturbed and never changing.

Solitude is truly "the mother country of the strong," and in "quietness and confidence" we are told to "possess our souls." To be known as calm and reliable is to reveal character and power. The source of this strength is a faith in the divine. It means permanence and stability, and these mean character. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace

whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

The one of whom we think is the one who controls our motives and purposes. If our minds are stayed upon God, if we trust Him, we will ever be kept in perfect peace and have the power of control as well as the control of power.

Concentration of mental development means the development of the mind and growth in intellectual capacity. When this is coupled with a reality of faith in the unseen God, man becomes mighty because God enters into his very being and controls his motives. Kept by the power of God day by day and hour by hour, means the development of that calm, deliberate strength and unvarying influence which marks the real giant of these times.

All kinds of irritabilities arise during the day, unexpected changes, conditions which have not been anticipated, errors of judgment on the part of others, quick words and hasty sentences, loss of temper, exasperating remarks, cynical looks, unfair and untruthful statements, wrong judgments—all these are bound to occur, but the one whose mind is stayed on Christ will be sustained, will be kept "in perfect peace." His mind and heart are centered on the unseen God, the Eternal Mind, the holy justice of the loving heart of the Master. He will be kept because he trusts in the Unseen, because he is shielded from unseen foes by faith.

Abiding in Christ suggests mental harmony with him, the human heart and mind in touch and in sympathy with the divine life of the Master.

—THE CONTINENT.



The Printed Word

The regard which the Chinese have for anything printed is proverbial. The coolie on the street will pick up a flying bit of newspaper, brush it carefully, and tuck it away where it cannot be trodden under feet. And this, although he may not be able to read a word of it.

All of which emphasizes the value of an ample and effective Christian literature for China, and gives point to the effort now being made by the mission boards unitedly to promote that achievement. And not for China alone, but for Japan, for all the Orient, and all mission lands. The worth of the printed word, the silent and wide-spread preacher, that can find its way where no missionary would be admitted and that can remain to be pondered over and over when the missionary is gone, this multiplied and pervasive voice for the gospel is being newly appraised in these days. A missionary department is recognized, equal in definiteness and influence to the evangelistic, the educational, and the medical, which may be called the Literary Department, and which addresses itself to this quiet method of approach and appeal. It has been in limited operation almost from the beginning of foreign missionary work—translations, particularly of the Bible, text books, hymn books, and a few treatises and tales have been wrought into almost all the vernaculars. But now, it is felt, the time has come for a more adequate and comprehensive effort to provide a real Christian literature for lands where literacy is growing fast, and where a base or hurtful literature is being commercially imported.—MISSIONARY HERALD.



The Secret Place

BY C. K. OBER.

I know an old house on a hill,
A mountain road, a grove, a rill,
And billowed hilltops, stretching far
To sunset and the evening star.

I take a path through glade and wood,
Deep drinking of its solitude;
And find a spot, o'erarched and still,
Where peace and poise the spirit fill.

The Master's presence there is near,
The Master's plan again is clear;
And far removed from work or strife,
I re-appraise the worth of life.

The hill, the outlook and the wood,
The time, the place, the attitude,
Hold not the secret of the prayer;
The secret place is anywhere.

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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The Vacation Season

August is preeminently the vacation period, for undoubtedly more people take this month for their vacation season than any other month in the entire year.

The need of a season of rest and change is widely recognized, and there are few people who do not try in some way to secure for themselves at least a limited vacation so that body and mind may be recuperated.

The benefits of a vacation period are many and indisputable. The relief from the ordinary routine of business or household duties, the change of air and scene which the vacation trip usually affords, the fresh viewpoint that is obtained by a change of locality, the insight into the beauty of the world of nature that is gained during even a limited sojourn in the country—these are but a few of the beneficial results likely to be secured during the annual vacation period.

There are spiritual blessings that may be enjoyed in the vacation season. As we draw near to Nature's heart, we are also drawn nearer to the heart of the Eternal Father.

In his splendid Editorial Contribution for this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Dr. Charles Carroll Albertson has set forth what are some of the spiritual aids to bodily health, and in his telling message we may find a spiritual tonic that will help us not only during the summer vacation period but throughout the course of the entire year.

To our readers who are to enjoy their vacation period this month we extend best wishes, with the hope that all may find in their contact with the world of nature a vision of Him whose handiwork is so clearly revealed in earth and sea and sky.

A Vital Duty

With the mobilization of the troops of the National Guard of the different States, which is to be followed very shortly by the assembling in their cantonments of the so-called National Army composed of those who have been selected by the conscriptive draft, a vast number of young men will soon be under training for prospective service abroad.

The task of providing for the physical needs and the military equipment of these soldiers belongs to the Federal Government. But there is a vital duty which rests upon the people at large, and that is the obligation to care for the moral and spiritual welfare of these young men.

These soldiers of our country are practically free from physical defects. They have brought to the service of the home-land all the bodily vigor of their superb young manhood. Now let us, as citizens of the United States, do all in our power to develop the spiritual character of these soldier boys and see to it that they are enlisted not only under their country's flag but under the banner of the great Captain of our salvation.

"Gospel munitions" in the form of Christian literature will be an indispensable aid in promoting the spiritual welfare of the men who have enlisted to fight for our country. Some of our readers have already responded to the appeal recently made by the American Tract Society for funds with which to supply these Gospel Munitions, and we hope that many others will forward a gift for this purpose, so that the men of our army and of our navy, too, may be supplied with the message of the Gospel in printed form.

The presence of these vast bodies of young men in their encampments will call for a friendly attitude on the part of the people who dwell in the various communities where the cantonments are located, but it is not too soon to say a cautionary word to both the soldier lads and the girls whom they may meet, urging that no undue familiarity be permitted between the sexes, but that the men in uniform may show their respect for womanhood by treating every one of the gentler sex with unfailing honor and courtesy.

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Improving Relations Between the United States and Japan

Present indications point to a steady improvement in the relations between our country and Japan. Various causes are doubtless contributing to the better understanding which seems to prevail, and it is to be hoped that wise legislation may eventually remove the causes for friction that have hitherto existed between the two countries.

Pending the final adjustment of the disputed questions that call for settlement on the part of the diplomatic representatives of the United States and Japan, the strongest possible effort should be made to cement the sympathy that has made these two countries allies in a common cause and to promote a mutual understanding that shall make it easier to eradicate the points of difference that admittedly exist.

Recent statements have been made in a letter from Mr. J. E. Sakamota, a California correspondent, to Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, Secretary of the Federal Council's Commission on Relations with the Orient, which indicate a much better sentiment between the Japanese and the people of the State of California.

In our dealings with the Japanese people there is a fine opportunity for the manifestation of the true Christian spirit. Sometimes, unfortunately, this spirit has been wholly lacking, especially on the part of selfish politicians, who have put personal gain above any consideration of Christian ethics.

But if the problem of our relations with the Japanese is to be solved successfully, it must be solved in the spirit of Christian altruism and of international justice, and only upon such a basis can we expect that a satisfactory and a permanent understanding will be reached.

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Guard the Welfare of the Children

A note of warning needs to be repeatedly sounded against the efforts that are being made in several States to suspend child protective legislation and thus imperil the welfare of the children during this time of war.

Under the plea of a war emergency the safeguards that have been erected against the exploitation of child labor are being seriously weakened and in certain States they have been practically swept away.

Dr. Worth M. Tippy, Executive Secretary of the Federal Council's Commission on the Church and Social Service, has well said:

"In the hasty enactment of this legislation little or no consideration was given to the fact that laws for the protection of children have not been adopted arbitrarily but are based on physiological laws which no state of war renders less true and therefore less necessary. No child under fourteen is old enough or developed enough to leave school for employment in a factory, cannery or store, and there are many children of that age who are not strong enough to work at all or can work only in light occupations. There are many hazardous occupations in which no young people under sixteen or eighteen should be engaged, and night work or working day in excess of eight hours are both harmful in their effect on children under sixteen.

"These are some of the reasons back of our child labor laws. England thought herself

forced to ignore them under the necessity of increasing her output, only to find that she was using up her labor force more rapidly than she was increasing her munitions, and that the laws safeguarding labor were based, not on sentiment, but on sound common sense. She also found that other child protective measures hastily set aside would have to be restored. Thousands of children were excused from school to work on the farms as well as in the factories; children under six were turned out of the schools for economy's sake; recreation centers were closed, settlement classes were discontinued, special classes in the schools were abolished, and child protective societies discontinued. The country then woke up to the fact that many children were being needlessly sacrificed because the supply of female labor was not exhausted, and that the complete breakdown of the schools and child welfare organizations had resulted in a striking increase in juvenile delinquency. She is now working strenuously to re-establish her educational system.

"The same conditions will develop here unless we insist that child welfare laws be maintained. The makers of munitions, clothing, leather goods and all other war supplies will urge the necessity of working children longer hours and at night if they are to fill their contracts. These demands should be refused and the child labor law enforced to the letter. The canners will ask exemptions from the law on the ground that there will be a shortage in the food supply if they cannot employ children more than eight hours a day as the federal child labor law specifies. The farms will argue that they cannot produce the food the country demands unless they can keep their children out of school to help them. The rural child receives 65 days of

schooling per year for every 100 days received by the city child in times of peace. After three years of war England is recommending, not further exemptions from her compulsory education laws, but a more stringent law than she had before the war."

"We are learning many things in this great and terrible day of judgment through which our nation is passing," said the head of one of England's large high schools. "Not the least among these truths which the stern logic of common events is cutting into the common mind of us all is the paramount value of the children of the nation. Thus we realize that as the children are the nation's future, we must see to it that they are fit to inherit so great a responsibility."

Ministers and church people are requested to watch the welfare of children in their communities during the war. There are likely to be efforts to evade the laws in canneries, mills and truck gardens. The churches will work most effectually if known instances of evasion of child labor laws, and of lengthened hours for young people are reported directly to the National Child Labor Committee, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. The Federal Council is co-operating with the National Child Labor Committee in its effort to maintain child labor standards which have been secured after many years of effort. The committee has a large force of investigators, and the names of those giving information will be kept confidential if so desired. It is very important that reports should be based on accurate information and not on hearsay evidence.

A Foundation for the Advancement of Preaching

It has been well suggested that the provision made for aged and disabled ministers should be looked at, not in the light of a gratuity or a charity but as a "foundation for the advancement of preaching."

Men who have given the best years of their lives to the preaching of the Gospel deserve better treatment from the Church of Christ than some of them have received in the past. The question was raised several years ago, "Shall the Old Minister be shot?" and though vigorous denial was made at the time that this was the proper method by which to dispose of one who had grown aged and infirm in the Gospel ministry, still there are few churches which have as yet made adequate provision for the care of the declining years of those who have been worn out in their service and who are no longer able to support themselves by any service that they can render.

Happily, during the recent past, an increasing interest has been taken in the question of providing for these veterans of the Cross, and by a wise combination of relief and annuity plans various denominations are beginning to make due provision for those who have toiled all their active years in the Gospel ministry and who find at the sunset of life that they have been unable to accumulate a sufficient sum to provide for the necessities of existence.

Christianity as Interpreted by the War

BY JAMES ELMER RUSSELL



AN EDITORIAL writer in a daily newspaper recently said, "The presence of the war is forcing home to humanity, with far more strength than can be exerted by all the evangelists of the world, the great truths of religion." Of like import is the statement of Rev. Dr. John Henry Jowett that he has welcomed more converts in the last years of the war than in the previous ten years.

It is a reason for gratitude that in the midst of so much that is almost unendurably terrible the experience of war is forcing people to come back to Christianity for comfort and for courage; and as they interpret Christianity in the light of the war, they realize, perhaps for the first time, how sane and satisfying is the Christian faith.

Thinking in World Terms

For example Christianity insists upon our thinking in world terms. "The field is the world." We are to go into all the world and make disciples of all the nations. But from this world vision even many professed Christians have shrunk back. With this world task they would have nothing to do. They have been opposed to the foreign missionary work of the church. "There is enough to do at home," they have said, and they have gone their way with a petty and provincial point of view instead of with a world outlook.

And now the war has come, and in spite of themselves men have been forced to think as citizens of the world. It was an assassination on the other side of the globe from America which kindled the world into a burning, fiery furnace. Into this war we have gone for the sake of world freedom and to make democracy safe in the world, as President Wilson has so finely described our ideal. But a patriotic

world vision demands a Christian world vision as its background and support. No person can be really loyal to the ideal of world freedom without at the same time being loyal to the still higher and broader ideal of winning all men to the spirit and purpose of Christ.

The Supremacy of the Cross

Always the Christian church has preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified. But in the days of Paul as well as in our own day the preaching of the Cross has been to many foolishness. They have wanted the ethics of Christ without His sacrifice.

But what is the war but one stupendous illustration of vicarious atonement? Are not thousands of those who have died really filling up that which was lacking in the sufferings of Christ?

We are learning from the war that the innocent must suffer for the guilty; that the loving must give their lives for those whose hearts are filled with hatred and bitterness; that those who wish peace must die for those who are war-mad; and that democracy must bleed that autocracy may come to an end. As those whom we have known and loved fall, their death will still more clearly show us that without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin.

All or Nothing

Jesus demanded an absolute surrender of those who would be His disciples. He said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that doth not take his cross and follow after me, is not worthy of me."

People have refused to take the word of Jesus seriously. They have fancied they could be half-and-half Christians. They have pro-

fessed to serve Christ, but when any sacrifice of time or money or pleasure was asked, they have asked, "I pray thee have me excused." There are people in the Twentieth Century who think that such a missionary career as that of John G. Paton in the New Hebrides was an altogether unnecessary throwing of life away.

But how the war illuminates the absolute demands of Jesus. Since our country has the right to ask us to give up property and home and even life itself, then the Master of us all has a still higher right to ask a complete surrender of ourselves, for His cause is a higher and nobler cause than any earthly claim.

A Good God Over All

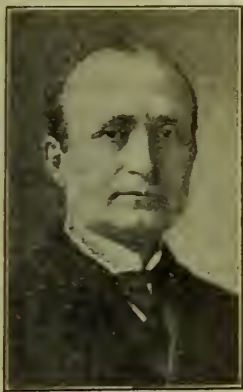
Christianity teaches that over all is a good God, our Heavenly Father, and that He makes all things work together for good to those who love Him.

It is this conception of God that the war compels a thinking man to gain. Either this world is a madhouse of which we are the inmates, or over this world is a good God who will make even the wrath of men to praise Him. When Mr. Britling saw through the bewilderment of the war he found God.

The faith in God which may come to all in the midst of the war shines out in this letter from a father whose son had just enlisted, "The war is beginning to reach its long fingers into this family, and what changes may be ahead of us God only knows. But I am grateful for a religion which leaves me no qualms with relation to my own patriotic duty, and for a Christ who inspires me to meet this new situation with the courage of sacrifice and confidence in the Eternal realities. My faith is buoyant. I greet the unseen with a cheer."



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



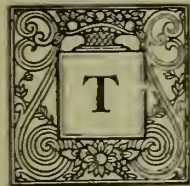
CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.

SPIRITUAL AIDS TO BODILY HEALTH

BY

REV. CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D. D.

Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York



THE First Epistle of John is really a manual of Christian ethics. The Second and Third Epistles are personal letters, the second addressed to an "elect lady," whose name is not known, the third to a man named Gaius, whose name is mentioned four times in Paul's Epistles, but of whom we know no more than that he was an active, busy, helpful Christian, "walking in the truth."

This Third Epistle is a very brief one, consisting of but fourteen verses, but tenderly conceived, and gracefully expressed. It opens with a salutation which is followed by this characteristic bit of courteous, fatherly, pastorly solicitude for the temporal prosperity and bodily health of his correspondent: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

There is not much mention in the New Testament of temporal prosperity. That thought occurs much more frequently in the Old Testament.

Dr. Trumbull reminds us that prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, but adversity is the blessing of the New. Certain it is that in the New Testament there is no such emphasis put on prosperity as a sign of God's favor as in the Old. So this sentiment is all the more remarkable for its rare occurrence at a time when, too often, peace and plenty could be secured only at the cost of conformity to old systems of faith, Mosaic or pagan.

Certain it is that Jesus and all His apostles strongly emphasize that necessity of spiritual prosperity, even at the sacrifice of worldly honor and ease. There is no plea here for poverty and pain, self-inflicted, for their own sake, but there is everywhere made plain the duty of superiority to the moral code of the world which was practically the worship of temporalities. Over against the maxims of the world, Jesus put the royal law, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." He did not say the other things are worthless—that we are to care nothing for health and comfort, but that the first business of life is to be alive to God.

Here is this man Gaius. He had "put first things first." His soul was prosperous. He was rich in good works. His faith was vigorous. "Now," says the Apostle, "I wish for thee temporal prosperity and physical vigor, to correspond to thy spiritual state."

What are some of the spiritual aids to bodily health? First of all, it must be so obvious as not to need proof that the moral habits cultivated by the Christian type of spirituality are actively promotive of bodily vigor. The ten commandments include seven which concern human relationships. The first three have reference to our relationship to God, and are founded on the nature of the human soul. But

the other seven have reference to social and economic relationships, and are founded on the very physical constitution of man.

Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton has recently written a book, "The Natural History of the Ten Commandments," in which he argues that four or five of these commandments are written in the physical constitution of the lower animals.

Does any man doubt that obedience to the commandments which forbid Sabbath desecration, disobedience to parents, impurity, murder, dishonesty, falsehood and covetousness, not only promotes the highest moral order of the race, but is absolutely necessary to its physical welfare?

Take Sabbath desecration. Differ as we may, and as men will, as to the best method of keeping the Sabbath holy, there is no doubt in the minds of most students and observers that it is not for the best interest of working men to use it as a holiday. In some sections it has come to pass, because of the use of the Sabbath for pleasure, that the days of the week are named as follows: "Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Holiday, Reaction Day."

And as to the other commandments, violation of which is commonly counted sin, their relation to the bodily health of man is intimated by the saying which had become a proverb among the Hebrews: "The sinner shall not live out half his days." And there is a modern proverb which intimates how true the Hebrew saying is: "A short life and a merry one," to which should be added, "and a sad one for your children."

What are habits of the consistent Christian? They are all included in that "Jacob's Ladder" of the apostle who points out how we may "rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies"—"faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity." We call these graces, and graces they are, but they are more. They are aids to bodily health. Other things being equal, that is, with the same start in life, as to vigor and vitality, he who learns these lessons has a vastly better chance in the world, in every way, than one who is deceived by what has been called "the primrose path of dalliance," or than one who dares to pluck the crimson flowers that grow upon the crater's ashen edge.

But not alone in matters of habit involving repeated acts, but in matters of attitude, involving only passive states of mind, is Christian spirituality an aid to bodily health. There are certain mental attitudes which are hostile, and certain others which are friendly, to physical health. We all know that joy is a positive aid to digestion. And we all know that contentment, ease of conscience, and freedom from selfish ambition, are eminently conducive to wholesome sleep. Some of the diseases from which we suffer longest and most keenly have their seat in the nervous system. The nerves are so related to the conscious mind that what affects it affects

them. So whatever operates to quiet the mind, to keep it well composed, and free from morbid thought, operates to the prevention and cure of certain nervous disorders.

Anger is poison. It results in chemical changes in the blood, and cellular deterioration in the brain. And we all know the beneficent physical effect of an habitual spirit of charity, which "suffereth long, and is kind."

Worry is the deep disease of the modern business man and business woman. It is a disease, and it is hard to cure. But it is easy to prevent. And the remedy is a simple one. We call it trust, but it is simply love, human love, fixed upon a Divine Person, and resting on that Person's Word and Power. If God is, and if He is what we think He is; if we are His children by creation, and we are, and His special heirs by grace, as we may be, then the only consistent attitude for us to assume is one of absolute confidence in His wisdom and care. The Lord is our Shepherd—we shall not want. He is our Defender—we shall not be defeated. He is our Counsellor—we shall not be ashamed. He is our Rock—waters shall not overwhelm us. He is our Redeemer—we shall not wholly die. He is our Helper. Therefore we will not fear though the earth tremble and the mountains be removed! Talk about nervous apprehension? Not while you cast your cares on Him.

Ask any physician and he will tell you that what interferes with his treatment and defeats his purposes in many cases is an unreasoning and unreasonable apprehensiveness on the part of the patient, a vague and indefinite fear, which robs the mind of its buoyancy, and fetters nature in her effort to restore the impaired equilibrium of forces. "There is something on your mind," the physician will say. And there is something! "Oh, everything!"

Cannot we learn something from that experience-meeting of some women held informally, in which it was proposed that each should tell candidly the worst thing, the keenest trial, the severest loss, that ever happened to her? The leader said: "I confess the worst thing that ever befell me was something that didn't happen at all, but I suffered just as much as if it had happened!" And the others testified they had had that experience.

I have read the opinion of an eminent physician who says that the danger in insomnia is not so much from the lack or loss of sleep as from the nervous consequences of fear. He says: "Many a man suffering from inability to sleep would sleep much more certainly if he were to cease worrying about the possible consequences of insomnia." He continues: "It is well to know that a man may live for years on a very little sleep—only three or four hours daily—if he only dismisses fear from the mind, and lies still, so resting his muscles and making it easier for the heart to pump the blood to the extremities." But possibly the shrewdest and sanest ad-

vice that any physician can give is that of a great English practitioner who unites with vast knowledge of science deep faith in the divine function of the Christian religion in the life of man. I give you his words: "I often comfort myself—and I would comfort all who hear me or read these words—in the reflection that nature is only another name for God, and nature is good, even as God is good. Therefore, He is on our side. However wise the physician, or however skilful the surgeon, the Invisible God is wiser and more skilful, and He is at work in the body of man, picking up dropped threads, battling with infinitesimal enemies, and doing His utmost to prolong life to the farthest limit of years. We are therefore only workers together with Him. I, for one, have confidence in nature. There, as in grace, 'all things are working together for good.'" This sounds like a sermon, but the preacher is a doctor who knows how the spiritual underlies and interpenetrates the physical, and how many—how very many—are the religious aids to bodily health!

Perhaps no single chapter of the Word of God has soothed so many restless souls and brought health—or conserved it—for so many bodies in jeopardy, as the Shepherd Psalm, the psalm Mr. Spurgeon used to call the "nightingale of psalms." The New Testament parallel of it is in Jesus' parable of the sparrow's fall, and again in Paul's injunction—"casting all your care upon Him, for He careth." He careth for kings and kingdoms? No. For institutions and organizations? No. FOR YOU.



Magnifying Minutiae

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

In order to success in life a sense of the right proportion between opportunities and duties is important, and should be cultivated. Not all opportunities are equally opportune; among duties there is always one and one only which ought to be done at any one particular time and place. "Duties never conflict"—therefore the paramount obligation just then and there should be divined, and executed. Many people blunder through life, missing its higher moral attainments, and perhaps failing even of lower temporal rewards, because they minify magnitudes and magnify minutiae. Such persons look through the wrong end of the telescope in each instance. Turning the spy-glass on small objects near at hand they make the latter seem unduly large, and then at other times, holding the glass the other way around, they gain a curiously diminished view of really large matters.

Every object in life ought to be viewed in its proper shape, size, light and juxtaposition—for each has its place, but that is not every place, and the petty trifles that tend to deflect attention from the path of urgent duty, and the upstart distractions that fritter away strength in valueless ways, must be kept on their own lower level of comparative unimportance. There is no doubt at the present time a widespread tendency to magnify unduly minute matters. The very "efficiency" campaigns that are being conducted put the emphasis on small savings, utilization of by-products, and the like, and that is right, for both the church and the secular world should "gather up the fragments"—if they are to be successful in their respective spheres. But the main product is more than the by-product, and the major loaf than the minor bit that is broken off. This scale of relative importance runs through all of life, and the ability and willingness to distinguish the essential from the trivial and the lasting from the temporary mark the normal and efficient man from the weakling or the fanatic. To the fool all things look equally large, but the wise man magnifies only magnitudes, and above all seeks first the Kingdom of God, which includes all values that are really worth while.

The House of Mercy

By William Norris Burr

IT IS not altogether unlikely that the impotent man lying beside the pool of Bethesda was reaping the harvest of a reckless life led during a "wild oats" period in his earlier years. This is implied in the Master's admonition, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee." Amenable to "the severity of God" he persistently sought the place called Bethesda, which means literally "the House of Mercy," and Mercy found him there, and he was made whole.

A teacher in a small country Sunday-school was greatly tried by the coarse frivolities of the young people whom she attempted to instruct. Week after week she met with no response to her lesson appeals save some coarse jest, spoken to create a laugh, and not infrequently an open insult. Evidently the young people came to the Sunday School only because it was a convenient place for them to gather for "a good time." At times she was sorely tempted to "scold," but for many weeks she refrained from speaking a word of rebuke, fearing that she might lose her self-control to some degree that would result in harm both to herself and to the class.

"Why don't you call them down with a good sharp talking-to? That's what their other teacher used to do," said a sympathetic friend one day.

"I would not for the world alienate them from the school," was the reply. "Have you ever seriously faced the fact that not one member of that large class comes from a church family? They have all drifted in from homes where there is no religious instruction. Their parents seldom, some of them never, attend church. These young people are almost wholly untouched by religious influence save that which is thrown about them in our Sunday School. One day when I was urging them to bring either their Bibles or their quarterlies to the class, one of the girls snapped out, 'You may be mighty thankful that you get *us*. It is about all we can do to get ourselves here, without stopping to hunt up Bibles and quarterlies.' And remembering the homes from which they came I felt that there was truth in the girl's words, though she may not have viewed the matter through the same perspective that I did. I do not know just what to do with them, but I am convinced that 'a good talking-to' in a spirit of severity would not be wise. I feel that *something* must be said or done, for it is not well for them to allow them to go on week after week without being restrained in some way; but just *what* to do I do not know."

The next Sunday when the whispering and giggling was at its height and there was not one attentive pupil in the class, the teacher, without premeditation but impelled wholly by the moment's impulse, suddenly closed her Bible, and casting a look of tender, yearning love upon the faces before her she closed her eyes and began to pray audibly but softly, yearningly, for each member of the class. The lesson period ended just as she closed the prayer, and soon the class dispersed for that day.

The next Sunday, while there was little response to her lesson work there was marked improvement in the deportment of most of her pupils. Some of the more giddy ones, however, were still inclined to go on in the old way, and finally, with the tender glow in her heart reflected in her face and sounding in the tones of her voice, the teacher said: "I wish, girls and boys, that I knew how to show you, so that you would fully sense it, how much I think of you. I would do anything for you that

it is in my power to do. Won't you let me do something for you—anything that I can do that is really worth while?"

That was the beginning of a new era in the history of that class. Unlike the impotent man these young people had come to the place of mercy with no sense of need; but one met them there who "saw" and "knew" their need, and because she dealt with them in mercy rather than in impulsive severity, some of them began to realize their need, and were "made whole."



Christ Ever Present

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

So sings the poet.

Jesus Himself set a little child in the midst of His disciples and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." He also said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. Children, even in their earliest years, are His, and they need Him.

A young man came running to Jesus, and asked Him, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Many young men ask that question. Youth is the season when the largest proportional number come to Jesus and accept Him as their Saviour and Lord. Then the heart is tender, and the sacrifice on Calvary makes the greatest appeal and wins the most ready surrender of soul and life. Jesus loves the youth and the maiden.

Jesus performed His first miracle at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. His relation to the church is symbolized by that of husband to wife. He who spoke of Himself as the bridegroom is ready to bless whenever a man and a woman enter upon this holy relation. Shall He not be a welcome guest?

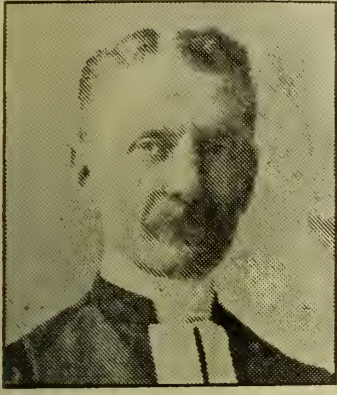
A baby is born, and father and mother are drawn nearer to each other by a new bond of love. Jesus would be with them as they bend over the cradle. He who was born in Bethlehem on the children's Christmas, increases love and joy in every home to which He is admitted.

Death comes into the home and a dear one is taken. In that dark hour Jesus is very near and He whispers, as He once did to Martha, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

When the responsibilities of life increase, perplexities distract, and burdens grow too heavy to bear alone, the assuring voice of Jesus is heard: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

When life on earth draws near its close and the aged saint faces for himself "the great adventure," he may still realize and anticipate Christ.

"We do not pray that the Lord may add yet many years to your days on earth," wrote a pastor to one who was celebrating her one hundredth birthday, "but we do pray that those that remain to you may be like those that have gone before, a pledge and a foretaste of that larger, more joyful life which must soon open to you. In the dawning of that day may the Lord receive you to Himself, and to the life which knows no end of days or beginning of centuries, in which even your first glimpse of His glory may reveal to you more than the century in which you have seen as through a glass darkly."



DR. BUCHANAN

The Gospel Preached by the Printed Page

A Sermon in Commemoration of the Ninety-second
Anniversary of the American Tract Society

BY

WALTER DUNCAN BUCHANAN, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian Church, New York

TEXT:—"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15.

THE words of our text express not only the last statement made by our blessed Master, but the great and final commission of the Church which He founded. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Christianity is missionary or it is nothing. Heralds are sent forth, fleet of foot, that to all the world around them, wherever man is found, they may declare the priceless blessings of redeeming grace. Hearts that have learned the story of a Saviour's love must, by that very fact, love to tell the story to others who know it not. One name there is, above every name, that is to be proclaimed and enlarged upon as the healing message for all tribes and peoples upon earth, the name of Jesus, our Redeemer, who by His death at Calvary has paid the price of the sin of the whole world. The voice of accusing conscience is thus soothed to rest and a new hope of eternal life, which is a sure anchor of the soul, is begotten in the heart of every one who believeth.

It is worthy of note in passing that the year of the organization of the American Tract Society, upon whose work we here dwell, is the same as the date of the organization of the historic Broadway Presbyterian Church, the year 1825. It is also with great joy that we recall that through all the years of the history of the American Tract Society this church has been in active and sympathetic association with it.

An Age of Printing Presses and Publications

There is no limitation in the sacred Writ as to the manner or the means to be employed in the world-wide circulation of the story of the Cross. It was the purpose of the American Tract Society, as its constitution states, to diffuse the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ by means of the printed page, and this purpose has never been altered even by the development of Missionary Colportage which has become so important a feature of its work. Never was there a time in the history of the church, when this manner of spreading abroad the gospel was so powerful or so far-reaching. We are living in what may be described as an age of printing presses and publications; it is an age of writing and of reading; a period of most unfortunate speculation, when men are turning more and more to the productions of the press rather than to the preaching of the Scriptures in their simplicity, and the old-fashioned evangelism is belittled. The majority of books, periodicals and the like, which come from the printing presses of our land, are to a very large extent lacking in reverence of Divine things; they diverge from the inspired truth and are attractive to the masses, very largely, because of new theories of interpretation and even contradictions of Divine revelation. Publications that only a few years ago would scarcely have been allowed to have seen the light, are now largely advertised and sold extensively and read with rare interest by people who would then have refused to have them in their homes. Christian types and simple evangelistic stories and treatises are

sneered at, and "the books of the day" are at once calculated to unsettle religious belief and at the same time to beget within the mind of the reader a spirit of criticism of the very Book of Books. It arrests our imagination when we are face to face with the fact that out of a population of 100,000,000 there are not more than 40,000,000 people who attend the services of the sanctuary with any regularity whatsoever. How many of the brilliant writers of to-day know anything of the spirit of Miss Louisa M. Alcott, who in the pinch of poverty, was tempted to produce what she believed would be unworthy of her better self, but who worked out her problem to success along the line of not only high ideals, but Christian ideals?

Interdenominational, Evangelistic and International

In such a time as this, what cause for gratitude we have in the fact that the American Tract Society stands four-square for evangelism and strict adherence to the full inspiration of the Bible. Its field is the world, and its mission is to all classes and people. It is interdenominational in its character, evangelistic in its principles, and international in its scope. There are none of its books that I know of, which deal with the Word of God from the standpoint of the mere critic; while in the current literature of to-day we are flooded with books that are profane assaults upon the integrity of the Word of God.

The American Tract Society unswervingly from its very inception, has held true to the faith once delivered to the saints. How incalculable is the effect thus produced. Only eternity will reveal what the Society has accomplished for a true and pure gospel, both in its distinct utterances and in its antagonism to anything and everything in the way of an attempt to cast contumely upon the holy Word of God. As we dwell upon this grand work to-day, we must be impressed with the immensity of the enterprise and the far-reaching power of the books and tracts thus sent broadcast until they have practically reached the entire world.

Some years ago it was commented on by travelers in all remote parts of the globe, that in the window seats or upon the book tables of inns and hotels would be found books and sermons of such great and sainted men as Spurgeon, Talmage and Moody. Think of the tremendous power for good that was effected by such a circulation of religious literature! Stop and think for a moment of the healing influence of the Tract Society in its output in tracts and volumes making a grand total of 797,704,700 copies.

Some years ago in a railroad train two men were engaged in animated conversation. One commented, with evident satisfaction, upon the far-reaching impression which had been made upon young men, and upon large numbers of them, by a book which he had recently produced. The book was entitled "The Mistakes of Moses," and he asserted that it was fast undoing the hold that Christianity had upon the

men of the day. As they left the train, the other man remarked: "I will write a book that will turn hundreds to Christ for every one that your book turns from Him." The book was duly written and published under the name of "Ben Hur," and the author of it was Gen. Lew Wallace. The latter book was read the world around and we all know how influential it was in turning thousands to righteousness. To-day the other book, "The Mistakes of Moses," by Col. Robert Ingersoll has practically been forgotten and most people do not even know it was ever published.

The Printed Page and the Kingdom of Christ

The power of the printed page in the extension of the Kingdom of Christ—how wonderful has been its results! It would repay any one to visit the offices of the American Tract Society and look over some of the marvelous volumes which they have put forth.

There are a succession of books, the history of which is as fascinating as it is wonderful. They have well been called "the precious chain of books," by which tens of thousands of souls have been converted, and the glorious work is still going on. A Puritan, Dr. Sibbes, wrote a book called, "The Bruised Reed," which fell, at just the right time, into the hands of Richard Baxter and brought him under the enlightening power of the Spirit of God. In turn he wrote a book entitled, "The Call to the Unconverted," which continued to impress vast numbers of people long after his hand was still in death, and went on preaching until it fell into the hands of Philip Doddridge, and awakened him to a new conception of Divine truth. Then followed that wonderful book by Doddridge entitled, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." In turn this book fell into the hands of William Wilberforce in a most critical period of his experience and led him to write "Practical Christianity." This book was read by Legh Richmond, a clergyman far down in the Isle of Wight and fired his heart with new consecration. Then he produced the beautiful story entitled "The Dairyman's Daughter." It seems almost impossible to determine into how many languages that tract has been translated. Hosts of people were converted by the reading of it. A copy of it was procured by a young minister in a secluded parish in Scotland and he underwent what he called his "second conversion" and all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers. The sad, sad pity is that such books with their uplifting and quickening power are not more generally read to-day, for they would doubtless do for thousands of others what they have already accomplished in a multitude of instances.

Not many months ago a poor Frenchman who had been wounded in the war was languishing in a hospital, when his eye was attracted by a leaflet which lay on the cover. He took it up and read it slowly. It told him of the way of everlasting life and of the great Captain of our salvation who had shed His blood that He might free us from sin and its awful stain. As he read, the wondrous light broke in upon his tortured

soul and then he cried to the Saviour for the blessings which He alone could bestow, and upon his soul there shone a new light, that of the blessed revelation and the burden of sin and sorrow rolled away. Not long after he died. Think what that little tract did! Think of that poor soul dying out of devotion to his country sweeping up the celestial heights to the truest victory ever man knew, to rest and to home!

It is seventy-seven years since the American Tract Society inaugurated its unique mission of missionary colportage work which is a most important feature of the Society's undertaking. Its colporters labor among the immigrants in all sections of our land and in our Island possessions. Its publications have been printed in one hundred and seventy-eight different languages. It constitutes one of the most important forms of work for the advancement of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. It is a work with a single purpose, that of evangelizing the globe. What is it worth? Nay ask the more pertinent question, by the measure of your own salvation, what is it worth to you?

For the past three years things have been transpiring that no one would ever have dreamed of. The awful war, with its horrible-ness, which has so largely engaged the forces of all Europe, has cast its baneful shadows over all the world. We are staggered at the very thought of the ferocity and outrage of this inhuman conflict. And now, the land we love has been brought into a condition of participation in this war, not because we believe in war or love war except when war is thrust upon us in the cause of righteousness. War to us at this time means nothing less than a struggle for the right. We stand where we do because of our traditions and our conscientious belief in democracy for all nations. While our hearts are saddened under these conditions we are not cast down. As a people we are simply re-writing the history of the right of every nation and people as against the attempted wrong of those who would strive to deny us the rights of God's inalienable trust. We are thinking, with pride, and love of our noble men that are going forth to the greatest encounter the world has ever known. Our hearts turn tenderly alike to those who are in training camps and are nearing the firing line. The attitude of the entire nation is inspiring beyond measure. This glorious nation believes in God, believes in its own righteous cause and will fight on until the forces of sin and iniquity which oppose us are conquered. Does the heart of any American beat so sluggishly that he raises the question what is the cost? The glory of the cause practically eliminates the question of its cost, and we are looking forward confidently to the hour of victory when the flag of freedom will be unfurled over all the earth.

But a greater conquest is coming—one that is permanent and eternal. It will come as the termination of conflict between the forces of Satan and sin on the one hand and of righteousness and eternal life on the other. Look at that poor soldier referred to above. Was not the voice which came to him on that bed of anguish beyond all computation of cost? It cost the blood that was shed at Calvary and it cost the expenditure of money in sending that little tract to that sick cot for his reading and his healing. Does the American Tract Society fulfill its mission? Is not the work it is doing greater and grander than any conquest of marching armies in the affairs of men on earth? Now I beseech you to lay this matter conscientiously to heart. What is the worth and what is the cost of the world's evangelization and of the work which the American Tract Society is performing in this great campaign? Its cost is comparatively inconsiderable: its worth can only be dreamed of now and realized when the mighty hosts, redeemed by the great Captain of our salvation, out of every nation and kindred and tribe, cast their crowns before the throne and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

REJOICE ALWAYS

By Rev. Fred L. Kingsbury

It is evident that the third and fourth Psalms constitute a pair; they imply the same circumstances, have the same features and contain some of the same expressions. The traditional title of the former says, "When he fled from Absalom his son." The Third Psalm is for the morning and the fourth for the evening. The culmination of the thought in both is the seventh verse of the fourth Psalm. David always reaches the apex of religious enthusiasm when he attributes, as in this instance, the gladness in his heart to the only source whence cometh every good and perfect gift.

In the third Psalm the sweet singer of Israel says, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked for the Lord sustained me; I will not be afraid." The king was a fugitive; at any moment he might be attacked by his enemies. The day passes, night has fallen. Amid the darkness and silence of the surrounding hills he says, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." It is a crucial time in David's experience. Dark thoughts keep him awake. He knows not how he and his troop are to be fed. The contrast between him and his rebellious son is not reassuring. Uncrowned and poor, in the midst of the darkness and terror, still other thoughts arise in his mind dispelling his fears, and in his gladness he cries out, "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased."

A great thought permeating the Bible is that God can turn darkness into light and awaken songs in sufferers. David was in deep sorrow when he uttered the gladsome text. It was said to the Man of Sorrows, "God has anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows." So we may come to join with the Psalmist here or with the prophet in those other words: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

It would be easy to present an impossible ideal and thus seem to upbraid the depressed: but it is an equally possible task to remind ourselves that it is a sacred duty to be glad. God does not make light of the sufferings He sends; He does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men. To afflict us is to afflict Himself, for in all our afflictions He is afflicted. The rod that does not hurt does not correct the child; the fire that does not burn does not destroy the dross. He who wept at the grave has thus sanctified His people's tears. The more we advance in spirituality, the larger our area of sympathy with the Redeemer in His love for the world, the more complete our growing brotherhood with men in their sins and woes,—the more we shall see that these are a permanent and very fruitful source of sadness to the man of God. Gladness in the sense of exuberance and mirth was, so far as we know, rarely seen in Jesus. Yet the Bible commands us to rejoice. So these two are in some sense one as Paul wrote, "As sorrowing yet always rejoicing." What is evidently required of us is not joy with sorrow gone, but joy in the midst and in the very time of sorrow. It is not the sparkle of the wave when the storm has died and the surface of the ocean is as smooth as glass; it is the muffled calm of the water far beneath the surface when the storm is at its

height. It was with the shadow of the Cross athwart His path that Christ proclaimed His Peace.

This gladness is a duty because it reveals the blessedness of the Redeemer. Satan is always ready with the suggestion that a follower of Christ is gloomy; we should be a living testimony against such a thought. It is reported that Mr. Darwin visited Tahiti after it had been Christianized. He had been told that the missionaries had made the natives a gloomy race. He says: "It would be difficult even in Europe to pick out of a crowd half so many happy faces." As the transfigured Christ was clad in garments white and glistening "so as no fuller on earth can white them," so the faces of His people, like those of Moses and Stephen, though scarred by suffering and half-blinded by tears, should make others see that even in our griefs we are glad in Him. The lighted lamp is scarcely seen at noon, in the full glare of the sun, but it attracts all eyes as it shines in the dark. The lights of a city set upon a hill cannot be hid. Take heed that the light that is in thee be not darkness.

Depression of spirit weakens us. The Israelites at the borders of Canaan sat down and wept. In that condition it would have been useless to have led them against their enemies; how different it was when they were free from fear? Any burden places us at a disadvantage. So Paul says, "Lay aside every weight." No burden is so heavy or so enfeebling as a burden of the heart; it exposes us to many a temptation, it paralyzed the arm for conflict or toil. Unless we learn the lessons of Christian gladness we have no chance to occupy high places of experience and triumph; our first duty is to "lift up the hands that hang down and confirm the feeble knees."

Matthew Arnold in one of his poems has beautifully said:

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfield, looked thrice dispirited.
I met a preacher there, I knew, and said,
'Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?'"
'Bravely,' said he, 'for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the Living Bread.'

In Christ we have joys that circumstances may not affect, that material loss need not destroy, that the greatest suffering need not quench, nor time lessen. They grow brighter in the dark hour, with increasing years and are perfected at death.

In Extremis

BY SOPHIE BRONSON TITTERINGTON.

Dear Lord, this fragrant summer time of Thine
When earth is putting on her fairest dress,
Is paling; and the sun can dimly shine,
So clouded is the world with storm and stress.
For War's black portent hovers in the sky,
And veils the sunshine till the flowers fade.

Humanity, in anguish, sends a cry:—
"How long, O Lord? for we are sore afraid!
For millions of our sons and brothers die,
Till earth hath scarcely room for new-made graves.
Stern, ruthless hands are writing History's page
With bayonets for pens, and blood for ink!
How long, O Lord, must bloody carnage rage,
The bitter cup our trembling lips must drink?"

Above the cry of anguish 'neath the rod,
Comes clear a Voice, assuring, sweet, and strong:—
"Be still, my children, for I am thy God,
My conflict is with Satan's hosts of wrong;
My Hand is guiding in the battle-fray,
While thrones are falling, crowns lie in the dust;
And ruthless murder meets its Judgment Day.
My own I surely keep; be still and trust,
Till all this tempest shall be overpast;
The battle over, and the victory won,
Thou earth, redeemed, shall find her peace at last,
And thankful hearts shall pray—"Thy Will be done!"

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Christian Literature in China

Events in the political life of China follow each other with almost kaleidoscopic rapidity. So swiftly have changes taken place in the governmental conditions of that country within the past month that it is not safe to prophesy from one day to another what the outcome will be.

Meanwhile, however, judging by the experience of the past few years, the work carried on by the missionaries of the Cross goes steadily forward. Hindrances and obstacles abound, it is true, but in spite of all outward disturbances there is a steady progression of the forces of Christianity, and by its helpful and quieting influence the Gospel is doing much to uplift and steady the lives of the people of China.

During the past year the American Tract Society has sent foreign cash appropriations to eight different points in China for the production and dissemination of Christian literature in the vernacular. These include the South Fukien Religious Tract Society at Amoy, the South China Religious Tract Society and the Presbyterian Mission at Canton, the North Fukien Religious Tract Society at Foochow, the Religious Tract Society of North and Central China at Hankow, the West China Religious Tract Society at Chungking, the Presbyterian Mission Press at Hainan, and the Chinese Religious Tract Society at Shanghai.

Recently Mr. Zee Vee Wai, acting General Secretary of the Chinese Tract Society, sent us a photograph of one of the important streets in Shanghai, of which an excellent reproduction appears on this page of the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

The Chinese Tract Society is a very active organization, and its last annual report records the publication during the past year of 802,700 copies of books, tracts and magazines.

After Many Days

Rev. Charles M. Warren of the American Board of Missions in Japan tells the following incident, which illustrates the value of Christian literature:

"There has just come to my notice an instance of bread cast on the waters which has returned after many days. When we were at Tottori, there lived quite near us a man with partial paralysis. He felt the need of the solace of religion, and came frequently to our meetings, finally receiving baptism, I believe. Mrs. Funakoshi, his wife, is very deaf, so that she did not attend the meetings as much as he; but she responded to the advances of the Bible woman and became a Christian. When the husband died, our ladies were of great help to the family in making the preparations for a Christian funeral.

"The feeling of clan, family and locality is very strong here in Japan, and the village from which these people originally came—their *homes*—sent two men as representatives to the funeral. One of these was the brother of the widow. I was as polite as possible to these two men—it gave me a fine opportunity to tell them something of Christian truth. They were impressed with what they saw and experienced of the spirit of Christianity. On their return home they wrote, I remember, a very appreciative letter of thanks for themselves and in the name of the village, whose real duty it was, they felt, to see the man properly buried.

"This village is a remote mountain hamlet not near any work of ours, but only six miles or so farther into the hills than some work that the fine Church Missionary Society missionary, my good friend Knight, was carrying on through the stated visits of one of his evangelists. Mrs. Funakoshi's brother read the literature I gave him, welcomed the Church Missionary Society evangelist, soon became a Chris-



A VIEW OF NANKING ROAD IN SHANGHAI, CHINA.

tian, and received baptism. He made his home the center of Christian work in that region, led several others to Christ, and keeps up a Sunday school.

"When Mrs. Warren was in Kyoto, Mrs. Funakoshi, who is now in a missionary's family there, came to see her, and told her this story of her brother. Such a thing might happen anywhere in the world, but the non-Christian countries have more than the homelands of such 'naturally Christian' men, who need merely to be told in order to receive joyfully."

The Chosen Christian College of Korea

A recent issue of *The Korea Mission Field* informs us that the Chosen Christian College, of which Rev. Dr. Horace G. Underwood was the founder and first President, received its charter under the educational regulations of the Government General of Chosen (Korea) on April 7, 1917.

This charter establishes it as a Special School of the College Grade, working in harmony with the Government system and entitled to all the privileges of a Government School.

The charter has been drawn up with special care, both on the part of the Government and of the Mission bodies, as both felt that this document would be taken as an interpretation of the real meaning of the new regulations issued by the Japanese Government which caused so much perturbation in Korean mission circles.

The result of the effort has made manifest the fact that the attitude of the Government towards Christianity and towards education under Christian influences is not inimical and this must be very reassuring to all who are interested in the spread of Christianity in Korea.

The site for the Institution has been selected and purchased at a point about three miles from the center of Seoul just off the road leading to the Foreign Cemetery. It consists of about 300 acres of well wooded hills and valleys which in the opinion of all who have inspected it constitute a most beautiful and adaptable site.

Plans for a "lay-out" are already well advanced and the first draft of a plan for the first building is now being made. As soon as this has been completed and accepted the sum of \$25,000 will become available for its erection.

The Board of Managers hopes to be in a position to begin building in the Fall of this year.

Work in the first three years of the course is going on in the rooms of the Seoul Y.M.C.A., about seventy students being in attendance.

Dr. O. R. Avison has been elected President of the Chosen Christian College to succeed the late Dr. Underwood.

Street Waifs in Buenos Aires

Scores of children are picked up on the streets of Buenos Aires and cared for by the Boca Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Sunday School is in one of the neediest sections of the city.

The police records of Buenos Aires state that there are 5,000 abandoned children on the streets. An influential magazine, *Munde Argentino*, is doing its best to stir up the public mind to a realization of the neglect to which these children are subject. This publication states that the principal amusements of the children are gambling and smoking. The children of South America have not yet come into their own. Here is a great field for the Sunday School workers of the Protestant churches.

A Remarkable Conversion

A missionary magazine tells us of a Korean young man who heard the Gospel and accepted Christ. He had been a wild, profligate fellow and a constant grief to his parents. But when he announced that he had become a Christian, consternation reigned in the family circle. Remonstrances, upbraidings, appeals and finally stern paternal commands were of no avail to change the determination of this young man to lead a Christian life. So he was driven from home and told to shift for himself.

He went down the road a mile or so and secured a small house and moved his family. Then gathering the few simple tools necessary, and because he had never learned any trade, he started to braiding straw shoes for a living. He stuck to it morning and night, sold the shoes at the market, and finally through thorough workmanship came to make a very fine article.

One market day he had completed a man-load of very well made shoes, and in the morning started his servant off to market with them. As the servant left the young man said to him, "On your way put your load down in front of the old gentleman's house and go in and salute him. He will probably ask you where you got the load of shoes. Tell him that I braided them; that since I became a Christian I have ceased gambling, drinking, and profligacy, and have

settled down to be honest, hard-working, and to make a living for my family. Tell him that this is the teaching of Christianity."

The servant shouldered his load and set out. When he entered the father's house he ostentatiously set down the load in a place where it could be seen, went into the guest room and saluted the old gentleman as he sat among a number of old friends and companions. After the salutations the father made some casual inquiries about the young man, and then asked where he had gotten the load of shoes and where he was going with them. The servant spoke as he had been bidden by his master, and said that he was going to market to sell them. The old father was rather inclined to scorn the information and pass it by without comment, but his old cronies took it up. "What was that? The thing was not possible. That wild spendthrift and profligate turned honest and gone to work! Nonsense. Let's see what sort of shoes he can make. What, these? Why these are well made. He braided all these? What! Only one lot of what he has done! And how did you say it happened? Through becoming a Christian? Is that the way it works? Well, well, I wish my boy could get a dose of the same." The old gentleman sat by, and volunteered no remarks and the servant shouldered his load and went on.

The young man marked a number of suitable and remarkable passages in his New Testament and laid it by. A few days after the previous occasion he saw his father come sauntering down the road. The young man turned down the leaves at the marked passages and laid the book casually near the warm place at the head of the room, and continued his work. The old gentleman sauntered in and the young man rose, made his salutations, and returned to his work, while the father sat and smoked his long pipe. In a few moments the open book and a marked passage caught his eye. He was a scholar and it was a book new to him. Pretending to be looking out of the door and smoking he glanced at it out of the corner of his eye. He read the passage several times. The leaves turned over. His eye caught another passage, between puffs. He forgot to smoke. He turned more leaves. It seemed to open of itself to those marked passages. The young man sat, said nothing, braided shoes and prayed. "Eh! What? You rascal. What book is this?" asked the old gentleman. "It is a sacred writing, honored father," was the reply. "It is different from other books. It is the words of God to men telling them his will for them." Silence again. Finally the old gentleman roused, struck his pipe sharply upon the door-sill, slipped the book into the large sleeve of his coat, and with only a grunt in answer to his son's farewell, sauntered back up the road. But that day the Lord passed by and touched him, and in the days after, salvation came to him and to his household.

Family Worship in a Chinese Home

A missionary worker in China tells the following interesting incident. When on his way from Kihcheo to Taning, Shansi, to give help in a conference, he stayed one night in the home of a Christian family named Wang. The old father has been prospered financially, and has seven married sons, all Christians, who, with their Christian wives, live in his home. The missionary writes: "It was inspiring to gather with this family at evening worship. Men, women, boys and girls, in all the number of about thirty, were present. From a paper pasted on the wall, I saw that worship was a regular thing, each son being deputed in turn to lead, often together with his wife, the list commencing with the father and mother."

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

AUGUST 5.

How Men Cheat Themselves

Prov. 14:12; Ps. 1:1-6.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. July 30. By trust in evil. Ps. 36:1-4.
T. July 31. By over-confidence. Gal. 6:1-5.
W. Aug. 1. The snare of wealth. I. Tim. 6: 9, 10, 17-19.
T. Aug. 2. By self-righteousness. Matt. 23: 23-30.
F. Aug. 3. By external religion. Jer. 7:1-7.
S. Aug. 4. By belief of lies. 2 Thess. 1:1-12.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." These are weighty words and present in the most vivid way the fatal consequences that ensue when men cheat themselves concerning the moral issues of life.

There are many ways in which men deceive themselves concerning the spiritual verities of life, some of which are suggested in the Daily Bible Readings. Let us consider briefly a few of the things that lead men to a wrong estimate of moral values.

External Appearances

Men often cheat themselves by looking only at external appearances. Experience has shown repeatedly that mere appearances are often deceiving. A fair exterior does not necessarily imply a good interior. The goodly apple is often rotten at the core. Christ referred to the sepulchers that were outwardly glistening white but within were full of corruption.

The outward appearance of a building does not determine its moral character. A fine palace is sometimes used as a gambling house. Travelers tell us that Monte Carlo, the most notorious gambling resort in the world, is to the eye one of the most beautiful spots which human ingenuity has ever constructed.

The world is full of sham and pretence. A thin veneer often conceals the plainest of wood. Imitation jewelry is flaunted everywhere as if it were genuine. Instead of genuine articles dummies are frequently employed to deceive the unwary. "Gold bricks" are proverbial as a means for enticing the covetous and unsophisticated to part with real money in exchange for what is worthless.

Temporary Considerations

Too often men are misled by considerations that are only of passing moment. For a temporary consideration thoughtless people have been induced to part with possessions of permanent value. They fail to remember the words of the Apostle Paul: "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Let us be mindful of the fact that character building is a matter of eternal moment.

Temporary considerations have no significance when viewed in the light of eternity.

Pitfalls for the Unwary

Men cheat themselves when they discount the real values of life. Money is not the true measure of real values in this life. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Men cheat themselves by postponing the most vital decisions of life. There is nothing so important to a man as the determination of his relation to God, for upon that depends his eternal destiny. Yet men put off the question of a decision for Christ until, too often the death angel comes to them with this most important of questions still undecided.

Here is a query which every man and woman should ponder: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?"

Our Only True Guide

Jesus Christ is the only teacher to whom we may look as a sure guide to the true value of life. If we follow His leadership, we shall place the right estimate upon the spiritual values of life, and we shall be saved from that self-deception, the end whereof is disaster and death.

AUGUST 12.

The Sin of Gossip and Scandal

Ps. 120:1-7; Exod. 20:16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Aug. 6. The busybody. 2 Thess. 3:7-18.
T. Aug. 7. The talebearer. Prov. 11:9.
W. Aug. 8. Gossip's brood. 2 Cor. 12:20.
T. Aug. 9. Green-eyed slander. 2 Sam. 10: 1-5.
F. Aug. 10. Inventors of evil. Luke 7:24-35.
S. Aug. 11. A great little enemy. Jas. 3:1-18.

Psalms 120 is the first of the fifteen Psalms bearing the title, "A Song of Ascents." These Psalms were probably sung by the Jewish people as they went up to Jerusalem to celebrate the great festivals such as the Passover.

Concerning verses 2-4 of the 120th Psalm Dr. A. F. Kirkpatrick makes this apt comment in his Commentary on the Book of Psalms: "The earnestness of the prayer and the severity of the condemnation point to a person or a party, fomenting feud and strife in the community by calumny and false accusations, and resolutely refusing all attempts to promote harmony."

The judgment visited upon the owner of the slanderous tongue is expressed by two vivid metaphors, "sharp arrows of the mighty" and "coals of juniper." The latter expression is best explained by reference to the literal meaning of the Hebrew word, translated "juniper," which indicates a kind of broom from which the Arabs manufacture charcoal of the finest quality, which makes the hottest fire and retains heat for the longest time.

A Strong Temptation

There is no doubt that the temptation to idle gossip makes itself felt with a great deal of power. Idle gossip almost inevitably leads to scandal and slander. Therefore we should resist with all our might the tendency to gossip which shows itself whenever a group of people are assembled together.

Just as a snowball rolled in the snow tends to grow constantly larger, so a piece of idle gossip, repeated many times, tends to exaggeration as it passes from lip to lip until the final version bears hardly any resemblance to the original statement.

There is nothing more cruel than a slanderous attack upon the personal character of one whose life is beyond reproach. Such an attack works more harm than any bodily assault, and is more to be dreaded than any other misfortune.

How to Combat This Evil

Perhaps the best way to displace gossip and scandal is to refuse absolutely to listen to any would-be talebearers. One can be firm as well as polite, and the way to meet those who would pour into our ears their slanderous remarks about others is to decline to hear anything that has about it the least breath of scandal.

When groups of people are gathered together, those who have the gift of conversation should endeavor to direct the line of thought along those high planes which will forestall the introduction of bits of petty gossip or of ill-considered scandal.

Overcome evil with good, is an excellent maxim for us to remember in this connection. If we introduce helpful topics of conversation among the people whom we meet, there will be little opportunity to suggest the evil lines of talk which result in gossip and scandal.

Some Suggestive Thoughts

Manufacturers sometimes make warp of cotton and woof of wool, the result of this process being a half-and-half piece of cloth. Scandal is somewhat similar, for it usually presents a half truth, which is wholly false and doubly dangerous.

Carlyle has well said, "I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me."

A small fire may lead to a great conflagration. So a little gossip may blast a good reputation, and destroy the usefulness of a whole lifetime.

AUGUST 19.

A Definite Purpose and the Success It Wins

I Kings 9:1-9.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Aug. 13. God's purpose with man. Eph. 2:10.
T. Aug. 14. Purpose to cleave. Acts 11:22-26.
W. Aug. 15. A man's task. Tit. 1:1-10.
T. Aug. 16. A woman's purpose. Ruth, 1:8-18.
F. Aug. 17. The highest purpose. Heb. 12:1-8.
S. Aug. 18. A royal purpose. 2 Sam. 7:1-10.

In his early years Solomon set before himself a definite purpose. He sought wisdom, and Jehovah honored his aspiration and made him not only wise but rich and honored as well.

When the Lord appeared unto Solomon at Gibeon for the second time, He called upon him to continue to seek after the highest and the best things. If he followed after these high aims, the Lord assured him that he would have prosperity and success. If, however, he should fail to continue to walk in the way of the Lord, then he was assured that he and his people should come to a miserable end.

The history of Solomon shows that so far as he adhered to his early ideals in life, so far he was blessed with prosperity. But when he departed from the way of the Lord he laid up for himself and his people a weight of woe that proved to be more than Israel could bear.

The Modern Application

Every young man and young woman has the opportunity of adopting a definite purpose in life. Whether that purpose be high or low depends upon the individual choice. God calls each one of us to choose Christ as our Master and to follow Him in the path of lowly service that will finally lead to heavenly exaltation. "Follow me," is the summons of Christ to every man and woman today just as surely as it was to the fishermen who stood by the Sea of Galilee.

Some Christian Ideals

As Christians we should all have a definite purpose in life, and that purpose should be to seek after the highest ideals. Among these ideals we may name consecration, which is one of the cardinal features of the Christian Endeavor Society. Indeed the word consecration has become so familiar that there is always a danger that its fullest and deepest meaning may be lost sight of.

Service is one of the high purposes to which every Christian should devote himself or herself. Just as faith without works is dead, so Christianity without service is a lifeless and unmeaning thing. Never was there a time in the world's history when there was such a call as there is now for all forms of Christian service, and a failure to respond to this call is a sad dereliction indeed.

Self-sacrifice is an ideal that calls us to lay self upon the altar in order that we may worthily follow the Master, who gave Himself upon the Cross. This is an ideal that is most difficult of attainment, but the reward that comes to those who are thus willing to forget self is most satisfying. He that saveth his life for himself shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for the sake of Jesus shall find it.

Great Life Purposes

There are certain objects in life to which we may well devote ourselves, making them the great purposes of our attainment.

Evangelism should be one of these great life purposes. We cannot all be professional evangelists, but we can all do evangelistic work by proclaiming the Gospel of Christ as the one essential way of salvation.

The world brotherhood of man is one of the unattained ideals of the twentieth century. With almost the whole world at war it seems as if such an ideal were but an iridescent dream. Yet we may well adopt this as one of the great life purposes for which to strive with all the energy at our command.

AUGUST 26.

"Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself"

Galatians 5:13-26.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Aug. 20. The saloon tested. Matt. 7:15-20.
T. Aug. 21. The saloon's fate. Deut. 17:1-7.
W. Aug. 22. The saloon beast. Rev. 13:1-9.
T. Aug. 23. Neighborly responsibility. Mark 12:28-34.
F. Aug. 24. Our example. Rom. 14:15-23.
S. Aug. 25. Who is our neighbor? Luke 10: 30-37.

This topic has been selected for use at a temperance meeting, and it is particularly timely and appropriate for that purpose.

Our country is passing through a crisis, and the co-operation of all our citizens is needed in order to enable us to do the tasks that await us in helping to free humanity from the curse of auto-cruacy and to establish the world democracy that will assure liberty for the individual and freedom for the small states throughout the earth.

At a time like this the admonition, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" gives us the clue to the line of action that will enable us to meet the issues of the day and to emerge triumphant from the struggle in which we are engaged.

The worst foe that we have to dread at the present time in our home land is the liquor traffic, which in utter defiance of the best interests of our country is trying to maintain a strangle hold upon our newspapers, our legislators, our soldier boys and our homes.

At a time when food is a most essential element both for ourselves and our allies, the liquor interests propose to continue to divert from food purposes hundreds of millions of bushels of grain and to turn this grain into intoxicating drink, which all experience has shown is the greatest handicap that any nation can carry into war.

Strong drink is a curse to the soldier in camp and in the field. It is a curse to the home and to the nation. It disturbs the economic, the social and the political life of the republic. It is the frequent cause and the almost constant accompaniment of crime, riot and disorder of every kind.

Love for our neighbor should make us demand the abolition of this drag upon our civilization. It should make us willing for our brother's sake to do without wine or beer or intoxicating liquor of any description.

Already the wise regulation has been promulgated that no soldier in uniform shall be served with intoxicating liquor. If we require this abstinence on the part of our soldiers—and it is a wise and beneficent regulation—why should we not make the same requirement of all those who are rendering service for the nation in shops and factories, on farms and ranches and in every line of industrial toil. Why should not soldier and civilian be subject to the same law—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"?

Local option and state prohibition are good as far as they go, but we should aim for nation-wide prohibition, for only when federal authorities work in harmony with state and local officials can we secure an effective and thorough-going enforcement of anti-liquor legislation.

While we strive for national prohibition, let us remember that total abstinence is a matter for each individual citizen. The sooner we become a nation of total abstainers the sooner will national prohibition come into full effect. So let us try to persuade every man and woman to adopt the rule of personal total abstinence, for nothing will so hasten the victory for temperance as the adoption of this principle by each individual.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Aug. 27. The first Bible song. Ex. 15:1-13.
T. Aug. 28. Moses' great song. Deut. 33:1-7.
W. Aug. 29. A Christian hymn. Acts 4:23-31.
T. Aug. 30. Mary's hymn. Luke 1:46-55.
F. Aug. 31. Songs in the heart. Eph. 5:17-20.
S. Sept. 1. Music of heaven. Rev. 5:9-14.
S. Sept. 2. My Favorite Hymn. Ps. 33:1-22.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Making Sunshine.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"WHAT a dreary day!" exclaimed Patty with a sigh as she looked out of the window. Then she took up a magazine and began idly to turn the pages.

"What a weebegone face!" Patty looked up with a start into the bright face of her chum, Sally Lascom. "Hello, Sally! Glad to see you! Isn't this a dreary day?" cried Patty, as she got quickly to her feet with an outstretched hand.

"Dreary? Why, I think it is fine. A little cloudy, perhaps, but that will only make the sun seem brighter when it does show itself," was the cheery response.

"If it ever does," Patty said glumly. "Why, Patty Ludden! Whatever is the matter with you? Don't you expect it?"

"What—the sun? Y—es, I suppose it will appear—some time. But I do just hate dull days, Sally."

"Patty, you're a pessimist—an out-and-out pessimist," Sally exclaimed, giving her friend an impatient little shake. "Some days just *have* to be cloudy. You don't expect a person to laugh all the time. It would soon grow monotonous.

"Well, all the same, I don't believe I would ever tire of the sunshine," Patty asserted.

Sally was silent for a moment. "I have a notion that our occupations have a great deal to do with our opinion of the weather," she observed in a musing tone. "What have you been doing today?" she suddenly asked.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. There is no inspiration in clouds," Patty replied with a yawn.

"Oh, *that's* the way you feel. I plainly see you haven't been taught to make your own sunshine. Mother long ago gave me lessons in the art. It cannot be acquired all at once, but it is well worth the time you put into it. Get your hat. I'm going to make a call and I'd like your company."

Patty obeyed automatically. Once out in the air her spirits revived a bit, and she asked: "Where are you going?"

"To several places. I make most of my calls on such days as this."

"But—but I'm not dressed for calling," Patty demurred.

"Neither am I, but that doesn't matter. The friends I go to see pay little attention to my clothes," smiled Sally.

The smile was contagious. Patty felt the corners of her mouth curving, and as the girls started down the steps she was actually smiling.

"Mercy! whom do you know here?" exclaimed Patty in astonishment as her companion paused before a dilapidated building and gave a vigorous knock. In response a little pale-faced boy threw the door wide open and seizing Sally's hand smiled joyously up into her face.

"I'm so glad you've come, Miss Lascom. Mother has been watching for you all the morning," he said as he danced along beside her.

"Isn't she as well, Jamie?" Sally asked.

"About the same, Miss Lascom, but she is always watching for you on cloudy days like this," the little boy replied.

"I have brought a friend with me today, Jamie. I hope the sight of a stranger will not disturb her," Sally announced.

"Oh, no indeed; she always likes to see people, especially on dull days; she says they do her about as much good as the sun," the child chatted on.

There was a queer feeling in Patty's throat as the door opened into a poorly but neatly furnished room, and disclosed the figure of a woman with two crutches beside her. The look on this woman's face as Sally approached and grasped the eagerly outstretched hand Patty did not soon forget. She

had never seen a sunbeam that equaled it.

Patty stifled a sob at sight of the sweet, patient face that followed Sally's every movement as if it were a veritable sunbeam flitting to and fro about the meagerly furnished room.

"I understand—now," she said in a choked voice as they left the house when their visit was ended. "Are all your calls like this?" she asked.

"All my cloudy day visits are," Sally replied.

"And this is what you meant by making our own sunshine?" Patty queried.

A Cheerful Expecter

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"COME in, come in," cried a cheerful voice from the other side of the door, as a visitor knocked outside.

A friendly hand turned the knob and entered, whereupon a figure on a couch half rose, and a cordial greeting met the one coming in.

"Oh, it is you, Mrs. Brand. How good of you to come, when you are so busy all the time. Bring a chair up close. We'll have a good visit. I'm so glad to see you."

"Tell me first of all about your

ant to happen. I hear a footstep outside, and think 'Somebody's coming in. How pleasant!' And when it comes time for Martha to be home, I look forward to having a bright bit of out-of-doors brought in. I'm always expecting the mail, too, and looking for something nice to come to me—it's just a bit exciting to wonder what it will be."

"But what if it should be bad news?" said the visitor.

"Well then, it would only be half as bad as if I'd dreaded it, and borne it before it came. When I expect good things, I fill up my cup with pleasure in looking forward, and when they come, my cup runs over. Why should I put in a bitter drop at first by expecting evil? *That* wouldn't sweeten the bitter thing if it came. I have such a good time remembering, as I stay on my couch and think of all the good things that have come to me, that this helps me to look forward to more. His love in time past forbids me to think He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

"You've taught me a lesson," said the friend. "You are such a cheerful expecter."

Going Uphill

BY CORA S. DAY.

"I don't see much fun in this uphill travelling. It's just a lot of hard climbing, with nothing to look at ahead but the road to the top." The stout member of the walking party stopped to regain his breath and mop his heated brow. The others laughingly railed at him for a lazy fellow, but good-naturedly stopped and waited for him. One grasped the chance to voice a somewhat different opinion of hill climbing.

"Oh, there's a lot of fun in it if you look at it right, Clyde," he protested. "It's good exercise, you know." Clyde groaned in assent. "Then there's all the fun of getting the view from the top, and the easy trip down on the other side. It's well worth all the effort. Come along," and they resumed their tramp.

Have you a hard lesson to learn, a difficult task to do, a tiresome duty to perform, a moral or mental or spiritual hill to climb? You can make it harder or easier by your way of looking at it and going at it. Try considering it in the light of good exercise, that will strengthen you for the next hill. Set your heart upon doing the climb so well that the things beyond—the view from the summit—will be beautiful by your own zeal and joy in success. Then in truth the travelling beyond will prove easy and pleasant, and the effort will prove itself well worth while, in every sense.

Keeping Rank

There is something fascinating about the soldier-step. The rhythmic beat of marching feet speaks of patient drill, strict obedience to orders, and the ability to step in unison with others in unbroken rank. Long ago it was said of the men of Zebulon that they were men who could keep rank and were not of double heart. This made them invincible soldiers. And later Joel describes the "strong people" who shall execute judgment, as marching—"every one in his ways, and they shall not break their ranks, neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path." Now what do you think? Is not good work and progress sometimes hindered today because some of the soldiers break rank, do not keep step with the rest, and thrust others from the path? "Together" is the watchword of today. Harmony in the ranks, concerted movement, onward as one man—so shall victory be won by the young soldiers who are marching under the leadership of our great Captain Jesus Christ.



THE INTRUDER

"Yes. Don't you think it rather a nice way of getting the best of the weather?" Sally asked, brightly.

A thoughtful look came over Patty's face. Then she turned swiftly and faced her companion.

"You called me a pessimist a little while ago, Sally Lascom; and I now pronounce you to be an out-and-out optimist," she declared, twining her arm lovingly around her friend's waist. "No more dreary days for me now if I may be allowed to accompany you on your sunshine walks," she declared.

"Agreed! And with two optimists to brighten the dreary days the sun may hide its face for a week at a time and not be missed," Sally assented, as she gave Patty's hand a delighted squeeze.

'offending member.' Is the broken leg doing well?"

"Yes, indeed," was the prompt reply. "It's attending to its knitting as properly as can be, I expected it to behave well. It had the best of care, and I've had it, too, with Martha to look after me, while laid aside this way."

"But you have to be alone while your good daughter is away to her work," said the visitor, as she looked sympathetic. She lived herself in the midst of a bustling family, and was accustomed to entertain company at all times.

"Well, it's no hardship to be alone," said the victim of the accident. "I have plenty of time for good reading and to think 'gude thoughts,' as the old Scotch woman said. Then, you see, I'm always expecting something pleas-

Our Fireside

Alma Dinock's Rest Cure

By Felicia Buttz Clark

"I T'S no use, doctor, I simply cannot go away now. What would Ralph do, and the boys? Then, there are other reasons," and with these words Alma Dinock leaned her head back, wearily, on the pillow of an easy-chair.

The old family doctor looked at her keenly. He knew well enough that there were other reasons. It was not that Ralph Dinock had not worked hard, dear, good fellow! He would have been willing to slave day and night for his loved ones—but he did not have the gift of securing a good income. And this was among the other reasons why the pretty woman, looking so pale and used up, could not have the vacation that she longed for and so greatly needed.

"Well, Alma, I'm sorry. You ought to drop the reins for a while. But if you can't, that settles it. We'll have to try something else. I'll leave you a new prescription for a tonic."

"I don't want any more tonics!" exclaimed Alma Dinock, with more energy than the doctor believed her capable of. "I just won't take any more medicine."

There are moments when even the family physician is puzzled. He saw that the woman whom he had known ever since she was a girl was in no mood to be reasoned with.

He rose and picked up his Panama hat and driving gloves.

Alma rose, too, and his heart was moved as he saw her lips tremble. She was almost at the end of her strength.

The doctor spoke impulsively. "You work too hard, Alma. Let some things go. Take life easier. There's a lot of beauty in this world, but we look right

over it and keep our minds on the things that don't matter. You've simply got to rest. Your mother would want you to."

He did not stop to see the tears that welled up in her dark eyes but he knew that she had flung herself face down on the chintz-covered couch in the dining room and was weeping bitterly. "Poor child!" he murmured. In a moment doctor and car were out of sight down the dusty yellow road.

Dinock's place was small but exquisitely kept. At night, Ralph and the boys, who were already out at work in order to help the family finances, kept the grass as smooth as velvet, weeded the pansy beds and trained up the roses. Inside, the house was neat as wax—Alma saw to that. It was her joy and pride that no one ever found dust on her tables or a single article out of its accustomed place.

Ralph sometimes wished that Alma was not such an immaculate house-keeper. There were moments when he would like to have dropped a newspaper on the floor without having a guilty feeling, or to have laid a book down on the table without finding it carefully closed when he came back and the place lost where he had been reading. He felt an extraordinary desire sometimes to do foolish things, spill ashes or turn up corners of rugs, just to see what would happen. But all the time he admired Alma extremely, and he loved her very much.

Only that morning, at breakfast, he had said: "Dear, you look pale and tired. I'm going to phone, and ask Dr. Peters to come in and see you."

"He'll only say that I need—"

Alma bit her lip. Ralph flushed a little. "That you need a change. I wonder if we can't manage it."

"Oh, Ralph dearest," Alma was sobbing on his shoulder now, a sure sign that something serious was the matter, "I'm all right. Of course, we can't manage it. And I wouldn't be so selfish as to go and leave you to work on alone. You had no vacation at all last summer. And here I can stay in this lovely cool house all the time, while you and the boys are at the hot office. No, indeed, I wouldn't think of it."

Ralph Dinock kissed her good-bye and hurried to call the doctor before he ran for the train. He was anxious about Alma. She worked too hard. Yet, what could he do? A good strong girl to help her would be the remedy, but maids were at a premium in the suburban town.

Ralph threw off his cares at the office, for business must be attended to and fell to dictating letters with more energy than was suited to the day. The mercury was careering gayly in the nineties and the humidity was ninety-eight!

Suddenly, the girl who was writing gave a little cry. There was a thud and a fall. She had fainted.

"No more work for you today, Miss Evans," said Mr. Dinock kindly, when she came to herself again. "It's too hot for you. That's the matter. Better go home."

"I think that I can continue," she replied.

"Why don't you want to go home?" Dinock inquired, with some curiosity.

The girl raised a white face to him. "If you want the real truth," she blurted out, "I'd rather stay here. It's cooler. My room is an oven. I thought I'd die last night, it was so hot. Thank you, Mr. Dinock," she resumed her usual tone. "Shall we go on?"

Ralph's thoughts flew to the woman he loved in the home in the country. She, too, had been white and worri-

And here was this girl. "Cooler here in the office!" What could her room be when this was a furnace?

* * *

Alma wept her heart out and then she lifted her head and looked around her. Was the old doctor right? Had she looked over the beautiful things of life and seen only the specks of dust and the marks on the silver?

Evidently, it was necessary for her to live easier; she felt that she must do it, or fail utterly. Was it possible to do only the necessary things, to make some radical change which would do away with the deadly monotony of existence Ralph and the boys would be only too happy to do whatever she wished.

What would mother say, if she were here? The mother with the gentle, placid face. She could hear her now saying: "Does it really matter, dear?"

No. It didn't really matter. There were other things in life that were worth while. She and Ralph and the boys were going to enjoy them.

Now, Alma Dinock had one serious weakness; she loved to save, not money, but things. She loved to have, rather than to use. The dining room was clean and neat, but in the most unpleasant part of the house. The parlor, a beautiful room, had four large windows, looking out upon the garden Ralph took so much pride in.

There was nothing very handsome in the parlor, but what there was, was swathed in muslin covers and mosquito netting. The windows were tight shut, to keep out dust. Occasionally, the room was opened for guests and then closed up again. A remark made by her younger son, John, came to her mind now.

"It's so pretty here, mama. I wish we could live here always."

Had the boys and Ralph wanted beauty and had she held them away from it?

With quick step, she went and threw open the parlor doors. It smelled musty and unused. She opened all

the windows and let in the air. It was hot, very hot, but it carried in odors of lilies and pinks and jasmine. A great oak cast deep shade. Through its leaves, the sunbeams danced on the soft green carpet. They had done this room up in green. Today it looked cool and restful.

She took the muslin coverings from the chairs, then put them back again. It was cooler that way. But off from the pictures, the few good engravings and carbon photographs that she and Ralph had bought with so much care, Alma snatched the mosquito netting.

She sat down in front of one of the pictures in a carved wood frame and looked at it a long time. A friend had brought it to them from Italy. It was a green carbon, representing the garden of the Villa d'Este in Tivoli. Tall, straight cypresses rose into the air. It had required four centuries to bring them to such perfection. Marble statues, brown with the passage of time, gleamed against a background of ivied walls. Ferns were there and tall pines.

"Yes, the doctor was right. We have spent too much time on the things that did not count and overlooked the beauty in the world," she thought.

It was so cool and restful in the shaded parlor that Alma yielded to temptation, lay down on the sofa at ten o'clock in the morning and went sound asleep.

Ralph Dinock did a lot of thinking while he ate his plain lunch in the coolest place he could find. It was sweltering in the city. No wonder the girl who did the typewriting had succumbed to the heat. Here were two women all used up. How happy he would be if he could go back to Alma, place a fat roll of bills in her hand and tell her to go away to the mountains!

Ralph sighed. This was impossible. But was there not some other way to solve the difficult problem?

Miss Evans was clicking fast on her machine as he entered the office.

She lifted an astonished face, when he said to her kindly: "Miss Evans,

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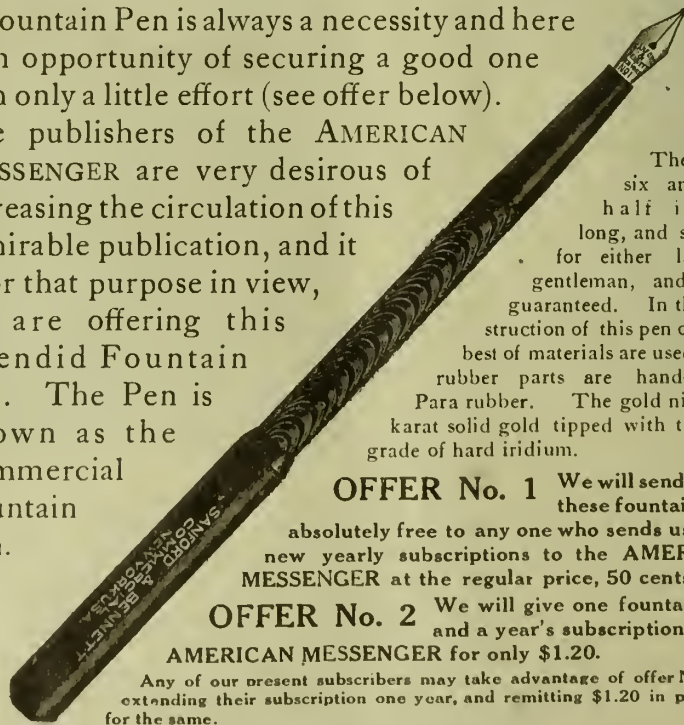
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"There's a Reason"



you said that your room was very hot. Do you live at home? Pardon me for asking."

"I—I have no home, Mr. Dinock." To his surprise, the girl who was half sick with exhaustion, burst into tears. In a moment, she controlled herself and went on: "My father died several years ago. He was a well-known physician. Everybody loved him. Mother and I struggled along after his death, for he left little beside the house, and that we were obliged to sell in order to live. Then mother died and I came to the city. I live in a boarding-house on the East Side."

"Thank you for telling me," Ralph Dinock said gently. He wondered why he had not had more consideration for his stenographer. She came and went so quietly, was so silent and worked so swiftly that he had thought of her almost as a machine.

He dictated a letter and then spoke suddenly: "Do you like to do housework or to cook, Miss Evans?"

The girl began to fear that the heat had affected her employer's brain.

"Why, yes, Mr. Dinock. I like to cook better than anything else. Mother said that I was a born cook. But I have no use for such an accomplishment now," she added bitterly. "There's no money in it."

Mr. Dinock drummed on the desk. He had a vision of the white-faced wife at home, who so sorely needed a helping hand.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Miss Evans. You go to your room as quickly as you can and pack a few things in a grip. Then you meet me at the station at five-thirty."

The girl looked startled. Ralph continued quickly: "We've got a house in the suburbs, my wife and I. There's green grass out there at Farewoods, and flowers and the birds sing. My wife's just tired out. If you'd be willing to help her—a little—a month's rest won't hurt you. Come, hurry, or we'll miss that train."

"Oh, Mr. Dinock!" was all that Helma Evans could say.

All the way to her room, while she was packing her bag, the lonely girl's heart was singing. God had not forgotten her! Green grass, singing birds, fresh air, after this boiling city where the very bricks were scorched. It was too good to be true. She had seen Mrs. Dinock once or twice when she came to the office. She was a sweet-faced woman, one whom she could love.

And there would be cooking to do! As the train neared Farewoods, Ralph began to question. Perhaps Alma would not be pleased to have him bring home a comparatively strange young lady for a month's visit. Perhaps Miss Evans would prove a burden rather than a help. He knew little about her except that she was a self-contained, capable stenographer.

The door of the house stood wide open.

"Will you wait just a moment, Miss Evans? I will call Mrs. Dinock."

"I'll find her lying down, poor dear," he thought.

Upstairs he went, but he found no wife; but the spare bed-rooms, the best in the house, on the shady side, were thrown open.

"Some company must have come," commented Ralph.

In the kitchen, no wife. Ralph began to be frightened when a voice called: "Ralph dear, come out into the garden."

There stood Alma, dressed in white, looking rested, with a delicate pink tint in her face like she used to have. Beside her was a dainty supper-table, set with the prettiest china and the silver so rarely used that Ralph had forgotten they owned it. A bunch of roses was in a glass vase. The air was cool and refreshing.

Ralph drew a long breath. He had never said anything before, because he feared that Alma would be overworked if things moved out of their regular course, but he had so detested the hot dining-room after the long day in the city.

Here, in the shade of the great tree, it was restful.

"The boys did almost everything for me," she explained. "I've thought it all over. We've never half enjoyed our beautiful garden and the pleasant parlor. Everything is arranged, and I'm going to take my rest-cure at home."

When Miss Evans had been cordially welcomed, and they had eaten their supper, the two boys, delighted to be allowed to share their mother's work, cleared away everything and whistled while they washed dishes.

"I'm going to do all the cooking," said Helma, "and you shall have a good rest."

Mrs. Dinock leaned her head back on the comfortable rattan chair and looked up at the big, golden moon peeping good-naturedly at her through the branches of the big tree.

"I'm glad you came, my dear. Not because you will cook. We'll do the work together, but because this is a red-letter day in my life."

"Why is that?" asked the doctor's voice, behind her.

Alma held out her hand to her old friend.

"Because you taught me a lesson, dear old Esculapius. I've begun to see the beauty in my own little world."

"And who is this young lady?"

"I am Helma Evans, sir."

"From where?"

"My father was Dr. James Evans, of Hampton."

"And I saw you when you were a baby. Ralph Dinock, where did you pick up the daughter of one of the best men I ever knew?"

"I didn't pick her up, doctor. I think—"

Helma slipped her hand into that of the old family physician.

"It was God who did it, doctor. I've found my bit of heaven."

They turned toward Mrs. Dinock. Her head lay restfully on the pillow. She was sound asleep, with the cool evening breezes playing about her.

Truly, Alma Dinock's Rest Cure had begun.

Miss Maria's Providence

BY KATHLEEN HAY.



OR the sake o' mercy, Marcella, and what will you be asking for next—a party indeed. I suppose you'll be wanting white dresses with blue sashes for Joy and you, and a table set out on the lawn with half the children in town invited. Well, to be sure there's never any telling what will happen next."

Miss Maria Ansley paused a moment, her eyes fixed sternly on her small niece, who stood near the door, shifting nervously from one foot to the other, all the while edging backward, ready to escape from her aunt's vengeance.

"A party indeed—if that isn't impertinence, Marcella Ansley, and me working my fingers to the bone to keep you two fed and clothed."

"There's not many that would have taken on two troublesome children, situated as I am, but Providence just seemed to settle you on me, and there seems no way out now."

Miss Maria paused again, the torrent of her indignant words for the moment being spent. Marcella's last hope for the party was completely gone as she moved slowly backward, one small hand closing tightly over the door knob.

"Good-night, Aunt Maria, I'm sorry," she said and started down the hall rapidly when her aunt's sharp voice arrested her again.

"Go straight to bed, Marcella; both of you, and don't be long getting there either with that candle wasting all the time. In my day children went to bed without any light. I'm sure I don't know what the world is coming to soon. If this last request don't beat all."

The small, old-fashioned room was empty, save of her own presence, as Miss Maria finished speaking and sank into a high, stiff chair drawn near the dying fire. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and still she sat rigid, her eyes riveted on the few remaining coals.

She started up suddenly as the sound of voices came indistinctly through the walls.

"Well, I never, if it isn't those two children talking yet, and that forbidden long ago. I'll stop that game or my name ain't Maria Ansley." With an impatient gesture she arose, her thin lips drawn together in a sharp line. The parlor door opened softly and by the faint light shining through the door she stole down the hall toward the noise. Marcella was speaking in a soothing tone.

"You must not mind so much about the party, Joy—I didn't think that Aunt Maria would let us have it, but when I grow up I mean to give you the best one in the world."

"But I want it now," wailed Joy, the thought of the coming years holding no place in the cry of disappointment, "and—Aunt Maria's mean, and I don't love her a bit."

"Hush, Joy." Another small voice from out the darkness spoke quickly. "You must not talk so dreadfully." She paused a second and then went on pleading Aunt Maria's cause.

"She takes care of us both, Joy, since Providence—" she stumbled hurriedly over the impressive word, "has thrown us at her, and she has only us to love her you know."

By degrees Joy had grown quieter, Marcella's words softening her wrath. "I'm a little sorry I called her mean, but—anyway I don't believe she loves us one bit."

"But we have each other, Joy, and poor Aunt Maria has nobody."

"I never thought of that Marcella," Joy answered sleepily, "and I'm sorry, 'cause I guess she must be pretty lonesome."

"Well, we'll go to sleep now, Joy, and remember that we are going to try and love Aunt Maria a lot—and—make her real happy again."

The silent listener at their door turned softly away and crept noiselessly back toward the parlor. She walked over to the stiff, high chair that she had not long left, but with a gesture of weariness passed by it and sank into a rocker helplessly. Tears long since aban-

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doned, coursed slowly down her face as a smothered sob escaped her lips.

"If the Lord hasn't sent you a lesson worth learning this night, Maria Ansley—and, 'out of the mouths of babes, too.' Some one to love and—some one to make you happy once more." Breathlessly she paused, her tired frame shaken by feelings long pent up.

"To love me—" she whispered into the silence—"such as me."

Far into the night Miss Maria did not stir. A softened expression had stolen over her hardened features, smoothing away some of the lines of care.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these," she repeated slowly, a dawning of the true meaning coming into her heart, "and—and you have never done a thing, Maria Ansley—but the Lord willing, it's a new life you'll be living from now on."

Her head sank lower into her hands, a little smothered cry broke the silence of the room. And then again her lips moved and words that she had long since learned and forgotten came crowding back.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not—for of such—of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

She raised her head as the first faint streaks of dawn came in through the window.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—" she whispered softly, "ye have done it unto Me."

And the light of an awakened love shone sweetly now in Miss Maria's soul.

The Boston Public Library

It is not generally known that this library has the largest circulation of books of any in the United States. The Congressional Library at Washington has the largest collection of volumes, periodicals, newspapers and photographs, but as the efficiency of a library is popularly supposed to be measured by the number of books lent for home use, the Boston Library is easily in the lead, with New York second and the Congressional Library third in this point of efficiency.

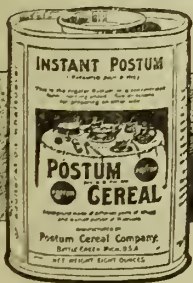
The Boston Public Library is a great educational organization under the direction of trained experts, and consists of the Central Library in Copley Square with fourteen branch libraries and sixteen reading-rooms distributed over the city at thirty strategic centers. The records show that almost two million books circulated last year, these being taken from the Central Library and its branches to be used at home. The library co-operates with the public and private schools, beginning with the very youngest of school age. It has a well-equipped children's department under the supervision of trained specialists, it co-operates with the numerous colleges, universities and other institutions of higher learning in and about Boston, and it ranks among the most complete American libraries in accommodation for scholars and authors in their research and writing.

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Total Donations (Including \$1,015.50 for Special Objects), \$3,493.63.

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New York, N. Y., Estate of Archibald M. Stewart, \$5,000. INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$1,287.50. Income for Missionary Work, \$1,174.25. Income for Annuitants, \$113.25.

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I give and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of.....dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

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The donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director.

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THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 797,704,700 copies. It has made former cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$18,461.65. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,652,967.54, which is the equivalent of 5,305,935,080 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 199,963; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,712, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-six years 17,438,166, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,812,806.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a one volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 16,012,088 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President. JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary. Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Our Medicine Chest

Little Mary had never seen her Aunt Anna and was much delighted when a visit was promised by the aunt. When the day arrived that the aunt was due a telegram was delivered at Mary's home which read: "Missed train. Will start at same time to-morrow." Mary stood quietly by while her mother read the telegram, and then burst into tears. "Why, darling," cried the mother, anxiously, "what in the world is the matter?" "Oh, mother," replied the child between her sobs, "I will never see my Auntie Anna, after all." "Never see her!" exclaimed the mother in surprise. "What do you mean, dear?" "Why, mother," explained the child, "she says she will start the same time to-morrow, and if she does, she will lose her train again, won't she?"

Dealer in Second-hand Garments (to assistant): "We can't mark this suit Fashionable; it's too shabby."
Assistant (a humorist): "No; but you might mark it Very Much Worn."

She—"Did you have any trouble with your French while you were in Paris?"
He—"No, but the Parisians did."

Why does a man's hair turn grey sooner than his moustache? Because it is about twenty-one years older.

Medical Professor—"What would you do in the case of a person eating poisonous mushrooms?"
Student—"Recommend a change of diet."

A sailor fell off his ship on to the wharf one night, and injured his hand. A week or so afterwards, when he was getting better, he asked the doctor anxiously:

"Say, doc, when this hand of mine gets well, will I be able to play the banjo?"

"Certainly you will—certainly," said the doctor.

"Thanks, doc. You're certainly a wonder," said the sailor. "I never could be fore."

A minister inadvertently said lately in an interesting sermon, and with great emphasis, "I fear that we do not heed the sacred call to the Christian ministry as did our sons and grandsons before us." It reminded us of the remark of a former pastor of Tremont Temple, who announced to a bewildered congregation: "We are expecting to have a sociable on Thursday evening, but in order that there may be no confusion, I will say that if on Thursday evening the weather is inclement, the sociable will be held on the previous evening."

"I've been looking for my husband for the last two hours," said an agitated woman to a calm one.

"Don't get excited, madam," replied the latter. "I've been looking for a husband for the last twenty-five years."

What a change a wife often makes in a man's life, and what a lot of change she requires while making it!

"Do they give little Johnnie any nicknames at school?"

"Yes, they call him 'Corns.'"

"Why?"

"He's always at the foot."

A little boy, suffering from eating too many hard apples, sat under a tree in a farmer's orchard doubled up with pain. The farmer, a kindly man, and a recent convert to Christian science, asked the trouble.

"Oh, I ache so in my stomach," said the youngster.

"No, you don't, either," remonstrated the follower of Mrs. Eddy. "You only think you do."

"It's all right for you to think," said the boy, "but I've got inside information."

Indian negroes live and work in both sections. The Canal Zone itself is protected morally by strict laws, with military enforcement. The terrible dens of vice in Panama and Colon are, however, more largely patronized by Americans than by any others.

"Panama may become a moral menace to the world. The people need Christian education. A Union Christian College would help to educate the people, not only in that Republic, but would also reach the five republics of Central America, Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador. In all of these eight republics there are only two mission schools that go beyond the sixth grade. Panama City also needs a Y. M. C. A. which could do for it many things that are furnished by various philanthropic and governmental agencies in North American cities, such as—libraries, playgrounds, popular lectures, night classes, etc., but which are entirely lacking in Panama."

Plan for Christmas Now

Though there is a most urgent and persistent call in these days for all kinds of service, the needs on the foreign mission fields must not be forgotten. Christmas brings a special call and the response has hitherto been generous. The missionaries lay away many things which come during the year and bring them out for distribution at the Christmas season. They are always asking for simply dressed dolls. These should be of the go-to-sleep variety and about ten inches in length. Dolls can be sent to many countries by parcel post, and that rate is twelve cents per pound.

Pictures by the thousand are needed at every foreign mission station. A missionary in China just wrote, "Yesterday thirty-five boys more than usual came to the Sunday School and registered their names. They heard about the pictures and calendars. I am sure that most of them, if not all, came only because of the pictures. But they came and heard about Jesus, and I will try to make them come again. These pictures are a real help to us." Picture time abroad is any time during the year.

Gifts for use at the Christmas season should be forwarded by October 15, and can be prepared during this delightful summer season of the year. The Surplus Material Department of the World's Sunday School Association, 216 Metropolitan Tower, New York City, has an interesting leaflet about this special work. Please mention your own particular denomination when you write for the information.

A Day of Prayer for Schools

Following its annual custom, the National Reform Association offers to send appropriate literature, free of charge, to all pastors who will on the Second Lord's Day of September, the Day of Prayer for Schools, or on a contiguous Sabbath, discuss in their pulpits the vital necessity of training the youth of our country in Christian morality to make them desirable citizens. The literature proffered this year, as heretofore, is strictly undenominational, yet specifically Christian. It consists of suggestive sermon outlines, carefully prepared articles in favor of Christian public education, and an authentic report on the present day status of Bible reading in all the schools of our own and other countries. All pastors desiring this literature should order at once. Ask for literature for Day of Prayer for Schools. Address, The National Reform Association, 602-604 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Notice to Authors

Authors who submit manuscripts for publication to the American Tract Society are reminded that the Society does not hold itself responsible for the return of any manuscript. If a remittance is sent to cover the full cost of postage and registry, the Society will transmit a manuscript by registered mail upon the request of the author.

are making thousands of comfort-bags.

Special honor-rolls are being prepared for the enrolment of all Endeavorers who engage in any form of military, relief, or food-production service.

In the army itself, wherever practicable, regimental Christian Endeavor societies will be organized. The first society of this kind has already been organized by the Second Engineers at El Paso.

Mr. Poling stated that because the Christian Endeavor movement is found in every country in the world, and because it deals with the young people whose prejudices have not been finally fixed, and because its ideals have been developed in the atmosphere of true internationalism and Christian brotherhood, it will be able to render a service of inestimable value to the whole world when the war is over.

In sounding the patriotic note Mr. Poling declared that "America as no other nation holds the hopes of all war-ravaged peoples," and he concluded: "Patriotism, like every other virtue, begins at home. True internationalism in the United States will declare allegiance first of all to the Stars and Stripes. We must save America to serve the world."

Moral Plagues in Panama

Yellow fever has been stamped out of the Canal Zone by scientific sanitation but there is still danger of a worse infection from the moral cesspools of Panama, bordering on the zone. Rev. S. G. Inman writes of this in the *Missionary Review of the World* as follows:

"The Zone towns of Ancon and Cristobal are only across the street from the Panama and Colon, and so many Americans visit them that their moral problems cannot be separated. The West

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

<i>Black tea—1 cupful</i>	<i>1.54</i>
<small>(hot) (5 fl. oz.)</small>	
<i>Green tea—1 glassful</i>	<i>2.02</i>
<small>(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)</small>	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	<i>1.21</i>
<small>(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)</small>	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	<i>1.12</i>
<small>(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)</small>	

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propoganda. Address

The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J., Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A.

The New Testament

With Notes, Instructions and References.

POCKET EDITION.

DR. CHAPMAN'S INDORSEMENT.


The New Testament with Notes cannot but be helpful to its readers.

The Introductions to the several Books have been prepared by an expert in Biblical scholarship. Taken together it would be impossible to find in the same compass Introductions that present in a better way the salient features of each Book while giving information at the same time concerning questions of authorship, date, purpose and destination.

The Notes upon the text are themselves marvels of scholarly condensation. They aim to present a concise explanation of the words of Scripture, selecting those passages which need such explanation. The writers of these Notes have used rare discrimination in their preparation, and possessors of this book will find in it a perfect mine of information at their command.

The Instructions are designed to make a practical application of the truth. This feature, which is unique, makes the volume one of rare value, and those who read these Instructions will not only have the truth brought directly and forcibly home to their own lives, but will also be furnished with material that will be of inestimable value to them in Christian service and work.

The Outline of the Harmony of the Gospels given is based upon the Standard American Revised Version, which is unquestionably the best modern Version and presents an outline of the Life of Christ that will commend itself to those who make use of it.



John exalts Christ.

JOHN IV.

Salvation by faith.

30 He must increase, but I must decrease.

31 He that cometh from above is above all:^a he that is of the earth is earthly,^b and speaketh of the earth: he that cometh from heaven is above all.

32 And what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth; and no man receiveth his testimony.^c

33 He that hath received his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true.^d

34 For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God:^e for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.^f

35 The Father loveth the Son,

^a Ch. 6:33; 8:23; Eph. 1:20, 21. ^b 1 Cor. 15:47. ^c ch. 1:11. ^d 1 John 5:10. ^e ch. 7:16. ^f Psa. 45:7; Isa. 11:2; 59:21; ch. 1:16; Col.

now rejoices to be lost sight of in his greater glory.

30. *He; Christ. Must increase; in influence and honor.*

31. *He that cometh; Christ. Is above all; in character and work, and ought to be honored above all. Is of the earth; as are John and all merely human teachers. Is earthly; inferior in character and teaching, and ought to hold an inferior place.*

32. *Seen and heard; in heaven with his Father. No man; few compared with the whole, and none uninfluenced by the Holy Spirit.*

33. *Hath set to his seal that God is true; by believing in Christ, he acknowledged that what God hath said concerning him is true.*

34. *By measure; John and the apostles received the Holy Spirit only in a certain measure, but Christ without measure.*

35. *Hath given all things; pertaining to the salvation of men. Into his hand; as Mediator, that he might give eternal life to all who should believe in him. Compare chap. 17:2.*

INSTRUCTIONS.

7. As all men are naturally destitute of the love of God, no one should think it strange that he must experience that change which Christ called being born again.

9. It is not necessary, in order to believe a fact and receive the benefit of it, that a man should understand the manner in which it is ac-

and hath given all things A. D. 30 into his hand.^g

36 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life:^h and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.ⁱ

CHAPTER IV.

¹ Christ talketh with a woman of Samaria, and revealeth himself unto her. ²⁷ His disciples marvel. ³¹ He declareth to them his zeal to God's glory. ³⁹ Many Samaritans believe on him. ⁴³ He departeth into Galilee, and healeth the ruler's son that lay sick at Capernaum.

WHEN therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees

¹ 19. ^g Matt. 28:18. ^h Hab. 2:4; ver. 16, 16. ⁱ Rom. 1:18.

complished; and he should not let his ignorance of what God has not revealed hinder him from receiving and treating as true what he has revealed.

11. As Jesus knew the truth of what he taught, all are bound to believe it, and to let it have its due influence over their hearts and lives.

20. The reason why men do not believe what Christ has taught is, that they love error, they do evil, and his truth on this account condemns them.

26. When sinners in great numbers come to the Saviour, some men, if it lessen the number who follow them, are greatly grieved. But good men, with right views, rejoice in every accession to the number of Christ's followers. They are delighted to see him increase, though it cause them to decrease.

30. It is a high spiritual attainment to be willing that others should excel us in usefulness and honor.

35. As all things pertaining to the souls of men are in the hands of Christ and at his disposal, the eternal life of those who believe in him, and the eternal death of those who continue to reject him, are certain.

CHAPTER IV.

1. *How the Pharisees had heard; he was aware that the knowledge of his growing popularity excited their envy and ill-will, which he wished for the present to avoid.*

Exact size of page and type.

Comfort Testaments

Consider what a comfort you have always taken with your New Testament and how much more comfort you got out of it when you were alone. Then consider how great a comfort any soldier boy who is always away from home and friends can get with a New Testament in his pocket. And how much more satisfactory is the NEW TESTAMENT WITH NOTES! It will smooth over

many lonely hours and prove the means of salvation for many a man at the front. It just fits the pocket, kit or package. Bound in Silk Cloth. Price, 75 cents a copy, postpaid, for a short time. Better prices in quantities. Be sure to give every soldier lad or any one else that you know who is entering the service a NEW TESTAMENT WITH NOTES.

American Tract Society
Publishers and Booksellers
Park Avenue and 40th Street
New York

A M M

Vol. 75

No. 9

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

SEPTEMBER, 1917



"I AM THE VINE; YE ARE THE BRANCHES"

WE
 DECLARE UNTO YOU GLAD TIDINGS

BREACH THE
 GOSPEL TO EVERY
 CREATURE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

HENRY E. FRITZ.

Our Honor Roll

On Our Honor Roll are placed the names of those who have been receiving the AMERICAN MESSENGER for the past fifty years or more. To this Roll of Honor we are pleased to add the name of Mr. Earl, of St. Louis, Mich., who recently sent a donation for the American Tract Society, and who wrote in part as follows:

"I highly appreciate the work the Society has done and is doing for the spread of the Gospel. I served three years and thirty-seven days in the Civil War. There I became interested with the Society's work and shared in the distribution of the Society's literature.

"The AMERICAN MESSENGER has been a regular visitor to my home ever since the Civil War closed."

Another name which we are glad to add to our Honor Roll is that of Mrs. Simms, of Boonton, N. J., who writes:

"We have taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER in our family ever since I was a child. My father subscribed for it until his death at seventy-five years, and I have taken in since then. I am nearly seventy-five years old. We cannot do without the paper."

If there are others into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSENGER has been going for fifty years or more, we should be delighted to hear from them so that we may place their names upon Our Honor Roll.

Faith's Anchors

BY REV. R. T. COIT.

IN the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts where Paul gives an account of his voyage to Rome, there is a very suggestive passage. It was midnight and a fearful storm was beating upon them while the ship was being driven here and there, and they were fearful lest at any moment they might be dashed upon the rocks and the ship be lost. "And fearing lest haply we should be cast upon rocky ground, they let go four anchors from the stern and wished for the day."

There come times to each one of us when some storm bursts suddenly upon us, when all is dark, and God seems to have forgotten us. We seem driven here and there by winds of fate and we fear shipwreck. It is well for us at such times to cast out the anchors of faith and patiently wait and hope for the day.

I wish to suggest some of these anchors which have been proven and found to hold in the fiercest storms that ever burst upon us. The first of these anchors is found in Matthew 7:11: "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him." I am my Father's child and nothing may happen to me except what He permits. My Father placed me here and He will sustain me while here and bring me out glorified in His own time.

The second anchor is, if possible, the strongest of all, a mighty anchor that requires a strong chain of faith. It is found in the First Epistle to the Romans 8:28: "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." What a mighty anchor. As that goes down into life's troubled, stormy sea and lays hold on the rock of God's Word, it holds against every wind of adversity. He takes all our mistakes, all the machinations of the evil one, all sorrow, trouble and misfortune, and by His wonderful power makes them all to work together for the good of His own.

The third anchor is found in Psalm 17:15: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness." That is God's answer to the mystery of His Providence. God cannot explain to us the reason for many of His dealings with us, nor can He unfold all the wonderful realities of our Heavenly Home. Doubt ever raises

The American Tract Society

ITS OBJECT. The object of the American Tract Society is to diffuse a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, by means of the circulation of the word of Gospel truth on the printed page.

ITS FIELD. The field of the Society's operations is the world. Its mission is to all classes and conditions of people. It is interdenominational in character, evangelical in principle, and international in scope.

ITS WORK. Union Missionary Colportage is an important feature of the work of the Society. Its colporters labor among the immigrants in all sections of our own land, and in our island possessions. Its publications have been printed in 178 different languages. The grand total of all its issues from the home office alone, including books, periodicals, tracts, leaflets, etc., is over 797,000,000 copies.

ITS NEEDS. To maintain its force of consecrated workers and to furnish the supplies of Christian literature, urgently demanded in the home and foreign field, the Society needs generous donations from both large and small givers.

\$1.00 will provide 1600 pages of English tracts, each of which may become a messenger of saving truth.

\$15.00 will send 100 copies of "Manzanas de Oro," a beautiful Spanish weekly, to some Sunday school in Latin America for one year.

\$50.00 will provide a tract in some foreign language for each of 4000 immigrants arriving at New York.

\$100.00 will provide a cash appropriation for printing books or tracts at a foreign mission station.

\$500.00 will provide for the support of a missionary colporter in the home land for a whole year.

\$1000.00 invested in Christian literature and colporters to distribute it will render invaluable service in extending Christ's Kingdom.

Donations may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer,

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Park Ave. and Fortieth St., New York, N. Y.

the question, Why? But faith replies: "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him;" and I shall be satisfied then, when all the clouds have rolled away.

Of the same kind is faith's fourth anchor, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." A letter is just to hand from a friend who has passed through his first great sorrow, in the loss of a dear mother, and he asks why she should thus suffer, and why God who loves us should ask His children to go through such a trial? "Think it over and let me hear," he writes. Here is God's own answer in the words of Christ to Peter, as found in John 13:7. Some day He will take us by the hand and in words of wonderful tenderness and love explain to us why He permitted these fierce storms of sorrow, these sudden gusts of pain.

Hebrews 12:11 admits us to the fifth great anchor: "Now no suffering for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the feeble hands." Ah, that word "Afterward!" Await God's time for the unfolding of His purpose, but let us take care that we are exercised by the suffering, pain or sorrow. Our hands are ever feeble in the service of the King. Let us lift them up today in a great and lasting devotion to our Father's cause as we yield Him the obedience of a wholly surrendered will. Only thus can we be fitted to be partakers of His holiness.

The sixth anchor is in that wonderful chapter of Revelation—Revelation 21:4: "And God Himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." These light afflictions are but passing, as are all things earthly. But though passing they work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. And in the day when God wipes all tears away, we shall see with undimmed sight His wonderful grace and love, and praise Him for those mysterious ways which now cause our eyes to be blinded with tears. We shall then triumph over our arch-enemy Death, and be enabled to shout, "Oh Grave, where is thy victory?"

The last anchor I shall mention is found in the latter part of the fourth chapter of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians. Here Christ tells us through Paul that He would not have us sorrow as those who have no hope, for "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." He is coming again, and the day is nigh at hand. "Let not your hearts be troubled." "I will come again," said Jesus. And in that glorious day when we shall see Him face to face, and meet once more those whom we have loved long since and lost

awhile," faith shall be lost in sight and hope in fruition, the storms which so sorely tried us will be gone and we may lift anchor, for we shall be in the peaceful harbor of Heaven.

The Master is in the boat with us, though He may seem to be asleep. "I will be with thee and keep thee in all thy ways." For the strengthening of faith, God has drawn aside the curtain at times and shewed us even on this side of the grave, that there is a wonderful purpose of love, back of all His strange dealings. Jacob lived to see the day when he could thank God for the loss of Joseph and all those years of sorrow. Surely He that spared not His own Son but delivered him up for us all, will with Him freely give us all good things.

THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Why Books Are Needed in the Mission Field

Rev. J. L. Gerdine of Korea, has set forth recently the vital function of books in the furnishing of the Christian worker in the foreign mission field. What he has said is worthy of attention, since it confirms the high estimate which has been put upon the usefulness of Christian literature by other missionary leaders. He says:

"Our first deduction is that books are essential to the production of an epochal leader. Such a leader is needed in every Mission field, and he must come from among the people of the land. Before the church can take the place it should among the people, it must demonstrate that it can produce men qualified to move and lead a people.

"We need such a man or men in Korea. There are foundations yet to be laid and a mighty structure yet to be erected in the midst of this people, which result only awaits the development of Korean leadership in the church. We may well ask ourselves the question as to whether or not we have created conditions that will make the production of such leaders possible. We would probably be most discouraged when considering this, from the standpoint whether or not there is a literature in Korea to give the necessary mental equipment for such leadership.

"Our first thought is that books are necessary to prevent mental decline in the mentally furnished worker.

"How many who give promise of becoming useful workers fail at this point! Either they have not the books to read or have not acquired the habit of reading and hence retrograde in efficiency. We are giving much thought and attention to higher education for the youth of our Korean church, but do we not need now to look further and raise the question as to what provision we are making to keep our graduates up to a

proper intellectual standard after they shall have finished their college courses?"

"In the next place, books are necessary to prevent the spread of false doctrines throughout the Christian community. Among the educated Christians there are those who will refuse to allow their mental powers to atrophy. Rather than do this they will buy and read books which are not sound and wholesome. In the schools a taste for acquiring knowledge has been formed. This taste they will satisfy if possible. Even if Christian literature is not available there are on the market other publications which are often found to be interesting and mentally stimulating. A friend told me recently of an especially bright young man of one of the most prominent families in Korea who, after being active and efficient in church work, had discontinued church attendance. It was found that he was reading translations of the works of German critics. Such a young man would have found the mental food he desired in Christian literature of the conservative school if such had been obtainable. Such reading would have satisfied not only his mental taste but would have deepened his Christian faith. It is said that there is so little of this type of literature, even in Japan, that many, even among Japanese Christians, have the impression that there is no scholarly defense for conservative Christian teaching.

"In the last place, books are necessary for a growing power in the knowledge and use of the Bible. It is popular to say that the Bible is its own best commentary but this is only a half truth. There can be no substitute for direct contact with the Bible itself, but if the Bible student does not have proper help he must necessarily leave unanswered many questions that arise during the course of his study."

Her Monument

Alice Freeman Palmer, the president of Wellesley College, who did so much to advance the higher education of young women, lived a really wonderful life. Yet it was not a life whose story could easily be written. In his introduction to her biography her husband says: "There was in her a wastefulness like that of the blossoming tree. 'Why wilt thou,' I used to say, 'give all this time to speaking to uninstructed audiences, to endless discussions and anxious interviews? You would exhaust yourself less in writing books of lasting consequence. At present you are building no monument. When you are gone people will ask who you were, and nobody will be able to say.' But I always received the same indifferent answer: 'Well, why should they say? I am trying to make girls wiser and happier. Books don't help much toward that; it is people that count. You want to put yourself into people; they touch other people; these, others still, and so you go on working forever.'"

Just how she felt, just what she meant to do for her girls Mrs. Palmer expressed still more clearly in one of her letters: "Looking on and into them, I said: 'I will try to be a friend to them all, and put all that is truest and sweetest, sunniest and strongest, that I can gather into their lives. I will give, too, all that the years have brought to my own soul. God help me to give what He gave—myself—and make that self worth something to somebody; teach me to love all He has loved, for the sake of the infinite possibilities locked up in the human soul.'"

What Counts

It isn't what you mean to do a week ahead,
It isn't what you know you'll gain
When all annoyances have fled;
It isn't what you dreamed and planned—
Such hopes are but a phantom band—
The day's work counts.

The day's work counts
It isn't much,
The gain of those few painful hours;
But be content if there is shown
Some product of those sacred powers
Which guide each mind, uphold each hand,
Strive with the best at your command—
The day's work counts.

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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The Fall Campaign

Rally Day comes in the month of September to remind us that the most important campaign that we face is not the struggle of contending armies in Europe or Mesopotamia or any other point on the present battlefield but the campaign for the upbuilding of Christian character and the development of the spiritual life. This is a world-wide campaign, and in it every Christian man and woman should take an active and devoted part.

We look naturally to the Christian forces of our land to lead in this great spiritual campaign, and the significance of Rally Day is that it summons the churches and Sunday Schools to renewed endeavor and larger zeal in the effort to advance the progress of the Kingdom of Christ.

The opportunities for Christian service at home and abroad were never so great as they are at the present moment, and for this reason the Church of Christ should rally to its appointed tasks with greater earnestness than ever before.

Great bodies of men are being mobilized in our country for military service, and the presence of these men in camps and cantonments offers to Christian workers a fine opportunity both for social service and for evangelistic effort.

The forces of our country are being rapidly organized for national service of every description. It is also the imperative duty of the Christian churches to organize their work so as to secure the largest possible degree of efficiency. The call of Rally Day is to meet this situation and to bring the churches to a keen realization of the splendid opportunities for Christian service that are everywhere present.

A Congress on Church Efficiency

An important conference is scheduled to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 1-4, 1917. The watchword for this gathering is "Mobilize the Churches for community service," and its object is to promote efficiency in Christian work.

Among the subjects that will be discussed at this Inter-Church Congress are, "Community Evangelism," "Social Service," "World Evangelism," "Religious Education," "International Justice and Goodwill," and other timely topics.

Particular attention will be given to the subject of the organization of Inter-Church Federations, and there will be a report on "Work for Churches near Army Training Camps."

The subject of Church Efficiency is a very vital one. The statistics that are given concerning the results of church work in many of the denominations reveal the undeniable fact that there are many individual churches that are lamentably inefficient.

A church that during the course of an entire year cannot record a single addition on confession of faith shows a lack of evangelistic power. In other words, such a church is spiritually inefficient. A church that cannot record any gifts for the extension of the Kingdom of God through missionary agencies shows a lack of zeal for the propagation of the faith. Such a church is also spiritually inefficient.

By these and by other tests, it is easy to discover a widespread condition of spiritual inefficiency among the churches. Such a condition calls for remedial measures, and Christians everywhere should seek to discover ways and means by which this spiritual inefficiency may be eliminated, and the churches brought into a condition to render effective Christian service.

Information, preparation, and consecration are three elemental requisites for church efficiency. Let churches make themselves better informed concerning the needs of the community about them and of the world at large. Let them make more adequate preparation for the great tasks of community uplift and world evangelization that confront them. Above all things else, let the churches consecrate themselves more devotedly to the work to which Christ has called them.

By fulfilling these conditions the churches will help to make themselves truly efficient. Every inefficient church is a drag upon Christianity and constitutes a serious obstacle to the progress of the Kingdom.

The Inter-Church Congress to be held next month in Pittsburgh should prove of great service in stimulating larger spiritual efficiency, and it is to be hoped that many churches will be represented in this important gathering.

A Unique Book for Prisoners

The American Tract Society has just published an unusual book, prepared by its General Secretary, Rev. Judson Swift, D.D.

This book is entitled, "Looking Forward Day by Day," and it is designed to minister to the spiritual needs of those who are in prison. There is a section for each day in the month, and every section contains a selected verse of Scripture, a prayer, a meditation, a helpful quotation, and a Scripture Reading. In addition there are prayers for use on special occasions, such as "On going to trial," "Before sentence," "After sentence," and on the "Day of release."

Colonel Roosevelt has written the Foreword for this volume, in which he says:

"I am glad that the American Tract Society is publishing this little book. Christianity alone is the religion of comfort for the weary and heavy laden and of hope for the errant. We must not get sentimental about ourselves, and think that we shall be relieved from all punishment for the wrongs we have done; but, on the other hand, if there is one lesson that Christianity teaches it is that, although each one of us stumbles now and then, yet if only we resolve once more to turn into the straight path, no matter how much we have stumbled in the past, there will be a light to keep our feet from stumbling in the future."

The publication of this admirable and unique little volume fills a long-felt need, for Christian workers engaged in evangelistic efforts among prisoners have felt very deeply the lack of just such a booklet as this.

The prison chaplains who have seen advance copies of this beautiful book have expressed the warmest appreciation of its value. Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, Chaplain of the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton, writes:

"Allow me to commend 'Looking Forward Day by Day' as most perfectly fulfilling and supplying chaplains with a help that they have greatly needed. I know nothing to which I can compare it."

It is proposed to circulate a large number of copies of this book throughout the prisons of our land, and chaplains who would like to distribute it free of charge among the prisoners under their care are invited to apply for the supply that they need. A retail price of 15 cents has been fixed for single copies of the book, and Christian workers who wish to share with the Society in the expense of circulating it may secure copies in quantities on the half grant basis, i. e., at half the retail price.

The Day of Prayer for Schools

It has been correctly stated that America will mobilize two great armies in the month of September. One will be an army of over

500,000 soldiers of the new National Army, and the other will be the army of over 20,000,000 children who will take their places in the schools of the land.

This vast army of school children will mobilize in almost a day. It will be brought together, not by the sound of the bugle, but by the ringing of the school bell. It will prepare not for the pursuit of war but for the acquisition of knowledge.

Not since the days of the Civil War have the school children of our country stood in more need of Christian help than now. They need our prayers and watchful interest. Many are in danger of losing the opportunity to secure an education, owing to the pressure of work in agriculture and manufacturing. Predatory interests demand the repeal of laws against child labor as a patriotic act. There is grave danger of an increase of youthful crime due to the lack of parental care when fathers are at war and mothers at work.

There are therefore more than the usual cogent reasons why the Second Sabbath in

September (September 9, 1917) should be observed as the Day of Prayer for Schools. The observance of this day was suggested by the National Reform Association fifteen years ago. It has been approved by many religious bodies, and is more and more widely recognized each year, because at this time the schools are opening, and it is realized that the school term cannot be better begun than by praying for the children and youth and considering their moral and spiritual as well as their intellectual needs.

✻ ✻ ✻

Christian Endeavor Progress

Various items of news have been recently received which show the continued prosperity and steady growth of the Christian Endeavor movement.

A few weeks ago the corner-stone of the handsome building which is to serve as Christian Endeavor International Headquarters was laid in Boston, Mass. Dr. Francis E. Clark, the beloved founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, laid the corner-stone of this important structure, and fitting addresses were made by

members of the Board of Trustees and national officers.

At a conference of the trustees and field secretaries of the United Society of Christian Endeavor which was held at Winona, Ind., complete and far-reaching plans for the coming two years were carefully formed. The organization of "Christian Endeavor Alumni" was set on foot. It was decided to aim to enroll a million in the Christian Endeavor Army of Universal Patriotic Service. Timely themes for emphasis in Christian Endeavor papers and union meetings were fixed for each month of the year.

The Christian Endeavor spirit is illustrated by tidings that come from abroad. Two British Christian Endeavor unions, so adversely affected by the war that they were on the point of giving up their work, we are told, have chosen as their motto, "Fear God and Work Hard," and have resolved to continue their work. A Christian Endeavor worker on a British troop-ship won twenty men for Christ in a single morning at the wharves.

Do You Really Want a Revival?

BY REV. HOWARD W. POPE



GOOD many people think they want a revival when really they do not. They do not crave a real spiritual refreshing for themselves, nor are they especially anxious for the conversion of others. They have no real soul hunger for God. They cannot honestly say with David, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." What they do desire is the enjoyment of some of the secondary benefits which flow from a revival. For instance, a woman once expressed a desire for the conversion of her husband. When she was questioned closely as to her motive, it appeared that all she had in mind was that if her husband were a Christian, he would go with her to prayer meeting on mid-week evening, and she would not have to go alone. She had no concern about his lost soul, nor was she troubled that he was still living in rebellion against God, but she simply wanted a companion to go with her to meeting.

I was once invited to conduct services in a church. Upon my arrival I found that the church itself had had nothing to say about the meetings. The pastor realized that his hold upon the church was failing and unless something was done to produce results, his stay in that town would be very short. For that reason, he wanted revival meetings held. Some of his most spiritual members said to me at the outset, "On general principles we should desire to have these meetings succeed, but if it means that we must put up with that man for six months more, we cannot honestly desire success for the meetings."

Sometimes one church is jealous of another church and is willing to do anything in order to attract the crowds and gain an advantage over that church. Of course, one cannot expect that God will bless evangelistic services which are inaugurated under such circumstances and which have behind them motives that are purely worldly and selfish. On the other hand, where a revival is really desired by God's people, no power on earth can prevent them from succeeding. The great Ulster revivals in Ireland, which mark an epoch in the spiritual history of Europe and America, began in the following way. A young Christian was hungry for spiritual fellowship and having no like-minded comrade, he began to pray that

God would give him a yokefellow. In a little time, God gave him such a friend, and the two began to pray daily that God would enlarge their circle. In a little time, their daily meetings were greatly enlarged and the Spirit of God was poured out upon the whole community. Then the revival spread into adjoining towns and all over Ireland, and in fact, it went around the world.

A revival is not a thing of chance. If it has come, it is because someone has set in motion spiritual forces which make a revival inevitable.

On one occasion, when Dr. Lyman Beecher was pastor of the church at Litchfield, Conn., a remarkable work of grace occurred. Its coming was sudden and unexpected. There had been no extra meetings, nor were there any indications of special interest such as usually precedes an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. No one could account for this strange manifestation of divine power. When the interest had somewhat subsided, Dr. Beecher began to take up his regular pastoral work again, and called, among other places, at the house of a sick man who lived in the outskirts of the parish. The shut-in asked many questions about the revival and the various people who had been converted, and then he told his pastor the following story:

He said that as he lay on his bed he had felt greatly depressed at the thought of his utter uselessness. Finally it occurred to him that he could at least pray for people if he could not visit and talk with them. He began to pray for his next door neighbor, and then for the one who lived in the next house, and the next, and so on, until he had prayed his way to the end of the street, taking in every family, and praying for every individual as far as he knew them. Then he took another street, and another, until he prayed his way all through the parish. Then he began again, and prayed his way through the parish a second time; and then came the revival which he was expecting, but of which the church and pastor had had no intimation, and for which, indeed, they do not appear to have been responsible.

When Dr. Beecher heard that recital, he said: "Now I know where that revival had its earthly origin. It was in the sick-room of that godly man."

Our Saviour has an intense concern for souls. During His earthly life he worked so zealously that He reminded His disciples of the passage

which says, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." He arose early in the morning to pray; indeed, He often prayed all night, we may believe. He wept over Jerusalem; He even sweat blood under the crushing weight of His personal responsibility.

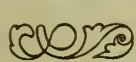
Christ expects His church to share this concern for souls with Him. The church is the bride of Christ and the mother of God's children. A husband and wife ought to think alike and feel alike. Their interests are identical and their hearts should throb as one. Unless the bride of Christ shares with her Lord in this concern for souls there will be no spiritual children born, for children are not born of one parent, in either the natural or the spiritual world. Indeed, it would be a calamity if children should be born under such conditions. You might as well put a babe in the arms of a dead mother as to put converts into the care of a cold, unsympathizing church. Those who have experience know that the hardest thing to accomplish in revival work is to secure an atmosphere which is favorable to the new birth, and after that the work is very easy.

On the other hand, where there is real concern for souls, conversions will occur.

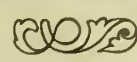
A wife in England resolved to pray for her husband's conversion every day for a year. At the end of that time he was apparently as far from Christ as ever. She decided that she would try it six months longer. At the end of that time her husband was still indifferent. She was discouraged, and thought she might as well give up; but, when she faced squarely the question of giving up as lost the one whom God had manifestly entrusted to her spiritual care, she said to herself: "No, I will never give him up. I will pray for him as long as I live."

That very day, when her husband came home to dinner, he passed her in the hall and went up-stairs. She waited for him until she became alarmed, and then went up to his room. There was her husband on his knees, crying to God for mercy. He became an earnest Christian worker.

"As soon as Zion travailed she brought forth children." Let us not look for the twentieth century revival until we have become revived ourselves, for conviction of sin will not come to others until a concern for souls has come to us.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.

GOD SPEAKING IN THE WHIRLWIND

BY

REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D. D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City

WE are told of Thomas Carlyle that late at night in London, England, he sometimes read the Book of Job. Now and again he would go to the window of his study, and look out upon the silent city so full of sorrow and sin, and then he would return to his reading of Job. There was something, apparently in the stormy spirit of this book, that fitted the mood of his own soul, and that helped him to understand the world with its pains and problems. One who reads the writings of Carlyle attentively would say that he has caught the spirit of Job. His very ruggedness, his heroic attitude toward life, his broken but persistent faith—all these things remind us of the suffering man of God.

There are times in our experience when we are greatly helped and strengthened by what may be called the stormy element of the Bible, its appeal to the heroic within us, its summons to persevere in faith even through pain and trouble. How often we feel as Job must have felt when the Lord answered him "out of the whirlwind," and said, "Gird up thy loins now like a man."

The Bible has something for every mood of the soul, for the hours of gladness as well as for the hours of gloom. There is "a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance." For all the varied experiences of life, whether gay or grave, the Bible has words of wise counsel. It is a myriad-sided Book. But we are impressed above all else with the frequent approach of the Word of God to our troubled life. God is always speaking to men in His Word out of the whirlwind. In this sense the Bible is a stormy book. How often in all the history of Israel the Word of the Lord came to the people through cloud and storm. "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm," declared the prophet Nahum, "and the clouds are the dust of his feet." God has many easy and quiet ways, and many mild measures. Often He speaks with a still small voice. Again He comes in thunders and lightnings, in whirlwinds and storms. It is worthy of notice that many of the prophets received their messages to the accompaniment of storm and whirlwind. When the Word of the Lord came to Ezekiel the priest in the land of the Chaldeans by the River Chebar, he says, "I looked and behold a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud and a fire." Symbols all of them of Jehovah's presence!

Remember with what symphonies of storm the law was given—"thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, so that all the people that was in the camp trembled." Go back to the days of an early patriarch. When Jehovah revealed Himself to Noah, it was in the flood of great waters. The foun-

tains of the great deep were broken up." "The windows of heaven were opened." There was Moses whom God called to be a leader of His people. Was there not whirlwind enough in the hours of His call? Were there not stress and storm indeed in the hard and bitter bondage, in the tale of bricks without straw? And one day, as the shepherd walked on the slopes of the mountain, tending his sheep, a fire broke out at his very feet. Then God spake to him. It is often so. We are going on quietly in our usual way, and suddenly God comes in some whirlwind or fire of life.

Remember another man whom God called—Gideon. There was whirlwind in his day, too. It was the swarm of the Midianites that represented the storm to him. They came up as grasshoppers for multitude, and left no sustenance for sheep or ox or ass. A ruthless band were they that feared neither God nor man. Then suddenly out of this storm there came a call to a man. A man named Gideon was threshing wheat behind the wine press to hide it from the Midianites. And an angel of the Lord came and sat under an oak tree. Imagine that! An angel sitting under a tree. But God wants us to understand how near He is to us—how near is glory to the dust. He spoke to Gideon out of the whirlwind of need. Do not forget Nehemiah in his snug position in the palace at Shushan as cup-bearer of the king. One day word reached him that the walls of Jerusalem were broken down and the gates were burned with fire. Then Nehemiah, "sat down and wept and mourned and fasted and prayed." Was that all? No, that was not all. The next time he went in before the king to bear the wine, he had a sad countenance. The result was a commission to go and re-build the wasted city of his fathers. It was the whirlwind of desolation that brought him the Lord's call.

Oh, this Bible is wonderful! Its stormy scenes remind us of our own life, for no book is so close to life as the Word of God. Its heroic men and women, too, ever inspire us with strength and courage. Emerson was right when he said that the search after great men is one of the chief occupations of the mind, young or old. The Bible is the literature of power for one reason, because it shows God speaking to men out of the whirlwind. There is no mawkish sentimentality here, no lily-fingered helplessness. When men have something to do, they are told expressly to go and do it.

Thus it is that the Bible is a book of action, even of battle. Men say, how is it that the Bible contains the story of so many battlefields? The simplest answer is just this—there was work that had to be done. Suppose that there were no battles for God in the Bible. Suppose that there were only exhortations to men to stand up for God, but no actual con-

tending for God by men of heroic mold. It would be a different book. It would be lacking in the message of the whirlwind. If the Bible does not hesitate to paint battlefields, to tell the story now and then of calamity and catastrophe, we realize at least that God must speak at times in terms of storm and trouble.

There are occasions when soft tones are of no avail; the message must sound forth out of the heart of the storm.

Everywhere the Bible puts its stamp of approval upon the magnificence of human courage. If you want "companionship with the heroes of the race," you will find it here. Times out of mind men have talked of the labors of Hercules until these have become a classic symbol for the conquest of difficulty. But not more inspiring are these labors of Hercules than the toils of Samson, the struggles of David, the victories of Nehemiah, the courage of Joseph, and the suffering of Job.

The distinctive thing about courage in the Bible is its moral quality. God is speaking through the strong actions of men. David's wild courage as a freebooter carries us back in memory to Samuel and his anointing horn of oil. Daniel defies the edict of the king, but not without having his windows open toward Jerusalem. Nehemiah's boldness is explained by the fact that he "prayed to the God of heaven." Gideon's courageous enterprise dates back to the threshing-floor and the rock where his offering was consumed, and to his wet and dry fleece. Joseph's story is not rightly understood except in the light of heroic faith. And Job's suffering has its rightful interpretation in the light of a trustful spirit.

The most pathetic, yet the most impressive, instance of human courage ever recorded is written down in the Old Testament. No wonder the English laureate Tennyson thought it worthy to be embodied in a poem. We refer to the story of how Rizpah watched over the bodies of her slain sons, spreading her sackcloth on a rock—mind you on a rock! "from the beginning of harvest until the water dropped upon them out of heaven," lest wild beasts might prey upon the bodies of her dead—has ever such a beautiful picture been painted of the moral courage of motherhood?

We are thinking of this scene to-day when all over the land mothers are saying farewell to their sons, with tear-stained faces, but with unfaltering courage of the heart. It is woman who suffers most in war. Hers is the heart that must make the greatest sacrifice. The world has millions of brave Rizpahs to-day. May the Father's love and comfort keep them in His perfect peace. And if any of them are called to mourn over their dead, may He inspire them nevertheless with the faith and courage of believing souls, and may they not fail to hear the voice of Jehovah in the whirlwind of their sorrow.

When men turn to the Bible in the great crises of life they find that it never fails to speak a strong word. The Lord answers men in their need out of the whirlwind. When Cromwell and his Ironsides saw the mists lifting over Dunbar, he sang his hope of victory in the words of Scripture, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away." We like to feel that our courage is God-given. We rejoice to know that God is with us in the heart of the storm.

When God speaks to us out of the whirlwind He is telling us that life is something more than play. There are times when life seems to grow appallingly frivolous. There is no seriousness, no dignity of purpose with men. There is a great lack of earnestness and of moral desire. At such times life moves wholly on planes of ease and pleasure, and men ask, "What can I get out of life?" rather than "What can I give to life?" Then the whirlwind comes, and God speaks to men saying, "Gird up thy loins now like a man." This is the moral meaning of every national crisis. God is calling us away from our sloth and indifference, our easy-going ways of life, into a great and solemn seriousness of soul. Surely there can be no mistaking the moral call of the present hour. Would that every young man who answers the call of duty to-day may feel in his heart the reality and depth of the summons. For him now as never before—"life is real, life is earnest." And not only is this true of those who go forth to battle: it is true of all citizens. We are all called of God out of this whirlwind to greater seriousness of purpose. If we have been playing with life in any manner, if we have not before met the real issues of life, in those solemn hours of destiny we are called to face life's reality with its solemn rôle of Providence and destiny. God grant that we may hear Him speaking to us thus about life itself out of the whirlwind.

And God's call out of the whirlwind tells us another thing—that life has much struggle and many a problem. The message of the storm to us is that nothing really valuable can be obtained and held without conflict. Men need this call of the whirlwind to rebuke their complacency and their self-satisfaction. We grow so accustomed to our blessings, that we come to believe that they can never be taken away from us. We live in the midst of wonderful gifts of nature and Providence, and seldom trouble our minds to think of how precious these gifts are and how much we should be impoverished if we were to lose them. Then suddenly the whirlwind comes and we hear God speaking to us and telling us that the blessings we have held dear in the past are worth contending for.

It is so of our precious boon of liberty. We have grown pathetically accustomed to being a free people. We have folded our hands in ease and have gone on enjoying our freedom, with scarce a thought of any danger. But now the whirlwind is upon us, and God is calling us to contend for what we believe, even to fight for our sacred possessions. It is an awakening call, a startling summons. The cry out of the heart of the whirlwind is no mild-voiced cry. It is the startling cry of Providence to those who have grown sleepy and indolent, and have ceased to watch over the precious things of life—"Awake thou that sleepest." There are, let us believe, awakened nations to-day, and multitudes of awakened souls, who know that they must fight, else they cannot keep the valued gifts which God has bestowed upon them. God is arousing them by the whirlwind.

There is then a mighty invitation to personal consecration in the call of the whirlwind. The poet Tennyson is said to have had a great ad-

miration for the Italian patriot Garibaldi—he of whom these words were written,

"That gentle hero who
Dethroned an unjust King and then withdrew
To tend his farm."

One day Tennyson was visiting Garibaldi in his retirement—his son relates the incident in the biography of his father—and during the visit the old man stretched out his wounded leg in the presence of his visitor and exclaimed, "There's a campaign in me yet." The patriot had not ceased to feel the personal call to heroic service. He was ready even in old age to "do his bit."

"Gird up thy loins now like a man." The whirlwind must not pass over your head leaving you the same as before. There is something for you to do. There is work to be undertaken. There is duty to be done. This is the practical call of the whirlwind. If men would only learn to regard their sorrows in this light as calls of God to deeper consecration, how many precious gifts of the whirlwind's power might be scattered upon this earth.

Every sorrow of humanity, every loss and pain, every crisis in this world's life—the voice of God is in every such whirlwind. Our troubles should make us more sensitive to God's presence and power, and more quick to hear His voice. Let us but trust Him in our calamities, and He will make us stronger and better men. No more devout prayer of the heart can be cherished than just this—that out of the scourge and storm of war there may arise a great multitude of men with their hearts alive with God's presence, and their loins girded anew for His service.

And so it is sublimely, beautifully true that God reveals Himself in the whirlwind. A child went with his father one day to a high mountain top, and while they were there a mighty storm of thunder and lightning came. In the midst of the wonderful display of power the child cried out to his father—"Father, this is like the doxology?" It was the revelation of God in the storm that impressed the child mind.

Are we looking for God in the storm? Are we listening for His voice out of the whirlwind? Are we discovering Him anew in the darkness of these tragic hours in the world's history? One who sat for days in the presence of death, and has since gone down to death, wrote such words as these about the impression of a soul in danger—"A man couldn't sit in a trench hour after hour, and day after day, with shells whizzing through the air over his head, or bursting thunderously ten yards from him, without trying to get some grip of his mental attitude towards them." Yes, not merely his attitude toward whizzing shells, but toward God Himself. A man could not, he goes on, see his comrades falling about him without defining his views of life and death and duty and destiny. The whirlwind teaches men to trust, and believe, and pray, as well as act.

God is revealing Himself to-day as never before to the world. Underneath the crash of world-wreckage, the alarming sound of the old order that passes away to give place to the new, the lightning of human hatred, and the thunder of human fear—underneath all this there is the still small voice. God is speaking in the whirlwind.

The Magnet

BY ANNE PORTER JOHNSON.

BACK in the dear, happy days a little boy rambled in his play up and down the purple hills, over the daisied meadows, across the swishing brook, and through the woods of the old farm, with never a thought of what it all really meant to him.

Each morning he watched the sun roll up over the deep, dark woods at the back of the white cottage. He fancied that the great King of Day, from his glowing chariot, waved him a morning greeting. The two were great friends.

Every stone and shrub of the hills he knew well. As he ran over the meadows, the flowers laughed with him. The gay little brook tumbled frantically to meet him. The friendly trees of the woods took him in their arms and held him close.

The great red barn always was coaxing him. The wide, graveled path loved the patter of his nimble feet. The lilac tree and the rose bush held out to him their choicest blooms.

In the evening time he leaned against the pasture bars and watched until his royal friend of the dawn, disappearing over the earth's farthest rim, called a good-night message to him.

It was home.

As the years went by the boy began to wonder what lay beyond the hill. One day something called! It set his blood tingling—he must follow. He bade good-bye to the old home. As he turned for a farewell look at the precious scenes of his childhood the fairest picture he saw was the face of his mother as she stood in the doorway of the white cottage.

Until he said "Good-bye" he had not known that his mother was so beautiful. Now in the parting hour he knew—he saw the tender eyes and the yearning smile.

That day as he closed the little gate and turned to go he did not dream that the road on which he had started would stretch away and away so far! How could he know that his eyes would long for the familiar scenes and that his heart would ache for the fireside story and song? How was he to know that the voice would coax and coax, always leading farther and farther from home?

On and on he went until he had roamed the earth's most distant lands. But always the vision of a sweet face went with him—sometimes in the center of the picture, sometimes in the background, but always present. It seemed to be the one thing never missing.

After years of absence the longing to see that face overcame him. He turned and set his face toward home.

And so one day he stands by the little gate and waits, with a clutching fear at his heart. Will the old place know him? The hills, the meadows, the brook, the woods, the lilac and the white cottage are there. But over all the old-time beauty and glory there lies a mystic spell, a change—the crafty sorcery of the years. Oh, will the dear scenes give him greeting, or is he a stranger to them, only a passerby resting a moment by the little gate?

He walks on softly beneath the old locusts, between the potted geraniums on the step. He stands at the door with the fear still at his heart. What will he find inside? Is it home now, the same as then?

The door swings open, and he sees his mother's face! Ah, all fear and questioning are gone now—it is home, it is home!

Invocation

BY LOUIS M. GRICE

*Almighty God, to thee we raise
A passionate voice in prayer and praise;
To Thee our wayward hearts incline;
Illumine our souls with light divine;
Oh, teach us, Lord, the cross to bear,
The cruel crown of thorns to wear,
A host of human ills to take
Without complaint, for Thy dear sake.*

*Before us place the shining shield
Of Faith, and may we bravely wield
The flaming sword of Truth, to slay
The frowning doubts that bar the way.
Oh, lead us through the cheerless night
Up to the land of living light,
And unto Thee whom we adore,
Shall be the glory, evermore.*

PRINTED PREACHERS

Reaching the Lumber Men

One of the distinctive features of missionary colportage is that it reaches people who are living far away from any Christian church and brings to their door the message of Gospel truth which could not reach them in any other way.

The picture that appears on this page illustrates this fact. It shows us a remote and isolated lumber camp visited by Rev. Francis E. Smith, a colporter evangelist of the American Tract Society, who has gone to hundreds of homes in out-of-way places and has left with them the message of salvation in the form of Christian tracts and books.

Concerning the value of this kind of work, Rev. August W. Reinhard, Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, writes:

"The picture of the MacDonald Post Office is a typical illustration of the work of Colporter Smith, indeed of all the colporters on the Pacific coast, who visit thousands of such remote places. No class of people are more appreciative of the American Tract Society's colportage work than are these lonely people.

"Several years ago I received a letter from a woman living in the Cascade Mountains, thirty miles from the nearest post office. The letter showed marks of tears. She thanked the Society for the visit of its colporter, who held a cottage prayer meeting in her home, and supplied her with Christian books that she was glad to procure."



In an Isolated Region of Virginia

Rev. J. M. Carter, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society who is scattering printed preachers in the form of Christian books and tracts among the people of the South, writes:

"This will tell you that I am about my Master's work. I find that the people are just as anxious for our Christian literature as they were years ago. In those isolated places where no railroad runs and where hundreds of families dwell, they seldom meet an opportunity to purchase good, wholesome literature, but your humble servant finds a hearty welcome in their midst.

"Here I have an opportunity to do my best work for I find so much need. Many people came seven and eight miles on foot just to hear me talk for one hour. This will tell you how great need there is for this work of spreading the Glad Tidings among the humble people of this region."



In New York State

Rev. Samuel Goddard, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the Empire State, thus records his recent activities:

"My field of labor has been in Buffalo and the adjoining cities and villages for some forty miles around. The reception I have met at the various homes I have visited has been very satisfactory. I have distributed, by sale and grant, 160 books, 150 mottoes, 360 tracts, 175 cards, and 420 periodicals, representing a total value of \$86.00.

"My visit to the Buffalo Orphan Asylum and the grants made there were thankfully received.



MACDONALD POST OFFICE AT A LUMBER CAMP IN CLALLAM COUNTY, WASH.

My visits to the churches and Sunday Schools were also well received.

"One day I called upon a lady who has taken the AMERICAN MESSENGER for many years. Here I met a missionary from China, who spoke of the great amount of good accomplished by the American Tract Society. We had a helpful season of prayer together.

"During my visit to the city of Batavia I called one day at a house on Main Street. Here an aged gentleman came to the door. I handed him one of the Society's tracts and asked him if he would like to purchase a book. He took a copy of 'Beulah Land.' Then he said, 'I am a retired minister, but it gives me very great pleasure to meet one of the colporters of the American Tract Society, for I have heard my people speak of your work in this city and also in some of the villages. You are doing a wonderful work for the Divine Master, and may God's richest blessing be upon you and speed you on in the blessed task of leading many to Jesus Christ.'"



In West China

Despite the civil and political turmoil that has prevailed in China for some years past the work of spreading the Good News of salvation through Christ by means of printed preachers in the form of Christian tracts and books in the vernacular has gone steadily forward, and some interesting facts concerning the work are found in recent communications from the West China Religious Tract Society, whose headquarters are at Chungking.

Rev. H. J. Howden, who has long served as General Secretary of this Society, has been recalled to pastoral duties further inland, and his place has been taken by Rev. W. L. L. Knipe, who has devoted himself especially to the literary side of missionary work. In a recent letter Rev. Mr. Knipe gives these facts concerning the

use of the cash appropriation sent by the American Tract Society to the West China Religious Tract Society:

"Your appropriation is put in a Special Fund for Broadcast Grants, and is used for making grants of sheet tracts to missionaries for distribution on their fields. During a period of nine months, by your aid, we have sent out from the head depot 285,000 sheet tracts to sixty missionaries, and perhaps nearly half as much again from the sub-depot at Chentu. I question whether you could lay out your money to better advantage in any other of the Mission fields.

"A missionary writes to us as follows, 'The grant you so kindly gave me is nearly gone, so I am writing to ask you to kindly supply more—a good thumping lot, please, say 50,000 Broadcast Tracts. I am indeed grateful to you and all the other friends who furnish us with the necessary munitions for our Christian warfare.' But the state of our funds enabled us to send this missionary only 15,000 instead of the 50,000 tracts for which he asked.

"A Province-Wide Evangelistic Campaign is being planned for next year. Books and tracts are needed in large numbers, first for training personal workers, second, for widespread distribution among non-Christians, and, third, for the follow-up work among inquirers. The list of tracts needed includes about fifty varieties, and most of them are wanted in 10,000 lots. We shall be glad of all the help that the American Tract Society can give us in providing for this special literature, as well as for the ordinary grants of sheet tracts.

"Our total circulation for the last ten months is a record one, being 1,582,719 copies. It very nearly reaches the total output for the first ten years of this Society's existence. This is the nineteenth year since the Society's formation, and in spite of political troubles and disturbances the work continues to grow apace. Thanks be to God! We trust that you will be enabled to help us to extend further our borders."

Windows Open Toward Jerusalem

By Pearl Howard Campbell



ONE of the most beautiful of the Old Testament stories appealing alike to old and young of every generation is that of Daniel. A Jewish captive in an alien land, raised to a high position in a luxurious and idolatrous court, he is true to the faith of his fathers and unflinching in his loyalty to the one God of Israel.

There is no hint in the story of who his mother was and we do not even know her name. Yet she shines forth in the life of her son, until it is easy to picture her character. Wise as Deborah, brave as Esther, and showing the same tenderness and fidelity as Ruth, such must have been this woman of the Old Dispensation who gave her own sterling qualities to her son. It is impossible to think of her otherwise than as deeply religious, instilling into the mind of the little lad at her knee those practices and customs which unconsciously strengthened and fortified him for the test that came later. The atmosphere of that Jewish home must have been like that of the Alpine valleys, clear and pure and bracing.

Religion in Daniel's home must have been not something to be manifested only on the Sabbath, but a matter of daily, yes, even hourly concern. The boy Daniel must have seen in those about him the beautiful example of consecrated parenthood, firm in discipline, wise, yet tenderly affectionate toward the children that were "an heritage of the Lord."

How sadly homes like this are needed in the present day, when family worship, family prayers and family church attendance seem in danger of being submerged beneath the almost universal desire for amusement.

The story of Daniel is valuable not only for its historical interest, but for its wonderful moral teaching. It shows how a thoroughly religious man may keep the unsullied purity of his soul amid surroundings which tend in the opposite direction. Daniel in this respect is the greatest of the Old Testament heroes.

The secret of the power that made Daniel able to withstand the subtle temptations of the pagan court in Babylon and to pass unharmed through the den of lions, was as he tells us, because "his windows being open toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."

It is all told so simply and naturally. The captive Jewish lad had become a power in the realm, and men were jealous of him. Like One who long centuries afterward was to be brought a prisoner before Pilate, "they could find no fault in him," except they found it concerning the law of his God. And so they spread the snare.

There is a striking analogy here between Daniel and our Lord, when Satan promised Jesus all the kingdoms of the world, if He would but bow down and worship him.

Daniel must have loved his position, next in power to the king. How easy it would have been for him to follow along the line of least resistance as many another man has done when wealth or ambition or politics came between him and religion. Yet there seems to have been no question in his mind and no fear of the consequences. We must not overlook the force of that word "aforetime." It was not merely hours of distress that sent Daniel to his knees. It was his thrice daily custom to worship and give thanks to God.

If we may believe reports from overseas, the war has led thousands of men, who have not prayed since childhood, to appeal in the face

of almost certain death, to the Force that is mightier than any shrapnel shell. The story of the White Comrade may be only a beautiful myth, but it is a splendid proof that in the hour of their great extremity men look for a Divine Saviour.

The really great danger facing the American people is not the ease with which a foreign army might enter our ports and conquer us; but it is our spiritual unpreparedness, the fact that in this land which God has so signally blessed, there are so few "windows open toward Jerusalem." The neglect of worship, both public and private, and the fact that so many people consider it eminently respectable to stay away from Church and to use the Lord's day for their own selfish purposes, are matters of grave concern, touching issues more vital to the freedom of the nation than battleships or submarines.

"We tend to grow into the likeness of the things we long for and think about most. The gods we worship write their names on our faces," said Emerson. The "windows open toward Jerusalem" must produce in those who look often through them the spirituality and fearlessness that were characteristics of Daniel. He trusted God and had no fear for the result.

The strength of Mohammedanism, rendering it the most formidable adversary that Christianity faces, is the habit of prayer it inculcates in its followers. The pity is that people so intensely religious should be followers of the false prophet. A story in a recent magazine gives a beautiful illustration of what some of these people did, when like Daniel, they were strangers in a strange land.

They had just arrived, a little brown group of Lascars and Malays, and they stood close together in the big waiting room of the Seamen's Church Institute in New York waiting to be assigned to cots and food. Suddenly one of them emerged from the center of the massed formation and found courage to speak to the House Steward.

"The East?" he asked timidly, "the East, where is she?"

The Steward long ago learned not to wonder at any strange questions, so he pointed in the direction desired. "Right there," he answered.

The Mohammedan at once produced his tiny prayer mat from beneath his coat and facing the East, he knelt and prayed. While they stayed at the Institute these men of an alien religion were a shining example to the Christians. They never forgot their prayers. They took off their shoes, leaving on their hats, when they entered the Chapel and one of them spent all of one afternoon in prayer to Allah, never once rising from his knees.

What a contrast these devout Mohammedans presented to Christians who find it difficult to pray or to converse with God for even a few moments at a time, and who take from Him the gifts which He bestows so lavishly with never a word of thanks.

In a book of sermons entitled "The Wind on the Heath," by the Rev. G. H. Morrison, of Glasgow, is a beautiful story of Sir Walter Scott. When he was building Abbotsford, he put the bowling green in a peculiar place. In one corner of it he built a little summer-house where he might sit after dinner in the long Scotch twilight which lasts until almost ten o'clock. His reason for locating it in this particular place was not because the view was beautiful just there, but so that he might sit and listen to the evening worship of his coachman. Old Peter had all the characteristics of

a Scottish servant. He would not have talked religion for the world. Yet every nightfall in the year, he opened his Bible and "waled a portion wi' judicious care." Then the Psalm was raised and doubtless the prayer in which the old servant commended his soul to the care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Sir Walter, listening unseen, was comforted by the faith of this man who in his humble way was a Daniel.

The exiled Prophet looking out from the windows of the Babylonian palace, saw in imagination, the scenes of his boyhood, the green and fertile fields, the fruitful vineyards and more than all these the marvelous beauty of the temple of the Holy City where the one true God was worshipped. Daniel belonged to the Old Dispensation. To him was not given to know the tender love of the Saviour, who disclaiming not our human flesh, bore our infirmities and endured the shame and agony of the Cross, to make atonement for us. But we, if we will only open the windows of our soul, may catch the vision of the New Jerusalem in all its beauty and perfection.

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Laughter

BY CORA S. DAY.

"The new girl in our class seems very friendly and pleasant," reported Annette to her mother. "But somehow I do not like her laugh. It sounds too much as if she were laughing at you instead of with you." And, sure enough, the High School girl's judgment proved correct. On longer acquaintance the new class-mate showed an unpleasing disposition to poke fun at others—not the merry, comradely sort, but the critical sneering kind. Her laugh had revealed what her assumed friendliness might have successfully covered for a long time.

"I dislike strange workmen about the house," said a somewhat nervous lady. "But it was necessary to have a man sent out by the furniture firm with whom we had dealt, to do some polishing to a rubbed piece. He was a brisk, business-like chap but when, in reply to some remark made to him, he gave a pleasant reply and a genial little laugh, I felt as if I knew and could trust him—and he did a very good job of work."

Gracian is the one who sums up this matter by saying: "If a man laughs always, set him down as foolish; if never, as false." He might add: "As a man's laugh rings true or false, so is he. For a frowning face may hide a heart good or bad beneath, but a laugh is bound to sound the real note of the soul."

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The Birthright

BY ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

*"Behold the pottage lures us. We are faint
And soon shall perish! Of what moment then
This ghostly right of birth?" The age-old plaint
Beats through the silence. Praise of shallower
men,
Glitter of gold and gem, Life's wine a-glow,
These but await the barter. Is it well
To pass all by, and unrewarded go
On that steep path whose end no man may tell?*

*Aye, it is well! Dearer than joy or gold
Or the World's plaudits is the right divine
To struggle toward the highest, make each hold
Thy feet have gained, a vantage on the line
Of upward climbing. Thou art not alone;
Comrades unseen the rocky way have trod
And still are treading. Wherefore make no moan,
But go thou singing on the road to God.*

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Pilgrims Bathing at Puri, India

The town of Puri, in Orissa, India, is one of the chief places of pilgrimage in India. For many years the so-called Golden Tooth of the Buddha was preserved at Puri, but it owes its reputation now to a temple erected there in honor of Vishnu under his aspect of Jagannath or Juggernaut.

The deity of Jagannath is represented by an image which is exposed to view for three days each year. On the first of these days, called the *Suan jattra* or "bathing procession," the god is publicly bathed. Ten days later, on the *Rath jattra* or car festival, the image is drawn on the famous Car of Juggernaut to some neighboring temple. A week later in somewhat diminished pomp, the god is brought back to his own magnificent temple.

One of the characteristic scenes at Puri is shown in the accompanying picture which is reproduced from a photograph that was sent to the American Tract Society some time ago by Rev. I. G. Pike of Cuttack, Orissa. This shows the Hindu pilgrims bathing in the sacred Narundon Tank.

Orissa is the name of a large district of British India, whose population, including that of the native adjoining states, numbers over 6,000,000 souls. The capital of the district of Orissa is Cuttack, with a population of about 50,000.

Missionary work is carried on in Cuttack, and a Mission Press was established there nearly eighty years ago, which has long been aided by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society.



A Spanish Tract Society

One of the evangelical forces at work for the enlightenment of the people of Spain is the Spanish Religious Tract and Book Society, whose headquarters are at Figueras, in the Province of Gerona. From a recent issue of the *Record*, published by that society, we glean the following interesting facts:

Thousands of persons have received from this Spanish Tract Society Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, tracts, periodicals and other Christian literature who would never have obtained them had not the books been given free. By mail Christian literature is sent to places where even colporters could not penetrate and where the people are too fanatical or too poor to buy.

The total distribution during the past year amounted to about 130,000 copies. No paid agents are employed by the Society, but the distribution is carried on by missionaries and other Christian workers. Through the mail Christian literature is sent to priests of the Roman Catholic Church, mayors, judges, government officials, professional men and others who, it is thought, may be influenced by the presentation of pure evangelical truth. The sphere of the Society's work includes Spain, South America, the Philippine Islands, Cuba and all other countries where Spanish is spoken.



Medical Aid for the Filipinos

The Rockefeller Foundation which is cooperating with Christian missions in China in bringing medical relief to the Chinese Empire is now turning to the wild peoples of the Philippines with similar Samaritan aid. From a Bulletin of the Foundation we get the following information:

"For more than two hundred years efforts have been made by force to bring the Moros of the Sulu archipelago under the influence of civilization. These Moros are the famous Malay pirates that terrorized the Malay seas and devastated the Philippine Islands to the north. They are of good physique, quick mind and active habits. Their medical needs are very great. They suffer from malnutrition and from diseases fostered by filth and negligence. The common dis-



HINDU PILGRIMS BATHING AT PURI, ORISSA, INDIA.

eases are, skin diseases in their worst forms, malaria, hookworm disease, dysentery and some of the other preventable infections.

"Experience has shown that even the wildest of the Moros that have resisted all other means of contact may be appealed to through hospital relief. The medical work done in Mindanao is paving the way for establishing industrial and regular schools. These people can be reached by a hospital ship. They live along the coast, and the markets, where the people congregate at least weekly, bring the whole population to the coast."

The hospital ship which the Foundation is providing will go from island to island meeting the people at established points, bringing medical relief to the afflicted, giving general instruction to the people and guiding and stimulating them to self-help. It is expected that this ship will serve as an agency for the promotion of peace and order and that it will help to establish friendly relations between the Filipinos and their Moro neighbors. The International Health Board has entered into a cooperative arrangement with the Philippine government for the equipment of such a ship and for its maintenance for a period of five years. After that time it is probable that the government will continue the work with the aid of local support.



Where Demons are Gods

Rev. J. L. Hartzell, of Lampang, Siam, writes in a recent issue of the *Missionary Review of the World*:

"Demonolatry is a marked characteristic of the Tai people as it is of other primitive races. Among the Laos of Northern Siam I have never met any who do not believe in the reality of spirits. They believe the body to be composed of thirty-two principles or elements, each of which is connected in some way with a spirit. If a person becomes sick it is supposed to be due to the fact that one of these elements has escaped from the body, and measures are taken to coax back the wandering spirit and prevent others from leaving.

"Buddhistic teachings forbid the worship of spirits, but before the Laos people accepted Buddhism this Animism was their religion, and they simply took on the religion of Buddha and wore it over their old religion as a tramp might put a new coat over his rags. The old coat is nearest the heart, while Buddhism is only a veneer. Priests and people alike are steeped in spirit worship, and from this ignorance, superstition and degradation, which Buddhism failed to dispel, the religion of Jesus Christ is gradually delivering them."

Sunday School Work in China

China's population is 400,000,000. Of the sixty million children of school age only four million are being publicly educated. The Christian Primary School with its Bible teaching will be for many years the principal hope for the education of these millions. As showing the advance in Sunday School work in China, there has been an increase of 60,000 in the weekly distribution of Lesson Helps during the past year. The following statement regarding Sunday-school work has been made by J. W. Bashford, Methodist Bishop for China: "The Sunday School work in China appeals to lovers of men in America, first, because of the great economy with which it has been conducted in connection with our schools and churches; second, because it lays hold on the young life of China and helps to cast that life into the Christian mold; third, because China is the largest nation in the world, and fourth, because China is now passing through the greatest transition in her history. If she can be guided in this transition by Christian ideals, we shall see something like one-fourth of the human race enter upon a new civilization and become a strong factor in bringing the Kingdom of Heaven to earth."



In the Philippine Islands

The Panayan Sunday School Association recently held its annual convention and the reports show real progress. Two years ago their total membership was only about five thousand; one year ago a little over seven thousand five hundred; now they have over fifteen thousand.

In the province of Bulacan, as the result of special effort to increase Sunday School interest during the last two years, the Sunday School membership has grown from twenty-five hundred to eight thousand, and there have been two thousand additions to the church as a part of this plan.

A "Bible Revival" has been in progress in Pampanga, under the special leadership of Rev. E. L. Housley, who is happy only when in the midst of a genuine revival. He has twenty-six circuits in Pampanga and these are being worked in three allotments. While working one set the pastors from the others come over to unite with the ones working. Each set is worked eight days and nights. They start off the campaign with a rousing revival meeting at night, enlisting volunteers to help canvass the whole town in teams of two and two. The pastors are especially busy in this work. During the daytime

visits are made from house to house, taking every one in succession on given streets. They ask if the house contains a copy of the Scriptures, and if not, then they donate a Gospel. This leads to conversation and oftentimes sales of the Bible follow. The subject matter of the Scriptures is a natural subject of conversation and invitations to attend the Sunday School are freely extended.

At the end of the first section they held a Workers' Conference that was a real benediction. The workers came in with their stories of successes and their difficulties. For a whole day they dealt with definite concrete items of how to enter a house, to open the conversation, whether to sit down or stand up, to carry their books under their coats or in open hands, etc. The reports were large with results. About 800 Gospels had been donated, 2,000 were sold, 2,800 homes were visited for the first time, 250 were added to the Sunday Schools and forty-nine to the church membership. Then these workers started off for the second instalment of circuits.



Enlisting the Boys

Rev. Edward H. Smith, of the Foochow Mission of the American Board, who is now in this country on furlough, has sent this sketch of the summer work of an Ingтай student, which emphasizes the importance of the part the Christian schoolboys are playing in the evangelization of China. Mr. Smith says:

"Each summer the Ingтай boys are eager to enlist for summer work, and we send them into the first line of trenches. Out into heathen villages they go for two months of hard work. Last summer ten boys went out to do their bit, and came back rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them.

"At the end of the summer one wrote me: 'What shall I do? Through these weeks the people have crowded into the chapel evening after evening, so that we could not get them out until midnight. The Lord has opened a great door of opportunity for us, and sixty-seven men have enrolled as learners of Christianity. Moreover, they are desirous of starting a Christian school here next year, and they are ready to provide and furnish the plant if only a preacher can be sent to them. If you do not send a preacher, I must stay and do the work myself, for the Lord has opened a great door before us.'

"Of course, we could not consent to his giving up his education, and he came back to Foochow College for the fall term; but at the winter vacation he did not forget his flock up in Chiu Leng. He took with him a teacher, and after they had spent a week there he proposed to the teacher that he resign from his present school, since that position could be filled, and go up to Chiu Leng. The man agreed he would like to go if the station conference would send him.

"So this student went before the station conference, made his appeal, and won the day, for the station voted to send Ce Ing to Chiu Leng to preach and conduct the school for 1917. Thus, as a result of one boy's summer work, a chapel has been opened in this large village center. The wife of the preacher assists him, and a normal school boy has gone with them as regular teacher in the village school of some forty pupils; the preacher's mother acts as the Bible-woman, going about among the homes and teaching the women the story of the gospel.

"It costs less than ten dollars to send out one of these boys for a summer; and aside from the evangelization—in this case of a village of 8,000 people—a most important result is the good done the boys. For having once learned the joy of preaching Christ they are eager to give their lives to the work. Long before they graduate from the seminary they receive loud calls from the numerous cities and towns that are waiting for the gospel."

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

SEPTEMBER 2.

My Favorite Hymn. Tell Why.

Psalm 33:1-22.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Aug. 27. The first Bible song. Ex. 15:1-13.
T. Aug. 28. Moses' great song. Deut. 33:1-7.
W. Aug. 29. A Christian hymn. Acts 4:23-31.
T. Aug. 30. Mary's hymn. Luke 1:46-55.
F. Aug. 31. Songs in the heart. Eph. 5:17-20.
S. Sept. 1. Music of heaven. Rev. 5:9-14.

Christianity is a songful and tuneful religion. Hymns are the natural means for expressing our praise to the Creator, and they are also the medium for expressing the deepest truths of our Christian faith.

When we know the history that lies back of a hymn or a tune we are in a better position to tell which is our favorite and why. There is a capital volume published by the American Tract Society, entitled, "The Story of the Hymns and Tunes," by Theron Brown and Hezekiah Butterworth, which will give very great assistance in the handling of this topic. (It will be sent postpaid, for the sum of \$1.50.)

Doubtless many of our readers have not one but several favorite hymns, for there are hymns suited to every occasion and to every varying mood. So we may have a favorite missionary hymn, a favorite devotional hymn, a favorite revival hymn, and so on.

As an illustration of how our interest in a hymn is increased when we know the particular circumstances under which it was written we may mention the origin of the beautiful sacred lyric beginning,

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care."

Left an orphan at two years of age, Phebe Hinsdale fell into the hands of a relative who kept the county jail, and her childhood knew little but the bitter fare and ceaseless monotony of domestic drudgery. She married Timothy H. Brown, a house-painter, and lived in a humble home in Ellington, Conn. Here her four children were born, and it was while caring for her own little family of four and a sick sister that the incident occurred (in August, 1818) which called forth the touching hymn, which has endeared itself to so many devout souls. She was a devoted Christian, and in pleasant weather, whenever she could find the leisure, she would "steal away" at sunset from her burdens a little while, to rest and commune with God. Her favorite resort was a wealthy neighbor's large and beautiful flower garden. A servant reported her visits there to the mistress of the house, who called the "intruder" to account.

"If you want anything, why don't you come in?" was the rude question, followed by a plain hint that no stealthy person was welcome.

Wounded by the ill-natured rebuff, the sensitive woman sat down the next evening with her baby in her lap, and half-blinded by her tears, she wrote "An Apology for My Twilight Rambles," which is the source of the beautiful hymn, known everywhere by its opening words, "I love to steal awhile away."

Christian hymnology has been enriched with the passing of the years until now we have a collection of hymns which cover all the experiences of life, and upon which we may fall back for comfort and inspiration in all the varying vicissitudes of our earthly pilgrimage. It will reward us to make a study of the best Christian hymns of the ages, and to be prepared to say which are our favorite hymns and why.

SEPTEMBER 9.

Are You a Yes—But?

Exodus 4:1-17

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 4. Two kinds of men. Matt. 21:28-31
T. Sept. 5. Thank—but. Matt. 22:1-14
W. Sept. 6. "I am but a child." Jer. 1:1-10
T. Sept. 7. "I am too poor." Judges 6:11-16
F. Sept. 8. "I don't not." Matt. 25:14-28
S. Sept. 9. "I have no time now." Acts 24:21-27.

This topic brings before us the subject of excuses. There are two kinds of excuses—valid and invalid, or as we

are wont to say in common parlance, good and bad excuses.

For the non-performance of certain secular duties we may sometimes be able to offer a good excuse, but for the failure to accept and obey Christ we can never offer a valid excuse. Nevertheless, the appeal to those who are not Christians to follow Christ is met very frequently by such poor excuses as the following:

"I am not good enough." Yet Christian discipleship is not a matter of one's own accumulated righteousness, but of accepting Him who is able and willing to clothe us with His own perfect righteousness. Let us take Christ as our Saviour, and by His help we will be made good enough to stand in the presence of God without shame.

"I fear I cannot hold out." But the love of Christ casteth out fear, and with Him as Friend and Helper, we shall be able to endure steadfast unto the end.

"I can be as good as many Christians I know." The test of character is not to be met by comparison with others who have not lived up fully to their confessional vows, but by comparison with the requirements of Him who said, "Follow me."

"I will become a Christian a little later on." The only time of which we are sure is the present moment. If we defer our decision for Christ to a later date, we may never live to reach that date. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

"I tried once but failed." This does not prove that another effort will not meet with success. Jerry McAuley failed not once but many times in his efforts to lead a Christian life. Yet he persevered and finally become one of the most effective Christian workers that the world has ever seen. And Jerry McAuley's experience is but typical of many others.

"I cannot meet the financial obligations that church membership involves." But God does not expect us to give beyond our ability. We are to give, as God hath prospered us, and surely there is no one who cannot measure up to this standard.

"I cannot believe all that there is in the Bible." The first question to be answered is, "Do you believe in Christ?" If we believe in Christ, He will help us to accept His word. We may never be able to understand all that is in the Bible, but if Christ is our Saviour, then we shall be willing to accept even what we cannot fully understand in the pages of His Holy Word.

"I do not want to give up worldly amusement." But Christ does not ask you to give up any amusement that is suitable or right. It is only questionable amusements that He asks us to discard, and we are far better off by refraining from such doubtful diversions.

SEPTEMBER 16.

A Christian's Power.

Acts 1:1-8.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 10. Power from God. 2 Cor. 13:1-9.
T. Sept. 11. Power over the flesh. Rom. 6:1-9.
W. Sept. 12. Power to testify. Acts 16:25-32.
T. Sept. 13. Power to suffer. 2 Cor. 11:22-33.
F. Sept. 14. Power to forgive. Matt. 18:21-35.
S. Sept. 15. Power to love. 1 John 4:7-21.

A Christian without power is an anomaly in the spiritual world. The promise of Jesus to all His disciples was, "Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you." If spiritual power is lacking in our lives, it is a sure indication that we have not yet received the gift of the Holy Spirit.

To stand fast against all opposition is one of the indications of a Christian's power. The most subtle form of opposition that confronts a Christian is the temptation to sin. But there is no temptation so great but what it may be overcome by the power of the Holy Spirit.

To win souls for Christ is a sure evidence of the power of God working in and through a believer. By this power it is possible for Christians to evangelize

nations and thus to transform the world. The winning of a single soul for Christ is an achievement of spiritual power, and this is a line of effort that calls for our constant endeavor.

To brighten the pathway of life is one of the elements of a Christian's power. We should reflect the brightness of the Light of the world, and should let our light so shine that others may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

To comfort those in sorrow and distress is one of the choicest prerogatives in the power of any Christian. The world is full of sadness. What a splendid privilege it is for a Christian to be able to comfort those that mourn by pointing them to Him who is the source of all consolation.

It is within the power of every Christian to help to advance the progress of the Kingdom. God has ordained that the growth of His Kingdom in the world shall depend in large measure upon the work of those who bear the name of Christ. We are called to be fellow-laborers with God, and by our toils and sacrifices we may help to bring to this earth the blessed reign of the kingdom of heaven.

Christianity is a positive force for good. Therefore Christians are able to vanquish the forces of evil and to put to flight the hosts of iniquity that are marshalled under the banner of Satan.

By the power of the Holy Spirit a Christian is enabled to walk in the footsteps of the Master. When we follow in His steps, we have with us the irresistible force of divine strength, and we are then enabled to accomplish even greater works than those that were done by Jesus, according to the promise which He gave to His disciples.

SEPTEMBER 23.

How We Should Work Together.

John 17:20-26.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 17. Work with God. Mark 16:14-20.
T. Sept. 18. Co-operation in prayer. Exod. 17:10-16.
W. Sept. 19. Building a school. 2 Kings 6:1-7.
T. Sept. 20. Division of labor. Neh. 4:12-23.
F. Sept. 21. Evangelistic team-work. Luke 9:1-6.
S. Sept. 22. The spirit of co-operation. Eph. 4:1-13.

This is an age of co-operation along business and commercial lines. Experience has shown that where a number of persons co-operate, a great deal more can be accomplished than if each were to work along individual lines.

Co-operation should be the watchword along every line of human endeavor. We should work together in what may be called humanitarian service. By united efforts vastly more can be accomplished for the cause of charity than if each one works separately. Co-operation in humanitarian work means greater economy, larger efficiency and more beneficent results.

Co-operation is the secret of success in civic and political reform. The lack of united action on the part of the forces of righteousness has often enabled the forces of evil to triumph in local, municipal and state elections. We should work together for the establishment and maintenance of purity in politics. It is the lack of cohesion on the part of the righteous elements of society that leads to such deplorable results as were witnessed in East St. Louis not very long ago.

Social service calls for united action on the part of those who are interested in the uplift of society. By concerted action much can be done to ameliorate the working conditions in shops and factories, to check the evil of child labor, and to better the environment of the poor.

United action also leads the way to the largest sphere of usefulness for philanthropic effort. It is by the union of many small gifts that the large endowments are secured which make possible the handling of philanthropic enterprises to the best possible advantage. There is

always a field for individual initiative, it is true, and it is unwise to push co-operation to such an extent that no opportunity is left for personal acts of bounty or charity. But in the main, it has been shown that co-operation brings the largest and best results in the field of philanthropy as well as in other lines of human activity.

Co-operation has come to be a recognized force in the mission fields both at home and abroad. Happily, the old days of competition and rivalry in missionary work have passed away, and comity and co-operation are the controlling factors in the policy of the missionary organizations of the present day.

Among the churches the spirit of co-operation is evident in many ways. Federation is an accomplished fact between many of the principal evangelical denominations, and in many cities and towns there are local federations in which all the Protestant churches are linked together in various lines of Christian service.

There is still room for a great advance in this matter of co-operation. We have referred to the hopeful and encouraging signs, but it must be admitted that there are still many churches and individuals that have not risen to the height of our Master's teaching, "that they all may be one."

Christian Endeavor is one of the strong forces working for the union of Christendom. So are the American Tract Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the American Bible Society and a host of similar organizations that are demonstrating in the most practical and efficient way the value of co-operation in carrying on the work of the Kingdom.

SEPTEMBER 30.

Home Mission Work Among Immigrants.

Psalm 67:1-7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 24. An immigrant's welcome. Ruth 2:1-22.
T. Sept. 25. Preaching to strangers. Acts 2:1-12.
W. Sept. 26. Teaching. 2 Kings 17:16-28.
T. Sept. 27. Aiding. Acts 9:36-43.
F. Sept. 28. Hospitable hearts. Exod. 23:1-9.
S. Sept. 29. Home-coming. Rev. 7:9-17.

Home missionary work for the immigrants begins when they land on our shores. At Castle Garden and at Ellis Island for seventy-five years these strangers from foreign lands have been met by missionary colporters, who have given them a word of Christian greeting, and have placed in their hands the Gospel message in printed form.

In the various communities where these immigrants have settled they have been followed by home missionary workers. Missionary colporters of the American Tract Society have visited them in their new-made homes, home missionary pastors of the various denominations have gathered them into the membership of Christian churches, and through these methods of work, many immigrants have been led out of atheism and infidelity into an abiding Christian faith.

Though the volume of immigration has greatly lessened, owing to the result of the great world war in which most of the nations of the earth are now engaged, there is still a steady stream of immigrants who come to our shores, chiefly from neutral countries.

Moreover, the great body of immigrants who have come in former years and have settled in various portions of our country still need the watchful care and attention of the home missionary societies, for until our foreign-speaking population is thoroughly evangelized and Christianized, it is a source of constant peril to the welfare of our republic.

Individual Christians can do home missionary work. The late Josiah Strong has well said, "Personal, vital touch is the essential thing, the great power in all redemptive work."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Rain or Sun?

BY L. D. STEARNS



IT WAS the darkest, rainiest and altogether most disagreeable day small Isabelle ever remembered; and to make it far worse it was her birthday and seven little girls had been invited for a birthday party.

There were eight heart-shaped cakes in the pantry, with the loveliest pink frosting and half an English walnut on each; and a big three-layer chocolate cake, all ready to be cut into squares; there were eight gold-rimmed dishes all ready to be filled with ice cream; and there was chicken for sandwiches, and jolly tarts and candy; and now, at the very last, each one of the seven mothers had telephoned that on account of the storm her little girl would not be able to come.

In the center of the rug, before the sitting-room fire, Isabelle sat sobbing as if her heart would break.

Once more the telephone bell rang; but the small figure on the rug did not move. What good were telephones now? The party was off!

Whir-r-r-r! Again it called.

Mrs. Graves came in from the kitchen and crossed to the hall. After a moment she called Isabelle. "Mrs. Dean wants to speak to you, dear," she said.

Swallowing a fresh throatful of sobs Isabelle lagged disconsolately toward the hall. Much as she loved Mrs. Dean she could not muster a smile.

Taking the receiver from her mother she sat down. "How do you do?" she said politely; and the cheery, bright voice her Sunday School teacher called back, "You said Saturday was your birthday, my dear, and I just wanted to remind you not to let the clouds that are in the sky get into your heart."

"Oh, but the party's all gone!" Isabelle's voice quavered. "Not a single one's coming, Mrs. Dean. Isn't it just awful?" Two big tears splashed to the polished table.

"Awful? honey, don't you believe it!" Isabelle heard a little ripple of laughter over the wire. "Why, lassie, you were wishing the other day for a chance to *make* some sun, and how do you know but God has given you the chance, just to take you at your word? The day's half gone. You'll have to hurry!"

A few minutes she sat staring straight ahead into the rain. It was true. Only last Sunday Mrs. Dean had been talking about the Sun of Righteousness, and telling them how, if one but lived up to the example set by Christ, the sun would shine through them so brightly they would forget even clouds and rain. "The rule of Christ," she said, "is to 'do all things in love,'" and Isabelle had chimed in, "But I don't see, Mrs. Dean, how that would make you forget rain. I'd like to try. I *hate* rain!"

Now, as she returned to the sitting-room, there was a perplexed pucker between her eyes. What if God really *had* taken her at her word? but what *was* there to do in love, anyhow? "I s'pose," she faltered, "I could wipe those dishes for mother," and turning slowly she went into the kitchen—it seemed to her, just then, there was nothing on earth she so disliked to do as wipe dishes! But somehow, when she saw the light come into her mother's eyes she forgot all about that, and before long she was chattering away like a magpie.

As the last dishes was dried she caught sight of the almost empty wood-box. "If I fill that," she nodded, "Daddy won't have it to do tonight; and *that'll* be in love, too." Then, over a sudden thought, she grew rosy and bright as a fresh-opened flower. "You haven't had a party for a long time, mother," said she. "I never even remember you having one."

Something she didn't quite understand came into her mother's eyes. "I never had one, dearie, since I was a little girl," she replied.

There was nothing more said for a long time and it was a very grave-faced Isabelle who marched back and forth from wood-box to shed until the box was full. Then she came and stood before her mother, who was just taking off her apron. She had forgotten all about either sun or rain, now. One fact, only, stood out big and clear. "Mother," begged she, "please may I make a party for you, to-day?"

"Why, dearie—"

Reaching up, Isabelle stopped her words with a kiss. "I *can*," she declared. "Oh, mother, please let me, 'cause it's my birthday, you know."

With a little hop-skip she ran to the window and peered out. "You just put on your bestest dress," said she, "an' I'll do the rest."

Her mother crossed to the window, after an irresolute moment, and kissed her: "All right, little daughter," she

In the center of the table was the three-layer cake, and all the other birthday goodies were ranged about it, while under Aunt Emma's direction Isabelle—her eyes like stars—waited on the table, and her mother sat as happy as a queen. Then the guests went into the parlor, and she and Aunt Emma did up the work.

Just as she was drying the last dish, her mother came into the kitchen. "They're gone," she said, "and you don't know what a splendid time it has been! *Why!* I feel like a girl again!" Bending, she kissed Isabelle, and then—*whir-r-r-r!*—the telephone rang.

Flying in, Isabelle took the receiver. "Which is it," asked Mrs. Dean, "rain or shine?"

"Why—*why!*"—a little laugh rang gaily over the wire—"oh, I forgot all about it!" cried she. "But it's sun, Mrs. Dean—the *dearest* sun! and the loveliest—*very loveliest* birthday ever!"



AMONG THE TREES

How Ruth Helped

BY MAY ELLIS NICHOLS.

DOROTHY HARVEY was going to have a party, and Ruth Davis, whose mother was a widow and supported herself and Ruth by making cake and rolls, was ready to go to it. "Help make the party a happy one," was her mother's good-bye to her.

Ruth waved her hand and called back, "I will."

Ruth walked slowly up the gravel walk to Judge Harvey's stately house. There was a red carpet on the broad steps, and palms and flowers in the hall. For a minute Ruth felt shy, and then she saw Dorothy standing at the parlor door with her mother and forgot everything else. Dorothy had on a lacey pink frock, all caught up with pink rosebuds, and wore pink silk stockings and slippers. She did not look at all as she did at school. But Ruth never once thought of the difference between Dorothy's pink net

and her own dark blue serge dress. She just said,

"Oh, Dorothy, how nice you look!"

Dorothy's mother smiled a queer but very sweet smile, and stooped and kissed her little guest.

"And so do you look very nice, dear," she said.

In a minute the little girls were all playing a new kind of blind-man's buff.

"Who will be it?" was the question. Now no one really liked to be "it," but Ruth thought, "Maybe this is the way to make the party happy," so she said,

"I'll be it."

Again Dorothy's mother smiled that queer sweet smile.

But Ruth was to find it harder than that to help make the party happy. After some more little girls came, Mrs. Harvey called Dorothy into the dining-room and in a minute she came back with a pout on her pretty face.

"It's just too mean," she whispered to Ruth. "Mamma had the cunningest little favors for us all—baby dolls in baskets, one for each of us. But what do you think? Sally Mason's two cousins came to visit her to-day and she brought them along without an invitation, so there are not enough dolls to go round. Even if I go without mine, there will be one lacking. I think Sally Mason should go without one herself. Come and see them."

Dorothy led the way and Ruth followed. There they were in a row—twenty of them—the prettiest baby dolls all lying in the daintiest of baby baskets! It was enough to make any little girl's heart leap, and Ruth had never had such a baby doll in all her life.

"Help make the party happy," mother had said, but she surely never meant, "Make yourself unhappy, Ruth," and how could Ruth help being unhappy if she had to give up her own little baby doll? That was the question she asked herself.

But after a minute she knew that she could; still, there was a little catch in her throat when she said, "Tell your mother, Dorothy, that I don't care so very much for baby dolls, and she may give mine to one of Sally's cousins."

Mrs. Harvey looked relieved enough when she received the message, and for the third time that afternoon she smiled that queer sweet smile at Ruth.

But that was not the end of the matter.

Three days later, Judge Harvey's big car stopped at Mrs. Davis's small house and Mrs. Harvey and Dorothy got out. Dorothy fairly danced up the walk with an express package that she thrust into Ruth's hands.

"Open it!" was all she said. "It's for you."

And what do you think was in the box? The very prettiest baby doll that any little girl ever mothered. She had long white clothes exactly like a real baby's, and soft rings of real hair, and the loveliest blue eyes that she could open and shut, and when Ruth hugged her—Ruth would not have poked or struck her for the world—she said "Mamma" just as plainly as if she were a real live baby.

While Dorothy and Ruth were looking at this wonderful baby's wardrobe, Mrs. Harvey was saying to Ruth's mother,

"She is such a dear little girl, what a comfort she must be to you! She did more than any one else to make Dorothy's party a success."

Pointed Paragraphs

Cultivate a love for nature; he who lives close to nature may more easily live close to nature's God.

Give your heart to Jesus; no amount of education will prepare you for life's duties if you are not right with God.

Our Fireside

The Eleventh Hour

By Fannie Medbury Pendleton

MISS DELICIA AVERY stood by the sunny south window of her little dining-room, looking out into the beautiful world of nature. Yet her eyes were unseeing and her ears heedless of the song that rose from the myriads of happy living creatures to whom the span of a summer's day was life and joy and all things wonderful. The roses nodded to her from the garden, the tall spires of the tiger lilies bent in friendly recognition, a breath which was the incense of the flower world was wafted toward her through the open window; but little Miss Delicia noticed nothing of all this. Her gentle heart was bowed down with a weight which even the glorious song of summer could not lighten and her eyes were blinded by hot tears that scorched her cheeks as they fell. Her delicate hands were gripped upon the back of an ancient rocker as though without that support, she must fall. Miss Delicia, sweet, blameless, and lovely with the beauty that radiates from the soul, was facing the great crisis of her life.

She brushed the tears away and her sad eyes fell upon the tall lily without the window. And the thought came that, lovely as was the bloom in its own place in the garden, should it be plucked it must wither soon and droop and die away from the nourishment of the plant. So it would be with her, for the little white house with its hospitable porch, its garden and its air of a true home was hers no longer. Days, fewer than she dared to number, must see her,

whose very life was bound up in the place where she had been born and had lived all her years, a wanderer upon the face of the earth. She had nothing. The dear house, her roses, the birds that came year after year to nest in the tall trees, the thousand and one bits of human treasure that filled the rooms were—unbelievable though it seemed—no longer hers. Like their former owner they were to pass away from the familiar locality and be scattered as the petals of a full blown rose borne afar by the wind.

Miss Delicia pressed both hands hard upon her eyes. This was her last day at home. She wondered what sort of a woman it would be who would move about on the morrow, gathering her few clothes and a trinket or two and who would answer to the name of Delicia Avery, but whose soul would be lying dead under the feet of a cruel fate. One day more and then chaos. Her mind refused to picture what other days could be. Surely the world would end tonight.

As though the very briefness of her allotted time spurred her, she wiped her eyes and a new look brightened her face, a look full of decision and purpose. She had one day to live and she would live it. God helping her, she would forget the morrow; for just this twenty-four hours, she would do as she pleased.

She opened the door and went into the garden, where she gathered a large bunch of roses. These she arranged in the silver bowl in the centre of her table. Then she got down her best china which for years had been only used on special occasions, and she set it out. It was dainty china with a delicate gold band and a green fern sprig. It was dear to Miss Delicia's heart. The little breakfast table was quite festive when she had added the plate of crisp toast and the silver pot of tea. She took off her apron and sat down. It was the last breakfast but one in the little house, but she resolutely put that thought aside and poured out her tea with a steady hand. She was going to visit a cousin who lived over on the south hill until she could make up her mind what to do. It was not a pleasant prospect—that visit—but she brushed that thought aside also.

A bird sang lustily just outside the window, and its note of cheer found an echo in the brave little heart of Miss Delicia. Not for naught was she the descendant of those sturdy men and women who had conquered the country, first from nature and then from those who would forbid their free thought and ownership. The portrait of her father looked down at her from the opposite wall. Alvord Avery had died ten years before. He had been an invalid, and not quite right in his mind for some time before his death; and Delicia had resolutely put by all her woman's interests in her care for him. Not that she could ever cease being the most womanly of women, crowned with the sacrifice whose thorns drop away and give place to roses as the years go on. Far back in the lapse of time she had had a lover, but matters had gone ill, and he was now the husband of a neighbor and the father of five sturdy lads and lasses. Nor did Delicia regret him. It was as though her very gentle soul had grown fast to her little home until the two were welded into one with the magic that comes of love alone. And now—but she would not think of that—

She washed the dishes and put them away; then she went into her little bedroom and took off her print gown.

The room was clustering with memories, and just for one moment she

dropped upon her knees beside the bed. But it was a brave white face that looked back at her from the little muslin-draped mirror, as she smoothed the soft brown coils of her heavy hair and donned her best gray silk.

She did not stop to consider why she did this; she only knew that for this day she would live to the uttermost, and gala attire might serve to cover the vast ache in her heart. Her mother's cameo brooch was made to fasten the collar of delicate thread lace. It came to her with a sense of surprise that she was not old. Her face was almost unlined. But the custom of the little country town had set the seal of age upon her forty years by inexorable decree. Young she might be at heart as the girl of sixteen who sang and laughed next door, and with a soul as full of dreams; but her time had slipped away, gently, indeed almost imperceptibly, and yet for eternity. She did not think of all this; she was wont to feel rather than to think deeply; but something made the corners of her mouth droop for a moment to right themselves bravely as she stepped out of the side door into the garden.

A great jacqueminot rose bowed to her with stately courtesy. She gathered it and put it in her hair. She went back and brought out her embroidery and sat down upon the porch. The birds came very near, as though realizing a kinship with the little woman.

Dinner time arrived and she went in; but she did not set the table. She took a bit of lunch, standing by the kitchen shelf, and then she went out of doors again.

The afternoon dragged on. Miss Delicia's hands had dropped idly in her lap. Her head was leaning back against the cushions of her chair. Her eyes were full of dreams. One by one she was going over the years that had passed since she had been born in the little house. One by one she called them up and made them pass before her and gravely dismissed them again into the chambers of memory.

The vision of her mother was as real to her as though she stood by her chair. She had had no brothers or sisters. One by one her girlhood friends had married, but Delicia had been always just a girl. Then her father had sickened and the next few years had been given to loving care of him. It seemed to her that he must be sitting in his chair by the window. She rose and looked into the door.

"Coming, father," she said softly, as though he had called her. She went in and shook up once more the cushions of the ancient rocker, as though to rest an aged head.

She turned away to glance at the heavy clock with the hand pointing to eleven. A sad little smile flickered for an instant across her face. This clock had ticked so loudly; her father could not bear the sound, and she had stopped it many years ago. And habit had been so strong upon her that, after her father's death, it had stayed as it was, pointing to the hour of eleven, motionless and voiceless.

She remembered how in her father's last illness it had seemed to be upon his mind, and in his delirium he had tried to tell her to start it, speaking wildly about the eleventh hour. She turned away. The old clock would go with the other things on the morrow.

The auction would be at ten o'clock. Aside from a very few of her most personal belongings which she had packed, everything must go. There was the mortgage, which had so worried her father, and the long unpaid interest that would take everything. She clenched her teeth at the thought.

The afternoon passed slowly as she sat on the porch. No one came to disturb her. At length the sun was low and the shadows lengthened. She rose and went in, for the air had suddenly grown chill. She shut the door and lighted the lamp, then she sat down with her Bible. She tried to read, but the printed words upon the pages blurred. She tried to pray, but her stiff lips refused to move. One thought was going over and over



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in her mind like a prayer. "Dear Lord," she was thinking, "I am so tired—so tired."

Suddenly she started. It had seemed to her that the old clock was ticking. "The eleventh hour," it was saying in measured strokes, "the eleventh hour."

She rose from her chair resolutely and, going into her little room, prepared for bed. Habit was strong upon her, and underneath it all was a little sense of pride that she must not seem worn and grief-stricken to curious eyes upon the morrow.

Morning found her staring at the ceiling. She had not slept.

She rose and dressed; then she packed up the few things remaining to which she had a right. She tried to drink her tea, but it choked her.

Her little trunk was locked and ready. Her bonnet and cloak lay upon it. For the last time she walked through the little house and then with a strange numb feeling at her heart she went out and locked the door. She was going to Elvira's. At the gate she turned and came back. She would take the hill road for it did not seem to her that she could walk through the streets of the little town and face the people whom she had known from childhood.

A damask rose caught her skirt with detaining clutch. She gently detached it and passed on through the little back gate up the old path over the hill. She had ceased to think or even to sorrow. It seemed to her that the end of the world had come. A sympathetic face from a window of the house next door watched her slender figure as it plodded slowly along, watched it until it disappeared in the grove beyond. Then it turned to study a knot of women who were coming down the street. They were the first comers at the auction.

Already the auctioneer had opened the little house and was setting certain things out in readiness for sale. Several men came. A woman who had known Delicia Avery from early years raised her voice.

"If each one of us buys something, she will get quite a lot back. It isn't so much the furniture as it is the little keepsakes that count. I'm going to bid in her china set if it takes all my egg and butter money."

"There's her father's chair," another put in. "I'll bid on that. Her grandmother pieced the cushions."

Thus it went, but the little house—the real home soul of it all must pass to Clinton Ackerson who held the mort-

gage, for he was known to want the lot to build a modern home, and he had more money than any man in Cypressville.

There was a hush as the auctioneer took his stand on the porch. He held up the china vases from the dining-room mantel. Quaint, of no particular value to any but their gentle owner, they were bid in for twenty cents by warm-hearted Bridget Casey, who announced her intention of at once restoring them.

"Sure an it's foine they'd look on me mantel," she said, "but it's Miss Delicy shall hav' the likes o' them intoirely."

Even, the auctioneer, was holding up the silent clock.

"What am I offered for this fine time-piece," he called. "Solid mahogany case. A clock anyone would be pleased to own."

"It ain't goin'," suggested some unquiet spirit. "Maybe it ain't got no works."

The auctioneer set the clock down upon a box and wound it with a key. There was a whirr inside and then it stopped.

"Shake 'er up," advised a bystander.

But the auctioneer was opening the back of the case.

Suddenly an expression of astonishment swept his face. He had reached in to start the pendulum to swinging when his exploring fingers touched a package of papers. He drew it out. The outer wrapper was yellow with age. Josephus Tready was standing close at his elbow, and Josephus was a curious man. He stood on tiptoe and trained his near-sighted eyes upon the papers in the hands of the auctioneer.

"My livin' exultin' stars!" he cried in his thin cracked voice, "if it ain't gov'munt bonds. Oh, Jerushy!"

And "Oh, Jerushy!" echoed the hearts of all the people in the crowd.

There was a hubbub immediately. "Where's Delicy?" "Somebody get Delicy!"

It was Madeline Truman, the young girl who had watched Delicia starting on her pilgrimage up the hill, that flew through the garden gate like a flash.

"Miss Delicia," she called, with an intuition that poor Miss Delicia could not have gone far.

A forlorn, little heap rose up from beside a tree in the edge of the grove. Unseen she had watched the assembling of the people and the opening of the auction, with the same feeling that bids the sorrower linger as long as possible by the earthly remains of the one who had passed away.

Her eyes were swollen with tears. Her slender form shook with silent sobs. Madeline with tears in her own eyes threw her arms about her.

"Miss Delicia," she cried brokenly. "Oh, dear Miss Delicia, it is going to be all right. They want you down there. Come quick."

Delicia looked at her uncomprehendingly, but she allowed the girl to lead her slowly down the path.

The babel of voices died down at their approach. Every eye was fixed upon Judge Thayer who held the papers in his hand. He cleared his throat importantly.

"I have the pleasure of informing you, ma'am—" he began in his most important manner which he wore only when deeply impressed; but Bridget Casey was before him.

She rushed forward toward Delicia, a china vase in each hand.

"Sure and they're yours intoirely," she cried, "and it's a rich woman they say ye are—"

The judge raised his voice. "You need not sell your home, Miss Delicia. You have enough to pay off the mortgage and keep you in comfort." He took off his spectacles and hemmed loudly as though he had a cold.

Miss Delicia swayed like a lily on a stem. "Not sell—not—"

"Sure and it's a goldmine they found in the clock, me darlin'."

The face of Miss Delicia grew whiter and whiter, and it was the motherly arms of Mrs. Casey that received her. Then quite suddenly she straightened herself and turned her pale face toward her assembled neighbors.

"I don't quite understand," she said quietly, "but you say it's all right, and I—I think I'll go—home."

The Burning Bush

BY A. MARIA CRAWFORD.



AM going to give up my class in Sunday School, Aunt Agatha," said Anne Leighton, coming into the room where the patient little cripple sat reading her Bible in the sunny south window that was filled with boxes of blooming flowers.

"Tell me all about it! You're just discouraged because you expect too much of the little folks, perhaps."

Anne dropped her close fitting little hat on the table, and running her fingers through her fluffy hair, she crossed the room and kissed Aunt Agatha on her smooth white forehead. There were no wrinkles in the sweet, placid face, although Aunt Agatha had suffered excruciating pain at times for twenty years. Her affliction had acted like yeast to leaven the natural sweet cheerfulness she had always exhibited.

"Every class in the school seems to grow larger than mine. All the children take more interest in the general work than my little folks do. The fault can't rest with them. It is with me, and I am going to resign so that a more competent person can take charge."

Everybody brought Aunt Agatha their problems, both those of the flesh and those of the spirit. It seemed that she could heal anything from a stubbed toe to a broken heart. There was magic in her mercy. There was balm for everything in the touch of her slender white hands, that were made doubly useful because of the poor crippled feet.

"I think you are wrong, dear. You are a good girl and a conscientious, painstaking teacher."

"Good?" questioned Anne, dismally. "Yes, in a way, a sort of negative goodness. The things that tempt most girls have no attraction for me. I never fancy people to whom father and mother have any objection. I am not interested in trashy love stories as many girls are. So you see, the usual temptations are not alluring to me. I overcome nothing. I am negatively good."

She turned and laid her strong young hands over Aunt Agatha's. "I have prayed and prayed to make a success of my work in the Sunday School and it seems that I have just been beating my head against a stone wall all the time. Mother is so gratified, because I am willing and anxious to take up the work she used to do in the church but I am realizing to-day, more than ever before, that I have not the capacity for service possessed by mother. I have ten little girls down there. About eight of them come regularly and not one of them is enthusiastic enough to want to bring her friends. The children in the other classes are keen on enlarging their membership, but it is all that I can do to hold my little band together. So I have made up my mind to give it up."

Aunt Agatha had traveled the same road of disillusionment and had been forced to acknowledge, ultimately, that her capacity had limitations. She, too, had blindly and futilely beaten out her wings against a rock wall when just at one side, there was a beautiful opening, easy of access.

"Perhaps the sermon to-day sounded some note that will help to illumine the way!" suggested Aunt Agatha hopefully.

"It was about the voice in the burning bush, but the truth of the matter, dear, I was so distressed over my class when I saw an increase in every other class marked up on the blackboard that I did not hear half the minister said. I just sat through the whole sermon with my eyes on the pulpit, but I heard practically nothing. I was more or less dazed, wondering what on earth was right for me to do. Of course mother will be disappointed to have me give up the work. There must be something for me to do somewhere. I simply have not found myself."

"Seek, and ye shall find," quoted Aunt Agatha softly. "Dear child, the sermon had a message for you, but you closed your eyes and stopped your ears. You must learn the great fundamental truth of all spiritual growth. Keep your heart and mind receptive! God created the lovely miracle of dawn, yet hundreds

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of thousands only see in the light of a new day the beginning of another period of toil. There is in their mind no appreciation of what magnificent canvas, touched to life by the faultless stroke of a master hand and swung across the eastern horizon for all mankind to see and admire. There is only a whining complaint about having to get out of bed, a hurried or leisurely breakfast, as the case may be, and then work or idleness to fill the day. And yet any day may bring our heart's desire! The seeing eye, my dear, the hearing ear! When Moses saw the burning bush, he might have passed by with unseeing eyes and because of unheeding ears, have gone on and never heard the Lord's command to deliver the children of Israel out of bondage and lead them into the promised land, flowing with milk and honey. The sermon was meant for you to-day, but you closed your ears and did not hear. Moses saw that the bush was burning but was not consumed, so he turned aside to see and because his heart and mind were receptive, he heard the voice of God. God may try to speak to you and to me every day, but because our eyes are blinded by worldly things and our ears are filled with worldly news, we see Him not, and we hear Him not!

"You're right, Aunt Agatha, you're right about everything. I have neither seen nor heard God but I have gone on, humanly selfish, believing but not receiving the personal message," was Anne's reply.

"An old book laid on the dusty shelf of a little shop in Florence for one hundred years. Men came and went, thumping it lightly, or passing it by. Then one day there came a clear-eyed poet with heart and mind receptive to all the beautiful things in God's world, and he saw the discarded old book, steeped in the dust of a century. He opened it and began reading, lightly at first, then lovingly, and out of that story, ignored for ten decades, Robert Browning, with scholarly ability, created his wonderful 'The Ring and the Book.'"

"Why, you have preached me a sermon, Aunt Agatha, and every word of the beautiful truth of it has gone right down into my heart. I will find a way to succeed for my little folks. I won't give up, not yet," cried Anne happily, flushed with an eager zest to accomplish her cherished aim in life.

"Take the great poet of nature, Wordsworth, who wrote, 'To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.' And again he sings,

'Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.'

"A girl with a pretty face may pass you by and be to you merely a lovely human being, but to an artist with a seeing eye, she may represent the Madonna for a cherished masterpiece. A storm may break in a forest. If you were near, you would probably hear only the wind in the trees but to a musician with a trained ear, the sound might be the inspiration for the theme of a great, soul-stirring sonata. You must carry through life, if you would succeed," admonished Aunt Agatha, "a heart that watches and receives."

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We will give to those who secure new subscriptions either a very liberal cash commission or some of the beautiful and desirable articles that we offer as premiums.

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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During July, 1917

Total Donations (Including \$1,972.10 for Special Objects) \$3,867.22.

ALABAMA, \$1.

Rev. Mr. Bell, \$1.
CALIFORNIA, \$10.
 Mrs. Miller, \$1; Miss Daleau, \$1; Miss Wheeler, including \$3 from Intermediate and Junior Societies of First Congregational Church, for Gospel Munitions, \$5; Miss Hammond, \$2; Miss Wyckoff, \$1.

COLORADO, \$35.

Miss McCrosky, \$5; Miss Ruth, \$5; Mr. Tagg, \$25.

CONNECTICUT, \$233.15.

Miss Ayerick, \$5; Miss Copp, \$3; Bridgeport, Sunday School Offering, for Christian Literature for Soldiers and Sailors, \$5.50; Mrs. Lawrentz, \$0.65; Miss Hague, for Gospel Munitions, \$1; Mrs. Osborne, for Gospel Munitions, \$5; Mrs. Turrill, \$5; Mrs. Squire, \$1; Mrs. Baldwin, for Gospel Munitions, \$1; Mrs. Fowler, \$1; Mr. Hart, \$25; Mr. Hallock, \$2; Miss Acton, \$10; Miss Stoddard, for Gospel Munitions, \$2; Mr. Catlin, \$5; Mrs. Welcher, for work among the Soldiers and Sailors, \$125; Mrs. Fisher, \$10; Miss Dickerman, \$1; Miss Adams, \$1; Dr. Roberts, \$2; Mr. Mitchell, \$10; Rev. Mr. Arnold, \$1; Mrs. Kelly, \$2; Mrs. Carter, \$5; Mr. Fitch, for work among Soldiers and Sailors, \$1; Miss Daggett, for work among Soldiers and Sailors, \$3.

DELAWARE, \$5.

Mrs. Mendenhall, for Gospel Munitions, \$5.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$20.
 Mr. Rothermel, \$2.50; Washington, Church Collection, \$5.50; Miss Robertson, \$10; Mrs. Browne, \$1; Rev. Mr. Shemeld, \$1.

GEORGIA, \$8.

Mr. Telford, \$7; Mr. Floding, \$1.
ILLINOIS, \$41.37.
 Eureka, Church Offering, \$0.55; "A Friend," \$5; Mr. Blosser, for Christian Literature for Soldiers, \$1; Sutter, Church Collection, \$8.96; Freeport, Church Offering, \$1.60; Harper, Church Collection, \$14.26; Chicago, Church Collection, \$10.

INDIANA, \$14.

Mr. Miller, \$3; Mr. Taylor, \$5; Mr. Garritt, \$2; Mr. Bowser, \$2; Mr. Hogue, for Gospel Munitions, \$2.

IOWA, \$36.23.

Mr. Jones, \$2; Mrs. Bauman, \$0.65; Mr. Muntinga, \$1.65; Mr. Pluth, \$2; Mrs. Acheson, \$2; Sibley, Church Offering, \$1.93; Mr. Ernst, \$5; George, Sunday School Class of Dr. Dallmann, \$5; Dr. Dallmann, \$1; "A Friend," for Soldier's Text Books, \$5; Lennox, Church Collection, \$10.

KANSAS, \$28.30.

Mrs. Oberer, \$0.30; Mr. Sherman, \$1; Mrs. Wilde, \$2; Mr. Potter, \$25.

KENTUCKY, \$18.

Mr. Mourning, for Gospel Munitions, \$2; Mr. Diehl, for tracts for Soldiers, \$5; Mrs. Graves, for Gospel Munitions, \$10; Mr. Hunt, \$1.

MAINE, \$70.

Mr. Breneman, \$5; Misses E. H. and M. A. Libby, \$50; "A Friend," \$5; Mr. Dana, for Gospel Munitions, \$10.

MARYLAND, \$15.

The Misses Childs, \$15.

MASSACHUSETTS, \$339.25.

"A Friend," \$25; "A Friend," for distribution of Christian Literature among Soldiers, \$5; "Ungenannt," \$5; Mrs. Miller, \$2; Mr. Leach, \$3; Rev. Mr. Covell, \$2; Rev. Mr. Carter, for Gospel Munitions, \$2; "A Friend," \$1; Mrs. Crane, for Gospel Munitions, \$15; Mr. Hart, \$1; Miss Clapp, \$3; Miss Montgomery, \$1; Miss Putnam, \$2; Mrs. Torrey, Literature and Bibles for Soldiers and Sailors, \$50; Miss Wight, \$2; Dea. Wilde, for Gospel Munitions, \$10; Mr. Culver, \$0.25; Mrs. Miller, \$2; Rev. Dr. Carier, \$5; Mrs. Soule, \$20; Mr. Noyes, \$2; Miss Macurdy, \$1; Miss Rice, for Literature for Sailors, \$1; Mrs. Power, for Gospel Munitions, \$5; Mrs. Gould, \$1; Florence, Sunday School Collection, \$3; Mrs. Ilaven, \$1; Miss Dawes, \$10; Mr. Bemis, \$10; Mrs. Field, for Gospel Munitions, \$5; Mr. Bennett, for Gospel Munitions for Soldiers and Sailors, \$1; Wellesley Hills, Church Collection, \$25; Mrs. French, \$2; Mrs. Look, \$5; Mr. Ripley, \$3; Mr. Buck, \$5; Mrs. Clark, for Gospel Munitions for Soldiers and Sailors, \$1; Mr. Crane, \$1; Mr. Brooks, \$50; Miss Fitch, \$1; Mrs. MacNitt, \$50.

MICHIGAN, \$22.65.

Mr. Earl, \$1; Misses Louise and Ruth D. Bloodgood, for Soldier's Text Books for the Army and Navy, \$20; Mrs. Gaensle, \$1.65.

MINNESOTA, \$19.65.

Mrs. Baumberger, \$1; Mrs. Sloane, for Gospel Munitions, \$1; Mr. Weber, \$2; Mr. Sellhorn, \$0.65; Ellsworth, Church Collection, \$15.

MISSOURI, \$6.30.

Rev. Mr. Bleitner, \$0.30; Mr. Spencer, \$1; Mr. William, \$5.

NEBRASKA, \$76.97.

Hastings, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Balli, \$1 05; Mr. Hunzicker, \$1.55; Mr. Beams, wife and son, \$6; "Cedar Creek," \$34.21; Cedar Creek, Church Collection, \$29.16.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$34.

Mrs. Herr, \$15; Mrs. Fletcher, \$5; Mr. Morgan, \$1; Mr. Hastings, for work among Soldiers and Sailors, \$5; Miss Childs, \$1; Mrs. Blaisdell, \$2; Rev. Mr. Bliss, \$1.

NEW JERSEY, \$1,207.93.

New Brunswick, Church Collection, \$8; Butler, Sunday School Collection, \$13.75; Mr.

Clark, for Literature for Soldiers, \$3; "A Friend," \$2; Mr. Moreau, \$1; I. E. Hueber, \$2; Mr. Meadowcroft, \$2; Miss Walker, \$1; Mr. Voorhees, \$1; Miss Rasch, for distribution of testaments among Soldiers, \$5; Mr. Taylor, for Gospel Munitions, \$1; Bloomfield, Church Offering, \$7.50; Miss Butler, \$1; Mrs. Pine, \$5; Mrs. Reid, \$5; "A Reader," \$1; Mr. Pierce, \$10; Mr. Halls, Jr., \$25; Mrs. Hart, for work among Soldiers and Sailors, \$1; Mrs. Voorhees, for Prisoners' Text Books, \$1,000; Miss Brooks, for Gospel Munitions, \$1; Mrs. Hartig, \$1; Miss E. M. Martin, \$1; Miss I. D. Martin, \$2; Passaic, Church Collection, \$30.03; Mrs. Cunningham, for distribution of Christian Literature, \$25; Mrs. Fries, \$1.65; Mrs. Ballentine, for Soldier's Text Book, \$4; Newark, Church Collection, \$20; Miss Woodruff, for work in the Navy, \$1; Miss Walker, for Gospel Munitions, \$1; Miss Morse, \$5; Mrs. Goodnow, \$20.

NEW YORK, \$733.77.

Mr. Jarvie, for Gospel Munitions, \$500; Mrs. Sibley, \$15; Mr. Auchincloss, \$20; Miss Isaacs, \$10; Mr. Millsbaugh, \$25; Miss Roeder, \$10; Mrs. Meeker, \$5; Miss Ames, \$5; Miss Walker, \$5; "A Friend," for Gospel Munitions, \$2; "Kingston, N. Y.," \$50; Miss Young, \$1.50; Misses Mary and Fannie Brodhead, for Gospel Munitions, \$1; Mrs. Beebe, for Soldier's Text Book for Army and Navy, \$4; Miss Phillips, \$1; Mr. Farnam, \$5; Brooklyn, Church Collection, \$14.47; Mrs. Hoyt, for work in the Army and Navy, \$1; Lyons Falls, Church Offering, \$3; Miss Pintler, for Gospel Munitions, \$1; Mr. Mead, \$2; Brooklyn, Church Collection, \$18.80; Mr. Knight, \$10; Mrs. Cooper, tracts for Soldiers, \$1; Mrs. Sherman, \$5; Miss Sabine, for Gospel Munitions for Soldiers and Sailors, \$10; Mrs. Gerow, \$5; Mrs. Rissmeyer, \$1; Mr. Bowen, \$1; Dr. Spaulding, for Soldier's Text Book, \$1.

OHIO, \$199.29.

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OREGON, \$15.20.

Mrs. Weinhard, \$15; "A Friend," \$0.20.

PENNSYLVANIA, \$446.25.

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RHODE ISLAND, \$14.

Mr. Carpenter, \$10; Miss Olney, \$1; "A Friend," \$2; Mr. Rankin, \$1.

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TENNESSEE, \$10.

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TEXAS, \$12.

San Angelo, Church Offering, \$2; Mr. Hunt, \$10.

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VERMONT, \$23.

"A Friend," \$5; Mrs. Gay, \$3; Miss Lease, one-half for Immigrants' work one-half for work among Soldiers, \$5; Miss Brigham, \$10.

VIRGINIA, \$10.

Richmond, Bible Class of Centenary Methodist Church South for Christian Literature for Soldiers and Sailors, \$10.

WEST VIRGINIA, \$106.

Mr. Priestley, \$1; Mrs. Jones, Gospel Munitions for Soldiers and Sailors, \$5; Mr. Paull, \$100.

WISCONSIN, \$22.

Mrs. Leoler, \$3; Mrs. Baumgartner, \$2; Mr. Gowiess, \$2; Mrs. Jenkins, for distribution of tracts, \$5; Mrs. Kreul, \$10.

FOREIGN, \$3.

Canada, Mrs. McCrac, \$1; Rev. Mr. Lehrer, \$2.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUND.

Income for Missionary work.....\$481.35
 Income for Annuitants.....28.05

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 797,704,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$18,461.65. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,652,967.54, which is the equivalent of 5,305,935,080 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 199,963; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,712, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-six years 17,438,166, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,812,806.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a one volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 16,012,088 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President.

JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

To Our Subscribers

A RULING of the Post Office Department states that copies of the AMERICAN MESSENGER may not be mailed to persons whose subscriptions are in arrears for a period exceeding twelve months. In other words, the regulations of the Post Office Department compel us to remove from our regular mailing list the names of all who delay the payment of their subscriptions longer than twelve months. In view of this fact we urge upon all our friends the necessity of attending promptly to the renewal of their subscriptions. A glance at the address label on the wrapper of the paper will show at what date each subscription expires.

Notice to Authors

Authors who submit manuscripts for publication to the American Tract Society are reminded that the Society does not hold itself responsible for the return of any manuscript. If a remittance is sent to cover the full cost of postage and registry, the Society will transmit a manuscript by registered mail upon the request of the author.

A Grateful Acknowledgment

In response to a grant recently sent by the American Tract Society, Mr. John B. Irons of Geneseo, N. Y., has written: "I thank you very much for your nice bundle of tracts. Your work as a Society is truly most useful as well as much needed. The longer I live the more I see the great need as well as the great usefulness of spreading Bibles and tracts everywhere."

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

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Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 313 Y. M. C. A. Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage, Southern Agency, Crichton, R.F.D., Mobile Co., Ala.

Have You Made a Will?

If you have, did you remember the American Tract Society, and in proportion to the good it has been doing for nearly a century? If you have not made any bequest in behalf of the Tract Society, you are earnestly asked to add a codicil to your will to that effect. If you do so, you certainly will be happy in the thought that when you have been translated to your Heavenly home you will still be doing something to perpetuate and enlarge the great and important work of the American Tract Society. Please do not forget.

A Remarkable Bible

A Giant Bible has been bound by the Oxford University Press for the Bible Crusade, of Horbury Hall, Notting Hill Gate, London, England. When standing on end the volume is over 5 feet 2 inches high, and nearly 3 feet 6 inches wide. The width of the back is 10 inches, so that when the book is opened flat it measures about 7 feet 10 inches across. It is bound in rich red levant morocco leather of the best quality; 12 large goat-skins having been used for the binding. The front cover is surrounded by the arms of the counties of England and Scotland inlaid in blue morocco leather, and decorated in gold; while on the back of the book are displayed the arms of the Welsh counties similarly treated. In the centre of the front cover is a panel of royal blue morocco leather, containing the royal arms, inlaid with the heraldic colors.

The book contains 175 sheets of stout paper boards attached by means of linen hinges to strips of similar material, which form the back of the book. It is sewn with twine, in the old-fashioned way, round 6 stout hempen ropes (each rope containing 70 strands of hemp) much thicker than the ordinary clothes-line, and four of these ropes are laced into mill-boards, 1/2 inch thick, which form the foundations for the leather covering.

In order to facilitate the handling of the book during the various processes of binding it was found necessary to erect a wooden staging, from the cross beam of which depended an iron chain and pulley block, and by this means the position of the book was altered from time to time. Without the aid of the block and pulley the assistance of 6 men would have been necessary to manipulate the volume. No fewer than 4,476 copies of the smallest Oxford Bible could be contained within the compass

of this huge book, but they might not have arrested so much attention—such is the opinion and the purpose of the Bible Crusade—as this unique "edition."

Gifts of the Forest

In addition to the ordinary uses of wood with which we are familiar, mankind is dependent upon the forest for a variety of products whose appearance does not indicate their origin, say members of the Forest Service. Numerous as these products are, and as extensive as is their use at the present time, science is constantly learning new constituents which enter into the makeup of wood and is finding new uses to which these constituents and those already known can be put.

Pure wood alcohol is the only substance which can be converted commercially into formaldehyde, which is universally used for disinfection against such contagious diseases as smallpox, scarlet fever, and tuberculosis. The experts at the Forest Products Laboratory have conducted extensive experiments on the production of grain or ethyl alcohol from wood and have been successful in experimental work in raising the yield and lowering the cost of production. If this process can be put on a commercial basis, the foresters say, it will result in putting the millions of tons of coniferous sawdust and other material which is now wasted every year to a profitable use.

By converting cellulose, one of the elements of wood, into a gelatinous material, known as viscose, a wide field is opened up for the utilization of wood waste, and a new line of products, varying all the way from sausage casings to tapestry, is added to the already lengthy list. Many of the so-called "silk" socks, neckties and fancy braids now on the

market contain artificial silk made from wood.

About nine-tenths of all the paper which we use is made from wood. Besides the detailed investigations of the methods of making newsprint paper, and of the production of paper from woods hitherto unused for that purpose, which have been conducted, kraft paper, which compares favorably with the best on the market, has been produced experimentally at the Forest Products Laboratory from longleaf pine mill waste. This kraft paper is brown in color and is very much stronger than ordinary papers. It is used for a variety of purposes, and, cut into strips, is spun or twisted into thread which is then woven into onion and coffee bags, matting, suitcases and wall covering, similar to burlap, and furniture closely resembling that made from reeds, as well as other articles of common use.

Within the past year the Forest Products Laboratory has, by co-operating with manufacturers, succeeded in getting a dye made from mill waste of osage orange put on the market as a substitute for fustic, which we import from Jamaica and Tehuantepec.

These are only a few examples of the various lines of work carried on at the Forest Products Laboratory, say the men in charge. Other activities, ranging all the way from the study of decay in wood to that of the resistance of wood to fire, are in progress, and new discoveries are constantly being made. Incidentally, the Forest Products Laboratory, at Madison, Wisconsin, was the first of its kind in the world and is probably still the best equipped. With one possible exception, no other country has done as much as the United States systematically to investigate the possibilities of its forest resources.

Our Medicine Chest

Aviator (home from the war on leave)—"And then when you are up pretty high—three or four miles, say—and you look down, it's positively sickening. It is stupendous, awful. A great height is a fearful thing, I can tell you."

Lady (feelingly)—"Yes, I can sympathize with you, poor boy. I feel just that way myself when I'm on top of a stepladder."

Gladstone, when a boy, was visiting in the country, and the farmer was showing him around. Coming to a field that contained a large bull, the farmer said, "There's a fine, strong bull over there, Master William, and it's only two years old."

"How do you tell its age?" queried the boy.

"Why, by its horns," said the farmer. "By its horns?" Young Gladstone looked thoughtful for a moment, then his face cleared. "Ah, I see. Two horns—two years."

General Sherman once stopped at a country home, where a tin basin and roller towel sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched the visitor make his toilet. When, on the third day, the toothbrush, nail file, and whisk broom had been duly used, he asked, "Say, mister, air you always that much trouble to you'se'f?"

"I would like to show you our new vacuum-cleaner," began the agent, when the door opened.

"We ain't got no vacuum to clean," snapped the hard-faced woman as she slammed the door.

"What are you doing with that homely dog, Tommy?"

"Takin' him to the dog show."
"But you can't win a prize with him!"
"Well, they may give me a special prize for showin' the kind of a dog that no dog ought to be."

"Phawt are thim buckets for on the shilf in the hall?"

"Can't yez read, ye fool? It says on them, 'For Fire Only.'"
"Thin why hov they put wather in them?"

"So you're making your will," said Mrs. Twickembury, "and who is to be your executioner?"

"Were you ever rewarded for bravery?"

"Oh, yaas."
"Did you get the Iron Cross?"
"Nope."
"The Victoria Cross?"
"Naw; I got the Maltese cross."
"How did you get the Maltese cross?"
"I stepped on her tail."

Mrs. Nimble—"Oh, you're making fancy work presents for Christmas, aren't you?"

Miss Kimball—"Mercy, no! Nobody wants these foolish things! I'm just making them for the charity bazaar!"

A gentleman being asked to recommend some good tonic for nervous persons, replied to the anxious inquirer he knew of none and added: "What I want to find is a good tonic for those who have to live with them."

"It is very easy to be misled nowadays," said Miss Cayenne. "In what way?" "When you smell gasolene you can't tell whether a person has been cleaning gloves or riding in an automobile."

Hon. Benjamin Kimball is said to have complained to one of the butchers at Gilford about the quality of meat supplied, saying: "That lamb you sold me must have been old enough to vote. It was so tough I could hardly cut it." "Oh," said the butcher, "that is nothing: Tom Fuller said the last piece of meat he bought of me was so tough he couldn't get his fork into the gravy."

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

<i>Black tea—1 cupful</i>	<i>1.54</i>
<small>(hot) (5 fl. oz.)</small>	
<i>Green tea—1 glassful</i>	<i>2.02</i>
<small>(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)</small>	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	<i>1.21</i>
<small>(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)</small>	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	<i>1.12</i>
<small>(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)</small>	

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

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The Chess Player

Many years ago Paul Morphy was the champion chess player of the world. A friend one day invited him to come and look at a valuable painting he had just purchased. It was called "The Chess Player," and represented Satan playing chess with a young man, the stake being the man's soul. The game had reached the stage where it was the young man's move; but apparently there was no move that he could make that would not mean defeat for him, and the strong feature of the picture was the look of awful despair that was on the man's face as he realized his soul was lost, and the sneer upon the face of Satan as he saw the victory.

Morphy studied the picture for a time (he knew more about chess than the artist who painted the picture), and then called for a chessboard and men. Placing them in the same position they were in the painting, he said: "I'll take the young man's place and make the move;" and he made the move that would have set the young man free.

When I heard this story, I thought it was just like my life. In the game of life I was worsted. It was my move, but death was in every direction. I was in despair, when I saw One come on the scene who knew all about my life, and I recognized the only One who could help me. I turned to Him, and He made the move that set me free.

—SELECTED.

Little Things

Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be a flower or grass or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers,
Only a few clear, shining hours—
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these for a sick child's sake
A blossom wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of Joy that seemed but a happy dream;
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there.
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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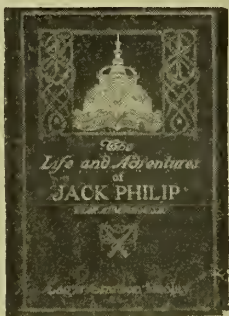
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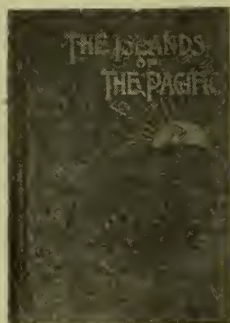
It is the well-told life of one of the most modest and noble heroes of the great American navy. Admiral Philip was a Paul Jones of our later sea-fighting line. Brimming over with action, written in admirable spirit, this book will be an inspiration to all patriotic fathers and sons. If we must have war, Admiral Jack Philip should be the hero of every last man.



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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

PARK AVENUE AND 40th STREET

NEW YORK

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 75



OCTOBER, 1917



No. 10



GRASMERE CHURCH, WESTMORELAND, ENGLAND

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.



Forthcoming Features and a Special Offer



J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.



CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.



MRS. GRACE B. SANDERS.



EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.



REV. G. ERNEST MERRIAM.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

The Editorial Contributors of the *American Messenger* are men of splendid ability and of distinguished attainments both in the field of religious literature and in other realms of Christian activity.

Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D., the famous pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York City, is a great preacher, the author of many popular volumes, and a frequent and forceful contributor to the religious press. Through his active connection with numerous organizations of a benevolent and philanthropic character he is able to give our readers a broad insight into the world of Christian effort.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman is known throughout the Christian world as an Evangelist of rare power, and he has been the leader of some of the most stirring revivals which this country has ever known. He has had a wide experience in various lines of Christian service, and has recently been elected as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., is the successful pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church in New York City. He is a speaker of rare gifts and has a wonderful facility of expression. He is also a writer of great charm, author of "The House of Chimham," "The Art of Sailing On," and several other delightful volumes.

Dr. Charles Carroll Albertson is well known as the pastor of the historic Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, New York. He is a man of ripe experience and large vision, a thoughtful and scholarly writer, and his messages through the medium of the printed page are of real power and constant interest to a large circle of readers.

Rev. George Ernest Merriam is pastor of the Calvinistic Congregational Church of Fitchburg, Mass., and has been for many years a welcome contributor to various religious periodicals. His articles in the *American Messenger* have always been greatly prized, and he is now a valued member of our staff of Editorial Contributors.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

The Prayer Meeting page is devoted to a suggestive and discriminating treatment of the Topics used in Christian Endeavor and other Young People's Meetings. In these notes, prepared by one who has had large experience in Christian Endeavor work, young people will find just the material that they need in preparation either for leading the prayer meeting or participating in it. Daily Bible Readings are printed in connection with the topics for each week.

Our Young Folks' page is described by many as one of the most interesting features of the whole paper. On this page there is always a beautiful illustration, reproduced from an original photograph depicting varied phases of life at home and abroad which are sure to charm the young folks. The stories printed on this page are written by authors who are skilled in the art of entertaining boys and girls, and who know how to impart to their work that high tone which furnishes the strongest incentive to the building of noble character.

"In His Vineyard and Ours" is the title of a department dealing with the progress of the Kingdom throughout the whole wide world. The pictures on this page are reproduced from photographs that come literally from the ends of the earth. They illustrate life in India, China, Japan, Korea, South Africa and other parts of the missionary field. The outlook here given on the evangelization of the world is gained from a careful reading of the tidings that come from the missionary headquarters of all the denominations.

SPLENDID ARTICLES

Among the articles that we shall publish from our regular contributors during coming months are: "The Fountain of Youth," by Clarence E. Flynn; "How to Win Friends," by Emma Younglove; "The Watcher in the Doorway," by Edgar L. Vincent; "Differing Gifts," by Cora S. Day; "Safety first for Others but Not for Himself," by Rev. Howard W. Pope; and "Reaction to Duty," by Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, Ph.D.

Fascinating stories, true to life, which will appear in our columns include "For All Thy Mercies," a Thanksgiving story by L. D. Stearns; "A Vision Realized," by Felicia Buttz Clark; "Harriet Boswell's Christmas," by Hilda Richmond; "The Way Ye Know," by Allan Phillip; "Tommy's Eyes," by Earl Reed Silvers; "On Quien Sabe Creek," by Cora G. Parmelee; "The No-Excuse Lady," by Mary E. Chase; and "The Night and the Morning," by John Alister Stewart.

Many authors contribute beautiful poems to our columns, and among the choice verses that we shall publish are: "The Awakening," by Thomas C. Clark; "God's Sequence," by Mary Davis; "The Forgotten Guests," by Eugene C. Dolson; "Suggestions," by Arthur W. Peach; "Soul Purified," by George L. Andrews; and "The Christmas Spirit," by Helen M. Richardson.

Among the attractive stories that will appear in Our Young Folks' page are: "The Birds' Thanksgiving," by Erroll Hay Colcock; "The Little House in the Snow," by Kathleen Hay; "The Prairie Palace," by Esther Smith; "The Children of Mount Vernon," by Mary F. Richardson; and "The Last Trip by the Toll Bridge," by Mabel S. Merrill.

In Our Fireside department of the *American Messenger* there is always a fine story. In addition there is usually an article dealing with some phase of the home life. Among those awaiting future publication are three articles by the Author of "Preston Papers," entitled: "The Purse Bearer," "The Child's Money," and "Emergency Preparations."

UNIQUE FEATURES.

In the Editorial Notes which appear in each issue of the *American Messenger* there is given a broad outlook on the whole field of Christian effort. Timely comments are made upon events of international importance. The great subjects of social service, child welfare, evangelistic work and kindred topics receive sympathetic and thought-provoking treatment.

Christian News from everywhere finds a place in the columns of the *American Messenger*.

Its publication office being situated in New York City, which is fast becoming the world's metropolis, has facilities for coming in touch with every line of Christian activity, and it receives advance information concerning great religious movements at the original sources of information.

The subject of Christian Literature receives special attention in the *American Messenger*. For over ninety-two years the American Tract Society has been a pioneer in this field, and through the columns of this paper the Society seeks to disseminate the essential and most pertinent facts concerning the publication and dissemination of Christian truth in the form of the printed page. The story of the spread of Christian literature in foreign fields is as fascinating as any romance ever written, and from the *American Messenger* the Christian public may secure information and enlightenment on this subject such as can not be procured elsewhere.

A BEAUTIFUL YEAR BOOK

Instead of a Calendar we offer to our subscribers this year a copy of the very attractive little book entitled, "Daily Food for Christians." This contains a Bible reading for every day in the year, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and carefully selected verses from choice hymns. The book is bound in cloth and is of convenient size for carrying in the pocket or handbag, if so desired.

Our readers will please notice carefully the conditions upon which this book will be furnished to those who desire it. We will give a copy of "Daily Food," postpaid, and one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the *American Messenger* for 60 cents, or we will give the book as a premium to any subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1917 and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all. If the new subscriber in the foregoing case desires a copy of "Daily Food," \$1.10 must be remitted. For every Canadian subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted, and for every foreign subscription 24 cents additional.

OUR SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER:

scribers will thus receive both the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers for 1917, free of cost, if they subscribe at once. They will also be entitled to receive a copy of the book entitled "Daily Food for Christians," upon the payment of only ten cents additional.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and 40th Street, NEW YORK

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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OCTOBER, 1917

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EDITORIAL NOTES

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

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Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D.

Rev. George Ernest Merriam.

Entered at the Post Office in New York as second-class matter.

Our Announcement and Special Offer

On page 146 of this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER will be found a statement of the forthcoming features of this periodical and a special offer, whereby those who renew their subscriptions promptly may, by the payment of only ten cents additional, secure a copy of our beautiful little yearbook entitled, "Daily Food for Christians."

In our Announcement will be found mention of some of the interesting features that are in store for our readers during the coming months. It must be remembered, however, that since ours is a paper that aims to keep abreast of the times, there will be many desirable features of which it is impossible to give advance notice at this time. Furthermore the limitations of space prevent a complete statement of all the attractive articles that we have on hand or an enumeration of all the able writers whose contributions we are privileged to print in our columns.

As our present subscribers well know, the AMERICAN MESSENGER is inspirational in character, evangelical in tone and interdenominational in its affiliations. It stands for a pure, simple Gospel and it aims to promote in every possible way the progress of the Kingdom of God.

We are engaged at this time in a special effort to extend the circulation of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, for we believe that no home is really complete without a copy of this periodical, which contains something of value for every member of the family. We therefore bespeak the assistance of all our readers in increasing its circulation and thus aiding the cause of pure evangelical Christianity.

The Patriot Library

Literature in large and increasing quantities for the men on the battleships and for the soldiers in training and going to France is being furnished by the American Tract Society.

In addition to "The Soldier's Text Book," "Cromwell's Soldier's Pocket Bible," and several leaflets especially prepared for the Army and Navy, a capital library consisting of twenty volumes and entitled, "The Patriot Library for Our Soldiers and Sailors," has been selected and is being forwarded to the battleships and also to the various cantonments and camps and wherever the soldiers are in training. The value of the library is \$20.00; a donation of \$12.00 will provide one Patriot Library, the Tract Society furnishing the balance.

Our soldiers and sailors need and must have wholesome and uplifting literature. It is a real necessity; indeed, it is more needed by our boys than all other equipment. The Chaplain of one of the U. S. Battleships wrote:

"I am delighted with your offering of literature to meet the needs of the men aboard this ship. *Our greatest need* is attractive and wholesome literature. The grants you are making are a great help, and any more that you are able to do will be greatly appreciated."

One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00) is urgently and immediately needed for this work, which is dependent upon special donations. A most earnest appeal is therefore made for this vital and important object. Donations should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, American Tract Society, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

The Need for Watchfulness

The necessity for guarding against the insidious approaches of false religious teachers is disclosed in the recent revelation of the fact that the authorities of the Mormon Church have been putting forth an edition of the Bible containing a section inserted between the Old and New Testaments consisting of 118 pages of Mormon teaching. There was no mark on the outside of this Bible to distinguish it from the ordinary King James Version. The only indication of the evil hand of the Mormon Church was on the title page of the Mormon section, which stated that it was "Copyrighted, 1917, by Joseph F. Smith, Trustee in Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." Most misleading was the statement which it carried that this edition of the Bible was "designed for the use of missionaries and other students of the Scriptures."

We are told that the publication of this edition of the Bible has been discontinued by

the well-known publishing house which was inveigled into handling it for the Mormon authorities. But it is significant that this action was not taken until vigorous protests had been made by various Christian organizations which felt outraged by this insidious attempt to propagate the Mormon doctrine and to palm off Mormon teachings under the guise of Christian literature.

This episode shows that Christians must be on the alert even in purchasing copies of the Scriptures to see that they are securing the Bible in its integrity, free from any combination with either Mormon or other false religious teachings.

The New Liberty Loan

The religious papers of our land have been asked by the United States Government to aid in the promotion of the new Liberty Loan, subscriptions for which will soon be asked from the general public.

We are confident that the Christian people of this land realize the seriousness of the struggle in which our nation is now engaged, and that they will give generous support to the Government in its plans to provide in part for the necessary expenses of this war by the issue of the new series of Liberty Bonds, the first output of which was so liberally over-subscribed.

Some have expressed the opinion that it would be difficult to dispose of the new Liberty Bonds, but we hope and believe that the American people will see to it that this new issue is no less successful than the first, and we bespeak the patriotic co-operation of our readers in this matter which is of such vital importance to the welfare of our nation.

Bibles for West Point Cadets

For the second time in the history of our country the entire Senior Class in the United States Military Academy at West Point was graduated a year ahead of time. The graduating exercises of this class took place in the latter part of August, and great simplicity marked the event.

The distribution of Bibles was not overlooked, and on August 26, 1917, the one hundred and fifty-two members of the graduating class were presented with Bibles provided by the American Tract Society in accordance with its regular custom. Eighty-six of the Bibles presented were in the Revised Version, fourteen in the Authorized or King James Version, forty-four in the Douai Version and eight in the Spanish Version.

Subscription Blanks

In this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER we enclose a subscription blank for the convenience of our subscribers in renewing their subscriptions to this paper.

If your own subscription is already paid in advance we suggest that you use the blank for sending us the name and address of some friend to whom you would like to make the gift of a year's subscription to this paper.

We are confident that such a gift would be highly appreciated, especially since the friend for whom you subscribe will receive the Thanksgiving and Christmas issues of this year free;

if you send ten cents additional, your friend will also receive a copy of our beautiful little yearbook entitled, "Daily Food."

Please look for the date on the address label of your paper, as it indicates to what time your subscription is paid. It would be a great accommodation to us if you would send in your subscription orders at once, thereby avoiding the delays that may occur later, when the rush of the winter season has begun.



The War Duty of Our Boys

We have been impressed by an editorial in a recent issue of *The American Boy*, which ad-

vises the boys of our land, who are not yet of military age to return to school this Fall and thus fit themselves for better service for their country in later years. This is sound counsel, and it carries the endorsement of the leading officials of our Government as well as the foremost educators of our land. Many boys will undoubtedly feel tempted to run away from school and to enlist in the Army or Navy. But that boy will render the greatest service to his country who remains at school and fits himself to render skilled service in the coming days, when there will be a greater demand than ever for trained and educated workers.

Physical Aids to Spiritual Health

BY JAMES MUDGE, D. D.

IN THAT truly wonderful poem, "Rabbi Ben Ezra," so deep, weighty and inspiring, Robert Browning sings, as perhaps no other has done, the worth of life and the glories of old age, giving also enthusiastic yet chastened expression to the supremacy of soul over body and of mind over matter. Nevertheless, the great poet, a veritable seer, with marvellous insight, both philosophical and spiritual, fully recognizes the other side of the situation in the following lines:

"Let us not always say,
Spite of this flesh today

I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"

As the bird wings and sings,

Let us cry, 'All good things, [soul!]"

Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps

Yes, flesh helps, or hinders, soul, and the "body at its best" can potently "project the soul on its lone way." But if the body be not at its best, then there is obstruction and retardment. A weak body commands the soul and tyrannizes over it; a strong body obeys the soul. The spirit cannot easily do what it will when the fleshy instrument, through which it must operate, is a continual impediment and embarrassment. To overcome that encumbrance uses up strength which might otherwise have gone into increased efficiency. That many have overcome, and "in spite of this flesh" have most nobly gained ground is to their everlasting credit. But in most cases they would surely have gone further, had there been less interference.

No part of us can be really perfect, that is perfect in anything but a modified and approximate fashion, unless all is perfect. That fact follows from the close, inextricable way in which we are linked together through mysterious joints and bands, made one throughout from top to toe, from center to circumference. We may not be prepared to say with old Samuel Johnson, "Every man is a rascal as soon as he is sick." That, of course, is an exaggeration, as is also Emerson's somewhat similar dictum, "Sickness is felony."

But there is important truth at the bottom of such sayings as those just quoted. The spiritual development is dependent upon the intellectual at many points, as is evident to every judicious observer. And the intellectual condition is in turn most intimately dependent upon the physical. Mind, body and soul, under their present conditions of conjunction are inseparably interpenetrative and indissolubly integrated. Every disease has certain specific mental and spiritual effects readily traceable, as all physicians know. All abnormal physical states, however slight, are accompanied by more or less abnormal mental and spiritual states, up to pronounced insanity or the total overthrow of reason, which is usually but the result of violated laws of health. Phillips Brooks fitly

and truly says, "Every man has in his bodily constitution the physical basis of the most subtle and transcendent parts of his profoundest life. Out from the very marrow of his bones comes something which his finest affections never outgo, and which gives a color to his soul's loftiest visions. It is on the harp of his nervous system that the psalm of his life is played. There is a physical basis to his most spiritual life. A man thinks well and loves well and prays well because of the red running of his blood." In the words of Paul, "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and then that which is spiritual." Dyspepsia and indigestion give the devil a great advantage. That distinguished divine who, when asked if he enjoyed the full assurance of salvation, replied, "Yes, except when the wind is in the East," put his finger on a vital spot and has the sympathy of many fellow-sufferers.

We must then keep in good health if we would be most effective in God's service and most acceptable in His sight. God's realm of law is one. Carelessness and disobedience on the physical side will naturally and necessarily promote the same characteristics on the spiritual side. He who is particular as to exact observance of the smallest rules which the Almighty has laid down for the care of these clay temples of the Holy Ghost will find it easy to give similar heed in every other direction. They who dishonor their bodies will be very likely to dishonor their souls, too.

The highest spiritual attainments cannot be reached without a great deal of energy. No lackadaisical, nerveless, half-hearted, irresolute endeavor will accomplish anything. The same ambition, vigor, initiative, and fixed purpose which carries a man to the top in business will carry him to the top in piety if that be his aim. Weakness of mind or body will inevitably slow down the advance and detract from the outcome. Furthermore, that is a very poor sort of religion which has not a large infusion of cheerfulness; and this goes almost as a matter of course with good health. Mental balance also belongs in this same category, and dispenses with the vast swarms of superstitions and fanaticisms which have so sadly impeded the progress of mankind.

It is of high significance that in the experiences of good men, fasting and prayer are so often connected. The former helps the body to obey; the latter helps the soul to command. The mind is clearer when not weighed down by the accumulations of the gross elements that minister to the flesh, and the spirit soars the higher when liberated in some measure from bondage to the earthly.

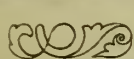
Spiritual health, by which we mean right relations with God and constant activity in His cause, is promoted, therefore, in part, by close attention to the state of our bodies; and he is

a very foolish man who forgets this. Physical health is not, of course, all, but it is something; something we cannot afford to do without. "Bodily exercise," says Paul to Timothy, "is profitable for a little." Eating, drinking, bathing and sleeping in right ways are also profitable. And when these are all put together they make a vast difference both in the physical and the spiritual condition. It is not too much to say that among the price requisites to success in saintliness must be a vigilant preserving of that "earthly vessel" in which is contained the heavenly "treasure," a jealous watchfulness over the "temple" which the Lord condescends to use for His dwelling place. Rules in this matter are by no means to be despised. Indeed, without rules there is pretty sure to be ruin.

One good rule is, look after minutiae and despise not trifles. It pays to take pains with whatever relates to so important a matter as health. It is foolish to run risks which might be escaped by a little trouble. The old motto, "Avoid beginnings," is nowhere more pertinent than here. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." How often have the seeds of fatal disease been implanted by a few moments of heedless exposure. Many a person has died because he thought it silly or too burdensome to put on wraps for going across the street or to wear rubbers on a wet day, or to keep out of a draught when in perspiration, or to take advice betimes from a physician.

Another rule is, keep a good margin of health. In other words, do not let your stock of vitality run low, or get drawn upon till there is little or no supply available for the emergencies which are liable at any time to spring up. This is the ever-present peril of over-work. A man may be all right for ordinary occasions, and may think that to be sufficient. He learns his mistake when all of a sudden some extraordinary call is made upon him and he is unable to meet it successfully. If he had not been run down he could easily have weathered the gale, but as it was, he went under. He who keeps in tip-top condition has a staying power which staves off death, when otherwise dissolution would be speedy.

Both these rules for bodily health apply to soul health as well. He who forms a habit of heeding them in the one direction will be likely to apply them in the other. He will also be aided in that most important matter of connecting God with *all* material or physical things. He will say to himself, "My body is the Lord's, everything is His, and since I am His and He is mine, everything is mine. I am a freeman of the universe and all is well." Such an one is clad in a coat of mail which no weapon can penetrate, he rides above the storms, he communes continually with the Infinite Friendliness and he lives in glory almost divine.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



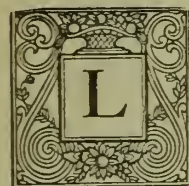
DR. DAVID J. BURRELL.

THE LAUGHTER OF GOD

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

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LET no devout reader be shocked at the bold suggestion of the headline of this article. For God does laugh. He laughs at the proud defiance of men, at the reckless impiety of nations, and at the grotesque folly of the so-called "Great Powers" that array themselves against Him. Why not? Is there no occasion for laughter when earth-worms lift their heads from the dust to block the progress of the King's chariot?

You may find this startling figure of speech in the Second Psalm, which seems to have been written in anticipation of the very days in which we are now living. It is appropriately entitled, "Kings are exhorted to accept the Kingdom of Christ." Here is food for contemplation at a time when principalities and powers are setting the heavens afire and disturbing the foundations of the great deep. Woe to the nations that would bind the God of Peace with the green withers of an unrighteous war! But be patient and you shall see how He maketh the wrath of men and nations to praise Him.

O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt? Our God is a great God and greatly to be feared above all gods. He sitteth upon a throne high and lifted up; so high that the nations are but as the small dust of the balance before Him.

When the red clouds of Armageddon roll by, we shall have "a new world wherein dwell eth righteousness;" and it will be a distinctly better world to live in. We shall see then that justice and mercy meet together in the divine character; and Reverence will join hands with Love in our devotions. For while we have been saying, "God is love," it is greatly to be feared that we have overlooked a proposition which He is now writing in flame across the skies, to wit, "Our God is a consuming fire." This is the time to lay our hands upon our mouths and hearken to His word, "Be still and know that I am God."

Now is come the testing of our faith. To pray on a bright morning, "Thy Kingdom come" is mere lip-service unless, when Gog and Magog sound the tocsin that midnight, we can say, "Now, Lord, Thy Kingdom cometh!" The knees of Little-faith tremble when he sees the armies of Syria encamped about the walls of Dothan; but when his eyes are opened, "Behold the mountains are full of the horses and chariots of God!"

The Second Psalm was written to celebrate the coming of Messiah to His throne. One who reads between the lines (as the disciples did in Acts 4:25) beholds Him on His invisible march along the centuries, like Henry of Navarre, whose white plume ever waved in the forefront of the battle-line. The whole Psalm is intensely dramatic. It is divided into four stanzas of three verses each.

In the first stanza we find ourselves in the midst of a tumult of the nations. The heathen are raging: the people are yielding themselves to a vain, ungovernable frenzy; their sovereigns and rulers are taking counsel together against—what? "Against the Lord and his Anointed;" that is against God and His only begotten Son! They are crying, "Let us break their bonds asunder and cast away their cords from us." These are the bonds of law; these are the cords of righteousness; but the reckless nations will have none of them. They revolt against all salutary restraints and refuse to have God's Anointed rule over them.

In the second stanza we hear the burst of laughter from the throne of God. "He that sitteth in the heavens will laugh: the Lord will have them in derision." So impotent are the champions of wrong and frightfulness. It is as if a swarm of gnats were to conspire against Euroclydon; or as if a nest of blind adders were to lift themselves against the noon-day sun. With what supreme contempt must the Omnipotent view the opposition of such creatures of His hand! What wonder that He laughs?

Then does He "vex them in his sore displeasure." Vexation is the inevitable fruit of impiety. Was there ever a time in history when the arrogant and self-sufficient Powers were so utterly at their wits' end as now? Starved, impoverished, desperate and still holding out! Vexed unto death, yet fighting on in the scarred earth and the heavens above and the waters under the earth! Groaning under the sore displeasure of God and still refusing to acknowledge Him! And alas, so long as the Hittites and the Perizzites are on the field the hosts of Israel must be there to defend justice and humanity. But when shall the end be?

The Lord is further represented as speaking unto them in His wrath. Hear Him as He reads the Riot Act: "Yet I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." There is a world of meaning in that "yet." It intimates that all the impious plans which are devised against God shall ultimately vanish into thin air. "Despite your counseling and raging, your puny militarism and boast of victory, my Anointed shall sit supreme among the nations and rule the world from His holy hill,"—this is the divine ultimatum. From the beginning of the ages the conquest of Emmanuel has been so determined that even the wrath of His enemies shall be subsidized to accomplish it,

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

In the third stanza the Heir apparent presents himself in person, and offers his credentials. "I will tell of the decree," he says, and thereupon he proceeds, as it were, to unfold a

parchment, bearing the signature of Jehovah and sealed with His signet, in which Christ is named Viceregent of the world. It reads thus: "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I will give the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

Observe, first, that the Anointed (literally, the Christ) here vindicates His Sonship and consequent title to the throne. Observe, second, He affirms that His royal title was assured to Him on a certain day—"this day." Peter tells us that this was the day when He triumphed over death: "We declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children in that he hath raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the Second Psalm, Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee." We drink of the paschal cup, accordingly, in celebration of "this day," and look forward with glad anticipation to another day when all our Sabbath assemblies shall be gathered into one under the great dome of heaven to crown Him Lord of all. Observe, third, the decree is made doubly sure by a promise, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Did Christ ever ask this? Was there ever such a prayer as He offered when, with His hands stretched upon the Cross, He lifted up His eyes to heaven? "Give me, O Father, the fruit of the travail of my soul! Give me the heathen for my inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for my possession!" Will that prayer be answered? Aye, by the God who said, "When he shall give his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand."

But there is another side to the outlook and a darker one. The powers that defy His authority are to be broken "with a rod of iron," and dashed in pieces "like a potter's vessel." The paths of history are lined with the sad memorials of nations that have died for running on the bosses of His shield. Will America survive? That depends on our loyalty to the Christian principles on which our Government was founded. If these go by default, we shall join the long procession of dynasties that have gone before us.

In the fourth stanza the Psalmist exhorts the rebellious to lay down their arms and fall in with the beneficent plan of God: "Be wise, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth."

The part of wisdom is to bow humbly before God. The merest simpleton who acknowledges the government of the Most High is wiser than any undevout philosopher; because the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. At the center of the divine administration stands

Christ, in whose final reign all the lines of history converge. Therefore to reject Christ is to commit *lese majeste*: and this is the unpardonable sin. It is a sin against the Father, against the Son, and against the Holy Spirit, whose official function is to take of the things of Jesus and show them unto us.

Let us hear now the conclusion of the whole matter: "Serve Jehovah with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish in the way, for His wrath will soon be kindled." To kiss the prince in ancient times, was a token of fealty. "To kiss the Son" is to pass under His yoke, to submit to His authority, to surrender all to Him. And in view of what He has done for us, this is the reasonable service of every man.

In an autographic album of my school days at Andover, dated 1861, is a page bearing this familiar quotation:

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime."

The lines are significant but made doubly so by the name inscribed beneath them—Harriet Beecher Stowe. She wrote that page in the opening year of our Civil War. What would she think, if she were living today, when the whole world is aflame? Hers was a strong faith, strong enough, I believe, to lay hold on the final triumph of truth and goodness, yea, though the earth be removed and the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea.

"Blessed are all they that take refuge in him." So ends this wonderful up-to-date Psalm. Let not our faith in Omnipotent Goodness fail us in these troublous days. The decree has gone forth:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

Thus it is written, and thus it shall be; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.



Buying Up Opportunities

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH. D.

Opportunity, which forms a favorite theme with the moralist, is generally thought of as a kind of chance value, or haphazard thing, which falls as unheralded as a snow-flake, or sweeps around hither and thither as mysteriously as the wind.

The term "opportunity" does indeed etymologically signify "opposite the harbor" (from the Latin words *ob* and *portus*), and might therefore seem to denote a real or apparent appositeness of means to ends (as when Paul found at Fair Havens a ship ready to sail to Italy) or a conjunction of circumstances assumed to be propitious. But the barque of our hopes may not always lie for us anchored conveniently "before the harbor"—it may have to be painfully sought, or even purchased outright. In the New Testament we are told that we should be found "redeeming the time," which phrase might be translated "buying up opportunities."

In a certain limited but real sense every man may make his own opportunities. If he cannot wholly control circumstances he may control himself—he may so train his own powers, so husband and develop his personal resources, and so adapt means to ends that when the favorable conjunction of circumstances occurs (which the crowd calls a "chance") he is all ready to go in and to make the most of the "troubling of the water." Too many individuals loiter or sleep by Bethesda's Pool when they should be eagerly watching for the angel.

"Opportunity" lies as much in us as without us. It is of little value to wait for something to turn up—the better way is to turn up good things while waiting. Instead of wasting time while the irons feebly glow in the unworked forge, stir up the embers, put on the draft, and make the tools red hot for quick and earnest use.

Values We Cannot Reckon

By Rev. I. Mench Chambers, D.D.



HERE is a great temptation in these days to lose sight of the real values of life. The emphasis is too frequently placed on toleration and freedom. Pleasures run to seed. So much time is lost to the things that are vital. The home has put the soft pedal on discipline. Bible instruction and study are practically omitted. Family worship seems out of date, and in many homes even "grace" at meals is an obsolete practice.

The young people of our generation are growing up with the idea that the real value of life lies in the things seen. We have departed from the old and proven standards, and the very people who fail to show reverence for God, are asking, "What is the matter with the Church?" The real fault is usually with the questioner who has failed to fulfill the teaching of the Church, and who has lost a due sense of the relative values of things.

Jesus refers us to a young man who neglected to make the right choice. There was later a vein of sadness in that young man's life. His fault lay in the fact that he refused to give to his life its true adjustment to God. The true values of life are only found when you honestly relate your whole life to God through Jesus Christ, and then persist daily in following Him.

There are but two kinds of treasures to be found—those of earth and those of heaven. The former are left here; no earthly treasures are ever taken away. The treasures in heaven are gathered *here* and kept *there*. These are our true spiritual asset. Earthly treasures reach beyond time, only when they are used for God.

Jesus taught a life of service for others. The work He did was all for others. The world has not yet begun to measure its value. We are only beginning to understand Jesus Christ. All the gains of higher civilization inhere in Him. The home, the sanctity of life and the Church, have but one fountain.

Take two great thoughts enforced by the Master—God as Father, and human brotherhood. How these ideas became lost in man's carnal dream. We witness the cataclysm of brute force in Europe. The spirit of hate engendered by this awful conflict will blur the sense of brotherhood and put back the Kingdom of God for a generation. This is man's doing.

Few of us have been doing all the good that we could down through the years. But just suppose that we had! Our best asset today is that of unselfish service. What are you worth today? I do not mean your material holdings. The real value of your treasure lies in what you have been, for that has conditioned what you have done that is worth while. Every one who thinks he is rich is not. We may be rich in this world's goods and not be rich toward God through good works. Two men live in the same town. Yes, they reside on the same street. They live side by side but a great distance lies between their purposes. These two men die. The one leaves his wealth here. The other goes to find his beyond. The one grew rich by making others poor; the other man was poor as this world measures values, yet through his poverty was always enriching others. Christ's words and example have something important to teach us all concerning the true values of life.

It is an unvarying law that two things will return to you as their owner sooner or later. The one is the wrong you do, and the other is the good you do. God's established value of life cannot be abrogated. Give and it shall be given unto you. Nothing but a good life pays

in the end, and we are coming nearer to this point each day. No blessing given to help another on will be lost in the day of reckoning. That soul is rich who can say with one of old: "There is laid up for me in heaven the real treasure of love's service."

The temptation may come to be selfish like so many around you, and to cease to care for those who pass you on the road of life. It might be easier to go on in a heedless fashion, but to deny your Lord and Master your share of ministry is to come home at eventide with a heavy and troubled heart. To even try, though it costs you much, to be like Him for the whole term of life is the only way to live. This is the way to come home rejoicing, and to miss this satisfaction, is to lose out whatever else you gain.

There are three things you cannot duplicate anywhere:

First, a good seed dropped in the furrow of life.

Second, a good conscience, all your own, because you planted it.

Third, God's eternal promise, "Ye shall reap if ye faint not."

Bruce Barton, speaking of the influence for good which his lamented father left upon the world through a beautiful ministry of fifty years, said after detailing the reach of the feeling of grief at his departure, "but a life that for fifty years has sweetened other lives a hundred times a day—who can see to its real horizon?"

Yes, there are some values we cannot reckon here. They lodge in realms beyond the finite grasp. These values may be associated with a humble and common-place life. They inhere in the quiet and substantial good you do in God's name for others as the days go by. Your Father will gather and hold them as the blest treasures of heaven to be received in that sweet day when God shall accord you the profits of a good life. Let us not forget this, for,

"There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over There;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away."



An Undivided Loyalty

BY REV. HENRY LEWIS, PH. D.

The time has come when there can be no compromise on the question of loyalty to our country. There is no room for a divided allegiance. Every man, woman and child in the United States must choose between loyalty and disloyalty, between patriotism or treason.

Our country is engaged in the greatest struggle upon which it has ever entered; it has become a participant in the greatest war known to the world's history. Into that contest it must throw all its power so that victory may be achieved for the righteous cause for which we fight.

In this hour of trial we must loyally support the government. If there be need of criticism let that criticism be given in a helpful, constructive way, which will not serve in the slightest way to give aid or comfort to our enemies.

We are engaged in a war which calls for sacrifice and service not only on the part of those who are called to the colors but on the part of all who love the cause of democracy, and who desire that "government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The Gift of God: A Reformation Study

By Rev. Frederick H. Knubel, D.D.



THE noise of a world-conflict fills our ears. He who harkens will discern also the echo of a conflict four centuries ago. The two struggles are related, but we cannot consider the relationship here. The whole earth will be blessed, however, if it will try to hear that echo from the past, and will heed the call just now to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the Reformation. This is the year, and October 31 is the special date that is to be observed.

Many inviting reasons urge us to study what happened in that past, and thus to understand the present celebration. A right regard for history demands it. The pages of history are often dull reading, until we realize that men like us suffered or rejoiced in the times of which we read. When thus seen, history becomes the story of our fathers, who bequeathed to us the riches their lives earned. It becomes a wonderful school of human experience to us. It becomes a revelation of the unity of mankind, for we feel the likeness of men in all times and places. In such a right regard for history, the Reformation stands forth as the second age of the world in importance. The time of Jesus is first. History therefore bids us study the Reformation.

A Search for Vital Truth

The love of truth demands it also. Are we lovers of truth? We say we hate a lie. We are insulted if we are called liars. We are angered whenever we have been deceived. But do we long for truth above pleasure, honor and gold? Are we akin to those who have wooed the truth in lonely deserts and dark catacombs and bought it with blood and treasure and life itself? If God may be known, do we realize that indifference, half-heartedness or contentment with anything but positiveness as to Him, is sin in the climax? If we love the truth, then let us know that the Reformation was supremely concerned about truth. It was vital truth also, which goes to the foundation of thinking.

True Americanism should compel us to understand the Reformation. We rejoice in the principles and privileges of our nation. Civic and religious liberty, freedom of conscience, the right of private judgment and the expression thereof, separation of Church and State, public education! What charm those phrases hold. Whence did they arise? Who were those who came to these shores and shaped the course of our national thought? They were the children of the Reformation. Can we rightly understand and develop our privileges unless we go to their source?

Our souls' joys call upon us to appreciate the Reformation. We refer to the joys of Christians—of those into whose hearts the full light of Protestantism's glory has shone. We mean the joy of a gracious forgiveness, once for all complete, whatever our sin—not a partial forgiveness, for the completion of which we must offer some amends; the joy of a wonderful Saviour who expiated our guilt; the perfect rest in Him from an accusing conscience; the "at-homeness" and "freedom of speech," as we go to that God and Saviour directly, with no need of priest or virgin or saint to intervene; the delight in searching His open Word freely, and expecting Him to speak there; the exhilaration of the effort to do the right, not because commanded nor in fear nor to win His favor, but simply out of love for Him; the growing possibility in His love, of loving others and dying

unto selfhood; all the liberty, the beauty and the power of these supreme joys. If we know them at all we long to talk with the men in whose lives these things were worked out by our God. Our hearts reach back to touch the time when the fulness of these joys became known to the world. That time was the Reformation.

All of the above reasons for understanding and celebrating the Reformation may be summed up in one—gratitude to God. We would not despise His unspeakable gifts. All that have been mentioned—the bequests from our fathers, final truth, the privileges of our national life, the Christian joys—are clearly the gifts of God. Only as His gift can we rightly appreciate that world movement four hundred years ago. That is why this article bears the title, "The Gift of God—A Reformation Study."

The Challenge of a Soul Athirst for God

As we turn now to those times it is not our purpose to retell their story. That is known, or may easily be known by all. It is a thrilling story of strong human lives. A number of them fill leading parts. In one life, however, may the whole movement be seen and known. One man's experiences embodied the gift to the world. That man was Martin Luther. It was an act of his on October 31, 1517, which provides the Reformation date. That act was not one of supreme importance, being merely the nailing of ninety-five theses or statements of religious belief to the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg. It was a customary summons for public debate. The theses formed, however, the hot challenge of a soul athirst for God. With what preceded and followed, with the developing antagonism to and the defence of those propositions, through the controlling Providence of God, the gateway of modern history was thrown open, the world's thoughts mounted to wide horizons and the world's life breathed the freer air.

We may clearly understand the Reformation if we understand Luther. That seems, however, a difficult task. The passing years have studied him more and more. New points of view are ever being gained. Some one has said, "Estimated by the catalog of the British Museum, which would certainly not err in favor of the German, more has been written about the Reformer than about Shakespeare or Napoleon or Dante. In fact, no other name in this catalog, save that of Jesus Christ, exceeds or approaches the amount of space given to registering the titles of works about Martin Luther." Is his personality then so hopelessly confusing? Is there no purposeful harmony to his character? Does his life leave a vague message to men? He was indeed a many-sided man. He was a mystic, though a statesman; an educator, though a jovial companion; a philosopher, though a poet and a musician; a man of restless, limitless activity, though a genial house-father; one who spoke at times with rough, course, fiery invective, though a friend of children. In spite of all these seeming contradictions, he is the simplest of men to understand. His greatness is the greatness of simplicity. One central fact alone needs to be recognized, and all seeming complexity of character, of personality, disappears. That one fact is the reality of Jesus Christ. To Luther nothing was so powerfully real nor so really powerful as Jesus. In understanding the Reformation that fact must be understood concerning the Reformer.

Unseen, spiritual existences were always intensely real, even to the boy Martin. This he

learned, even to the extent of superstition, from his mother. In the years of youth he was afraid of God with a real terror. The saints were present realities. The later legend of the inkstand thrown at the devil is altogether in keeping with his customary, vivid appreciation of spiritual beings. The exhausting, ceaseless struggles as a monk to satisfy the righteousness of God came from his keen vision of an exacting Personality from whom there was no escape. There could be and there was no peace for such a mind, alive not only to its own confusions and to the confusions of the seen world but also to the seemingly worse confusions of the spiritual world until Luther saw clearly the One who graciously rules things seen and unseen. Quickly, surely, increasingly this glorious Reality became the centre of his life. For him to live was Christ.

The Secret of Luther's Courage

Everywhere in his life and writings this controlling factor of Christ's reality is manifest. It explains his dauntless courage—his fearlessness, for instance, in the epoch-making scene at the Diet of Worms, declaring as he stood there, "I can do no other," though his death seemed sure. "He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible." That factor explains just as well the exuberant joviality of his spirits. It was youthful joy through the reality of his living Friend. We understand likewise the source of his poetry. The poet is always one whose eyes have been opened to see the unseen. With the poetry and the joy and the courage arose his songs of faith in the unseen Christ, such as, "There Fights for Us the Proper One." We can understand with equal clearness the strong mystic strain in all his thought. He practiced the presence of Christ. In every hour of discouragement his consolation had that same origin, the reality of the living Christ. It is a well-known story that once Melancthon came to him at a time when matters had gone ill with the Reformation. It was night, and he found Luther alone in the dark, seated before a desk. When lights were brought, Melancthon saw that the Reformer had amid his disheartened thoughts written with chalk in large letters upon the desk the Latin words, "Vivit, vivit"—"He lives! He lives!" The same dominating thought in Luther's life controlled naturally all of his theological convictions. When writing, for instance, of predestination, he would say plainly, "Do not pry into things too high for you. He who is wise will stick to the track here staked off. God has given us His Son, Jesus Christ; of Him we should think daily, and in Him we should see ourselves mirrored; there predestination will solve itself most beautifully. For aside from Christ, all is sheer danger, death and devil; but in Him all is unalloyed felicity." "The best thing theology can teach us is to know Christ." He had the same test by which to judge the books of the Bible, "What teaches Christ, that is Scripture, even if Judas and Pilate had written it."

Luther is therefore no complex personality. The common people understood and may understand him readily. In knowing him they know the Reformation. Such an understanding involves merely a vivid appreciation of the reality of Jesus Christ, God's unspeakable gift. To study the Reformation is to know the gift of God. Thus once more our theme is emphasized.

The reader may be ready to ask, however, whether this truth was new to the world. Were there not saints before the Reformation times

to whom the reality of the unseen Christ was quite as emphatic as it was to Luther? We know, for instance, the beautiful hymn of Bernard of Clairvaux:

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest."

That is true. There had always been Christians who had seen with joy the present, powerful Christ. It was not until the Reformation, however, that men came to see and to realize Him as a *perfect* Saviour from sin. Only then came the appreciation that by His atonement man's debt of sin has been once for all completely paid. Only then did it become clear that a man may be credited with the sinlessness, the perfect righteousness of Christ,—that he may fully have as his own before God all the merits which belong to his Saviour. Only then was the way to God seen as standing wide open to all. Only then was it possible for a man to know the certainty of his salvation now and forever. All of this salvation was and is his, if he merely look to that Christ with faith, if he merely accept the salvation with loving confidence. This is the ringing slogan of the Reformation, "Justified by faith alone."

The Christian world had long known its sin, had long seen its Saviour, had long yearned and struggled to know the way of an assured salvation. Into that struggle Luther's soul was plunged. It was the black darkness of his troubled heart, it was sin-burdened conscience crying for peace and finding none, it was the agony of his dark consciousness of guilt before God longing for the light of a reconciled Father's face—it was this upon which the light shone: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." "The just shall live by faith." This truth formed the keynote of the ninety-five theses which Luther nailed before the world. Joyously, confidently echoed and re-echoed by him, it became the war-cry of that mighty controversy, that tremendous conflict which shook Europe from end to end in the sixteenth century. Let us state it in other words. The certainty of salvation depends alone upon an unreserved acceptance of that which God offers in Jesus Christ. This unreserved acceptance the Apostle Paul (and after him Luther) calls faith.

The Reformation tells us what faith secures—an assured salvation. It is not, however, faith which does the saving. The great Christ whom faith grasps does that. The very faith itself is a gift of God. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that (faith) not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." We are only returning again to our thought throughout. He who studies the Reformation discovers over and over the gifts of God. It is all from God's gift, from God's grace that we are saved.

Indeed, let us say it in conclusion, and as a summary of the whole discussion, our study of Luther and of the Reformation cannot be complete until we see the reality of Jesus Christ and the offer made to faith—until we see them as gifts of God—until above all we see them as gifts which are ours as freely and fully as they were Luther's.

The Path of Joy

BY GEORGE L. NYMAN.

*When on thee dawns another day,
Thy strength renewed
By Slumber's soft sweet lullaby,
List not for Trouble's fretful cry,
Woo not her brood,
But follow Joy along her way.*

*Seek pure delights that children know,
In sweet wild rose,
In nodding clover's fragrant heart
A message from the world apart,
That Love bestows,
With countless blessings here below.*

A VISIT TO GRASMERE

By Annette L. Noble



FEW places are more often visited and written about than the Lake Region of England. This is not wholly due to the fact that the country is superlatively beautiful; it is rather because the so-called Lake poets dwelt among its lakes and hills, its wild mountain crags and green, sunny valleys. Even to many persons, who have never crossed the ocean, all this lovely scenery is, in a way, familiar, owing often to their appreciation of Wordsworth's poems. For more than sixty years his body has rested in the old graveyard of the Grasmere church and innumerable pilgrims to that literary shrine have read the epitaph on his tombstone:

"To the memory of William Wordsworth, a true philosopher and poet, who by a special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed on man or nature, failed not to lift up the heart to holy things, tired not of maintaining the cause of the poor and simple, and so in perilous times was raised up to be a chief minister, not only of noblest poetry, but of high and sacred truth."

Now it is as true of Wordsworth, as it is of many other well-known writers, that his work has been both under and over-rated; today few critics would agree that his place is among the really greatest poets of all time. Still, neither this poet nor his poetry will be forgotten because both are lovingly associated with every sight and sound of this exquisitely beautiful region—Grasmere, Ambleside and Windermere. Wordsworth loved, with a kind of passionate rapture, every aspect of nature: wild storms in the mountain passes or sunny days when "golden daffodils" were found by him—

"Beside the Lake beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth died, is a much more pretentious house than the little cottage where his earlier life was spent; but to most visitors the homelier dwelling is of far greater interest. It is such a quaint, humble, little house and it is wisely kept almost the same as when the poet lived there in happy, if comparative poverty. In these little, low rooms he communed with friends, many of whom are now secure of literary fame. But while he ate and slept within walls, his waking hours were usually spent out-of-doors. Often, in the company of his much-loved sister Dorothy, he would start out, "while bright and red uprose the morning sun," to spend the whole day, wandering, musing happy, because he wrote:

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Any one must know that Wordsworth was out under the blue heavens when he heard that skylark—"singing, singing"—or when he saw that green linnnet—"On the tuft of hazel trees," and calls him so aptly, "a brother of the dancing leaves."

Not long ago, the writer revisited Grasmere and this first home of Wordsworth, having there again that sensation one often experiences in homes where vivid personalities have once lived. Longfellow describes these dwellings as "Haunted Houses," where—

"Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
With feet that make no sound upon the floor."

The tiny living-room still holds many of Wordsworth's belongings; on the walls are likenesses of his friends, autographs and books of Coleridge, Southey, De Quincy and Charles Lamb. Even the dingy kitchen, with its ancient

pots and kettles, suggested the old-time living and, by contrast, it recalled such lordly homes as Walter Scott's at Abbotsford.

This cottage of Wordsworth's is shut in by a stone wall, covered with roses, and just across from the entrance is a little rustic shop, where one may buy fascinating pictures (prints from portraits) of every celebrity who has lived in this region. Haydon's likeness shows the poet in his later life, with head bent and a vast expanse of forehead, Mrs. Wordsworth is serene-looking with mild eyes and large nose, and his sister Dorothy appears round of face and placidly jolly in a queer ruffled hood and muffler as if about to start on one of those twenty-mile tramps which were as nothing to her when with her brother. Hartley Coleridge is a beautiful boy, De Quincy looks gentle but in feeble health. Samuel Taylor Coleridge seems most surprising of all. One would take his picture for that of a good-natured, beef-eating, country squire, a mighty huntsman perhaps, but no scholar.

Wordsworth died in the year 1850, and since then many have written of his life and works, but, while this recent visit to Grasmere was fresh in mind, by an odd chance, the writer found a copy of an old magazine in which was an article by a personal friend of Wordsworth, giving the kind of gossip, little facts one likes to know about celebrities. He pictures him thus: "His deep-set grey eyes steeped in contemplation, his hand buried in his waistcoat, one leg crossed over the other, reciting in a deep voice a passage from Milton—or *himself*—the only two poets he honored by quotations." "There was a strange mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous in his composition. He would discant on the principles of poetry with freshness and vigor and the next minute utter such astounding opinions about steamboats, reforms, human progress and politics as would make a child of ten years smile." "Early poverty had forced upon him a sense of the importance of little matters which others would think trifles. He would walk a dozen miles and call at a dozen houses to recover an old cotton umbrella, not worth a shilling." Meanwhile he might be perfecting as sublime a poem as his "Intimations of Immortality."

Building

BY CORA S. DAY.

There are some things that cannot be done by the old rule of beginning at the bottom and working toward the top. One of these exceptions is found in digging a well. Another is encountered in building a character. And even these two exceptions differ from each other. For you must start at the ground level to dig your well; while a character must be built, not from the level of earth but of heaven. From that high starting point it must reach down to the lowest depths of a human heart.

In building a character, as in building anything else, there must first be a foundation. And that foundation is faith—faith founded in turn upon the word of God.

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word,"
sings the old hymn writer triumphantly.

Let then the Word, well-read and well-pondered, underlie your faith, a living rock upon which to set your faith-foundation. Let your faith-built and strengthened character show forth the works that the Word declares to be its true fruit; and you will build day by day such a character as no man can weaken or destroy; a character built right, from Above.

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Primitive Conditions in India

Primitive conditions in India are illustrated in a striking way by the picture that appears on this page, which has been reproduced from a photograph sent to the American Tract Society by Rev. Joseph Passmore, Secretary of the Christian Literature Society for India, whose headquarters are at Madras.

The oil mill shown in the picture is evidently of the most primitive type, and yet the oil industry of the country is carried on largely by means of such crude machinery as is here represented. Other industries of the country are carried on in large part by equally primitive appliances.

The Christian Literature Society for India is endeavoring to provide for India a body of Christian literature in the native languages which shall serve as a means of spiritual enlightenment to that benighted land. The last available annual report of this organization shows a marked increase in its publication work. A total of 269 titles were issued in eleven different languages. Of these titles 2,978,465 copies were printed, comprising 88,974,794 pages. Since the founding of the Society a total of 54,455,756 copies of publications have been printed and circulated.

The Christian Literature Society is now in possession of a commodious plant in Madras, where a staff of 150 workers find employment, constituting the largest publishing house in India.

The American Tract Society has long aided the Christian Literature Society of India by foreign cash appropriations, and during the past year forwarded a remittance of \$100.00 to aid it in the production of Christian publications in the native languages of India.

Gold From a Scrap-Heap

The "scrap-heap" was a human "scrap-heap," a criminal tribe of Hindus whose existence was largely one continual round of thieving, getting caught, and imprisonment. When asked why they did not give up such a life, their usual reply was something like this: It was the will of the gods that they should be thus, why should they seek to fashion their own destiny? Further, thieving was their business; if they gave that up what would they do? What could they do to make an honest living? Who would trust them? Besides were there not many sacred traditions of the tribe to be honored and lived up to? Had not many of their ancestors been perfectly respectable thieves, and heroically suffered stripes and imprisonment even, that flour and oil might remain in the family larder?

Truly, their case seemed hopeless to the first mission workers who went among them; and even when a few did come to the point of desiring baptism it was found that their motive in it all was that the Mission might be able to secure them immunity from punishment for their crimes; still, the work went on and gradually the truth of the Gospel began to sink down into their hearts. Some began to give up stealing and went to farming, but the police refused to believe in their good intentions and many were the merciless persecutions that occurred. But finally a very agreeable arrangement was suggested by the District Superintendent of Police himself. He proposed that a suitable village be found where there was arable land available for settlers, and then that all of this criminal tribe who desired to live a new life of honesty, be invited to come and settle in this village under the special care and oversight of a Christian pastor and teacher. Gradually the news of this admirable arrangement spread, and whole families soon began to move to the village and take up land. A house for the pastor was immediately erected with mud walls and a thatched roof, and he at once began the work of instruction and spiritual leadership. The result has been almost phe-



AN OIL MILL IN INDIA.

nomenal. Evening prayers have for a long time now been the daily feature of this unique Christian community, and those living in this village have so far reformed that the removal of their names from the police black-list has been secured to the great astonishment of the Hindu and Mohammedan police officers. They recognize the change in the lives of these people, and ask, "How did you do it?" The best of all is, as has been indicated, these people are really converted; the whole tribe of several hundreds has a reason for its faith, and some of the best and most zealous preachers are beginning to come from their midst. This is truly "gold" from the "scrap-heap."

Work in the Gilbert Islands

The Gilbert Islands hold a warm place in the affection of both American and European Christians. Hiram Bingham is a name to conjure with when speaking of the Pacific Island Missions, and the various ships called *Morning Star* have successively sailed into the imagination and confidence of thousands of Sunday school scholars.

The American Board's missions in the Gilberts comprised the islands north of the equator, while the London Missionary Society occupied those south of that line. Thus two Congregational missionary Boards, one English and the other American, were carrying on two separate missions for a single group of islands with a total population of not more than 27,000 people. The cost of transportation, of workers and supplies, was large, as the story of the *Morning Stars* will show. The London Missionary Society has a large ship, the *John Williams*, that plies among all the islands occupied by them in the South Seas, including their portion of the Gilbert Group.

After much careful investigation and consideration, it has been made clear that either Board could conduct the work of the entire group more economically and with far greater efficiency than two Boards can do it. Because the islands are under the British flag, and since the London Missionary Society has an experienced and most efficient missionary in Mr. Goward, and a vessel capable of caring for all transportation needs, the Prudential Committee of the American Board some time ago offered to transfer to the London Missionary Society all of its right and title to its missionary holdings in the Gilbert Islands, and to pay the Society annually for five years a sum approximating what

the maintenance of the work has cost the Board each year for the last five years, if that Society would take upon itself all responsibility for all of the missionary work of the entire group. After a deputation consisting of Secretary Lenwood and Rev. A. J. Viner had visited the Islands and made their report, the London Missionary Society decided to accept the offer of the Prudential Committee, and has assumed all the responsibility hitherto carried by the American Board for missionary work in the Gilbert Islands.

Still Bearing Fruit

The revival which began in the Pandita Ramabai's schools ten years ago is still bearing fruit, we are told. Women students engage in evangelization of Indian villages. Thus, recently, three or four went in company with a directing missionary, evangelizing in more than 150 villages. From the mission presses thousands of books and tracts are constantly pouring forth. The typesetting for this literature is done by Hindu girls in the Pandita's school. Not only do they learn to set English and Marathi but even Greek and Hebrew. The 217 acres of land belonging to the school are farmed by women and provide food for the school. The church on the compound holds 2000 people.

A Brave Witness

A professor in a college in Lucknow, India, relates the following incident which happened recently. It is a worthy pendant to the story told in the Sixteenth Chapter of Acts:

"Panjabi was my classmate in school and an earnest Christian. Some time ago when in Tibet, he visited a noted shrine and started preaching the gospel to the priests and worshippers. He was interrupted and told not to preach further, but he insisted on continuing. Then they arrested him and put him in jail, but he began preaching to the prisoners. This was unexpected and word soon reached the officer in charge. Panjabi was ordered to keep still but he felt no call so to do. Then they bound him hand and foot and cast him into solitary confinement. This indeed seemed a hindrance to his work of giving the Message of the Kingdom. Yet he could sing and the old prison was soon ringing with Christian hymns. The jailers were at first disconcerted. After some consideration on their part the door of the cell opened and a man appeared with a bas-

ket on his head. The contents were sprinkled over the prisoner's naked body, and he saw to his horror that some three dozen hungry leeches were attacking him. Bound as he was he could not protect himself against them.

"He suffered terribly but prayed for help. It seems that a report concerning him had reached the ears of a higher official. Finding on inquiry that the man had done no harm he ordered his release. Panjabi has recently been preaching in Jubbulpore."

A Black Hero

We learn from *Association Men* that Mr. Max Yergan, the first colored Y. M. C. A. secretary among the troops in German East Africa, is making good in many directions. He has faced fevers and hyenas, and his tent canvas is full of bullet holes. He has served both as pastor and undertaker, moving-picture operator and hospital visitor. Now he is asked to "say a word" over a body long unburied, now to place the body itself in a shallow grave; to close the eyes of a dying soldier and to write a message to the home. He ministers not only to native East Africans, but to West Indian troops, Hindus and British. The officers furnished him with a Ford auto to go from hospital to camp. He had the privilege last Christmas of telling the story of Christ to 3,000 men who heard it for the first time.

Why an Indian Adopted a School

The Rev. Alden H. Clark, of Ahmednagar, India, tells in the *Missionary Review of the World* this interesting story of a devoted Christian in India.

"Rambhau is a sturdy, middle-aged Christian, of the village of Khandala. He and his wife had a great sorrow, their childlessness. For years the Christian community in Khandala had been in a moribund state, but some time ago Rambhau decided that he would give the village mission school and church the place in his life which a child would have taken. And so he set about 'adopting' the church. A mission night school was started and oil was needed for the lamp. Rambhau supplied it, saying nothing to anybody. The attendance at school was poor and irregular until Rambhau decided to see to it that the parents sent their children. Since then there has been no trouble. The teacher was a bit lazy and neglectful of his duties, but with the kindly, vigilant eye of this unlettered villager constantly upon him, there is now no chance of his shirking his work. Scarcely a week goes by that he does not walk the eight miles to the missionary's bungalow and back again, bringing some suggestion for the school and church—his 'adopted' child."

The Story of a Tract

An Indian teacher somehow got hold of a tract about prayer, and, carrying it home to his village, he collected his disciples and read it to them. A woman in the village was ill with fever just then; and, believing what the tract said, the people gathered round her and prayed with her, and God answered their prayers by making her well. By-and-by they got four or five more tracts, and they made them into a little book, and tried to follow what they taught. They knew very little, for they had no Bible and no missionary, but they tried to keep these three rules:

"Speak the truth.

Come with us.

Cling to the Master."

At last, after five years, a missionary came to the neighborhood, and some of them went to him and said, "We have read these tracts; we want to learn more about Jesus." For three weeks the missionary taught them, and then they were baptised, and went back home, taking with them a Bible. Others followed, and now there are thousands of Christians in that district.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

OCTOBER 7.

Christ's Yoke: What It Is and How to Wear It

Matthew 11:25-30.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 1. Yoke of obedience. Heb. 5:1-10.
T. Oct. 2. Yoke of God's will. John 4:31-34.
W. Oct. 3. Wear it meekly. John 19:1-12.
T. Oct. 4. Joyfully. Ps. 27:1-8.
F. Oct. 5. Christ's Master. John 5:19, 20.
S. Oct. 6. Our Master. Matt. 23:1-12.

This topic has been selected as especially appropriate for a Consecration meeting. It serves to remind us of the obligations which every Christian Endeavorer has assumed in taking the pledge, and it should stimulate renewed faithfulness on the part of all who have professed allegiance to Christ.

What Christ's Yoke Is Not

The yoke which Christ bids us take upon ourselves is not the yoke of formalism. Mere form can never satisfy the requirements of the One who declared that God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.

The yoke of Christ is not ecclesiasticism. Church organization is necessary for Christian efficiency, but Christ never intended that His followers should be bound down by rigid rules of ecclesiastical procedure, or that the visible church organization should be exalted above everything else.

Sacerdotalism is also foreign to the spirit of true Christianity. Priestcraft has no proper place in the Christian religion and we cannot believe that Christ ordained any set of men to be the final arbiters of our spiritual destiny or to exercise over His followers the authority which belongs alone to Him.

What Christ's Yoke Involves

To take Christ's yoke upon us implies, first, a devoted love for Him. Unless we love the Master we cannot truthfully say that we have taken His yoke upon us. The law of the Kingdom which Christ came to establish is love, and that love must be manifested toward Him whose name we bear and whose example we are striving to follow.

Christ's yoke involves implicit obedience toward Him who is the Captain of our salvation. It means obedience not only to His expressed commands but to the vital principles which constitute the foundation of our Christian faith. It requires us to comply with what we feel would be the wishes of Jesus in respect to all the concerns of our lives.

Faithfulness to the Master's cause is required of those who take His yoke upon themselves. When we enlist under Christ's banner, we enlist, not for time but for eternity. We are summoned to the exercise of the greatest fidelity; we are called upon to be faithful even unto death.

Service in His Kingdom is a necessary consequence of taking Christ's yoke. True love for the Master will inevitably manifest itself in service for Him. The mainspring of our service for Christ is found in love. We are not driven by fear but we are constrained by the love of Christ to yield Him most loyal service.

The service which we are called upon to render unto Christ will depend upon our individual lives. Some may be called into missionary toil, some may be called to the work of the Gospel ministry, some into other lines of Christian work, while still others may find that in following the ordinary pursuits of life with a consecrated purpose to do the Will of God in the day's work, whatever it may be, they are yielding to Christ the most efficient service that they can render.

How to Wear Christ's Yoke

The yoke of Christ should be borne willingly. Unwilling service is not acceptable to the Master. Indeed, unless our wills are yielded to Him, we cannot take His yoke upon us, for Christ never forces a human soul into the Kingdom.

OCTOBER 14.

What is Committed to You

2 Timothy 1:1-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 8. Faithfulness. 1 Cor. 4:1-8.
T. Oct. 9. The gospel committed. Gal. 2:1-10.
W. Oct. 10. Diversity of gift. 1 Pet. 4:8-16.
T. Oct. 11. Breaking new ground. Rom. 15:14-21.
F. Oct. 12. Sunshine spirit. Prov. 15:13, 14.
S. Oct. 13. Watching unto prayer. Col. 4:2-6.

This topic has been selected for a "Committee-work meeting," and it should prove a very practical and profitable subject for discussion.

Paul's injunction to Timothy was, "That good thing which was committed unto thee, guard through the Holy Spirit which dwelleth in us." The good thing committed unto Timothy seems to have been the confession of faith in Christ Jesus. The rendering of this verse as given in the Twentieth Century New Testament is interesting and suggestive. It runs: "Guard by the help of the Holy Spirit, who is within us, the glorious trust that has been committed to you."

Every duty that is required of a Christian is a trust committed to us. In the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor many important duties are assigned to various committees, and a large part of the Society's work is carried on by means of these committees.

Committee-work, when efficiently managed has been found to be the most effective way of accomplishing definite results. Every Young People's Society should therefore see to it that its committee-work is well organized, and if possible, every member should be assigned to work on at least one committee.

A Successful Committee

One of the prime requisites of a successful committee is a good chairman. A feeling of modesty, however, does not constitute a barrier to becoming a good committee chairman. Indeed the best chairman is often the one who is least confident of his or her own ability to serve in that capacity.

A well-thought-out plan is essential to successful committee work. As some one has well said, "A committee without plans is like an architect without a blueprint. It will never know what it is for or what it is trying to do."

Every efficient committee must have regular meetings, and each meeting should be opened with prayer. A committee should have its secretary as well as its chairman, and careful records should be kept of the various suggestions and plans that are brought forward at each meeting.

Careful attention should be given to the matter of rendering a report of the committee work to the regular meetings of the Society. The effect of a good report both upon a committee that has prepared it and upon the Society that listens to it is beneficial in every way.

Some Useful Committees

An efficient Young People's Society should have a distinct committee for every important line of work in which it is engaged. Among those that are essential are a Lookout, a Prayer-meeting, a Missionary, a Social, a Good Citizenship, a Temperance, a Good Literature, a Sunday School, and a Calling Committee.

Societies that are engaged in special lines of service such as Junior work, settlement work, seamen's work, fresh-air work, etc., will find it necessary to appoint committees to carry on these special lines of activity. In a small society it will often be found necessary to entrust two or three different lines of work to a single committee.

Membership on the various committees should be arranged in rotation, as far as possible, so that all the members of the Society may become familiar with the different lines of work that are carried on. A varied experience in Christian work is always helpful to young people, and those who secure this experience are likely to become more efficient workers in the Church in after years.

OCTOBER 21.

Putting Religion into Politics

Isaiah 1:10-17.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 15. A lost city. Gen. 19:1-7, 24, 25.
T. Oct. 16. Godless power. Dan. 4:24-33.
W. Oct. 17. A city without God. Rev. 18:1-20.
T. Oct. 18. A city redeemed. Isa. 52:1-15.
F. Oct. 19. A penitent city. Zech. 12:9-14.
S. Oct. 20. A prophet in politics. Amos 6:1-11.

This topic is designated for "Good Citizenship Day." We should be good citizens every day of the year, but it is well that on this particular day special emphasis should be given to the subject of our relation as Christians to political affairs.

The Meaning of Politics

The leading definition of the word, "politics," as given in the Standard Dictionary is as follows: "The branch of civics that treats of the principles of civil government and the conduct of state affairs; the administration of public affairs in the interest of the peace, prosperity and safety of the state; statecraft; political science; in a wide sense embracing the science of government and civil polity."

How different the conception of politics is this from the all-too-common use of the word which is shown in the secondary definition, which reads as follows: "Political affairs in a party sense; the administration of public affairs or the conduct of political matters so as to carry elections and secure public offices; party intrigues; political wire-pulling; trickery."

The Meaning of Religion

Religion is that which unites the human soul with God. It is the belief that binds the spiritual nature of man to a supernatural being on whom he consciously depends. It is through religion that man establishes his relationship with God, and by the principles of religion he patterns his life after the divine image of the Son of God.

Religion concerns itself with the affairs of our daily life, because the outward conduct is an expression of the spirit within. The distinction between religious and secular things is often convenient, but in reality it is often misleading, for as a matter of fact the man who is truly religious feels that no part of his life is apart from God.

Religion and Politics

Religion and politics should never be divorced. Rather they should be most closely related. Politics without religion is a godless affair, and any profession of religion which ignores the vital question of politics, (that is our civic relations with our brother man) is lacking in one of the essentials of true religion.

One of the great tasks that faces every Christian is that of putting religion into politics, that is of suffusing the affairs of government with the spirit that springs from a consciousness of bearing the right relation toward God.

Putting religion into politics will make politics conform to the highest definition that we can possibly frame for that word. It will make politics clean, honest, law-abiding, unselfish and pure. It will transform petty politicians into broad-minded statesmen. It will help toward the realization of that vision of the City of God, which is the fond hope of every true Christian.

The Duties of a Good Citizen

Every good citizen should take an interest in the primaries, for under our system of party government, the primaries are the source of political power, and unless good citizens make their power felt at their respective primaries they cannot control the subsequent elections.

It goes without saying that every good citizen should exercise the privilege of suffrage, which is the very corner-stone of democracy. And every true lover of the republic should see to it that the right to vote is conferred upon every worthy citizen.

OCTOBER 28.

Ministering to Christ

Matthew 25:31-46.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 22. A church in prison. Acts 16:25-34.
T. Oct. 23. Prison work. Acts 12:1-10.
W. Oct. 24. Work for the sick. Jas. 5:9-20.
T. Oct. 25. Sunshine work. Gal. 2:10.
F. Oct. 26. Teaching strangers. Deut. 31:9-13.
S. Oct. 27. Angels unawares. Gen. 18:1-8.

This topic has been chosen with special reference to work for prisoners, strangers and the sick. The last Sunday of October is observed by many churches as Prison Sunday, and this topic is therefore especially timely.

A Ministering Religion.

The religion taught by Jesus Christ is a ministering religion. Both by example and by precept Jesus taught His followers that they should minister to all the various needs of humanity. The Christian Church has been somewhat slow to appreciate this fact and to take up the duty of ministering to the physical and social as well as the spiritual necessities of mankind. But now an awakening has come, and Christian people realize that social service is as vital a part of religion as any other ministry that can be rendered. Jesus performed many acts of kindly ministrations during His earthly life. He fed the hungry, healed the sick, gave sight unto the blind, and in many other ways showed that He came, not to be ministered unto but to minister unto the needs of others.

Caring for Those in Prison.

Few people realize how many there are in prison. When we count the inmates of the jails, penitentiaries, reformatories, state prisons, and other correctional institutions, we find that there are a multitude behind prison bars, and these men, women and children call for our earnest Christian solicitude.

The American Tract Society has just published a little book, prepared by its General Secretary, Dr. Judson Swift, which will be of great usefulness to all those who are engaged in work for prisoners. It is called "Looking Forward Day by Day," and it carries a message of Christian hope and encouragement which cannot fail to help those who read its pages. The expense of publishing the first edition of this helpful book was provided by the gift of a generous donor, and free copies for distribution will be furnished to all prison chaplains and other Christian workers who are ministering to the spiritual needs of prisoners.

Looking Out for the Stranger.

Work for the immigrants is one of the effective ways of caring for the stranger. Those who come as strangers to a strange land deserve especial attention, and this is one of the special features of Home Missionary work at the present time. The American Tract Society has long done an important work in behalf of the immigrants, for the Society's missionary colporters meet them as they land upon our shores and visit them when they have settled in their new found homes.

Remembering the Sick.

It is a Christian duty to remember those who are sick. Those who lie on beds of sickness either in their own homes or in hospitals need the cheering and comforting ministrations of those who are followers of the Great Physician.

Gifts of flowers, the loan of a good book or magazine, the sending of a pretty postcard, these are some of the ways by which we can minister to the sick. Music is often very soothing, and those who have musical gifts cannot employ them to better advantage than by singing or playing for the sick.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 29. Persevere in abiding. John 15:1-11.
T. Oct. 30. Climbing into life. Rom. 2:11.
W. Oct. 31. Persevering in prayer. Luke, 11:1-10.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

An Unpaid Car Fare.

BY D. ANDREW M'COMB.

"SAY, Uncle, do you remember the day that I came home from the county fair when you promised that some time you would tell me a railroad story?" said fourteen-year-old Edson to his uncle, who was loved and known by every boy within many miles around as Uncle Nym. "When will you be ready to tell it, Uncle?"

"I haven't forgotten it, my boy," replied Uncle Nym. "I guess we might as well attend to that this evening," he continued with his usual winning smile for boys. "I see your mother has cleared the dining table and has left the hanging lamp burning bright above it, just as if she had us in mind. You get the other two boys, Edson, and each of you bring a chair to the table and we will begin."

The table was soon surrounded by four; one on each of the four sides of the table.

"The story I promised you," began Uncle Nym, "is about a friend of mine who owns an interurban railroad, and who also owns a shoe store in one of the towns along his railroad. Like all railroad men, my friend always tries to get honest men in his cars as conductors; men who will be courteous to the passengers, and who will be careful to collect all the fares."

"That would be jolly," interrupted Orwood. "If I was only going to be one of them. I always thought I'd like to be conductor. I'd see that nobody got missed, when the fare was collected."

"I know a boy who lets the conductor miss him every time he gets a chance," Homer added.

"I don't blame him if he does," said Edson. "It's no harm to ride free, if you can. If the conductor don't see you, it's not your fault. I wouldn't run after him to give him the money. It's his business to come after it."

Uncle Nym never took sides in an argument. He only waited patiently with a smile until it was all over.

"Some months ago," Uncle Nym continued, "there was a circus in one of the towns along my friend's railroad. A big crowd of people came to town that day to see the show and to do trading in the stores. After the performance a great many people went into my friend's store to buy."

"Oh, that would be jollier yet," Orwood again broke in. "I think I would rather be a clerk than a car conductor."

"So would I," agreed Homer. "It's not like collecting fares where you have to watch everybody to get the fare. You can have your goods all in show cases and on shelves where people can't get them without paying for them."

"Well," struck in Edson, "if you have a store you don't expect people to pick up a pair of shoes and walk off without paying for them. That would be different from riding free if the conductor missed you. Carrying off a pair of shoes would be stealing. I wouldn't think of stealing."

Uncle Nym again allowed all the time required by the boys for their discussion, and with his accustomed smile, listened. After they quieted down, he began again.

"As I just said," he continued, "the clerks were very busy; so busy that they couldn't wait on all the people at once. Just then a boy came in to buy a pair of overshoes. But he saw that the clerk was too busy to notice him, so he looked around until he found a pair his size, and while the clerk's back was toward him he walked out with the shoes. Now what do you think of a lad like that, boys?"

"Thief!" "Rascal!" "He stole them!" the three boys exclaimed, each in his own way. "He ought to be arrested," one of them added.

"Why should he be arrested?" Uncle Nym asked.

"Because he took what wasn't his," Edson answered.

"Whose shoes were they?"

"Your friend's," they all replied.

"Had the boy any right to them?"

"No, sir," they all agreed.

"But if the clerk couldn't get to him, or if he didn't see him, wouldn't it have been all right for the boy to take them free?"

"No, sir. He should have gone to the clerk and given him the money," Edson again answered.

"Then you all agree that the boy had no right to anything he didn't pay for, and that in doing as he did, he both cheated and stole."

"That's what we do, Uncle," they all declared.

"But now," Uncle continued, "let us go back and talk a little more about my friend's railroad, which you remember runs through this same town where his store is."

"Yes, we understand that," one answered for all.

"Well, that same evening after the circus one of his cars was so crowded with people that it was almost impossible for the conductor to get to all of them. He did his best to get all the fares but a passenger who happened to be on the

paying. Both are stealing. Isn't that right, Uncle Nym?"

"That is very sound reasoning, my dear boy," was the reply. "I wish that more boys and men too could see as clearly as you do, that the same principle of dishonesty is back of both actions."

The next day Edson was a little uneasy until he got a chance to talk alone with his uncle.

"Say, Uncle," he began, with a look of perfect confidence in good old Uncle Nym. "Say, Uncle, I didn't want to talk about it before the boys last night because they would tease me, but you cornered me up awfully on that free ride business. I never stopped before to think it over in that way. It's plain enough to me now that a car ride belongs to the railroad company until it is paid for just as much as a loaf of bread belongs to the baker, and that it is just as wrong to steal a ride as to carry off a pair of skates from a hardware store when you find them hanging out for a sign. You'll never again hear me say that I came home from the county fair nor any place else without paying my fare just because the conductor missed me. I remember telling you how I got home from the fair. I

plants and bent over them with tears in her eyes.

"I've got to leave you," she said sadly. "I'm going a long distance away to live and after all the care I've given you I never shall see you blossom again."

The leaves of the irises swayed in the cool breeze. They were waving their regrets. What should they do without this kind lady to tend them and love them?

"I wish I could take you with me," she continued, "but since I can't I'm going to cover you just as if I were to stay and when you blossom next summer I hope there will be someone who will enjoy you as much as I have done. You must do your best for them as you have for me."

She covered them tenderly with the evergreen boughs just as she always had done. Many strange sounds came to the irises during the next few days and then all was still. Their loved friend had gone.

After a time the snowflakes sifted in among the evergreen coverings and soon the plants were buried beneath a warm, white blanket. Then they went to sleep.

It seemed as if it were a long, long time before they awakened but at last there was a mild feeling in the air and the twitterings of bluebirds sounded overhead.

Then the irises heard the sound of talking.

"I wonder what is under these boughs," said a deep voice and a softer one answered:

"It must be flowering plants of some kind. Let's uncover them and see."

So the irises were uncovered by strange hands, but the man and woman who stood beside them could not tell their name.

"We shall have to wait and see," declared the soft voice.

All through the spring the irises kept on growing but they learned that the new family who had come to live in the white cottage were passing through a hard experience. A little girl lay sick in the house and from conversations which came to them the irises knew that for weeks she was at the point of death. Then when the danger was past and she had begun to recover there was a long period of anxiety.

One day the little girl was drawn out upon the porch, such a thin, wasted little being that the irises were touched with pity at the sight of her. She did not look toward them but lay back among her pillows with eyes that gazed only into vacancy.

Now surely the irises must obey the lady and do their best. They were beginning to form their buds and into these they put their whole strength. At last in the hot summer sunshine the colors began to appear and these attracted the little girl's attention.

"There are some flowers," she exclaimed to her mother. "See how pretty the buds are! I wish I could go to them."

That was the beginning of her progress toward health. With the aid at first of her father or mother or of the nurse, then all alone by herself, she came every day to look at the unfolding flowers. And when all were opened what a beautiful sight greeted her! The strip of ground was a mass of large, wonderful blossoms of the richest blues and purples mingled with white ones marked with soft colors.

The irises rejoiced as they saw the pink glow return to the white cheeks and the animation which came into the little girl's eyes. It was their work and it was just as the lady would have wished.

"If only we could tell her!" they murmured to each other. "How glad she would be!"

"But we will do our best always just as she told us," they added, "and every year when our blossoming time comes perhaps we shall be able to give pleasure to some one, just as she wanted us to do."



HER TWO PETS

car told my friend that he noticed a young fellow who seemed to act strangely, and who had under his arm a pair of overshoes that were not wrapped. He also said that the conductor passed by the boy in the crowd without noticing him and the boy kept the money and did not offer to pay his fare because he knew the conductor didn't see him. After a while the car stopped and the boy got off. What do you think of that?" Uncle Nym asked.

"He was a thief," Homer answered.

"He stole a ride," said Osgood.

"How can you make that out, boys?" Uncle asked, not appearing to notice that Edson was silent this time.

"He took what didn't belong to him," Osgood replied.

"What then is the difference between stealing a ride as you say, and stealing shoes?"

"No difference at all," both boys agreed.

"Can you tell me why there is no difference?" Uncle again asked.

"Because, Uncle Nym," continued Osgood, who was the oldest of the three boys, "your friend sells shoes in his store, and he sells rides in his cars. They both belong to him and they both cost him money, and nobody has any more right to take a ride on the car without paying than he has to take a pair of shoes from the store without

didn't think then that was stealing, but now I see that it was."

"That's right, my dear boy," said Uncle Nym. "I was sure you wouldn't think of doing wrong by dodging your car fare, only you didn't understand. I am more than glad to find you so willing to take the right view of it. And I am proud of a boy who, when he sees the difference between right and wrong is so ready to choose the right. We'll just keep this little secret to ourselves, Edson," said Uncle Nym as the two joined in a friendly laugh and handshake.



The Iris Garden

BY EDITH M. LARRABEE.

"THE Japanese irises stood in a long row at one side of a little white cottage. In front was a small green lawn and at the back was the vegetable garden. The strip of irises was the only bed of flowers in the little yard.

The plants had been set out by the lady several years before and each summer bore the great heads of beautiful blossoms which she loved. In the fall she covered them with boughs for their winter sleep and in the spring removed the covering with her own hands.

One Autumn day she came to the

Our Fireside

The Little Old Lady of the Tenement A Hallowe'en Story

By Grace Boteler Sanders

MRS. OGLESBEE often watched the little old lady rocking upon the third floor tenement porch. She was dainty and neat, so different from the other tenement dwellers that Mrs. Oglesbee, who was romantic as well as thoughtless, often wondered how the little old lady had come to this! To her, the tenement was the depth of degradation. She had no idea that the people who lived there aspired to better things or coveted luxuries for their children. In her mind, these people born to poverty and suffering, were of different clay and consequently she supposed they were contented with their lot. But the little old lady was different.

One day when Mrs. Oglesbee was walking in her garden in the cool of the evening, she heard a low, sweet song like the murmur of a gentle breeze. It was the little old lady singing. Mrs. Oglesbee looked to catch a glimpse of the aged singer. She could not help it.

The sun invested the old lady's face with a holy radiance as with clasped hands and reverent air, she sang a familiar hymn with her eyes fixed on the sunset clouds.

Then Mrs. Oglesbee was sure that the old lady was different. "I wish I could do something for the poor old dear," she sighed and then she promptly forgot all about it.

That summer passed quickly. What with Red Cross parties and sewing societies and benefits, Mrs. Oglesbee was so occupied that she quite overlooked the tenement and its dainty dweller. She might have sent her auto to take the old lady out into the country for a whiff of God's pure air; she might have filled her lap with flowers or her hands with fresh vegetables—Mrs. Oglesbee needed only to say the word, and any one of a thou-

sand things would have been done, but since she had never felt the deprivation of any necessity or luxury she did not think of the old lady, and while in her cool, beautiful garments, she sewed for sweet charity's sake, the sufferer almost at her very doorway grew a little thinner in that awful heat and a little more despondent.

It was in October when the ladies of the fashionable church to which Mrs. Oglesbee belonged came to her with a request.

"We have planned an old-fashioned Hallowe'en party with pumpkin pie and other things such as our grandmothers would have served on their lawns fifty years ago, and since you have the largest lawn in the parish, the minister suggested that we ask you if you would—"

They stopped. They were a little afraid of Mrs. Oglesbee, who attended church services only on Easter Sunday and at Christmas, and seemed to content herself with giving largely of her means but not herself. They did not know that she had grown a little ashamed of being so negligent. If she had not had that feeling, she would not have answered so graciously in these words:

"I will be glad to offer my lawn. We could decorate with Japanese lanterns and lighted pumpkin faces and have tables covered with crepe paper, and what else would you suggest, ladies?"

"I don't know exactly what the old folks would have served except pumpkin pie and popcorn and apples. If we only had a grandmother," wailed the youngest member of the delegation, "a real old-fashioned kind," and at that very moment she spied the little old lady rocking on the porch of the third floor tenement.

"O there's one!" she exclaimed, "Isn't she a picture! I suppose you wouldn't dare," she saw the curious look on Mrs. Oglesbee's face, and fearing that she had offended this leading member hurried to say, "Of course I know you don't mix with tenement folks, but somehow she seems different."

Mrs. Oglesbee nodded. "I never could take a dare," she said in a voice that was soft and sweet. "I have been watching the old dear and wishing for a chance to know her. I didn't feel exactly like calling. This is our opportunity. No doubt she is lacking in means. Suppose I go to see her and ask her if she will direct our menu and service for a slight consideration."

"Oh, would you?" cried the ladies. They were doubly joyous because they believed that with Mrs. Oglesbee aroused they would gain a valuable worker.

"I will, this very afternoon," graciously smiled the little lady of the big house. It was when the men were returning all grimy and weary from the factories and every street car was loaded with living freight, that she daintily entered the lower floor of that big brick tenement.

The smells and the dust were terrible. Mrs. Oglesbee's nose was tilted and her eyes caught the ceilings which were smoked and webbed with the work of ancient spiders. The children stared at her from the different floors and whispered and jeered, but Mrs. Oglesbee heroically persisted and saw more of human misery in that brief visit than she had even imagined could exist.

Somehow she was ill at ease and for the first time in her life she lost her self-possession when she was led out on the back porch and into the presence of the little old lady rocking in her chair.

"You are the little lady from the big

house," smiled Grandma placidly. "I do so love to watch you, my dear."

"And I, you," laughed Mrs. Oglesbee, tucking herself into the baby chair as a little girl would have done. "I've been thinking and wishing I knew you, but no one gave me a chance to be introduced, so I took the opportunity myself."

"Oh!" breathed Grandma, clasping her little wrinkled hands.

"Our church is going to have an old-fashioned Hallowe'en party in my garden, and when they were thinking of a real Grandma to 'boss' it," Mrs. Oglesbee showed her white teeth when she used the word, "one of the ladies spied you, and dear Mrs. —"

"Harper," supplied the little old lady.

"Do you know anything about such affairs, and would you give us your services, if we—er—pay you well?"

Mrs. Oglesbee looking closely saw just a faint tinge of wild rose creep over the old lady's cheek. Pride in a tenement? Perhaps after all, these people did have some feelings!

"I should know. I have given many such an affair," said the little old lady with dignity. "I am from the South; Chestnut Ridge was the name of the plantation where I lived." Mrs. Oglesbee wondered more. "I shall be glad to do anything that I can to help," she continued. "I hope I should not so far forget myself as to accept pay for helping a neighbor."

Indeed she was different. She made no explanation as to why she was living in a tenement, but she promised to meet the committee next day at Mrs. Oglesbee's home.

The little lady of the big house wondered all evening. When they met next day she wanted to hug the little old lady in her white dress and cap, who did not lose her dignity when in conference with some of the best ladies of the town.

She proved a most valuable helper, suggesting, planning and even going into the big kitchen and instructing the chef as to the proper way to make beaten biscuit and pumpkin pie and sorghum candy just as it was served in the olden time.

And then when Hallowe'en came and she appeared in a costume of old-time splendor, every guest at that wonderful supper begged to make her acquaintance and demanded of Mrs. Oglesbee an explanation of her presence.

(Continued on page 157.)

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The Little Old Lady of the Tenement
(Continued from page 156).

It was when the guests were gone and the money had all been counted that the little lady of the big house and the old lady of the tenement sat together in the big drawing room. Suddenly the younger woman spoke: "Grandma, you must tell me. How came you to be in that tenement? Why are you masquerading? Who are you?"

The old lady waited for a moment before she replied. "I am only a foolish old woman, dear, who lost her money and fled from every one whom she had loved, because she could not bear the humiliation of being poor where she had been a leader of society."

Mrs. Oglesbee sighed in exultation. She had known this little old lady was different. "I had only money enough to live very simply. At first I was very sick, but presently I recovered and when I saw so much all about me that needed doing, I concluded to try to help the people of the tenement."

"There was much I could teach the poor mothers who, having had no education, did not know how to raise or train their children. We have had Bible classes every Sunday. Gradually I have become accustomed to the place, where every one is kind to me. Sometimes I believe the dear Lord sent me there to show His beauty to those who know Him not."

The little lady of the big house fell on her knees and took the aged visitor's hand in hers. "Grandma, I have no mother to teach me the beauty of Christian living. Can't you move into the big house and show me?"

"Why, my dear, my dear—you can't mean it," stammered the amazed little old lady. "I never thought of such a thing."

"Neither did I until He inspired it," and the younger woman's voice was very reverent. "The people in the tenements are not the only folks who need Christianizing. When will you come?"

"My rent is due today, and the agent threatened to turn me out, just after I had prayed for help," said the little woman simply.

"He shan't have the chance. I want you," cried little Mrs. Oglesbee as she hid her face on Grandma's breast.

And do you know Mrs. Oglesbee attends church now not only on Easter and at Christmas, but on every single Sunday, and with her is an old lady who has become the happiest and busiest church worker in the town.

For the Folks at Home

BY REV. ROY B. GUILD.

No question has been asked with greater frequency and greater earnestness during the past few months than this, "What can we do for the soldiers?"

The answers have been as varied as are the needs of men and again and again the churches near the training and mobilization camps have been urged to minister to the desires of the men for wholesome social fellowship.

The soldiers are taken to the churches for Sunday services and home parties. The old-fashioned "Church Social" has been the means of practising the Gospel of good cheer. The women of the churches have taken their "socials" out to the Y. M. C. A. huts. Church dinners have been enthusiastically patronized. Companionship is a fine Christian ministry thoroughly appreciated.

But has it ever occurred to you that what is good for the soldier boys in the training camp is equally good for the folks at home? The strenuous, stirring life of the camp keeps mind and heart occupied. Not so with the father and mother, wife or sweetheart left behind. The quieter the community the greater will be the sense of loneliness.

"What shall we do for the home folks?" This question should be answered in every community. The old-fashioned church social that brings the whole community together should be revived where it has fallen into oblivion. The nation has its committee on camp activities to keep the soldier in good spirits. Every community that has sent its quota to the army needs its "Committee on Community Activities."

Community singing by the soldiers has become most popular. It is soul-stirring to hear five thousand men sing. What community will not meet its problems and bear its heart aches better if it sings:

"Pack up your troubles
In your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile."

One who has had much experience in work with soldiers advised that the churches near the cantonments plan on Sunday evenings to have, besides the other services, one great meeting where the soldiers can do most of the singing. That advice is good for every village and city in America.

This will be a winter when all will need the ministry of human sociability. On Sunday evening community song services will furnish this.

The churches and the Young Men's Christian Associations can furnish entertainment, which will meet the needs of the anxious and burdened hearts and which will prepare for the terrible shocks that must come to so many, better than can the usual entertainment furnished through promoters of commercialized amusements.

How wonderfully the communities have rallied for Red Cross and relief work. It affords some diversion. Yet as the wife winds the bandage, as the mother knits the sock, as the father saves for each contribution to the hospital unit, there is back in the mind of each a longing for the boys in the trenches.

The cheer of Christian song, the pleasure of well-planned social fellowship, such as Jesus gave to those with whom he mingled, is the best antidote for haunting fears and loneliness.

While we plan for the soldiers at the front let us not forget "the folks back home."

Knitting on the Train

Time spent in traveling may be utilized just as effectively as that spent in Red Cross workrooms. So one of the Denver members proved recently on a trip from Denver to the Pacific Coast. Finding herself in an unaccustomed state of idleness, and noticing several other women in the car also idle, she got off at one of the stations, made a quick purchase of yarn and knitting needles and, returning to the train, proceeded to enlist volunteers. Practically every woman in the Pullman car was glad of the opportunity to do worthwhile work, and by the time the train arrived at San Diego there were a number of new knitted articles ready to turn over to the Red Cross.

Cosmopolitan Christian Endeavor

The Madura Mission of India has 36 churches and 288 Christian Endeavor societies. One church has 25 societies, another 24, and so on.

Since the last annual meeting of the Japan Christian Endeavor union, when an especially large number of societies was reported, eighteen new societies have been formed.

The recent convention of the Punjab Christian Endeavor union of India did much bazaar preaching. This union increased during the past year by fifty societies and 855 members.

Two active Filipino Endeavorers, Pastor Ygloria and Pastor Royola, are now doing missionary work among the large number of Filipinos in Hawaii.

London Endeavorers have recently held a Christian Endeavor Prayer Day in Christ Church, hourly meetings being held throughout the day, with an earnest consecration address by the pastor of the church, Dr. F. B. Meyer.

A native Endeavorer in India recently gave a month to Christian Endeavor work, organizing ten new village societies with 150 members.

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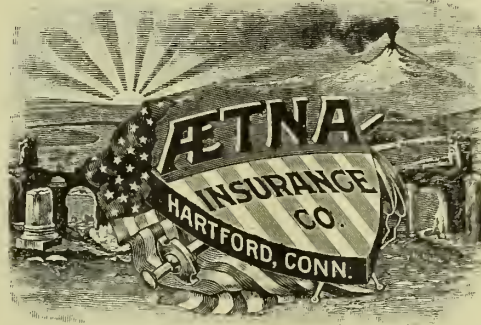
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- Income for Missionary Work, \$1,024.75.

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DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of.....dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order. No individual can draw more than one annuity any year for himself. Colporters are not authorized to supply Life Members.

To Our Subscribers

A RULING of the Post Office Department states that copies of the AMERICAN MESSENGER may not be mailed to persons whose subscriptions are in arrears for a period exceeding twelve months. In other words, the regulations of the Post Office Department compel us to remove from our regular mailing list the names of all who delay the payment of their subscriptions longer than twelve months. In view of this fact we urge upon all our friends the necessity of attending promptly to the renewal of their subscriptions. A glance at the address label on the wrapper of the paper will show at what date each subscription expires.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 797,704,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$18,461.65. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,652,967.54, which is the equivalent of 5,305,935,080 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 199,963; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,712, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-six years 17,438,166, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,812,806.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a one volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 16,012,088 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President. JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary. Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Rev. Isaac Pierson, Field Secretary for New England, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 313 Y. M. C. A. Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage, Southern Agency, Crichton, R.F.D., Mobile Co., Ala.

Cheering Words.

How the work of the American Tract Society is regarded by one of its donors is disclosed in the following communication from an old-time friend and supporter, who writes:

"I send you a donation of \$10.00 for your great and good work. Such work as you conduct for righteousness is of priceless value. Since my childhood, when my father took your paper, the AMERICAN MESSENGER, I have been interested in the American Tract Society. My father was Dr. David Nelson, who wrote a book on 'Infidelity' in the year 1836. He died in 1844. Of his twelve children I alone remain. I am eighty-one years old. It pains me to have so little to send to you for so wide a field as your work covers."

An Appreciated Grant.

A grant of books sent by the American Tract Society to the Florence Crittenton League was thus acknowledged:

"We desire to thank you heartily for your kind donation of copies of 'Good News in Story and Song,' and wish to assure you of our appreciation of your generosity in this matter."

For the Soldiers.

A grant of Cromwell's Pocket Bibles sent to the soldiers at Montgomery, Ala., by the American Tract Society brought forth this response from Mr. R. L. Alexander, Secretary of the Army Branch of the Y. M. C. A. at that point:

"I wish to acknowledge the package of Cromwell's Pocket Bibles which you so graciously sent to me for distribution among the men of the army.

"Permit me the liberty of thanking you for this gift in behalf of both the Y. M. C. A. and the soldiers."

Tracts for Open Air Meetings.

Rev. Robert D. Scott, Associate Minister of the Olivet Institute Church of Chicago, Ill., has thus acknowledged a grant sent by the American Tract Society:

"I am writing to express to you our very sincere appreciation of the grant of tracts to be used for free distribution at our open air meetings. We have found these tracts very useful and they have been well received and generally read."

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Food Conservation

The United States Food Administration has from the first relied largely on the churches for aid in carrying out the campaign for food conservation. On account of their ideals and their organization the churches were recognized as pre-eminently fitted for this patriotic work, which involves a moral and religious motive. To the appeal made the churches responded promptly and enthusiastically through their representatives. Clergy and laity of all denominations offered their co-operation. It soon became evident, from the requests that poured in from religious leaders, that those who desired to speak for this cause from pulpit and platform must be armed with accurate and explicit information along the many lines of this national duty of thrift of food in order that we may do our share in the world war for democracy.

Accordingly, largely in response to requests from the ministers, a three days' school of instruction was recently arranged for, to which representatives of all denominations were invited. They were asked to go to Washington at their own expense, attend the sessions faithfully, and then pledge themselves to be ready to present the subject to churches of their own city, town or neighborhood, and to church gatherings and conventions, as opportunity might be given. To many it seemed an impossibility to secure students for such a school, under such limitations. But the American people are vitally interested in the war, and the program of Food Conservation has commanded widespread interest, respect and approval. So when the school was opened in the assembly hall of the New National Museum, there were more than 125 enrolled, pledged students.

The program had been carefully prepared and was carried through without break and with cumulative interest. Experts had gladly responded to this call for service, and these men, each eminent in his specialty, presented such subjects as the Work of the Food Survey, Wheat Needs of the World, Wheat Production in the United States, Milk Needs of the Nation, Transportation Problems, and What to Eat in War Time. Opportunity for quiz and discussion was given after each address, and the discussions proved of keen interest. There were no wasted words by the men who were advocating wasteless meals, and it would be difficult to find a higher grade of instruction in any school than was furnished these students by all the speakers, from the first to the last.

The sessions were held morning and evening, and the six hours or more a day were packed with information. The school was opened by prayer, in recognition of the fact that the program of food conservation needs the divine guidance, and it was continued in the same spirit. Many of the things said would have sounded well from any pulpit, and few sermons could exceed in spiritual power the address of Doctor Alonzo Taylor, with its superb tribute to the women of France and its appeal to the women of America to rise to a like height of self-sacrifice and religious fervor. Secretary Vrooman's address, too, at the first session, was distinctly a religious appeal. He said:

"Business will never be done again in this country as before the war; it will be raised to a higher plane, shot through with a new moral purpose. If there is any spiritual vitality in the world, it is now going to come to realization. If the nation will mobilize its

spiritual resources as the army and agriculture are mobilizing theirs, then our baptism of blood will also be a baptism of the spirit; then living for country will attain something of the distinction of dying for country. America will have demonstrated its ability to spiritualize its unequalled material power; to become the master, not the slave, of its erstwhile gods of gold. I want to see every man, woman and child in this nation put at some work involving sacrifice, and anyone not willing to do this is a poor excuse for an American. We have our opportunity to do our part in the war. I have told our farmers that their work in the furrow is as important as that of the soldiers in the trenches, but not as dangerous. If we give up all we have, we wouldn't be making as much of a sacrifice as the boys who are offering their bodies as a bulwark for democracy. They are laying their precious youth on the altar of country, that a free America and a free world may live. Let us back up their sacrifice with ours, in kitchen, in dining room, in workshop, everywhere. If we are not sacrificing until it hurts, we are not sacrificing enough. It will not be enough until we are doing everything which is humanly possible for us to do. The American people must become imbued with this spirit. Then we will have a hundred million crusaders for food conservation, and the bloody battles won in Europe will be the result of bloodless battles fought here."



The New York Anti-Saloon League

The Anti-Saloon League of New York started its fall drive by inaugurating a new state-wide educational campaign with an exhibit of scientific charts and diagrams and a stereo-motorgraph with temperance slides, at the Fourth National Exposition of Safety and Sanitation, under the joint auspices of the American Museum of Safety and the National Safety Council, at the Grand Central Palace, New York City.

The League employed the Scientific Temperance Federation, a national organization with headquarters at Boston, and the recognized scientific authority on the temperance question in America, to prepare and exhibit this material.

As a part of the same general campaign, the League has contracted for four traveling exhibits also prepared by the Scientific Temperance Federation, to remain from one to three weeks in a place, and these will be made available to some thirty cities which will vote next April under the new Hill-Wheeler City Local Option Law.

In addition to this, the league is pushing the use of scientific posters in public places under the direction of churches and young people's societies, which maintain the bulletin boards and change the posters, and also in industrial plants as part of the welfare work done by the management.

This work, designed to help in no license contests, does not take the place of, but is in addition to the regular legislative activity of the league in behalf of the submission of a prohibition amendment to the state constitution and the passage of the optional prohibition remonstrance bill which will be pushed in the next session of the legislature.

The Anti-Saloon League is also organizing a speaker's bureau for the assistance of local committees in the town wet-and-dry fights under the Raines law this fall, and under the City Local Option law next spring, and is also arranging to supply literature for such campaigns.



Gospel Munitions.

Chaplain J. Madison Hare, Chaplain of the Fourth Regiment, New Jersey Infantry, writes:

"On behalf of the officers and men of the 4th N. J. Infantry, I want to thank the American Tract Society for the donation of 2,000 copies of the Soldier's Text Book and 'Pivot Battles of Life.' I am sure that they will do great good."

Our Medicine Chest

Summer Boarder—"You wrote me that mosquitoes were nowhere in this neighborhood."

Farmer—"I reckon there's some mistake, pardner. I must o' writ that mosquitoes were now here in the neighborhood."

"Give three reasons for saying the earth is round," confronted Sandy in an examination paper.

"My teacher says it's round, the book says it's round, and a man told me it was round."

Elizabeth was studying about the discovery of the Pacific ocean by Balboa. "Well," said she, looking up from her history, "what I don't understand is how Balboa knew it was the Pacific ocean when he had never seen it before."

The teacher had spent some time in giving emphasis to the importance of cultivating a good conscience. She had told the class that conscience would grow strong and large, and when the boys became men they would have it as a friend and helper. Johnny raised his hand. "What is it, Johnny?" He stood up like a soldier on parade and said, stroking his chin, "I am not going to have any conscience. I am going to have whiskers on my chin."

"Now, me good man," said the pompous stranger, who had signed "Viscount Hardcastle, London," on the register, "what are your terms here?" "Cash in advance," replied the shrewd hotel clerk promptly.

The Nervous Guest (asked to sit next to his hostess and opposite the goose)—"Am I to sit so close to the goose (suddenly feeling this may be misunderstood)—er—I mean the roast one."

"Do you think that the automobile will displace the horse?" asked the conversational young woman. "It will," answered the nervous young man as he gazed down the road, "if it ever hits him."

Two Irishmen were philosophizing. Said Pat to Mike: "Did yez iver shtop to think that wan-half the world don't know how the other half gets along?" "You're right," said Mike, "and neither does the other half."

Margaret, aged five, had been very rude to a little guest, and after the child had gone home Margaret's mother told her very feelingly how grieved she was at her rudeness.

"I've tried so hard to make you a good child, Margaret, to teach you to be polite and kind to others; and yet, in spite of all my efforts, you are so rude and so naughty."

Margaret, deeply moved, looked sadly at her mother and said, "What a failure you are, mother!"

Edith had just returned from her first ride behind the new horse.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked her mother, as the child came running in. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, "it's the best turnarounder you ever saw."

"Mother, you must have known our principal when you went to school."

"Why, yes, I guess I did."

"He seemed to remember you today. He told me what a bright girl I was, and then he said, 'It doesn't seem possible that you can be Amy Jones' daughter.'"

"George," said the small boy's father sternly, "where are those seven pears I left on the table this morning?"

"Father," replied the child, "I haven't touched one of them."

"Then how does it happen that there is only one pear remaining?" demanded the father.

"Because," said truthful George, "that is the one I did not touch."

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

Black tea—1 cupful..... 1.54
(hot) (5 fl. oz.)

Green tea—1 glassful..... 2.02
(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)

Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz..... 1.21
(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)

Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz..... 1.12
(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

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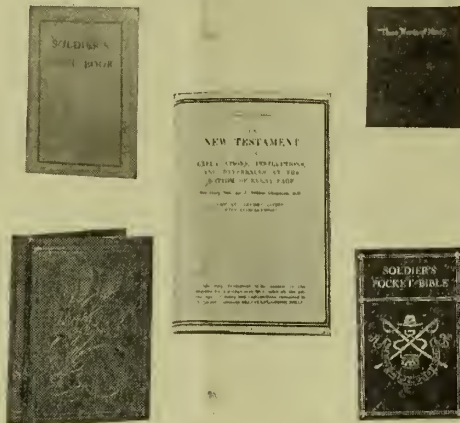
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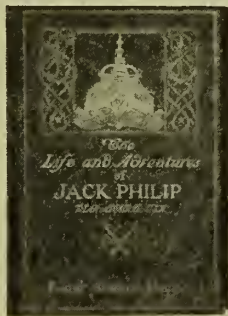
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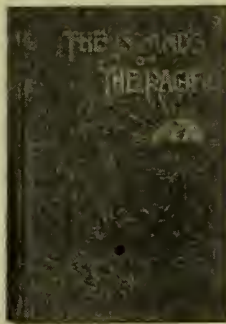
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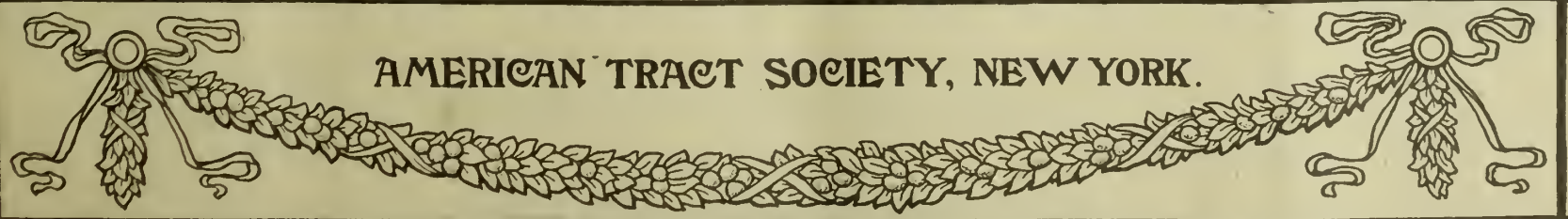


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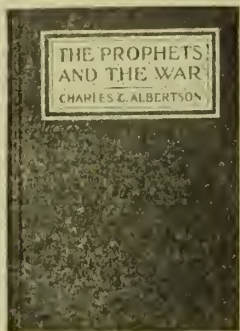
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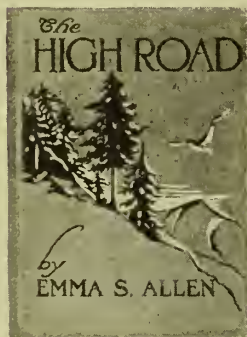


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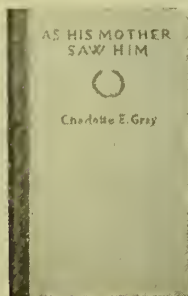
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EDITORIAL NOTES

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The Thanksgiving Season

As we approach the Thanksgiving season this year, we realize that this will be a different Thanksgiving from any that we have hitherto experienced. Our country, it is true, has abundant reasons for thanksgiving, but we are facing responsibilities the full weight of which we have hardly begun to feel, and we have entered upon a crisis in our international relations such as we have never before known.

The full crops that have been garnered in are an especially cogent reason for thankfulness at this time of universal need. The duty that rests upon us to conserve this food supply and to use it to the utmost possible advantage in providing subsistence for ourselves and our allies is an imperative one. There can be no excuse for the wasting of food, and the obligation to practice a wise economy in regard to all the necessities of life rests upon every man, woman and child in our land.

We may be thankful, at this time, that our country has not evaded its moral obligations, but has faced and decided the great issues of right and wrong. We may be thankful that it has stood for the sanctity of treaties and the rights of humanity. We may rejoice that it has dared to uphold righteousness and to resist the evil influences that would fain have made us acquiesce in the domination of a cruel and unscrupulous militarism.

So we approach the Thanksgiving season, not with levity but with a sober and thoughtful realization of the situation in which our nation is placed, and with faith that the divine favor which has rested upon us through all the past years will continue with us through all the vicissitudes through which we may be called to pass.

The Gathering of Our National Army

During the past weeks the process of assembling the men who have been drafted into the new National Army of the United States has gone steadily forward, and now there are gathered in the various cantonments about half a million young men who have responded to the selective draft and have gone forth to prepare themselves to defend the honor of our country wherever they may be sent.

The presence of these large bodies of young men in different sections of our land constitutes a challenge to the communities in their immediate vicinity, for the character of these young men will inevitably be influenced by the environment by which they are surrounded.

A heavy responsibility therefore rests upon those who live in the vicinity of these training camps to see that every effort is made to provide a safe, clean and morally uplifting atmosphere for these young soldiers who are in the making.

Those who are in governmental authority in the cities, towns and villages near these cantonments should see that evil resorts are driven out and that abundant opportunity is furnished for wholesome recreation.

Churches and other Christian organizations should plan for community welfare work, which will prove a blessing both to the young soldiers and to the localities where they are stationed.

Especial attention should be given to the matter of furnishing good Christian reading for the soldiers. An excellent means of accomplishing this end is provided by the Patriot Library for Our Soldiers and Sailors, which the American Tract Society has prepared to meet this specific need, and for the circulation of which it solicits generous gifts from the Christian public, so that this Library may be placed in every army cantonment and sent to every battleship and cruiser in the United States Navy.

The Opening of the Catskill Aqueduct

The completion of the Catskill Water Supply System for New York City was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies on October 12-14, 1917. The construction of this Catskill Aqueduct has been characterized as the greatest piece of water supply engineering ever accomplished and it ranks with the Panama Canal as one of the most wonderful engineering achievements of any kind in the world.

Starting at an elevation of 610 feet above tide level in the Catskill Mountains, and creating four large lakes on its way, the aqueduct burrows under valleys, tunnels through mountains,

dives under rivers to a depth of 1,114 feet below sea-level, bores through the solid rock of Manhattan Island, and delivers pure mountain water to every borough of what in all probability will be one day the world's greatest city.

In the completion of this great aqueduct we may find occasion for thanksgiving to God, who "sendest the springs into the valleys which run among the hills." Water plays a most important part in the life of man, and the Bible is full of symbolism based upon this fact. The health and safety of a city depend upon its water supply, and it is a matter of congratulation that the needs of the great metropolis of our country have been so abundantly provided for by the successful completion of the great Catskill water supply system.

Women's Service for Our Country

The great Red Cross Parade in New York City which took place a few weeks ago was a wonderful spectacle. It suggested not only the strength of the Red Cross Society but it called to mind the large and ever-increasing service which women are rendering in the life of our nation as it enters more and more deeply into the great World War.

All honor is due to these brave women, who have offered themselves for nursing at the front. We know that they take a very real risk, when they enter upon the war zone and take up the work of caring for sick, wounded and dying soldiers close to the battlefield.

But not only to these Red Cross nurses must praise be given at this time. Let us not forget the wives and mothers in thousands of homes who have sent forth their nearest and dearest to battle for the cause of righteousness, not with sorrow and repining, but in the spirit of willing devotion, rejoicing to make this sacrifice so that their husbands and sons may help to make this world a safer and a better place to live in, even though it be at the expense of their own lives.

In every line of effort women are rendering service of incalculable value to the nation in this time of crisis, and we may rest assured that they will rise to any emergency that the future may present.

A Great Evangelistic Campaign in China

A recent communication from the Foreign Missions Conference of North America calls attention to the special evangelistic campaign which is being carried forward in China.

This campaign is a continuation and development of the forward movement in evangelism which has been pushed by the Christian forces

in China during the past four years. It aims to reach especially the large numbers of men who in previous campaigns have promised to study the Gospel and to obey its truth. A strong effort will be made to bring these inquirers to an open profession of faith in Christ and to lead them into church membership and Christian service.

In this movement the Christian forces of all denominations are uniting in special campaigns, centering in fifteen or more of the largest cities.

The churches at the home base should share very definitely in the responsibility for this evangelistic campaign and by their interest and their intercession they should sustain the hands of those who are carrying forward this effort.

The Fountain of Youth

BY CLARENCE E. FLYNN

THE past ages had a remarkable story about a fountain of youth, the waters of which possessed the power to keep one young forever. Some of the early explorers of America were lured on their way by the hope of finding that spring of unending vitality somewhere in the Western World. But they died without having realized their dream. They failed to realize it because they had supposed the fountain of youth to be a localized thing. As a matter of fact, location has little to do with it.

There is a fountain of youth. Its place, however, is limited neither by the balmy waters of the southern seas nor by the icy fastnesses of arctic regions. Such as it is, it exists everywhere. The healing of its waters is not denied to any seeker. Like most priceless things, it is as well within the reach of the poor as of the rich. It is the privilege and opportunity of high and lowly alike.

One of the paths to the fountain of youth is a right attitude of mind and right habits of thought. While many have been seeking vainly through the world for the desired fountain, they were all the while unconsciously carrying it about within their own inner lives.

One is as old as the spirit within him. The outer life simply takes the mould of the inner thought. The marks of age take possession of one's frame in approximate proportion to the degree of his surrender to them. A landscape bears the color of the spectacles of the beholder. The whole world has for a norm the attitude of the individual toward it. When the mind grows sluggish and purposeless, the spirit of age has laid hold upon its possessor. While the mind remains clear and fresh, with its vigor unabated, the individual still shares in the saving waters of the immortal fountain. The date of one's birth may be misleading, but the spirit of his soul never is.

One stands each moment upon the threshold between the past and the future. It is for him to decide which shall claim his thought. Youth dwells upon the future, because the future holds its hopes and plans. Age dwells upon the past, because the past holds the memory of its activities and kindred ties. While one keeps his face to the future, he remains young. When he begins to live in the past, he is allowing himself to grow old. There is a sweetness about an occasional hour spent in roaming the halls of memory, but in to-morrow lie life's supreme considerations.

Those who keep thinking and toiling grow old more slowly than do those who relinquish their hold upon the activities and the concerns

A National Evil

Betting on the results of elections has become a national evil. The amount of money staked on the result of the last national election was said to total millions of dollars, and in practically every election that is held betting has become a sinister feature of the campaign.

Christian people should do all in their power to discourage this aspect of American life. Betting on the election tends to encourage all other forms of gambling, and gambling is one of the most dangerous evils of our age.

Someone has truly said, "There is a recrudescence of gambling all over the land just when it seemed to be almost conquered. It must be shown by moral leaders more faithfully that gambling is about the oldest and meanest and

least excusable of the vices. When gambling is done as a business it comes under the ban of the saying, 'Only a fair exchange is no robbery.' When it is done at games or in other social hours, it comes under the ban as 'dragging shop' into our leisure hours. And at elections it calls up that picture of an empty mind, 'A bet is a fool's argument.'"

The streams of our political life should be kept clear and pure. Betting on elections may easily lead to the corrupt use of money to influence the election in order to obtain a desired result. It is manifestly in the interest of sound citizenship to eliminate anything that threatens in any way, however slight, to interfere with the integrity of the ballot or the honesty of an election.

of life. Body and spirit alike begin the process of atrophy on the day when interests begin to decay. When the mind and the hand pass to rest, the body may be expected to soon share their slumber. This is the reason why so many busy people grow old so courageously. It also suggests the reason why so many fail to long outlive their active days. Only while the mind craves knowledge and the heart feels the throb of the social impulse does the eye remain undimmed and the natural force unabated.

A second path to the fountain of youth is that of right living. This is not merely implicit obedience to arbitrary law. It is living in harmony with the universe. Without it youth can never long remain.

A very marked type of divine healing is to be found in the abounding health which is the result of living in accord with the divine laws of nature. The finest instances of that healing are perhaps to be found in the absence of diseases that have never occurred. In other words, its chief usefulness is preventive.

In a wholly Christian race of men there would be but a minimum of disease. Insurance companies understand this fact. The physical decay of the body is chiefly the result of inroads made by disease, and the greatest fostering influence of disease is wrongdoing. Both directly and indirectly sin works havoc with mankind. Physical abnormalities root in someone's disregard for established laws. In one case the sin may be one of intentional wrongdoing, and in another it may be the equally disastrous one of common ignorance and carelessness.

The Hebrews furnish a notable instance of racial vitality. They are what they are to-day largely as a result of the fact that their remote forefathers were born and nurtured in camps and cities where uncleanness was a disgrace and where a violation of the laws of life was a sin. The laws of right living are not merely a list of arbitrary regulations, the highest design of which is to prove the willingness of men to obey them. They are the provisions of a kind Providence for humanity's own welfare and progress.

A third path to the fountain of youth is the conservation of health along scientific lines. This may involve medical means frequently, and it may, on occasion, even involve surgical means. It will most generally, however, involve conformity to a liberal knowledge of the ways of nature.

Dr. Metchnikoff, the great Russian scientist, who spent his last years in Paris, has given to the world some illuminating discoveries upon this question of old age. He long suspected that the thing we have been calling by the name of old age, was simply the physical indication

of the inroads made by disease germs to which the increasing weakness of advancing years opened a freer way. He proved to his own satisfaction, and to that of many others as well, that the apparent signs of age are the result of the ravages of a certain bacillus which inhabits the intestinal tract. He also proved the sour principle of buttermilk to be fairly fatal to that germ. One of the evidences of his latter conclusion, is the fact that some of the most noted cases of longevity have been those of regular drinkers of sour milk. Physical decay seems to be only a symptom of inner attacks, which will sooner or later break down an organ, or result in a general collapse.

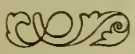
It is not to be supposed that any regard for the laws of health, however strict it might be, will make it impossible ever to grow old. Physical decay is inevitable and physical death is certain. It is possible, however, to long preserve the physical condition of youth by keeping the resistance of the body at the highest possible point. This can be done only by preserving the best possible continual state of health.

The sedentary character of much of the life of to-day is one of the weakening habits of our age. On the other hand, we have an army of people who are so over-exercised at their daily toil, that their bodies are sapped of all vitality and their minds are robbed of all vigor. Between these two extremes lies a golden mean. Well-directed use of all the muscles and regular movement of all the organs, does afford vast help in keeping the body fresh and youthful.

We are the victims of another age-producing habit in the excessive quantity and richness of the food we consume. We are too willing to eat all we can get and contain. We are over-disposed, too, to truckle to the demands of palates that have been trained to enjoy unnatural and unwholesome tastes.

Any experience which would drive us all back to plain living, simple eating, and active habits would probably result in large benefit to us. If our plan of living were re-established upon a childlike plane, we might again expect to enjoy childlike vitality, with its intermingling of childlike activity and childlike slumber.

An Old Testament story tells how a Hebrew king prayed for a new hold upon life, and how his prayer resulted in the turning of the shadow upon the dial. That invisible hand which turned the shadow upon the dial of the days of a king waits ever to preserve the lives of the members of the race. The One, however, who heard the prayer of Hezekiah was the same One who established the laws of life and nature. Obedience to those laws is still the key by which the very years may be swung backward in their flight.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



REV. G. ERNEST MERRIAM.

CREDO: "I BELIEVE"

BY

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

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THE first word of the beginner in the Christian life and the last word of experienced faith as he goes down the western slope should be, "Credo—I Believe." Credo means a creed. It is the first word in the Latin version of the Apostle's Creed. Hence it has come to represent that creed as a whole, or any creed, long or short, accepted by the believer. Frequently it is used to represent the statement of doctrine prepared by the candidate for the ministry or the candidate for a new pulpit, which he presents before the ecclesiastical court or council in which is vested the authority to ordain or to install. Not only the prophet of God, but the man of affairs has need of a creed; above all he who would be busy about the King's business.

At this point some man of affairs may rise and insist that deeds are of more avail than creeds. Yes, that is true, but there are good deeds and bad deeds and indifferent deeds. Such pronouncements are after all but platitudes. We are all guilty of using such truisms. We do well to remember they are well nigh falsisms. At best, they represent only half the truth, and we do well to supplement them with some further expression of our thought. The fact is that the deed depends upon the creed. This is the psychology of theology. Witness Professor Scripture's little volume on, "Thinking, Feeling, Doing." When first issued, it created a quite a stir as bringing the attention of the people to the fact that knowledge was fundamental to any deep emotion, just as emotion was a necessary intermediate step to decision or action. To many it was a revelation. It was, however, by no means a new discovery, but simply a restatement of an old position. Listen to the Master of men as He speaks to the father of the demoniac son. The latter has just pleaded the case of his boy, ending with the words, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us." Jesus turns upon him and says, "If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth."

The right to believe is the right to feel deeply, the right to serve, and even the right to be. According to the first great dictionary maker, Dr. Samuel Johnson, this word belief was from "belcifen," an Anglo-Saxon word meaning—that by which we live.

Now, such a belief starts with faith, it is rooted in, nay, even seeded in some faith, however simple or however complex. Of course, this is to make a distinction between belief and faith, as we should do, for the one is largely intellectual, while the other is essentially spiritual. It is the dictum of empirical psychology that what cannot be demonstrated should be treated as though it did not exist. According to this postulate man must needs

doubt. He must doubt everything which he cannot prove, or which is not known to him by actual experience. But if he doubts consistently he comes to the point, according to one of the great philosophers, where he is conscious of the doubting, and knows at least that there is a doubter. So belief finds the first rung upon the ladder of scientific knowledge, or lays the first cable of the suspension bridge which is finally to link the individual man to society or even to his God.

This process is all very well for the classroom, this first-hand knowledge tested step by step, thread by thread, subject by subject. But in real life, we must depend for a working knowledge largely upon others. We must have faith in what they have learned and in that which they tell to us. What knowledge can a child have of geography or of locality? He is on a road hitherto untraveled by him and in a section that is entirely strange as yet. He knows only that which he learns from parent, teacher or friend. And the adult is still a child. Thus man's knowledge generally is very limited—that is, his absolute knowledge. What can he know of history? He cannot be transported back into ages that are gone and learn for himself what actually occurred. He cannot even delve into the sources as a rule, and set authority against authority. He reads the books suggested by others and accepts the statements of the author as they are made page by page.

So in every department we have our specialists, in zoology, in philosophy, in ethics and in theology. We believe in them, we accept them as our authority, and if we study them closely we shall find that even they have changing standards. There is the old and the new. In science there is ever a better view of the unchanging truth. The truth itself changes not. Jesus Christ says, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," and He changes not, but is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He knows: we sit at his feet and listen. We know whom we have believed. His belief is our faith, and if as a great scholar has maintained, the word faith comes to us through the ancient languages with the original figure of a cable, surely this is the faith—the cable which binds us to the throne of God and at the same time to the hearts and tasks of our fellows.

Belief is not only to be seeded in faith; it is to grow in an atmosphere of tolerance. Only in such an atmosphere can it grow strong and straight, ready to be crowned with foliage, with blossoms and finally with fruit. We have heard of a great man who accused his opponent of being dogmatic and, when it was suggested to him that he also might be guilty of the same sin, replied, "Yes, but I am dogmatic and right, he is dogmatic and wrong." Such conviction is striking, even magnetic, but dangerous, for the best of men have often made mistakes

What we would say to the young Christian is this:—save as you can convince others of the truth you have no occasion to dogmatize. The geometrician can be dogmatic. He begins with axioms that are plain to the youngest of his pupils, and he goes from theorem to theorem, stage by stage, in a sequence that is absolutely logical. A Galileo can say of the world, even though it be beneath his breath, "Still it does move." You and I, on the other hand, must discriminate between our convictions, that is between our absolute knowledge of certain essentials, and our assurance which depends not upon our first-hand knowledge, but upon that knowledge which comes to us from those authorities which are not to be questioned or doubted.

Christian belief, seeded in faith and growing in the atmosphere of tolerance should speedily flower in action. Jesus said, "If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them." We think of Paul and James as two gladiators standing back to back in the arena of life, facing mutual enemies, the one doubt, the other indolence: the one fighting for faith and the other striving for works, but James certainly enunciated the truth when he wrote, "Even so, faith if it have not works is dead." Peter would prove not only his faith but the faith of his fellows and their utter belief in the Master, when he says, "We have left all and followed Thee." And again, after the Saviour's death, before the Sanhedrin, he sums it all up by saying, "We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard."

So it has ever been. The martyrs for the faith were witnesses not only in death, but in life as to the power of the crucified Saviour. The missionaries of the cross have ever represented as well as presented not only the gospel of the lips, but the gospel of the daily task. Their faith has blossomed not only into beautiful sentences but into beautiful deeds. Of every true Christian the same thing can be said. Consider John S. Huyler, as an illustration of this fact; throughout the latter years of his life, whenever there was a winter's night unusually sharp and severe, he would call up the Water Street Mission and as soon as he knew that he was speaking with John Callahan, he would say, "Put the boys to bed for me to-night, John." It was one John speaking to another. It was John the beloved with the tender heart speaking to John the Baptist, living in the wilderness of the wreckage of the world, warning men of the judgment that was to come. And while he was feeding thousands of men and sheltering them in this way, all of them strangers to him, he was never forgetful of the needs of those whom he employed.

What of us? We believe in the fatherhood of God. We believe in the divine leadership of Jesus. We believe in the transforming influence

of the Holy Spirit. We believe in the power and the joy of religion. This then should pledge our obedience, our following in the footsteps of the Master, our communion with the Heavenly Father. Ah, that we might be true, that our creed should be fully expressed in words and in deeds. By words, I do not mean the repetition of the articles of our faith but, as suggested in Dr. Watson's little sketch, "His Mither's Sermon," by speaking "a gude word for Jesus Christ." Nor can we follow Christ, nor can we even be His spokesman in any true sense, save as we are acting the part of a brother to those who need us most, save as we are winning souls from some lower level to a higher plane of life.

When this is true, then we may be sure that our creed is beginning to bear fruit. The fruitage is character. "As a man thinketh in his heart (or within himself), so is he." Within the tiny seed is the tiny tree, but tiny as is that tree, it includes the trunk and the roots and the foliage with all the length and outreach and crowning glory of the years that are to come. So thought involves temperament, and from creed comes character. We stand in awe of the transfiguration of the Christ, when rather we should remember that this transformation came "as He was praying." We ought also to recall that on another occasion as He was praying, His disciples came to Him and were so impressed by His bearing and by the halo, not about His face but rather about His personality, that they pleaded with Him that He should teach them also how to pray. Something of the creed of Jesus is surely expressed in the Lord's Prayer, but if you would know all His creed you will understand that it could not be couched in human language. It is as infinite as was His life, that life of trust and Sonship and brotherhood, that life which overflowed into the lives of His disciples until, as the leaven works in the lump, others took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.

Some years ago, Maud Ballington Booth wrote a series of articles entitled, "In Prison Shadows." One could see the long line of men as, leaving their stripes behind them at the prison doors, they passed into and through Hope Hall and thence out into the world, with lives renewed and transfigured through the influence of her speech, her presence and her sympathy. Some failures there were of course, here and there a reverting to type, a falling back into the old ways, a new entanglement in sin. But how wonderful the successes, transformations of character, reinstatements in life, new ideals of service, ideals that were realized in hard labor and made glorious by genuine consecration. No one could read these articles without realizing the power of a creed, simple as it might be, a creed that perhaps was summed up in the simple word, "Saviour," or in two words, "my Saviour." In those articles there is to be seen the secret of soul-winning. Mrs. Booth began with herself; she had an ideal, she was an ideal, and moreover she was an idealist. And if we have any word for the young Christian or indeed for any Christian who would make his life more efficient for the cause of Christ, as he enters into a new church relationship or would make the old relationship more efficient, it should be this: first have an ideal—the Christ; second, be an ideal—be a Christian; third, be an idealist—Christianize others.

Christ is in every soul waiting to be revealed, waiting perhaps your touch or your word, and that touch, that word is awaiting the time when your creed, like a refilled lamp, once more shall be set aflame by the fire of divine love and faith.

The Master was right. All things are possible to him that believeth. If this or that which you desire to do is impossible, as yet, it is because your faith is weak, because your belief is too limited, because you have not sufficiently studied and prayed. You need to enlarge the horizon of your vision, to increase the radius of your

spiritual knowledge, and day by day, with new knowledge will come a stronger, steadier faith and a far greater power to accomplish. Especially is this true in the realm of character building, for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Listen to the whisperings of God in His world and out of His word. Study until you understand or at least think that you understand. Pragmatize and become a modern philosopher. Make your creed credible, not merely to yourself but to others. Preach as Jesus did, but with your preaching, withal, practise as did Jesus. Follow no man but the Christ, determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. So shall your faith stand, not in the wisdom of men but in the power of God, and you shall finally be able to maintain, "I know Him whom I have believed." Let His creed be your creed, let His belief be at least your faith. So can you say, "Credo—I believe," and in that creed you will find for self and others comfort and joy and ever increasing influence.

If you would know the relationship of creed to deed, read "The Three Things," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Philip Morton Landicutt is a lad of twenty-three going into the European war at its very beginning because his conscience compels him thereto. Hard as it is for his mother, she lets him go, because she sees to use his own expression that he "must live his own life" and perchance work out his own salvation. He enters that war differing from his dear and good little mother in three things. To put it in his own language, "It's odd with you and me such friends and so agreed about 'slithers of things, that we're all apart on two or three big ones. You believe in the masses—I don't take stock in the great unwashed. Then you're rather deeply religious, while I'm a plain unbeliever: you're generous enough to look for good in all humanity, even in a German, and I'm sure they're a nation of swine. We are different, Meggy, and I have to live my own life—my own life!"

In that war he comes in touch with life at its best and its worst, he faces peril in the trenches and in the charge he is wounded, not once but twice; he is saved by one of the common class, Lefty, an ex-chauffeur from London with a cockney accent, one who proves to be his own blood-cousin though with a very different station in life,—one who is willing to serve him and who finally gives his life for him. He listens to an eccentric soldier, Albert Mullins, as, day after day, he reads aloud from the book of Psalms until the words are written deep into his mind, though he thinks they have no part in his heart, and on the battle-field some of those words come back to him until, hardly realizing what he does they leap from his lips, "Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, O Lord. O, Lord, hear my voice!" And the words are echoed by other voices on that battle-field until one who has been a singer in some great cathedral chants it in the Latin, "De profundis clamavi, ad te, Domine," and souls are cheered and saved thereby. Finally in the hospital he lies between two Germans, a boy and a man, and out of bitter hatred he comes to love them because of the heroism of the man and the interest shown in Mother's letter. So one by one, the articles of his creed are changed. The old class distinction is buried in the unknown grave of Lefty, the chauffeur cousin with the cockney accent. Irreligion has changed to religious fervor upon the battle-field, and in the hospital he has learned that one can, as well as that one should, love one's enemy. And best of all he lives to tell his mother all about it, to tell her of the changes and how he believes with her in the three great things—that he believes in democracy, that he has faith in the ever-living God and that there is good in all men. It has cost much but it has proven worth while.

Strength in Weakness

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

In the Second Mycenian War the Spartans were told by an oracle to take a leader from among the Athenians and so conquer their enemies. Jealous of the success of the Spartans, yet not daring to oppose the oracle, the Athenians sent as the leader Tyrtæus, a lame schoolmaster—an occupation then held in contempt. But Tyrtæus was a poet. By his songs this cripple quieted the internal dissensions of the Spartans and roused their martial spirit, until, under his leadership, they became invincible in battle.

In Tyrtæus these pagan Greeks recognized a spirit which rose above the limitations of a feeble body. Even savage tribes have a courageous loyalty to the chief, which sustains a warrior wounded unto death.

In the world which has been influenced by the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, such exaltation of spirit, when clothed in a weak frame, is more frequent, more varied in manifestation and more divine in character.

When Paul was preaching in Lystra, he observed in his audience a cripple. In spite of this man's weakness, he plainly showed to the keen eye of the apostle a strength of soul, which included "faith to be healed."

A mother whom I knew lingered for months through the agonies of cancer and laid down her life, without revealing to her daughter the nature of her disease or the extent of her sufferings. Her mother love shielded this girl in her teens from sharing these sufferings through sympathy.

Mr. Moody once visited a sick man in Dundee. Though the latter was very ill, he was able to give Mr. Moody as much comfort as he received from his guest. While leaving the house Mr. Moody remarked, "I guess when the angels pass over Dundee, they will stop at that house for refreshment."

Sometimes, indeed, God finds human weakness an indispensable condition to the working out of the divine purpose in a man or a woman. When Paul besought the Lord three times that his infirmity might depart from him, the answer was rendered, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." And Paul's conclusion was, "Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Health, strength and vigor are not to be despised, but when weakness, illness and old age come, may we have grace to accept them in the spirit of Paul, and through our infirmities reveal the power of Christ.

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The Simple Things of Life

BY MISS Z. I. DAVIS.

Jesus said, "I came that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." How can we have more abundant life, that shall mean something to us far more than a mere existence?

The true, the good and the beautiful constitute the real riches of life. Primitive man has little capacity for these things. The natural heart, the Gentile spirit, apart from the Divine nature, chiefly seeks to have its physical wants met, and is not greatly concerned beyond having enough to eat, to wear and to keep warm.

Jesus saw the need of our having a capacity for mental and spiritual things. He not only can give us this capacity, but He can satisfy us when we have put on the new nature that He wants us to receive.

The true, the good and the beautiful are among the necessities and not the luxuries. The place in which we live should receive that touch which will make our environment a reflection of our souls.

Let our hearts and minds go out to be enriched by the beautiful, the good and the true. Let us take time for religion, and give the King of Kings His rightful place in our lives.

PRINTED PREACHERS

An Indefatigable Worker

The missionary colporters of the American Tract Society are devoted Christian men and women, whose lives are consecrated to the spread of the Kingdom of Christ by means of the dissemination of the printed page bearing the Gospel message.

As a typical illustration of effective missionary colportage we are pleased to call attention to the splendid work that is being done by Rev. Samuel Mueller, whose picture appears on this page, showing him with the equipment that he usually carries from place to place.

Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, under whose immediate superintendence Mr. Mueller carries on his work, writes thus concerning this devoted servant of Christ:

"Rev. Samuel Mueller is the American Tract Society's colporter for Northern Oregon and Southern Washington. He is the son of a missionary, and was born in the town of Bethlehem in the land of Palestine.

"He speaks three languages, and a harder working and more earnest seeker after souls can scarcely be found.

"The States of Washington and Oregon have each about 5,000 sawmills. Mr. Mueller ferrets out every one of these on his territory, as also the remote homes in the wilds of Oregon and in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains.

"He has a very large constituency of families and individuals, to whom he is the only messenger that comes in the name of the Lord. He is one of those faithful servants that go out into the hedges and highways and invite, indeed, compel the people to come in.

"This brother is an earnest personal worker. He seeks after souls, whether he is on the highway or on the cars or in the lumber camps—everywhere he speaks to men concerning their salvation. He distributes very many Bibles and reads the Word of God to the people wherever opportunity is offered.

"In his last report Mr. Mueller says that he distributed the Soldier's Text Book in four camps of soldiers."

It is a great source of satisfaction to the officers of the American Tract Society to hear of the fidelity and devotion of this missionary colporter, and to know that this is simply typical of the scores of consecrated toilers who are serving as missionary colporters of the Society.

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Among the Slovaks

For many years Mr. John Martinco has been scattering Christian literature among his Slovak fellow countrymen in the region around Allegheny, Pa. He tells of a unique experience in the following words:

"On one occasion I was traveling from house to house soon after pay day—a day which means much to the laboring man and more for the saloonkeepers, as they usually reap a good harvest at this time. I entered a house in Braddock, Pa., where I found a group of men. As soon as I entered one man arose and began to use very profane language and tried to chase me away from the house. But the rest of the men, although not friendly to me, told this man to be quiet. Then they offered me a glass of whiskey, which of course, I refused to take. Then they offered a glass of beer which I also refused. At this they seemed greatly surprised. Then

I asked them to allow me to explain to them about the influence of liquor. They all agreed to hear me, and I told them of some of the experiences which I had myself before I quit drinking. I told them of the misery and the many crimes which liquor causes every day. I also told them of what the Bible says about drunkenness, and I reminded them of a certain hymn in the Lutheran Hymnal, with which I thought they might be familiar. At this they were all surprised and some of them were almost moved to tears. I then had a very interesting talk with them, which caught the attention even of the man who had tried to chase me away. The result was that every one of these men took a book, or several small tracts. Instead of whiskey they then offered me a very good supper, which I certainly did not refuse, because I was hungry. They all apologized to me for their rudeness, and so I went on my way rejoicing."



REV. SAMUEL MUELLER, MISSIONARY COLPORTER

In the Northwest

Mr. W. T. Chapman, who has been recently commissioned as a colporter of the American Tract Society, thus describes the character of the field in which he has been working:

"The railways radiating from Chehalis, Wash., as a centre, give easy access to many mills and timber camps, where the missionary colporter finds a ready welcome, and usually some good ground for the Gospel seed.

"At Littell, only a few miles west from here, an unused church is being prepared, and I am to open it up with public service next Sunday. Last Sunday I met a few there in a private house.

"There is much good territory yet in Oregon that I hope to cover before returning to New England."

Reaching the Immigrants

Despite the almost revolutionary changes that have taken place in the matter of immigration since the entry of the United States into the world war, there is still work to be done in reaching the immigrants with the Gospel.

As illustrating the varied nationalities represented by the immigrants arriving at New York, it may be of interest to note that Christian literature was distributed by Mr. Charles Carol, missionary colporter of the American Tract Society to the immigrants, in the following languages during a recent period of three months: Armenian, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Chinese, Croatian, Danish, Dutch, English, Finnish, French, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Russian, Ruthenian, Servian, Slovak, Slovenian, Spanish and Swedish. • • •

In Japan

A testimony to the value of the printed page in the evangelization of Japan is given by Rev. S. H. Wainwright, D.D., General Secretary of the Christian Literature Society of Japan. After gratefully acknowledging a cash appropriation of \$100.00 from the American Tract Society, he writes:

"We issued a great number of tracts last year. We are finding that Japan is ripe for evangelistic activities. The tract is very useful as a means for testing a neighborhood as to its attitude towards the Gospel, as well as a means of introducing Christian truths among those who do not attend the public services.

"Two or three days ago a missionary in the interior of Japan told me that a man called upon him having in his possession a well-worn tract, which he had received two years before. He had traveled to the place of residence of the missionary, in order to get answers to questions awakened in his mind by the tract."

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Opportunities in China

What the printed page bearing the Gospel message means for China, is set forth in stirring words by Rev. A. A. Fulton, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Canton, China, who writes:

"We now have magnificent opportunities in China for work in villages and cities, and there is a wide demand for tracts bearing on the needs of this stumbling, discordant, helpless combination of millions, called a Republic. What the issue of the present disturbances may be, no one knows, but one thing is everlastingly sure, that without the Gospel there will be no morning for this land, and in that case the peace of the world will not be settled by the war in Europe.

"I am a great believer in the power of tracts, and at this stage of the work we need millions of tracts to enable us to open the eyes of the Chinese people. If the American Tract Society can do anything for us, we shall be glad."

Last year the American Tract Society sent substantial cash appropriations, both to the Presbyterian Mission at Canton with which Dr. Fulton is connected and also to the South China Religious Tract Society, of which he is president. We hope that the generous gifts of donors will make it possible for the American Tract Society to send still larger appropriations in the year to come.

"THE WAY YE KNOW"

By Allan Phillip



GEORGE SONNERS was one of those men of whom there are many up and down the land of England who are born in the midst of an intensely religious atmosphere and trained from early days in the strict ways of religious life and duty. To him Sunday was a day of limitations and invested with a routine that seemed an irksome bondage. Regularity in church attendance was a feature of his upbringing. Prizes lined his shelves and bore witness to his faultless conduct in the Sunday School and his unfailing regularity at class; while certificates upon the walls testified to diligence in study and success in religious examination. Clever, studious, guided by a strong sense of duty, he nevertheless experienced no joy, no real personal pleasure in the religion he professed: It had never taken hold of him; rather he had taken hold of it because he felt he ought, and the sense of obligation turned religion into a bondage in which the note of gladness had no share.

Then came the dawn of manhood, the choice of a vocation, the setting forth from home to face life and its claims and to strive along the upward pathways of success; and with the first overwhelming consciousness of liberty he cast off utterly and entirely the habits of his early life. Without compunction or qualms of conscience Sunday became to him the one great day of pleasure and revelry. The pealing church bells had no call for him, the Bible never appeared among his books, prayer became an unknown experience, and his glance was never turned upward toward the great unseen. The goal of his ambition now lay along the pathways of the world and he had no higher longing than to attain the success that would fill his hand with gold and set him high among the mighty ones of the earth. With this he was content and with utter indifference he watched the great doors that led to loftier experiences close before him and heard the bolts slipped in the gateways of the past.

Three years followed. He thought them quite the happiest years of his life, and in those three years he climbed high and climbed swiftly. His was the merriest laughter in the company of his associates, his the most daring ventures in the realm of irreligion and extravagant indulgence.

Then came the great war and the deep persistent call of a new duty. He watched many answering that call and surrendering post and place and power to take some share in the perilous stand for righteousness; but to him it seemed the call came not. Why should he surrender what he had so dearly won for a quarrel in which he had no share? Why risk life and prosperity by entering into the disputes of other men?

But in an unexpected way the pressure came upon him and the business upon which his prosperity depended became undermined by the strange and wide reaching influences of the war, and he saw all that he had wrought for and won so hardly now slipping from him. The door of trade along his way was suddenly closed and in a moment of bitter disappointment and annoyance he gave himself to fight for the cause of his country. It was not that he cared for the right of the enterprise, but he hoped that he might somehow retaliate in his small way against the enemy who had thrust himself like a grim shadow across the pathway of all his hopes.

So it came to pass that George Somners found himself in the trenches at last and saw on every hand the tragic realities of war. Death which had been a stranger to him now haunted him with its persistent terrors, and poignant suffering of which he had hitherto known so little became his constant companion.

At first he had been the 'life' of his unit. His contagious laughter had driven seriousness from the camp. His songs and jokes had occasioned untold mirth among his fellows. But in the face of such great and clamant facts frivolity could not long hold its own, and by unconscious degrees Somners grew serious, thoughtful and finally almost morose. The loss of his buoyant merriment was to him the loss of everything. He felt himself without foundation amid the shifting and uncertain sands, without anchor on the ever moving currents of the great sea, without hope or assurance of anything beyond the scene that spread visibly before his eyes, and that vision was one of tragic change, sudden destruction and the ever haunting spectre of death.

One night, before setting forth to relieve a company in the front trenches a number of men gathered in a ruined cottage for prayer. Somners crept with them into the shadowy gloom of the building, scarcely knowing why, but conscious of a sense of satisfaction in so doing.

The chaplain was there and he prayed with the men; then someone struck a match and lighted a candle and by its flickering light read a verse from the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. He passed both candle and book to the man next to him, who also read and again passed it on.

They were strangely uncertain voices that read these familiar words "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, also in me." Then again, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also."

Then a soldier put the sacred book into Somners' hand, whispering 'verse 4.' And Somners read in a voice so unlike his own that it startled him, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

He handed candle and book to the man at his side, but he did not hear what others read, for one thought had fixed itself upon his mind. He saw the way opening up into the great beyond, the pathway through the smoke of battle and the gloom of the night into the gleam of light that lay somewhere yonder, and the vision would not pass away.

"God be with you!" said the chaplain as he grasped Somners by the hand before he passed out into the darkness, and the words sent a thrill of fear and yet of hope through him.

It was a night of much activity along the front trench and many men fell to rise no more on the bullet-swept zone between the opposing ranks, and as Somners watched one after another go down, the words rang in his ears, "Whither I go ye know," and they seemed to apply to these men who were entering the gates of death. For they were starting on the long journey, taking that final way into the larger things of life.

It was as he watched and thought that great memories came surging up from the forgotten past and the lessons learnt in his youth from the open Bible came back with a new meaning and a mighty power. The truth took hold of him now and would not let him go. For the

first time he felt the mastering power of the call of Christ, and longed to enter into assurance and peace and to know that the pathway was opened for him if he should fall.

It was while these thoughts were lingering in his mind that a stray bullet struck him and he was carried back to the rear, badly wounded.

In his delirium he was ever repeating the words, "Whither I go ye know," and when at last consciousness returned and the chaplain was able to talk with him, it was those words that formed the subject of conversation.

"Yes," he answered when asked if he knew the meaning of the words. "Yes, but I never thought of them in connection with myself, and I don't like the thought of the journey beyond. It's dark, strangely dark."

"Jesus died to take away sin," said the chaplain. "Faith in him means forgiveness, and it is only sin that darkens that way, and brings fear in the thought of the journey. The Lord has said 'I will come again and take you.' He forgives and leads us into the glory of the larger life. There is no darkness on the path by which He goes. He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life.' If you cast yourself upon the love of God in Jesus Christ, and accept His offered mercy, there's nothing to fear."

"Ah, I have known all these things for years," answered the man. "I have known them, but I haven't cared about them. I've let them slip, and now I feel the need of something I haven't got, and I believe it's just that—giving myself up to Him and trusting Him."

"It is, my friend. It's that and nothing else. Only trusting, and there's nothing to fear."

Somners was silent for awhile, then he answered with a strong, clear accent:

"I've done it, sir. I've given myself to Him. Will you pray for me?"

The chaplain knelt at the bedside and prayed earnestly, and when he rose, Somners grasped him by the hand and said, "Thank you, sir. It's all light now, light and peace."

Somners pulled through and went back after a rest to take his place again in the firing line, but it was as a servant of the Great King, and whenever the opportunity came he tried to help his companions into the peace and joy that he had found. Thus many who received the final summons found the way open and a great light shining on the path because George Somners had led them to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour, Companion and Friend.



God Answers Prayer

BY Z. I. DAVIS

*Our Father in Heaven is gracious,
His eye follows us in His love,
How rich are the infinite mercies,
He showers on us from above.*

*He cares for the poor and the needy,
He sends us the sunshine and rain,
And those who in faith call upon Him,
Ne'er sought for His comfort in vain.*

*We utter to God our petitions,
And lift unto Heaven our cry,
Assured if we will obey Him,
That He unto us will draw nigh.*

*Oh, pray in the name of our Saviour,
At morning and evening each day,
And while thy heart's cry is ascending,
The answer will speed on its way.*

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

In Hainan, China

The island of Hainan is located south of the mainland of China, and is 155 miles long and 115 miles wide. Its area is estimated at 13,600 square miles. In the interior of this island there are several densely wooded mountain chains. The coasts are level and well watered, and the chief rivers are navigable for flat boats, a picture of one of which is seen in the illustration on this page. It is interesting to note in passing that it is upon this style of boat that a great deal of Christian literature is transported from place to place in China.

Hainan is a fruitful island, and among the flora are the areca-palm, cocconut tree, banana tree and various other tropical plants. Among the animals found in Hainan are the tiger, rhinoceros and several species of monkey. The chief agricultural products are sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco and cocoanuts.

The population of the island is estimated at over 2,000,000, and consists partly of Chinese who immigrated to the island during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the aborigines. The latter somewhat resemble the Malays, and are of small stature, and far from prepossessing in appearance.

A strong mission is maintained in Hainan by the Presbyterian Board, which entered that field in 1881. The Mission carries on work at three stations—Kiongchow, Kachek and Nodoo. Among the various activities that are carried on are the Paxton Training School at Kiongchow, a Hospital and Dispensary at Hoihow, medical work for the lepers at Hoihow, the Pitkin Memorial Girls' School and a Mission Press.

The Mission Press is under the superintendence of Dr. N. Bercovitz. The American Tract Society has sent several cash appropriations for this Press and recently remitted the sum of \$100.00 for the support of its work.

A recent issue of the *Hainan News Letter* published by the American Presbyterian Mission tells of the political unrest throughout China. In Hainan the soldiers under Gen. Lung Tsi Koang have been mobilized and are drilling strenuously. "There are rumors," says the Editor of the *News Letter*, "that Gen. Lung, being of the old school will do his best to support a monarchy, while Canton Province of which Hainan is a part, will support the republic. At this date it seems to be a fight between the new and old school politicians. During this period of political transition, however, these words may not at all apply to the situation a month hence. In the midst of all this change and unrest our work has gone forward progressively and without interruption, for we are working under the government of Him, who is the same yesterday, today and forever."

Tamil Publication Work

The Christian Literature Society for India maintains a Special Committee for the Tamil Language area. The Secretary of this Committee is Rev. A. C. Clayton of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and for several years the American Tract Society has contributed toward his support, so that he might devote his entire time to the preparation of Christian literature in the Tamil language.

Although the manuscript of the *Tamil Bible Dictionary* was completed in November, 1915, and Part IV was in the press by the end of that year the reading of the proofs of Parts IV and V and the making of the Index took much of Mr. Clayton's working time in 1916 and the publication of the last part only occurred towards the end of 1916. The five parts altogether contain over 900 large pages, with two columns to a page, and they have had a welcome which shows that the Tamil preachers, teachers and Bible women for whom they



A RIVER-BOAT NEAR HAINAN, CHINA

are more especially intended are finding them helpful.

In 1916 Mr. Clayton's other work was much as in previous years. A number of small Tamil tracts were written by him, and he revised several others for printing. He also prepared a short *Life of Miss Cavell* for the press and read the proofs.

He read a large number of Tamil manuscripts sent on to him by the Christian Literature Society for opinion as to their suitability for publication.

Mr. Clayton also entirely revised and corrected a new edition of the *Life of Dr. Carey* in the Anna Library.

He also completed the revision of the *Bazaar Book* as far as it can be revised. Several of the sections which form it have been omitted because the method of argument and in some cases the arguments used are not suited to the conditions of today.

Some years ago the Rev. T. Walker, M.A., of Tinnevely, one of the ablest Tamil scholars that South India has ever seen, undertook the preparation of a translation of the Apocrypha in Tamil. He died when he had finished two-thirds of the work. The completion of this translation was undertaken by Mr. Clayton and is being carried out at intervals as his other work allows.

Mr. Clayton's second term of service as the Tamil literature missionary ended in July, 1917. It was necessary therefore for the Missions that unite to support the appointment to say whether they wished to continue. When the question was discussed they decided that the Wesleyan Missionary Society should be asked to allow Mr. Clayton to go on with this work till 1922. The Wesleyan Missionary Society agreed to do this, so that Mr. Clayton has entered on his third five-year term of work during this present year.

For years it has been felt that a series of Graded Bible Lessons from the infant class to the upper forms was urgently needed for use in mission schools. Mr. Clayton has undertaken the preparation of this series, and has drawn up the detailed syllabus giving a complete list of the lessons, with the passages of scripture on which they are based and memory texts, from the First School Year to the High School. This list is now being circulated. It is no easy thing to draw up a course of Bible instruction covering seven years and involving the selection of 310 distinct topics (apart from review lessons) in the first eight school years. This detailed syllabus is published in a tentative edition. It is intended for criticism.

At the same time it may be announced that after much correspondence and consideration it has been decided that the *Graded Bible Lessons* shall be illustrated by an excellent series of colored illustrations. These will be issued as little books to be put into the hands of the pupils.

Sunday School Progress In Brazil

The activity of the Brazil Sunday School Union, of which Rev. H. C. Tucker is the Secretary, was shown by a number of publications and certificates which were recently received at the office of the World's Sunday School Association. Many schools in the United States are not as up-to-date in their methods. The Cradle Roll Department (Departamento do Berco) is thoroughly provided for. All the printing is, of course, in Portuguese. An index card was provided which had no less than twenty-one questions to be answered. Then there is a letter of greeting and explanation which is sent by the superintendent to the mother. This has an illustration of a mother who has just taken her baby from the cradle. The style of the cradles pictured is quite like those used here many years ago—a box on rockers. The individual cradle roll certificate was neatly prepared and had places for the signatures of the department and school superintendents and also the pastor of the church. Two scripture references were printed: Mark 10:14 and Psalm 127:3. The Rol do Berco for the school was 14 by 22 inches. The Brazilian cradle was again shown on this roll and the baby was enjoying a fair sized bottle. On the cradle were pictures of four beautiful Portuguese babies. A miniature membership card of the cradle with baby in it is sent to the parents and a duplicate strung on ribbons and hung with the "Rol do Berco."

Other items of printed matter used in developing Sunday school activity in Brazil were of decided interest. The large school diploma has places for eight seals to indicate points of excellence that have been attained. There is a copy of Oliver's teacher-training course, "Preparation of the Teacher," of which over 1,200 copies in Portuguese have been sold, and a certificate for those who have successfully passed the examination. There are sizable booklets on various phases of Sunday school work by McKinney, Faris and Horns. There are instructions and constitutions for an organized class, and numerous leaflets which tell about the various standards of the model school.

Practical methods work successfully in Brazil as well as in the United States as can be seen from the letter which came from an interior town in the state of Sao Paulo:

"This church never had a properly organized Sunday school until 1915. In the year 1911 I moved to this region but, living outside of the city, could not do much for the school. By and by the Lord sent the right man for the right place; it is remarkable to note the interest he takes as a superintendent. There was a small class of children when he began, which increased year after year until the young preacher, Sr. Epaminondas Mello do Amaral, came in 1915 and

organized the Sunday school after the standard of the Brazil Union. He encountered great difficulties; the older elements of the church had never seen such a complicated organization as was proposed and such an expenditure of money as would be necessary for literature and outfit. However, the struggle ended in victory. Very soon members of the new Home Department transferred to other classes to be present every Sunday. Another notable change was that members of the church who had been backward and indifferent began to talk, pray in public and work for the cause. All in the school became interested in the public worship and the sermons. It is interesting to note the preponderance of children in the school who attend with regularity. There is one pupil 13 years old who walks 8 kilometers even on rainy Sundays to attend the school; another 9 years of age, son of a widow in the Home Department, walks 5 kilometers every Sunday. There are others whose parents are not believers who attend regularly without any encouragement from home. There is one negro boy 16 years old who has not missed a single Sunday in four years; he works in a factory and attends a night school assiduously."

Reciprocity of Foreign Missions

In the matter of foreign missions, not all the obligation is on one side. The West helps the East, but the East also helps the West. Fresh emphasis on this fact appears in a statement recently issued by Rev. C. A. Nelson, of the American Board's South China Mission at Canton. He remarks upon the aid which has been received from Chinese in America; not only directly for the Board's undertakings, but also for work that by this means has become self-supporting and self-governing. Two organizations, the China Congregational Church of Hongkong and the China Congregational Missionary Society of Canton, are outgrowths of the work of the mission and contributory to its influence and reach. Both are under the direction of Chinese converted in California, Rev. Yung Pak and Rev. Joe Jet. The former received native contributions in 1916 of \$5,500 (gold), maintains three outstations besides the central church, has several unordained preachers and teachers, 425 members, two Sunday schools, and four primary schools. The missionary society sustains six unordained preachers besides teachers and Bible-women, five outstations, five primary schools, and has an income amounting to \$850 (gold). With these two leaders are associated other Chinese converted abroad who are interested and helpful laymen.

On the other hand, the South China Mission has quite directly served America. It has furnished several workers for home mission fields in the United States, including Hawaii, and in Canada. The Chinese who go abroad go mostly from Kwangtung province; they belong to the working class, and as a rule are not well educated. Chinese congregations in America need educated men to teach and lead them. It is, therefore, a necessary part of South China Mission's work not only to raise up a native ministry for the locality, but also for service among the Chinese abroad. For this the equipment is now greatly improved. Three years ago eight leading missions in Canton united in organizing the Canton Union Theological College. With more adequate staff, buildings, and courses of study, it is hoped to provide training for pastors, evangelists, and other Christian workers in greater numbers and with still better qualifications. South China and foreign missions there may be of yet larger help to America and home missions here.

Notes upon the Topics Used in Christian Endeavor and Other Young People's Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By Rev. Henry Lewis Ph.D.

NOVEMBER 4.

Perseverance

Ephesians 6:10-20.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Oct. 29. Persevere in abiding. John 15: 1-11.
- T. Oct. 30. Climbing into life. Rom. 2:1-11.
- W. Oct. 31. Persevering in prayer. Luke 11:1-10.
- T. Nov. 1. Watchful faith. Rev. 3:1-6.
- F. Nov. 2. Pressing onward. Phil. 3:7-16.
- S. Nov. 3. Clinging to God. Heb. 10:32-39.

This topic is suggested as especially suitable for a consecration meeting. It emphasizes what some people may consider one of the old-fashioned virtues, but this virtue has not outlived its usefulness. Rather may we say that it is one of the most important qualifications today not only for success in material things but for progress in the spiritual life.

Christian Perseverance

In order that we may make our treatment of this topic both definite and helpful let us name five things in which every Christian should persevere.

First, let us persevere in *prayer*. It is prayer that links us with our unseen God and Father. Prayer is the channel of communication by which we are able to secure divine help for the battle of life. Through prayer we may draw on the reserves of divine power which will make us able to do all things through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Second, let us persevere in *faith*. Faith is more than mere belief. It stands for that vital union between the believer and Christ, which enables the Christian to say with absolute truthfulness, "Christ dwelleth in me."

Third, let us persevere in *hope*. Hope is the anchor of the soul. It is our mainstay in time of storm and disaster. *Nil desperandum* was a good motto for the old Romans. It is also a good watchword for the Christian today.

Fourth, let us persevere in *love*. We say this advisedly, even in this time of world war. While Christians must ever hate the vile and unspeakable things that have been done by our foes, yet let us remember that Christ bade us love our enemies. So let not hate take possession of our hearts, but let us persevere in love.

Fifth, let us persevere in *Christian service*. One weakness of the Christian Church today is that there are so many who weary so soon in their tasks of Christian service. They begin to teach a Sunday school class, but soon they grow tired and there is a vacancy in the ranks of the teachers which it is hard for the superintendent to fill.

Christian perseverance should be aggressive. Simply to drift with the tide—this is not true perseverance. The Christian should persevere in active hostility to every form of evil. We should fight the good fight of faith, and fight it constantly. It has often been remarked that in the Christian armor described in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians no mention is made of any protection for the back. The moment a Christian turns his back to the enemy he is in danger of being overcome.

We must not make any truce with the evil of intemperance. To declare an armistice with the social evil or with any of the moral foes of modern society is to begin losing the battle for righteousness which every Christian should wage.

While we continually oppose what is bad, let us as constantly advocate what is good. Constructive work for humanity is just as important as the destruction of those things that are a bane to mankind. The expulsive power of a new affection is a powerful lever with which to displace evil tendencies in man's inner nature.

The Fisherman's Prayer

That was a beautiful prayer of the old Greek fisherman, when caught in a fierce storm: "Whether I live or die, help me to keep my rudder true." Here was a fine example of the spirit of perseverance which it would be well for every Christian to cultivate.

NOVEMBER 11.

Seeking Worth-While Things

Prov. 8:10-21; Matt. 6:33.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Nov. 5. Seeking the Lord. Isa. 40: 25-31.
- T. Nov. 6. Seeking Wisdom. Prov. 2:1-12.
- W. Nov. 7. Supreme desire. Ps. 63: 1-11.
- T. Nov. 8. Seeking God's will. John 5:30.
- F. Nov. 9. Seeking immortality. Heb. 11: 13, 16.
- S. Nov. 10. The divine response. Heb. 11: 1-6.

The Scripture selected for this topic gives us two answers, one from the Old Testament and the other from the New Testament, and to the question, What are the most worth-while things?

The writer of the Proverbs sums up his answer in the one word, Wisdom; while our Divine Master gives us His response in the words, "His Kingdom."

Wisdom That Is Better Than Rubies
The wisdom that is better than rubies is not mere intellectual knowledge. It is something more than ordinary human understanding. It means more than acquaintance with learned books or ponderous treatises. The word as used by the writer of the Proverbs indicates a divine illumination of the human mind and soul so that the individual is able to grasp the relation of things in all their bearings, and to order one's life so as to be in harmony with the divine plan.

The Kingdom of God

By the Kingdom of God our divine Master meant the new order of things which He came to proclaim. This new order, however, is really a re-affirmation of the divine order revealed from the beginning through the voice of prophet and priest. The revelation of the Kingdom given by Christ is simply the culmination of the divine teaching. What is peculiarly distinctive of the Kingdom of God as revealed by Christ is the fact that in His own person Christ exemplified the highest principles of that Kingdom.

Christian Character

One of the worth-while things for which we should strive is the attainment of a perfect Christian character. The most enduring thing in this world is character, and the finest type of character for which we can strive is that which bears the impress of the Master Himself.

Eternal Life

Eternal life is one of the worth-while things that are set before us as the goal of the Christian race. This goal can be attained only through faith in Christ, who alone has brought life and immortality to light. The values of earthly things are rightly appraised only when viewed in the light of the eternal life which is set before us as the real end of our existence.

We should weigh things not in reference to our earthly span of life but with reference to their bearing upon our attainment of that life which is promised only to those whose hearts are fixed upon God.

The Common Welfare

One of the worth-while things for which we should seek is the common welfare. This is in pursuance of our Master's teaching, for He set before us the Golden Rule as one of the guiding principles of the Christian life.

In the critical days through which we are passing, we are constantly reminded, by governmental regulation, of the fact that we are all bound together and that what concerns one concerns all. Let us see to it that we are as solicitous for our neighbor's spiritual welfare as for his temporal prosperity.

Freedom

There are many other worth-while things that might be mentioned as worthy of our seeking. Justice, honor, righteousness—these and other moral equivalents are among the things for which every Christian should seek. But let us mention, in conclusion, the great element of freedom as one of the crowning objects in the attainment of which it is worth while for us to give even our earthly lives.

NOVEMBER 18.

Our Denominational Foreign Mission Boards: Their History and Achievements

Isaiah 55:1-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Nov. 12. A board of elders. Ex. 24:1-3.
- T. Nov. 13. A church board. I Tim. 3:1-13.
- W. Nov. 14. A board of leaders. I Chron. 13:1-14.
- T. Nov. 15. An apostle's report. Acts 11: 1-18.
- F. Nov. 16. A sample mission. Acts 14:1-18.
- S. Nov. 17. A missionary's support. Rom. 15:22-33.

The fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah is one of the great missionary chapters of the Bible. It teaches us that the church and her members are the channels by which the water of life is to be carried to all those who are athirst. It suggests the thought that was so beautifully expressed by Augustine, when he said, "Our hearts are weary until they rest in Thee," for it shows us that human souls are dissatisfied until they find the true Bread of Life. It contains a beautiful picture of the power of God's Word and gives us the definite assurance that this divine Word shall not return void, but shall accomplish God's purpose.

The History of Missions

The first beginnings of the missionary enterprise are found in the sending out of the disciples by Christ. In the Book of the Acts of the Apostles we find the development and extension of the missionary idea.

While the denominational missionary boards of today are mostly of recent origin, they are simply the modern expression of the missionary spirit which has always been one of the manifestations of true Christianity.

We cannot undertake in these columns to set forth the history and achievements of the many different organizations which are doing the missionary work of the various denominations. It will be best to write to the headquarters of these different missionary societies, and each board or society will very willingly supply information concerning its origin, history, fields of labor and methods of work.

It may be said, however, in passing, that the denominational missionary boards, as a rule, are among the strongest institutions of our country. So well are they conducted that their financial credit is of the very highest order. So efficient are they in their work on the foreign field that our government has often turned to them for aid.

While the aim of these missionary organizations has been the evangelization of the world, they have contributed in no small degree to the social and industrial welfare of the heathen communities in which they have labored. Their work has been manifold, for they have carried on educational, medical, industrial, and evangelistic lines of service. They have done pioneer work in introducing the ways of civilization among barbaric and degraded peoples.

Comity and Cooperation

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the spirit of comity and cooperation which now prevails between the missionary societies. This has found expression in the Foreign Missions Conference and the Home Missions Council. The Foreign Missions Conference is a representative body, in which practically all the evangelical boards and societies doing work in foreign lands have a part. By means of this Conference friction and overlapping have been eliminated, and a large degree of cooperation has been attained.

A large measure of unity has also been secured on the foreign field by the union of the native churches on a broad evangelical basis. The perpetuation of denominational differences on the foreign-mission field is no longer regarded as a desirable end in itself, and through federation and co-operation, the way is being prepared for a realization of the Master's prayer, "that they all may be one."

NOVEMBER 25.

For What Am I Grateful?

Psalms 34:1-22.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Nov. 19. Grateful for health. Luke 17: 11-19.
- T. Nov. 20. For spiritual sight. John 9: 13-25.
- W. Nov. 21. For earth's blessings. Lev. 23: 9-14.
- T. Nov. 22. For God's gift. Jas. 1: 1-8, 17.
- F. Nov. 23. For divine protection. Ps. 100: 1-5.
- S. Nov. 24. For true friends. 2 Tim. 1:16-18.

Some years ago the *Congregationalist and Christian World* offered a prize for the best answer to the question: "For What Should My Neighbor Be Grateful?" The answer which took the prize was entitled, "His Millions," and was sent by L. Etta Avery. It may suggest to us a number of reasons why we ourselves should be grateful. We take pleasure in quoting the entire answer as follows:

"His Millions"

"My neighbor should be thankful because he is a multimillionaire. He could not be induced to part with his reason for one million spot cash. He would not consider one million for his eyesight. It may not be exactly perfect, but such as it is, money could not buy it.

"Neither could money buy a limb, and he has four of them, to say nothing of the subdivisions, and these items bring the millions up with a bound. The power to use limbs and subdivisions, and the faculties he possesses, in the way of work and enjoyment, surely exceed the million point.

"In our mental stock-taking we have not yet mentioned the gifts of hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling. If you were willing to close the bargain with him on the spot for a million each, he would politely request you to pass on.

"My neighbor has enough to sustain life and some overplus—and he has friends. A million would be a cold kind of comfort if he had not a friend in the world.

"Then he has this beautiful world to look out upon and enjoy, with all its wealth of sun, moon and stars. With its mountains, gorges, glens and falls, oceans, rivers, fields, trees, flowers and birds.

"The treasure houses of the past and present swing wide their doors inviting him to enjoy their sculpture and painting, prose and poetry and all the art and inventions of the ages, while the lives of the great and good are a benediction of untold value. He has the privilege of doing good and being a blessing to others all along the journey through this beautiful world to the better country and he may be sure of God's love and guidance in both.

"A multimillionaire indeed!"

Our National Situation

This Thanksgiving finds our country engaged in the greatest war that this world has ever known. Already many of our soldiers and sailors are on the other side of the ocean, while hundreds of thousands of others are preparing to follow them. Can we have grateful hearts while our country faces what in all probability will be the severest trial it has ever known? To this question we may give an unqualified affirmative answer. Sorrow and suffering will undoubtedly come to many hearts and homes during the days and months to come, but let us say to all those who are thus called upon to lay their nearest and their dearest upon the altar of sacrifice, "You have given your best, and your sacrifice shall not be in vain, for as the result of this awful war the world will be made a better place in which to live through all the years to come."

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Nov. 26. Block sin. Rom. 6:12.
- T. Nov. 27. Control in food. Dan. 1:8-21.
- W. Nov. 28. In drink. Jer. 35:1-11.
- T. Nov. 29. In speech. 1 Pet. 3:8-13.
- F. Nov. 30. Meekness is control. 2 Sam. 16:5-14.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Birds' Thanksgiving

BY ERROLL HAY COLCOCK.

ALL day long the birds had been in a state of wild despair! The first snow of the season had fallen the night before, covering everything with a mantle of white, and completely upsetting their plans for the big Thanksgiving feast to be given the following day.

The blue-jays had been quarreling all morning, shrieking discordantly every time a robin or sparrow flew anywhere near.

"If there is anything to be found, I'll find it," one of them eagerly cried. "The garden around here belongs to me."

"It is mine more than yours," replied Robin Redbreast with an indignant ruffle of his feathers. "I built a nest in the old oak tree long before you ever came this way."

The sparrow chirped angrily from the frosted bough of a neighboring hickory.

"I'm sure I have as great a right to the garden as either of you," he asserted. "I built my nest in the eave of the porch just after the big house was finished, and Mistress Dorothea liked it, and made them let it stay."

"I wish the house wasn't closed," sighed a hermit thrush which had joined the group of quarreling birds, "and that Mistress Dorothea were here. She always loved my singing, and would not let me starve."

"She liked me just as much as you!" exclaimed Robin Redbreast jealously. "You needn't think—"

"That either of you are her special pet," cut in the Sparrow sharply, "for she always took my side when others ran me down, and threw bread-crumbs my way first of all."

The Blue-Jay glanced at his own rich plumage and held his head high with conscious pride.

"So she might," he remarked, looking down from his lofty perch. "But she thinks me much the handsomer, and the finest in every way. Don't forget the saying that 'fine feathers make fine birds,'" he boasted vainly.

"Oh, yes," retorted the Sparrow with a sniffling twitter. "You may look up at me, but pray remember that 'Handsome is as handsome does,' and you are quite so popular as you may think."

"Who said I wasn't?" scoffed the other. "Not Miss Dorothea!"

"Well, all the same, it doesn't matter who said it," said the Red Bird, which shivered despairingly upon an icy bough. "The fact remains that she isn't here to feed us, and we have to provide for ourselves, and whatever shall we do with ice and snow everywhere, and not a berry or worm in sight!"

A fluttering of wings was suddenly heard, and a little gray Dove flew among the group, cooing softly a time or two.

"No use for you to come this way," rudely greeted the Blue-Jay. "There's no room for any one else in this garden, and not the first sign of a thing to eat."

The Dove quietly perched upon the banister of the porch and looked reproachfully from one to the other.

"I'm here to try and make peace," she began very softly. "Instead of quarreling so bitterly all the time, why don't you try to live more happily together? Suppose you agree to promise not to fight or quarrel during the coming year, and see if Mistress Dorothea won't be pleased when she comes back in the summer-time."

The birds began to exchange inquiring glances, but none of them made the move to agree to what the newcomer proposed.

"I hear you complaining of the heavy fall of snow," continued the Dove, "but although we may be hungry and cold to-day, there is no reason to imagine we shall starve, and for us to be cross and fault-finding. To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, and if we stop to think a moment, we can find much to be thank-

ful for, even though we may be cut out of our usual big Thanksgiving dinner this year. Think how grateful we should be that none of us have been shot down and killed by some bad, cruel boy, as were so many other birds last summer; let us be thankful we are alive to-day in God's beautiful world. Just try to remember there is nothing so bad that it couldn't be worse. Now, over my way," she added sadly, "poor *Bill* and *Coo* lost their pet dovelet a day or two ago, and there is a robin with a broken wing who finds it twice as hard to fly around in all this wintry weather. He is longing, like the rest of us, for the happy Green Meadow days in the spring-time which we shall love twice as well for having

through the snow, drew up in front of the big, empty house, and a little girl with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes alighted, followed by her parents and a number of guests. "Just listen how bravely my birds are singing, and upon this snowy day when you'd think the music would freeze in their little throats. Oh, such a Thanksgiving dinner as we'll give them, and aren't you glad we decided to come to the country for the weekend if for no other reason than to make them happy?"

And upon the following day such a feast among the birds was given as had never been known before! All of the feathered tribe from miles around were invited to join in the festivities of the

Turtle Dove for teaching us a lesson we shouldn't forget, never to lose sight of our many blessings, nor cease to be grateful that things aren't often worse than they really are. Therefore, no matter how dark the clouds may sometimes be, let us look for the bright lining, let us resolve never to show the 'white feather' when frightened, and let us realize we should always be thankful."

And as the birds joyfully offered up their thanks, and gayly applauded Robin Redbreast's clever speech, the little gray Dove breathed a silent prayer that the promise for peace would be kept, and that soon the sunshine would banish the snow-clouds so that everything would be bright and smiling once again.



Firemen Save a Pigeon

A crowd may look complacently at birds or animals held prisoners in cages, far from the home where alone they can be happy, but not so when a pigeon, just a common, unbeautiful, all-the-year-round dweller of the city gets itself inextricably caught in some outside portion of a public building. It is then that the crowd looks pityingly at the little, distressed bird and would have it released from its captivity.

At the sight of a pigeon, fluttering for freedom but trapped in the coping of the big Filene building in the heart of Boston, men and women paused and waited while efforts were being made to set the captive free. Many telephone calls had informed the custodian of the building of the little bird's predicament and attempts were made to reach the bird, without avail.

It was Ladder 17 of the Fort Hill station of the Fire Department that came to the rescue. Not an unusual summons was it, for firemen, brave and humane, are prompt at the call for saving life. The big motor truck hurries to the scene and the tall hydraulic ladder is raised. Up goes a fireman to the top and in a few moments the work of rescue is done. Such an act of mercy is well entitled to receive the thanks of all the humane-hearted.



Animals That Work

Some of the wasps are paper makers; the spiders are spinners and the worms are weavers.

The ants are great workers and have a well organized system of labor.

Certain species of East Indian ants are gardeners; they raise mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

The bees are expert builders; their cells are built with the smallest quantity of material, so as to have the largest size rooms and the least possible loss of wall spaces.

Good builders also are the ant-lions, whose funnel-shaped traps are exactly correct in form, as if they had been made by the most skilled human architects with the aid of the best instruments.

The beaver is an architect, engineer and wood cutter; he builds houses and dams watercourses with a skill and dispatch that would do credit to human hands and brains. We all know what it means to "work like a beaver."



One Log Makes a Cozy Cabin

There is a cabin in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, which is constructed of a single log of redwood. It is about twelve feet long and rests upon a heavy platform of timbers which support the weight of the hollowed log. A doorway about five feet high and eighteen inches wide admits visitors to the interior, which forms a fair-sized room. The appearance of the cabin is striking because the front view presents a cross section of a large redwood tree with the bark intact.



IN AUTUMN DAYS.

battled with the ice and snow. Therefore, let us get together and sing a song of thanksgiving for our many blessings."

The birds had unconsciously flown nearer and nearer the little gray Dove, who seemed to bring a ray of sunshine to them through the gloom of the bleak, November day, and they agreed among themselves to do as she suggested.

Accordingly they assembled and burst into a joyous chorus of praise, each tiny throat thrilling its sweetest notes which rang out clear and true upon the frosted air.

"Oh, Daddy, listen!" exclaimed Mistress Dorothea, as a handsome limousine, which had silently ploughed its way

day, and came in great flocks to partake of the feast, for Mistress Dorothea had set a table large enough for many guests in the snowy garden, decorated with berries bright and red, and covered with everything good to eat and drink.

Robin Redbreast perched at the head of the table, and during the dinner flapped his wings loudly together so that everyone would listen to what he had to say.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began ceremoniously. "We owe the pleasure of this happy occasion to Mistress Dorothea, who kindly remembered we were hungry with nothing to eat; but we also owe our sincere thanks to little Miss



Our Fireside

"For All Thy Mercies"

By L. D. Stearns



DELE WINTON was singing,—that is, if so doleful a sound could be termed singing,—a little frown puckering her fair brow, a little shadow dulling the brown of her eyes—eyes which, seemingly, had forgotten how to smile in these last months and years. She did not realize she was singing—it was John's tune—and her fingers were busy with a rent in an old-rose silk waist, her mind far from the words of the hymn.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,—"

As she turned the waist about, scanning it critically, the song ceased. "Life's a care, love's a woe; all things bright and cheerful go," she quoted half flip-pantly, half gloomily, "and this waist's the last bright and cheerful thing I have left. Like all the rest, it's about ready to—go." Rising, she tossed it bitterly upon the bed and went down stairs.

"I suppose," she confessed, looking about the big, airy kitchen, "I ought to cook something extra—a batch of cookies, and a mince pie, at least. To-morrow's Thanksgiving, and John always thinks so much of Thanksgiving."

Crossing to the window she stood gazing musingly outward. As far as eye could reach was leaden sky—gaunt, bare trees—brown, dry earth—and something hard and dry came into her throat. "I guess I miss people, and noise," she stated dispassionately. "I might have known I wasn't cut out for farm life and—scrimping. It's five years since I've seen—any one—worth—seeing."

With sudden flurry the wind dived into a furrow of dead leaves and sent them whirling in a brown mass about the yard. "Thanksgiving!" her tone was bitter; "I guess those who have things to be thankful for can have the fun of baking cookies and pies. But that's not—me."

As she glanced at the clock the frown in her eyes deepened. "I suppose I ought to mend that coat of John's," she confessed. "There's about time before I have to start dinner. He said he would be late from town, anyhow; but I hate mending."

Stepping to the little hall she brought in the coat, surveying it ruefully. Then she threaded a needle, drew the little rocker to the window and settled to the task. At half past eleven she got up and put a few potatoes on to boil. Her lip curled a little. "We'll have potatoes and sausage to-day," she murmured, "and sausage and potatoes to-morrow. What difference would it make if I did bake a mince pie! Besides—I've only one more can of mincemeat, and if anybody ever should come it would come in handy. Dear knows when I'll get another!" and quite to her dismay a sudden tear splashed to the shining stove.

Dele Winton was not given to showing emotion. A couple of red spots came hotly to her cheeks. "Don't be a baby," she said sharply to herself, and turned toward the pantry.

As she came out, table-cloth in hand, the door opened and her husband came into the room with a load of bundles in his arms. "It's cold," he informed her cheerily. "Thanksgiving weather, all right. I wished more than once you were with me—it's just the sort of air that makes your blood tingle through and through." Then he sniffed. "Doesn't smell very Thanksgivingy," he laughed. "Got your baking all off, and aired out, I suppose."

The red in Dele's cheeks grew a trifle more pronounced. "John," said she stiffly, "I wish you would stop acting like a child. What if it is Thanksgiving! You and I can't fool ourselves, if we do try to fool other people. You and I know we've small call to be thankful. There's the mortgage to pay, with the interest every six months; and there's your mother's doctor's bill to meet; and there's scrimping, and planning, and working, day in and day out. Thanksgiving, indeed! I've nothing to be thankful for! I guess—not!"

As John pulled out of his coat his movements seemed a little slower than usual. Crossing to the stove he held his hands over it for a moment in silence; then he went to the sink and began to wash up.

"What's in all those parcels?" inquired Dele sharply. "Do they belong in the pantry, or in the barn?"

Returning the towel to its hook he re-crossed to the table. "That's nails," said he, pushing a bundle one side, "and that's horse liniment for Dolly's leg. There's your crash, and that's sugar. Those are spices and salt. This's a new curry-com. That—a sort of brick red climbed slowly into his face, and as it climbed it struck a spark of fire in his eyes into a sudden red blaze—"is nothing." Picking up a small, square package he strode to the stove and lifting the cover pushed it in.

Dele carried her share of the parcels to the pantry, and on the way back, with sudden curiosity, she raised the stove cover and looked in. Then she wheeled. "John—Winton!" she cried.

Winton—his arms full of bundles—had started for the barn, but at her exclamation he turned. "I didn't think curiosity was one of your failings, Dele," he remarked nonchalantly. "Since it is, I may as well confess. I was extravagant enough to buy a box of chocolates when I found I'd got an extra dollar for the eggs. I thought, it being Thanksgiving—." He paused. "I'm sorry you lifted that cover," he said. "I'm sorry you're unhappy. I'll try and not aggra-

vate it, and maybe by Christmas time you can get home for a spell. Yes—" his jaw suddenly set in a firm line—"we'll make it, Dele, one way or another. You plan on going home Christmas for a spell."

His steps echoed back as he stamped slowly along the boarded walk to the barn, and Dele did not notice that he was not whistling as usual.

She sat suddenly down and covered her face with two trembling hands. Home! could she? The home-sickness of months and years pressed suddenly about her heart. She had not realized before quite how desolate she had been. Then, rising and crowding back her emotions, she went on with her preparations for dinner. But as she worked her thoughts ran riot again. Home! how good it would seem! how wonderful! She could almost see the kindly, smiling face of her mother—the grave, studious one of her father. She could hear the twins' gay chatter. Then there was the great host of friends—the lectures—the concerts—the Church!

With a quick breath she stopped. From somewhere—almost as in a dream—she seemed to hear the words, "For all Thy mercies, Lord, we give Thee praise."

Next moment, almost a smile touched her eyes. She knew just how her father's voice would sound as he repeated the words to-morrow, and again at Christmas time; for it was a very special and much used form of prayer with her father. But only once had she heard the words with just that peculiar note of solemnity, and praise, and love that she had seemed to hear in them but a moment since, and that was the night

(Continued on next page.)

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"For All Thy Mercies"
(Continued from page 172.)

after she had knelt down in the old home Church and pledged her life to God.

With moist eyes she glanced outward into the leaden November day. Why! she had even forgotten how it seemed to pray!

Dinner was almost a silent meal. John ate his potatoes and sausage abstractedly. Then he reached for a slice of bread. "I'll ride over to-morrow, after breakfast, and see if mother'll come and stay while you're gone," he said at last. "I guess she will. When'll you want to go?"

"I wish I could go to-morrow." For a moment there seemed to be a peculiar heaviness in the silence that settled over the big, homey room. Then Winton reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. "I was going up to-night to settle with Dr. Elliott," he said slowly, "but I suppose he'll wait another spell. I guess I'd best sell the Jersey, after all. Dean wants her. You might as well go. I'll take you into town for that 6:10 train in the morning."

"But supposing," an eager catch was in her voice, "your mother can't come." "She'll come." Dele did not notice that the hand holding the coffee to his lips was shaking; she did not notice the little grey line about his tensed lips as he put down the cup. "She'll come," he repeated a little thickly, and pushing back his chair took up his cap and left the room.

Slowly, Dele counted the bills—fifty dollars! What a long time they had been saving it! But—"It's Thanksgiving," she declared almost defiantly, "and I guess I've earned it." Then, with quick steps, she began to bustle about the little room.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,—"

She was singing again—not joyously—merely a little less gloomily than in the morning. "Glad I mended that old-rose waist," she said, folding it and putting it into her bag.

"'E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me.'"

With a sudden start she paused in the act of folding a skirt. In the next room she could hear John moving about, getting ready for bed.

"'E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me.'"

As the words of the song penetrated her inner consciousness she seemed yet again to hear her father's voice—"For all Thy mercies, Lord, we give Thee praise."

Crossing to the window she pushed up the shade. How many times she had told John she wished he would find something else to sing—that she was tired of hearing the same old thing from morning until night. And here she had taken to humming it herself—singing it, even. Her lips were suddenly dry. There was a pressure in her throat that hurt. Dele Winton had always prided herself on saying exactly what she meant, and only what she meant; yet here she was singing words that she had not the least intention of meaning.

Mechanically, she watched a huge tree swing its gaunt branches in the strong breeze; mechanically she wondered how it would seem to stand in the home Church again; mechanically, still, she remembered how she and John had stood under that very tree on her first day in the new home, and looking into the clear, clean distance of earth and sky had repeated softly together, "For all Thy mercies, Lord, we give Thee praise." And then—sharply, now,—she remembered the look on his face when he had crowded the box of chocolates into the stove.

"I'm tired," she said irritably, half turning from the window, "and nervous. I'm over-wrought."

As if in answer came the words, so plainly they seemed almost spoken in her ears, "For all Thy mercies Lord," and with a queer, choked little sound—half sob, half mere breath—she turned back and dropped to her knees.

She had forgotten how to pray, she told herself. Was she sure—quite sure

she wanted to begin over again? Suddenly, she realized that the sounds in the next room had ceased; half interestedly she realized that the way she decided meant either the giving up of her trip home, or the taking of it.

"'E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me.'"

The words left her lips unconsciously,—she did not even know she had spoken them.

The clock downstairs struck eleven. With a half smile she thought of her treasured can of mincemeat; then—abruptly—the smile twisted into a sob and she bowed her head. "'E'en though it be a cross,' oh, God," she said slowly and distinctly now, "that raiseth me!" Then she was very still.

As the clock struck the half hour she arose, turning back half wonderingly to the room in all its confusion of packing. "Oh," she breathed softly, "Oh! I'd forgotten the Cross meant—glory!"

For a swift moment she covered her shining eyes with her hand, then, turning once more to the window, she reached up to draw down the shade, but paused—hand in mid-air. Straight and still—dimly outlined against the night—John Winton was standing beneath the great bare tree below.

Catching up a shawl she went flying down the stairs. Another moment, and she was standing by his side. "John," she cried, her eyes raised to the sky, one warm hand slipping softly into his cold one, "there are the stars; and heaven; and God. There's love and home. There's—" her voice broke into a tender little laugh that was still almost a sob—"mince pies to bake in the morning, and cookies, and maybe a cake. There's your mother to come to dinner with us, and my own dear ones to send a thought of love to. I'm happy—happy, John! There's the chance to make of life what we may. There's the chance to say—" she paused, but John's voice—a little thick and unsteady—took up the words,—

"For all Thy mercies, Lord, we give Thee praise!"

Pointed Paragraphs

Breathe deeply; there is plenty of air, and it is free.

Have a high ideal; the archer must aim above the target if he hopes to hit the bull's-eye.

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

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Black tea—1 cupful.....	1.54
(hot) (5 fl. oz.)	
Green tea—1 glassful.....	2.02
(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)	
Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.....	1.21
(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	
Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.....	1.12
(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

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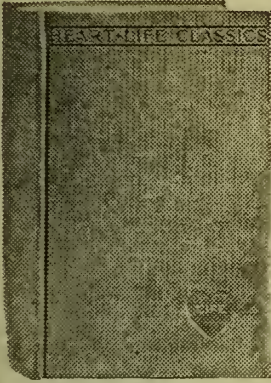
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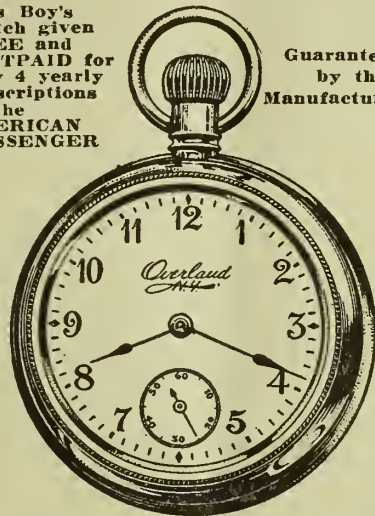
FINE, RELIABLE WATCHES

Every boy and every girl would like to have a watch. Here is a good opportunity to secure one free. Boys and girls in different sections of our country have gone to work and within a very short time, and with very little effort, they have become the owners of beautiful watches. Our youthful readers can do likewise. Boys, try it and see how easy it is to secure only 4 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each. Girls, you certainly can obtain the names of 7 of your friends as subscribers to aid you to secure this watch. Why not go to work now?

Boy's Nickel Watch

This Boy's Watch given FREE and POSTPAID for only 4 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER

Guaranteed by the Manufacturers



This watch is an up-to-date, American-made serviceable watch, stem wind and stem set, and is a good timekeeper. It has a highly polished open-face nickel silver case. A guarantee for one year goes with each watch. The illustration given herewith is an exact reproduction of the watch we are offering.

Girl's Nickel Watch



This beautiful little watch is finished in solid nickel silver case with fancy engraved edges and is stem wind and stem set. The dial has plain figures, and the crystal is made of heavy beveled glass. We have used this watch as a premium in the past and it has given the best of satisfaction.

The Watch will be sent FREE and all charges PREPAID for only 7 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.

SCRIPTURE WALL ROLLS

Who can measure the extent of silent influence? We refer specifically to the effect which Scripture Wall Rolls, hung on bedroom, parlor, dining-room or kitchen walls, exert over the minds and hearts of the inmates of the home. The child takes in as by breathing every day the enlightening, soothing, elevating influence of these silent teachers. Some of God's most powerful agencies in the material realm are the most silent; for instance, the sunshine scattering gladness and life everywhere, illuminating ten thousand landscapes, painting the flowers with many colors and beautifying the cheek of merry childhood. So the silent Scripture Wall Roll, with the beautiful setting which it gives to the carefully selected Scripture verses, cannot fail to make a lasting impression for good.

Here is something for both young and old in every family. Many thousands of these popular Wall Rolls have been sold, and no Christian home should be without one.

THE GOSPEL IN PICTURE AND TEXT



A beautiful Wall Roll, with 27 large illustrations. Arranged by Miss K. F. Clark. 27 pp.; size, 25x16 inches.

"This Wall Roll deserves the warmest commendation. Every page contains an admirable reproduction of one of Hofmann's exquisite series of Bible paintings. The texts are well selected, and well printed in large, clear type."

Given for only 4 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.

LIGHT ON LIFE'S PATH

A selection of passages for every day in the month, with a leading text, elegant large type, and black walnut roller. 32 pp. and cover; size, 20x13½ inches.

Given for only 3 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

MORNING SUNBEAMS

Selected by Mrs. Prentiss for daily use. Large Roll, 32 pp. and cover, 13½x20 inches. Large, clear type, easy to read across the room.

Given for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

SPLENDID FOUNTAIN PENS

These Pens are Suitable for Either Ladies or Gentlemen



No. 1. Plain Pen. It will be given for only 3 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents.



No. 2. Gold Bands Fountain Pen. This Pen has two engraved one-quarter inch Gold Bands and is six and one-half inches long. It will be given for 5 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.

In the construction of these pens only the best of materials are used. The rubber parts are hand-turned Para rubber. The gold nibs are 14 karat solid gold tipped with the best grade of hard iridium. The mountings are 18 karat 1-10 stock. These pens will be found to render eminently satisfactory service.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and 40th Street, New York

WHY 300,000 FAMILIES LOVE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing something more than merely placing interesting reading matter in the homes of its readers. It is giving them a part in great enterprises. It is giving them spiritual and material helpfulness. It is the one magazine that represents in the most vital way all of the interests of Protestant Christianity and of the on-marching Church of Christ. Week by week, the Christian Herald is giving its readers issues of absorbing interest. You should be a regular reader of the Christian Herald and enjoy these special features which are now appearing:



NEXT to the Bible The Christian Herald takes its place in the homes of America. It is the one great interdenominational Christian family magazine. All denominations are represented by the ablest and soundest preachers who through The Christian Herald present the Gospel with boldness and fidelity. In the field of religious discussion, in the Sunday School, in evangelism, in Home and Foreign Missions, in the Young People's Societies and in the wonderful activities of the Prayer League, The Christian Herald reaches out to widely distributed spheres.

HOWARD CHASE

A New Novel by REV. CHAS. M. SHELDON, D.D.



Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.

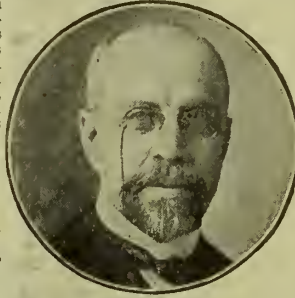
DR. SHELDON, the famous Kansas clergyman, has established for himself wide and growing popularity as an author through such gripping and enduring books as "In His Steps" and "Jesus is Here."

"Howard Chase," Dr. Sheldon's new novel, seems to us to surpass all of his previous works in thrilling human interest and moral power. It is a story of a big man in a small town. It is a church story, but intensely human and dealing unsparingly with the follies and foibles of church members in their church, community and domestic lives.

"Howard Chase" will be published serially in the Christian Herald. It alone is well worth the subscription price.

THE MILLENNIUM, WHAT, WHEN AND WHERE

By PROF. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.



Prof. James M. Gray, D.D.

THE Mountain Peaks of Prophecy," Prof. Gray's first series of articles on Prophecy, which appeared recently in the Christian Herald, brought forth such a number of inquiries from students and Bible readers all over the country, that this additional series became a necessity.

Tens of thousands of Americans, of all denominations, who have been deeply interested in the first series, will welcome these additional articles with genuine satisfaction.

They are contributions of the most valuable character to the prophetic literature of the times in which we are now living—a period which in the opinion of all of the best Bible expositors is one of tremendous prophetic fulfillment.

The new series will bear the following titles: "What Does the Bible Teach About Russia?" "What Does the Bible Teach About the Restoration of Babylon?" "The Millennium, What, When and Where?" "The Present War and Coming Events."

DRAWINGS AND POEMS. By Robert Riggs and Margaret E. Sangster
ADVENTURES IN NEIGHBORING
By Vera L. Connolly

WEEKLY SERMON by a distinguished pastor
DAILY MEDITATIONS
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON by Dr. Allison
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

TRAVEL STORIES FROM RUSSIA

By Maynard Owen Williams



Maynard Owen Williams

MR. WILLIAMS, whose stories of the Orient have made clear so many things before so half understood, is now in Russia, right at the center of the turmoil and ferment of revolutionary plot and counterplot. Mr. Williams' articles, which appear regularly in the Christian Herald, reveal the action of the forces within the nation which is to-day so wrapped in mystery.

THE GREATER UNITED STATES

By FRANK G. CARPENTER



Frank G. Carpenter

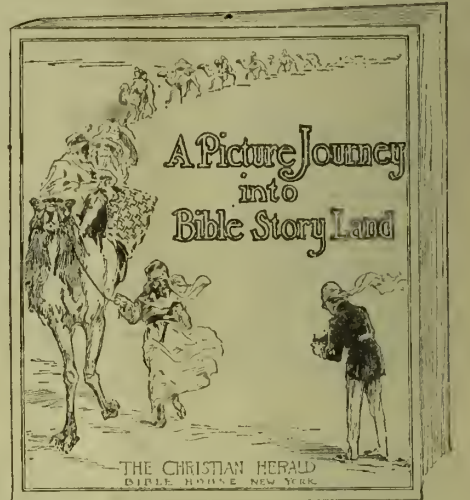
IN every Chautauqua Association and in nearly every town and village of the United States, Frank G. Carpenter is known as the man who can come back from some place and then tell about it so that you think you have been there. After going into all the odd corners of the world, Mr. Carpenter has now turned his steps toward the farms and factories of his native land. Already he has told stories in the Christian Herald of steel and of cotton, of sugar and of sulphur, of oil and lumber, and he has only just made a beginning. Balance of the series will appear in the Christian Herald.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS
BEAUTIFUL COVERS, Many in colors
WEEKLY DOUBLE PAGE OF ILLUSTRATIONS

REVIEW OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
SPIRITUAL WORK IN THE CAMPS
THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

FREE

FOR THE ASKING



A Series of Striking Pictures of Bible Scenes BEAUTIFULLY COLORED

With a Collection of Applicable Bible Verses Carefully Selected

By fitting the appropriate verses to pictures the reader actually takes a unique and fascinating journey to Bible Land.

This is the Christian Herald plan in which \$9,128.00 in cash has been awarded to encourage more general Bible reading

Do you want to go into the beloved land of Bible days?

Do you want to travel to some of the scenes the Bible tells us of so beautifully?

GO with us, and as our guests. As you go you will be carried back to the Bible period; you will meet for a brief time some of the characters of the eternal story.

And as you go the story will be brought home to you perhaps as never before, for you will be comparing the scenes with Bible verses that tell of them—you will actually be seeking out and fitting together the Bible verses that best apply to the pictures.

Thus while feasting your eyes and diverting your mind you will be learning more and more of the Bible, seeing more and more the significance of the Bible story.

Yet so delightful will the journey be that you may not awaken until later to the good it has done you. While learning much you will be enjoying much; because of the interest in your journey you will be acquiring, almost unconsciously, a better understanding of the Bible.

Wonderful Aid to Sunday-School Teachers

The "Picture Journey" plan is that of our National Bible Picture Study, a great competition, based on the International Sunday School Lessons, in which \$5,000.00 in cash will be awarded. Teachers will be intensely interested in this wonderful study-entertainment, for it will cover the ground of the lessons which they are studying. First reward will be \$1,000.00 in cash!

This Will Surprise and Delight You, Too

Send in the free Request Coupon, and let us present you, as an outright gift, postpaid by us, the inspiring and beautiful "Picture Journey." We know it will delight you, and surprise you, too. Send for it—right now, while you are thinking of it. You put off too many things—do not procrastinate in this. Cut out the Request Coupon and send it in—NOW! There is positively no obligation.

Introductory Subscription Coupon

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
1179 Bible House, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: For the enclosed 25 cents send the Christian Herald for 13 weeks as per your Half Price Introductory Offer to new subscribers.

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Address _____

Subscription, 1 year (52 issues), \$2.00
SAMPLE COPY SENT ON REQUEST

HALF-PRICE OFFER TO NEW READERS
3 MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION
(13 ISSUES) **25c**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
1179 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
1180 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me, free and postpaid, the complete booklet, "A Picture Journey into Bible Story Land," containing the series of beautifully colored Bible pictures, the selection of Bible verses, and instructions for fitting the appropriate verses to the pictures.

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Vol. 75

No. 12

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

DECEMBER, 1917

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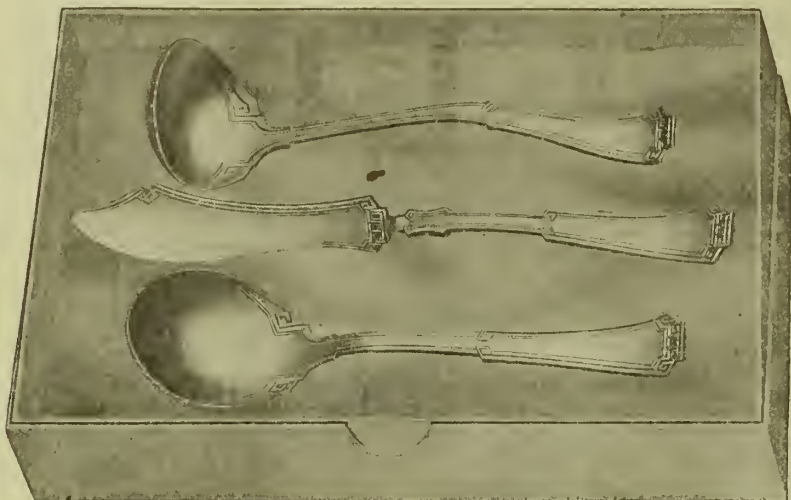
WE
 DECLARE UNTO YOU GLAD TIDINGS

PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

CHOICE PREMIUMS SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Beautiful Silverware Articles



ARTICLES of silverware are always in demand in the home and they make most acceptable gifts for Christmas. Many of our friends, no doubt, would like to obtain some of the choice pieces we are offering at this time. With a little effort in securing yearly subscriptions for the American Messenger, one or more of these articles may be obtained, and the person who receives this fine silverware will be greatly pleased and delighted.

These goods are manufactured by the well known firm of Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd.; they are sure to please and give satisfaction. The "Grecian" is the popular style of the goods we are offering. This quality of Electro Silverplate is well known for its beauty of design as well as for its excellent wearing qualities in actual household service. The goods will be shipped by parcel post, upon receipt of order. These offers are good only in the United States, as the duty in foreign countries would be prohibitive.

Cash must accompany each order.

NAME OF ARTICLE	Numbers of subscriptions required to obtain the article free of cost
Three piece Cream Set, consisting of sugar shell, butter knife and cream ladle.....	8
1/2 dozen butter-spreaders.....	10
Sugar tong.....	4
Eight piece Set, consisting of 6 teaspoons, butter knife and sugar shell.....	10
Three piece Child Set, consisting of knife, fork and spoon.....	6
Meat fork.....	4
1/2 dozen tablespoons.....	9
1/2 dozen forks.....	9
1/2 dozen knives.....	10
1/2 dozen teaspoons.....	6
1 berry spoon.....	6
1 gravy ladle.....	4
1 soup ladle.....	10

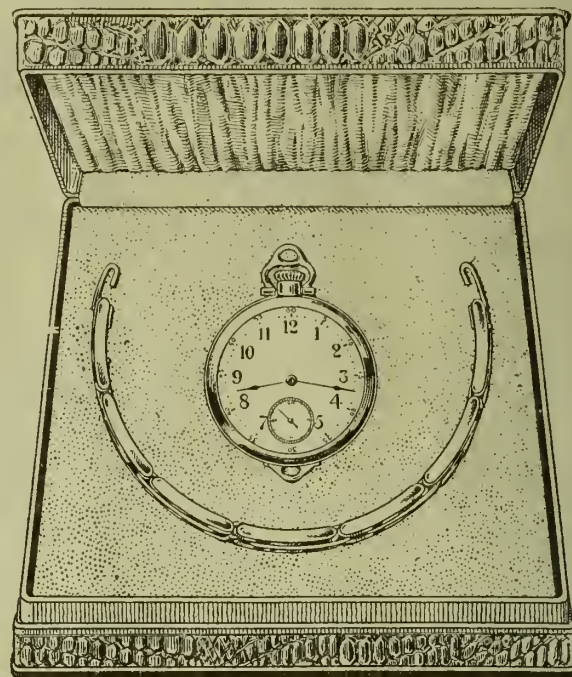
A Handsome Solid Gold Lavalliere



THIS is a very choice and attractive lady's neck piece. Solid gold, 15 inch chain. Two genuine rubies and one baroque pearl, mounted in solid gold setting of neat design. Furnished in a handsome plush-lined box. This is one of the choicest premiums we have ever offered. It will make a most charming Christmas gift.

We will give this Lavalliere for 20 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.

The Evangeline Convertible Bracelet Watch



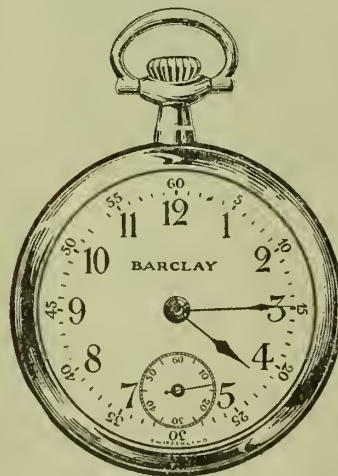
THIS is a beautiful little watch with many uses. The bracelet can be removed so that watch can be worn on a chatelaine pin, leather or ribbon strap, sautoir, lavalliere chain, lorgnette chain or in a leather wristlet. The bracelet has patent expansion links adjustable to any wrist, and can be shortened by removing the centre link which is jointed.

The movement is of high grade lever construction, jeweled and adjusted to positions, an accurate and durable mechanism that we unhesitatingly guarantee against mechanical defects for five years.

Cased in twenty-year guaranteed heavy gold stock case, with bracelet of the same quality. This offer includes a handsome plush and satin lined case with alligator skin finish, as illustrated.

We will give this beautiful Evangeline Convertible Watch and Bracelet for only 30 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at fifty Cents each.

The Barclay Watch for Gentlemen



THIS is a 20-year gold-filled, plain polished Gentleman's Watch, fitted with a high-grade 7-jewel lever movement, fully guaranteed in every particular.

We will give this Barclay Watch free and post paid for only 25 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.

The Arcala Watch for Ladies

THIS is a very pretty 20-year gold-filled Lady's Watch, plain polished case, fitted with a high-grade 7-jewel lever movement and is guaranteed.

This beautiful Arcala Watch will be given for only 30 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.



The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

Vol. 75. No. 12

DECEMBER, 1917

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EDITORIAL NOTES

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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A Christmas Message to Our Readers

To all our readers we extend most cordial Christmas greetings. Despite the shadow of the great war that now hangs across our land, we believe the advent of the Christmas season will bring joy and gladness to many hearts, and we believe further, that Christian people should do their utmost to spread the spirit of good cheer at this Christmas season, for the word of the angel is still true, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

In this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER our readers will find many features appropriate to the Christmas-tide, and we trust that it may carry into every home the spirit of gladness and good cheer.

There are two or three matters to which we desire to call special attention. In the first place, we would remind those whose subscriptions expire with the close of the present year of the desirability of renewing their subscriptions at once, so as to avoid the rush of the holiday season and the possible delay which is apt to occur at that time.

In this connection we would suggest that it would be a very material assistance to the welfare of this paper if each subscriber, when sending the renewal subscription, would also forward one or more new subscriptions. The sum of \$1.50 will pay for five new subscriptions, each of which may be sent to a different address. A single subscription costs 50 cents. No more appropriate or acceptable Christmas gift could be made than to send the AMERICAN MESSENGER for a whole year to some one who does not now receive this helpful and entertaining periodical. For ten cents additional a copy

of our beautiful little year-book entitled, "Daily Food for Christians," will be sent, and this will serve to impart a still more personal touch to your gift.

We also desire to emphasize the fact that by a little effort in obtaining new subscriptions for the AMERICAN MESSENGER, various articles may be secured which will serve as very choice and appropriate presents at this Christmas season. On another page our readers will find a list of very attractive premium offers, of which we hope many will take advantage.

The AMERICAN MESSENGER is considered the best illustrated family religious monthly published in America at the low subscription price of fifty cents per year. To maintain our rank as a religious periodical and to secure the increased number of subscribers which are needed in order to meet the constantly increasing cost of production, we need the effective assistance of all our friends. We therefore urge our readers to make a personal effort to secure a large number of new subscribers, for we are confident that in so doing they will not only aid the AMERICAN MESSENGER but they will confer a lasting benefit on all those into whose homes this paper is introduced.

The Patriot Library

During the past few weeks many sets of the Patriot Library have been sent by the American Tract Society to the soldiers and sailors of our Army and Navy. Commander C. F. Owens, commanding one of the Battleships of the U. S. Navy, has written:

"It is with pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of the Patriot Library. In the few weeks it has been on board there are already signs of considerable usage. The books are of such a nature that they appeal directly to the men. They are instructive, wholesome and uplifting, and meet a need that has been sadly lacking in our library. Please accept my sincere thanks for the gift, and be well assured that it is highly appreciated, and enjoyed not only by the crew but by the officers as well."

One of the General Camp Secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association writes:

"The Patriot Library arrived to-day, and I thank you very much for sending it. It is deeply appreciated by the men in our Camp, and meets a long-felt need."

This Patriot Library has been selected with great care. It should be sent to every Y. M. C. A. Building in the Cantonments and Camps, to all the Battleships and Cruisers of the U. S. Navy, and to the Y. M. C. A. huts on the battle lines in France and Belgium.

Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, has sent his word of commendation in behalf of the

Patriot Library, as has also Mr. Baker, Secretary of War.

The American Tract Society has entered into covenant to send a very large number of these Patriot Libraries to the Cantonments, Camps and Battleships. For the \$100,000 required to meet the cost of this undertaking the Society must look to the Christian people of our land.

Everything possible is being done for the physical welfare of our soldiers and sailors. Their spiritual needs, however, are not fully met. Wholesome and saving Christian literature is a prime necessity, and the Tract Society is doing its utmost to furnish this literature.

All those who desire to help circulate the Patriot Library among the men of our Army and Navy may forward their offerings to Mr. Louis Tag, Treasurer, American Tract Society, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y. The value of each set of the Patriot Library is \$20.00, and both large and small contributions are needed to assure its widest possible distribution.

More Army Chaplains Needed

At its last session Congress failed to make provision for army chaplains in numbers sufficient for the needs of the new army. The present law authorizes one chaplain to a regiment, but now that each regiment contains about 3,600 men, the inadequacy of the existing arrangement is self-evident.

The religious forces of the country are united in the demand that Congress authorize the appointment of one chaplain to every 1,200 men. It is felt that it is impossible for one chaplain to care properly for the spiritual interests of more than the number named, and it is hoped that the so-called Chamberlain Bill, which establishes the rule of one chaplain for every 1,200 men, will be speedily enacted into law at the Congressional session which begins this month.

Meanwhile it is suggested that the churches do what they can to meet special needs in training camps and cantonments, by providing voluntary Christian workers, wherever practicable and by aiding in every possible way in the religious work carried on among the soldiers.

An insufficient ministry in the army, it has been wisely stated, is as costly as an inefficient commissary. The Christian people of our land should impress upon their representatives in Congress the necessity of making adequate provision for the spiritual needs of our new army by authorizing the desired increase in the number of chaplains.

The Entire Literature of a People

A recent issue of *The African Advance*, published by the Rhodesia Mission, whose headquarters are at Old Umtali, has made a striking presentation of the crying need for Christian literature for the people of that region. It enumerates five books, which are all that the people of that district have to-day in their own language.

The titles of these five books are as follows: First Primer, Second Primer, Catechism, Hymn Book and New Testament. These books contain only a few hundred pages, they weigh a little over a pound, and they constitute "the entire literature of a people."

The same issue of *The African Advance* gives a list of a score of manuscripts, which have been prepared in typewritten form, and are "just waiting for some one to make it possible to have them published." Among these are: A Gospel Primer, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Outline Life of St. Paul, Short Story of the Life of Christ, Daily Food for One Year, The Miracles and Parables of Christ, and a Temperance Catechism.

What a splendid opportunity is here offered for doing constructive missionary work by furnishing the means needed to supply Christian literature for these natives of the Dark Continent!

The Second Liberty Loan a Success

Every Christian patriot rejoiced to know that the second Liberty Loan was a complete success, and that not only was the full amount of the \$3,000,000,000 taken, but that there was a large oversubscription.

There is no doubt that other loans will be called for by our Government in order to provide for the vast expenditures that are necessitated by the war. But there is no doubt that the American people will loyally and generously sustain the Government by responding to every call that may be made so as to prosecute effectively the great war into which our country has entered for the cause of humanity and democracy.

"Making America Christian"

The current number of *Men and Missions* has put forward a startling proposition in talking about "making America Christian." Nevertheless, a little reflection will show us how far we are from being a really Christian country. As one distinguished speaker has said, we are Christian only in spots. In other words, there are large sections of our population that are not really Christian, in any accurate sense of that word.

In this time of stress, we can do no better service for our country than to aid in every

possible way the progress of the Kingdom, for only as America becomes thoroughly Christian will she escape the moral and spiritual perils that threaten to engulf our national life on every hand.

An Important Question

One of the most important questions that will come before Congress this winter is the matter of submitting the national prohibition amendment to the individual States. The Sheppard resolution providing for this action was passed by the Senate at its last session, but action by the House was deferred.

Realizing the importance of pushing this matter to a final settlement, the New York Anti-Saloon League has entered upon a campaign to secure an affirmative vote on the part of the New York representatives when this question shall come before the lower house of Congress.

It should not be necessary to argue the vital necessity of adopting the proposed prohibition amendment to the Constitution. Every consideration of economy, efficiency and morality leads us to the conclusion that this country would be better off in every way without the liquor traffic. It is to be hoped that Congress will see the necessity of action and will take the steps required to allow the people of our country to settle this vital question for themselves.

The Fruitage of Unrest

BY JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.



EVERYONE knows days, perhaps months, and even years, when peace and quiet seem absolutely out of the question, when those who tell of the possibility of enjoying these blessings seem to speak in riddles, and when the assurance that some day the life will be rich and noble because of what is so destructive of serenity sounds like a jest. Yet countless thousands testify that these things are so.

As a young man Charles Kingsley had a bitter experience of unrest. "The conflict between faith and unbelief, and between hope and fears was so fierce and bitter that he . . . nearly gave up all for lost," Mrs. Kingsley wrote, in her story of her gifted husband's life. "But through all God kept him for a work he little dreamed of." His difficulties came by reason of his attempts to explain to himself the riddle of life and this world. At last he found that "no explanation was so complete as the one which one had learned at one's mother's knee." So he came to feel that the only possible rest for his troubled soul was to become a preacher of purity and holiness.

Trials were not all put behind him when he became a Christian. The parents of Fanny Grenfell opposed his marriage to her. But he had learned to trust God, so he was not cast down. "I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God," he wrote, "but I cannot understand anyone's losing by trusting too much to Him." Then, most unexpectedly, the barriers were removed. "From that moment a river of blessings heaped one on the other, as if the merciful God were turned prodigal in His undeserved love," was his own statement of the fact. "Therefore take heart, my friend," he pleaded, "only humble yourself utterly; be still, and say, 'My Father, thy will be done.' And why shouldn't it be with you as it was with me?"

Years later he wrote of this period of testing: "God knows how valuable it was to me; and that I rank that period of misery as the most price-

less passage of my whole existence . . . It taught me to realize that providence was a reality, and prayer the highest sacrament; that to the blessed Lord alone we must look for the fulfillment of our desires. . . . What an awful weapon prayer is. Mark 11:24 saved me from madness in my twelve months' sorrows, and it is so simple and so wide—wide as eternity, simple as light, true as God Himself."

A present day author has told of an experience that taught him the same lesson. In the midst of a busy year a serious illness came to him, and one result was that he walked on crutches for six months. At first he was disturbed because of the serious interruption to his plans. He wondered how anything good could come out of those trying weeks. He might have given way to despair, but the memory of the lesson learned years before from a godly father and mother saved him. He not only found peace for himself, but he wondered how his lesson might be turned to advantage for somebody else. "I got to thinking how much more sad the lot of a lame boy must be when he had not yet formed a philosophy of life and was at a period when life and its activities are mostly legs," was his statement of the problem he tried to solve when he ceased to pity himself because of his privations.

One result of his thinking was the preparation of the story of a lame boy which attracted wide attention very soon after it was published. The book told of a boy whose early life was saddened by the thought of his lameness; of a mother who could enter fully into the thoughts of her handicapped son and could appreciate fully the motives of one for whom she had more fondness than for his brothers, for the very reason that he needed her tenderness most; of a father who encouraged the boy to fight his own battles, and so supplemented the mother's tenderness; of brothers who did not mean to hurt the feelings of the lame lad by calling him "Limpy"; when they stopped to

think they would not use the nickname; of the rare acquaintances who were tactful enough to treat him as if he were not different from other boys.

These acquaintances helped the lame boy to ignore what had been to him a sore point. But there came a day when he learned something better than ignoring his handicap; he would use it as a help to better things. He turned a liability into an asset when, after years of shrinking from his nickname, he realized that a nickname is a help to good fellowship. Thus, at least, he was on equal terms with his mates.

The boy took another step when his self-pity gave place to pity for one who was less fortunate than himself. When Limpy met an old soldier with a peg leg his affection went out to the man, and from that moment he had a stouter heart. He marveled to hear the unfortunate man laugh. "He was amazed that Jonas belittled his infirmity, optimistically asserting that you could have just as much fun with one leg as with two, and gallantly declaring that you were even better off, for if you broke your wooden leg it didn't hurt."

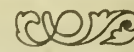
The author succeeded in his purpose to cheer the afflicted even better than he had hoped, for the book was soon put in raised type for those most afflicted people, the blind, and he began to receive from some of his new readers the most wonderfully cheerful and philosophic letters.

Thus his privation not only brought peace to him, but it was the means of adding peace to the lives of those others who had far more reason than he had ever had for being gloomy and downcast.

But isn't it a fair question after all, if there is ever a good reason for being seriously cast down? For while "all chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous but grievous; yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby."



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.

THE BABE THAT TROUBLED A KING

BY

REV. CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D. D.

Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York



NOT without reason was King Herod troubled, when he heard the query of the Wise Men, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Conscientious of his corruption, Herod knew his insecurity.

His kingdom was honeycombed with fraud. The pillars which supported it were violence and crime. He knew what he represented—Cæsarism, imperialism, institutionalism—the state everything, the individual man, nothing. Is a man in Herod's way? Strike him down. Is a province in his way? Blot it out—strike it off the map. Is a race in his way? Put your heel on their necks. "Down Eros, up Mars!" So Herod was troubled. And Felix was troubled, a little later, when a representative of this Babe reasoned of temperance, righteousness and judgment to come. It is recorded that Nero fell in a fit when one of his courtiers told him a martyr had died in the arena crying, "Christ shall yet be Emperor of Rome!" It is said a modern atheist, in his dying delirium, imagined he saw Christ in the room, and breathed his last in a paroxysm of anger and fear. These all are associates of Herod—the sight of the star troubles them.

We do not often think of Christ as bringing trouble. Especially at Christmas time we think of Him as a bringer of joy. "Let the joy bells ring." But the plain fact is, the messenger of joy to one is the messenger of trouble to another. Jesus is the Prince of Peace. An olive branch is in His hand. His life on earth is "the white truce of God" to alien and rebellious man. But whether truce brings peace or trouble depends upon the attitude of those to whom the truce is offered. Is an olive branch in His hand? It is also written, "Out of His mouth goeth a sharp sword." He himself said, "I am come to bring a sword." Strange contrasts are these—an olive branch and a sword, a lamb and a lion, a flower and a fire, peace-giver and troubler.

It sounds like sacrilege to speak of Christ as a troubler, yet here He is troubling Herod. And presently we shall see a rich young ruler troubled, after an interview with Jesus. He is troubled by the necessity of self-denial. And Nicodemus is troubled by the mystery of the new birth. The Pharisees are troubled by His plain speech about the vanity of mere formalism. The priests are troubled by His condemnation of their slavish literalism. Truly this is a troublesome man! and to put an end to the trouble, there is the cross. Let Him die, and be buried in a cavern among the hills, and let a great stone keep Him well down and securely in. But, on the third day after He is buried, the trouble breaks out afresh. The grave in Joseph's garden bursts as bursts the sullen sod in spring, upheaved by vital forces. All Jerusalem is troubled now, for a new spirit

is in the air. It spreads to Damascus and Joppa, to Ephesus and Corinth, to Philippi and Colossæ, to Athens and to Rome, and men with blanched cheeks are whispering to one another, "They that have turned the world upside down have come hither also."

All that Herod asked was to be let alone. That was all Agrippa asked, all that Felix asked. All that paganism ever asked, and all that heathenism asks now is to be let alone. The ancestral tablets of China and the temple gods of India ask only to be let alone. Conservative spirits in paganism ask, "Why do you trouble us? You are breaking up our social system and liberating new forces which we can not control." And there are not a few critical minds even among Christians who say, "Missionary work is an unwarranted interference with the affairs of other nations, and can only bring trouble; think of the Sepoy rebellion in India and the Boxer outbreak in China." It is the old, old story of Christ troubling Herod.

But do we not know that the only thing for us to do is to plead guilty, and to *be* guilty of troubling every kingdom that is not a kingdom of righteousness? The existence of evil is the only explanation of the Incarnation. If the church is the church of Christ it must trouble Herod until Herod lays down his scepter and surrenders his throne.

It seems altogether absurd for a king to be troubled by a mere babe. Yet kings are not altogether unwise. They know that great movements are but the lengthened shadows of great men, and that great men are not born great, neither are they born men. There was a time when the Protestant Reformation lay in a cradle. World leaders of fifty years hence are playing with Christmas toys today. Let us not despise the day of small things. Let us cherish the child; let us keep alive the little spark of fire, of genius, of poetry and of patriotism. The spark may yet become a torch, and the torch a conflagration.

To be troubled by the thought of Christ is not an ancient experience. There are modern Herods. It is no serious indictment of Christianity that Christianity troubles the consciences of many. Many a school child thinks his teacher is troublesome, and many a teacher is actually troublesome. Some are needlessly so. Many a citizen regards the tax collector as troublesome. But our taxes are the price we pay for comfort and safety. The teacher troubles the boy, when he says, "Sit at that desk until you solve the problem," but after the boy has solved the problem, and sees its meaning clearly, he is glad the teacher troubled him. I know a boy to whom a teacher said, "Remain in your place after school and write the multiplication table seven times." The boy would much rather have gone skating or coasting. But after he had written the table seven times he needed never to write it again. A doctor troubles a patient

when he probes or cauterizes a wound, but, after all, it is a benevolent trouble, a trouble that brings peace and healing.

The sweetest comfort we know is the fruit of trouble. It troubles us to overcome moral weakness, but we exult in strength. It troubles us to remain silent under unjust suspicion, but when time vindicates us, we have our satisfaction. It troubles us to confess our faults to one another, but sweet is the forgiving word. It troubles us to learn the divine art of magnanimity, but having learned it, it would trouble us far more to unlearn it.

We must not forget that the beginning of our Christian life is a troubling sense of sin. Not even Christmas joy can make us wholly forgetful of the fact of sin. There is the stain on the hand. There is the pain in the heart. There is the wearying burden of guilt. There is the keen desire for the consciousness of pardon. Then Jesus speaks to us, and the world is made new, and the Father whispers, "My child, my own!" Is not this our history? Or does Christ still trouble us? Everything depends upon our attitude toward Him. If we doubt Him, deny Him, dishonor Him, He will trouble us. But if we accept Him, confess Him, obey Him, He will transform our troubles into blessings, our trials into triumphs, our sorrows into sacraments, our losses into gains, our murky midnight into morning.

All the lessons of this Christmas meditation are summed up thus: Jesus brings no trouble to His friends. He troubles us only that He may be our Saviour. From all other troubles He is our refuge, a refreshing shadow in a weary land, a river of water in a dry place, a covert from the tempest, the Rock of Ages, the inextinguishable light, the inalienable joy, a pavilion from the strife of tongues, the crowning of life's high endeavor. His star is emblem of all this, and even in the darkest night the world has ever seen, the eye of faith beholds the morning star, the star of Bethlehem!



The Christmas Spirit

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

*Carry the Christmas spirit
Into the days that wait
Ready to bear your message
On through the New Year's gate.
Let not the loving bounty
Cease from your hand to flow,
As from the Old Year's presence
Into the New you go.*

*Carry the joy of giving
Into the days to be;
Let not the Christ love falter,—
Pour it out cheerfully.
Then from your sunny presence
Mid all the stress of life,
Hearts you have blessed may gather
Strength for the coming strife.*

"And The Word Was Made Flesh"

By Pearl H. Campbell

WHENEVER men have wished to communicate with each other by other means than the spoken word they have used the materials that were easiest to obtain. The Indian, in the days when the New World lay waiting for the coming of the white man, traced his tribal history on the rocks, the skins of his wigwam, or the totem pole which he reared before his lodge.

In the Old World, where humanity had its beginning, the reeds growing in the marshes of the sluggish Nile furnished the Egyptian with papyrus, a paper which was sufficient for the demands of business; while the rock-chambered tombs of the kings yielded space for the national history.

In ancient Babylonia the mud of the river shaped into tablets and baked beneath the sun's fierce glare fulfilled the needs of a simple people. In this connection it is interesting to read this news item in a recent magazine:

"A Babylonian letter written four thousand years ago has just been opened and read for the first time. It was opened at the University of Pennsylvania with a mallet, for it was sealed in a clay envelope. A Sumerian scholar found that it was a complaint about a supply of flour that had been ordered. Plainly there is nothing new under the sun either in problems about food or in the vexations of delayed mail."

Yet painted rocks and river clay and even the heart of forest trees, of which our present books are made, are as fleeting and as perishable as the civilization of nations. So when God wished to send a message to men He fashioned it of a substance which could not change and was eternal, even of Himself. We are told: "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

That was God's message to the world, His own Son, the perfect Man, full of grace and truth. All the wonder of the Incarnation the world has never been able to grasp, because it listens with dull ears that cannot sense the heavenly symphony. But this much it has known that from the very beginning the Message was one of cheer and hopefulness.

There was not the faintest echo of this in the ears of men, either for this world or the life to come until the Word was made flesh. The Romans who had the most splendid civilization of ancient times believed in living in the present because the grave was the doorway, not to peace and happiness in the presence of God, but rather to an unspeakably dreary existence. Therefore the Roman could look unmoved upon the suffering of slaves, the exposure of children, the torture of captives in the arena. The gods did not care; why should he? He saw no reason for founding hospitals, or establishing asylums for the insane.

Nor has any religion founded by man been able to reach a higher plane. Mohammedanism which literally teaches its followers to "pray without ceasing" cannot give them the blessed certainty that if they seek they shall find. It cannot point them to an all-loving Saviour who is not willing that any should perish and who gave His life as a ransom for mankind.

In a current religious paper we find this incident: "A friend has described to us his visit to a mosque during the hour of prayer. He says the wailing, screaming and imploring of the people was pitiful. The poor worshippers really seemed to be seeking for God and longing for Him, 'if haply they might find Him.' But

it was all in the minor key. There was no note of joy, or of victory; nothing to indicate that they had really found God. Why this terrible strain without success? Christ explains it all: 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' Our friend said that he wished those Mohammedan worshippers could have heard a truly Christian congregation singing: 'Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Let earth receive her King!'

In that wonderful first chapter of his gospel the Apostle John says, "And as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

So in a lesser way we, too, like our Elder Brother, are God's messengers, and every pure and holy life is a Word of the Father written not on brick or stone but on that imperishable thing which is character.

Gossip and Culture

BY NATALIE H. SNYDER.

THERE is in the wide range of social life nothing that works so much evil as the light and oftentimes unconsidered words that are spoken. Daily and hourly from lips intending no harm fall words that shatter the reputation or bring sorrow into the life of the one discussed. Comment upon the actions of one's neighbor necessarily forms a large part of our conversation, for there is nothing in all the world so attractive as human interests. It is not possible to mingle with the great tide of life and maintain only an abstract interest in humanity. If this were so, the feeling of sympathy would be missing and that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin would be unknown. So long as the discussion of others is kindly no harm is done, but when one allows his neighbor's affairs to assume undue proportions and makes them a matter of frequent comment the dividing line is reached where interest becomes gossip.

Country districts and villages afford prolific soil for gossip. Especially is this true if a stranger comes into a community. "I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only," said a writer in England, and the same may be said of many a country neighborhood upon this side of the water. The best cure for gossip lies in culture. The mind is fed by the food placed before it, and sometimes merely because of having nothing to think about, really good-natured people tear in tatters the characters of those about them. If the thought could be directed into more elevated channels the privacy of the lives of others would not then be so often invaded and the affairs with which no one has the right to meddle would be left unmolested. The repetition of commonplace things said or done does not tend to improve the mind or elevate the character.

Great care should be taken as to those in whom confidence is reposed. No one can catch the exact shade of thought that speech seeks to convey, and often harmless expressions are construed into something very foreign to their author's idea. It does not matter how plainly a fact may be stated or how kindly a criticism is expressed, if given the opportunity, "The world will bend the passing word, though its shortest course be straight." There are some who take delight in bending words from their true meaning and in giving them a twist entirely foreign to them, while others are so reckless in their speech that at their "every word a reputation dies." Many a sensitive soul has been done to death by slanderous tongues.

The talebearer is one of the most dangerous characters in social life. In Norse mythology the great ash tree of life that spread its immense branches over the world, a shelter and a protection, was guarded by an eagle with a falcon perched between his eyes, which watched for any approaching enemies, while at its root a dreadful dragon gnawed to destroy it. Between the eagle and the dragon a little squirrel scampered to and fro, carrying tales, the type of the modern tale-bearer. The one who spends his time in carrying tales is both contemptible and malicious.

It is useless to try to escape comment and even undeserved censure, until there is a sweeping reform in the matter of sins of the tongue. Martin Luther said quaintly, "Whoever has a good work to do must let the devil's tongue run as it pleases." There are times when the whitest lives must walk amid assailing voices which whisper and defame the motives and the character, but time silences these and brings vindication to those who deserve it.

Gifts

BY L. D. STEARNS

Once more crisp old December and the Yuletide cheer have come. Once more the chime of Christmas Bells strikes an answering chord from heart of man to man. Once more hurrying throngs crowd streets and stores. But in the midst of the Christmas rush do not forget that back of every Christmas greeting or token the same message is sounding that was sent through the earth, so many centuries ago, by an Angel Band "*On earth, peace; good-will toward men!*"

With a great multitude, times are hard; pocket-books are thin, and the Christmas season is a time of perplexity and anxious planning, as we wonder how we can make one dollar do the work of three,—what is the least we can spend and keep our self-respect,—and we draw a long sigh—some of us—and whisper, "I'll be glad—so glad, when it's over!" Meanwhile a little frown settles perplexedly between our brows, and somehow the corners of our mouths get to turning down, instead of up.

We love to give—oh, yes! If only that thin purse was plumper!

Let us throw the windows wide, draw in deep breaths of God's clear December air, and listen for a bit to the Angel's song of Peace and Good-Will.

"For Jesus Christ, the Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day!"

Gifts! Shall we let them absorb all our thought while the heart of all the world is reaching out for love, and kindness, and a word of cheer!

Since the night Christ prayed alone—for-saken by those He loved—in the Garden of Gethsemane, men, and the sons of men, have gone their ways, lonely and sad! Yet the gift that is above price—the gift that strikes, and calls into life, a chord of joy in every breast—it is in your power, and mine, to give; the gift of kindly love, and service.

Perchance a penny to the little newsboy, a helping hand to father or mother, a tender hand-clasp and a "Happy Christmas, dear!" will make the heart sing as no mere monied gift has ever done, or ever could do.

With generous soul and hand put love and a broad and tolerant understanding and sympathy into whatever you give; smile, with the echo of the old-time song resounding in your heart; bestow a little added touch of brightness, cheer and love about the home, letting it flow outward to the stranger passing by, and you will make of the Christmas tide a time of joy, while your own heart and the hearts of those whom you may touch will be cleaner, sweeter dwelling places for Him whose Son—the Christ—was born for man in Bethlehem on the first Christmas Day.

KEEP THE ALTAR FIRE BURNING

By Rev. Harlan G. Mendenhall, D. D.



THIS solemn injunction was given to the Jewish priesthood in connection with the laws that had to do with the tabernacle service:—"The fire shall ever be burning on the altar; it shall never go out." The altar to which reference is here made was for the burnt offerings, and was so called because upon it the sacrifices were consumed by fire. In the wilderness it was simple and portable; but with the building of the temple it became more elaborate and costly. There was this striking thing about that altar: on it was kindled a fire which never went out. When the sacrifices had been consumed, the ashes were removed; but the fire burned on. Day and night this flame continued to burn. Amid all the changes of place and time the fire was never lost. Priests were detailed day and night for the service of keeping the coals alive. This fire was the symbol of a continuous worship of God; if the sacrificial fire went out, religion would be extinguished.

We have come upon marked times in the life of our country and the church. Men by the thousands have enlisted in the Army and Navy for foreign service. They are leaving their places in business houses and in the church to answer their country's call to engage in a conflict that has to do, we believe, with the safety of the state and the church. To us who are left behind has been committed the keeping of the altar fire.

The Altar of Patriotism

The fire burning on the altar of patriotism must never go out. Men have gone from us, stirred with love of country and devotion to the flag, to keep pure and holy the ideals of our nation. Now that they have gone, it is for us to look after their vacant places. If we are true to them and appreciate their sacrifices, we will be true to the duties that called them to this service and show ourselves willing to make sacrifices at home.

It is for us to see that no unholy hands are laid upon the altar of liberty by which the fire kindled by our fathers, may be put out. We have inherited this fire from them—the liberty of the individual and the form of a republican government which have become the ideals of a world seeking a true democracy. Men here may try to subvert it; may try to overthrow it; may try to undermine it. The flag may be soiled by unholy hands. Men may cast reproach upon the call for service; they may play into the hands of the foe by fomenting strikes and stirring up passions. Wrong political principles may be inculcated; wrong ideals of government given forth; wrong methods of administration suggested. While our boys may be dying for our nation abroad, shall we permit the nation to die at home? While Moses was fighting his way against the Amorites and other heathen foes, the church kept the fire burning as it prayed for the success of the army. Rebellion arose among the people; it was put down with a stern hand. The law given on Sinai must be upheld—it must be kept! Joshua had the same help in his conquest of Canaan—the priests forgot not their ministrations.

Our country can tolerate no foes at home. Men of unworthy ambitions, low ideals, impure motives, seek, as in Russia, to remove the ancient landmark which the fathers set. They are willing that the ship of state may be set adrift and wrecked upon the rocks of their selfish desires.

The government of the nation, state and city must be maintained; laws kept; schools open;

business carried on; courts of justice respected and the rights of the people preserved.

Shall democracy be made safe for France by our soldiers and shall we make democracy unsafe for our soldiers when they come home? Shall our boys give up their lives in the trenches of Europe and we not be willing to make sacrifices here that the principles for which they die may not be perpetuated by us? Let us see to it that the fire on the altar of liberty never goes out. When our soldiers and sailors return to us, may they see the old flame of patriotism which burned for them in youth as bright and warm as when they sailed away. An Englishman standing on the deck of a steamer as it sailed into the harbor of New York saw the flag as it was hoisted to its place with the boom of the sunrise gun. As it reached its position and its folds were open to the rays of the sun, he exclaimed, "That is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen!" When our boys sail into our harbor at the close of this war and see on their own soil the flag as opened by the breeze, they will say, "That flag is more beautiful than ever; the people at home have kept it unsoiled, unharmed."

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home
By angel hands to valor given
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

The Altar of Religious Worship

Keep the fire burning on the altar of worship to God. In the churches of our land there are many vacant places. The Presbyterian churches in New York City alone have had perhaps two thousand men go from them. The young men from our Sunday Schools and Christian Endeavor Societies have enlisted,—men from the city, from the village, from the country. They carry with them precious memories of the old church in the countryside as well as the city. Pictures will often come to them in the camp of the service in the church and of their pastor. On Sunday they will hear the bells as they ring out for worship; they will see their minister in the pulpit; they will listen to the hymns of the Sunday School; they will recall the prayers in the meetings of the Young People's Society.

What shall they find on their return? Shall our churches have cobwebs on their pulpits, their pews empty and deserted, the doors rusting on their hinges, the Sunday School deserted, the Endeavor Society only a memory—the fire of devotion gone out? Nay, nay! As Christian men and women we ought to be more devoted than ever in our worship. Only when the ancient temple was desecrated by mammon, when the synagogues were deserted, when false religions came in and when the fire of a holy worship went out, was Israel defeated and scattered, and her people carried into captivity.

More earnest ought we to be in maintaining the sanctity of the Sabbath, so that it be not a day given to revelry and riotous living, but observed as God's holy day. Our churches must be kept open and faithful worshippers must be there at every service; the children are to be trained in the Sunday School and taught God's Word; our young people are to be instructed in prayer, and all the agencies of the church kept in operation.

If church members have neglected the means of grace, now more than ever should they renew their vows and crowd the places of prayer. A praying people make a victorious people. Lincoln said, "I knew not what I should do if I did not know that Christian people in their churches are praying for me."

We are sending our clergymen to France to assist in Y. M. C. A. work and carry on religious services in the camps. Bibles are being distributed by the thousands. Our soldiers are keeping a religious fire burning in France; shall we let it go out here?

The Altar of Faith in God

Let not the fire go out on the altar of Faith in God. An elder in one of the churches wrote me a letter recently in which he said: "The whole world seems to be turned upside down. What is the cause and where are we going? Never was there a greater test of Christian faith. Personally I am fearfully burdened with the effects of the war. As you know, I am on the District Exemption Board. They insisted on my taking the Liberty Loan chairmanship again, and with the Y. M. C. A. and other things here I have had to practically abandon my business. I do not regret that so much and am glad to do it if we could only see a little light and the end of these conditions."

If ever we needed implicit faith in God the time is here and now. It is testing time. But God lives and reigns—our Eternal Sovereign God. The world has had its dark days, but in those times faith in God gave us John Knox of Scotland; John Calvin of Switzerland; Martin Luther of Germany; Admiral Coligny of France; William the Silent of Holland and Oliver Cromwell of England.

When Lincoln was assassinated, great crowds gathered in Newspaper Row, New York City, ready to go everywhere spreading destruction in their wake. General Garfield was in the old Tribune Building; going to a window with an uplifted hand he quieted the crowd and then in a voice that could be heard far away, solemnly cried:

"The Lord reigneth. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

Against the foe in vales below
Let all our strength be hurled;
Faith is the victory we know
That overcomes the world.

The Altar of Righteousness

Keep burning on the altar of Righteousness your zeal for better things. This is the time to overthrow the autocracy of Satan. Shall this fair land of ours be debauched by vice, by sinful pleasure? Shall we find a worse world after the war or a better world? Oh, that our zeal for purity and for righteousness might flame out against all sin, with the saloons closed and the scarlet line no longer seen, so that when our boys come home they will see a new land wherein dwelleth righteousness; cleaner cities; a more beautiful America than the one they left, a land where songs of praise shall take the place of the dirges of sin, where light and love and peace shall reign, where the glory of Christ shall be reflected in every heart and home! Yes, His stately steppings will yet be seen in every land, and His power will be felt on every sea, when people everywhere will hail Him as the Prince of Peace—when the Kingdom of the world is to become the Kingdom of our Lord and His Christ and He shall reign forever and ever.

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From the light-house ever more,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Dark the night of sin has settled
Lord the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing
For the lights along the shore.

The fire shall ever be burning on the altar; it shall never go out!

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

DECEMBER 2.

Self-Control

I Cor. 9:24-27.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Nov. 26. Block sin. Rom. 6:12.
T. Nov. 27. Control in food. Dan. 1:8-21.
W. Nov. 28. In drink. Jer. 35:1-11.
T. Nov. 29. In speech. I Pet. 3:8-13.
F. Nov. 30. Meekness in control. 2 Sam. 16:5-14.
S. Dec. 1. Snubbing one's self. Matt. 16:21-28.

This is a most timely topic. It has been chosen especially for use at a consecration meeting, but it is equally suitable for any other meeting during this trying period in the world's history, when self-control is so greatly needed, both in the individual and in the national life.

Essential for Success

Paul pointed out to the Christians of Corinth that self-control was essential to victory in the athletic games which filled so large a part in the thought and life of the Grecian nation. The victorious contestant in those games must be temperate in all things. So at the present time experience shows that the winner in our modern athletic contests must also exercise scrupulous self-control. In other words, he must be temperate in the use of food and drink. He must keep the body under watchful care and practice the most exacting restraint in order that he may gain the victory over his opponents.

What is true with regard to athletic games is also true in every other sphere of life. In order to succeed in any calling self-control must be practiced.

Self-control is a priceless asset at this critical juncture in our national life. We face problems such as have never before been presented. We are walking in new and untried paths. Suffering, privation, bereavement and death are among the possibilities that confront every household in the land. Under these circumstances, how vitally important is it for every citizen to show his patriotism by exercising the utmost self-control!

There should be no need to emphasize the importance of self-control or temperance in regard to strong drink. Total abstinence is required of our soldiers and sailors, and it should be practiced by every citizen in the land.

Self-control in regard to food has become a world necessity. We who are blessed with abundance must share with those whose supply is scant. In order to do this self-control is essential.

Self-control is a Christian virtue. Its highest exemplar is found in the Lord Jesus Christ. His matchless self-control was due to His perfect union with Him who controls the universe. If we will let God dwell in us, we, too, shall be able to control ourselves, and thus to order our lives in harmony with the Divine plan.

DECEMBER 9.

Here Am I: Send Me

Isaiah 6:6-8.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 3. Call to serve. Matt. 9:9.
T. Dec. 4. "I am ready." Rom. 1:15.
W. Dec. 5. A call necessary. Heb. 5:1-6.
T. Dec. 6. The voice within. Jer. 20:7-13.
F. Dec. 7. Equipment. 2 Tim. 3:14-17.
S. Dec. 8. Preparation. Heb. 11:23-30.

This topic has been selected as especially appropriate for the Life-Work Recruits. These are young people who have indicated their intention to give their lives to some form of personal Christian service.

Opportunities for Service

There are many ways in which young men and young women may devote themselves to Christian service. They may fit themselves for the Christian ministry in the home land or become missionaries in the foreign field. They may become secretaries in the Young Men's or the Young Women's Christian Associations. They may become teachers in Christian in-

stitutions of learning or Red Cross nurses or settlement workers.

In order to become an effective Christian worker, special training is necessary to fit oneself to take up some specified line of Christian service. A college education is desirable, and in certain cases is absolutely essential. But there are many positions which may be filled acceptably by those who have been trained at Bible Schools such as those which are maintained in New York, Northfield, Chicago and Los Angeles.

Opportunities for Christian service are offered in various lines of church work. There is a call for trained Sunday School Superintendents, Bible Class teachers, pastoral helpers, church secretaries and visitors. Life-Work Recruits may well fit themselves for these lines of service, which afford opportunities of great usefulness.

The Spirit Required

One who purposes to devote his whole life to some special form of Christian service must have the spirit of sacrifice. The monetary return in every line of Christian work is small. There is no financial gain to be had in adopting the Christian ministry or any other branch of Christian service as a life work. True, there are rich rewards for faithful service, but these rewards are spiritual, not material, and one who toils for Christ must be content with meager compensation, so far as earthly remuneration is concerned.

Spiritual Bridge-Building

Some one has very aptly compared the task of the Christian worker to bridge-building: "Bridge-building is man's work. So is bridge-building to eternity. No calling is higher than this—servant of humanity, as doctor, nurse, missionary, pastor, secretary, social worker."

Let every young person who reads these words consider whether or not to become a Life-Work Recruit. Present conditions have multiplied the opportunities for Christian service. Let us ask ourselves seriously whether God is not calling us to devote our entire lives to some line of Christian work.

DECEMBER 16.

Christ Is Our Peace

National Ideals: War or Peace. Which?

Isa. 9:6; Eph. 2:14-17.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 10. Peace and plenty. 1 Kings 4:20-25.
T. Dec. 11. War's judgments. Joel 2:1-14.
W. Dec. 12. War of revolt. Judg. 6:1-10.
T. Dec. 13. The divine ideal. Luke 2:14.
F. Dec. 14. Peace through transformation. Isa. 2:1-4.
S. Dec. 15. Earth's hope: justice. 2 Pet. 3:13.

When this topic was selected for consideration over a year ago our country was at peace. Now we are engaged in war, but we must not let that fact obscure the divine and eternal truth expressed in the words, "Christ is our peace."

The root meaning of the word religion is that of binding the soul of man to God, its maker. The central truth of the Gospel of Christ is reconciliation, which means the cementing of peace between God and man and between man and man.

While we are engaged in war, let us not forget that the ultimate aim of this great struggle in which we are participants is a just and lasting peace, founded upon the principles of righteousness.

There is a phrase that is much in use in commercial circles. It is this: "After the war." Contracts are being made by business men for fulfillment, "after the war." Plans are being developed for the extension of trade, "after the war." Financial arrangements have been made for adjustment, "after the war."

Should not Christian people also be

planning for the moral and spiritual uplift of the world, "after the war"? The cause of Christ has suffered in various ways on account of this war. Missionary work has been interrupted, and in some cases has been entirely disrupted by the conditions created by this war. Why should not the Church of Christ make large and comprehensive plans, not only to recover the lost ground, but to make a great advance, "after the war"?

Our National Ideal

Let our national ideal be righteousness. Sometimes it is necessary to fight for the right. War is a national catastrophe, but it is better to fight for humanity than to submit to an ignoble peace.

Jesus Christ, who was the Prince of Peace, once uttered these words: "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." And in this utterance the Master voiced the truth that between right and wrong there is an eternal and inevitable conflict, which in some cases can only be settled by the use of the sword.

DECEMBER 23.

Christmas Giving

Matthew 2:1-12.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 17. Giving ourselves. 2 Cor. 8:1-5.
T. Dec. 18. Giving the best. Hag. 1:7-11.
W. Dec. 19. Feasting the poor. Prov. 19:17.
T. Dec. 20. Feasting the poor. Luke 14:1-14.
F. Dec. 21. True religion. Isa. 58:5-10.
S. Dec. 22. A gift that grew. 1 Kings 17:8-16.

Ever since the Wise Men of old showered their gifts at the feet of the Christ Child, Christmas has been associated with giving, and it is right that there should be this association of ideas. The first Christmas marked the advent of the choicest gift that humanity ever received—the gift of God's only begotten Son, and it is fitting that in our celebration of this gift of God to men we should cultivate and cherish the spirit of true giving.

Christmas giving has not always been wise or appropriate. Therefore it is advisable for us to bestow some thought upon this topic, and to consider what is the right kind of giving for us to practice at the Christmas tide.

Christmas giving should be discriminate. Many gifts that are made at this time are useless to the recipients because they have not been selected with discrimination. Often this lack of discrimination is due to the fact that Christmas purchases are delayed till the last minute, with the result that in the final rush misfits are made, which would be ludicrous, if they were not really regrettable.

Christmas giving should be uncalculating. Too often the custom of making Christmas gifts degenerates into a mere exchange of articles, which lacks all elements of spontaneity or true affection. A gift should be the expression of true friendship, not a matter of barter and exchange. The question whether we shall receive a present in exchange for the gift that we propose to make should not enter into our calculations.

Christmas giving should be generous. This does not mean that we shall make a lavish display of the gifts that we bestow, but it means that we shall be liberal in spirit and that we shall give things that are of real worth, not because of their monetary value, but because of the thought and care that we have bestowed upon them. It means, also, that we should give to those who are unable to reciprocate, but who will appreciate our generosity and whose minds and hearts will be turned toward the Christ whose birth we celebrate on Christmas day.

Christmas giving should be conscientious. We should not spend more than we can properly afford, but

we should plan our Christmas expenditures with due reference to all our other obligations. To make expensive gifts and at the same time to keep our creditors waiting for the money to which they are justly entitled is not in accord with the spirit of true Christmas giving.

Our Christmas spirit should reflect the spirit of Christ Himself. As Christ gave Himself to the world, so we should give ourselves, for the gift without the giver is indeed bare and unsatisfying. Our Christmas giving should be a sign of human brotherhood. It should also serve as a token of our Divine sonship.

DECEMBER 30.

Planning for the Future

Matthew 25:1-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 24. "If God will." Jas. 4:13-17.
T. Dec. 25. A plan that failed. Gen. 11:1-9.
W. Dec. 26. Plan to do good. Rom. 13:1-7.
T. Dec. 27. To be Christlike. Rom. 8:28-29.
F. Dec. 28. To make salvation sure. 2 Pet. 1:10.
S. Dec. 29. To be true to God. Rev. 2:10.

We have come to the close of another year, and now we are to take a forward look into the year that is just before us. We are forbidden to take any anxious thought for the morrow, but it is the teaching of divine wisdom that we should plan for the future.

The parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins throws a strong light upon the topic before us. The wise virgins were those who prepared for the hours of waiting which they knew might be encountered, while the foolish virgins gave no thought to the possible needs of the future. Those that had carefully planned for possible eventualities were rewarded by entrance to the marriage feast, while those who had been heedless were shut out.

The Endeavorer's Daily Companion gives these suggestive thoughts on this topic, which are well worth remembering:

"Our plan, to be successful, must be the same as God's plan for our life. Therefore we must pray much, seek divine light and leading.

"Plan your education, bending it to your life's goal. Along with special subjects, however, seek general culture, which is the fragrance of life.

"Plan your days. Some have found help in having a regular scheme of duties. Review each day, too, and you will see how necessary plan is, if you are to achieve big things.

"Plan your reading. This will affect all your future. Lay aside trashy novels. Read history, devotional books, science. Fill the mind with useful information, storing it for future use."

With Christ in the Coming Year

The most important thing that we can plan for the future is to have Christ as our Redeemer, Friend, and Guide during the New Year upon which we are so soon to enter.

With Christ we may be confident of success through all the coming year. Without Him there can be nothing but moral and spiritual failure.

We should plan, not only for our future years on this earth, but for the eternity which is to be spent beyond. Heaven is the final goal for which we should aim, and we should so order our present life that it may be a fitting preparation for the life to come.

If our lives are hid with Christ in God, then we shall be prepared for all the future, both in time and in eternity. If we make Christ the Master of our hearts and lives, then we shall be found ready and waiting when the call shall come for us to go in to the marriage feast.

While we plan for our own future, let us help those about us also to plan wisely and well for their future, so that they with us may find an abundant entrance into the eternal Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

In Old Umtali

At Old Umtali are the headquarters of the Rhodesia Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Here a splendid work is being done for the evangelization of the natives of that part of Africa.

At a recent meeting of the Conference at Old Umtali the native Christians were gathered in station groups, each group being equipped with a banner. The photograph reproduced on this page of our paper shows some of these station groups as they appeared on "Native Assembly Day" and reveals how they have progressed in the ways of civilization as well as in Christian teaching and doctrine.

Rev. John R. Gates, District Superintendent of this Mission, has sent a letter to the General Secretary of the American Tract Society, in the course of which he says:

"The appropriation of \$100 sent to us by the American Tract Society is very helpful. We send out 2,000 copies of the Sunday School Lesson Sheets each week. These with the few books noted in a recent publication of *The African Advance* are all that the people have in the way of literature. If ever a people needed a literature, these do. They entertain each other with native stories, some of which are harmless, while others are partly or entirely obscene and heathen. In this story-telling, which is often coupled with dancing, drinking and even immorality, they find their chief amusement. It is not surprising that our native converts lacking the uplifting influence of interesting and helpful books, sometimes fall into this form of amusement, and thus bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. *Christian literature, we feel, is our very greatest need.*

"We have a little foot-press, which must do all our publishing. Most of the time we have no printer, but whoever among the missionaries can look after our native type-setters and printers has to do this work. Even with this little press we have sent out thousands of pieces of literature.



NATIVE ASSEMBLY DAY AT OLD UMTALI, AFRICA.

"We realize that perhaps Africa is not yet ready for undertaking colportage work, but if we had an adequate press and a printer who would be permanently employed and paper and the necessary material for making books, our pastors-teachers could supply all the people who are able to read with this literature, and thus the same work would be accomplished as is done by colportage, but of course this would be limited to those who have been in touch with our mission in some way as only those can read.

"We need a press, we need more and better type-setters, we need money for the publication of the manuscripts we have on hand and others that will follow. Speaking of type-setters, sometimes they do fairly well, considering the little time they have had to learn such things, but recently in one page of proof the proofreader found 104 mistakes. Part of this was due to bad type, but most of it was due to the carelessness and ignorance of the native type-setter.

"Our people are begging for literature, or crying for it, as they express it. When out on 'treks' with the boys, they carry what books they have with them, and read while resting.

"Recently some of our missionaries took a trip to Victoria Falls, and crossed over the Zambesi to an island. One of the oarsmen had a book with him which he read every spare moment of the trip. They are hungry for the Gospel and also hungry for knowledge of every kind, and Christian literature is what they need to satisfy this hunger.

"It would not perhaps be practicable just yet for our needed literature to be printed in America, but any help to do this work here would meet the same need. We are grateful for the help received for Sunday School publication work, and if the American Tract Society would like to publish some of the other literature so urgently wanted, we should appreciate it."

A Noble Japanese Giver

About thirty years ago a poor young man started north to join an expedition to the Kurile Islands. When he had gone about twenty miles from Tokyo his money gave out and he became discouraged. He pawned his watch and started back to Tokyo in a third-class car. On the same car with him were Bishop Honda, then president of the Ayoma Gakuin, and Dr. J. O. Spencer. President Honda noted the discouraged look of the boy and engaged him in conversation. He advised him to enter the academy of Ayoma Gakuin. The boy did so, learned of Christianity, was baptized, and after graduation entered the business world of Japan. His shipping interests prospered to a remarkable degree, especially after the beginning of the

war, and he is now rated to be several times a millionaire.

His name is Katsuta and his portrait is to be seen in many newspapers and magazines of Japan. Last year he agreed to give President Takagi \$40,000 for a new college building. Later plans have increased the estimate, so that the gift will now reach \$100,000. This is the largest gift ever made by a mission school graduate in Japan. Mr. Katsuta's life is upright and he is held up as a model to the youth of Japan. Mr. Katsuta has also given \$5,000 for the erection of a residence for President Takagi on the school grounds.

One of the greatest banks of Tokyo has subscribed \$2,500, the first gift of its kind ever made to a mission school. Several of its employees are graduates of the school and have so commanded the respect and confidence of the bank officers that the school has received this financial recognition from them.

Chinese Students For America

The Government Preparatory School of Honan, China, is soon to graduate a class of one hundred after a course of five years. The Assembly of the Province has decided that the twenty best students of this class will be sent to America for a special course, part of which must be science. The students will stay in the West from five to seven years and will receive about \$900 gold a year. In addition to these twenty fortunate ones another twenty will be selected by competitive examination, these to come from the Province at large; they will receive the same benefits and training with the others. Such students when properly trained and returned to Honan ought to do much to develop the resources of this great country.

Her Gift to Christ

At the hospital in Canton, China, one woman, who was very ill, heard of Christ and learned to love Him. One day she asked:

"Doctor, how much longer can I live if I stay in the hospital?"

"About four months," was the doctor's reluctant reply.

"And how long if I go home?"

"Not more than two months."

"Then I am going home."

"But you will lose half of the life which is left to you," the doctor objected.

A glad light flashed over her face, and she cried in a tone of exultation:

"Do you not think I would be glad to give half of my life for the sake of telling my people of Christ's love?"

She accordingly left the hospital, and went home to spend the short span of life left to her in spreading the glad tidings which had been such a source of comfort to her. Truly "she loved much."

A Better Babies Crusade in China

Rev. Milton I. Stauffer, of the China Continuation Committee, tells of a unique exhibition in Canton, China. It was a Baby Show, the meagre beginning of a sort of "Better Babies" crusade. It was one of the funniest things ever perpetrated. The weather had been so rainy that all thought of giving it in the garden next door to the Young Women's Christian Association was put out of mind, until the very morning, which dawned sunny and warm; so arrangements at the eleventh hour had to be changed. The children up to five years had been previously registered and tags made out for them. Their height and weight were taken and noted, though with considerable lack of scientific accuracy due to clothes and such like hindrances. In a vacant room in the nearby residence the superintendent of nurses for the Canton Hospital bathed a three-days-old baby before an interested group of mothers, who asked many questions and seemed to receive some needed information. A group of children from a church kindergarten gave an exhibition and during the entire afternoon representatives from a well-known milk company dispensed modified milk and baby food to both mothers and children. One was reminded of the "Food Fairs" at home and the usual enthusiasm of people to get a taste or a sample of everything.

A suitable prize was awarded to the healthiest child in each of six classes—those below a year and for each year up to six. Though it was surprising and gratifying to see how clean and healthy most of the children were, the judges did discover and call to the attention of the mothers cases of trachoma, anaemia, defective teeth, skin diseases, etc., and made suggestions as to treatment or urged that a doctor be consulted. It is along this line that further help can be given in the future. In addition to the prizes, each child was given a toy and trudging away or was carried off sleepy but serene.

Our Beautiful Year Book AND Special Subscription Offer

INSTEAD of a Calendar we offer to our subscribers this year a very attractive little book entitled, "Daily Food for Christians." This contains a Bible reading for every day in the year, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and carefully selected verses from choice hymns. The book is bound in cloth and is of convenient size for carrying in the pocket or handbag, if so desired.

Our readers will please notice carefully the conditions upon which this book will be furnished to those who desire it. We will give a copy of "Daily Food," postpaid, and one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the American Messenger for 60 cents, or we will give the book as a premium to any subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1917 and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all. If the new subscriber in the foregoing case desires a copy of "Daily Food," \$1.10 must be remitted. For every Canadian subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted, and for every foreign subscription 24 cents additional.

All those who subscribe now to the American Messenger for one year at fifty cents will receive the paper until January 1, 1919. New subscribers will thus receive both the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers for 1917 free of cost, if they subscribe at once. They will also be entitled to receive a copy of the book entitled, "Daily Food for Christians," upon the payment of only ten cents additional.

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Topics for the Week of Prayer

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1917
TOPIC FOR SERMONS
"The Eternal Things."—Dan. 4:3; II Cor. 4:18; Heb. 11:10; 12:27.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1917
THANKSGIVING AND CONFES-
SION

THANKSGIVING—For the mercies of the year.
CONFESSIO—That Christian witness, even at its best, so little reflects the mind of Christ.

PRAYER—That the followers of Christ, speaking the Truth in love, may make no compromise with evil. That the number of those who look for His glorious appearing may be increased.

SCRIPTURE READINGS: Acts 17: 24-28; Mat. 11:28-30; I Pet. 2:21-25; I John 2:3-6; I Thes. 5:22.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1918
THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

THANKSGIVING—For the body of Christian witness throughout the ages.

CONFESSIO—That when the Church has failed, the cause is not in her Lord, but in herself.

PETITIONS—That 1918 may witness new advances towards Christian Unity. That the primary duty of the Church to evangelize may be given its true place.

SCRIPTURE READINGS. Eph. 2: 13-22; Heb. 11:32-12:2; Eph. 4:10-16.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1918
NATIONS AND THEIR RULERS

PRAYER—That the purposes of God in Christ may be sought and known among the nations. That in the development of their national ideals, the nations may find Christ. That efforts for the establishment of lasting peace among the nations may be divinely guided.

SCRIPTURE READINGS—Prov. 14:34; 21:1; I Peter 4:19; II Peter 3:9; John 12:20-32; Isa. 2:2-4; I Cor. 4:1-5.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1918
FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND THE YOUNG

THANKSGIVING—For the blessing attached to family life. For the comfort and assurance of a blessed immortality in bereavements.

PETITIONS—That the privileges and responsibilities of parenthood may be gladly accepted. That in households, family worship, and "the nurture and admonition of the Lord" may have first place. That in their readings, amusements, and companionship, the young may be kept unspotted from the world. For blessing on all teachers.

SCRIPTURE READINGS—Ps. 127; II Cor. 1:4; I Cor. 15:54-57; Mat. 28: 1-6; Prov. 1:7; 9:10-12.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1918
HOME MISSIONS

PETITION—That the needs of every class in the community may find an echo in the heart of the Church. That Christian sympathy, fair dealing, and mutual respect as between employers and employed may bring men together in mutual regard.

SCRIPTURE READINGS—Mat. 22: 1-10; Prov. 22: 1-2; Jas. 2:1-9.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1918
MISSIONS AMONG MOSLEMS AND HEATHEN

THANKSGIVING—That even a world-wide war cannot delay the wheels of His chariot. That the Churches in the Mission Field are frankly assuming their responsibilities.

PRAYER For Churches and Missions suffering through the war. That the heritage of the Church may be enriched by the faith and fresh experience of the young churches. That amid the necessary modifications of form and method, the Lord's messengers may hold fast eternal Truth.

SCRIPTURE READINGS. Dan. 2: 34, 35, 45; 4:1-3; Isa. 40:1-8; Mat. 2: 1-11; Eph. 4:1-6.

Copies of the four-page pamphlet containing these topics together with the Call to the Churches issued by the Evangelical Alliance may be secured at \$1.00 per hundred from the Federal Council of Churches, No. 105 East 22d Street, New York, N. Y.

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American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 797,704,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$18,461.65. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,652,967.54, which is the equivalent of 5,305,935,080 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 199,963; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,712, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-six years 17,438,166, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,812,806.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish the Patriot Library to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a One-volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 16,012,088 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, PRESIDENT.
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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

A Joyful Christmas

BY Z. I. DAVIS

*The silver bells are ringing,
And the sky is all aglow,
For a wondrous light is shining
From the Star of long ago.*

*The joyful music echoes
In homes of love and mirth,
A great and holy gladness
Descends o'er all the earth.*

*The little children carol
The story o'er again,
Of the Infant in the Manger,
And peace, good will to men.*

*They carol of the Shepherds
To whom that gladsome night
A choir of Heaven's angels
Appeared in shining light.*

*The silver bells are ringing
On this glad Christmas morn,
And all the world rejoices
That Christ, the Lord, is born.*

The Little House In the Snow

BY KATHLEEN HAY

IT was snowing in great white flakes, that fell slowly down through the air at first, and then faster and faster until Eric could see only a short distance in front. Although he had always lived in a land of snow, and therefore was quite accustomed to the world being covered with a soft carpet of white—still he was lost for the first time in all of his seven years. The white snow flakes fell softly around him, and Eric paused and drew his fur collar still higher around his neck. "If it wasn't getting so late," he said aloud, looking around, "I think I might find my way home."

But the snow fell faster and faster and little Eric walked on—and on—and on—all the time getting farther away from home.

After a while, however, the storm abated and he saw in front of him a great clump of fir trees—beautiful trees with green showing here and there through the snow-laden branches. As he went nearer there came into view a small red-topped house, set down in the midst of the thicket.

"My, what a beautiful place!" Eric thought. The fir trees grew up to the very door of the cottage and their white branches reached far out over the red roof.

"It looks like a great Christmas tree, all ready for the candles to be lit!" There was a little noise and then someone spoke out loud.

"The stars will be the candles and soon begin to shine now—but where did you come from, little lad?"

Eric looked around quickly at the sound of the voice.

"I am lost," he answered, looking up into the kindly face, "the snow fell so fast and thick that I couldn't find the way back home, and I've been walking for a long time."

"Poor little chap," the other said, "you must be cold and hungry—come."

They walked on together through the fir trees until they came up to the front door and then the old man paused.

"See," he said, "you will find welcome there in the little house in the snow, which bears the name of Welcome Cottage."

The door opened and they passed on in. Eric could hardly keep from clapping his hands. There was warmth and love shining inside and the face of a tiny old lady was as bright as the room itself.

"Come in, my child, and welcome too," she began cheerily, "and soon we'll have you warm and cozy." Eric felt himself placed in a great armchair, while the fire blazed up and a feeling of delicious warmth stole over him. All the time the tiny old lady beamed down at him happily.

"We'll get you back home safe and well and almost before they have time to miss you," she said reassuringly, "and in the meantime we want you to be happy in Welcome Cottage."

"I couldn't help being welcome here," Eric said, looking around slowly and then back into the two pleased faces. Directly his eyes fell upon the prettiest little green tree growing in one corner of the room. Several candles burned brightly among the branches and cast a soft glow over the green.

"Oh," gasped Eric, clasping his hands together, "it looks like a beautiful Christmas tree!"

"It is our gift tree," the little old lady answered, "because always it holds somewhere among its branches a gift

She bundled him up quickly, and then stooped and left a kiss on his brow.

"May I come again?" Eric asked eagerly, looking up into the gentle face near him.

"Indeed you must come to us as often as possible—the little house will bid you welcome always."

The door opened and the light shone out far across the snow-white world. Outside the sleigh was awaiting him.

"Won't you come too?" Eric asked, but she gently shook her head and smiled after them as they moved off. He turned to catch the last sight of her. The lights shone brightly out from the little house with its snow-topped roof, and the stars twinkled protectingly above it.

"I'll come again," cried Eric happily, as the bells jingled out merrily once more. Then through the open doorway the gift tree seemed to wave its branches in answer to him, as the sleigh bore them over the deep snow and away out of sight.



A SKATING PARTY

for someone—yours is hanging there now."

She unfastened a bright ball from the small fir tree and passed it over to Eric.

"Our little green gift tree never fails us," she said with a tender smile, looking back toward the shining branches, almost as if she expected it to understand, Eric thought.

And then he leaned back in the old armchair and because he was so comfortable and warm he fell asleep. Eric dreamed that the gift tree beckoned one of its green branches towards him as if calling him to the corner where it grew. It waved back and forth several times before he got up because he felt so strange to think that a tree was calling to him. Eric went close up to the shining branches and they seemed to smile down on him too.

"There is always love and gladness here," whispered the small green tree, "and I wanted to bid you welcome too to the little house in the snow." And then there seemed to steal out from the waving branches, the softest, sweetest music that Eric had ever heard. He stretched out his arms to the small green tree, as if he would catch and hold the beautiful sound when suddenly—he opened his eyes. The tinkling of sleigh bells was filling the room and the little old lady stood beside his chair holding his coat and cap.

"If you're quite warm and rested now, we'll have you at home in a hurry, and you will forget the long miles that you came."

Her Inexhaustible Riches

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"WHAT has happened, Clare?" inquired her friend Margaret, stopping in on her way to work. "The last time I saw you, you looked as glum and gloomy as Pussy there in a mud puddle. You were seething with bitterness against all editors in general—and the ones who scorned your stories, in particular. Explain the magic."

Clare laughed merrily.

"I did feel abused," she confessed, "but I took a wonderful tonic. I went to call on 'Aunt Lucy' Marshall last evening."

"You mean that poor invalid on Ash Street? The one I see out in a wheel chair sometimes?"

"Oh, but she isn't poor!" cried Clare quickly. "She is so rich in qualities in which most of us are poor, that I have come to depend on her when my reserve fund runs low."

Margaret's eyes questioned her friend, who went on brightly:

"You will understand when you know her, and I intend that shall be soon, for your sake and hers. She welcomes a new friend as a source of interest and a cause for thanksgiving. In short, 'Aunt Lucy's' admirers consider her an inexhaustible store-house of cheer and courage. She will never put her feet to the floor again, but you would never guess she ever thought of her great trouble. She is like the old philosopher who said:

"Be as the bird that chancing to alight,
Upon a bough too slight,
Feels it give way beneath her—yet sings—
Knowing that she hath wings."

"I shall count on knowing her," sighed Margaret, who had her hands full in the effort to make a living for herself and two younger sisters.

"Yesterday," Clare went on thoughtfully, "I felt that persistence and honest effort had no reward here below, and that I might as well give up my ambitions and be somebody's second maid! But today the world looks rosy."

"What did Aunt Lucy do and say to have wrought this miracle?" asked Margaret eagerly.

"Nothing about my work. When I went to her she was enjoying a wonderful sunset which I had failed to notice. A friend had sent her some post-cards from the Grand Canyon and the San Diego Exposition, which set me to chattering and describing them as I saw them.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with sparkling eyes, "I should think you could be happy the rest of your life to remember those experiences!"

"Then her new neighbor has a fine Victrola—and instead of being nervous on account of the noise, Aunt Lucy was so excited because she had heard Caruso, McCormack, and Elman that day. 'I can sit right by my window and attend concerts now!' she said with delight.

"About that time her niece telephoned that she had passed her bugaboo teachers' examination successfully, and really, you'd have thought Aunt Lucy had fallen heir to at least ten thousand!"

Margaret nodded understandingly. "She gets joy from daily trifles," she murmured.

"Yes, such countless little avenues of happiness seem to run right into Aunt Lucy's heart. A cardinal that nests in the maple near her window; the baby across the way—it is learning to walk and throws kisses to Aunt Lucy. The fact that the Smiths are out of debt now, or that the Joneses' have a new car. You can see why I decided I had no cause for complaint whatever and am going to work so hopefully and philosophically."

Margaret smiled brightly as she started away.

"I mustn't be late to work," she explained. "I feel like conquering half a dozen worlds today."

A Legendary Maid

Cinderella really lived, we are told by historians. Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome titbit, pounced down and carried one off in his beak. The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty, and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammeticus, and the foundation of a fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls twenty-five hundred years later.



Our Fireside

Harriet Boswell's Christmas

By Hilda Richmond

NO, I don't want your money! I want you!" said Mrs. Norman, wearily waving aside the bank bill which Harriet Boswell offered her. "This is going to be a hard winter, and we want to make sure that each and every poor child has a real Christmas. We will send out baskets of provisions, of course, but we want a number of young ladies to look after individual families and see that they get suitable things for Christmas. I have given you Ruth Fisher and John Gross as your helpers. Now, Harriet, I know it's four weeks until Christmas but it's none too soon to get to work."

"But, Mrs. Norman, you don't know how busy I am," said Harriet. "I must

help with Betty Nelson's shower, and finish my Christmas gifts—well, I'm overwhelmed with tasks. I'm sorry for the poor, but you'd better find somebody else."

"But I can't," said Mrs. Norman, rising. "I've tried two dozen people this morning. If you can't do it, Harriet, the Slimmons family will have to go without any Christmas except the customary basket. I must hurry on, as it is long past time for the meeting I must attend. Goodbye!"

"Wait a minute!" called Harriet. "I'll do what I can. I truly will. You'll think I'm hard-hearted but I'm not. I simply am not the person to do such things."

Mrs. Norman feared even when Harriet promised, that she would do nothing—in fact she had only asked Harriet after a number of more reliable persons had declined the task. However she gave the girl all the necessary instructions and then hurried on to the next place. As in every other town Norwood was poorly supplied with people who would do personal work among the poor. A pathetic appeal in the local paper would bring forth a donation of orders for coal and groceries, new and old clothing and money, but it never brought forth a sufficient number of volunteer workers to see that the gifts were properly and judiciously handled.

"Well, about the twentieth of December will be time enough to hunt up the Slimmons family and notify my committee," said Harriet nonchalantly to herself. "I'll get the names and ages of the children and we'll buy them some toys and candy. I'll get Belle and Helen to look through their things for some materials for doll clothes, and I'll make George hunt up some of his old neckties if there are any boys. Poor people must not expect to get a great many presents on Christmas."

Exactly as Mrs. Norman had feared, by the time that the twentieth of December had arrived, Harriet had forgotten all about the poor people left to her care. Mrs. Norman would have reminded her of the task, but that lady was sick in bed under the care of a trained nurse and was ordered to forget both rich and poor alike until she recovered. Harriet went serenely on with her pleasures and her daily tasks, and two days before the twenty-fifth of December she had no more idea of the number of children in the Slimmons family and their ages and needs than she had of the people of darkest Africa. She went happily off to sing at a concert in Westville, partly to oblige the people who were giving the concert and partly because her best friend, Helen Parker, was to sing there, and the two girls could be together an entire day, which seldom happened because Helen was a business girl with few holidays.

"Well, I think I have everything ready for Christmas," sighed Harriet happily as she started for home the afternoon of December twenty-fourth. "This concert was really a blessing in disguise as it made me wrap and mark and send every single gift in time for once. I feel so free and easy I don't know what to do. I'm going to put on my kimono this evening and toast my feet before the fire luxuriously. I think after this I'll always be forehanded."

A sudden jerk threw her off the car seat and when she picked herself up the male passengers were rushing out to see what was wrong. "Narrow escape!" cried an excited man running back to tell the news. "Bridge washed out by the flood and a small boy signalled our train in the nick of time."

The passengers walked back to the little village a few rods from the foaming river and the inhabitants received

them with open arms. It was storming furiously, the rain of a few hours before having given way to a blinding snow blizzard, and shelter of any sort was very welcome. Harriet found herself in the center of an excited, sympathetic group of bobbing heads while a kindly young woman, on the edge of the group of children, all talking at once, was handing her a cup of hot tea over their heads, and trying with one hand to draw back some of the children.

"Only five of them are mine," she explained with a cheery laugh when order had been restored. "The rest are visitors. During the Christmas preparations we mothers take turns keeping the flocks and it's my turn to-day. You just make yourself at home and get good and warm. It will be some time before that train can move on account of the storm everywhere."

"But I don't want to be thrust upon you in this fashion," said Harriet. "It is too bad to have company the day before Christmas. Isn't there some place—a hotel—where I could be less in the way?"

"Our little town doesn't boast a hotel," said the young matron. "You must not think of bother. We are glad to have you. You may help me in the kitchen with the Christmas cakes, as it is less noisy out there." She could see that her guest was not used to children so she made that way of escape for her. "I am baking a little cake for old Mrs. Terry," she explained, "and some cup cakes for the little Bliss children. You may ice the cup cakes and pack the basket if you like."

"What cunning things!" exclaimed Harriet, looking over the array of homemade dolls, mittens, stuffed animals and

(Continued on next page)

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(hot) (5 fl. oz.)	
<i>Green tea—1 glassful</i>	2.02
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<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	1.21
(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	
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Harriet Boswell's Christmas

(Continued from page 188)

little useful things her hostess brought out as soon as the kitchen door was safely shut. "How dear!"

"The little Bliss children never get much, so they will think them wonderful and fine," said the lady. "Some people give such unsuitable gifts at holiday time. I can't do much but I can take Mrs. Terry and the little Bliss children under my wing at Christmas and see that they get things they will enjoy."

"They will surely get pleasure out of these things," said Harriet. "Oh, dear me! I wonder if the long-distance telephone is too busy for a message. After I sent a telegram to my mother I thought I had done my whole duty. I must get to that telephone at once."

"It is storming too hard now," said the lady. "You had better wait."

But Harriet made her way to the office and waited her turn in the line for the privilege of sending a message. When she finally had her turn she was quick and decisive in her words. "Ruth? Ruth Fisher? Is it you? I want you to go right out and buy some toys for the Slimmons family—Slimmons! Slimmons! S-L-L-M-M-O-N-S! Can't you hear? Slimmons—Maple Alley. Oh, dear! Slimmons! I'm stranded in a little village and won't get home until tomorrow noon, if I get there then. Try to hear, Ruth. Slimmons! They won't have a thing unless you get there."

The young lady at the other end of the wire made every effort to hear, but the howling of the storm and the fact that damaged wires made roundabout connections necessary militated against them. In despair, Harriet tried to call John Gross, but the impatient travelers behind her entered a vigorous protest.

"You've held the line fifteen minutes, madam!" said a prosperous-looking man behind her, "and it's time to let some of the rest of us have a turn. I have a sick wife at home and am anxious that no news of the bridge going out shall reach her before I get a chance to tell that I'm all right."

So Harriet went back, sad at heart, but she did not forget another errand. She stopped at the only general store in the village and loaded herself with toys and candy, and then battled the storm back to the cottage. Mrs. Sloan drove the eager children into the sitting room with flapping skirts, like a motherly hen, and then bribed them with a box of candy to keep out of the way until she and Harriet could sort out the things and pack them up.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," she quoted happily. "I'm sorry you're delayed just at Christmas, but a number of poor children will have their first Christmas. You see, the miners are so numerous and they have such big families that it's hard to provide for them all. We have a regular little settlement of foreigners about a quarter of a mile back from the village in the hills. My! Won't they be happy when they see these things?"

Yielding to the earnest solicitation of the Sloan children, Harriet hung up a long stocking which she bought at the village store on purpose for Santa Claus to fill. She had the hope of getting home by noon next day and that thought sustained her, but when she thought of the Slimmons children—she took it for granted that there were children—who would wake next morning with no gifts because she had been selfish enough to forget them, she shed many and bitter tears. At dusk the storm suddenly ceased, but it was bitter cold, and she and Mrs. Sloan busied themselves putting the last touches to the children's gifts and decorating the little tree which had been hidden until bedtime in the wood house. For the sake of her kindly hostess and host she tried to be brave, but the remorse of neglected duties kept her heart heavy.

"Now you look the other way and I'll fill your stocking," said Mrs. Sloan when the tasks were about done. "The gifts are trifling, but the children will be happy if they know that Santa Claus has not forgotten you."

A loud knocking at the door made them scurry to silence the people out-

side lest the children should waken. "It's about that young woman you've got here," said the muffled man at the door. "Some of the town folks are making up a load to drive to Bakersville and I want to know if she wants to go, too. They can catch the nine o'clock express and be in town by nine-thirty. It's three dollars apiece, owing to the roads and all. We've got to take two men and a team along to break the road."

"I don't care if it's ten dollars!" cried Harriet, recklessly. "I'm ready now. Hurry! Hurry!"

She plunged into her wraps and thankfully piled into the big sled along with a number of other elated passengers. "Here's your stocking!" cried Mr. Sloan, running alongside to fling in the knobby black stocking his wife had torn from the little mantel. "The kids would be awfully disappointed if you didn't get it. Goodbye! Merry Christmas! Goodbye!"

Harriet astonished her anxious family by bursting in upon them at ten o'clock that night, and she would not remove her wraps. "Call John Gross and Ruth Fisher, some of you, while I get my breath," she begged. "I'm so happy to be home in time to get the Slimmons family some Christmas gifts that I don't know what to do. Every one of you give me some contributions. I'm going straight downtown to attend to them."

This somewhat mixed-up sentence seemed to electrify the family. "I forgot all about the poor family I promised to look after!" said Belle, while George whistled long and loudly as he recalled the fact that he was on the committee with Lucille West to look after another family and nothing had been done about it.

"Won't to-morrow do?" asked easy-going Mr. Boswell, from his armchair, "I don't see the use in being so excited about a little thing like that. The poor people will get their baskets early in the morning and perhaps that is all they are expecting."

"Oh, papa! Don't say that!" cried Harriet, rushing to throw her arms around his neck. "When I felt sure that I would be away this one Christmas eve my hear was almost broken! And to think of those poor little children who never have anything. I'm so sorry and so ashamed of myself."

"Well! Well!" said Mr. Boswell, patting his daughter's head. "If you feel that way about it I'll go along and lend a hand. Come on, Mamma! I think we have all been a trifle careless about poor people. If you have no money, charge the things to me and I'll settle the day after Christmas."

"Here's something all ready to hang!" said George Boswell, flourishing the long stocking Mrs. Sloan had stuffed with gifts only a few hours before. "Just look at the presents."

Harriet gathered up the plump tomato pin cushion, the cheap handkerchief, the childish bottle of perfume, the big oranges and the cakes wrapped in tissue paper that her brother had awkwardly upset and replaced them in the stocking. "I'm going to play I didn't see a thing until morning," she said. "Santa Claus left that for me at the Sloan house. Come on, every one of you, or the stores will be closed."

Not only the Slimmons family was remembered that night, but many others, for the Boswells and the members of their committees took time to spur up other friends and relatives as they went

around buying gifts that night. It was near midnight when they trooped home, tired and footsore, but happier than they had ever been in their lives. As they passed the Norman home they saw Mr. Norman sitting wearily at the window, watching the people hurry past, and Harriet had a sudden inspiration.

"How is Mrs. Norman?" she asked, running lightly up the steps and tapping at the door. "We saw you sitting there and wanted to know."

"Not a bit well!" he said, despondently. "She's worrying about 'her poor people,' as she calls them. I tried to send some gifts but the winter has been hard and I've had to stay here so closely that many of them will be forgotten. If we could only make her forget their sufferings in some way she would soon be well."

"You tell her for me that I don't believe there will be a single poor person forgotten this time," said the girl impulsively. "I wish I could see her myself. Oh, may I run up to her room for just one moment? I'm so glad."

With eyes like stars, she burst into the sick room noiselessly, and said: "Oh, Mrs. Norman, we were late about doing it, and I'm sorry, but there are forty families that we know of going to get splendid things to-morrow. You must hurry and get well so you can hear all about it. And here's your Christmas gift. We're all going to lend a hand and not forget again. Honest we are! Good night, and Merry Christmas!"

Mrs. Norman put out a feeble hand to detain the girl, but she was gone. "I don't think I'll need anything to make me sleep to-night," she said happily to the nurse. "I'm going to get well now. Merry Christmas!"

Your Boy—Your Brother Your Friend Will Soon Be in the Training Camps of Europe



Professor Sellers and his son Rodney who is now serving in France.

Prof. E. O. Sellers, a member of the faculty of the Moody Bible Institute, was one of the six men invited by the British National Council of the Y. M. C. A. to make a tour of the training camps in France and England. He spent several months in those two countries, doing evangelistic work and taking part in the activities of the Y. M. C. A. He was also in London during an air raid. He tells a great story of his experiences and also of the wonderful work being done among the soldiers and prisoners of war by the Y. M. C. A., which is an inspiration in itself. Being an able writer, Prof. Sellers knows how to tell what he has seen and describes in a vivid manner the conditions into which our chaps are going. The story of his experiences will be told in a series of articles to appear exclusively in the Christian Workers' Magazine, so that every one may quickly become familiar with the Christian work that is being done among the soldiers in Europe.

There also appears in The Christian Workers Magazine illustrated articles by Mrs. Ralph C. Norton on "Work Among the Belgian Soldiers," and Mrs. Ada Wallace Unruh on "The Soldiers and Moral Restraints." Beginning in December will be another collection of touching articles from the pen of F. C. Hoggarth of Huddlesfield, England, entitled "Short Studies on War Incidents."

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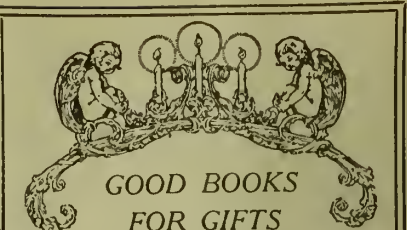
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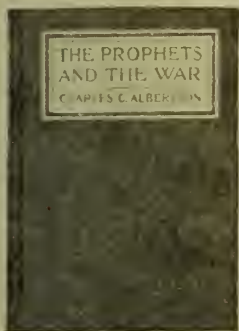
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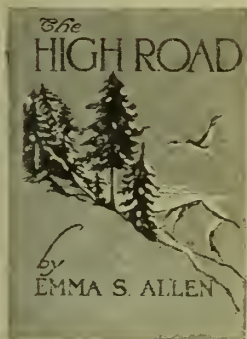


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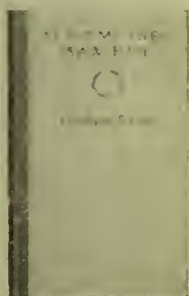


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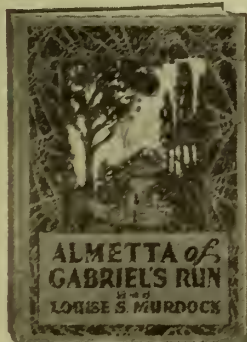


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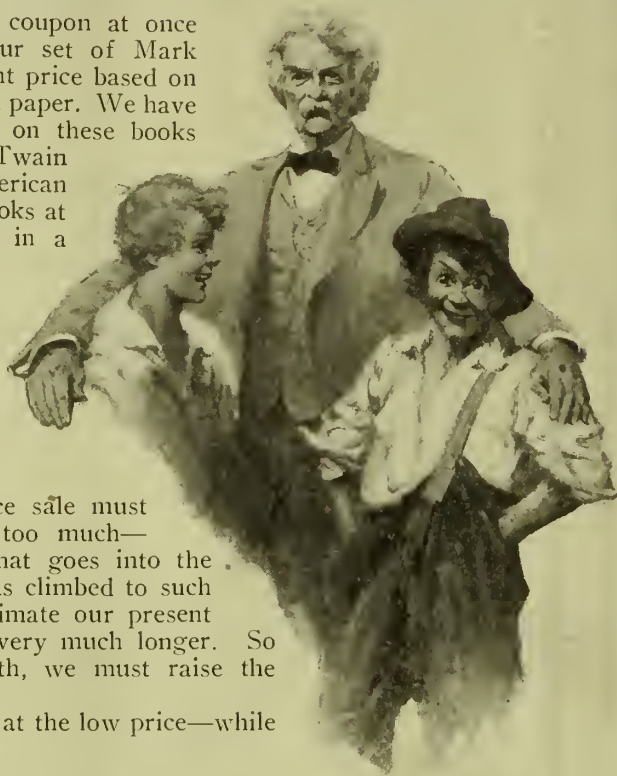
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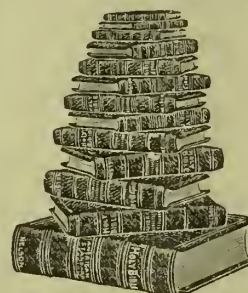
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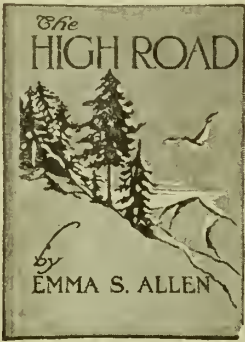
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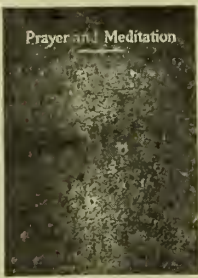
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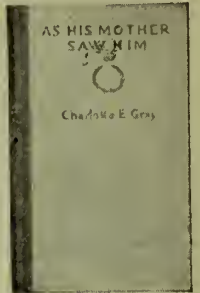
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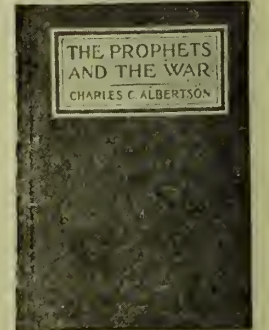
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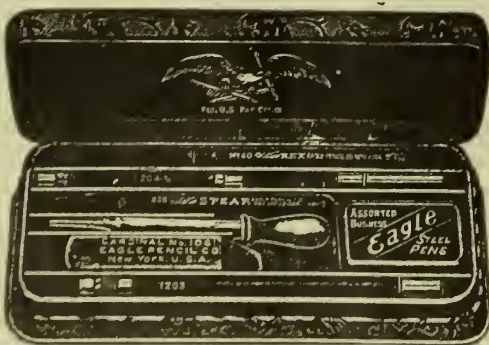


In "The Prophets and the War," Charles Carroll Albertson, D.D., discusses the burning question of what is to come after the war. This is a volume of prophecy with a practical application to the events of to-day and to-morrow. In the midst of the world war in which our nation is engaged there are still great lessons to be learned from the ancient prophets of Israel. In view of the renewed interest in regard to the subject of prophecy, this is a very important volume.

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The complete set is given free and postpaid for only 5 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.



The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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Our Seventy-fifth Anniversary

This issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of our paper, whose first number bore the date, January, 1843.

For three quarters of a century the AMERICAN MESSENGER has gone forth as the bearer of good tidings of great joy, and has sought to fulfill its mission as a herald of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We rejoice in the completion of the seventy-five years of service which our paper has rendered in the cause of evangelical journalism. From its very inception it has stood for the essentials of the Christian faith, and has striven to disseminate the teachings of a pure and simple Gospel. It has advocated unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, and charity in all things.

The AMERICAN MESSENGER has ever maintained the integrity of the Bible and has upheld the divine inspiration of the Scriptures in the largest and fullest sense. It has had absolutely no sympathy with those who would in any way weaken the authority of the Word of God or impair its value as an infallible guide.

As we begin a new volume of this paper, we desire to re-affirm our adherence to those fundamental principles of truth for which this periodical has ever stood.

We live in a world of change, and the AMERICAN MESSENGER celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary in what is universally regarded as the most critical epoch in the history of the world. But amid the changing vicissitudes of life and the noise and din of battle there are eternal unchanging verities, and upon these undying truths the AMERICAN MESSENGER will

stand with unflinching faith during all the days and years to come.

We regard it as part of the mission of this paper always to champion the cause of righteousness, whatever may be the cost. We wish to uphold every reform which is in the interest of virtue and uprightness. We went to be on the popular side, when that side is right; but we are always willing to be in a minority with God.

We are grateful for the continued support of so many of our old-time subscribers. To illustrate the spirit which animates these long-time friends of our paper let us quote from a letter just received from one of our oldest subscribers, who writes:

"Enclosed please find check for \$1.50, for which please send the AMERICAN MESSENGER to the five names on opposite side of this sheet. I am thankful I am again able to send this good paper another year. For myself I cannot give it up, after reading it about seventy years. It is the first thing I remember reading except my schoolbooks. It is like an old friend coming with good words of cheer every month."

We are also grateful for the hosts of new friends whose names have been added to our subscription list during recent years.

It so happens that the anniversary of the AMERICAN MESSENGER coincides with New Year's Day. As we go forward into this New Year, we know not what it has in store for any of us. We trust that for all our readers it may be in the deepest and truest sense a Happy New Year. For the AMERICAN MESSENGER we hope and pray that it may be a year of enlarging service and of increasing influence and that when the year is ended it may prove to have been the best in its history.

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Jerusalem in Christian Hands

One event that has brought rejoicing to Christian hearts is the wresting of the city of Jerusalem from the hands of the Turks and its occupation by the representatives of a great Christian nation.

It is too early to prophesy what shall be the future status of the Holy City, when the present war shall have ended and the final adjustments are made between the nations that are now engaged in deadly conflict. We cannot but hope, however, that the city of Jerusalem will never be returned to infidel hands. Its associations are so sacred and its history so interwoven with the life of our Lord that we feel that it should always remain under the control of a Christian power, and that no Mohammedan ruler should ever be permitted to exercise sovereignty over it.

Unquestionably the providence of God is directing affairs so that at the appointed time there shall be a wondrous fulfillment of the prophecies that center around this ancient city. We cannot interpret the details of those prophecies and must await the issue of the stirring events that are taking place before we can with certainty say what shall be the final destiny of that city toward which so many eyes are now looking with expectation and hope. But we should be prepared to follow the leadings of the divine Providence wherever they may direct, and we may rest confidently in the assurance that no prophetic word shall ever fail of fulfillment.

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A National Duty

Conservation of our resources as a nation has now become an imperative duty. The most concise as well as the most convincing presentation of the reason for the need of economy and saving that has come to our notice is found in the following statement issued by the Government:

"When we put a million and a half soldiers in the field, we withdraw those men from productive enterprises. They do not while they are actually in training or in service produce anything. They do, on the other hand, consume much. There is nothing more expensive on earth than to support and maintain a great army in the field, especially if it is on the fighting line. The attrition of supplies and everything else is tremendously great when we have a fighting army in the field.

"America is the one great remaining storehouse in the world of supplies and credit. We must maintain and make effective as possible our own soldiers and the soldiers of those nations who are fighting for us. We must therefore draw as little as possible upon our common store of supplies and money. The more we lessen our domestic demand, the more we can contribute to the support and effectiveness of our allied armies.

"Economy is now a national duty, such a duty upon the people at home as fighting is upon those Americans who are bravely offering their lives for the honor of America and the preservation of liberty and justice."

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The Work of the Red Cross Society

During the past few months the work of the American Red Cross Society has increased by leaps and by bounds. The first semi-annual report of the War Council of the Society, which was issued last month, is a striking presentation of the growth and development of the manifold activities of this beneficent organization, and reveals also the wise and careful disbursement of the large funds that have been committed to its care.

The aim of the American Red Cross is to

be ready to care for our soldiers and sailors on duty, wherever and whenever that care may be needed; to shorten the war—by strengthening the morale of the allied peoples and their armies and by alleviating their sufferings; and to lay foundations for an enduring peace—by extending a message of practical relief and sympathy to the civilian population among our Allies, carrying to them the expression of the finest side of the American character.

In the carrying out of this aim the Red Cross Society has made large preparation for the eventualities of the future when there may be need of its ministrations by thousands upon thousands of our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. It has done a marvelous work among the suffering civilian population in the different allied countries, its activities in Belgium and in France being of particular note for both their magnitude and efficiency.

Large provision has been made for the possible need of nurses in the future and already 14,000 have been enrolled as Red Cross Nurses, some two thousand of whom are now working abroad.

The work done for the relief of refugees and for the children in the devastated regions in France has been most helpful. Remarkable progress has also been made in the Sanitary Service and in military medical research.

Meanwhile the Red Cross has not neglected its function as a channel of relief in time of special disaster, and its service for the stricken city of Halifax is a fresh illustration of its efficiency in this line of service.

The Red Cross Society makes a universal appeal because it ministers to universal need. Its unprecedented growth during the past year is one of the relieving features of a world situation that is full of sadness, for it shows that throughout humanity there runs a responsiveness to the call of human need, irrespective of any distinctions of class or creed.

A Manly Pledge

The Young Men's Christian Association is doing a noble work in behalf of the moral and spiritual as well as the physical welfare of our soldiers. It endeavors to line up every man as a follower of Christ and to this end it asks each soldier to sign this manly pledge:

"I hereby pledge allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and King, and by God's help I will fight His battles for the glory of His Kingdom."

Thousands of young men have taken this pledge of allegiance to the Master, and by so doing they have indicated their desire to be not only loyal soldiers of our country but good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

For the Protection of Childhood

The National Child Labor Committee announces that the fourth Sunday in January (January 27, 1918) has been designated as Child Labor Sunday, and asks that the day be used to remind the people of the United States of their special duty to children in war time. The churches are requested to consider ways and

means of keeping up our educational and labor standards, of promoting industrial education, and in short, of protecting American children.

Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War writes:

"The ravages of hostilities bear heavily indeed on the present generation, but we must not permit the effects of it to be visited upon the children of the nation. The tribulations borne by the present should make us conserve to as great a degree as possible the health and energies of the coming generations. Let me add my endorsement to the centering of our attention on Child Labor Day."

The International Lessons

The International Uniform Lesson Series for the year 1918 presents an interesting course of Bible study. For the first six months of the year the lessons are taken from the Gospel of Mark, thus affording a fine opportunity for a consecutive study of the life of Christ. The lessons of the third quarter are entitled, "Studies in the Christian Life," and are based upon selections made from both the Old and New Testaments. The lessons of the fourth quarter deal with the patriarchs and the early leaders of Israel from Abraham to the settlement in Canaan.

The American Tract Society publishes a number of books which will be found of service in connection with these International Lessons, and the attention of our readers is called to the announcement of these volumes which appears on the back cover page of this issue of our paper.

The Wider Vision

BY REV. I. MENCH CHAMBERS, D.D.



OD ever stands back of the obedient life to make it a blessing. This applies both to the individual and the nation. Without the Divine blessing our resources fail in their purpose. Jesus knew the economics of the Kingdom and postulated a great truth when He said, "Give and it shall be given unto you." We are only beginning to realize what this saying of the Master means, and too often men and nations have hesitated to give it full credence.

The majority live to acquire and keep. Selfishness has been the root sin of the ages. Christ interpreted a new law for the blessed life. He gave mankind the wider vision of service. Ministry in whatever form its benefactions are bestowed is sure of a substantial and rich reward. God's favor always follows a generous life.

The man who gets the least out of life is he who tries to keep all. No man liveth to himself from God's point of view. You cannot draw a selfish circle about your life and live His life. Christianity is cosmopolitan. Those who left the deepest impress for good upon the race followed the law of service as outlined by Jesus. They lived what they professed. They prayed to see and imitate Him who poured His wealth of being into the world's need. Paul said, "I am crucified with Christ. I am dead to everything but a life which follows the teaching and spirit of the Son of God." The old law and tradition were both supplemented by the mind and will of Christ.

From the Master's point of view that soul gets the cream of life who loves his fellow men and lives to advance their spiritual interests.

To live each day with the certainty of Christ's promise is to know the joy of life.

"A faith that looks time's shadows through,
And keeps eternity in view;
Yet with the talents God hath lent,
Is on some useful mission bent—
Such faith be mine."

As a nation we are passing through an epoch that shall live in history. It is a period when obedience or disobedience to the law of Christ, "give and it shall be given you" shall determine the making or the marring of our national glory. We have never had such opportunity for world-wide spiritual and social service. It is ours to feed the hungry, house the homeless, care for the destitution and need of little children, heal the sick, and liberate the imprisoned. We may act so that millions shall rise to call us a blessed nation, or act that both God and the world shall designate us as Iahobd. Our bushel is full. We stand like Joseph of old in command of a full granary before a famishing world. Ours is the day of testing to show the Saviour's spirit of service. We best preach the Gospel of Christ when we exemplify its principles. In a very real sense God's call to us is

"Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity
From sin and the grave."

He has opened to America a wider vision of humanitarian service than has ever been accorded any other nation in the history of the world. Hitherto with most nations, we have been provincial. "Enough for me," has been the slogan. We have lived on the same street, but never shared the contents of our larder. When famine pinched in China or India, or some local disaster appealed to our sympathy we opened our heart. Real generosity has never been put to the crucial test as *now*. Today God is sounding almost a world call, saying, "Feed

the nations. Go in my name. Give and it shall be given unto you."

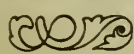
Our national spirit shall be widened by this new relationship. It shall be the expansion of practical democracy. New bonds of world brotherhood will be formed and cemented. Before the end is reached we may have to help feed even our foes. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," is still the divine injunction. Hate must be obliterated somehow from the national heart. Love is the touchstone of the world. Time shadows are vanishing. God is eradicating selfishness. He is giving America a new heart through the opportunity of an enlarged service. In the Pentecost of the world's sorrows may we as a nation be born again by the spirit of service from on high.

We are looking toward the day of big returned blessing, a time when God Almighty, who marks our response to the world's cry, will put back into the bosom of America a blessing in His own way and in His own form, which will astound the world.

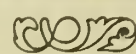
"This is an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime."

This is an epoch which is not only revealing the Fatherhood of God, but opening in a wonderful expansion the practical demonstration of the brotherhood of all mankind, which shall make even this terrible war a source of good, insofar as its created demands quicken within a nation's heart the Christ-spirit. In view of what we see, and in which we are privileged to have a share, let us all say in gratitude to God who has ordained our lot, "I am thankful I am an American citizen and a Christian."

"O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother,
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly, is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



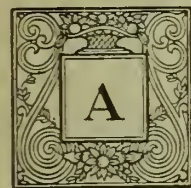
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

THE OUTPUT OF A HOME

BY

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.



HOME is properly built when its foundation is the Word of God, when its strength is the result of keeping the commands of God, when Christ is its center, and when faith binds the members of such a household together, not only for time, but for eternity.

In the Old Testament times a father was the spiritual head of his household. Alas, in these modern days we seem to have gotten away from this ideal, and yet it may be that a reaction will soon set in and homes shall be as once they were; then fathers will be truer, mothers will be more consistent, children will be more properly trained, and forth from the home again shall go streams of influence to make the world better.

Give us better homes and we shall do wonderful things in our day and generation.

The following bit of history proves this. It is the story of the influence of one man and of those who came after him.

He was born in England in Queen Elizabeth's time. He became a clergyman, and lived an upright life; and so did his wife. Their son came to the United States, settled in Hartford, Connecticut, and became an honorable merchant. His son, in turn, also became a merchant, upright and honored. His son became a minister, and so honored was he that Harvard University conferred two degrees on him the same day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon. This learned man had a son, and he became a minister. Jonathan Edwards was his name.

In the year 1900 we are told what this family, founded by a consecrated man and woman who lived upright lives and gave the best heritage to their children, produced. Of the descendants of these two 1,394 persons have been traced and identified: 295 were college graduates, 13 were college professors, 30 were judges, 101 were lawyers, 60 were physicians, 65 were professors, 108 were clergymen, one was Vice-President of the United States, 75 were army and navy officers, 60 were prominent authors, and 16 were railroad and steamship presidents. And in the entire record not one has ever been convicted of a crime. It pays to live along upright lines and hand a clean life down to one's children.

If fathers could be made to understand their position of responsibility, then no effort would be too great to hold their households for time and eternity. It is always true that when there is physical danger, the concern felt is great.

As a result of his efforts to save his son in a fierce storm which swept over Long Island Sound a father became a physical wreck, his hour's battle with the waves having taken all his strength. The family had a summer home on an island and the father and son started to

go there in a boat. When they had got half way to the island a sudden gust of wind overturned the boat and threw them into the water. The father could swim, but the boy could not; the father seized his son by the coat and swam toward the boat. The seas tore the son from the father, and while the latter was getting hold of him again, the boat was overturned by the waves. This happened twice more and after the last time the father could not find his son. He swam frantically about near the boat for nearly an hour, and then, overcome by cold and exhaustion, had just strength enough to climb upon the boat. He later swam ashore, and weak and delirious, crawled on his hands and knees to the home of a fisherman near by.

The mother was notified and, despite the storm, insisted on crossing the rough water and caring for her husband, who was completely exhausted. The body of the son was thrown on shore the following day. We can quite understand the agonizing effort of this father, inasmuch as his son was in physical danger, but why should we not be equally concerned when the danger is spiritual and moral? God now declares, "He that believeth not is condemned already," but we seem to be indifferent to this fact.

As an illustration of what may be expected from a true home it is well to refer to some special households which may in a sense at least be considered as ideal. It is not claimed that ministers' homes are always all that they should be, but it is a striking and remarkable fact that forth from the homes of ministers have gone some of the world's most remarkable people.

For some of the following statements I am indebted to some one whose name I do not know, but who was responsible for an article which appeared in one of the papers in Glasgow, Scotland. I am also indebted to Lauriston Bullard, who has written a most interesting article on the Daughters of Clergymen.

Measured by statistics, the North American manse stands high in the scale. Out of twelve thousand prominent Americans in "Who's Who?"—almost one thousand are sons of ministers. It is a very large percentage. Proportionately we should expect only fifty of our better known American contemporaries to be sons of ministers.

In Protestant Europe the rectory or the manse has played a part almost if not more than equal to that of the homes of the same class in the United States. It has produced great philosophers like Hobbes, Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Godwin and Mill (who was the son of a minister if he was not a son of the manse); great scientists like Linnaeus, Euler, Berzelius, Olbers, Agassiz, and Jenner; poets like Ben Jonson, Thomas, Goldsmith, Armstrong, Young, Churchill, Mickle, Mason, Cowper, Lloyd, West, Keble, and, greatest of them

all, Coleridge; artists like Wren and Reynolds; critics like Lessing and Hazlitt; scholars like Arnold, Pattison and Robertson Smith; novelists like Björnson, Edna Lyall and Rhoda Broughton; engineers like William Froude; historians like Hallam and Anthony Froude; missionaries like Mackay of Uganda. The list, which might easily be lengthened, is such a roll of honor as no other profession can show.

In Scotland, as well as in the United States, there have been dynasties of ministers, church leaders, and authors who have sprung from the manse. The Bar and the Bench, medicine and literature, have in Scotland been abundantly fed from this overflowing fountain. The rectory and the manse are the glories of Protestantism.

There is, or used to be, a proverb to the effect that clergymen's children are prone to turn out badly. There never was any good evidence of the truth of this cynical adage. On the contrary, there is abundant proof of its falsity. Imposing lists of names have been prepared, showing by the incontrovertible methods of the accountant and statistician that the sons of ministers have achieved eminence in greater proportional numbers, that they have rendered the state a larger service, and that they have played a larger part in the history of the United States, Great Britain and France than the scions of any other classes.

In computing the number of clergymen's sons who have made good their claims to fame, the chronicler is compelled to confine himself to the centuries since the Reformation, during which Protestant ministers have been permitted to marry.

But the feminine half of the children of the manse are not to be overlooked. When the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson took possession of the White House, the Executive Mansion was occupied for the seventh time by a minister's daughter. The daughters of clergymen who have presided over the Mansion in which the United States houses its chief magistrate illustrate what may be called "the domestic product of the parsonage." They have been model wives and sisters, and they are all of them outstanding examples of the product of homes where Christ is honored.

Abigail Adams of Quincy, Massachusetts, daughter and granddaughter of clergymen, was the first lady to be installed in the original White House, which later, in 1814, was burned. She was the wife of one President and the mother of another.

In 1850, when the death of Zachary Taylor brought Millard Fillmore to the Presidential office, another minister's daughter, the youngest child of the Rev. Lemuel Powers, became mistress of the nation.

Fillmore's successor was Franklin Pierce, and he also married the daughter of a clergyman—Jane Appleton, whose father was president of Bowdoin College.

In 1880 the son of a minister, Chester A. Arthur, was chosen Vice-President, and within a year the assassination of Garfield gave to him the higher office, and his sister, Mrs. McElroy, because he was a widower, was the mistress of the Executive Mansion.

Grover Cleveland, another son of the manse, also brought a sister to the White House, and there she lived until she surrendered the place to her brother's bride.

Four years later there came to the Capitol, as first lady of the land, another daughter and granddaughter of clergymen—Caroline Harrison, the wife of Benjamin Harrison, and not only has the White House been graced by the daughters of ministers, but the children of the manse have also made great literary successes and have been first and foremost in the special work of helping to uplift the more unfortunate in life.

A separate paragraph belongs to the Booth family. London gave one of the most wonderful funerals of a century to Catherine Booth, "the mother of the Salvation Army." She was the daughter of a minister, she married a minister, and the family they founded has become known all around the earth for its work through the unique agency they introduced for the alleviation of the world's needs.

These statements all go to prove that homes, when rightly ordered, become the fountains of blessing, and forth from them flow streams of influence to make the whole world better. It is, however, not necessary that we should turn simply to the homes of ministers, for on every side of us we find other homes governed by the same principles and sending forth the same blessings.

What is needed therefore today is a return to old-fashioned living, praying and singing. We may boast as much as we please concerning the blessings of modern times, but the spiritual heritage which has come to us from those who have lived well before us, and who have walked with humble confidence in God and faith in His Word, is beyond our power to estimate.

The homes of ministers have sent forth such streams of blessing to the world because God's Word has been honored and His Word faithfully taught.

One of the great friends of my early ministry was Major D. W. Whittle. He was one of the eminent Christians of his day. Turning from a lucrative position in the business world he entered the field of evangelism. He was all afire with a passion for Jesus and a love for the souls of men. He was a marvelous expository preacher, and he being dead still speaks. He is quoted the world over as an interpreter of God's Word, and all over the world I have found the fruit of his labors. I think the secret of his greatness is largely to be found in his love for the Bible. This was his testimony set in verse:

"We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh!
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Its friendship unchanging, my lamp and my song!

"We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
When life had grown weary and death e'en was nigh;
But all through the darkness of mist or of wrong,
I found it a solace, a prayer and a song!

"So now who shall part us, my Bible and I?
Shall isms or schisms, or 'new lights,' who try?
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for good bread,
Supplant its sound wisdom, give folly instead?

"Ah, no! my dear Bible, exponent of light!
Thou Sword of the Spirit, put error to flight;
And still through life's journey, until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I."

His public testimony throughout the world was great, and his influence in his home was wonderful.

There is a time in every child's life that is critical, and it is perilous to the child for the parents to be indifferent to that time. So many danger signals are lifted warning us not to be

neglectful or thoughtless, and yet in spite of them all our lives are absorbed by other things, our energies are wasted in other efforts that count for little or nothing, the critical time comes and goes, and we fail to act, and the results are sad indeed.

Those homes have been greatest in influence where parents have been careful to see that their children are early instructed in the ways of Christian living, and are urged not to delay their acceptance of Christ.

At the mouth of the Columbia River hundreds of fishing boats, each with its two fishermen, go out with the evening sun to set their nets for the catch of the salmon in their season. They sail to the spot chosen for setting their nets, their white sails glinting beautifully in the sun's almost horizontal rays. The boatman reaches his chosen point near the northern shore of the river and at which he deems a safe distance from the sea. He sets his net while the tide is coming in. Boat and net drift safely upward with the tide. Then the night comes on, and in the night the tide turns and boat and net drift downward toward the sea. The morning begins to dawn and boat and net and man have drifted near to what are known to be dangerous breakers. But this is the time when it is hoped to catch the more fish, and the man desiring a great haul sometimes neglects or disregards the approaching danger. At last even the hardy fisherman dares to go no further. He begins to haul in his net, drifting all the time nearer to what he knows is death. He works with a will to save himself, but something holds his net; it catches on a snag, it is full of fish and not easily handled, and before he has overcome the difficulties it often happens that he has drifted into the breakers, his boat is overturned, and man and boat and net are washed to sea and reported missing.

The fisherman is lost because he failed to act at the critical moment; just because he disregarded the point of danger; and many parents fail to influence their children aright because they do not take advantage of opportune times to turn their attention to spiritual matters of Eternal import. The children grow to youth, then to manhood or womanhood, and the tides of the world set in, and the current is swift, and they are swept beyond the reach of Christian influences.

"Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation."

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Honoring The Master

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.



I may have seemed a little, insignificant thing that Mary did for Jesus when she poured the ointment upon his feet. Other meaner souls criticized her for wasting the valuable oil rather than selling it so that the poor might be fed and clothed from the profits. Even Martha, no doubt, thought her sister should have been busy getting dinner or cleaning up the house for "company." But Mary chose to do this good thing, out of the wisdom of her heart.

And how the little act was appreciated by the Master! It was to Him as a beautiful bouquet of lilies. It was a sentimental act, but that was the kind of thing Jesus was then in need of. The whole world apparently had turned against Him, with its hard heart, and this tender act brought to Him like a flood the consciousness that all had not forsaken Him. She had done what she could—but could she have done anything more pleasing to her Lord?

We do not always realize the tremendous significance of a small act. Heavenly possibilities are everywhere about us. How many prophets of God have been sheltered unawares in the humble homes of the righteous poor!

A story is told of a certain old lady who lived in a hamlet not far from London. She had always loved Queen Victoria, but had never

seen her. Her one ambition was to see the popular Queen. One day an open carriage stopped before her door. A heavy rain was just beginning. The coachman asked for the loan of an umbrella. The old lady, it happened, had two umbrellas, one of silk, the other of cotton. For a moment she weighed in her simple mind the ponderous question as to which one she should loan to the rich woman who waited in the rain without; then with characteristic selfishness she handed out the old cotton umbrella. The carriage drove rapidly away. A few days after, the coachman again stood before the door. He was returning the old, faded umbrella and as he handed it back, he said, "Queen Victoria wishes me to thank you for the loan of your umbrella."

The emotions of the old woman may easily be imagined. Whether the story is true or not does not make any material difference. It illustrates the principle at least that one should always do *what he can*. It could not be said of this old woman, "She hath done what she could." She did the very least that she could. If she had had in her possession a still more faded umbrella, perhaps her hard heart would have clung to the second-best one, and she would have handed out the poorest of the lot.

The generous soul always wins. The liberal soul is the one that is made fat. God always sees that the giving hand does not get the bad end of the bargain. The reward may not come in terms of substance, but it comes at least in that joy of soul which passeth the understanding of the man who looks always on the material side of the things. Perhaps the joy which Mary experienced in this little deed for her Lord was afterward considered by her the greatest treasure of her life. After His death, what a consolation it must have been to her to remember that she had done what she could to make His sorrowful earthly life a little less sorrowful; to put a gleam of pure, unselfish love into the dark-tinted warp and woof of His tragic existence.

"She hath done what she could"—and she taught the whole world a great life lesson. How well hath she wrought! Only the ages can estimate the results of that little act of one woman on a certain busy day of her life.

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The New Dawn.

BY REV. A. MESSLER QUICK.

Haste from your gloomy Past! Dawn follows night—

*With faith and hope, the days have clearer light;
For lost sweet dreams the heart may often ache,
But upward look, and a brighter day will break.*

*Haste from your evil Past! Alas, the shame—
Live hence anew, retrieve a tarnished name.
Wage inner warfare for the good and true,
And peace shall await you, and honor, too.*

*Up from the troublous Past! Learn well the art,
To hold Messiah's star above your trembling heart;
To harbor doubts and fears be not enticed,
But seek communion with the pitying Christ.*

*Haste from your sorrowing Past! Those severed ties,
Loved friends and kin, are safe yond farthest skies.*

*Their lives and love shall with your memory stay,
And o'er your spirit like angel whispers play.*

*Haste from your darkened path! Your chart revise,
A new dawn will break, as a sweet surprise.
In the white way Divine leading securé,
And the years to come will be sweet and pure.*

PRINTED PREACHERS

For the Telugus

Printed preachers, in the form of Christian books and tracts in the vernacular have long been at work among the Telugu people in India. Year after year the American Tract Society has sent cash appropriations for the production and distribution of Christian literature among the Telugu-speaking population until the grand total of the remittances amounts to many thousands of dollars.

The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society maintains an important mission among the Telugus in South India. Publication work has been carried on at the station in Nellore, where for many years Dr. David Downie (now at Coonoor) was in charge of this important branch of activity.

The educational work at Nellore is large and growing apace. The Coles-Ackerman Memorial High School for Boys, of which an excellent picture appears on this page, is doing a splendid work. The cornerstone of this building was laid in the year 1911. One year later it had an attendance of 320 students. The last report received gives the enrollment as 800, and adds, "Although our accommodations have been steadily increased, they have not kept pace with the increase of pupils."

The vital necessity of providing Christian literature in the Telugu language for these high school students cannot be too strongly emphasized. There is a startling paucity of the kind of literature suited to the needs of the youth of India, and every effort must be made to add to the existing supply, otherwise the minds and hearts of these Indian boys and girls will be poisoned by the native heathen literature, most of which is unspeakably vile and degrading.



For the Cubans

Missionary colportage work is carried on in Cuba by the American Tract Society, whose representative, Marcelino Talavera, sends the following account of one of his recent experiences:

"The city of Havana, Cuba, is surrounded with small villages and towns, which are good places for the work of a missionary colporter.

"One morning during the past month, after having kneeled down and given thanks to God for His many blessings and having asked for His renewed blessing for the day, I went out to my work in one of these towns named La Ceiba de Marianao. As I looked over the passengers in the car, I saw that they were of all classes, but not one of them seemed to be thinking of spiritual things. Each one was thinking of his business, his pleasure and his material concerns. The merchant was thinking of his store, the politician was thinking of politics, and the cooks were thinking of the high prices of food. Not one was thinking of his soul.

"Leaning upon the promises of God I stood up and distributed some seventy or eighty tracts, and thus with the help of the Lord I turned the thoughts of the passengers from material things to thoughts of God. We cannot doubt but that the words of Christ on the Galilean mountain are fulfilled at all times, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'"



THE COLES-ACKERMAN MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL AT NELLORE, INDIA

On the Pacific Coast

Mr. James Dunlap, missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in Los Angeles, Cal., and vicinity, reports an increase in his circulation of Christian literature for the past month. He writes:

"Los Angeles and vicinity has had the privilege of having a series of evangelistic meetings conducted by Billy Sunday. One result has been the voting out of the open saloon in Los Angeles, and there have also been a number of additions to the churches and the formation of a strong federation of the churches (290 in all) for the conservation of the work. I am hoping there will also be a greater demand for evangelical literature.

"Wherever I find people from New York or New Jersey, they are familiar with the publications of the American Tract Society and are glad to procure them, for Southern California has been flooded with the false teachings of Christian Science, Russellism, Theosophy, New Thought, Spiritism, etc., etc.

"The Spanish-speaking people here are very destitute. They receive the tracts, but rarely purchase any standard religious works.

"There is at this time a call for small books, such as 'Daily Food.' One English lady said: 'This little book will help me when I am down-hearted.' So I take courage and go forward with the work of distributing Christian literature wherever I can."



In the Empire State

Rev. Samuel Goddard tells of his recent toils as a missionary colporter in these words:

"I have the privilege of recording a most remarkable answer to prayer. One day when calling at a certain house, a lady asked me to come in and show her the books and cards which I had. This I did, and she purchased three books. Then she looked into my face and said, 'Dear Sir, I see you are a man of God. I am in distress on account of my husband. He is a good man, but he does not believe in the religion of the Christian Church.

Oh, if I could only induce him to become a Christian, how happy I should be!' I pointed this woman to the blessed Word of God, and told her there was only one thing to do—pray and believe. I left a book for her to give to him, and asked for his name so that I might remember him at the Throne of Grace.

"One month later I called at this home, and the wife greeted me with these words, 'Sir, your prayers have been answered! That book and our prayers have brought my husband to Jesus, and he has now joined the church. Praise the Lord!' With tears in her eyes she continued, 'I shall never forget you and the Society you represent. May God bless you in the good work you are doing.'

"I need hardly say that I left that home with a joyful heart and renewed strength to go on with my work."



In the Old Dominion State

Rev. J. M. Carter, who has been carrying on missionary colportage work for many years under the auspices of the American Tract Society, writes:

"I have been seeking out the homes of the people who live in the mountains of Virginia. After climbing many rugged cliffs to find those who seem to be cut off from the rest of the world, a missionary colporter gets such a welcome as is seldom received in the towns and cities in the forefront of our civilization. The warmth of the welcome thus received can be accounted for by the fact that it is seldom that any one with a religious message finds his way into these parts.

"I have sought to find the homes in these mountains just as you would seek to find something you had lost. When we lose ourselves, so to speak, in this cause and realize that we are feeding the people with God's own Word and that they rejoice to receive it, then we have a foretaste of the sweetest spiritual blessings. It seems to me that missionary colportage comes the nearest to doing the works of Jesus of anything that I know."

The Secret of Endurance

By Rev. Fred. L. Kingsbury

IT is remarkable that although the Bible comparatively seldom speaks of spiritual enterprises and great activities, it says much about the quiet graces. This is not only true of the pages of the Bible, but we find that literature is enriched by thoughts of these invisible fields where humanity fights its severest battles.

Our Heavenly Father subjects our characters to perpetual discipline, while perhaps those very near us are uncongenial, inflicting silent, "subtle strokes," aimed at the "unseen centres of hope and courage." In the family, there are infirmities and frictions that are hard to bear. In the church, many trials come through the self-assertive, the indolent, the quarrelsome or the unlovely. A child once said to its mother, "How happy we should all be if father was different!" There is someone who constitutes the cloud in our sky, the thorn in our nest, the one bitter drop in our cup. In the midst of such environment Cowper says we are to beware of desperate steps. "The darkest sky, live till tomorrow, will have passed away." And in his Epistle the Apostle James says, "Behold we count them happy (or blessed) who endure."

Our Heavenly Father never loses sight of the sensitiveness of our spirit: there is no heart in all the world that is so all-knowing, so all-sympathetic, so conscious of our infirmities, as well as so pitiful of them as is His. And yet He tells us simply to "endure." Bear it, however prolonged it may be, however provoking it may be; bear it in a sweet and gentle way which has forgiveness and pity concealed within it. Bear it just as He did, who gave a tender, healing touch to the wounded ear of the man who was binding Him with cords to lead Him to the judgment hall.

In the year 1715 A. D. French Protestantism, pierced with a thousand wounds, and bleeding from every pore, seemed only to be awaiting death. Antoine Court, the then leader of the forces of the Reformation, was a man of immovable constancy and tenaciously maintained the principles of religious freedom. He was gifted with a firm will, a clear mind, great physical energy and a cool spirit. Having collected a congregation, he advanced warily, step by step, leading his people from cavern to cavern, where they held their worship. Court was only nineteen years of age, but he changed the threatened ruin of the Camisard cause into a condition of almost prophetic inspiration. He endured as seeing the invisible One.

Endurance is most hard to practice in times of oppressive darkness. We can bear anything if we know that we have the favor and companionship of our dear Lord. There are periods as well as tests of endurance when the waves threaten to engulf us, and our Lord sleeps in the boat. Our wants unmet, our prayer unanswered, our spiritual tenderness gone, with heart dead as stone, we cry out, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" while the tempter (like Job's wife) continually whispers, "Curse God and die!" What then? Why then, endure. Doubt not; rebel not; waver not; though He slay thee, trust Him.

"It were not hard to suffer by His hand,
If thou could'st see His face;—but in the dark!
That is the one last trial; be it so.
Christ was forsaken, so must thou be, too.
How could'st thou suffer but in seeming else?
Thou wilt not see the face, nor feel the hand,
Only the cruel crushing of the feet
When through the bitter night, the Lord comes down
To tread the winepress. Not by sight, but faith
Endure. Endure. Be faithful to the end."

Suffering is misery—it must be; but change the suffering into endurance, and it becomes blessed. Many things in nature are noxious, which by the magic touch (perhaps of chemistry) become wholesome and even delightful. The alchemists labored to find the philosopher's stone which would turn everything into gold; we need not labor for the secret which turns suffering into joy, because it is disclosed in the words, "They are blessed who endure." Suffering is for some a vocation: such are called not even to be workers, but sufferers. We can perhaps say that it is the highest vocation to which some are called. Our Lord was never so regal as when crowned with thorns.

"Who is the angel that cometh? Pain.
Let us arise and go forth to greet him. Not in vain
Is the summons come for us to meet him.
He will stay and darken our sun; he will stay
A desolate night, and a weary day.
Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won,
Let us say while his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured:
'Blessed is this that cometh in the
Name of the Lord.'"

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The Diligent Use of Average Powers

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

It is probably a fact that the bulk of the world work is done by people of average powers, or, to use the figure in the parable, by men of two talents. The geniuses, or five-talent men, are scarce, and, even when extraordinary talent does make an appearance it is apt to exhaust itself in simply one direction. Moreover, geniuses are apt to be temperamentally unfitted for many of the necessary tasks of life, having an aversion for drudgery, neglecting details, and gaining a reputation for being "unpractical." At the other social extreme are the one-talent men, who, like the poor, are always with us, but never very helpfully with us. The imbeciles of course must at once be counted out from the productive factors of society, and besides them there is a large army of weaklings, who are poor in mental efficiency and physical strength or ambition, and who, though they may accomplish something for the upkeep of the world, are not the really efficient factors in stimulating its better life.

The two-talent men occupy the median line between these extremes. They are not consciously so strong and mighty as to feel themselves above the world's more prosaic work, while realizing that they are possessed of fair abilities, they are lifted above that deep discouragement which is apt to beset those who have but one talent, and that frequently mortgaged by sad circumstance. "Give me neither poverty nor riches" said a wise man long ago—and his saying indicates, even in these modern days, a comfortable lot midway between the extremes of care-bringing wealth and strength-sapping penury. As the great majority of people belong somewhere in between the over-rich and the desperately poor, it is safe to conclude that the bulk of the work of the world is done by them.

But what is required in any case is that each man shall make diligent use of just those powers which he himself possesses. God expects returns on the basis of the capital which he has invested in humanity. In the Parable of the Talents it is said that the Master travelling into a far country, gave to each of his servants "according to his several ability." The same

amount was not expected from each servant, but one thing was exacted from all—diligence. Each man was expected to be both intelligent and industrious in the use of opportunity. No allowance was made for selfishness, sloth, or ignorance of market conditions. The two-talent man was not asked to be a genius, but he was required to make good. He was expected to "stir up" the gift of God which was in him, and to build on the basis of his average ability.

It is the men of fairly respectable gifts who, composing so large a proportion of its membership, are the hope of the church to-day. In too many instances reliance is placed almost exclusively on a few, rich or very influential five-talent men, while the poor are treated with neglect or condescension and not afforded the opportunity of contributing even their mite. The ideal condition is such a distribution of responsibility as will lead all to accept their proportionate share of the church's burdens. There is such a thing as making a great use of small means. Do your best, and God will see to it that the results of your life will work gloriously into the great plan of His growing Kingdom.

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Assets and Liabilities

BY L. D. STEARNS.

Here, at the beginning of another year, they rise before us—Assets and Liabilities.

A year ago you marshaled them forth, and set your face for life's twelvemonth to come. Has the year shown gain? Yet, after all, that is a question none, except your own soul and God, may ask. The year has gone. If its record has spelled success you can be glad, and with increased effort go forward in the days to come; and if it has held failure you can remember how men have risen from the ruins of failure to far, fair heights. The all-important thing is to go on; to build; to strengthen each asset, adding new ones to the list; and to cut down the liabilities.

Take a little time to look over the years that have passed—not with discouragement or repining, but as a business man studies his business to find where leakage exists and to note the special points to be strengthened; and as you look across them, note how many of the things you once reckoned as liabilities have proved assets. God never harnesses one with a handicap that may not be turned into a crown.

When He puts us here He endows each soul with just those powers which it will need in the great school of life, and places in our consciousness a draft of the specifications by which we should work. The trouble is, we fail to understand because we do not search earnestly and deeply enough. As our senses become tuned to earth's language we forget the secret things God implanted in our soul, and so, as we draw our balance sheet, we get our items twisted, putting assets for liabilities and liabilities for assets until some sudden turning of life's mirror shows us we are wrong, and in a flash of understanding we cry, "For these, oh God, I thank Thee! *lo!* they are golden, and I thought them dross!"

It is the steady going on, the persistent working at possibilities, the strong, firm grasping of realities that brings one at length to that point where life blooms into glad, full fruition.

Thus—with eyes upraised toward the hills of God—let us in the coming year do worthy battle, remembering that if failure comes today, tomorrow is still before us; striving so to order our lives that we may some day stand triumphant, seeing, with glad, clear vision it may be, that what we once counted as our greatest liability has proved our strongest asset, because it has taught, from heights and depths of pain, a tender sympathy for those who fail, a knowledge of self-weakness, and a sense of God's vast power.

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Progress in Korea

A recent communication from the Korean Religious Tract Society, of which Mr. Gerald Bonwick is the efficient General Secretary, contains a list of fourteen new publications in the Korean language which have just been added to the Society's list, and are now ready for circulation.

These publications include a number of important titles, among which may be mentioned "Essentials of the Bible," which contains a most helpful digest of Biblical facts under 289 headings; "Geography of the Holy Land," "Fundamental Truths Concerning the Work of Christ," "How to Lead Men to Christ," by Dr. Torrey, translated by Rev. F. S. Miller; "Sunday School Teacher Training," "The Bible Text Book," a revised edition; "Study of the Epistles to the Romans," "Daily Light on the Daily Path," "The Life of John Wesley," and "The Essentials of Christianity."

The Korean Religious Tract Society has been making marked progress during the past few years, and the issuance of such a considerable number of new and important publications is an evidence of the strength and virility of this Society.

In accordance with the modern principles of religious publication work in foreign lands, the Korean Religious Tract Society has on its Board of Trustees representatives of the various evangelical denominations which are carrying on missionary work in Korea.

The American Tract Society has for many years co-operated with the Korean Religious Tract Society and sends an annual cash appropriation for the support of its work.

How the Korean Tract Society circulates Christian literature among all classes of the native population is illustrated in the picture on this page, which shows the distribution of Christian tracts at a street meeting in Seoul.



Making Strong Bodies in India

How the missionary force is quick to avail itself of every possible opening for service is told by Rev. L. Henry Gates of Sholapur, in the Marathi Mission of the American Board. He writes:

"So far as I know there has been no organized effort to develop the physique of the boys in our schools. The Educational Department has not required it; but the lack of attention to the health of the pupils has been the cause of disease, low scholarship, and much else that is detrimental to society. The boys have been encouraged to play games, but rather spasmodically and individually. Gymnasium apparatus has been only too much of an unknown quantity. The careless habits into which scholars and teachers alike have fallen have not been a credit to any school.

"Now we are beginning to awake to the need of greater attention to physical development. The Educational Department is already sounding the superintendents and principals as to what is being done along such lines, and the missions are taking keen interest in building up this side of school life.

"It is especially needful that the leadership be taken and held as far as possible by Christian teachers, therefore the offer on the part of the Physical Department of the Young Men's Christian Association of India to conduct, at Mahabeshwar, the training of a group of teachers for two or three of the Western India missions afforded an opportunity which we were quick to grasp.

"There were twenty regular teachers in attendance at Mahabeshwar, which is the hill station for a number of missionaries during the hot season; and which, because of its picturesque, mountainous character, was a drawing card for our Indian teachers, who had never been far away from their villages and perhaps had never seen the mountains.



DISTRIBUTING CHRISTIAN LITERATURE ON THE STREET IN SEOUL, KOREA.

Besides the twenty regular students, five or six others took advantage of the chance to take physical exercises. On some days, even the missionaries enjoyed standing in the ranks and participating in the vigorous motions.

"Before the sun had made it hot in the morning, two hours were spent in outdoor drilling, setting-up exercises, and games. In the afternoons were classes where the teachers learned fundamental principles of anatomy and 'first aid' and the theories of physical culture.

"The class was in session for a full month, at the end of which an exhibition was given for the benefit of the missionaries who had sent the men. Governmental officials were also invited to the outdoor exhibition. Demonstrations were given of basket ball, baseball, etc.

"The teachers took hold enthusiastically, and gave abundant evidence that they realized the importance and value of the course. They have come back to the work in their schools determined to help develop the pupils along physical as

well as mental lines. Many show a remarkable grasp of the principles given them in the class. In and out of the drill periods they demonstrate that they have learned new ways of influencing boys for their good.

"This success was due almost wholly to the admirable leadership of Dr. J. Henry Gray, of Calcutta, who spent his thought and time and energy in making sure the class had not gone to Mahabeshwar in vain. His unlimited perseverance, boundless patience and tact, and his hearty good nature were always in evidence, and before the end of the month he had proved his friendship for each and all. They will look back to him for many years as their ideal of physical Christian manhood and character."



Work in Guatemala

The Guatemala Mission of the Presbyterian Church is not in one of the nations taking part in the great European war, but the fact that there are residing in Guatemala many people of

different nationalities makes the work at the present time more difficult to carry on. Another of their problems at the present time is the world cry of the "high cost of living."

But it is not all shadow, for even with the pressing need of another missionary family at Quezaltenango the number of congregations have increased from three to twenty-five, the membership from 100 to nearly 600, the church buildings from one to five. One missionary has to look after all of this work and besides take care of the added work entailed in German and English preaching, and the directions of a small printing establishment.

The church building at Quezaltenango is being enlarged with voluntary subscriptions of money and labor, the people doing the work themselves, and it will not be long before the Board will have to send another missionary to labor with Mr. Burgess.

There is a wide-open door in Guatemala for the physician. The advancement of God's kingdom in this Republic through the medium of the hospital and the medical missionary is as of as much importance as the presence of the physician on the battle front of France.

Plans are under way where a boys' school shall be started with a limited number of pupils, but with shops where the boys themselves can do the manual work of making doors and window frames for the school buildings, and their own furniture. The same need of establishing Christian schools in the United States is felt in Guatemala where the Government education is either openly infidel or anti-Christian.



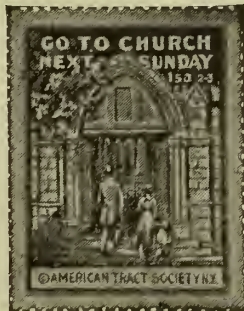
The Surplus Material Department

More than twelve hundred missionaries received Christmas gifts for their work through the Surplus Material Department of the World's Sunday School Association. Each year, long before Christmas, a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" letter leaves the office of the World's Association, 216 Metropolitan Tower, New York, for each missionary with whom the Surplus Material Department is in active relationship. With each letter a number of helpful things are sent.

This year the packet contained thirteen enclosures. First in continued usefulness were two daily Bible Reading Sunday School calendars. Many missionaries, in writing their thanks, say that they have no other way of knowing where the uniform lessons are found. Then there was a copy of 1917 "Gist of the Lesson." The lessons used in the United States during the year 1917 will be studied in the Philippines and Korea in 1918. The "Gist" is also useful as a small-sized commentary and makes a fine gift to a native pastor who can speak English. Two different publishers gave a Christmas musical service for each of the 1,200 missionaries. The total weight of each packet was about a half pound, making nearly 600 pounds for Uncle Sam to start on the long journey.

Letters of thanks will arrive from the missionaries in a few weeks and they will then indicate some special things that they need greatly in their work. The home folks can have a part in honoring these special requests. During the past months many parcel post packages containing such things as dolls, marbles, knives, handkerchiefs, etc., have been sent to the missionaries for distribution at the Christmas season. Many schools and classes begin the preparation of such things during the summer months.

Information can be had by writing to the World's Sunday School Association, Surplus Material Department, 216 Metropolitan Tower, New York. Name your denomination that you may receive an introduction to a missionary in your own church. About 26,000 have been thus related here to a missionary abroad.



"GO TO CHURCH" STAMP

BY pasting a "Go to Church" Stamp on all your outgoing mail and packages you will be helping the American Tract Society to spread the Gospel by bringing the people to Church.

The sending of one of these Stamps may be the means of winning over one or more souls to Christ by way of the Church.

We wish to have the Millions who do not attend any Church or Mission receive a Message by the receipt of a "Go to Church" Stamp and we ask you to assist us in doing this.

We sell these stamps at cost.

15 Cents per hundred. By mail, 17 Cents.
\$1.00 per thousand. By mail, \$1.05.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

Park Avenue and 40th Street

New York City

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

JANUARY 6.

Christian Duty and Privilege Becoming a Christian

Acts 26:13-15.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Dec. 31. An awakened conscience. Acts 16:25-34.
T. Jan. 1. Faith first. John 3:1-8, 16.
W. Jan. 2. Repentance second. Acts 2:37-47.
T. Jan. 3. Obedience third. Acts 9:1-6.
F. Jan. 4. The result: pardon. Acts 3:13-21.
S. Jan. 5. Grateful service. Phil. 2:12-16.

We begin the New Year with a general topic which will be considered under different aspects on the first Sunday of each month for the first half of the year.

There are many different circumstances under which people have become Christians, and the case of the Apostle Paul, which is described in the Scripture portion selected for our topic furnishes but one illustration of the many ways in which souls have been led to Christ.

How Men Come to Christ

There are many who become Christians in early years. Indeed, it may be safely said that the large majority of Christians enter the Christian life in childhood days. This is the best time to begin, and every effort should be made to lead the little ones to Christ before they have learned the evil ways of the world.

Young manhood and young womanhood are the period at which a considerable number begin the Christian life. Students in high schools and colleges are responsive to evangelistic influences, and no effort should be omitted to bring to bear upon the young people in our educational institutions the spiritual pressure that will constrain them to declare themselves on the Lord's side.

Mature men and women are not so readily influenced as those who are younger, but when once led to make a decision, they usually become faithful and robust Christians. A strong effort should be made to induce people of ripened years to begin the Christian life, for in this way the Christian Church would be very materially strengthened.

There is no age limit as to the time when one may become a Christian. Therefore we should not rest content until even the most aged have been urged to enter the Christian life. Even though but a short span of life of earthly life remain, there is opportunity for service, and it is never too late to embrace the proffered gift of salvation.

Conversion means a turning about. It marks a change in tendency. It indicates a change in our relations toward God and toward our fellow-man. Conversion is the result of our faith in Christ, our repentance for sin, and our obedience to the divine command to confess Christ among men.

Conversion is the fruit of the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit within the human heart. It is the evidence of the believer's compliance with the command of Christ, "Follow me."

Conversion means that we become different from what we were before we were converted. It means that we have different likes and dislikes, different hopes and aspirations, different aims and ideals.

What Christ Requires

What Christ requires of us in order that we may become Christians is very simple. The injunction, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," indicates what is required for entrance into the Kingdom.

Christianity is a growth, and the Christian life follows the law of development. We are not expected to bear the ripened fruit of all the Christian graces at the very outset, but we are to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Christ requires faith, repentance, obedience and service, but He is very tender with those who are just beginning to enter the Christian life and if only our hearts are right, He will be very patient with us while we are learning to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.

JANUARY 13.

Young Christians Reaching Upward

Psalms 63:1-8.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 7. Looking upward. Heb. 12:1-6.
T. Jan. 8. Yearning upward. Col. 3:1-8.
W. Jan. 9. High aims. Phil. 3:7-14.
T. Jan. 10. Rising through prayer. Eph. 3:14-21.
F. Jan. 11. The upward path. Col. 3:9-15.
S. Jan. 12. Helping others upward. I Cor. 9:19-23.

This is a particularly appropriate subject in these opening days of the New Year. High aims are essential to high accomplishment, and it is well that we should be reminded of the necessity for looking upward, if we are to excel in the Christian life.

There are many ways by which young Christians may reach upward toward heavenly things. Let us consider some of the most important means by which we may attain to those things which are above.

Communion With Nature

When we come near to the heart of Nature, we are brought near to the heart of God, for God is the Creator of the world of nature, and the sun, the stars, the sea, the lakes, the mountains, the flowers, the trees, the birds and all the features of the natural world point us to Him who is their Maker.

When we study the great characters of the Bible, we see that they were in nearly every instance men and women who lived close to the heart of nature. David, the sweet singer of Israel, Elijah, the great prophet, and Miriam, the prophetess, are illustrations of this fact.

The Hour of Meditation

The observance of the Quiet Hour is one of the means by which young Christians may reach upward. In this rushing, war-stricken age we need the hour of meditation in which to gain poise for our troubled spirits. We need to spend some of our time in quiet contemplation in order that we may attain unto high achievement.

The value of the Quiet Hour will be lost to us, if we spend it in merely idle thought. We should focus our minds on the great spiritual realities of life, and by so doing we shall reach upward to the eternal verities.

The Use of Prayer

Prayer is the gateway to heaven. By communion with God and with His Son Jesus Christ we reach upward to the great moral certainties of life.

In this age there is grave danger that prayer will be neglected. Yet nothing is more effectual than prayer, and if we wish to have true success, there is no more fatal error than to overlook the ministry of prayer.

Helpful Associations

We must choose our associates carefully if we would reach upward. We cannot have low associations and expect to attain a high plane. Either we must lift others up or they will drag us down. We cannot have degraded companions and expect to live on an exalted plane.

Man is a gregarious being, and his natural impulse is to join in groups. Young people are especially susceptible to the influence of their associates, and it is therefore imperative that they exercise the greatest care in choosing their associates.

The Best Model

There are noble men and women whom we may take as our example, but let us ever remember that the best model for us to follow is found in the person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In Him there are no imperfections, and we are safe in following in His steps, wherever He may lead.

Let us take the Lord Jesus as our model in sacrificial service. What our nation needs and what the world needs today is this kind of service. Some are already giving their all, but there are many who are giving little or nothing in response to the world's cry of need.

JANUARY 20.

Young Christians Reaching Outward

Galatians 6:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 14. Reaching the needy. Luke 10:25-37.
T. Jan. 15. Reaching out to rescue. Jude 20-25.
W. Jan. 16. Reaching regions beyond. Acts 16:9-15.
T. Jan. 17. Reaching out to comfort. 2 Cor. 1:1-7.
F. Jan. 18. Reaching out to reform. John 2:13-17.
S. Jan. 19. Reaching out to bless. Rom. 1:8-15.

Our last topic, "Reaching Upward," is followed naturally and logically by the present one, "Reaching Outward." The upward look inspires the outward reach, for the rule of Christianity is ever, "Look unto God and help your brother man."

In the Daily Bible Readings for this week are many of the ways in which young Christians may reach outward. Other ways will suggest themselves to active Endeavorers, whose pledge of service calls for fulfillment along every possible line.

Philanthropic Endeavor

One way of reaching outward is through philanthropic service. This means caring for the poor and needy, not only at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, but all through the year. It means not simply the giving of alms to those who are poverty-stricken but the adoption of ways and means whereby the poor shall be enabled to help themselves.

Philanthropic endeavor includes such lines of service as the Red Cross Society is pushing for the relief of those who suffer from war, pestilence, famine, fire and flood.

It includes hospital work and work for those who are shut-in by the infirmities of age or by reason of sickness.

Social Service

Young Christians may reach outward by taking up lines of social service, by which we mean what has been often called, "applied Christianity."

Social service is a new term, but it signifies the carrying out of principles that are as old as the Sermon on the Mount. It means that the Christian Church should interest itself in whatever concerns the welfare of humanity, caring for the bodily as well as for the spiritual needs of mankind. It means that as Christians we should strive to see to it that men, women and children are comfortably housed, adequately fed, and properly educated. It means that sanitary and hygienic conditions shall be considered as well as moral and spiritual needs.

Evangelistic Enterprise

One way in which young Christians may reach outward is by cultivating the evangelistic spirit.

It is the strong conviction of the writer that the time is ripe for a great evangelistic movement throughout the churches all over our land, and young people can do a great deal to advance such a movement.

An evangelistic movement through the churches would undoubtedly lead to increased evangelistic efforts to reach the soldiers who are gathered in training camps in various parts of our land.

The presence of these large bodies of troops furnishes a splendid opportunity for evangelistic service, which ought not to be passed by. Many of these men and boys will respond to the Gospel appeal, if only it is presented in manly, earnest fashion. Here is a fine chance to reach outward, and by faithful evangelistic service to lead these soldiers of our country to become soldiers of the Cross.

Missionary Work

Missionary work may be considered a specialized form of the evangelistic enterprise. It is one of the most effective means by which young Christians can reach outward and bring untold blessing to the human race.

JANUARY 27.

Christian Endeavor Goals and How to Reach Them

Romans 12:1-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 21. Winning others. Acts 8:26-40.
T. Jan. 22. Training. Rom. 12:3-8.
W. Jan. 23. Fellowship. 2 Cor. 6:1-18.
T. Jan. 24. Confession. 1 John 2:27-29.
F. Jan. 25. Worship. Isa. 12:1-6.
S. Jan. 26. Consecration. Ps. 40:1-11.

This topic has been chosen in view of the recurrence of the anniversary of the founding of the first Christian Endeavor Society which was organized on February 2, 1881, in the Williston Church of Portland, Maine, under the leadership of Dr. Francis E. Clark, now affectionately known as Father Endeavor Clark.

This is an age in which the value of organizations is measured largely if not entirely by their efficiency in doing things. Even in religious circles the same practical test is being applied, and the value of a religious society is measured today largely by what it actually does.

Measured by this test, the Christian Endeavor Society is one of the most efficient instrumentalities of the Christian Church. Its principles are such as to command the warmest approval from every lover of the Kingdom, and its deeds are such as to merit the highest praise.

Some Definite Aims

The Christian Endeavor Society has clear definite aims. It is striving for more members, more societies, more active committees, more consecrated workers and larger spiritual results.

One admirable goal which the Christian Endeavor Society has emphasized in recent years is that of securing a larger number of "life recruits," by which are meant young men and young women who are willing to devote their entire lives to some definite form of Christian service.

In these times there is some danger that the claims of Christian service may be overlooked on account of the unparalleled demand for war workers of various kinds. Certainly no deaf ear should be turned to the call of our country to serve her in this time of need. But the question may very properly be raised, how may I serve my country best? And the answer to this question will sometimes reveal the fact that we may serve our country best by engaging in some form of Christian service which will help to conserve the moral and spiritual welfare of the nation.

Essential Elements to Success

In order to reach the goals which the Christian Endeavor Society has set for itself, there must be patience, persistence and prayer.

Often we are too impatient to see the direct results of our work. Let us do our work faithfully and be content to leave the results with God. One Christian Endeavor Society helped to support an Italian worker. He finally gave his life in an attempt to rescue two men from drowning. The churches of the city, moved by his sacrifice, erected a church for the Italian mission. The Endeavorers who supported that Italian worker could not foresee the result of their work, but they were rewarded for their loyal support of a faithful worker.

In order to attain true success we must love our work. "Fervent in spirit," says one writer, "means to have our spirits aglow with warm interest and sympathy—and this applies to all goals and tasks. We accomplish little, if we do not love our work."

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Jan. 28. Bringing others. Mark 2:1-5.
T. Jan. 29. Persuading others. Acts 26:24-32.
W. Jan. 30. Winning by example. 1 Pet. 2:11-25.
T. Jan. 31. Winning by prayer. Acts 1:14; 2:1-4.
F. Feb. 1. Winning by kindness. Matt. 5:43-48.
S. Feb. 2. Winning by preaching. Luke 10:1-6, 17-20.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The New Year Bells.

BY DONALD A. FRASER.

From out the turrets clang the bells,
The bells that knell the Old Year's flight
Each solemn tongue the message tells
Earth's watch is changing in the night;
And all their tones united chime
This lesson of the stride of Time:
Time lives,
And Life allures;
Time dies,
But God endures.

But, Hark! outpeal the merry bells,
The bells that hail the New Year born,
And as each note the chorus swells
That greets with joy the world's new morn,
Glad Hope's sweet carol rings amain,
With Love's low, murmuring refrain:
Time lives,
And Life allures;
Time dies,
But God endures.

Memory Books.

BY MARY E. CHASE.

THE Newest Girl in the boarding school was from the country. That was evident. Her clothes were decidedly home-made, and her hair was done in a distinctly old-fashioned style. Moreover, as Sally Wallace said, Mary Nelson was plainly "not used to things." Her manners were good and simple, but she lacked the ease and self-possession of Sally herself, who had always been surrounded by every luxury, and of the other girls, many of whom had attended Miss Williams' School for many years.

Mary roomed with Sally. The arrangement did not please Sally at all, who had wanted Kitty Richards, but Miss Williams had decided, and Miss Williams' decisions were not easily set aside. Moreover, Miss Williams had written Sally's father and mother that she thought each girl had something to give the other; and, although Sally remarked scornfully to herself and to Kitty Richards as well that she felt sure the giving would be all on one side, no change was forthcoming.

The Newest Girl began at once to fulfill Miss Williams' prophecy. She did learn from Sally. The Newest Girl wanted to learn. She realized that her life in a tiny village had lacked many of the advantages that Sally Wallace had enjoyed, and she eagerly asked and accepted Sally's advice about clothes and hair-dressing and the proper ways of doing things. Sally gave the advice in a good-natured but more or less superior way. In spite of her disappointment, she was beginning to like the Newest Girl—her sense of humor, her willingness to learn, and her thoughtfulness of others—but she would never have admitted for a moment that she, Sally Wallace, could learn anything from plain Mary Nelson.

But she *did* learn, and her first lesson took place before October was half gone. It happened one rainy Saturday when Sally and Kitty Richards and Dot Crawford and Mary were together in the very room assigned to the still disappointed Sally. They were all, except the Newest Girl, engaged in pasting the first souvenirs of the year in brand-new Memory Books. Mary was looking on, as interested as ever.

"I don't suppose," remarked Sally in her most superior tone, "I don't suppose you ever saw or heard of a Memory Book before, Mary?"

Mary stifled a desire to speak angrily, and smiled instead. Sally was exasperating in her ever-present attitude of teaching someone far more ignorant than she herself, and yet one might as well be good-natured. She owed much to Sally. She was quite ready to admit that. Still it was with a heightened

color that she replied to Sally's repeated question.

"Yes, I've kept one for three years now," she said, "so they are not so new to me as you might think. Of course," she added, as the three girls looked up from their work with surprised faces, "of course, I don't pretend my Memory Book is like yours. It isn't, but it's a Memory Book all the same, and—in a way I think it means more than yours do."

"If it's here," Sally announced sarcastically and in a commanding tone, "bring it out. We might get some ideas, and Miss Williams always says we should never lose a chance of learning something." She gave Kitty Richards a knowing glance.

The Newest Girl considered for a moment. Apparently she was not anxious to show her Memory Book to Sally and Kitty and Dot. But at last she

mother a letter on the anniversary of the day that Grandfather died. It's only a little thing to do, but it means a lot to her. Then, if I didn't have it down, I'd forget that Martha Smith's birthday is the 10th of May. She's an invalid, you see, and a letter means a lot to her, too. Sometimes I send her some flowers. There are a great many persons, I've found, whom you just can't write to regularly, but you can at least once a year—persons who appreciate it so much."

It was a long speech for the Newest Girl, who generally listened while the others talked, but Sally and Kitty and Dot were so interested that they actually made her talk some more. How did she find out about all the birthdays, they asked her. It would spoil the fun and the pleasure of surprising people, if one asked outright for the dates.

The Newest Girl never asked out-

ory Book, Mary, and it certainly does mean a heap more than ours do. I'm going to begin one this very day. You've given me a brand-new idea, and I'm glad of it."

"You've given Dot and me one, too," echoed Kitty Richards. "I guess everyone learns things from everyone else, after all."

"A Temperate Dispute"

BY CORA S. DAY.

"I tell you he's the most valuable dog in this village." Audrey's tone was heated as well as positive. Walter had just spoken slightly of Brownie and now he laughed.

"I wouldn't give five dollars for a dozen like him," he declared teasingly. At these words Audrey fairly bristled.

"You wouldn't, eh? That shows what you know! Uncle George wouldn't sell him to a man who offered twenty-five dollars for him last fall," he replied scornfully.

"He must have been getting rid of his money on a wager," Walter scoffed smilingly. Audrey would have replied angrily, but just then Uncle George appeared and stopped the discussion.

"Never mind, Audrey. Walter knows Brownie's good points well. He's jollying you. But anyway, getting angry and shouting at him wouldn't convince him a mite," he said.

It is well to remember that a good cause "needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute," according to Sir Thomas Browne.

Any good cause will surely gain in honor, dignity and respect, if good temper, kindness and quiet dignity champion it. Bluster and loud words and hard feelings never yet won any worthy victory. When you feel it your duty to stand for a good cause, do it with simple earnestness and sincerity, free from passion or bitterness. Let your honest conviction find utterance in temperate speech, and it will win when heated passion would fail.

"Keep Your Lantern By You"

"Keep your lantern by you. If anything should happen, you may be at one end of the car and your lantern at the other." The words were spoken somewhat sharply by the conductor of an evening train to a new hand who had just come on duty.

We thought of others besides inexperienced brakemen who sometimes put their lamps where they would be of little use in an emergency. They make a profession of religion, but do not take their religion with them in daily life.

There are many people, young and old, who go to places where they cannot take their religion with them. And then, how can they be prepared to help others who are in danger? How shall they give them light to guide them or help them out of their trouble if their light is away in some other place when the emergency arises? "Ye are the light of the world," said Jesus to His disciples.

Where Cooks Have No Fire

The Maoris of northern New Zealand eat cooked food, yet they have no fire and are never troubled about coal or gas bills. When the Maori housewife of that particular district wishes to cook a meal she places her kettle in a pond of boiling water nearby and waits until the water in the kettle boils. The natives have been careful to build their huts near friendly hot-water geysers.

When the housewife wishes to cook meat she puts it in a dish with a grating for the bottom, and places the dish above one of the many holes through which steam escapes from the ground. This dish is covered, and the steam soon cooks the meat.



MAKING HER FIRST BISCUITS.

crossed to her desk, and returned in a moment with a tiny red book, which she passed to the surprised Sally.

"You see, it isn't at all like yours, Sally," she said, "but it means a lot to me, and people tell me that it has meant a lot to them, too."

Sally, with Kitty and Dot bending over her shoulders, was examining the tiny book. It was divided into twelve sections, each indexed with the name of a month, and each containing the dates of certain days.

"January 12th," read the still puzzled Sally, "'Mother's birthday.' 'January 25th, the day Grandfather died.' I confess I can't see the point, Mary."

"Can't you?" asked the Newest Girl, a little embarrassed under the scrutiny of three. "The dates mean the days I want especially to remember, you see. For instance, I always write Grand-

right, she told them. Sometimes a mutual friend would be able to tell her, sometimes the information would be given most casually so that the person who gave it would never realize that anyone especially cared. In the case of the days when sorrow came, she remembered those herself, and wrote them down at once.

Kitty and Dot and Sally, even, were very quiet when the Newest Girl had finished, and had taken the little red Memory Book back to her desk. Sally was realizing that Miss Williams' prophecy had come true—that she had learned something well worth the knowing from Mary Nelson. And because Sally with all her faults was honest to the core, she put her arm around the Newest Girl, and said bravely with her eyes on Kitty Richards' face:

"I'm glad to know about your Mem-

Our Fireside

Elinor's New Year

By Lloyd Logan

"I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall."

It is simply a wonderful night. I dearly love this boat trip. It makes a perfect, beautiful lull between the tiresome rush at home, the tumult and roar of the city, and the thousand and one things that you wish to do."

Elinor was most gracefully seated in her steamer chair. She glanced with complacent satisfaction at her well shod feet, poked up in full view. The slippers were not new, but she liked them very well, for the exquisite material and workmanship displayed her small foot to advantage. For that matter nothing that Elinor had worn on the ship was entirely new, but everything rather suggested a selection from a well-stocked wardrobe.

"I absolutely adore this outing," Marcia replied. "It is such a rest. It seems impossible to prepare to go anywhere without wearing out the whole family, though Mother and I have been planning for this trip for the longest time."

Marcia sighed and glanced at her shoes. They were neat, inexpensive and brand new. "Bought for this especial occasion," they fairly shrieked.

"How odd," Elinor spoke almost to herself, "I never prepare to go anywhere in my life. I just pack and go. In New York the shopping is so much easier and better. I loathe to hurry. I never will."

Elinor's tone was permeated with self-satisfaction and the satiety of all good things. Marcia glanced quickly

at Elinor's face, whose perfect composure and sweet expression bespoke merely sheer thoughtlessness. Many twists and turns in life had taught Marcia instant divination between rude, cruel thrusts,—or just chance jabs in the general fray.

"You are going to Columbia University?" Marcia asked courteously.

"Yes, for painting. Mother could not leave until fall. This gives me six weeks more in the city. Florida is so tiresome in the summer."

"You do not care for Columbia?" Marcia asked by way of conversation.

"Yes, indeed. I shall work very hard; even so it is incidental." After a pause she continued, "Marcia, why don't you go to Columbia? Wouldn't you care to?"

"Care to?" Marcia repeated, "Care to? I'd love it. Oh! if I could. Teaching all the winter, I have not had the opportunity of studying since we graduated from high school. If I could just complete certain lines, I would receive so much more salary. This summer I visit an Aunt who is very lame. I hardly think that I can leave her often."

She did not add that the Aunt's lameness was the reason of her invitation. Marcia immediately spoke of other things. She always felt that her own troubles were her own private, particular property. She was rather embarrassed at their being dragged out for others' surveillance. Elinor quickly followed the new trend, feeling that she had ruthlessly intruded. Secretly she resolved she would make amends to Marcia. Twice she had offended.

The girls from the night of the high school commencement had seen little of each other. They trod diverging paths. Elinor found the way paved and prepared; Marcia was blazing the trail.

Elinor, to her very genuine surprise, was not able to be what she considered nice to Marcia. Amid the little gaieties and festivities on board Marcia shone. Her composure and poise were perfect. Even her clothes required no apology; to be sure the white serge skirt had been laundered, but her exquisite blouses were entirely finger work. Elinor complimented them.

"Well you see," Marcia explained, "Since Father became helpless with this stroke of paralysis the noise of the machine annoys him. He wants Mother to sit with him, all the time, so she made my blouses by hand."

"They are lovely," Elinor replied admiringly.

The captain of the boat paid Marcia quite a bit of attention. It seemed she had been given transportation, since her brother held a responsible position on another line. Elinor was not consciously snobbish in her intended patronage of Marcia. Her attitude really sprang from very kind thoughts.

That Elinor felt herself superior to Marcia was perfectly the result of her training. Her poise and composure were due only to the assiduous cultivation of her mind and manners. She had been taught an overwhelming deference to all conventionality. Even so she somehow failed in her attempts to be nice to Marcia—Marcia who had enjoyed so few advantages; Marcia who had been tried by fire, whose quick courtesies to others came from an understanding sympathy, and whose charm of manner was the direct result of the cultivation of her soul. These were depths of culture that Elinor neither reached nor understood.

So the summer passed. After their return home during the fall and early winter the girls did not happen to meet, except occasionally on the street, when their cordial recognition was a distinct pleasure to each. They both really wished that they could see something of the other, but somehow Elinor was much engaged with her social and club duties and Marcia was teaching school.

Of course the climate of Florida, with the air of the pine woods was just as beneficial to those who lived in the small house, a mile beyond the car line, where Marcia lived, as to those who dwelt on the fashionable boulevard where Elinor's home was located. And the climate was the point that held Marcia's family.

It was during the Christmas holidays that Elinor happened to be traveling out in the suburb in the direction of Marcia's home. Boarding the car, who should be there but Marcia's mother. Elinor smiled her recognition, and took her seat beside her.

It was one of those warm balmy days on which the reputation of Florida is based, and of which she is so justly proud. White dresses and summer apparel were a comfort and delight, and much affected by the fashionable tourists at the various hotels and resorts. The conventions of the city, however, seemed to demand coat-suits, and on the streets only dark clothes were seen.

Elinor's coat was open and her handsome fur thrown back. Marcia's mother wore a straw hat on which the ribbon had been turned. Her lawn dress had been laundered many times. Originally the material was covered with sprigs of roses, but now only a few of them could be indistinctly seen here and there. The lace about her neck was fine however, and held in place by an old-fashioned brooch of exquisite design. Marcia's mother was not dressed in summer attire, because she was a fashionable tourist. She had probably snatched the warm day as opportune, a gift of providence, that she might go to town.

"Tell me about Marcia. I so enjoyed meeting her on the trip last summer." Elinor inquired with interest. "Every one on the ship loved Marcia."

"Yes, every one loves Marcia," her mother acquiesced.

Her hands were calmly folded in her lap and her gentle face showed the composure of perfect control. Marcia's mother was a small woman. The lines on her thin face were the more accentuated, as it had once been so round and dimpled. She looked spare and frail.

"Has Marcia been teaching this winter?" Elinor continued.

"She was teaching, but she had to give it up. I couldn't do it alone. I tried, but I could not. You see

(Continued on next page)

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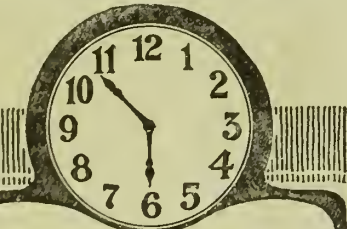
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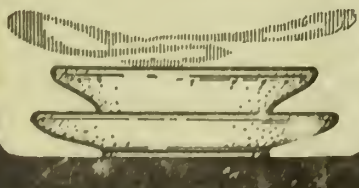
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To one and one-half cups of milk add one cup of

Grape-Nuts

and one level tablespoonful of sugar, boil six minutes, cool and serve with milk or cream. Add raisins if desired.

Get a package of Grape-Nuts from your grocer and try this pleasing recipe.



HALFONTE ON THE BEACH
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Elinor's New Year
(Continued from page 12)

Marcia's father is nearing death now—he has had another stroke." She paused.

"I beg your pardon, I did not know." Elinor's voice was quiet and sympathetic.

"No you did not know." Marcia's mother repeated slowly. "He may pass away now at any time. I just hope he will live till I get home,—but he may not. I thought that while I had the chance I had better go and arrange everything. He has realized his condition for some time. He wants to be taken to his father's home, and buried on the family estate, with his father and mother. The estate belongs to his brother. They had a difference many years ago, and have not spoken since."

"Well, that is what you also would most wish to do, is it not?" Elinor asked, merely to follow her trend of thought.

"It will be very expensive," she replied with deliberation.

"Is it far?"

"Yes, in northern Alabama." Her lips closed tightly, her eyes expanded, and for the instant she stared into space as if trying to see the way. "That is why I am going to town this morning, to make all the arrangements. It will be so much better for me to do it now. There won't be any time then, and there is no one else to do it."

Elinor shuddered. She did not comprehend how any one could leave a dying loved one.

"If it was only next week! Oh if he only would linger until next week. You see Leonard, my son, will not reach port until next week. Then he will send me money. I think though that I can borrow from the bank on that prospect in case—" She paused. "Yes," she murmured, "the bank, that is the first place to go, then if I succeed I can afford to have everything ready."

Poverty demands its toll. The poor, even the genteel poor, can hardly bury their dead without paying their tribute to its unrelenting demands.

"Is there no one to help?" asked Elinor.

"Oh yes, several have offered to come in and sit up all night with him. But Marcia and I prefer to do everything ourselves, as long as we can. It would hurt me inexpressibly to have strangers around, at least I feel that way about it, wouldn't you?"

"I have never been placed exactly in that way, but I am sure that I would," Elinor replied.

For a long while they were silent. Elinor was trying to adjust these

harsh facts, with the gentle, worn little woman by her side—hoping that her husband would live long enough that she would not have to borrow the money for his funeral.

The car sped on, winding its way through varied scenes; across the river picturesque in its tropical beauty; through the pine woods, where the sighing of the winds through these tall sentinels of the forests is quite unlike anything else, then through the orange groves, the air heavy with the perfume of their waxen blossoms, while the trees are laden with the golden fruit. Ordinarily Elinor loved this long ride of seven miles. Now neither she nor Marcia's mother saw anything of their surroundings.

"Prepared," Elinor kept saying to herself. Marcia had prepared, Marcia's mother was prepared; while she had accomplished none of life's work, merely accepting the quantities of good things that had so lavishly been bestowed upon her.

"You and Marcia are always ready," Elinor voiced her thoughts with admiration and appreciation. The dignity and strength of this gentle woman bent on so strange a mission filled her with awe.

"Yes," Marcia's mother answered almost smiling, "It seems to me all of life is just one preparation after another. We are told that in this life we are to 'set our house in order.' But it has always been a relief to me that it ends there. For we are assured that when the struggle is all over that the mansions are prepared for us." But I know now that every year that rolls around will bring its especial demands. I always liked the New Year, though, it always seems like a new era, all over again every time and particularly so in Florida. The first green of spring is beginning to show, new life is everywhere, and thousands of tourists fill the streets. It always seems each year that prosperity will surely come this time. Other joys have grown so dim, but for me the light of hope is always trailing in the distance. I doubt not through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,—and we are each doing our own little part to help along."

"But I do nothing," Elinor replied. "I do not know anything that I can do. It looks as if my every day life had been prepared for me. What could I do—in the New Year?"

Marcia's mother turned and gazed at Elinor with evident admiration for her radiant beauty, her lovely clothes and her every action so redolent with abundant health and life.

"Why Elinor!" she exclaimed, for the moment lifted out of her own anxieties, "You are a wonderful creature. Every one has their bit to perform. Mine is just within my four walls; inconspicuous work, no one will ever know aught of. I suppose that I am not big enough to be given the more important things. You have had your home work prepared that you might leave it for other responsibilities."

"What other responsibilities," mused Elinor.

"Oh, I do not know what suits you best. The highest places are the hardest to fill,—so few are competent. Dr. Warder told me last evening—he is chairman of the Red Cross for the city—that he could not find a suitable person for the chairman for the First Aid classes. It required some one of personality and charm, who could discreetly—not familiarly, manage the one hundred and seventy-five women in the various classes; some one with plenty of leisure, accustomed to social prominence,—some one with their own motor car. It is a very important position. You are important,—while I have just the other simple things to do."

Marcia's mother subsided again; while her face assumed the anxious care-worn lines.

"Two blocks from here is where I must leave you," Elinor's voice vi-

brated with a new note. "I wish that there was something that Mother or I could do for you."

"Thank you, no. That is the difficulty. There is nothing that any one can do for me,—but, I'll manage," she answered, straightening slightly.

"Let me wish that the New Year will bring you much peace," Elinor hesitated, "and what you most desire."

Marcia's mother smiled sweetly.

"Thank you, Elinor, it is always the dawn of a new era for me,—may it be that for you also. 'For the drama of life is not in the circumstance, but in the soul.'"

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The Usefulness of the Patriot Library.

The readers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER are already familiar with the plans made by the American Tract Society for placing the Patriot Library aboard the U. S. Battleships and Cruisers and sending them to the soldiers in training at the various Camps as well as to the men in France. What President Wilson thinks of these plans is shown in the following letter:

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

23 November, 1917

My Dear Doctor Swift:

I have learned with the greatest interest and with entire approval of the plans of the American Tract Society for THE PATRIOT LIBRARY and it gives me pleasure to express the hope that your plans will be carried out to the great benefit of the men who are in the fighting forces.

Cordially and Sincerely yours

Woodrow Wilson

Rev. Judson Swift, Gen. Sec. American Tract Society New York City

How the Patriot Library is valued by those who receive it is shown by the many glowing letters which have come from Commanders and Chaplains of the U. S. warships and from chaplains and Y. M. C. A. Secretaries at the Camps to which sets of this library have been forwarded.

Captain Spencer S. Wood, commanding one of the U. S. Battleships writes:

"We have just received the excellent set of books, The Patriot Library. Please accept my thanks and those of the crew for this interesting set of books which will add so greatly to the comfort and welfare of the men of this ship. We indeed appreciate your interest and kind thoughts of us."

Mr. Charles L. Neibel, Religious Work Director at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, writes:

"Thank you for three sets of the Patriot Library. I have placed them in the three busiest buildings at our camp, and I am sure they will be eagerly read by the men who are interested in religious literature. We could use at least three more sets of books, if you can send them."

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APPLES OF GOLD

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What Is An Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL



MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought.

The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them.

Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is then, only one other way to get this information into their hands and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease.

For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of today is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and

in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end?

Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste poisons. Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin today.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the preeminent authority on this subject.

Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of a multitude of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife; all that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell at Number 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this article in the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and the same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and, if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What will you want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

Just For Fun

"I think I'll start a magazine to be called *Umbrage*." "Why that somewhat unusual name?" "People are so apt to take it."

"There's no danger," said the doctor. "It's only a carbuncle coming on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it!"

Mistress: "Why don't you keep the baby quiet, Kate?" Kate: "I can't keep him quiet, ma'am, unless I let him make a noise."

"Is your husband an even-tempered man?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Corn-tossel. "He's jes' about as cross one day as another."

The teacher had recited "The Landing of the Pilgrims." Then she requested each pupil to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand. "Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

Dr. Blank was a man who took his profession seriously, and he had an immense practise. What annoyed him was to be sent for by fussy women to treat the most trifling ailments. One woman was particularly aggravating in this respect, and he resolved to cure her. One day she observed a red spot on her hand, and at once telephoned for him. He came, looked at the spot, and said, "You did well to send for me early." "Is it dangerous, then?" she asked. "Certainly not," said the doctor, "but tomorrow it would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

Mrs. Davenport gave her two children some fruit one afternoon. Handing it to Joseph, she bade him let the little sister have the first choice. Shortly after she called him and said, "Joseph, I notice that your little sister took a very small apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?" "Yes, mother," replied the boy, "I told her she could have the little one or none at all, and she chose the little one."

"Now," said the doctor to the young married man, "if you will take this medicine you will sleep like a baby."

"Well, doctor," he answered, "if you mean like our baby, I guess I won't take it."

The train was approaching Joplin, and the colored porter walked briskly up to Mr. Carter, of Missouri, and, smiling broadly, asked:

"Shall I jest brush you off, sah?" "Not on your life," replied Mr. Carter. "I'll get off this train in the regular way, as soon as it stops."

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Our Book Table

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Select Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons.—By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and Amos R. Wells, Litt.D., LL.D.

This forty-fourth annual volume of Peloubet's Select Notes maintains the high standard of its predecessors. It presents a treatment of the Improved Uniform Lesson Series which constitutes an admirable basis for teaching all grades in the Sunday School. It gives broad views of the Scripture history, making one consecutive history out of the detached lesson portions. It contains lucid explanations of the lesson text, appropriate and abundant illustrations, valuable library references and other useful helps. All students of the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons for 1918 will find this volume a most satisfactory commentary. (Cloth, 383 pages. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.35. W. A. Wilde Co.).

The Gospel of Mark: An Exposition.—By Charles R. Erdman.

The fact that the International Sunday School Lessons for the first six months of 1918 are taken from the Gospel of Mark makes this concise and well-arranged volume very timely. Dr. Erdman is Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary, and here gives the ripe fruit of his wide study and broad experience.

Dr. Erdman's analysis of Mark's Gospel will be found exceedingly helpful to all Bible students and Sunday School teachers. (Cloth, 200 pages. Price 60 cents, net, postpaid. Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pa.).

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LEADERS OF ISRAEL: FROM ABRA-
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By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS



Although the International Lessons in this quarter deal more especially with the early Christian lives we must not forget that our practically present-day famous men and women were equally people of Christian-life importance. They, too, made Christ a part of their every-day life and belief.

It was this faith and practice which was the base of their successes, which gave to them strength in times of stress and care and carried them onward. Among these well-known men and women are Abraham Lincoln, Rufus Choate, Samuel F. B. Morse, John Quincy Adams, James A. Garfield, Emma Willard, Abigail Adams, "Stonewall" Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

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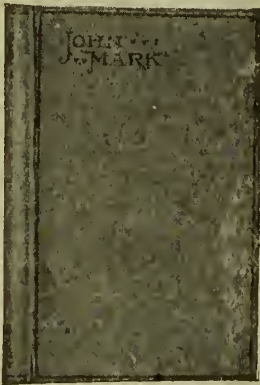
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By JAMES D. HUNTER, D. D. Introduction
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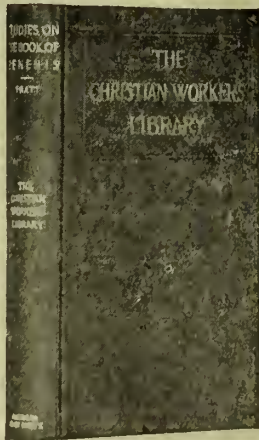
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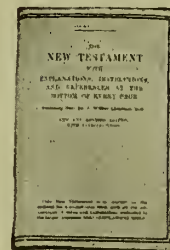
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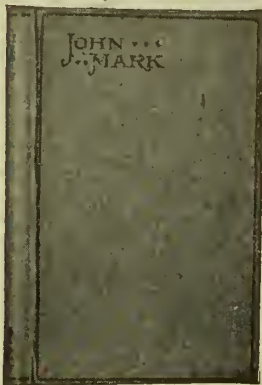


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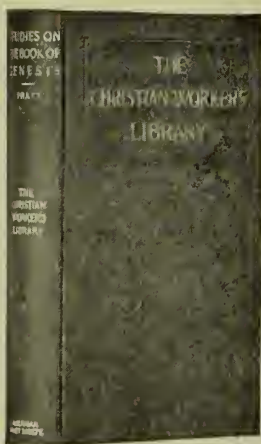
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"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

Vol. 76. No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1918

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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Serving Our Country

The month of February contains the birthday anniversaries of Washington and Lincoln, and that fact always stirs the feeling of patriotism in our hearts. These two men, one the founder and the other in a very real sense the saviour of this nation, will always shine as splendid examples of self-sacrifice and devotion calling for emulation on the part of every true lover of his country.

At the present time there is a louder call for the spirit that was shown by Washington and Lincoln than at any previous time in our history. We need the qualities of unswerving loyalty, courage, patience and endurance which they showed, for we have before us an even greater task than they confronted.

Every man, woman and child should ask the question, how may I serve my country best? And then, without hesitation and in the spirit of self-forgetfulness, we should take up the line of service which will help our country most in this time of stress.

As the days and months pass, it becomes increasingly plain that the path before us is one that will entail privation and loss. Let us be manly and courageous to endure the hard and the bitter things that may come, remembering that it is only through suffering that we can be made perfect.

The thought of patriotism will take on new meaning as we pass through the experiences of self-denial and restriction imposed by present conditions. But it will have a higher and better meaning if our spirits respond to the ideal set before us, and we realize that by serving our country well we are serving God and humanity.

Twenty-Five Years of Devoted Service

On January 2, 1918, Rev. Judson Swift, D.D. completed twenty-five years of service with the American Tract Society. His fellow-workers felt that this occasion should not pass unnoticed, and accordingly the following congratulatory message was prepared and presented to him, bearing the signatures of all those enrolled in the office force at the Society's headquarters in New York:

"On this twenty-fifth anniversary of your entrance upon the work of the American Tract Society we desire to express to you our heartiest congratulations upon the completion of a quarter of a century's service for the cause of Christian literature, and to express our earnest hope for a long continuance of your efficient toil in this branch of the Master's Kingdom.

"We rejoice at the splendid achievements wrought for the American Tract Society during this long period of service, for your courageous leadership in dark and troubled days, and for your successful mastery of adverse conditions so that the Society now rests upon a firmer foundation than ever before. We appreciate most highly the spirit of self-sacrifice that has constantly dominated your spirit and which has shown itself in so many ways as you have carried forward the heavy burden of responsibility that has rested upon your shoulders.

"We are grateful at the prospect for a widening of the Society's influence through its work for the soldiers and sailors, and through the broadening of its efforts for the people of Latin America. We believe that the best days of the American Tract Society are those yet to come, because of the magnificent opportunities that lie before it and because of the splendid impetus which has been given to its activities through your splendid leadership.

"As we look forward to the year before us we do so with the hope and prayer that it may be one of unparalleled accomplishment for the Society, and that for the honored and beloved General Secretary of our Society it may be indeed a most Happy New Year."

Dr. Swift responded fittingly to this message by expressing his warm appreciation of the sentiments which it contained and of the thoughtfulness which had prompted its presentation.

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Roger Williams Day

There is a general agreement among the Baptist churches of the country to observe Sunday, February 17, 1918 as Roger Williams Day.

This emphasis upon the life and work of one of the pioneers of our early colonial history comes at an opportune time, for Roger Williams stood for the fullest possible measure of liberty, and by his firm stand he did much to establish the principle of religious freedom as one of the fundamental laws of the land.

Special Prize Offer

Two cash prizes, the First \$500.00 and the Second \$300.00, will be given for the two best original manuscripts submitted subject to the following conditions:

1. The manuscripts to be available for publication in book form, and of a *religious character with a strong Christian motive.*

2. The manuscripts desired are a story for children, a story for young people, a story for adults, and a manuscript setting forth the necessity of the conservation of the moral and spiritual forces of our nation. Manuscripts of biographies and missionary achievements, also other manuscripts carrying a strong Christian message will be eligible.

3. The usual royalty on book publications will be paid to the author in addition to the cash prize. The manuscripts receiving the prizes shall become the property of the American Tract Society.

4. The manuscripts submitted must be typewritten, and on one side of the sheet only, and the length of the manuscript is not to exceed 75,000 words.

5. The manuscripts are to be in the hands of the Publishing Committee not later than May 15th, 1918, and are to be addressed to Rev. Judson Swift, D.D., General Secretary, Park Avenue and 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

6. Manuscripts not receiving either of the prizes, but accepted, will be published on the royalty basis by mutual agreement.

7. The prizes will be awarded by the Publishing Committee.

8. All manuscripts are forwarded at the risk of the author.

9. The prize books will be published under the imprint of THE MERIDIAN PRESS.

10. The cash for these prizes is provided from the income of the George Wood Premium Fund.

* * *

For Our Soldiers and Sailors

Reading matter of a high Christian character is being furnished to our soldiers and sailors by the American Tract Society. Since the United States entered the War the Society has issued and distributed a million and a quarter carefully selected tracts especially adapted to the spiritual needs of our boys, 50,000 Soldier's Text Books, 41,000 copies of Cromwell's Soldier's Pocket Bible, 2,500 copies of "Daily Food" in khaki, and 150 sets totalling 3,000 volumes of the Patriot Library.

It is the purpose of the American Tract Society to continue this helpful distribution of Christian literature during the entire period of the War. When all the U. S. Battleships and Cruisers and the Y. M. C. A. Buildings in the various Army Cantonments have been supplied with the twenty volumes of the Patriot Library, the Society proposes to forward another set of twenty volumes to each Y. M. C. A. Build-

ing and every Battleship and Cruiser in commission in the United States Navy.

The responses received from Commanders of the U. S. Battleships and from the Y. M. C. A. Camp General Secretaries express very high appreciation of the reading matter that has been already provided by the Tract Society, and the statement is repeatedly made that this Christian literature is meeting a very real need and accomplishing much in the way of moral and spiritual uplift for the men in both our Army and our Navy.

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An Evidence of Good-Will from Japan

An evidence of good-will was presented in the recent gift of \$10,000.00 which was brought by the Japanese Y. M. C. A. Deputation to aid the Y. M. C. A. in the United States.

This gift, of which one-half was contributed by the Emperor and Empress of Japan, is an expression of appreciation of the splendid work done by the Y. M. C. A. in the Japanese Army at the time of the Russo-Japanese War.

The Deputation of the Japanese Y. M. C. A. has been sent to the Allied Armies, and will visit the camps here and in Europe. They have brought flags and gifts from Japan which they will distribute in the various centers.

Major General Hibiki, of the Imperial Japanese Army and Chief of the Deputation, states that there are already many Christians in the administrative departments of the Japanese government and high in position of responsibility. When these numbers can be multiplied two or three fold, there is little doubt that the international policies of Japan will be found in thorough accord with the principles of Christianity.

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Ratify the Prohibition Amendment

The most important piece of temperance work that faces the country at the present time is the ratification of the proposed Prohibition Amendment.

It is evident at the outset that the liquor forces will endeavor to defeat the ratification of this amendment by the State Legislatures by employing all kinds of dilatory tactics. For example, it is proposed in New York State that instead of acting at once upon this measure a referendum be submitted to the voters, and that no vote be taken by the Legislature until after this referendum. Similar efforts will doubtless be made in other States to delay the ratification of the amendment.

All such efforts to delay action should be swept aside. Our country faces the greatest crisis that it has ever known in its history, and every means should be adopted whereby it may safely master this crisis. There is no doubt that the prohibition of the liquor traffic would be one of the most helpful measures that could be adopted in order to enable our country to triumph over the difficulties that confront it.

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The Patriot Library in France

The Patriot Library is being very gratefully received wherever it is sent. Glowing acknowledgments have come to the American Tract Society from Commanders and Chaplains of the U. S. Battleships and from the Y. M. C. A. workers in the U. S. Army Camps and Cantonnments, which show how highly these books are appreciated by the soldiers and sailors.

Mr George Forrand Taylor writes from the General Hospital in Rouen, France:

"I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging your splendid gift of the Patriot Library, a gift to the troops it would indeed be difficult to better. The appreciation of good reading matter is wonderfully keen among the lads who pass many a long hour engrossed in interesting reading matter such as you have so generously sent us."

Safety First for Others but Not for Himself

BY REV. HOWARD W. POPE



AS I was returning on the train one night after preaching in the suburbs of a western city, the conductor stopped to take my ticket. As I handed it to him, I also gave him a tract, saying as I did so, "You railroad men do not have many opportunities to attend church. Here is a tract to take the place of the sermon that you did not hear today."

He took it with a smile saying "Oh, we have pretty fair opportunities." Evidently he read the tract, for after collecting his tickets, he returned to talk with me.

"Yes," he said, "they allow us one Sunday in four, but usually a fellow is so tired that he sleeps nearly all the forenoon. However, my wife and children attend church very regularly."

"That is good so far as they are concerned," I said, "but what your wife and children do will not help your soul."

"No, I suppose not," he replied, "but I used to attend church very regularly myself, before I took this job."

"How long have you been on this job," I inquired.

"About fourteen years," was the reply.

"Fourteen years," I said, "man alive, do you realize what you are doing to yourself?"

"Doing to myself? No, what do you mean?"

"I mean that you are committing spiritual suicide."

"Explain yourself," he added, for evidently he was becoming alarmed.

"I mean just this," I said. "You have a body, but suppose you gave it a good square meal only once a month, where would your body be in a couple of weeks? Out in the cemetery. You have a mind, but suppose you used it only once a month, in a little while you would not have brains enough to count your tickets, or to make change. Now, you also have a spiritual nature. You were made to know God and enjoy Him, to worship and serve Him. But, if you do not exercise your spiritual faculties, if you do not think of God, or pray to Him, or read His Word only once a month, don't you

see that in a little while your spiritual nature will become dwarfed and stunted and you will be a dead man spiritually?"

Seeing that the man was interested, I moved into the seat, so that he could sit down with me. Then, assuming that he did not know how to become a Christian, I said to him, "How long did it take you to become the owner of that tract which I gave you?"

"About a second, I suppose," he replied.

"Do you realize that you can become a Christian as quickly as you became owner of that tract?"

No, he did not realize it, according to his own admission.

Then I showed him that the difference between a Christian and other people is that the Christian has Christ dwelling in his heart. "He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." (John 5:12.) Then I explained to him that sin is having one's own way instead of walking in God's way. "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way," (Isaiah 53:6.) "Your way," I said, "may not be an immoral way, or a dishonest way, but it is your way, and not God's way, in which you ought to walk."

I showed him that Christ was standing at the door of his heart, knocking for admission, and that if he would open the door, Christ would come in and take possession of his heart, and so change it that he would actually love God's will better than his own. Furthermore, I told him that if he would obey Christ's commandments, He would so manifest Himself to him that he would be conscious of His presence. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them—I will manifest myself to him." (John 14:21.)

Then, having shown him from the Bible that he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour, and that Jesus Christ was the Saviour he needed, I said, "There are just three steps in becoming a Christian—the first is to accept Christ as your Saviour, just as you accepted my leaflet, and you can do it in a minute. The second step is

to confess Christ as your Saviour, and that will not take a minute. The third step is to obey Christ as your Saviour, and that will take all your life. With this understanding of what it is to become a Christian, will you take the first step now? Will you accept Christ as your Saviour, and give me your hand on it?"

As I held out my hand, he grasped it heartily, and said, "Yes sir, I will, I will accept Christ as my Saviour now."

The next minute he shouted, "Last station, everybody out," and away he went for the door as if he had been shot out of a cannon. While I had been talking, we had reached our final destination and his business was to land his passengers, but he was helping them out as a Christian gentleman, with a new purpose in his heart, and a new hope in his life.

Here was an intelligent man, an efficient and faithful servant of the public, but he was neglecting his own spiritual welfare. Doubtless he would have risked his life to save mine, had there been an occasion for it, but he was risking his soul without an occasion. His policy was "Safety First" for others, but not for himself. The least I could do was to point out his danger, and show him how to avoid it, his great opportunity, and how to improve it. He landed me safely in the city which I desired to reach, and I did my best to help him to reach Heaven.

Do we realize what a multitude of train and trolley men are daily risking their lives for us? Do not forget to thank them for it, or to express your appreciation of their patience, courtesy, and faithfulness. Some of them may die for us some day, and there is One who has already died for us, and for them. Speak to them about Him occasionally, for they have much in common with Him. They know by experience the meaning of those words. "He saved others; Himself He cannot save."

And because He would not save Himself in His hour of crucifixion, He is now "able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.

The Coronation of the Young Man

BY

REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D. D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City

THERE is a page in the Old Testament which no one with red blood in his veins can ever forget. First of all we see a great, strong, blatant personage, full of his own conceit, spouting rage and boastfulness like a furnace; waving a mighty spear like a weaver's beam in defiance of a whole army; terrifying all lesser men with his six cubits and a span, his coat of mail, his helmet and greaves of brass, and most of all with the roar of his voice—Goliath of Gath, the champion of the Philistines!

Days went by, and the heart of Israel died in dismay as they witnessed the strutting of the Philistine giant before them. Then Israel's champion came. But from what an unexpected quarter, and in what a surprising form! No giant of equal size, no man of threatening mien, no warrior in armor clad—a mere shepherd lad!

We see him first on the Bethlehem hills, tending his father's sheep. An altogether simple background it is. The outdoor life had tanned his skin, and the exercise of shepherd life had toughened his limbs. His few adventures with lions and bears, and with the wandering flocks that led him into peril, had fired his spirit within him.

He had come on a family errand to the army to bring parched corn and loaves of bread to his brothers. As he talked with them the Philistine came forth and strutted and spouted as before. In that hour the champion of Israel was born. To him, with his shepherd instinct of right and wrong, with his clear-cut vision of a man's duty when evil was abroad, it seemed a shameful thing that the Philistine should defy the armies of the living God. His big brothers saw the stripling's rising anger. They detected the flashing fire of his eye, and the mighty flame of his spirit. "Go back to those few sheep in the wilderness," they said; but he was nothing daunted.

Next we see him donning Saul's armor. Think of it—the stripling shepherd in a royal coat of mail! It was too much for him; he was like to stumble and fall. A needed lesson this was that came in time. Presently we see him stooping down at the brook and choosing five smooth stones which he hid away in his shepherd bag. Five smooth stones and a shepherd's sling—that was all! When the Philistine saw this unarmed youth come forth to meet him, he raved and fumed more than before. He could not believe his senses. Israel had sent forth a mere boy to meet him. "He was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance." No wonder the giant disdained him.

But though the Philistine despised David, history took him to her heart. The spectacle has ever fascinated men. Sculptors like Michelangelo have carved in marble the figure of the shepherd; painters, too, have reproduced this scene on their canvases; and most of all, the

pride of humanity finds always something in this scene to stir the pulse and fire the blood. "He was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance." Nevertheless history pressed her crown here and now to the shepherd's brow. It is the coronation of youth that illuminates this Old Testament page, and again and again like scenes have been enacted in the generations.

Let us linger upon this thought of how the young man is crowned. First of all there is the coronation of nature—her gift to the young man is the gift of strength. "I write unto you, young men, because you are strong." The world is ever in need of strength. There are great enterprises to be undertaken, large tasks to be discharged. As men grow older strength begins to wane. The climax of a man's physical power and prowess comes early—it is remarkable how early it comes. Somewhere about twenty or twenty-one years of age the thews of a young man's strength grow more solid, his muscles begin to harden, and he begins to be ready for his work. Not yet is he fully endowed with wisdom, but nature goes beforehand and make him rich in strength.

Nature has a further gift for the young man—it is the gift of hot blood. Physiologists tell us that this is literal truth, for the temperature of the blood of adolescence is at least a degree higher. Here is nature's foundation for certain characteristics of youth which are often blamed—for example, the trait of rashness. One would have said that this young shepherd lad, going out to meet the giant with no protective armor and no other arms than his sling and the stones from the brook, was the very embodiment of the rashness of youth. Perhaps so. Nevertheless it is just this daring of youth that makes the enterprise of the world's life. One thinks of the splendid adventure and daring of Elizabethan days: it was the hot blood of youth that sent men out upon voyages of discovery. You can never have a great age without the dash and eagerness of youth.

Moreover the hot blood of youth is the red blood of courage. It is wonderful how nature makes heroes out of mere striplings, boys who are scarcely out of leading-strings. It has been the way of the world always that heroism should not wait upon age. We are witnessing now the capacity of youth to dare and to be strong. Such growth of heroism in the young men of this old world is a noble tribute to the blood that is in them. These are not armies of old and seasoned men that are going out, for the most part, they are lads. That is the pity of it—but also the glory of it. They are but youths, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. How beautiful they are!

Nature crowns young manhood with another gift of strength—it is the gift of vision and hopefulness. This is the peculiar ability of youth, the ability to believe in the future. Older men fear the future because they remember their experiences of the past, but young hearts

take no counsel of their fears. They see life as an open book, and they are ready to write in it. Their great life-problems have not fully unfolded before them. They see only a straight path, they hear only one clear call. In every hour of duty the world is indebted to the wisdom of older men, but it is also indebted to the strength and hopefulness of youth.

It is this that we see in the picture of young David, going out against the strength of the giant. Look at him! There goes the spirit of youth, and it is a fine and noble thing. It may have limitations. It does not know all. It is hasty, impetuous, over-confident, rash; but also it is ready, it is quick, it is nothing daunted, it abounds in hope and power of action. This is nature's coronation of the young man—the coronation of strength.

History too has done much to recognize the value of these qualities of youth. History always finds large place for youth; quite early she claims him for service. Men are apt to speak of the present age as pre-eminently the age of young hearts. But every age has found use for young men. It is remarkable what records men have made in history before they were of age at all as we count life. The lesson of history seems to be that the die of life is cast early. Men make their major choices when life is still ruddy and the countenance still unfurrowed. There is no law that requires a youth to wait for the beginning of his life-work. He may begin now.

Did not our Lord Himself set the crown upon the brow of young manhood when he called His apostles about him? So far as we are informed, they were everyone in the bloom of early manhood; they had the world before them. We think of John the apostle as being, like David, "ruddy and of a fair countenance." What promise was in that young life! The Fourth Gospel was latent in his soul—that matchless story of the Master's life, with sentences that glow with light and feeling, sentences that have thrilled the souls of men for sixty generations. And Simon Peter—we see him step forth into the arena as a disciple. What, this raw young fisherman, this mere enthusiast, this man of hasty mood and changing temper? Yes, even he, for wrapped up within the life of this man was the rock-like capacity of firmness, the power of love and devotion that would in after-time give him the gift of martyrdom. Yes, our Lord Himself crowned young manhood.

History at large has attended to the coronation of youth. Look at the pages of history and you shall see how hard it is to keep back the boys and young men who come crowding to the front. They are ruddy and of a fair countenance. Some, like the giant, would disdain them, but they come crowding on. Victor Hugo was but fifteen when he read his first poem in the French Academy. Michelangelo was only seventeen when he was at work in

the palace of Lorenzo de' Medici. Spurgeon began to preach at eighteen. George Washington was a major at nineteen. Beethoven's fame was already established at twenty-one. Our Lord Himself came to the temple at twelve, and asked and answered questions. At thirty-three His earthly work was done. How the early years of life count!

You say, these were geniuses and their power budded early; but the hands and brains of youth are everywhere busy. You cannot crowd them back. They are willing to work and willing to serve. The world needs them, too, especially when great emergencies arise. Then the heart of youth is ready. Too ready, we say. Yes, it is true, too ready. But is it not nature's way, and is it not the way of Providence? If there are great burdens to bear, the shoulders of youth are fitted to bear them, if there are hills to be climbed in the ascent of humanity the strong-hearted youth is ready. This it seems is the lesson of history. History, like nature, crowns young manhood.

Let us say a word about ancestry, for this also is important. The ruddy look and fair countenance of the youth are not his alone: they have been distilled through generations by the alchemy which God alone understands. What makes the hot blood of youth? Not his own wilful spirit certainly, not the mere stubbornness of his will, not the mere insistence of his own forward personality. It is so easy to misunderstand the heart of youth. We forget what blood is in them. We fail to realize what forces have come down to them by inheritance—bred in their bones, distilled in their blood. We refuse often to see ourselves in them—our own high-souled youth—our own bravery and rashness. Have a care lest we do injustice to the heart of youth!

He is not himself alone. He is brought out of deep infiltration of the past. He has come like a stream from the hilltops in a long procession of spirits who have preceded him. If you would know why your boy is so eager to be at the front today, turn back to some forgotten album, or search in the garret for some neglected canvas on which through the dimness of years you can still discover the face of some strong ancestor who in his youth had a ruddy color and countenance fair to look upon. This is the young man's gift—and likewise his coronation.

It is the beauty of this hour of young manhood's devotion. It is the old spirit of the race flashing out—the spirit that has fought on many a battle-field for right and righteousness. We speak of the "Spirit of '76," and this is what we mean. We mean that our racial spirit, our ancestral fire, our historic devotion is flaming out once more. We mean that the old protests of men's souls against wrong and oppression, the deep insistence of men's spirits upon right and freedom and equality—these are speaking once more. We have not educated our young men in vain. They know the spirit of their ancestors, they know the history of their race, and they have given their response.

It is the spirit of the mothers of men, too, quite as much as their fathers, that flashes out in such a time. These are their mothers' sons who have gone out to fight the battles of the republic. When David Livingstone went up and down the wilderness of Africa as an explorer and missionary, the savages often paused in their purposed work of destruction because they felt a strong power in his presence. It was said of Livingstone that he had his mother's eye. It was the light of his eyes that caused the savages to quail. These boys have their mother's eye, their mother's courage! For no courage in all the world equals the courage of woman; none is so dauntless, none so deeply dyed with the power of silent sacrifice. You mothers, you could not withhold your sons. Nay, more, you would not. It is the young

man's coronation, the coronation of the mother's love and courage.

One thing more. In the ruddy face of youth and the countenance fair to look upon, one sees the marks of many hands that have touched him, many minds that have impressed him. One sees, in other words, the instruction he has received, the lessons of many teachers that have been taught him. This especially is the characteristic of young men who have been brought up under a free democracy. They have gone to school not only to teachers and books, but to ideas. It is the best of all schools—the school where youth comes into possession of those ideals that are constructive of life and character. This is how the youth is crowned—by the lessons of many teachers.

And shall we not trust them to be true to what they have learned? Shall we not expect them to carry out their instruction in the history of the times? Shall we not believe that they will enact the truths which have been absorbed in their spirits? The youth is not a philosopher, he is not a wiseacre with knitted brows, nor is he a saint in all his ways. Nevertheless he has received, especially in this free land of ours, the coronation of those ideas and truths that are precious to us as a people. The spirit of freedom—has it not been instilled into him by many books and teachers, by many institutions and symbols? The bright colors of Old Glory that first caught his eye in the cradle, now with all the influence of the years in which he has seen this flashing light before his eyes—can we not understand with what devotion the hot blood of youth looks to-day upon that precious symbol of our nation's life, and with what untiring abandon he is willing to follow it to the end, and if need be die with its beauty floating over him?

They are thinking old thoughts to-day, this vast company of our youth, this army of young men. They are thinking the long thoughts of men's hearts that have to do with freedom, and right and a world made clear for men to live their life and to accomplish their work before God and man.

This is the comfort of the church, too, in relation to the men who go forth from her walls. The church believes that it is not in vain that she has laid a consecrating hand upon her young men; that it is not in vain that she has taught them the lessons of life and eternity, the truths of God's being and God's will and purpose, the truths of Jesus' life and sacrifice, and our ever-blessed redemption by His blood; that it is not in vain that she has taught her young men to trust in God and do their duty; that it is not in vain that she has taught them to feel that come what may to the body there is an inviolable safety and sacredness of the soul of man in the sight of God. The church rejoices that she has given her young men the coronation of these faiths and of the vows which accompany them. And the church believes that her young men will be true to what they have learned!

You who have taught them most of all, fathers and mothers, are you not happy to-day that your young men know the touch of God's word? They know how to pray. They know how to feel in their hearts the presence of God's will, helping and buoying them. They know the old hymns, and they are singing them, too. The home touch is upon them, and the touch of the church is upon them. They can carry their atmosphere with them if they will. They can dominate their environment if they will. They can reproduce the sanctuary in the camp and in the trench if they will.

In all this great company of young men who are ruddy and of a fair countenance we see the promise of a better day for this world. May God in His infinite mercy minimize the sacrifice, but may He also magnify in the heart of youth the worth and magnitude of the Cause! God keep them true! God keep them safe!

The Richest Treasury of Literature

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

The Bible is the Book of Life of the world. But it is also the richest treasury of literary values. It is in fact not simply a book, but a library, embracing many books of various nature. "There is scarcely any part of knowledge worthy of the mind of man, but from Scripture it may have some direction and light," said Hooker. "There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom and use," wrote Sir Matthew Hale. And the historian Ewald wrote to Dean Arthur P. Stanley: "In this book is all the wisdom of the world."

If one wishes to acquaint himself with the history of the Providence of God as seen in the development of the great nations of the world from the very beginning to the time of the Christ, where is there a book of history so informing and at the same time so thrilling as the Bible? It describes the events and great personalities that make the nations of Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt a part of classical history. It carries us back to the very source of the Hebrew race in the turning of Abram to God in the far eastern land and puts before us as in motion pictures the story of this most interesting of all peoples. With God leading them, they pass through their training at the hands of the neighboring nations and develop their national individuality amid the hard conditions of living in the hills of Palestine. Because of their wicked turning away from God and the truth, they are sent to the "furnace of affliction" by the waters of Babylon, and after many years they are permitted to return, a small remnant, regenerated and subdued; then from this little band after several centuries comes the Crown of that most spiritual of nations, the very Son of God.

Can there be found anywhere else such enlightening and fascinating history?

If one is looking for biography, how slender seems the whole world of extra-Biblical life stories as compared with the wealth of portrayal of men and women which the Bible affords? Abraham, the emigrant; Isaac, the meek lover of quiet tent life; Jacob, the shrewd but spiritual adventurer and merchant; Joseph, the man who out of misfortune carved a splendid career; Moses, the world's greatest law-giver and a nation-builder; Joshua, courageous man of war for God's cause; Gideon, Samson, Jephtha, rude warriors and judges; Samuel, who saved the nation for many years and turned it over to the care of the kings; Saul the bold, David the singer, Solomon the splendid—all kings of the people of Israel; Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, prophets, in their turn guiding the destinies of the nation after the kings had failed. Then in the New Testament what gripping stories of men and women: Peter, John, James and the other disciples; Paul, born out of due time to introduce the nation into a new stage of its development; and the august portrayal of that divine life lived among men—where can be found its equal, for interest, for character-building and for destiny?

But, besides history and biography, there are other numerous forms of literature to be found in the Bible. There are law codes, orations, poems, proverbs, romances, parables, dreams, riddles. Is there any kind of literature which may not be found in this matchless library!

It is an old story, but a good one, told of Benjamin Franklin, how he took an old copy of the Bible and read therefrom the beautiful story of Ruth to the French courtiers who waited upon his wisdom; and how they, after the reading, spell-bound, asked him what wonderful volume contained such a perfect piece of literature!

In our zeal for modern things shall we neglect the gift that has come down for our enlightenment in the providence of God?

PRINTED PREACHERS

In Tokyo, Japan

The missionary colporters of the Japan Book and Tract Society find various opportunities of circulating Christian books and tracts in the native language. They hand these "printed preachers" to the people whom they meet in the parks, at the Zoological Garden, at the entrance to the heathen temples, and elsewhere.

In the illustration that appears on this page may be seen a colporter of the Japan Book and Tract Society, who is distributing tracts on the main street in the city of Tokyo. A little snow is lying on the ground, which shows that the Japan Book and Tract Society is urgent both in season and out of season in its efforts to proclaim the saving truths of the Gospel by means of the printed page to all whom it can reach.

As most of our readers know, the Japan Book and Tract Society was organized by the help of the American Tract Society, and it is aided every year by a cash appropriation from that Society, so that it may continue its efficient work of evangelization through the publication and distribution of Christian literature in the Japanese language.



In Idaho and Utah

In a recent letter, Rev. Henry W. Pratt, a veteran missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, tells of his efforts to circulate Christian literature in the States of Idaho and Utah. He writes:

"I spent two weeks in Gooding, Idaho, a town with a population of 3,000 souls, including both Mormons and non-Mormons. The latter are coming in large numbers, and are carrying on active church work. There are four Protestant Churches, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Methodist. When I visited this region fourteen years ago there were only a few homes and no churches. The land all around is very productive and crops this year have been large. Dry farming as well as irrigation is carried on. A new Methodist college was completed in Gooding last summer and the outlook is good for a prosperous institution.

"I made many calls upon the people and found them generally interested in the books issued by the American Tract Society. One lady said, 'I remember your call two years ago, and the books I secured from you then were read by myself and by the family with interest and profit. I like to have my family read this kind of books.' I made another call upon a Roman Catholic lady and her husband, who was a Jew. She evidently knew the worth of good books, and bought a number of those I showed her.

"The Public Library of Gooding bought some books, which were selected by the County Superintendent of Schools. I am always glad to get religious books into the public libraries. Often I find people in town who take the books I offer, and after they have read them they contribute them to the library. The pastors of the churches were also interested in my work.

"In Ogden, Utah, I circulated some books, although I find that in large cities my distribution does not amount to as much as in the smaller places, where the opportunities to get books are not so easy. One friend of the work bought thirty-six books to distribute.

"I visited one family where sickness had prevailed and brought financial distress. Here I felt there was an opportunity to do good by helping to make the children happy for Christmas, so I made a grant of some books suitable for the ages of the children, and the mother was most grateful for this gift."



In the Philippine Islands

Printed preachers in the form of Christian books and tracts in the native dialects are prepared and distributed in the Philippine Islands by the Evangelical Union, of which Rev. Bruce S. Wright is President and Rev. S. B. Kurtz, Secretary and Treasurer. A recent communication from the latter addressed to the General Secretary of the American Tract Society reads in part as follows:

"I hope you will pardon this very late acknowledgment of the American Tract Society's annual contribution of \$100.00 to the Literature Department of our Evangelical Union.

"The United Brethren Mission, under which Mission I labor, has a publishing house located



ON THE MAIN STREET IN TOKYO, JAPAN.

at San Fernando, Union Province, which is kept very busy all the time trying to supply the increasing demand for good literature. Ever since the establishment of our mission in Union Province in 1904 we have laid special emphasis upon developing a pure and constructive Christian literature for our people, and we are very happy to state that the results appear in our church life.

"I have no doubt that you have received a report concerning the Teacher Training books that were published by the use of the funds the American Tract Society has so kindly placed at the service of the United cause in the Philippines. These books are sold at a reasonable price, and so the fund is kept constantly at work in the production of additional books. It is hoped that two new books will be issued during the present year.

"On behalf of the Evangelical Union I wish to thank the American Tract Society for its cooperation with us in this department of Christian literature. The Union is trying very hard to meet the growing demands, and to keep abreast with the times."

In West China

Rev. William L. L. Knipe, General Secretary of the West China Religious Tract Society, whose headquarters are at Chungking, has sent us some very interesting facts concerning tract distribution and the evangelistic campaign in West China, compiled by the Rev. D. A. Calum, of the Church Missionary Society, who writes:

"For the first ten days of the Chinese New Year we took part in a Special Evangelistic Campaign which was being carried on during those ten days throughout the whole of China.

"The Christians helped splendidly, some for longer and some for shorter periods. The first two days we visited An Hsien city, and preached, sung, pasted tracts, and sold books all over the city.

"The next two days we spent in Hwang Tu Chang, a large village about seven miles from An Hsien. Here we sold about 2,000 Gospel portions and pasted the whole village with tracts and posters. We gave two lantern lectures, which were crowded. There was a company of soldiers stationed there, and the officers professed interest in the Christian Doctrine, and two of them gave addresses from the temple stage. We were asked to open a preaching place there.

"From Hwang Tu Chang we went on to a village called Sang Tsao Yuen, seven miles the other side of An Hsien. Here we preached to large numbers, pasted up tracts, sold quite another 2,000 books, and had two crowded lantern meetings. Here also we were urged to open up work, and premises were offered.

"From there we went on to Tah Shui Chiao, a large market town ruled partly by An Hsien and partly by Chang Ming. I had previously heard of a number of men in that village, mainly scholars and gentry, who were desirous of being instructed in the Faith. They had sent me a list of names. When Mr. Spreckley and I got there we found that accommodation had been prepared for us and our party of about twenty Chinese voluntary helpers, in the Temple where the government schools were situated; in fact, we had the school premises, the lecture hall to have meetings in, the dining hall for meals, and other rooms for sleeping. The school was on holiday. We had also the courtyard for mass meetings, so everything was ready for us. We had special meetings for instructing the interested ones—they numbered over seventy when we got there—we preached and pasted tracts and sold about 5,000 copies of Scripture portions and had great lantern meetings. The Chinese Christians who were helping had many opportunities for speaking of the Lord Jesus. Here we responded to the urgent appeal to open a preaching place, and as a suitable house in good repair was offered, after a few weeks we took it, and it was formally opened later on. The local inquirers bore two-thirds of the expense. There are over 200 names on the books, but only about 50 come to worship. The place has got a name for lawlessness. Please pray for Tah Shui Chiao, which name means Pagoda Water Bridge.

"During the year we have sold about 14,000 scriptures and tracts. The lantern has been used a good deal, and thousands have heard the Gospel. During all the unrest throughout the district I have been able to go on with my journeys and work and have been kept free from fear. The brigands, soldiers, people and officials are all friendly. The Gospel is winning its way, though slowly, and will go on more strongly as the time goes on, until the Lord comes."

LIFE'S HANDICAPS

By Clarence E. Flynn

ONE day a group of Galilean people wanted to carry a sick friend to Jesus to be healed. He was in a house, and when they came near they found such a crowd about the doors and windows that they could not get in. Not to be defeated in their purpose, they cut an opening through the roof and let the sick man, bed and all, down to where the Great Physician was. Of course, the result was that the afflicted person received the gift of a whole body as the reward for their insistent attitude. The story is simply another version of the value of impurity in seeking the gifts of the Great Helper.

This story of the long ago indicates one of the great principles of life, and one which has played a part in the activities and struggles of every age. It suggests that one may at any time have to reckon with handicaps, but that there is usually a way to overcome them, if one has the will to seek and follow that way. There is something highly admirable about the spirit of this group of people who, when they could not accomplish their desire in one way, promptly found another in which they could accomplish it.

The Scriptures say a good many things by implication which they do not say in exactly so many words. It is said that in an experience meeting in which the attendants fell to quoting favorite passages of Scripture, an old lady arose and stated that of all the beautiful and helpful Scripture texts in which she had found strength and comfort, her favorite was this: "Grin and bear it." The Bible does not contain such a text, but it does contain such a teaching, and the old lady was not so far wrong after all.

This Scripture story of the sick man and his friends suggests another adage of the world, which has expression at least by implication in the Scriptures. The Bible does not contain such a text as: "Where there's a will there's a way," yet such is the exact teaching implied in the story outlined above.

Along whatever way one's path may happen to lie, and whatever may be the task which he undertakes to perform, his life would be utterly unnatural if it were devoid of difficulties. A life without handicaps would be no more natural than a summer without showers or a year without a winter. It is not even desirable that one should live without encountering more or less resistance to his efforts to realize his best and highest hopes.

Furthermore, these difficulties are often unforeseen. They cannot be calculated, but they must be allowed for. At the beginning of the carrying out of any enterprise, the proper thing to do is to reckon one's resources and to count the cost. At the beginning of any journey the barriers in the way must be a calculation in the plan. At the outset of any endeavor, one must realize that not every part of his task will be altogether easy. If it were, the finished product would hardly be worth while, and certainly the toiler himself would not have benefited largely from his labor. Difficulties, expected and unexpected, are as certain to come as is the succession of the days and nights.

Life is frequently likened to a race. It is true that it is a progress toward a goal, and that in it there are many who are contending against each other for what they look upon as a victory. Life is not a race, however, in which every element of the situation is ideal for every runner. It is only in dreams where such perfect conditions may be found. In the hard facts of life it is otherwise. In the real race each contestant has at least some odds against him.

Life, then, is a race in which each runner is hampered with a handicap. Each situation presents some difficulty, and occasionally the most brilliant of successes is made in spite of this hindrance. The ideal race would not be one without handicaps. It is rather one in which a man plays his part well in spite of handicaps. The ideal victory is not that which is won because the contestant had everything in his favor. It is rather the one which is gained in spite of the odds which the contestant had against him.

Homer and Milton were blind, yet each won for himself a secure place among the world's small group of immortal poets. It would have been easy for either to have made his affliction an excuse for failure. Instead, each made his handicap an added reason for success. Each learned to glimpse a glory which is hidden to most who are blessed with faultless vision.

Demosthenes was born with a faulty utterance and with a hollow chest. Nevertheless, he conceived a great desire to be an orator. Most men would have found their physical unfitness a sufficient handicap to discourage them from any effort. Demosthenes determined to overcome the hindrances which had been born with him. He sought a remote and secluded place; shaved his head in order that he might not soon venture back among his friends, and exercised his voice and body until the weakness of both had been overcome. All the world is familiar with the final results of his efforts.

On the day when Demosthenes was uttering the amazing words which so tellingly advocated his right to receive a crown at the hands of his fellow citizens, the explanation of his achievement did not lie in his birth. It lay rather in the fact that he had willed to overcome the limitations with which nature had surrounded him. It is true that he had seized a psychological moment, but he was able to seize that moment because he had not feared the long period of painstaking effort which had been necessary to overcome his handicaps. The secret of his success was not opportunity, but toil. He had merely refused to surrender to the forces which would have destroyed the usefulness of many men. His triumph was but the result of a task patiently performed in spite of its difficulty.

During the last century, Spain produced a remarkable artist in the person of Daniel Vierge. He attained eminence in his work while still a young man. At the early age of thirty, however, he suffered complete paralysis of the right side. It would have been easy to have admitted that his work with the brush and pencil was done, and to have resigned himself to what seemed to be a hard fate. Such was not his spirit, however. He had no intention of relinquishing the tools of his art. He still had the use of his left arm, and he determined that it should be trained to possess the power which the other had lost.

The long and tedious period of training had to be gone through again. He accomplished his task, however, and in spite of the difficulty which he had encountered he learned to draw nearly as well with his left hand as he had ever been able to do with the other. By making the most of the one resource which was left to him, he managed to retain his place in the front rank of his profession as an illustrator. The work which he produced after his affliction can scarcely be distinguished in quality from his earlier efforts.

Dr. Holmes once said that the best way to live long is to become afflicted with some serious disease. What he meant was that such

an affliction sometimes teaches people the care of their bodies, when enduring health would leave them utterly careless of the essential laws of well-being. It does sometimes happen that, even in this regard, a handicap is found to be a helpful thing. There are cases on record which tell the story of renewed effort to cultivate health and strength, when life was rapidly slipping away, and of the crowning of that effort with success, health, and long life.

The old story of the hare and the tortoise is re-enacted daily in modern life. The battle does not always go to the strong, nor is victory in the race the inevitable portion of the swift. The winner is more apt to be the patient toiler who has chosen a purpose, and who struggles in the direction of his goal in spite of handicaps. His progress may not always be swift, but it is at least continuous.

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"BUT IF NOT"

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

Wonderful was the faith of the three Jews who defied the despotic king Nebuchadnezzar. They believed that, in some way, they knew not how, their God would deliver them out of the cruel land of the tyrant. The story stands, a beautiful and satisfying illustration of faith and its fitting reward.

But, though Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego knew that Jehovah could circumvent or overcome Nebuchadnezzar, and though they trusted that He would rescue them from the wicked earthly ruler, their faith did not end there. They realized that it was for God, not for them, to decide what He would do. As for them, whether He left them to a cruel fate or sent His angel to walk with them unscathed, they would be loyal to the God whom they worshipped.

A little girl in India, a child of ten years, was tortured to make her abjure the Christian religion. It was without avail, and the attempt was abandoned. Strange to say, she was brought back to the mission school, where she could receive further Christian training. When asked how she remained true in spite of the torture, she replied: "I thought of the three men in the furnace. The fire was not allowed to burn anything but the cords that bound them. I knew it was the same with me; the fire could not burn anything but the cords that bound me."

Having such confidence in the divine wisdom and power and goodness, men can say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him"; men can join with the three Jews in the Babylonian court in saying, "God is able to deliver us and He will deliver us; *but if not*, we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image." Like Jesus in Gethsemane, men can pray, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

In these awful days of suffering and horror, when the furnace is heated seven times more than it is wont to be heated, may God sustain our faith in Him, that we may know that the fire cannot burn anything except the cords that bind us.

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The Awakening

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

*I walked in pride; I knew not love;
All men were alien unto me;
For me there dwelt no God above.
How blind proud man can be!*

*Then Sorrow took my hand and led
By rivers wild, through valleys drear;
My heart with grief and anguish bled—
But Love to me drew near.*

*She taught me all the ways of God;
She told me of the griefs of men;
Then did I see and humbly trod
The path of peace again.*

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Christian Literature for India

A very interesting report on Protestant Tamil Christian Literature has just been issued by the Christian Literature Society for India. This report has been prepared by Rev. A. C. Clayton, a missionary who for the past ten years has devoted all his time to the production of Christian literature in the Tamil language, and in support of whose work the American Tract Society has made an annual cash appropriation for several years. There are about 20,000,000 people who speak the Tamil language. Of these the number who can read is estimated at about 2,000,000.

Printing in the Tamil language was begun in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Mention is made of a book printed at Goa in 1561. Dr. Murdoch in his "Classified Catalogue of Tamil Christian Literature" says that the first Tamil book printed was the "Doctrina Christiana" of Giovanni Gonsalvez, who is said to have first cast Tamulic characters in 1577.

There are several societies and missions that publish in Tamil. Among them are the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, whose press at Vepery, Madras, is one of the largest in India and the Christian Literature Society, with which is amalgamated the Madras Religious Tract and Book Society.

The Christian Literature Society was established by Protestant Christians under the name of the Christian Vernacular Education Society as a Memorial of the Indian Mutiny, and is now the largest missionary publishing agency in India as well as the chief publishing house for Tamil Christian Literature. Its headquarters are in London, England. Its principal office and depot in India is in Madras, but it has branches in Colombo, Jaffna, Calcutta, Bombay, Mysore, Ludhiana, Allahabad, Rangoon and Cuttack. It publishes in about a dozen different languages besides English.

The catalogue of Tamil Christian Literature which has been issued under Mr. Clayton's editorship shows what has already been accomplished, and in view of the limited financial means that have been available the result is highly creditable to the missionary force in India.

But there are other pressing needs which are still to be met, and which are summarized by Mr. Clayton as follows:

- (1) One strong, well edited, interesting, up-to-date, illustrated magazine for the Christian family circle.
- (2) New and thoroughly satisfactory handbills and small tracts.
- (3) Commentaries and expositions of books of the Old and New Testament most likely to help the Tamil preacher and catechist.
- (4) Good healthy stories.
- (5) Inspiring biographies.
- (6) Books on the health of the body, of the mind, and of the community.

In his report Mr. Clayton shows a firm grasp on the whole question of Tamil Christian Literature, and his suggestions for future development are well calculated to advance the progress of the Kingdom through the agency of the printed page.

The illustration that appears on this page of the AMERICAN MESSENGER is reproduced from a photograph forwarded to us by the Christian Literature Society for India. It portrays one phase of the domestic life of India, which is almost wholly dependent upon manual labor.

The Latest Edition of the Arabic Bible

The romantic story of the latest edition of the Arabic Bible is told by Dr. Franklin E. Hoskins in these words:

"Twelve years ago the Syria Mission Bible Society voted to produce the latest edition of the Arabic Bible. Ten years ago the Mission Press purchased a supply of paper, new machinery, etc., and began



TWO WOMEN GRINDING CORN IN INDIA

the long task. Had one of the actions in the chains of providence been omitted at the right time, we could not, for many reasons, have regained the lost ground in another ten years. One year went in preparation, seven years in the adaptation of the new references and the making of the greater part of the plates and one year in carrying the edition through the press. The printing of the final pages was completed on the very day that we left Beirut for our long journey to America, June 26, 1916.

"The work during the last two years was carried on under the greatest difficulties, from the lack of ordinary and proper materials for the casting of the type and the making of the plates and the printing. The city gas works in Beirut went out of business at the very beginning of the war. Our suction plant, where we made our own gas for a time, was rendered useless by the lack of coke—which we had been able to purchase while the city gas works were still in operation. We were then thrown back on the use of an old steam engine, which has figured in many annual reports, and which has long been suspected of a desire to blow itself to pieces. It was fed with wood as long as wood was obtainable at anything like reasonable prices. Then for many months we purchased olive stones from the refuse found near the native olive oil presses and this kind of fuel, like the olive trees in Zechariah, kept the wheels revolving for the printing of the Word of Life. When alcohol failed for the cleansing of the type and the plates, we made use of arak or the native whiskey. At one time in the lack of lubricating oil we made use of dibs or native molasses. When rubber washers for the valves wore out, others were substituted, made of cross sections of old automobile tires.

"Finally, we have to report that while a dozen bound copies of the finished Bible have been distributed to the various stations throughout the Mission and preserved above and below ground, and while there are two copies also in Constantinople, *only one single copy* is outside the Turkish Empire. That one is safe in the American Bible Society in New York. How I succeeded in getting this one copy, piecemeal, beyond the bounds of the Empire is a story too long to tell here. The importance of the single copy is this: that in case any accident should occur to the various copies in Syria and to the unbound sheets of the whole edition and to the plates themselves, the labor and toil and expense of these nine years can be preserved and multiplied by the reproduction of this unique volume by means of photography.

see with how fine a spirit he had taken his punishment. He told me that if he had kept that sin in his heart he never would have found peace but now his heart was at rest. When he came into my study he gave my secretary money with which to buy a New Testament to send to a man in the Yyeng Yang prison to whom he had preached and who showed some interest in Christian things. That evening he attended the prayer meeting and testified to the grace and peace that he had received. The next day he started for his home in the North."

Religious Education In West China

No one should think lightly of any place because of its geographic situation. Fine suggestions concerning religious education are coming from West China. In a letter recently received by the World's Sunday School Association it was stated that the West China University has an organized system of religious education which reaches into 280 cities of that province. There the Sunday school lesson is not the matter of an hour a day on Sunday, but an hour every day of the week. Then these students form the nucleus of every Sunday school that is organized in the various churches. In speaking of the Sunday school work in West China and the United States this significant statement is added: "The character of the work which we desire to do in these schools is very much the same as that to which the Sunday school is dedicated in America, the instruction of the young and the formation of Christian character. It differs only in that we are endeavoring to make it *much more systematic and thorough*."

Child-Sacrifice In Angola

How child life in Africa is sacrificed because of the superstition and ignorance of the parents is pointed out by Mrs. Robert Shields, who writes from the Methodist mission in Angola: "Many a babe is killed by striking it on the bridge of the nose, or drowned in a neighboring stream because the manner of its birth is declared ominous. Twins are seldom allowed to live. By slow starvation one at least is left to die.

"Let a child cut its upper teeth first and it is doomed, for, they say, if permitted to live, it will bring ruin and death to the other members of the family. Often a sick child is subjected to the most brutal of torture. The parents usually call in a witch-doctor who cuts the little one on the arms, hands, face, legs and feet. We recently counted fifty cuts on a babe only five months old. This is done, they say, just to let out the evil spirits."

A Faithful Worker Gone

A copy of the *North Siam News*, published by the North Siam Mission, brings us the tidings of the passing away of Rev. D. G. Collins, who was the efficient manager of the Presbyterian Mission Press at Chiengmai, which is one of the mission stations aided by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society.

For over thirty years Mr. Collins gave himself without reserve to Christian work in North Siam, his entire missionary career being spent in one station, Chiengmai. He was a man of warm evangelistic spirit and entered deeply into the lives of the people of the village churches that were assigned to his care.

The great work of his later life was connected with the Mission Press at Chiengmai. Under his supervision this important institution has been the means of making the Word of God accessible to the millions of Laos-speaking people in Northern Siam and Southwestern China, and from it have poured not only copies of the Scriptures, but thousands of tracts, pamphlets, books and hymnals in the native language.

"Since our arrival in the United States another link has been added to the chain of Providence. All seaports of Syria having been closed it is impossible to obtain necessary material for binding the Bibles already lying printed in Beirut. Thousands had been ordered before hostilities broke out, for India, Egypt and London.

"The American Bible Society here felt the urgency of having the Scriptures to ship abroad for Arabic-speaking people and undertook to reproduce at once the New Testament Scriptures in an emergency edition. This has been done by a new photographic process in New York, and very successfully too. From this edition, about five hundred copies of this New Testament are now on their way to Egypt to be used in the work among the Arabic speaking troops."

The Working of a Christian Conscience

A missionary in Korea, Rev. C. D. Morris, relates a striking incident of his ministry in the following words:

"During the early part of 1914, while helping with a Bible class for men in Yeng Byen (Korea), we met each morning before daybreak for prayer. Among those who came from the country was a man named Pak who was brought under deep conviction for a crime committed years before he became a Christian. At that time he went off to the hills and made counterfeit silver coins. When these got into circulation he was arrested on suspicion but as he refused to confess and there was no direct proof that he was guilty he was released. He then became a merchant in his town and was respected by all,—his past not being known. Later he accepted Christ and seemed very faithful to his Christian duties.

"During this Bible class, however, he was so convicted in heart because of this crime that he could not rest and made full confession at one of the meetings. He then decided that that was not enough but that he must also confess to the authorities to whom he had formerly denied his guilt. He accordingly went to the police station and surrendered himself. Later he was sent to Sin Wiju for trial, his wife accompanying him since she had been partner in his guilt. They were sentenced to a year and a half of imprisonment, but the wife was released on parole. Pak served his sentence in Pyeng Yang and Chinnampo. I heard from him twice while he was in prison and he assured me that I need have no anxiety about him. I waited patiently for the day of his release and was filled with joy to

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

FEBRUARY 3.

Christian Duty and Privilege: Winning Others to Christ

John 1:35-46.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- M. Jan. 28. Bringing others. Mark 2:1-5.
T. Jan. 29. Persuading others. Acts 26:24-32.
W. Jan. 30. Winning by example. I Pet. 2:11-25.
T. Jan. 31. Winning by prayer. Acts 1:14; 2:1-4.
F. Feb. 1. Winning by kindness. Matt. 5:43-48.
S. Feb. 2. Winning by preaching. Luke 10:1-6, 17-30.

This topic has been selected with a view of its appropriateness for both a consecration meeting and Christian Endeavor Decision Day. It reminds us that the primary object of Christian Endeavor as well as of other forms of church work is to bring souls to Christ. In other words, Christianity is essentially evangelistic, and unless our Christian toil is suffused with the spirit of evangelism, it lacks the one thing needful.

A Personal Duty

To bring others to Christ is the divinely appointed task of every Christian. No one is excused from this service, and it must be rendered by our own personal effort.

By personal work, we mean bringing others to Christ. Every Christian should be a personal worker, and should seek in every way to become effective in this line of endeavor.

A High Privilege

It is not only a personal duty but a high privilege to bring others to Christ. To belong to the army of the Lord is a distinction which should be counted as a high honor, and to bring recruits into the Lord's army to fight under the banner of the Cross should be regarded as a splendid privilege.

Ways of Working

Souls are not brought into the Kingdom of God by the exclusive use of any one method of approach. As we study the New Testament we see that the Apostles were brought to Christ in a variety of ways, and they, in turn, used various means for winning others to the Master.

So in these modern days, experience has shown that souls are drawn into the Kingdom in many different ways, and he who would be a successful personal worker must learn to adopt various methods to lead others to make the great decision.

Many are won to Christ by a spoken word, and we must be quick to discern the opportunity of saying the word in season which will bring a human soul to make a full surrender to Christ. Oftentimes this word may be spoken in the home, by a Christian father, mother, brother or sister. Sometimes it may be uttered by a Christian friend, or it may be spoken by a pastor, Sunday School teacher or Christian worker.

A letter may be used as the means for bringing a soul to Christ. Sometimes the insertion of a tract or leaflet in the letter or the affixing of a Go-to-Church stamp on the envelope may give the impulse which is needed to bring a wavering soul into the Kingdom.

Evangelistic Efforts

All our Christian work should be definitely evangelistic. Every member of the church as well as the pastor should consider himself or herself an ambassador of Christ to carry the message of salvation to others and to win them to His service.

Every gathering of the church should be regarded as an opportunity for evangelistic effort, and the end and aim of all the church activities should be to win souls for Christ.

Special evangelistic efforts are sometimes necessary, but the more desirable plan is to have a continuous evangelistic spirit pervading the whole membership of the church with the result that pastor and people alike are found doing the work of an evangelist.

FEBRUARY 10.

What My Church Stands For

I Peter 2:9-12.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- M. Feb. 4. Faith in Christ. John 20:30, 31; 21:24, 25.
T. Feb. 5. Salvation through Christ. Acts 4:1-12.
W. Feb. 6. The Word of God. 2 Tim. 3:10-17.
T. Feb. 7. Power through the Spirit. John 16:7-14.
F. Feb. 8. The sanctified life. Rom. 6:1-14.
S. Feb. 9. Immortality. 2 Cor. 5:1-10.

By "my church" the framers of this topic may have had in mind the denominational bodies to which we severally belong.

Loyalty to denominational connection is one of the principles for which the Christian Endeavor Society stands.

In an army each soldier belongs to some regiment, and if he is to be an effective force in the army he must be loyal to the regiment in which he is enrolled.

So the church of Christ may be conceived as made up of the various denominational bodies, and in order to be effective members of the church we must be loyal to the denominational unit to which we belong.

Loyalty to our own denomination does not preclude all due honor and respect to the other denominations. Between the various evangelical Christian denominations there should prevail not the spirit of competition and rivalry but rather the spirit of fellowship and cooperation.

The words "my church" suggest not only the denominational body to which we belong but also the whole body of the Church of Christ, that is the church universal. Let us ask what are some of the things for which our church stands, when viewed in this larger light.

Loyalty to Christ

The church stands for loyalty to its divine Founder, the Lord Jesus Christ. Greater than Calvin, Zwingli, Luther, Wesley, or any denominational leader stands the Master Himself, who established the church and gave His own precious life in so doing.

To the Christian, Christ stands as the supreme Leader. No human thinker or philosopher may take rank with Him. No sage or teacher, be it Buddha or Confucius or Zoroaster, or any other prophet of religion may take a stand beside Jesus the peerless and perfect Son of God.

Love for Humanity

The Church of Christ stands for love to our brother man. It teaches the principle of fraternity and upholds the doctrine of human equality in the sight of God.

Love for humanity involves the principle of justice, and the church stands for just dealing between man and man. The church cannot afford to condone injustice in any way, shape or form. It should make its voice heard in strong protest, whenever a country is ravished as was Belgium, or a people are outraged as the Armenians, or childhood is oppressed or woman downtrodden, or the laboring man defrauded. Too often in the past has the church been silent in the face of injustice, and now it must stand at whatever cost for the highest ideal of justice.

A Passion for Righteousness

The church stands for righteousness. It cannot compromise with evil, but must insist on what is right. It is a light divine, shining in the midst of a world darkened by sin. It stands for the eternal verities revealed in and through our Lord Jesus Christ. It stands for Christian faith, hope and love. It is the herald of the Gospel and should stand as the embodiment of Christian charity. The church stands for the fellowship of believers and for the dissemination of the Gospel message to the uttermost parts of the earth.

FEBRUARY 17.

What My Church Is Doing

I. Thessalonians 1:2-8.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- M. Feb. 11. Preaching. Rev. 2:7-12.
T. Feb. 12. Building up the saints. Eph. 3:1-16.
W. Feb. 13. Missionary work. Acts 13:1-12.
T. Feb. 14. Teaching the young. Deut. 6:3-9.
F. Feb. 15. Social work. John 12:1-8.
S. Feb. 16. Community work. Acts 9:36-43.

The term, "my church," may mean the individual local church, the denominational body, or the church universal. It may be helpful in considering the topic before us to use all three of these possible applications.

The Work of the Local Church

Many individual local churches are doing splendid work. They are active along evangelistic, missionary, social and institutional lines. Both pastor and people are busy about the Master's Vineyard, and are preparing for a bounteous spiritual harvest.

There are many other local churches, however, that are moribund and inactive. Their annual reports show no ingathering of souls, no gifts for the missionary enterprise, no service for the community, and no signs of spiritual life. It is a sad fact that the year-books of the various denominations show literally thousands of such inactive church organizations. This topic should therefore come as a ringing call to all such churches to arise from their spiritual lethargy and to show themselves doers of the word and not hearers only.

Denominational Work

Comparatively few Christians are fully informed as to what their respective denominations are doing. The question, "What is my church doing?" comes, therefore, as a summons to us all to acquaint ourselves more fully with our various denominational activities.

It may be said to the credit of most denominations that they are carrying forward a great deal of work. The tendency during the past few years has been to enlarge the scope of denominational activity, and to greatly increase the amount of work done along missionary, benevolent, charitable and philanthropic lines.

Despite the development of various forms of church federation and interdenominational cooperation, the denominational life of the churches seems to be more vigorous and pronounced than ever, and while there are signs of increasing fellowship between the churches there are no indications of the weakening of the denominational lines which separate the various communions.

Much of our Christian work must necessarily be done through denominational agencies. Every Christian Endeavorer should loyally support the missionary work of his or her own denominational body, and should strive to aid in the other lines of service which are carried on by the denomination.

Interdenominational Activity

But in addition to denominational there are still broader lines of activity which are carried on by the Christian church as a whole. Such interdenominational agencies, for example, as the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations and many other organizations that might be mentioned are representative of the church as a whole and depend for their maintenance upon the loyal support of the members of all branches of the church.

Perhaps it may not be amiss here to refer to what is being done for the cause of Christian literature by the American Tract Society. Most of our readers know something of what that organization is doing, but upon request the Society will be glad to send leaflets which will tell in fuller detail both what is being accomplished and what is needed in order to enlarge its work and meet the growing demand.

FEBRUARY 24.

The Power of the Cross in Asia

Psalms 96:1-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- M. Feb. 18. The Cross foretold. John 3:14-21.
T. Feb. 19. In Jerusalem. Acts 4:32-37.
W. Feb. 20. In Samaria. Acts 8:5-12.
T. Feb. 21. In Caesarea. Acts 10:34-48.
F. Feb. 22. Healing disease. Acts 2:1-10.
S. Feb. 23. Stephen's power. Acts 6:8-15.

The power of the Cross of Christ was first made manifest in Asia. Then it swept over Europe. Later Mohammed arose, and for a time it seemed as if every Christian might be driven out of Asia. But Mohammedanism could not exterminate Christianity, and the Christian faith persisted despite all opposition and persecution.

The nineteenth century witnessed a great forward movement in Asia through the development of Protestant missionary effort. The twentieth century has seen this missionary effort enlarged and strengthened. Now, despite the disruption caused by the great world war, the Gospel is still being preached and the power of the Cross is becoming daily more manifest in the great continent in which Christianity first had its birth.

The Light of Asia

Not Buddha but Christ is the true Light of Asia. Under the baleful influence of all heathen faiths the people of Asia groped in vain for release from the vain and cruel superstitions that held them in thrall. But with the preaching of the Cross of Christ and the introduction of Christian influences there has come at least a partial removal of those bonds of superstition, and when the light of the Gospel has penetrated to the furthestmost confines of Asia, we may expect that all shackles will be burst asunder and the people will walk in the joyous liberty that comes only to those who are made free by Christ.

The Triumphs of Faith

When we consider the obstacles that had to be overcome, the progress that Christianity has made in Asia is truly remarkable.

In India the Christian community has grown from a mere handful to about a million and a half. In China a century of Christian effort has resulted in a Christian community of about half a million, with the prospect that the present century will see the number of converts multiplied many times.

Korea, though a small country, has a Christian community of about a quarter of a million, and the outlook is favorable for a steady and substantial growth every year, because of the splendid hold which the Christian church has secured upon the minds and hearts of the native population.

The one bright spot in Asiatic Turkey is the record of the Christian missions, which have ministered to the needs of all classes of the population, irrespective of race or creed, and have shown forth the spirit of Christ in the midst of conditions that are too awful to describe.

Japan does not show a large numerical membership in the Christian church, but the spirit of Christianity has permeated a large section of the population, and many of the leading men of the Empire are avowed Christians.

In the Philippine Islands Christianity is making substantial progress, and the rising generation are being trained under Christian auspices and learning to know and aspire to Christian ideals.

The island of Ceylon is one of the places where the power of the Cross has been made evident. It has a Christian community of over 50,000 souls, and its Christian homes are a sure and indubitable testimony to the value of the Christian faith.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- M. Feb. 25. Private prayer. Dan. 6:4-10.
T. Feb. 26. The model prayer. Matt. 6:5-15.
W. Feb. 27. Prayer of Faith. Jas. 5:12-20.
T. Feb. 28. Faith in prayer. Mark 11:20-26.
F. Mar. 1. United prayer. Matt. 18:19-20.
S. Mar. 2. The praying man's aid. Rom. 8:22-28.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Children of Mt. Vernon

BY MARY F. RICHARDSON.

"OH, Mother," cried Janey, "what a lovely place to play!"

The little girl who uttered these words stood on the long piazza at Mt. Vernon looking over the broad lawns. Mother had brought Jack and Janey to spend the day at Washington's home, and in the charming old house they had gazed with awed eyes at the rooms where he had lived. They had seen his sword and camp kit, his desk and chair, and even the very bed he slept in! Now they were going to look into the out-buildings and gardens.

"Many children played on this lawn in Washington's time," declared Mother, smiling at Janey's eager face. "First of all, there was young George Washington himself. When he was a boy, the place belonged to his brother Lawrence and George often visited here. He was about thirteen when he first came, and I imagine he was a large boy, rather old for his years. You know at seventeen, he went out to the wild country beyond the Blue Ridge, to survey a tract of land for Lord Fairfax.

"After his brother died, George became owner of Mt. Vernon. He married a young widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, who had a little boy of six and a tiny girl of four. Although Washington never had any children of his own, he was as kind and tender to little John and Martha Custis as if they were his own.

"It was Springtime when Washington brought his bride and her little ones home to Mt. Vernon. They all drove out from Williamsburg in a great coach with four horses. Can you picture the scene as the coach drew up at the door? The negro servants were all excitement, gathering to greet their master and the new mistress, while the dogs were barking a welcome! The children were lifted from the high coach, interested in everything, while Washington in his stately way, welcomed his wife to her home.

"Jack and Martha Custis were happy at Mt. Vernon. Washington was fond of them, and did all in his power to make them happy. There was a tutor who gave them lessons in the little school house in the garden. A dancing master had classes, either at Mt. Vernon or at Gunston Hall, a nearby estate, and all the children in the neighborhood came to them. After the lesson, the teacher retired, candles were brought and the children played games and Washington loved to watch them.

"Washington sent to England for many different things and among the lists is an order 'For Miss Custis, 6 years old,' which includes such items as: 'one pair little scissors, one fashionable dressed doll, one box gingerbread toys and sugarcomfits, a small neat Bible bound in Turkey, and Martha Parke Custis wrote on the inside in gilt letters, a small Prayer Book, neat and in the same manner,' and also 'one fashionable Cap or fillet, with bib apron, and Ruffles and Tucker—to be laced.' So you see, 'little Patt' as they called her, sometimes wore her best bib and tucker!

"Time passed, and the children grew up. Little Patt died and Jack Custis married. In 1781 he went with General Washington as Aide-de-camp, and soon after died. Washington adopted his two youngest children, George Washington Parke Custis, who was only a baby, and Eleanor Parke Custis, two years and a half old. Mr. and Mrs. Washington were devoted to these two children. Before Washington came home, after the Revolution, he took time to stop in Philadelphia to buy toys for little Nelly, as they called Eleanor. Mrs. Washington taught Nelly to sew and knit and spin, I am sure she did not neglect her religious training, for Mrs. Washington was very devout. Every morning she retired to her room to pray and read her Bible for an hour, before she took up her household duties.

"The children must have enjoyed watching the workers in the Spinning House. In those days," explained Mother, leading the way to that building, "the flax was spun into thread and the thread woven into cloth in this building. Don't you imagine that the children loved to come in here, when the rooms were busy and the wheels whirred? And now I want to show you the old coach. Come this way."

"Oh, Mother," exclaimed Jack, looking into the Coach House, "What a funny old carriage! Was that the one Washington used?"

"No, but it was one very much like it, but more magnificent. Washington's coach came from England, but it was destroyed after his death.

by a cavalcade of gentlemen and escorted into the town, where a band played, and, in the evening, fireworks were set off. All the way they were greeted with enthusiasm, and I have no doubt that the children were petted by everybody.

"The Custis children lived at Mt. Vernon until they grew up, and beside them were other children who came there. Both Mr. and Mrs. Washington had many nieces and nephews who made long visits to their Aunt and Uncle. They were always sure of a warm welcome, and Washington did all he could to make them happy.

"So you see, many children loved Mt. Vernon in Washington's day, and I always think of the beautiful old estate as a happy place for little ones."



"THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

"In Colonial Days there were no steam cars, and whenever the Washingtons went away from home they travelled in their coach. On Sundays they drove to Alexandria to church, for Washington was a regular attendant, and a vestryman of Christ's Church, Alexandria. And they often rode to visit friends at Alexandria or even Baltimore. When Washington was made President, after the Revolution, Mrs. Washington went to New York, and then to the Capitol, to join her husband, taking Nelly and little George with her, accompanied by a small escort on horseback. The children must have enjoyed the trip, for at Philadelphia their chaise was met

Some Things Worth Doing
Smiling.
Speaking kind words.
Showing respect for the aged.
Telling the truth under all circumstances.
Choosing only the good for daily companions.
Reading books that instruct and inspire rather than excite.
Keeping the Sabbath day holy as God has commanded.
Forming the habit of close observation and careful study.
Accepting the Bible as the only true guide for this life.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Hushaby Time

BY E. A. BRININSTOOL.

*Hushaby time at the nursery door,
Rockaby time, for the daylight is o'er!
Lullaby time, for the shadows now creep
In where the babies will soon be asleep.*

*Curly heads nod, and wee eyelids droop
down,
Just on the border of Slumberland Town,
As we go rocking and rocking away,
Out through the dim, misty portals of day.*

*Down from the heavens the silvery stars
Slip through the half-open, day-ending
bars,
Gleaming in splendor, and sending their
light
Twinkling and flashing all through the
long night.*

*Now there's the hail of the Sand Man who
goes
Out from his castle on soft tippy-toes,
Looking for babies who sleepily roam,
Luring them off to his magical home.*

*Ah, what a beauteous, shining brigade,
Marching away as the long shadows fade!
While from the heights comes a lullaby
song,
Echoing sweetly and drifting along!*

*Hushaby time at the nursery door,
Rockaby time, for the daylight is o'er!
Lullaby time, for the shadows now peep
In where the babies are snuggled asleep!*

Living or Existing

We have heard of a little boy who was asked what good resolution he was going to make on New Year's Day. The little fellow replied, "I resolve to be a year older next New Year's Day." How many people there are who live as if they had no higher aim in life than merely to live on for another twelve months. There is quite a difference between merely existing and really living. To live one must have a goal; one must aim at something; one must have a purpose that is really worth while, and bend every energy to the accomplishment of it.

"I'm Pretty Little, But I'll Try"

She was only seven years old, Eileen Martin, the section foreman's daughter, as she stood reaching up to a telephone at the little town in California one Saturday, telling the agent at the nearest station that a rail was broken. Child-like, she knew the semaphore signals, had come to the track to see the Overland Limited train whirl by, and had watched the long finger drop, letting the train into the block.

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," she said, when the station agent asked her if she could not stop the train that was past him, and started out with her sister of fourteen, who had just appeared. They ran down the track, stopped the train, and saved a wreck. The alert attention which knew the semaphore signal, the quick wit which understood what a broken rail meant, the decision and initiative which alone sought the telephone, the courage with which she and her sister started up the track, waving their aprons to stop the big Overland Limited as it bore down upon them—these are the qualities which through life bring self-help, help for others, success and happiness.

And she was only seven years old, "pretty little," but ready to "try."

How a Church Bell Was Made

A native Christian in India, brought a heavy burden to a missionary one day which proved to be a sack containing idols. He said that he did not want them any more, but suggested that they might be melted and made into a bell for the church. This was done, and now the dumb idols have found a voice and summon worshipers to praise and prayer.

Our Fireside

On Quien Sabe Creek

By Cora Goodrich Parmelee

"W HOA!" cried Ezra Hay. Then he turned to Joe Woods who was seated beside him, saying, "Jest hold them lines a minute, Joe, while I take in the things I've brought from town fr the Hermit. Don't look 'sif that feller'd been outside the door fr some time, does it?" he continued, ploughing his way through the snow. Repeated knockings brought no response, so he opened the door and went in. The Hermit, dimly seen in the early winter twilight, was seated before a table, his head fallen on his arms.

"He ain't asleep—he's sick," affirmed Ezra. "Help me get him into bed, an' then one of us can phone fr the doctor. The nearest phone, I guess, is at the Ranger Station."

"And look here," suggested Joe, who had a strain of romance, "he was writin' a letter—I guess 'twas to that girl whose picter he had stuck up in front of him. He's got the envelope already addressed. The letter begins, 'Dearest Elizabeth,' so it's someone he thinks lots of. I don't like to read any more. But let's send a telegram to her."

"Well, it can't do no harm," agreed Ezra, thoughtfully, "though there ain't much to say."

"An' I tell you what," he went on, "if you don't mind, I'll go an' telephone an' then I'll get my wife an' bring her back with me. She's a good hand in sickness, an' this feller hadn't order be left alone. We c'n bundle up the kids an' leave 'em at Birchs."

On the way to the Ranger Station he mused over the wording of the telegram. "Unknown man very ill. Was writin' to you." How'd that do? I'm most certain the name he goes by ain't his own. He don't never answer to it right quick like a man would to his own name. So it ain't no use to give that. It'd only confuse her. That ain't much, though, for the telegram. I don't reckon she'll come. I wouldn't blame her."

A few days later the narrow-gauge engine was puffing slowly up the canyon, carrying its long train of freight cars and one combination baggage and passenger coach. The seats were nearly all occupied by jabbering Mexicans and the air was close with the mingled smells of bad whiskey and smoking lamps. But Elizabeth Howland noticed these things only with a feeling of detachment. Was it she herself who was here in these strange surroundings—or another? She was coming in response to a very vague telegram, and her friends—those she had had time to see—had tried to dissuade her. But she had acted on impulse—she, who was usually so reserved and self-controlled. "But suppose this is Harry, sick and among strangers," she told herself, stifling a sob. "Oh, it is all my fault—I sent him away—and then—and then—he disappeared."

She pressed her lips together and looked around. Her sense of humor came to her rescue. "So these are the Western desperadoes," she reflected. "Where are their six-shooters? I can't imagine people who talk so fast as that ever taking time to kill anyone." And she giggled nervously.

But now they must be almost at their destination—it was the terminus of the road—for the people were all collecting their belongings.

As she dismounted, she was accosted by a kindly-faced ranchman whose sunburn all the rigors of winter had not served to bleach.

"Miss Howland, I reckon?" he ven-

ured. "I'm Ezra Hay, the man who sent you the telegram."

She followed him to a low, rough sled—not much more than a box on runners—but no courtier could have been more kind and attentive than he as he tucked the old quilt around her.

"We'll go to the hotel first an' have some supper," he began, "an' I'll tell you all I know about him."

All he knew was not much.

"The man is pretty sick—pneumonia. Us folks out there is takin' turns carin' fr him. Me an' my wife has been there considerable, seein' as we live near—only about a mile away."

"But tell me about him. How does he look? What sort of a man is he?" Ezra Hay smiled, then took a long and noisy swallow of coffee before answering.

"Well, he's a curly-headed, handsome feller, 'bout thirty years old, I sh'd judge—goes by the name of Will Johnson."

Elizabeth's face fell.

"But I'm most certain that ain't his right name. An' he ain't a born rancher—I c'n tell that. But he's jest so pleasant that everyone likes him. He won't never go to town though. We allays take his things out to him, but we don't mind that, he's so accommodatin' to us in lots of ways. An' he won't never go to the dances at the school house—he's funny that away. An' oh yes, one thing made me think I was on the right track in sendin' for you—I've took out lots of mail to him a'ready an' there's been papers from that place you come from."

Elizabeth's eyes gleamed. She thought "He wanted the papers to come to an assumed name. And that is the way he knew I was still—"

She did not finish the sentence, even to herself. She was not sure yet that this was Harry.

"We might's well be goin'."

Ezra Hay's voice struck in on her meditations.

He produced a quantity of extra wraps which he insisted on her wearing. There was a man's heavy sweater which she was to wear over her coat and a thick veil which had to be tied down over her hat to keep her ears warm. He also was having the brick for his foot-warmer heated.

"It's twelve miles out there," he replied in answer to her wondering comments.

It was a beautiful, moonlit night and the sky a deep indigo. The snow on the far-stretching, undulating hills was all blue, from the faint, grayish tinge in the foreground to the deep, mysterious shadows of the distant hills. The far-off range lay outlined against the sky by its uneven line of snow-clad peaks painted into the landscape with a fine brush carrying pigment of a steely gray. Single sentinel pines pointed weird blue fingers to the sky and others huddled together, sheltering mournfully howling coyotes. The crisp, cold air seemed vibrant with a blue light. The clear stillness produced a breathless, hushed expectancy—of what?

All this Elizabeth felt rather than thought. Everything was mysterious and unknown but she was not afraid. Perhaps at last those sleigh bells were her wedding bells. What had—Harry—been writing?

Her companion was silent. He had said his say and no other point of contact had been found.

In a surprisingly short time, so it seemed they reached the cabin from which shone the only light for miles around. At first, as Elizabeth stood in

the doorway, she realized that her glasses were befogged. She snatched them off impatiently and then caught a glimpse of the bed in the farther corner of the room. Quickly she crossed to it. The face on the pillow was thin and white—but it was her Harry's.

She turned in dumb gratitude to the people in the room, seated by the table with its one small lamp, their faces averted.

As she approached them, one woman rose and went to the stove, remarking, "It's a cold night, Miss. I'll have a cup o' tea for you in a minute."

And Ezra Hay introduced Elizabeth to his wife who, he said, would remain with her that night.

She tried to protest but was interrupted by, "You got to have sleep if you'll be any good at all. I've made a bed fr you there on the floor. I'm used to bein' up nights with them kids o' mine. Here's your tea. An' I thought this chokecherry jelly with bread an' butter'd sort o' taste good."

The others, after introductions and commonplace, irrelevant remarks, left the cabin and Elizabeth's long waiting began. But in the days that followed she was surprised at how many people there were to drop in for a greeting or to relieve her watch.

"Good mornin'," one would say, "I jest stopped to bring you this glass of sarvice-berry jelly. I thought you might like it. Yes, I gathered them berries last summer up in Coyote Park. Thought maybe you'd like to taste 'em. How is he this mornin'? We all like him so much. One time we was goin' to hev a concert at the school house. There ain't much goin' on around here, an' that's about all the chance we get to see folks, seems like. I was dead set on goin' but one of the kids was sick, an' do you know, he come in an' said he'd take care o' them kids—for me to go to the concert. He did too, jest as good's a woman. I wasn't a bit uneasy."

Or the presentation of votive offering and the testimony would run like this:

"I jest brought you some of our home-cured ham this mornin' an' called to see how he was. He was mighty good to us last summer. We was jest in the midst o' hayin' and hurryin' fer all we was worth to git through before it rained when one of our men was taken sick an' a horse got hurt at the same time. He come right over with his team an' went to work. Left his own hayin' too an' wouldn't take no pay fer what he done. Seems like he don't care whether he gits ahead or not. I don't think he makes much more'n enough to live on. But he says that time, when Charlie told him he hadn't order, he says, 'You got your wife an' kids to feed. I ain't got nobody, only myself.' Now you go'n lay down an' let me take care of him fer a while. I c'n stay jest's well's not."

One woman told her, "At first we was afraid of him—thought he had killed a man or somethin', because he never would go to town an' seemed so afraid somehow o' bein' with people. Then he was allays so nice an' kind an' ready to do a favor that we decided there wasn't no harm about him an' we didn't care about his past. You know it is that way out in these parts. It's what a man is thet counts, not what he's been or what his folks was."

At last there came the day when the crisis was expected, and those in the little cabin watched breathlessly for the change. It came—and the patient started his weary climb upward.

"If he had been a drinking man, we never could have pulled him through," remarked the doctor.

Elizabeth started. Then he was not drinking and had not been drinking for some time! It was true there had been no hint of that in anything she had found in the cabin or that the people had told her, but—it seemed like disloyalty even to think about it now.

The next day she came across the unfinished letter which had been so carefully put away that it was mislaid.

It read, "I could not resist when with others; but for your sake, though I have lost you, I have not touched a drop in years. I am sick—I think it will be my finish. But I wanted you to know what—" In a rush she understood it all—his fear of going to town or even to the little social gatherings among the ranchers on Quien Sabe Creek. She knew what it meant to a bright, sociable fellow like her Harry, but now she could share his isolation and loneliness and help him to look to Christ for strength in his constant struggle against the temptation that had so often beset him in the past. At last in the little cabin, far off from the associations she had known, in the company of one who was at that moment too sick to understand or share her joy, she was happy, and the bells that jingled on the passing sleighs outside sounded in her ears like a prophecy of wedding bells to come.

APPLES OF GOLD

This is a really ideal weekly paper for use in Primary Departments and Infant Classes in all Sunday Schools. It is finely illustrated, uses large, clear type and is printed in beautiful colored ink. Each week there is a splendid full-page picture, short stories, choice poems and a helpful illustrated treatment of the International Sunday School Lesson. It is issued monthly but is arranged for weekly distribution in four-page parts. Price, single copies, 30 cents; five copies to one address, 25 cents each; ten or more copies, 20 cents each, per year. Postage on Canadian and foreign subscriptions, 6 cents per copy additional. Subscriptions accepted in clubs for 3 months, 6 months or a year.

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The Child's Money.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

"WELL, I don't believe in paying children to help in the home," said little Mrs. Weston, at a Mothers' meeting, where the theme for the afternoon was "The Child's Money," and the discussion was getting warm over the question of how it should reach the child—whether as a gift from parents and friends; as a solicited gratuity; or as a wage for faithful service.

"Why not?" asked Miss Richmond, blandly. She was the teacher of the Sixth Grade in the school where two of Mrs. Weston's children attended, and both had been in her class; so she knew of Mrs. Weston's leading hobbies and theories—for Miss Richmond made it a part of her school work, to know the parents, and to see the children in their regular environment. "I couldn't understand the children, if I didn't first understand their setting and equipment," she had often said, when asked why she spent so much time and strength in visiting the homes.

"Mainly because I want my children to feel that each of them has a certain responsibility for the home which they all share. It seems to me that they are in duty bound to perform such child-like services as are within their reach, and to do it because it is home instead of because they want to earn money," replied Mrs. Weston, with some vigor and not without warmth.

A wave of interest was quite apparent in the Priscilla Club, of which both speakers were members, for many needles were stopped as their owners listened, or prepared to speak. Some women just can't sew and talk too, nor even sew and listen! And all wanted to hear Miss Richmond's argument, for she was not only very popular but very practical in her management of "difficult" children—and of other people!

"You are right, I am sure, so far. But, and perhaps I am wrong—it seems to me that in order to provide for future financial responsibilities, they must be taught the value of money from the start, and that this can be done in no other way so well as by earning it, and earning it for a definite end, even if that end is merely to spend it again—provid-

ed that no other spending money is arranged for."

Miss Richmond spoke quietly; but the sincerity was convincing, and as if backed by experience, or observation, or both. Therefore Mrs. McGill asked: "Just how would you do, Miss Richmond?"

"Oh, I'm not at all sure," laughed Miss Richmond. "It is hard for anyone to know just what would be done, under given circumstances, although it is easy to theorize. But I have seen some plans work out in real life, from cause to effect; and I have drawn my conclusions."

"A story! A story!" chorused two or three; and Miss Richmond, still knitting, which seemed to be her favorite occupation at these meetings, began:

"My cousin insisted that no money be used by his children, except as he gave or sanctioned it. They had to ask him for everything, even their Sunday School contributions, having no financial freedom, and no financial responsibility. When they went into business, on a salary, they had no judgment in money matters, and had to learn it by hard knocks.

"One of my friends gave each child an allowance; but as the money was a gift, they did not know its value; and they, too, came to grief several times before they learned that it takes a hundred cents to make a dollar, and that you can't get more than a hundred cents out of a dollar.

"My sister taught her children to wait on themselves, from the start, and to do certain little things for the up-keep of the home. For certain other things, they were paid a weekly wage, from which a proportionate deduction was made for neglect of these duties or for defective or inefficient performance of them. Each weekly sum was divided into 'altruistic fund,' 'educational,' 'clothing,' 'bank-book,' and 'spending.' This last they were at liberty to use as they pleased, and without even asking advice as to what was best or desirable—though they often did ask."

"How perfectly ideal!" exclaimed Mrs. Norris, the hostess. "They were at once trained in altruism, in providing for present wants and for future emergencies; a 'bent' was given toward economy, system, and progress; and they grew in judgment, responsibility, independence and inter-dependence."

"And how did they turn out, at maturity?" asked Mrs. Weston.

"Clara, nineteen, is away at boarding school this year," replied Miss Richmond. "Her educational fund had amounted to \$95.00. So, when she decided that she wanted a year at the school, with the study of elocution as an extra, she had the means ready with which to pay for her special education, or to furnish her with pocket-money, while away from home. Her bank-book fund has not been touched yet, but has about the same amount to her credit, ready to invest in whatever way she deems best whenever she wishes to go into business or to buy a home. Carl, seventeen, has bought a typewriter with his money, and is earning quite a bit by copying, by taking charge of certain lines of correspondence for three local tradesmen, and for his High School principal. Margaret, almost fifteen, has about thirty-five dollars in her educational fund, and nearly the same in her bank fund. All seem to have enough in each division to draw from for any desired purpose—but in a family emergency, I am sure that they would 'pool their issues' and come to the general rescue."

"The very best thing about such training perhaps, is that it practically prevents family emergencies," said Mrs. Johnson. "Children who are taught from the start to live within their income, however small that is, so forestall and avoid disaster"

Just then the maid came in with the plates, napkins and cups which foretold the light refreshments to which the club was limited; and the subject was "tabled" in favor of sandwiches and coffee.

But—I have an idea that many parents might do well to think on these things, adopting such suggestions as they may—and adopting or rejecting others. The main thing is to think, not neglect, and then to act on one's best judgment.

Doing Plain Things in a Beautiful Way

BY ELIZABETH DEVINA NEVISON

Every girl wants to be beautiful, and rightly so; but not all girls are blessed with beauty of face and form. But there is one kind of beauty which every girl may cultivate; and if she makes it the daily habit of her life, in time even the plainest features will take on a form of loveliness, the reflection of inner beauty.

What is it that every girl may cultivate? It is doing things in a beautiful way. The most humble task may be made lovely by doing it in a beautiful way, and unconsciously the one who does this grows an inner beauty that radiates from her personality, giving it a charm all its own.

There is all the difference in the world between a task done in a beautiful way and the same task done in an unlovely way. This is true in the home, in school, in social life, in business, and in our church and Sunday school work, and every girl can cultivate the beautiful way of doing things. There are many tasks in the world that do not seem very lovely in themselves—tasks that are hard and unappreciated and some that even seem like drudgery—but if they are necessary tasks they are noble ones, and we can make them dignified and lovely if we do them in a beautiful way. Then there are some tasks which come to all of us—like the simple one of saying "Good morning" to our families, which may be done in one of two ways. Have you noticed that some folks say "Good morning" in so ungracious a way as to upset others for hours and hours, while some give the greeting with such kindness and charm as to cast a radiance over the entire day?

The motive which prompts a deed and the way in which we do it is quite as important as the deed itself. In every home, for example, dishes must be washed. Now, the daughter may help mother wash the dishes because she feels that she must, and she may sulk throughout the process. Or she may have chosen as an ideal to do things in a beautiful way; and knowing dish-washing to be a necessary task, she recognizes it as an opportunity for service, and with the fixed purpose of being truly helpful and doing all things in a lovely spirit, she washes the dishes, filling the kitchen and mother's heart with sunshine as she does so. One may light a fire in a grate in so beautiful a way as not only to warm the physical bodies, but to cheer the heart and refresh the spirit as well. One may set a table and serve a meal in a way that will not only satisfy physical hunger, but give spiritual strength and comfort.

And this principle applies in our social life, our school and Church work. The most brilliant social affair planned by a committee is a failure if jealousy or selfishness or touchiness is allowed to come in among the committee workers. The most remarkable record of a class president is not a success if the girl has worked from desire for praise or for self-glory. The most humble class task performed from the desire truly to serve and done in a beautiful way, with love the motive, is the real success. And so in all life's relationships the spirit of our deeds, the way in which we do them, is the thing which determines their real value in the eternal reckonings.

To do things, from the simple, most humble task of the daily routine to the most responsible and exalted one of special opportunity, in a beautiful way is to grow in grace and loveliness, radiating beauty and joy wherever one goes. This is an ideal worthy of every girl's choice.—THE VISITOR.

Our Honor Roll

On Our Honor Roll are inscribed the names of those into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSENGER has gone for the past fifty years or more. To the lengthening list of names we are pleased to add that of Mr. R. N. Hodgman of Cleveland, Ohio, who writes:

"I think my mother began taking the AMERICAN MESSENGER during the second year of its publication. In 1854, when I was a boy of six years I began to read its pages. I remember well how it looked. It has been a welcome visitor since 1847. It is a paper of almost sacred memories and has been filled with earnest, tender lessons of Jesus, 'the Way, the Truth and the Life.' May it live until the whole earth is filled with the knowledge of Christ the Lord."

Another name which we are pleased to add to Our Honor Roll is that of Fannie L. Rogers, of West Cornwall, Conn., who writes:

"My grandfather, Henry S. Rogers, took the AMERICAN MESSENGER for years from the time it was first started, as long as he lived, and it has never been stopped. When he died, grandmother kept taking it, and at her death my mother renewed the subscription in her own name. We are all very fond of the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

We welcome this long-time friend to a place on Our Honor Roll. We should be pleased to hear from any others whose acquaintance with the AMERICAN MESSENGER extends back for fifty years or more.

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It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 797,704,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$18,461.65. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,652,967.54, which is the equivalent of 5,305,935,080 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 199,963; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,712, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-six years 17,438,166, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,812,806.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish the Patriot Library to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a One-volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 16,012,088 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, PRESIDENT.

JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary.

Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Have You Made a Will?

If you have, did you remember the American Tract Society, and in proportion to the good it has been doing for nearly a century? If you have not made any bequest in behalf of the Tract Society, you are earnestly asked to add a codicil to your will to that effect. If you do so, you certainly will be happy in the thought that when you have been translated to your Heavenly home you will still be doing something to perpetuate and enlarge the great and important work of the American Tract Society. Please do not forget.

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| The Birth of Christ. 20x27 inches | The Child Jesus in the Temple. 18x22 inches |
| Good Shepherd, in colors. 14½x20 inches | Last Supper. 22x36 inches |
| Suffer Little Children. 18x22 inches | Christ and the Rich Young Man. 18x22 inches |

These pictures have been made by a photographic process which admirably reproduces the exquisite beauty of expression in the original painting. They are all ready for framing. Such pictures as these should be in every home and Sunday School, for they serve as an ornament appealing to the best in every nature, educating to high ideals, and furnishing an inspiration and stimulus to right living.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave. and 40th St. New York City

How You May Help the Needy

The publishers of this paper frequently receive letters from people who would be very glad to receive the AMERICAN MESSENGER, but circumstances over which they have no control prevent them from sending even the small amount to pay for a year's subscription. Among such are faithful workers on home missionary fields, where the salary is small, aged men and women living in Homes, without any income of their own, the inmates of hospitals and asylums, and many other needy people.

Among the thousands of subscribers to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, we believe that there are many who would be more than pleased to assist in the Lord's work by sending this paper to one or more of these needy and deserving cases. We are confident that you will be well repaid by responding favorably to this appeal. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Fifty cents will pay for one copy for a year, or \$1.50 will pay for five copies to be sent to individual names. Surely a paper of this kind would be appreciated by all receiving it, especially at this critical time when the high cost of living has made the conditions of living so trying.

Please send all subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park avenue and Fortieth street, New York City.

A Strong Moral Force

BY HOWARD B. GROSE, D.D.

From the point of view of morals and religion the United States Food Administration is a new thing in our government. It is calling out the sacrificial spirit in the religious bodies of the country and the highest moral qualities in business men by its direct appeal to patriotic service. What holds out finer promise for the future conduct of commerce, for example, than such action as was taken by the Eastern Canned Goods Commission representatives, after their conference with The Food Administrator and his associates? They pledged themselves specifically not to engage in speculation in food products of any kind; to decline to buy or sell for any customer purchasing beyond his normal needs; not to hoard food products; and to load cars to their fullest capacity and urge their customers to do the same. They asked that the Food Administration license all commission merchants and others dealing in staple foods, including the more important canned goods, for the protection of the men who are observing the regulations and of the public.

This action is mentioned because of its significance, and because it is representative of similar action by other commercial organizations which have large influence and outreach. Take in connection with it the fact that the Packers' Committee, representing all classes of packers, after conference with the Food Administrator, approved of the Government's placing the entire industry under license and declared its desire to co-operate with the Food Administration in working out war problems. Realize that the great packers of the country are included in this compact, and that these men combined have power to prevent speculation, war profiteering and greed in the industry they represent. Nor have these leaders in vast enterprises been dragged or dragooned into this action. They have come to Washington at the invitation of the Food Administration as patriotic citizens ready to aid the Government in every possible way in the prosecution of a righteous war, and under the persuasive presentation of the food situation have assented to propositions that in ordinary times would have been regarded as chimerical.

This has happened time and time again, and is one of the marvels of this movement. It means a kind of co-operation, inspired by the highest motives, that must tell upon the entire business life of the nation. When the wholesaler and manufacturer each

pledges himself to help keep down the cost of living and stop profiteering, the retailer will have to take notice and govern himself accordingly, or else give an account to those above and to the public. Once let this new principle come to prevail, and it will be difficult to return to a lower standard when the war is over. Thus the Food Administration is exerting today directly and indirectly a tremendous moral impact upon the business world.

Its impact upon the religious life of the nation is equally strong. It has placed a high estimate upon the religious organizations; has freely and fully recognized their indispensableness in enlisting the homes in this food conservation campaign, and has called upon them for a large and definite service. The results cannot fail to be as beneficial to the churches as to the commercial interests. When our people come to see that food conservation and national preservation are inseparably linked, the response of the religious and commercial forces will not be doubtful, no matter what sacrifice may be involved.

How the Churches May Help the Soldiers

It is easy to be deceived as to the relative importance of the religious work that is to be done by the churches for the soldiers, in connection with the great war. The interest of everybody is irresistibly drawn to the training camps, and to the work of the chaplains and the Christian Associations in France, and it could be easily overlooked that every church from which men go the front has a great opportunity and responsibility right at home, with regard to these men and their families. To honor these soldiers of liberty and democracy, to keep in touch with them in camp and field, to maintain intimate relations with their families, and to do all that can be done in anxiety and sorrow: these are noble and powerful ministries.

The Committee of the Churches on War Work recommends to the proper denominational authorities, that each of their local churches be urged to set up the following work for their own enlisted men and their families:

1. That every local church have its honor roll, properly framed and hung in a conspicuous place, with the names of all its soldiers and sailors inscribed thereon.
2. That everything be done to honor these men when they go, and when they return.
3. That the churches provide membership cards to be sent to the men, indicating if possible membership in the church, the congregation, or homes of the church.
4. That regular correspondence be kept up with these men by the pastors or by a committee on correspondence, and that these letters be as newsy as possible.
5. That the women of the church get together to prepare packages for the men, to include knitted goods, clippings, papers, dainties and other articles. These packages should be sent not only at Christmas time but at regular intervals. Women from the households of the soldiers should be invited to assist.
6. That pastors and Sunday schools give special attention during the war to the families of enlisted men, in order to assist wives and mothers, and to provide against juvenile delinquency. The committee advises frequent visitation in homes, careful shepherding by pastors and teachers, development of club activities during the week to keep children interested and off the streets, and watchfulness against truancy.

The Joy of Service

It is well worth while to become a Christian. Rather let us say it is infinitely worth while. Only thus can we secure the gift of eternal life. And beyond the peace that comes from the assurance that we are saved through Christ, there is the joy of service, which is the Christian's constant possession, and which is worth immeasurably more than any earthly prize that we can secure.

Just For Fun

District Visitor—"And how is the little girl to-day?"

Mrs. Tuttle—"Law, miss, the doctor 'e 'xamined 'er with 'is telescope an' took 'er temper an' all, an' 'e said as 'er utensils was out of order."

A patriotic school teacher recited "The Landing of the Pilgrims" to her pupils, then asked each of them to draw from their imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. One little fellow hesitated and then raised his hand. "Well, Willie, what is it?" "Please, Miss Brown, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

Teacher—"Now, children, our reader says, 'John has a beautiful nosegay.' Can any little boy tell what a nosegay is?"

Tom—"I can, teacher. A nosegay is a nose like the principal's. It's red."

"The auto followed the trolley, and the airship follows the auto. What do you expect to follow the airship?"

"The ambulance."

William Wilberforce, the slave liberator, had a sister who was a hustler. She hustled for William on the hustings and succeeded in getting him elected to Parliament. On one occasion, when she had concluded her stump speech, some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted: "Miss Wilberforce forever!" The lady stepped forward "Gentlemen, I thank you," she said; "but, believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

"Suppose I take seventeen boys," began the teacher, "and one pie, and I divide the pie equally among them, what, Willie Robinson, will one of those pieces amount to?"

"One swallow," answered Willie.

A little chap who thinks that a watch is one thing that makes life worth living was told that for the present a watch could not be given to him, says an exchange.

But he continued to tease for one, until the whole family were wearied. Then his father, after explaining that he should certainly have a watch when he was older, forbade him to mention the subject again.

The next Sunday the children, as was the custom in that family, repeated Bible verses at the breakfast table. When it was the boy's turn he astonished them all by saying:

"What I say unto you, I say unto you all: Watch!"

One afternoon a traveler was rambling along a country road, when he observed a small boy sitting on a bridge, watching a great red glow in the western sky. "Young man," said he, enthusiastically, "I am glad to see you so interested in beautiful scenery." "Yes, sir," assented the youngster. "There is nothing more beautiful at times than the setting sun," pursued the traveler. "Do you often come here to watch it?" "That ain't no settin' sun!" exclaimed the boy, turning to the other with a happy expression. "That's our school-house burnin' down."

Colored pastor, dismissing congregation: "De membahs what am pervided wid umbrellas will please wait till I take a look at 'em. Since de mysterious disappearance ob my own umbrella last Sunday dar am a cloud of suspicion floating ober dis yer church which has got to be dispelled."

Upon looking under his berth in the morning, a passenger on an east-bound train found one black shoe and one tan shoe. He called the porter's attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in bewilderment.

"Well, an' don't dat beat all!" he exclaimed. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat dat mistake's happened!"

FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT

The AMERICAN MESSENGER is found very acceptable by the Home Departments of many Sabbath Schools. What better publication could be secured for home reading at the price at which this paper is offered? When ordered in clubs of five or more, the price is only 30 cents a year. The papers may be mailed to individual names, or they may be sent in one package to be distributed by the Sabbath School Visitor—whichever way is preferred. We trust that the Good Literature Committees in all Churches, Sabbath Schools and Christian Endeavor Societies will consider the AMERICAN MESSENGER in ordering their supplies.

AMERICAN MESSENGER

Park Ave. and 40th St. New York

VERY ATTRACTIVE AND USEFUL PREMIUMS

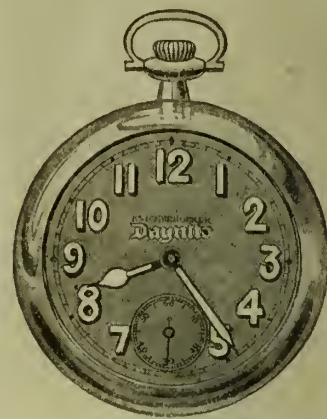
ARLINGTON COMBINATION SET



This set consists of a 10-year gold-filled, 7-jeweled man's watch, a pair of 14Kt. gold shell cuff links and a gold-filled pocket knife, also a gold-filled chain, packed in an attractive display box. The movement in the watch is covered by a five-year mechanical guaranty. The rest of the jewelry will undoubtedly wear ten years. This set will be given free and postpaid for only 35 yearly subscriptions to the American Messenger at fifty cents each.

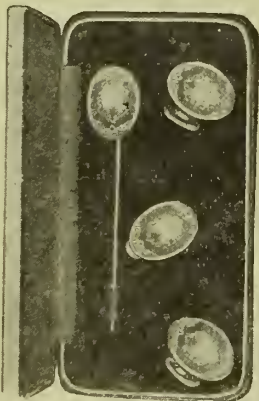
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REGULAR DIAL WRIST COMPASS

This compass is nickel and the points of the compass as well as the tip of the needle is coated with a radium luminous material, allowing the direction to be seen in the dark. We will give this compass free and postpaid for only 5 yearly subscriptions to the American Messenger at fifty cents each.



A SPLENDID SET FOR GENTLEMEN

This is a very serviceable set, consisting of a pair of 14Kt. gold shell cuff links, a tie clasp and a stick pin, packed in an attractive display box. We will give this set free and postpaid for only 5 yearly subscriptions to the American Messenger at fifty cents each.

FLOATING DIAL COMPASS

This compass is also nickel, but it has a floating dial which brings the various points of direction closer to the eyes, and is considered a little more accurate. We will give this compass free and postpaid for only 6 yearly subscriptions to the American Messenger at fifty cents each.



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We are offering a three-piece set for ladies, consisting of a 20-year gold-filled, 7-jeweled convertible bracelet watch with a gold finish dial, a gold-filled convertible bracelet and a ribbon bracelet with gold-filled clasps packed in an attractive box. The movement is guaranteed free from mechanical defects for five years, except as to mainsprings, which are guaranteed for one year, and the case and bracelet will wear twenty years. The watch is guaranteed an accurate timepiece. This beautiful set is sure to please, and we will give it for only 35 yearly subscriptions to the American Messenger at fifty cents each.

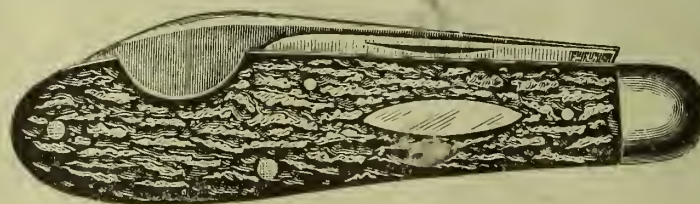
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This Knife is called the "Easy Opener" because of the way the handle is cut, so as to secure a good grasp of the blade when opening it. No broken nails or sore fingers from trying to open this knife. It has two good, strong, polished hand-forged steel blades, stag-handled, shaped so as to give a good, firm hold. It is a handsome, strong, serviceable knife for either man or boy.

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No. 1. Plain Pen. It will be given for only 3 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents.



No. 2. Gold Bands Fountain Pen. This Pen has two engraved one-quarter inch Gold Bands and is six and one-half inches long. It will be given for 5 subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each.

In the construction of these pens only the best of materials are used. The rubber parts are hand-turned Para rubber. The gold nibs are 14 karat solid gold tipped with the best grade of hard iridium. The mountings are 18 karat 1-10 stock. These pens will be found to render eminently satisfactory service.

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Vol. 76

MARCH, 1918

No. 3



A CASTE GIRL OF INDIA

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

H.E. FRITZ.

Growth of the Moody Bible Institute

BY JOSEPH B. BOWLES.

The historic building which served until recently as the home of the Moody Church, Chicago, formerly known as the Chicago Avenue Church, has been purchased by the Moody Bible Institute, together with the adjoining Young People's Building, and the ground on which the two structures stand.

There has seldom been a more important transaction of the sort, viewed as to its significance for the proclamation of the gospel. The Moody Church, always aggressively evangelistic, was compelled to seek larger quarters over two years ago, and erected a tabernacle of 5,000 seating capacity a mile north of its old location. On the other hand, the Moody Bible Institute has long been urgently in need of increased class room facilities, and especially a large auditorium for public conferences. Hence this famous church structure, the scene of unceasing revival, will witness hereafter the training of thousands of young men and women for Christian service in all lands, while continuing as a rallying point for Christian leaders the world over. Of a truth, Dwight L. Moody's works do follow him.

Contrary to the general impression, these two Chicago organizations, founded by the great evangelist, are separate, independent institutions. The Moody Church, pursuing its God-given ministry as a congregation of believers, has no organic connection whatever with the Moody Bible Institute, raised up of God to send forth trained gospel workers, into all the world. The methods of the two are different, the control is different, the appeal is different. The church is undenominational, but the Institute is strongly interdenominational, as represented in its trustees, its faculty, its student body, the character of its curriculum, and its basis of financial support. All the churches and all the mission boards appeal to it for helpers, and it is glad to be able to respond to all.

The host of friends and former co-workers of D. L. Moody around the world will rejoice to learn that the purchase of this sanctuary of sacred memory signalizes, in many important respects, a new stage in the growth and development of the Moody Bible Institute, which is now the largest of its kind in the world, with property assets now exceeding \$1,500,000. Its total enrollment in all departments has passed 25,000.

There are at present over 1,100 students in attendance at the day and evening classes, and more than 3,500 scattered throughout the world are taking its correspondence courses. It maintains an Extension Department, with a staff of Bible teachers, preachers and evangelists constantly at work in various parts of the country.

Its Music Department has recently been enlarged and the music faculty strengthened, providing for instruction in more advanced work than hitherto, so as to raise the quality of gospel hymn music both in composition and in rendition in the evangelistic field; and a summer music school has been instituted, teaching gospel playing and singing for the sake of those who cannot attend at any other time.

Under the pressure of current conditions in the world, the Moody Bible Institute has made plans for four additional buildings besides the church—a men's dormitory, a women's dormitory, a dormitory for married students, and an administration building. It has also enlarged its provision for missionary preparation by the addition of special missionary courses, and now has in operation a literal "training camp" for volunteers for home and foreign missions, on a scale perhaps not fully duplicated in any other Bible school in the world.

The Moody Institute is a monument to its consecrated founders more enduring and a thousand times more useful than any mere memorial in stone.

A Call for United Prayer

The General War-Time Commission of the Churches, of which Dr. Robert E. Speer is chairman, at the request of the War Commissions of several Communions, has sent out a call to the Church throughout the United States for the joint observance of the month of March as a time of special penitence and prayer and intercession. A booklet, "New Ventures in Faith," for the use of churches or of small groups or of individuals, containing meditations and suggestions for prayer for the entire month, and so arranged as to be of service in following months, has been prepared and can be obtained at ten cents a copy or \$10.00 per hundred copies from the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, 105 East 22d Street, New York City, and from the War Commission of each denomination.

The last week of March begins with Palm Sunday and ends with Easter Day. The various Communions will have their own special forms of observance of this week, and the Federal Council of the Churches will also issue a special call with suggestions for these days.

In behalf of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches the following suggestions are offered as to the possibility of finding special occasions this year for interdenominational and community acts of co-operation and unity.

1. Hundreds of men have been called and hundreds more will be called from the ministry of the churches to service as chaplains in the army and navy. Wherever a chaplain goes forth to this great service it is suggested that all the churches of the community join in a general consecration service, sending him forth, bearing the ordination of his own body, but with the blessing of all and with the consecration of the community from which he goes to the ministry of the nation.

2. It would not be advisable, in view of fuel conditions, that all the churches of the community should be kept open throughout the month, but it is suggested that such arrangements be made as will provide some one open church or parish house throughout the entire month to which Christian people may resort by day and by night for prayer.

3. As a means of fellowship and unity in common intercession, as well as of a just observance of the government's call for the husbanding of every resource, an enlarged number of union services among such churches as may find it possible is proposed.

4. Whenever it is found to be possible, intercommunion celebrations of the Lord's Supper should be held.

5. In a few months the government will summon the second enrollment of men under the military registration. In advance of the call it is suggested that the churches in every community come into touch with all the men in Class I of the government registration so that when these men are summoned to the camps they may go forth with such a work of love and faithfulness already done in their behalf as may steady and uphold them.



Our Honor Roll

On Our Honor Roll are inscribed the names of those into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSENGER has gone for the space of fifty years or more. To the lengthening list of those thus enrolled we are pleased to add the name of Miss Laura Steele, of Perth Amboy, N. J., who writes:

"I could hardly get along without the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and feel that I really belong on your Honor Roll, for the paper has been in my family for over sixty years. Though possibly it has not come consecutively, yet I cannot remember when it has not been in our home, for my grandmother, Mrs. N. V. Steele, of Somerville, N. J., read it to me as early as I can remember."

We should be glad to hear from others who can claim an acquaintance with the AMERICAN MESSENGER during the last fifty years or more.

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tempted to be reckless! Pray that the Lord's strength and wisdom may be given me."

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AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave. and 40th St. New York City

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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MARCH, 1918

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

By THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

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What Hinders Our Victory?

Whether or not we belong to one of the great Communions which specially set aside the forty days preceding Easter as a time of self sacrifice and confession, it would be well for all of us, especially this year, when the cloud of a World War hangs over us, and when there are such multitudes of homes from which some loved member has gone out to active service at the front or to prepare for it, to observe these days in earnest, yes, agonizing prayer, and in practical work for our own men and those of our allies.

Our lads are very precious to us; and now that such numbers of them are actually in the trenches, on the sea, or in ambulance or aviation service, we feel as never before the tremendous gravity of the situation. Is this terrible war to drag on until the earth is saturated with the blood of hundreds of thousands of our clear-eyed, vigorous men, or will these coming months see the close of the struggle and a victorious peace for the upholders of righteousness and justice?

As nation after nation becomes involved, till it seems as though the world were a house of cards and everything were dropping into confusion, is it not a time for us to stop and inquire what the meaning is and if there is some great underlying cause which, being removed, peace might come? Is it not a time for us to search our hearts to see if in our life as a nation there is something which keeps us from claiming the deliverance which we know that God can bring?

The whole Bible is a succession of moving pictures, one might say, of nations which "knew not God," or which knowing Him had fallen

away from allegiance to Him, and the means by which He either terminated their existence or brought them back to their allegiance to Him. Can we who live at the end of the ages view this procession of nations either downward or upward and not feel that there is some meaning behind this world upheaval which we have not grasped, which, if we did grasp it, would send us to our knees in an agony of repentance and pleading?

Have the nations of the Old World lost regard for human rights and the sacredness of personal liberty and looked upon weak nations as pawns on the chessboard of their statecraft? Have we in this New World been forgetting in our rush for money and power and fame the right of the humble and the weak to "a place in the sun"? And have we in our pursuit of wealth and pleasure forgotten God?

Let us turn to our God in these days when we especially remember the bitter way by which our Saviour climbed to Gethsemane and Calvary, and the sin and forgetfulness of the world which made His supreme sacrifice necessary, and open our hearts for His cleansing and saving.

We talk of national sins; but each one of us is an integral part of the nation, and if we are to expect forgiveness and help for our nation we must first seek it for ourselves. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts." When we have cast the sin out of our own hearts then shall we be able to plead powerfully for the redemption of the world.

May this season of prayer and meditation bring a new vision and a new trust in God and a reconsecration of ourselves and all that we have as individuals and as a nation to His service. And in the new vision and consecration may there come a power from God of which we have not even dreamed, a victorious power because the Lord of Hosts is with us!

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Cheer-Up Letters to Our Soldiers

It seems to be human nature to write about the more serious side of life in letters to friends. Our letters are what our prayers too often are—recitals of troubles with thankfulness for the bright and happy things left out.

This has been noticed by those who have to do with our soldiers in camp, and Mr. Lee F. Hanmer asks the Council of National Defence if word cannot be sent out to the home people to make their letters brighter and more cheerful. He says:

"Camp authorities are feeling that the kinds of letters written by the home folks to the boys

in camp are making it more difficult to keep their minds on their work in hand and to develop the spirit for the service that is most necessary. Without thinking of what effect their letters have on the boys, the home folks write about their various troubles, tending to disturb the boys in camp and to center their attention on home affairs, which they are generally unable under present conditions to do anything to remedy. One camp commander put it—'They write about the mortgage coming due, that father has pneumonia, a horse died, or a building burned, etc., etc.'

"It is quite natural that such letters should be sent, but if the home folks in some way were made to realize that it is difficult enough for the boys to concentrate on the serious task in hand, and give their best thought and energy to training for service, they would no doubt be glad to refrain from bringing to their attention such matters as indicated above, and would write instead of the more encouraging side of things and such matters as would help instead of hinder."

Let us spread this warning broadcast, for the sake of the boys, who are homesick enough already, without added cause.

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The Moody Bible Institute

On another page we give an interesting account of the recent enlargement of the Moody Bible Institute by the purchase of the Moody Church and the Young People's Building. All who know the splendid work of the Institute, which is constantly sending out finely trained workers for all forms of evangelistic and social service work, will rejoice in its prosperity. On Founder's Day, February 5, Mr. Moody's birthday was observed by a prayer and praise service in the morning, with an address by Mr. Al. Saunders of Scranton, Pa., and in the evening at 6 o'clock a banquet was tendered the pastors and members of the Executive Committee of the Moody Church by the faculty and business staff of the Moody Bible Institute, and at 8 o'clock a special praise and testimony service, Mr. Henry P. Crowell, President of the Institute, presiding, was held in the Moody Auditorium, where former co-workers of Mr. Moody participated. Mr. John Morrison, Rev. Wm. S. Jacoby, and Dr. D. B. Towner related interesting personal reminiscences, and Mr. J. B. Bowles read parts of a new book, soon to be published, on the early life of Mr. Moody.

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The Red Triangle at the Front

John Oxenham, the English author, who writes from his own observation on the West Front, tells of the work of the Y. M. C. A. at the advance of Messines, when thirty-four

little relief stations were opened just back of the firing lines. Here the wounded were rushed for first aid. "The men went over the top following the travelling line of fire, and a few minutes later the front posts were receiving their first guests—welcoming them with cheery words, handing out hot drinks, coffee, cocoa, lemonade, Oxo and chocolates and cakes, and speeding them on their way down the slippery tracks to the next house of call, where just the same attentions awaited them, and so to the next and the next, till they arrived at last at the railway evacuating post. How some of them would ever have got there without the assistance of the Red Triangle it is hard to say." He says:

"That little Red Triangle on the black ground has done more to win this war, and still much more to save men's bodies and souls, than we at home as yet fully recognize. But the Army chiefs out there know it to the full and their appreciation is large and warm. To hundreds of thousands of our men it represents a new evangel,—the gospel of practical and most genial Christianity. Thank God for the wisdom that lifted it out of its old-time narrow groove, and gave it a new birth, and opened its lusty new-born arms wide enough to take in the whole world.

"The Red Triangle asks no questions, requires no creeds, when it offers its help. Like the Samaritan in the parable, it sees simply the need and to the uttermost of its power supplies it."

Reading for the Soldiers and Sailors

The American Tract Society is responding to the call for good reading for our soldiers and sailors, in this way building up their spiritual life just as the Red Cross is ministering to their bodies. One of the workers at the front has said that the men welcome really good reading, and that he has been surprised to see how they pass by what is light and ephemeral to take up papers and books that bring information and uplift.

To meet just this desire the Tract Society has forwarded to the battleships, cruisers and cantonments 1,366,500 copies of volumes, booklets and leaflets, and the General Secretary says that never in the history of the Society have such warm words of appreciation been received as are coming by every mail from those who have received this reading.



What Tithing Does

Men and Missions for February tells the story of the church in Geneva, N. Y., which when finished three or four years ago found itself loaded with a debt of \$82,000. The pastor who came to the church in 1915 found a depressing situation; but the very hopelessness of it spurred him on. Interesting several men of the church, a meeting was held which resulted in the "Geneva Tithing Movement," which in nine months produced some astonishing results. First of all there was a genuine religious revival in the church, and secondly

the financial problem was solved. During this last year the members of the church have paid for all purposes a total of \$26,000, while the church debt stands reduced to \$50,000. Other Central New York churches have caught the vision and the tithing movement is being enlarged. If all church members, those in the Sunday-schools and in the young people's societies, became tithers, there would be no lack of money to carry on the work of God's Kingdom.



Evangelism in China

Sherwood Eddy, who is on his way to China for an evangelistic tour, writes earnestly of conditions there. He says:

"Think of China. Here are one-quarter of the human race, four hundred millions of our brothers, who have been kept and prepared these 4,000 years for some great providential purposes. In no other nation of the world are the non-Christian students, officials and leaders so open to an earnest consideration of the claims of Christ and His Gospel. No other nation has greater need. America has stood as China's best friend. We hold no foot of her soil; we gave back the Boxer indemnity money; we stand as a sister republic. A great era of reconstruction is to follow this war. Now is the time to lay deep foundations for character building if we are to claim these lands for a truly Christian civilization and reconstruction after the war.

"If you believe in God and if you believe in prayer will you remember China during the next four months of this evangelistic campaign?"

The Religious Life of Two Great Authors

BY PAUL V. D. HOYSRADT



WHEN mention is made of the Victorian novelists, most people think instinctively of Dickens and Thackeray as the two names standing at the head of the list. Certainly these men were both writers of marvelous genius and in the field of literature their influence will probably be felt through many centuries to come. But why is it that to-day so little is said about their strong Christian faith, the existence of which is a fact to which their most intimate friends have borne ample testimony? Is it because we are naturally more reticent in these times about discussing such a thing as a great man's religion? Or is it because the simple faith of an earlier day is not as popular a subject for consideration among the cultivated, intellectual classes as it was fifty or more years ago? If the latter fact is the true explanation, then we may well tremble for the bent of scholarship and literature in our own day.

But perhaps the real reason after all for the absence of discussion along this line is the general ignorance that exists in regard to the faith of these two eminent novelists. "Where is the evidence in regard to their Christianity?" many ask, who have probably read all the works of both writers and yet never read between the lines. Concrete proof is in great demand these days, not only in law courts, but also in the class rooms where the characters of writers are carefully dissected.

Without going into the matter very fully it would probably be worth while for many people to examine James T. Fields' volume, "Yesterdays with Authors," for the light thrown on the Christian character of the two greatest novelists of their day. Mr. Fields was one of the

few American publishers who enjoyed an intimacy with both writers. A man of a rare and charming personality, a lover of the finest and noblest things in literature as well as in life, it is no wonder Dickens and Thackeray both carried their affection for him to the point of correspondence, and in addition to the happy outings recorded in this volume of reminiscences, there are letters and extracts from letters which passed from them to their devoted American friend. In short, Mr. Fields was well fitted to act as an interpreter of these novelists to their somewhat reserved American public.

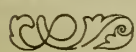
His assertions in regard to the strong Christian faith of Dickens are interesting, to say the least. "If anywhere, out of the Bible," Mr. Fields declares, "God's goodness and mercy are solemnly commended to the world's attention, it is in the pages of Dickens." And speaking of the novelist's religious belief, he said, "He was no scoffer or doubter. His religion was of the heart and his faith beyond questioning." By way of illustration, however, Mr. Fields quotes the following passage from Dickens' last will and testament, dated May 12, 1869, adding that he believed "these written words of his would forever remain an emphatic testimony to his Christian faith":

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament."

Mr. Fields' chapter on Thackeray contains a still more striking illustration of this great novelist's faith than any he includes in his recollections of Dickens. This will be all the more surprising then to those who have thought of

Thackeray only as a worldly-minded satirist or an irreligious cynic; for the author of "Vanity Fair" was probably as profoundly religious at heart as any true Christian could be though he never paraded his faith for the benefit of the curious. In proving this not very well-known point it matters little that Mr. Fields quotes the following incident in the words of Doctor John Brown, the famous Scotch writer, by whom it was first chronicled:

"One Sunday evening in December Thackeray was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening; such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the granary below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, Thackeray gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice to what all were feeling, in the word, 'Calvary!' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking as he seldom did of divine things—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour."



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



DR. DAVID J. BURRELL.

MEATLESS DAYS IN CORINTH

A Lenten Homily

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City

If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.—1 Cor. 8:13

MAJORITY of the Christians in the world are accustomed to keep Lent as a season of more or less serious fasting for forty days.

The custom of fasting in Lent or at other times not only in the Greek, Catholic and other liturgical branches of the Christian Church but even in the Mohammedan and pagan religions, is so general as to challenge the inquiry whether or no there is really a divine warrant for it.

In the Old Testament the Great Day of Atonement was set apart for sacred observance in these words: "The tenth day of this seventh month . . . shall be a holy convocation unto you. And ye shall afflict your souls: for it is a day to make an atonement for you before the Lord your God." (Lev. 23:27-28.) The people observed the day accordingly by fasting as the most obvious manner of "afflicting their souls."

This was the only fast enjoined under the Levitical law. In connection with the sacrifices of the Great Day of Atonement it served to keep the people in remembrance of the coming of Christ as the sacrificial Lamb of God.

In the course of time other fasts were instituted, but without the authority of definite law. At the beginning of the Christian era it was customary for the more orthodox Jews to fast twice every week and to do this very rigidly and ostentatiously, as if there were some saving virtue in it.

In the New Testament fasting is treated as a voluntary service, as "the outward form of an inward grace."

The forty days' fast of Jesus in the wilderness was so obviously miraculous as to forestall any suggestion that it furnishes an example for us.

The stated fasts which were observed by the Jews generally were not kept by Christ and His disciples. The fault-finders asked of Him, "Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but Thy disciples fast not?" (Mark 2:18.)

He did not forbid fasting; but He deprecated its theatrical observance in the most scathing terms, saying, "When ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast but unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." He instituted one feast but never a fast—and the feast referred to is the simplest the world ever saw.

His definition of true fasting sounds like an echo of Isaiah's words: "Is it such a fast that I have chosen; a day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush

and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen; to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house; when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

This leads us to inquire *What is the object of fasting?* If we are to observe the Lenten season in this manner let us know the reason why.

I. To begin with it should be understood that *the mere abstinence from food has no spiritual value.* It may be physically beneficial, since pretty much everybody eats too much. On the other hand it may be spiritually hurtful. There is truth in the old proverb which says, "The way to a man's soul is through his stomach." Satan took advantage of this fact in the first temptation; which some folks say left its memorial in a projection of the thyroid cartilage called "Adam's apple." But neither eating nor refraining from eating has any spiritual virtue except for its relation to divine law. Gluttony is a sin; so is abstinence when no good and sufficient reason can be given for it.

II. *In time of deep trouble or bereavement* one naturally refrains from eating. When David lost his son under distressing circumstances he "fasted and lay all night upon the earth"; not because of any injunction in Leviticus to that effect but simply in obedience to the natural law that the edge of hunger is dulled by pain. For a like reason Jesus said to His fault-finders, "Can the children of the bridechamber fast while the Bridegroom is with them? But when the Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, then shall they fast in those days." (Mark 2:19.) It is safe to say that there was much of fasting among the disciples in the dark shadow of their Lord's farewell; not because He required it but because they loved Him so that they could not help it.

III. The deepest sorrow in human experience is *when a soul is under conviction of sin.* The best laid table has no attractions for the man who beats upon his breast (just there because he knows that what ails him is a disease of the heart), crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He fasts not because it is Lent but because eating has no charms for him.

When presently he hears the Lord say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," he will partake of a feast of fat things and wine upon the lees; but not yet. In the philosophy of grace fasting comes before feasting and sackcloth before the wedding dress.

When the King of Nineveh was warned of coming retribution for his sins and those of his people he caused it to be proclaimed, "Let

neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything or drink water, but be covered with sackcloth and cry mightily unto the Lord, that we perish not." (Jonah 3:7.)

IV. The complement of fasting is abstinence from *everything that savors of sin.* It was for this reason that in Isaiah's time the fasts of Israel were rejected of God. "Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our soul and thou takest no knowledge?" Here is the Lord's answer: "Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure and exact all your labors. Behold, ye fast for strife and debate and to smite with the fist of wickedness." In another place he intimates that this sort of fasting afflicts the Lord with a divine sort of nausea, saying, "I am weary to bear it; I cannot away with it." And here is the remedy he proposes, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Come now, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (Isaiah 1:10-20.)

This is quaintly paraphrased by old Robert Herrick in the familiar lines:

"Is this a fast; to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?"

"Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?"

"Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?"

"No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

"It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate
To circumcise thy life;

"To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent."

V. In general terms fasting means *self-denial for the attainment of a holy end.* This brings us to the Corinthian Church. We are having "meatless days" just now in the interest of food conservation for the benefit of the starving people of the world; but there was a special reason

why the Christians of Corinth were enjoined to refrain from the use of certain kinds of meat. They were not infrequently invited to dine with neighbors who had on their tables meats that had been previously laid upon the altars of pagan gods. To a thoughtful Christian this was no reason why he should not partake, since as Paul says, "We know that an idol is nothing in the world"; but, as he adds, "Not every man has that knowledge," and to people of a weaker conscience "your liberty may be a stumbling-block." Then comes this noble manifesto, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth!" This is a true fast; not to stand upon one's rights but to put all personal rights under foot if another may walk over them into the Kingdom of God. The first step into the Christian life is self-abnegation; as Jesus said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

VI. From another point of view a true fast is *separateness from the world*. The followers of Christ are designated as "a peculiar people"; wherefore we are enjoined to "come out from the world and be separate." This does not mean that we are to wear a peculiar garb or long faces or anything of the sort; but that we are, not at any particular time or season but always, to refrain from any sensual comfort or pleasure that could dampen the ardor of our devotion to Christ.

We cannot help being in the world but we must not be of it. In our Lord's sacerdotal prayer for his disciples He asks the Father "not that they may be taken out of the world, but that they may be kept from the evil that is in it." He has no end of blessings for those who prefer his company to any other. He leads us into mounts of vision where we behold "things not lawful to be uttered." But to catch those visions we must leave the world with its sin, and fret, and worry, and frivolity behind us. This means more than to deny ourselves of some particular kind of food for forty days. That may be incidental to it; but to intimate that the test of piety is a difference between flesh and fish is mere grotesquerie. Piety is something far and away beyond it.

To fast after this manner is to keep a true Lent; and "this shall be a perpetual observance unto you." Great are the blessings that attend it: "Then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday. The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."



ONE BY ONE

BY ALLAN PHILLIP.



THEY are coming up out of the darkness one by one; wanderers returning home sad and broken hearted; lost children of the one loving Father finding their way to the joy of the kingdom of eternal peace; and if there is gladness among the angels of heaven when sinners are converted, it is also granted to God's servants here to feel something of that same joy as they see them coming in one by one, and the thrill of that gladness no one knows but those who have toiled in the Master's vineyard and have watched with earnest prayer for the breaking of the dawn.

But miracles of grace are being wrought to-day as they were wrought in the faraway days when our Lord Himself trod the fields of Palestine and laid His healing hand upon the sick and said to the sinful children of men, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Quietly and unseen by the eye of the world the great work of redeeming love is going on. In shadowed ways and

in dark haunts of the busy world great spiritual battles are being fought and wonderful victories gained, and the promise of the Lord is coming true in a way that fills the hearts of His followers with infinite hope and expectation. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The constraining, winning, power of the love of Christ is working mightily where it is least expected, and only as the hearts of men are opened in confiding trustfulness are we privileged to know how wonderfully and how secretly the divine work goes on and the Kingdom grows among men.

In the very centre of a city's busy life, where the thronging tide of humanity ebbs and flows ceaselessly by day and by night, stands a gospel hall with its open doors and its genial welcome to the passers-by. The rays of light gleam out into the darkness where lonely pilgrims burdened with sorrows which they can tell into no human ear are moving up and down the world's hard way, seeking comfort and finding none; and out into the darkness and away down the narrow streets where evil influences linger and evil deeds are done, the servants of the Lord are going and seeking to win the lost back to the great Home.

It is a wonderful work, and the story of its victories will never be written on the pages of history; but a record which time cannot efface is kept somewhere, written by a divine hand, of the souls that are passing from death to life and from the world's broad way of destruction into the narrow way and through the straight gate that leads to the Paradise of God.

There are so many in this world who "will not come," for the power of sin binds them and the love of sin enchains them, and the dread of the light makes them afraid. There are so many who do not know themselves and cannot understand the meaning of the great call unless someone tells them. So many, too, who feeling a desire to be better and do better are still groping their way in blindness, seeking someone to lead them by the hand. Oh, how large is the field of service, how great the need of more laborers in the Lord's harvest! And how glorious beyond all telling is it to be used of God for the great ingathering!

"Compel them to come in," said the Master; and it is wonderful how powerful love is to compel and win them back from the ways of sin.

One of the great conquests in the hall above mentioned was a rough uncouth man, a veritable child of the devil, who by reason of his reckless life of passionate indulgence and his unrestrained violence had for long been a "character" in the town and a terror in that portion of the slums where he dwelt. No one ever thought of him as a possible recruit for the King's service, no one dared to speak to him of higher things; so deeply had he fallen that he was generally regarded as a hopeless case; but if only we can believe it, there is good in the heart of every man, something that God can lay hold of, something that love can touch—a spark that may somehow be kindled into a great flame, lighted from the torch of heavenly love and purity.

This man had been reared and trained in an atmosphere of crime; led to the saloon as a little child, sent there on frequent errands as the years came and went, till the going and the coming to and from the place of temptation became the habit of his life. It was indeed the only place of which he knew where he might find light and comfort and congenial companionship, and there, when under the influence of drink, his extravagantly prodigal nature gathered about him a great following of flatterers and he was well pleased.

But there was something good even in the heart of Dick Strange, and something touched it one day. His own folly resulted in a severe accident which almost cost him his life, and just when the horror of death gripped him,

someone was at his side speaking in tender tones of the unfailing love and mercy of God in Jesus Christ and of the forgiveness through the cross of Calvary. He did not seem to hear or heed the message, but in his fear and dread of death and his terrible weakness he felt the need of something. He did not know what it was, but he was like a man out of his depth and with nothing to hold to in the swiftly flowing current, in danger of being carried away to the great sea and lost; and amid the gloom he tried to lay hold of the hope that seemed like a faint light in the darkness of his life.

He recovered from the accident and was ere long back again in the slums and the old slum life; but evidently he was fighting a battle of which no one knew, for he was strangely silent, morose, unwilling to talk, shunning the saloon and the companionship of his former friends; and some weeks after his recovery he entered the gospel hall of his own accord. He said nothing in answer to the welcome offered him, not one word did he speak, but he came again and again, and they prayed for him night after night when the meeting had closed, for they saw that a struggle was taking place in his heart and they knew that the Lord was working toward victory.

After a whole week had passed he gave in and when the hall was cleared he came with tears coursing down his face to find peace.

He is a child of God to-day, living a straight and noble life. He found the way to the Cross and surrendered himself to the saving grace of Jesus Christ, and knows that he has been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

He has not left his home in the slums, but the little rooms are adorned now with texts, and the Bible is always open on the table. He is laughed at and ridiculed and called a hypocrite by those he once called his friends; but if anything proves the change that has taken place it is the life he lives and his kind and genial spirit of forgiveness toward those who are trying now to lure him back to the old ways of sin.

New light is shining down in those narrow ways, for Dick Strange in his own rough way has become a worker for the Lord. He does not know much about theology, and his ideas of many things are still somewhat crude, but he knows that there is salvation in the Cross for every sinner and that God can make the very worst a child of his Kingdom; and he is to-day leading others to the Lord. They do not laugh at him as they did at first. He is too great, too earnest, too manly in his new love for the Lord Jesus.

They look on amazed, they refuse his invitation, they do all they can to keep out of his way; but they are giving in, one by one, and many are being helped toward a better life by this man who was himself led toward the light by a word of kindness spoken when he was face to face with death.



The Forgotten Guests

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

*At my portal that night there were two did knock,
What did I then but the door unlock?
They entered! Oh, would I had barred them out!
I knew them now—they were Fear and Doubt.*

*I gave them welcome, the board I spread;
My guests were seated, we broke the bread;
Yet few were the words at our feast; we three
Were only a joyless company.*

*Anon, as the lone night dragged along,
To break the silence I sang a song;
And there came to my mind a purpose true,
Some work put by to begin anew.*

*The strange newcomers I soon forgot;
When they took their leave I knew it not;
But into the night the twain fared on,
For I looked about and my guests were gone!*

PRINTED PREACHERS

For Chinese Shopkeepers

Mr. Zee Vee Wai, Acting General Secretary of the Chinese Tract Society, whose headquarters are at 18 Peking Road, Shanghai, makes a strong plea for Christian literature for distribution among the Chinese shopkeepers. He writes:

"Although there are many missionaries preaching the gospel to the Chinese here and there, yet China is a vast country, and there are multitudes of Chinese even in the treaty port cities, who are still worshipping idols and burning incense to false gods without having heard the gospel message.

"My heart burns with pain as I write to you, thinking of the condition of our poor Chinese brethren who never have any chance to hear the gospel or to go to church, because they cannot leave their business in the shops. Yet these men have plenty of time to read when they are not waiting on their customers. They read Chinese novels or story-books, but if we can send our colporter to offer them a good tract, it may be the means of winning them to Christ."

By its foreign cash appropriations the American Tract Society is helping to provide the Christian literature which is so sorely needed for this evangelistic work among the Chinese shopkeepers. But there is need for far greater liberality on the part of donors in the homeland in order that the opportunities outlined by Mr. Zee Vee Wai may be used to the greatest possible advantage.

With his communication Mr. Zee Vee Wai sent us a photograph which is reproduced on this page. It shows a busy section of Foochow Road in Shanghai, where there are numerous shops, in which Christian literature could be distributed with the prospect of most encouraging results.



A Record Year

The West China Religious Tract Society, whose headquarters are at Chungking, has sent out the cheering information that its circulation during the past year reached a record figure. The grand total was 1,705,030 issues. The issues since the formation of the Society about nineteen years ago have now reached a total of 12,498,371 copies.

New publications added to the list during the year were a tract for Mohammedans entitled, "All Men Have Sinned," "Christianity and the Republic," of which two editions have already been sold out and a third reprint called for. "The Hygiene Tracts," three numbers of the "Present Day Tracts" for Y. M. C. A. use and "No. 3 of the Teacher Training Series, Junior Department."

To illustrate the mode of tract distribution the following may be quoted:

"The Festival of the Goddess of Mercy was attended by greater numbers this year than for many years has been the case. Hence the opportunities for making the gospel known by preaching, conversation and distribution of literature were correspondingly increased. The regular Chinese workers from the city and outstations gathered up for the work. Three places were fixed for constant preaching and dissemination of literature. Day by day after a prayer



FOOCHOW ROAD IN SHANGHAI, CHINA

meeting the workers went to one or other of these places, all being manned either by men or women workers during the mornings or afternoons. The reception given to our message seemed to many of us to be more friendly than formerly. We found a real spirit of inquiry in many unexpected places. Men and women would show their interest by asking pertinent questions about the subject of the discourses. They would also state their own beliefs and why they thought it was really worth while to come so far to worship the idols. Quite a number who heard the Gospel once, came again and again to hear more of our message. We distributed about 30,000 sheet tracts and sold nearly 5,000 Gospels and book tracts."

Mention is made of the cash appropriation received from the American Tract Society which exchanged for \$199.52 Mexican. This sum was devoted to grants of 5,000 Broadcast Tracts and the applications were so numerous that the fund was exhausted before the end of the year. Thus the need of more generous aid is clearly indicated, and it is hoped that the friends of tract distribution in China will provide the means whereby larger sums may be remitted so as to carry on this fruitful and beneficent work.



In New York State

Rev. Samuel Goddard, who has been for many years a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, has sent this account of his recent labors:

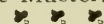
"This month, on account of the severe weather, I have spent but a few days in the country. Most of my labors have been in the city of Buffalo. I have made some 2,750 calls and have circulated by sale or grant 93 books, 75 mottoes, 200 cards, 300 tracts, 325 periodicals.

"This year will be my tenth year in the service of the American Tract Society, and upon taking a review of my labors I have much reason to be thankful to my Heavenly Father for His bountiful love and His rich mercy in helping me and granting unto me the blessing of good

health, and also His sustaining grace in enabling me to carry on the work in His vineyard.

"The number of calls I have made during the past year exceeds 44,000. I have circulated 1,895 books, 1,120 mottoes, 1,230 cards and 4,500 tracts and periodicals. The number of people I have been able to reach and the loving cordiality of the rectors and pastors of the churches and the Sunday School children in receiving my visits has caused my heart to rejoice and to sing praise unto my dear Lord and Master, who maketh my feet like hinds' feet to carry His blessed word to the people in this my field of labor. This it is that makes up for all the trials and troubles I have had to endure.

"I shall be very grateful if you will remember me in your prayers at the Throne of Grace, that strength may be granted me to carry on the blessed work of the Master."



Patriot Libraries

The commanding officer of the U. S. S. Alabama writes thanks for "your welcome books, the Patriot Library, which have just arrived," and adds:

"The volumes contain a wealth of excellent reading matter which is beneficial and wholesome—the sort which sets the mind in good channels—and are a valuable addition to the ship's library. The good books will be much appreciated."

Chaplain O. W. Behrens of the U. S. Battleship Texas writes:

"We have just received the Patriot Library. The books have been placed with the Crew's Library, where they will be accessible to all the men of the ship. I have glanced over all of them, and it is my opinion that they are very well selected and that they will be greatly used by our men."

Mr. A. C. Trowbridge, Educational Work Director of the Army Young Men's Christian Association at Camp Dodge, Iowa, writes:

"The three packages of the Patriot Library have been received and placed in three of our buildings. I shall be glad to receive from you seven other packages for use in our other seven buildings."

"PEARLS FROM THE MARGE"

By Rev. Frederick W. Palmer, D.D.

THIS fragment of forgotten verse floated into consciousness as I was glancing down the margins in a popular edition of the Scriptures—"Pearls from the Marge." There is a great deal in our Bibles as we have them besides the inspired text: chapter headings, running synopses at the top of the pages, and particularly the notes in the margins.

Let us go along the shore on either side of the stream that flows down the page and look for some of the Pearls from the Marge. They are to be had for the picking up. You find them in profusion in Teachers' Bibles; they are numerous in any reference Bible and in the Standard Revision. Almost invariably they disclose new values or give stimulating suggestions. Some of them serve to fix attention on the real meaning of familiar words—so familiar that they have lost their grip on us. Let us look at a few illustrations gathered almost at random.

Psalm 139:24. "See if there be any wicked way in me." "Way of pain or grief," says the margin of the King James or Authorized Version. "Way of pain," says the Revised Version. There is something here to ponder on as we ask, What is wickedness?

Psalm 37:26, "He is ever merciful and lendeth." The good man's character which the psalmist here celebrated, gains a life-like touch as we note in the margin that the Hebrew is "all the day." What a picture of a noble, patient generosity,—"merciful all the day!"

Some of these margin renderings lend an added sweetness to dear old comforting words. Malachi 3:17. "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." There are tender associations in the hymn which this verse inspired, "When He cometh to make up His Jewels," and they become the richer when the margin tells us that "jewels" means "special treasures." We often quote from II Corinthians: 12:9, "That the power of Christ may rest upon me." The note in the Revised Version suggests that this is not so much an energizing power as a protective power—"Cover me." Greek, literally, "Spread a tabernacle over me." A restful refuge indeed this offers for the weary saint.

How many of us know the origin of the great hymn, "Rock of Ages"? Turn to Isaiah 26:4, "In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." The margin is "Rock of Ages." It must have been that passage which with the mighty truth of the atonement stirred Toplady's genius to this immortal song.

Daniel 12:3. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." Faithful Sunday School teachers need have no doubt that they will be rewarded, but it heartens them in their discouragements to learn from the marginal note, "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."

Naturally we find here many helps to accuracy. Often we are brought back from the studied interpretations of the translator to the simple pictorial Hebrew word. Psalm 104:24. "Full of thy riches," is literally "full of thy creatures." Daniel 6:27. Daniel was delivered from the hand, not the power of the lions. Psalm 27:11. "Lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies," reads in the Hebrew, "because of those that observe me." This widens the use of the prayer. Few of us have enemies, but all of us have critics.

Here and there are hints of doctrinal truths, unnoticed in the texts. Luke 2:40. "The child (Jesus) grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom." The Revised Version margin puts it, "becoming full of wisdom." It is another ray of light on the mystery of the person of the Incarnate Redeemer.

Lastly, important practical lessons will not fail to come to us in these Pearls from the Marge. Jer. 13:23. "Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." We are likely to miss the full thought in the word "accustomed." It is not mechanical habit, but custom created by false teaching. The margin of both the King James and the Revised Versions refers us to the Hebrew "taught." Could there be a more vivid lesson of the influence of education and environment? Many a moral leopard or social Ethiopian is so by reason of false teaching. It is a warning against the material atmosphere of the market, the environment of the slum, the distillation into men's souls of rotten novels and conscienceless newspapers.

Hebrew 2:1. "Lest at any time we should let them slip." The caution is needed. We must not let slip the things which we have heard, but the margin makes the danger more vivid. Revised Version, "Lest haply we drift away from them." Just as many Christians lose by drifting as by letting go their hold on truths. But perhaps there is more loss of vital piety and faith by leakage than by either drifting or letting slip. The margin of the King James Version tells us that according to the Greek it should be, "Lest they let them run out as leaking vessels."

These are a few of the many Pearls along the banks of the Scripture streams. They are worth while. If we have few books, here is a commentary by which we may be more thoroughly furnished. The scholars that prepared these annotations are forgotten, but they have served generations yet to be.



Preparing the Way

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR

Harry Lauder, the well-known Scotch entertainer, visited the great Canadian camps on "the rolling Downs" some time ago, and while there, with ten thousand soldier boys about him, he sang for them. But the sight of so many fine, brave men inspired him to offer them something deeper than an entertainment—he could not refrain from speaking to them out from his heart.

He told them how one evening in a northern town he had watched an old lamplighter at his task. The venerable man appeared in the gloaming and made a lamp across the way to dance into brightness. Then he went on down the street making other lamps flash into flame until, when finally he went off into a side street, he left behind him "an avenue of lights through the traffic and dangers of the city."

"Now, boys," urged the big-hearted little Scotchman, "think of that man who lit the lamps, for you are his successors, only in a much nobler and grander way. You are not lighting for a few hours the darkness of passing night. You are to be lighting an avenue of lights that will make it safe for the generations of all time. Therefore you must be earnest to do the right . . . The first burst of illumination that the world had was in the lamp lit by Jesus, or rather He was the Light Himself. He said truly, 'I am the Light of the world.' Light your torches at His flame, and

push out into the world's darkness. Be careful how you bear yourselves. Quit you like men! Be strong!"

This little story reminds us of the words of Luke: "After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come." (Luke 10:1).

Our Lord demands a prepared way. He is not likely to be forcing Himself into the hearts of men who love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. Emerson has said: "God will not make Himself manifest to a coward." Nor does He arbitrarily thrust Himself upon regions or communities nor among affairs. He would have some follower of His to go before and herald His coming, and so prepare the way for Him—some man or woman with heart aglow with the Christ-passion, to point Him out and cry "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." "One loving heart sets another on fire," said Augustine. And so let this be our prayer:

"O God, light of the hearts that see Thee, give to Thy children everywhere clearer vision of Him whom Thou hast highly exalted, and given a name that is above every name, that one here and another there, in love of Him who is the Light of the world, may be setting other hearts on fire with the light wherewith they are lighted. In the day when men feel themselves perplexed and baffled in mind, seeing no way for the world out of the tangle in which it has been caught, bring forward Thine own light-bearers who shall steadfastly turn from all lesser lights and point those who grope in darkness to the True Light of life that cannot fade nor flee."



Faith

BY CORA S. DAY.

A devout Christian woman had just heard an ethical lecture, in which the speaker sighed dramatically for "the perfect faith of Nature, where all wild things, all beautiful growing things, live out their span of life undoubting."

"Such nonsense!" was her practical verdict. "What do birds and butterflies and daisies know of God or faith? He made them with certain powers and instincts, and they live happily enough, no doubt, along their lines. But as for conscious faith! That is our sole privilege, I believe; and we've no need to envy Nature's mindless peace. Ours is, or can be, the real, intelligent, living faith, that trusts Him here and hereafter, in a glorious future of which Nature knows nothing. I like to hear a good lecture, with beautiful ideas and wonderful phrases. But when a man tries to talk about faith, I insist first of all upon sound common sense."



In Remembrance

BY Z. I. DAVIS.

*When the hope in morning's promise
Tints our thoughts with colors bright,
Think of Him who in our sadness
Touched our life and made it bright.*

*It was He who wove the silver
In the clouds along our way,
Till their shadows were transfigured
And a halo o'er them lay.*

*But when life is full of sorrow,
And our heart is pent with grief,
Then remember Him who led us
To the Fountain of relief.*

*On the Cross to which they nailed Him
Jesus suffered all for me;
Help me drink thy cup of blessing,
In remembrance, Lord, of Thee.*

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Christianity in Assam

Assam is the name given to the extreme northeastern part of British India. It embraces an area of 52,078 square miles and borders on China, Burma, Manipur and Bengal.

The interior of Assam belongs chiefly to the fertile valley of the Brahmaputra River, while the territory on both sides of the river plain is mountainous. The climate is moderate as regards temperature. The annual rainfall in some sections is the heaviest on the globe. The frequent recurrence of earthquakes is a great hindrance to the development of the country.

Assam has a population of more than six million people, over half of whom are Hindu in faith. The Mohammedans number about a million and a half.

The Assamese people are supposed to be a mixture of Hindu and Mongolian stock, the Hindu element being predominant. They are short and thickset, with coarse black hair, and their faces indicate plainly the Mongolian strain in their blood.

Over seventy different dialects are spoken in Assam, and this of course has increased the difficulty of prosecuting missionary work among them. Nevertheless the Gospel is being preached among them and converts are being won.

The picture which appears on this page is reproduced from a photograph furnished by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. It shows us a group of Christian converts at Sadija, where a flourishing mission station is located.

It will be of interest to our readers to know that the matter of Christian literature has not been overlooked, but that in past years the American Tract Society has sent a total of \$5,000 in foreign cash appropriations for the production and distribution of Christian books and tracts for the Assamese people.

Railway Missions in Japan

Mr. Charles A. Logan is evangelizing among the railway men of Japan. He has recently visited all the twenty-four stations along the Tokushima line with an evangelist. The programme was so arranged that he might arrive at the stations in the afternoon as much as possible, as the men are usually busy in the morning hours. The superintendents on receipt of this programme sent it down the line with instructions to assemble the employees, the freight coolies and the track workmen in the station. Forty minutes talk at each station was allowed and three stations a day were covered. The addresses were to be of an ethical character:

"But in every place, of course, we stated that we believe in 'the Lord Jesus Christ and that we knew that His life and power were efficient means of uplift.' The evangelist who accompanied me usually chose as his subject, 'New Life,' and laid emphasis on the truth that men must be born again, that they need the life of God to come into their hearts to enable them to be upright, moral men.

"The stationmasters take notes on the addresses and report them to the superintendent and he sends them to headquarters. I saw quite a batch of the reports that had come in to him and told him that I expected they reported that our talks were strongly flavored with Christianity. He said that that was natural, for if he made an address it had the odor of the railroad; if a Buddhist priest made one it should have that of Buddhism, and of course the address of a Christian missionary ought to have the odor of Christianity.

"We left a copy of the Gospel of John in the hands of every one of the employees, and a copy of the 'Christian News' in the stations. For the most part the men heard us gladly, though there may be some who would not have come to hear us unless an order had come down from headquarters."



SADIJA CHRISTIANS IN ASSAM.

An Apostle to Latin Americans

What the Jew is and is to be as missionary of the Cross when Israel returns to God comes out in notices of the recent revival meetings in Porto Rico. These were led by Señor A. B. De Roos, a converted Jew, who has been evangelizing in Mexico and Central America with great power. A writer in the *Puerto Rico Evangelico* declares that his three months' ministry has been the most powerful and effective in the history of missionary work on the island. He declares Mr. De Roos to be a great benediction which the Lord has given to Latin America. Saxon America has various evangelists of note, Latin America, this one. He is the most powerful spiritual personality which we have had here. His preaching, simple, penetrating, saturated with power from on high, denouncing sin with somber severity and fighting it furiously with the sword of the Spirit, vivifies passages and persons from the Bible in such a way as to make them of the present day. He travels without choir, without organization, without advertising, trusting only in the power of the Cross, in the work of the Holy Spirit and in the co-operation which the churches may be able to give him. In the cities of Carolina, Rio Piedras, Ponce, Playa de Ponce, Yauco, Manati, Ciales, Barceloneta, Trujillo, etc., there were over 300 professions of faith, among them a considerable number of professors in the public schools.

From the Methodist Mission in the Philippines

The Rev. Marvin A. Rader writes: "On a Sunday some weeks ago we had 742 in Sunday school, of which number about 650 were young men. Our church will not hold more than 350. We are simply swamped. I taught one division of the Bible class back of the church. In that division, by actual count, there in the shade of the building and in the sunshine there were 324. Another group composed of sixty-eight young women met in a private house. We immediately organized the class in three divisions. One group meets at my house, another in the church, and a third in a tent back of the church.

"We are laying our plans for a great campaign to begin when the students will return to take up their work in the university. I have no doubt but that we could secure an attendance of a thousand young men if we could have the room in which to house and take care of them. We have found out that

they may be won. We had one Sunday morning Commissioner Theodore R. Yango, the wealthiest man in the Philippines, speak to a crowded house in our Central Church. He is now our representative in Washington. Both he and Senator Quezon, the most popular Filipino in the islands, are very sympathetic toward our work. Last year the increase of membership in our Methodist churches was 7,231—bringing the total up to more than 47,000 members."

A Mission in Tokyo

The *Spirit of Missions* gives, in a recent number, an account of a mission founded and carried on in the poorest part of Tokyo by the Rev. P. K. Goto, a Japanese Episcopalian pastor. The record of conversions is very striking. Mr. Goto bases his work on the following five principles:

1. Smiling principle: that is, be always cheerful.
2. Fire-generating principle: that is, to make fire by steadfast prayer.
3. Co-operating principle: that is, each must do his own part and there must not be any lazy member.
4. Faith principle: that is, we must do all by faith, putting God's words into practice by the power of living faith; more doing than discussing.
5. Self-supporting principle: that is, all must do their best towards the self-supporting of the Church.

Real Heroism

I maintain that the true heroes and heroines of our day are not the Pearys, the Scotts, and the Shackletons, who set about discovering the North Pole and the South Pole, and who either lose their lives outright in the quest, or return home to honors, dignities, and wealth; but the missionaries, both men and women, who from year's end to year's end, and sometimes for long periods at a time, undertake toilsome journeys, settle on remote and isolated stations, dwell in tiny huts, with few or none of the comforts to which civilization has accustomed them, and submit to all the privations inseparable from this existence, without the least prospect of being crowned with laurels, and without even the honor of being accorded "honorable mention" in the columns of the daily press. These, however, are the people to whom I take off my hat.—From *Thrice Through the Dark Continent*, by Prof. J. Du Plessis.

Rum's Curse in Africa

The ravage which rum works on the African is beyond words to describe. So says Mr. Tucker, of Dondi, in the American Board's West Africa Mission. He praises the Portuguese for the firm hand with which they have restrained the drink evil in their territory, and that in the face of no little agitation on the part of colonists for a return to the old lax conditions. Two classes want the traffic restored: the brewers and retailers and the agriculturists. The latter seek cheap labor; to get that the native must be made miserably poor. The surest way to make him poor is to give him access to strong drink.

As has been noted in these columns in past years, the United States has been entangled in the wretched business through her line of ships carrying New England rum to the West Coast. Liquor interests there have used the arguments:

"1. The United States exports rum and the Americans are an enlightened people. Is it a had thing after all?"

"2. The United States is very strong: who can stand up against her? We are relatively small."

It is heartening to realize that the new law called forth by war-time prohibition has put a stop to this shameful commerce between America and Africa. We have it upon the highest authority that no rum has been shipped from Boston since August last, and that so far as is known no shipment is contemplated. For this relief, much thanks.—*Missionary Herald*.

A Bible Class Wanted

One of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries in Calcutta has been asked by a leader of the Brahmo-Samaj sect to open a Bible class, in the Life of Christ, among the women of his community. When questioned as to his reason for making so unusual a request he replied: "We are getting afraid of our new women. They have freedom from seclusion and advanced ideas. We have allowed them that by the rules of our community. Yet they have not that safeguarding influence that we see in the lives of Christian women, and it is for this reason that we feel that a class in the life of Christ would be of value to them."

—*Record of Christian Work*.

Beirut College

In the "Syrian Notes" of *The Near East* recently appeared a statement that the Beirut Protestant College, although ordered closed by the Vali on the rupture of diplomatic relations between Turkey and the United States, was after about two weeks ordered by the Ottoman government to open again and has continued its normal course. In spite of the prevailing famine outside, the college has been helped to secure sufficient food for its staff and students. These favors are due to the recognized value of the college to the community and to the prestige of its president with the authorities.

A Great Change

The Salvation Army in India numbers to-day 3,114 corps and outposts, 500 schools, 109 social institutions, 3 hospitals, 16 village banks, 9 dispensaries and 34 criminal settlements. The first thing that happened to Commissioner Booth-Tucker when he landed in India thirty-five years ago was imprisonment in jail for a month for "disturbance." In 1913 he was given the Kaiser-i-Hind order "for public service in India." This is typical of the change in sentiment toward Christianity in all parts of the world.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

MARCH 3.

Christian Duty and Privilege

John 14:12-17.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

CONSECRATION MEETING

- M. Feb. 25. Private prayer. Dan. 6:4-10.
T. Feb. 26. The model prayer. Matt. 6:5-15.
W. Feb. 27. Prayer of faith. Jas. 5:12-20.
T. Feb. 28. Faith in prayer. Mark 11:20-26.
F. Mar. 1. United prayer. Matt. 18:19, 20.
S. Mar. 2. The praying man's aid. Rom. 8:22-28.

These words from the Gospel of John remind us that great thoughts may be expressed amid quiet conditions. The words are not formal, spoken on a special occasion, but spoken at the conclusion of a meal eaten in an upper room. Yet, what words they are! They contain three remarkable assertions as suggested by three words.

"Greater"

The statement startles at the first reading. A follower of Christ can do the works that Christ did. More than this, he can do greater works than Christ did. Christ compares Himself with His follower and to the advantage of His follower. There is, however one clause in the statement that needs to be pondered. It is: "Because I go to the Father." The "greater works" is conditioned upon the departure of Christ.

"Whatsoever"

This statement, also, is tremendous in its reach. But read the words carefully. Christ as He speaks thinks of Himself as with the Father. The believer, that he may do the "whatsoever," is praying in the name of his Master. Also, he who prays is striving to live according to the teachings of his Master. The granting of the disciples' requests through Christ will bring the Saviour into very close and precious relation with the believer, and it will follow almost as a sequence that the believer will be keeping the law of Christ in his heart of hearts. Given these two conditions and prayer becomes something sacred and precious. The "whatsoever" takes on a deeper meaning.

"Another"

Christ has gone away, yet Christ remains with the believer. Because He goes away the believer through prayer can do greater works. The believer does greater works because Christ remains with him. These are paradoxes of the Christian life. Of course, the explanation is that Christ departs in the flesh that He may be present in the Spirit. The Christian believes in a living Christ, one alive in the year 1918. This baffles the world. A young woman lived a beautiful Christian life. After her death they found a locket on her bosom with the inscription: "Whom not having seen yet we love."

A man recently died who during the war attended the church that President Lincoln attended. He told of the President appearing at the prayer meeting. Soon a change was necessary, owing to the importunity of office seekers. So, rather than give up the meeting, each week he entered by a side door, and sat in the pastor's room, which adjoined the lecture room. There unseen by the audience he was part of the service. He felt the need of prayer.

MARCH 10

Making the Most of Ourselves

Ephesians 4:11-16

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Mar. 4. Seeking high gifts. 1 Cor. 14:1-12.
T. Mar. 5. The best in life. 1 Cor. 13:1-13.
W. Mar. 6. Training in solitude. Gal. 1:13-24.
T. Mar. 7. Using our talents. Matt. 25:14-30.
F. Mar. 8. Putting zeal into service. Neh. 4:12-23.
S. Mar. 9. The best calls for faith. Heb. 11:1-10.

It is of value to know what Napoleon thought an army should be; what Gladstone thought a State should be; what Shakespeare thought literature should be; so Paul's thought as to what a Church should be. And these words indicate that Paul thought of the Church as neither an institution nor an organ-

ization. It was, to use his mystical yet practical language, "the body of Christ."

Life

The Church was an organism. Being this, an opportunity is given a member to make the most of himself. For to do this, there must be life—an animating force. This animating force is Christ. A person may try to make the most of himself. But he may fail, because the spirit is not the finest. But failure there need not be for one who has the spirit of Christ, which is love.

Expression

In Paul's conception of the Church there is opportunity for everyone to express his life. Verse 11 tells of the different kinds of people in the Church. In this list the last man is counted in. There is an office for each life. Only a few can be apostles; a limited number pastors; not many prophets or teachers; but all can be evangelists. That is, all can tell others about Christ. In doing so you can make the most of yourself.

Growth

This is implied if the Church is the body of Christ. Things that are made do not grow. A machine is made. A life grows. So a Christian does not make the most of himself in a day. But his purpose being this, he each day makes more of himself. A man built a cottage by the seashore. During the winter he planned how it should be built. Then for a couple of weeks each summer for several years he worked building it. Last summer he said he had lost his interest. When asked why, he replied: "Because it is finished." The charm of making the most of yourself is that the job is for eternity.

Effect

A person can make the most of himself only as he helps others do the same. This is the thought that lies in the language about the body of Christ. Supposing the Church be defined as a brotherhood of believers, knit together by love, and so acting under the inspiration of Christ's Spirit that they make the most of themselves. But notice: they are not trying to make the most for themselves, which is the world's way every time, but the most of themselves. And they are doing this because they want to be the very best and most useful instruments possible for the building up of the Kingdom of their Lord and Saviour. To fail to make the most of ourselves is to be disloyal to Christ.

MARCH 17

The Art of Living With Others

1 Peter 3:8-16

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Mar. 11. Art of sympathy. 1 John 3:16-24.
T. Mar. 12. Living at peace. Rom. 14:10-19.
W. Mar. 13. Art of co-operation. John 4:31-38.
T. Mar. 14. Be generous. Gen. 13:5-18.
F. Mar. 15. Be patient. Num. 12:1-13.
S. Mar. 16. Be silent. Prov. 17:27, 28.

There is nothing theoretical in this topic. It suggests a problem all of us are up against every day. For life is a series of contacts. Elbow touches elbow day in and day out. Failure at this point is costly. Success here is the finest life yields. To learn this art is to be an educated person. Without this art other learning has little value. The Scripture says something about this.

Attitude

To practise the art begin with what you are. That is, your success will depend upon the spirit that dominates your life. Is there a chip on your shoulder? Are you looking for trouble? Do you have the horns out in front? If so you cannot practise the art. Read the 8th and 9th verses for this thought.

Negative

What a person is, finds expression in what is not done. Elimination is part of selection. The things you are strong enough not to do, will determine your

success in practising the art. Among such is loose speaking. Many a difficult position in life has been met by letting the other fellow do the talking. And more than one fine opportunity has been lost by not keeping the mouth shut. "Let him refrain his tongue from evil."

Positive

The apostle in the next verse states an important law of psychology which is: Every thought tends to pass into action unless hindered by an opposite thought. Someone has wronged you. Brood over it, and either you will become morose or you will explode into speech. To guard against this, "do good" and "seek peace." The colored boy could not prevent his mouth watering at sight of the watermelon in the field save as he ran away. He was a philosopher. It is one of the fine arts of life to run away from temptation.

Encouragement

It is worth while practising this art, because of the satisfaction it brings. After all, there is no life so attractive as the life that has mastered this art. But life will not always flow smoothly for such a one. Trouble will come caused by others that you live with. This ought not to be so. But seeing this fact in life the apostle reminds us of Christ. Why should any human being have wanted to harm Him? The spirit of His life was like the music of angels. His deeds one lovely poem. Yet they put Him to death. "Because Christ also suffered." Perhaps there is a necessary discipline in having to suffer through no fault of our own. "For this is acceptable, if for conscience toward God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully." 1 Peter 2:19.

MARCH 24

Remedies for Intemperance

Ephesians 5:15-21

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Mar. 18. Personal abstinence. Rom. 14:21.
T. Mar. 19. Education. Prov. 23:29-32.
W. Mar. 20. The gospel cure. 1 John 3:1-3.
T. Mar. 21. The law of love. Rom. 13:8-10.
F. Mar. 22. The law of force. Exod. 21:28-36.
S. Mar. 23. Temperance pledges. Jer. 35:1-11.

There is a clause in the second verse that gives to our subject a peculiar significance. The clause is: "Because the days are evil." The words were written by Paul in the days of Nero. The world seemed falling to pieces. And such are these days in 1918. From this standpoint let us consider the topic.

Perilous

Perhaps twenty million men are bearing arms on sea and land at this time. Most of these men are, of necessity, living under abnormal conditions. They are away from the home, the Church, gentle friendships. Like young saplings they have been pulled up by the roots and transplanted to new and strange conditions. This places a terrific moral strain upon their characters. Let there be no mistake about this.

Responsibility

They may be unconscious of it, but they are taking a great moral risk. In most instances they are doing this from a sense of duty. An element in the moral risk is intemperance. The physical reactions, along with a desire for something else, of military life, gives the devil his chance. And he is doing his best to make the most of it in this war. What can those of us do who are at home? For one thing, we can bring constant pressure to bear upon the government that there may be no relaxation in the law as regards the army. Another thing we can do is to take high ground on temperance here at home.

Opportunity

These are days to recall the maxim,— "Strike while the iron is hot." The nations are all in a serious mood. Suffering and anxiety know no national

boundaries. The hearts of the people are easily reached on any subject having to do with the war. Now is the time to push temperance. Reform that is radical may be accomplished. Why not put the saloon out of business? It can be done to-day. It may not be possible to do it to-morrow.

Substitute

But the significant thought in the Scripture is the substitute offered. Instead of wine the Spirit is offered. When the Spirit of Christ really fills a life there is neither room nor desire for the gross things that pull down and destroy. We must by prayer and by personal messages and work help our boys to be filled with the Spirit, and the Church must meet these young men when they return to civil life with a type of social Christianity that will replace the saloon. These are days to overhaul our young people's societies and get ready for a great work. What is your Society doing?

MARCH 31

Lessons from the Risen Christ's Forty Days

John 21:10-17

EASTER MEETING.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Mar. 25. Death abolished. 2 Tim. 1:7-10.
T. Mar. 26. Personality persists. John 20:11-18.
W. Mar. 27. Christ's thoughtful care. Mark 16:7.
T. Mar. 28. Christ drawn to His own. John 20:19-23.
F. Mar. 29. Risen with Christ. Rom. 8:1-13.
S. Mar. 30. Christ in the heart. Gal. 2:19-21.

Easter is the supreme revelation of power to the world. This thought must not be missed in these days. Armies numbering millions and wealth mounting to billions are nothing as revelations of power when compared with Easter.

Two Days

The Christ who rose on Sunday morning had died on Friday afternoon. The tomb follows the cross—the cross a revelation of love; the tomb a revelation of power. It was this that impressed the disciples during the forty days. In retrospect they recalled what He had said about His death and resurrection. As the Holy Spirit illumined their minds they came upon the truth that in some way God had suffered for them on the cross, because only by the power of God could Christ who suffered rise again.

Personality

There is mystery here. It is useless to attempt a solution. But the appearance during the forty days answers two questions of the heart. First, Shall we after death be as we are now before death? And the answer is, No. For we shall be changed. At death some things will be left behind. Second, Shall individuality be lost? Again the answer is, No. The disciples knew the Saviour and had fellowship with Him during the forty days.

Living

It is a beautiful thought that Christ appeared to His disciples in the midst of their ordinary tasks. In the Scripture lesson they had returned to fishing. He stands on the shore and speaks to them. He sits with them during the breakfast. Nothing spectacular about His appearance. The thoughts He expressed were like the thoughts expressed before His death.

Something More

How changed, however are the disciples! Think of Peter and his denial a few days before. Recall Thomas and his crass scepticism. But a change came. They could never again be the same men. Into their lives had come something of this power. They were to do old things, but in a new way. The sun, ninety million miles away, touches a flower. The resurrection power of Christ reaches down into our lives. The endless life begins on the lake shore with fish broiling over the coals.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

When Patty Lost Her Mittens

BY PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL

"HAS anybody seen my gray angora mittens?" cried Patty, flying through the house like a small whirlwind.

She was all ready for school, even to her overshoes and the blue velvet cap that perched so jauntily on her curls. Her lunch box, her book bag and the rosy-cheeked apple she liked to eat at recess were waiting on the hall table; but the soft, furry mittens Grandma gave her on her birthday were nowhere to be found.

"Look under the lounge," said Brother Tom, pretending to nibble her apple.

"I have," Patty answered, "and there's nothing there."

"Maybe you lost them when you went coasting last night" said Sister Mabel.

"No, I didn't. I had them when I came home. Oh dear, I shall be late if somebody don't help me find them."

Forthwith Tom and Mabel and Grandma began to hunt. They looked under the davenport and at the back of the piano. They shook the chair cushions and ransacked the closets and the drawers, but the soft little gray mittens, as if lured by fairy hands, refused to be found.

"Patty," said Mother, reproachfully, "that's the third pair within two weeks. What shall I do with such a careless little daughter? You said when Papa bought you the kid ones with the fur tops, after you lost the white pair, that you would keep them always. They lasted just a week. Now you have lost those that Grandma worked so hard to finish for you."

"I'm sorry," Patty murmured, "but Mama I'll be late if I hunt much longer."

"Take your muff," said Mabel. "Your hands won't be cold so long as you keep them in it and you can't possibly lose it if the ribbon is around your neck."

So Patty caught up her little white muff and hurried to the corner. The school she attended was so far away that she usually took the car. When she paid her fare and slipped into a seat she found she was right beside little Rachel Levi.

Rachel wore an old blue coat that was patched in two places with cloth of a different color; she had shabby little shoes and a dress that looked pathetically thin and old beside Patty's warm, pretty serge. Besides she had neither muff nor mittens. The thin little hands that held her books looked so blue and cold that Patty's heart leaped up in loving sympathy. She knew what a hard time Rachel's parents had to feed and clothe their little brood of children.

"Oh Rachel," she cried, "did you lose your mittens, too?"

Two spots of color crimsoned Rachel's cheeks and her dark eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"Yes, no," she stammered. "I didn't have any to lose, Patty. It takes most of the money Father earns for coal and rent and potatoes and," she added proudly, "we're going to buy a Liberty bond, 'cause we're all so glad we are here, 'stead of over in Poland. I don't mind having cold fingers if I can help America that way."

"Oh!" said Patty, softly, "I see."

And dimly she did see what it meant to wear faded, thin clothes and eat very plain food, and yet love one's adopted country with all one's heart. Somehow Rachel's blue little hands made her think of other hands that were cold and bare in that dreadful winter when Washington and his patriots fought for American freedom.

"Take my muff," begged Patty. "Please do. See, I can put my hands in my pockets. They are wide and deep."

That night when Patty came home from school Grandma called: "Here are your mittens, Pattikin. We found them back of the bookcase. We think Taffy must have carried them there to play with."

Taffy, washing his yellow coat before the glowing fire in the grate, paused to meow an assent.

Then Patty got her little chair and sat down beside Grandma.

"Could you teach me to knit some

them in a box with a card which said: "For a patriotic little American," and mailed them to Rachel Levi.

The next morning Patty rode to school with a happy child who held out two little red mittened hands to her.

"They're a perfect fit," she said. "Thank you more'n a thousand times. Father's bought that bond and we're so glad."

"I am glad, too," said Patty. "I am even glad Taffy carried off my mittens that night. Else I don't suppose I should have noticed other folks' cold hands."

wish we had a flower garden with great lily beds and rose hedges."

This time Mama Day looked up in surprise. The Days had always had a tiny, tiny yard and this was an unheard of wish for Mollie to make. Mama resumed the patching and Mollie looked out of the window for a long time and then said: "I wish we had a piano."

The Day cottage was very small, so small that when all the little Days were inside there was scarcely a corner large enough for a piano to stand, and when Papa Day's wages had been divided up into bread, butter, hats, caps, shoes, dresses and coats for all the little Days—seven in all, a whole week of them—there was not enough left to buy a piano key, not to mention a whole piano, even had there been space to set it in the room.

"You are a wish girl today," said Mama. "Why are you wishing for a voice, a flower garden and a piano all at one time?"

"Because I want to help the Sunday school," replied Mollie. "I don't want all of these things, but I would be glad of just one. Teacher said all of us could help in some way, but I have been thinking and thinking and I can't find any way to help. Louise Morris brings the most beautiful flowers for the vases; Mamie Green sings lovely and stands by the piano and often chooses the songs; and Edna Simpson plays splendidly, and sometimes teacher lets her play for the class."

"Never mind," comforted Mama Day, "where there is a will there is a way. If you really and truly want to help and keep thinking about it you will find some way."

Mollie took up her sewing again and began to think hard, but soon she saw Nellie Davis come out on the porch and tapped with her thimble on the window and beckoned for her to come over. Nellie's parents had just moved into the cottage next to the Days and there were almost as many children as in the Day family. Mollie knew that they would have fine times together when she could get out to play.

When Nellie came in, they began to cut out and dress paper dolls, and soon Mollie said: "Now let's play go to church. Do you love to go to church, Nellie?"

"Why, yes," said Nellie, "but I haven't been since we moved to the city, and I don't know the way."

"I'll show you the way," said Mollie, and then suddenly she jumped up and clapped her hands, at the risk of waking baby Day, saying—"I've found the way. I'll take Nellie, Alice and Bessie to Sunday school next Sunday, and then I'll watch all the new families moving in on our street and take the children to Sunday school, and that's the way I'll help."

All Play and No Work

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," says a queer old proverb, and it is quite as true of Jack's sister. That is why there are so many pleasant breaks in your school work. Before you have had time to get really tired, recess begins, and if your teacher sees you are getting dull and sleepy she reads you a funny story, or sets you to doing gymnastics to wake you up. Then every week comes Saturday with its fun. There is enough play sprinkled in with your work to keep you from becoming dull girls and boys.

But all play and no work is nearly as bad as all work and no play. The girls and boys who do nothing but romp and play all summer really grow tired of it. They are likely to be fretful and restless, and it is very hard to start work again in the fall. Try helping mother a little bit every day and see if that does not make a pleasant change. You will have all the better time for doing something useful. All play and no work is likely to make Jack a lazy or a selfish boy.



THE SNOW MAN.

mittens?" she asked eagerly. "You know I learned how to knit Red Cross wash cloths for the soldiers, but I want some steel needles and some dark red yarn."

Then she told about Rachel and the Liberty bond and the cold little hands. Grandma said she was sure she could learn. And forthwith she showed Patty how to "set up" a little red mitten and how to knit the wrist.

For a long time afterwards whenever Patty had any spare time she clicked her shining needles, and with many a lift from Grandma the mittens grew and grew until the cunning little thumbs were finished and the ends narrowed off.

At last one joyful day Patty wrapped them in snowy paper, placed

Mollie's Wish

BY MRS. W. THORBURN CLARK

Little Mollie Day was worried, no doubt of it; to be sure she had a very bad cold on account of which she had to stay indoors, but this usually happy little girl would not look so sober about a cold. As she sat by the window learning to sew she said under her breath: "I wish I could sing."

Now Mollie could hardly carry a tune and when she sang to the baby it sounded more like a recitation than a song, but baby was pleased and obligingly went to sleep.

Mama Day was busy fitting a big patch on a pair of well-worn trousers, and made no comment on Mollie's wish.

After stitching away for some time, Mollie sighed a big sigh and said, "I



Our Fireside

The Night and the Morning

By J. A. Stewart

THE minister sat alone in his vestry. He was discouraged. It was the evening he had set apart to meet intending communicants and no one had come in response to his earnest appeal of the previous Sunday. He had worked hard and long. He had preached faithfully and visited much, but it seemed useless. He had toiled and caught nothing.

Was it worth while, all this work and worry of the winter days; the tireless efforts to keep each organization in running trim; the times he had swallowed his pride and calmly and smilingly met difficult situations and still more difficult people; above all, the prayerful, studious hours he had spent in the preparation of a "living message"? Men in other walks of life expected results and got them, otherwise the world considered them failures. Failures! The minister trembled at the word. Perhaps he had failed!

A faint knock came to the door. "Come in," he said, with just a touch of impatience. The hour was late for vestry callers.

The door opened slowly. A little girl, pale and delicate in appearance, with large, serious eyes that seemed, at that moment, to look into his soul, entered quietly and stood before him. She had really seen fifteen summers, but she looked younger, much younger indeed, and so frail.

"My name is Estelle Wheeler," she began, "and, please, sir, I could not come sooner. My father works late and I help mother in the evenings. There are six of us, you see, and there is always work to do. But I wanted to see you to-night, sir, and I thought you might still be here."

She paused thoughtfully for a moment, and then she said quietly: "I heard what you said last Sunday. I didn't understand it all, but I—I know I love Jesus and—and—"

The minister understood, as every minister does who has sought to lead a young trembling soul into the fold of the Good Shepherd. They "talked it over" and when the conversation ended there was a new joy in Estelle's heart and a light on her face that was not there before.

"Thank you, sir. I'm sure I understand now," she said, with child-like confidence. "It seems so wonderful. What did the others think? Were they glad, too?"

"What others, child?" the minister asked in surprise.

"Why, the others who came to-night, of course."

"There were no others," he answered sadly, and as he said it, the fearful depression again seemed to grip his heart.

"No others!" she exclaimed. "Oh, sir, surely they did not understand. If they only knew, they would come. Now that I know, I am going to tell them!"

"Bless your dear heart!" he murmured, his hand resting kindly on her head and a tear glistening in his eye. "Would to God every one who knows would tell others!"

"And don't they?" she asked quickly. "Surely if you asked them to speak they would do it. If you were to tell them it was the Jesus way, just as you have told me to-night, wouldn't they help?"

"I have told them; that is, I have spoken in a general way, but perhaps—well, I'll think about it, child. Thank you and God bless you! Good-night." Long after the door closed, the min-

ister sat at his desk, buried in deep thought. Somehow the situation had changed in the past few minutes. Truly the Master had promised "greater things," and why should he or any consecrated follower think of failure? There was something wrong. Surely the Spirit's power was just as great today as in the days of old, and yet the evidence was not here. Was he to blame? Were his people at fault? These were the questions which he turned over and over in his mind.

"I have it," he cried at last. "Great things have not been done, because no one thought they could be done. We have gone along lines old and familiar because we have been quite satisfied to do so. If Christ's promise means anything, it must stand the test here and now. We must, therefore, act in accordance with that promise. We shall launch out into the deep and, God helping us, we shall not fail!"

Oh what a new thrill of power seemed to pass through his soul as he said this! As the brave knights of old put on their armor to battle for all that was good, so now he seemed to have put on the whole armor of God. The possibilities were unlimited because the power was unlimited. As he knelt in an agonized prayer for help and guidance, it seemed as though the very gates of heaven were thrown wide open and the angels of God about the throne were chanting Amen.

As he stepped out from his vestry the great clock on the tower, two blocks away, slowly struck the midnight hour. A new day had come.

* * * * *

The plan which the minister fashioned was at once simple and comprehensive. At the communion service the following Sunday morning he would state the need for a more aggressive Christianity. He would show the field of opportunity that lay, not only in some distant part of the world, but right in the community where the church was situated. He would call for volunteers who would go forth into this harvest field. These should be specially set apart for this work at the mid-week service the following week.

Up to this time the church had been perfectly satisfied with from thirty to forty additions to its membership yearly. Now the Spirit seemed to direct that for this one effort not less than one hundred should be the minimum and, if possible, many more. These should be received into full communion on Easter Sunday morning, five weeks later.

There was not a large crowd at the service that memorable Wednesday evening. Great movements seldom begin with crowds. Some looked with misgiving on the whole procedure. Others showed certain interest and sympathy but considered themselves "unfit" or "too busy" to lend any practical assistance. Only seventeen declared that they were ready for any work which the minister, under God, might assign to them.

A simple Gospel invitation card was prepared bearing these words: "God and Your Church Need You," and on each card was a space for the name and address of the inquirer.

These cards were distributed amongst the seventeen workers. They, in turn, aimed to enlist the interest of all persons possible, by personal interviews, letters or otherwise. Lists of all likely persons in the community were carefully prepared, these, of course, being added to from time to time as further information came to hand. The main object was to give all an opportunity of definitely "accepting" or "rejecting" the in-

itation to an open confession of their faith.

As the days passed, the work of these consecrated seventeen gradually began to have its effect. Wives came with the names of husbands, long since thought hopeless; fathers with those of sons; boys and girls of the Sunday School with those of their chums. Sweethearts had the joy of leading their loved ones to Christ, and, in one instance, an old man, seventy years of age, heretofore an avowed infidel, came with tottering step to the vestry and brokenly said, "I have found Him."

"This work is great," said an enthusiastic travelling salesman, who had entered heartily into the movement. "I find that I can apply every rule of salesmanship in talking to men about Christ." He brought eleven persons.

"It's an answer to prayer," said a mother, as her two daughters presented themselves.

"This is good business," said a man of the world. "It was such a straight proposition that I simply could not turn it down."

And so it was that on Easter Sunday morning, not one hundred only but one hundred and thirty persons openly confessed their faith in Christ. As they stood waiting to be formally received into full communion, their faces set towards the light of eternity, the minister's eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude. Never had there been such a day in his experience. The vast congregation seemed to throb with a new spiritual life. There was no demonstration. There was no sound of a strange tongue. There was only the still, small voice of the Spirit's calm, but there were many who heard it with great joy in their hearts. God Himself had come down and was finding a place in their very midst. The work was not in vain. The church had still a place on earth. The Lord had not forsaken His servant and the minister was not a failure. "Christ's touch had still its ancient power; No word from Him could fruitless fall."

* * * * *

That evening, long after the other members of the household had retired to rest, the minister sat in his study. The events of the day stood vividly before him and sleep refused to come. Turning to his New Testament, he read, "Now . . . He said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake."

The midnight hour was again striking. He stepped out into the chilly night and listened to the hum of the great city. The wonderful lights blazed and flickered as far as the eye could see. What a place it was! What crowds of beings thronged the streets, the music halls and the restaurants! What a challenge every human soul was making to the church of God!

He looked into the clear sky, where the moon was slowly moving across the heavens, followed by a lonely bright star, with now and then white flying clouds playing in the silvery beams. Then, from beyond the star and the flying clouds, a voice seemed to come down, bringing the music of confidence and hope as it found its way to his listening heart:

"Launch out into the deep . . . He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

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The Last Trip by the Toll Bridge

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

MARJORIE WINN wore a troubled look as she sought out the old housekeeper in the busy kitchen.

"Mrs. Simons," began the girl, "I saw Joe Hanson out in the road just now and he says poor old Granny Mains, across the river, is sick. You know where she lives—in that little ragged house at the end of the bridge. There are no neighbors on that side fit to take care of a sick person, and I'm afraid, from what Joe says, that Granny has pneumonia. He stopped there last night for a few minutes—and you know how long it takes him to get his wits to work. He has been all this time getting around to tell us about it."

"Well, there isn't a thing you can do about it, as I see," Mrs. Simons, struggling with her washing, was somewhat tart in her manner. "Not a live thing can get across the river unless it had wings, or time enough to go way up to Prout's Ferry. The old bridge is going out to sea any minute, so they say, and the toll house went sailing downstream right after breakfast. Your pa won't be home till to-morrow night, either."

But Marjorie was proof against these discouragements. "Anyhow, I'm going out to see if I can find someone to get me across to Granny's house. You can tell daddy I did it on my own responsibility. And send him over after me, if I'm not here when he comes. He'll find a way to get to us."

Marjorie's father was the only doctor in a remote country neighborhood, and the necessity of often acting as his assistant had made the girl prompt in emergencies. In her father's office at the front of the house she found what medicines she wanted, and put them in a bag with her nurse's outfit. She strapped the bag to the carrier of her bicycle and was presently speeding along the river road.

Joe had told her that the sudden rise of the water had carried off all the boats, and she soon made sure that this was true. The breaking of a dam somewhere above had quickly brimmed the little river to the top of its banks, and landmarks along the margin were fast disappearing.

"It's out of the question to swim across," mused the girl, as she eyed the black torrent which tore at the banks. "Now if I ride up to Prout's Ferry and down on the other side—well, that's twenty miles of terrible roads. It would take hours, and even minutes may mean a life when it's pneumonia. I must have a look at the old toll bridge; it's my only hope, I'm thinking."

Marjorie sped up the road, which ran parallel with the river. At the bit of cross road which led down to the bridge she halted with an exclamation of dismay.

The bridge was still there, but it seemed only a question of seconds before it would lose its hold upon the bank. She could see it heave through its whole length with the surging of the water. It hung there, a mere thread across the swollen stream, yet still drawn straight from bank to bank. About a quarter of a mile from the other end of the bridge Marjorie could see the fireless chimney of Granny's little house.

"If I don't go, the chances are she'll

die there all alone. I'm going to try it. The distance isn't much; it's only a question of keeping cool and riding like lightning. This little old wheel is as reliable as the almanac, too."

The bit of cross road dropped sharply to the river, but it was smooth and hard. In a moment Marjorie was down upon the planks of the bridge, speeding with all her might for the other side.

"It's like skating for dear life on thin ice," was the thought that went through the rider's head. "Sometimes it almost seems as if just your will power prevents the whole thing from giving way under you—There!"

Within two yards of the other bank the thing happened. With a last groan of its strained timbers the bridge broke away from the bank Marjorie had left. It swung swiftly downstream and began to go to pieces. Marjorie tore her precious bag from the carrier and tossed it ashore. Then as the other end of the bridge left the land she jumped from the dipping planks and landed ankle-deep in the ooze of the margin.

It was sometime the next day that Dr. Winn, coming by way of Prout's Ferry in his automobile, stopped at the door of Granny's house. He looked relieved at the sight of Marjorie's face.

"All right, nurse?" he inquired. "Joe Hanson saw your performance and he has found the remains of your wheel down in the eddy at the bend. Look here, Marjorie, I shall have to get you a runabout if you're bound to go tearing across country like this. I'm afraid no really up-to-date heroine rides a bicycle these days, anyway. Too old-fashioned, my dear."

Marjorie's eyes laughed, but her voice was subdued as she drew him into the clean, quiet room.

"She's easier, daddy. But oh, such a scene of misery as it was when I got here! I was so thankful I came. And you won't call me reckless and headstrong, will you, partner? Because you know well enough you'd have done it yourself if you'd been here. Besides, it gives me a chance to go down in history as the very last person who made the trip by the old toll bridge."

The doctor was bending over the bed from which Granny's labored breathing sounded loud in the still room. After a few moments he looked up at the girl, who had come close to answer his low-voiced questions.

"She's pulled through the worst of it. With good care she'll do all right. There's no doubt, my girl, that the last trip by the toll bridge saved a life."

Alone With God

Why are modern Christians so reluctant to be alone with God? With every suggestion of seasons for meditation; with the return of the time of Lent, more or less observed by our churches; with the practical problems of the midweek devotional meetings, in which many seem to feel that a period of silence is the one thing to be avoided; the question returns. We look out upon the needs and sorrows of the world. We look in upon the desires and disappointments of our own life. Why should it be so difficult, or even tedious, to spend a little time in looking up for intimate communion with Him from whom everything good in heart and life derives? It has not been so among great Christians in any earlier age of the church.

Our modern doctors tell us that a means toward health is found in the occasional practice of resting times—times when we adjust ourselves, with minds withdrawn from the agitations of the world and folded hands, to a deliberate tranquillity. Sleep is good, but some preliminary slowing down of the machinery of life is necessary for refreshment in sleep. They counsel us to put all agitations out of mind, to shut out worry, to welcome pleasant thoughts and give them a deliberate hospitality of attention. Why would not our worship and our meetings of common thought and prayer gain largely in power, and in refreshment if we prepared our minds for their enjoyment? Every true leader of the worship of the people desires to go at once from private prayer to public leadership. If

the minister needs that preparation of a little time alone with God, do not the people need and owe it also? The significance of common worship would gain much from such a habit of making ready at home. A good use of Lent for all our readers would be, not merely to go to common worship, but to go prepared by a little time alone with God. That would certainly bring encouragement to pastors and other leaders of the meetings. The iron would be ready for the hammering if all who came were already in the mood of worship. It would mean much also to be assured that those who, for one reason or another, could not come, were in the fellowship of the common mood at home.

In times of special sorrow and temptation our churches need this deeper sense of God's presence in all the affairs of life. Too many, even among Christians, think and act as if God were an absentee, for whose ultimate but uncertain return we must somehow make a provision, but who will not meet us at any corner

of our street today or tomorrow. From that mood comes peril of inattention and neglect which works out into a thousand failures of true proportion in our thoughts and lives. The remedy is that of Enoch, of Abraham, of Jesus—men who walked with God.

Why should not thought of God, our Father and our Helper, be welcome and cherished in every pause of life's insistent claims and in every opportunity of leisure? Why should we need distraction always, when we might turn home? Why not make this year a new beginning in the joyful habit of being often alone with God? It is an opportunity of the Lenten season. It tends to helpfulness because it tends to godliness. We become like that with which our thoughts are busied and those with whom we choose to spend our time. And the chief need of the world and the church alike today is that of godly men and women in the ways of common life.

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AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

Have you renewed your subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for the year 1918? If so, we thank you heartily. If not, we ask you to remit promptly, inasmuch as our fiscal year closes on March 31, 1918, and it is an imperative necessity for us to collect all outstanding accounts settled before that date.

Once more, we would urgently request all our friends who have not as yet renewed their subscriptions for the current year to do so at once.

Kindly send all remittances to the
AMERICAN MESSENGER
Park Avenue and Fortieth Street,
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AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE SPECIAL OFFER

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You are a reader of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. You know how good it is and you wish you might help others to know its value and to enjoy it month by month. Here is your opportunity.

We are making for the coming month a SPECIAL TEN MONTHS' TRIAL OFFER of the AMERICAN MESSENGER (from March 1st to December 31st, 1918) for only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. This Special Trial Offer applies to New Subscribers only.

Tell all your friends about this and urge them to subscribe. Send the paper as AN EASTER GIFT to all whom you delight to remember at this season. Nothing could please them better.

Our men and boys in the Army and Navy need the very best reading. Send the AMERICAN MESSENGER to them for ten months. Remit to us the money for one or more subscriptions, (each twenty-five cents), and we will mail as many copies of the AMERICAN MESSENGER as you order to whatever Camp or Naval Station you may designate.

Valuable Departments

The AMERICAN MESSENGER has many departments of great value to all classes of readers. Its Editorial Contributions are furnished by Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Dr. Charles Carroll Albertson, and Rev. George Ernest Merriam. Our Young Folks' page, with its beautiful illustrations and original stories and poems is a constant delight to the boys and girls. "In His Vineyard and Curs" is the title of a department which deals with the progress of the Kingdom throughout the wide world. "Our Fireside" is a department devoted to the best interests of the home. The "Prayer Meeting" page with its suggestive treatment of the Topics used in Christian Endeavor and other Young People's meetings is especially valuable to the young people.

Notable Contributors

In addition to its Editorial Contributors many other successful and popular writers contribute to the columns of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, among whom are Lloyd Logan, Rev. Howard W. Pope, Annette L. Noble, Rev. Warren G. Partridge, D.D., Cora S. Day, Mary Davis, L. D. Stearns, Allan Phillip, Earl Reed Silvers, Clarence E. Flynn, Edgar L. Vincent and many others.

Remember this special offer is for new subscribers only, and is good for a limited time, therefore please forward subscription at once. This special offer is good for subscriptions in the United States only, as foreign subscriptions require extra postage.

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If at present a subscriber, please hand this coupon to a friend.

GIFT BOOKS *for* EASTER-TIDE

In what way can you bind friends closer through the years than by giving a carefully selected Easter book? Such books will be opened and read many, many times by your friend in the years to come, and always the thought of the giver must come to mind. Truly a bond of friendship! And will it be costly to you? Some of the Easter remembrances below cost but 20 cents, nevertheless are exquisite examples of printing and binding.

Write for some beautiful Easter token for the friend you have in mind, and it will be sent you immediately.

Don't glance over this list quickly. Consider every title carefully. Consider your list of friends. You will think of a friend and find just the right remembrance.

BEAUTIFUL ENVELOPE BOOK-LETS

So beautiful and durable are these booklets that they are treasured through all the years. Each has about 30 pages. Text pages are bordered with drawn designs in delicate colors. Bound with silk in flapped covers. Enclosed in an envelope of the same material as the cover. Cover and envelope decorated. Size 4x7 inches.

In what better way can one remember friends and in turn be remembered than by sending one of these exquisite booklets?

By Mail 22 cents5 for \$1.00

FOUR EASTER TITLES TO CHOOSE FROM:

THE ROYAL DAY

by Edgar Whitaker Work.

A beautiful Easter essay. Christ's true coronation day. "Their faith took on the royal brightness of the resurrection." This booklet, never before published, is destined to win a welcome in many homes. Covers and envelope of white watered-silk paper. Cover designs in purple.

AN ABIDING EASTER MESSAGE,

by George Ernest Merriam.

"These pages may, like an Easter chime, bring peace to troubled hearts." The reality of Divine Love—its uplift and its transforming power—this is the abiding Easter message. Covers and envelope of white paper marbled in purple. Cover designs in purple.

EASTER MORNING,

by John Henry Jowett, LL.D.

"The night is over and gone. It is sweet and beautiful morning." A beautiful booklet for the Easter-tide. Covers and envelope in cream linen paper. Cover designs in purple.

THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL,

by Wayland Hoyt.

An inspiring booklet containing four titles: The Life Beautiful; The Guest Chamber; Gracious Answers to Great Questions; Heaven.

Covers and envelope of light brown watered-silk paper. Cover designs in orange.

THE RADIANT MORN,

by A. T. Schofield, M.D.

A rarely appropriate Easter book. Nearly half of the front cover of this book is cream-white cloth, beautifully figured with fine gold lines. The other half of the front cover is in rich dark, marbled brown. A striking and attractive binding. Size 4½ x 7 inches, 115 pages. The purpose of "The Radiant Morn" is to show that Christianity, rightly understood and enjoyed, instead of constricting our outlook and destroying our pleasures, enlarges both, and brings to our lives a truer, deeper sense of happiness.

By mail, 58 cents.

THESE WORDS OF MINE.

A handsome little book, bound in limp, velvety brown leather stamped in gold, with bookmark. In its white pasteboard box it is an attractive gift, indeed. Size 2½ x 3½ inches, 157 pages. Texts from the American Revised Version of the Holy Scriptures, with a few from the authorized Version, selected and arranged by Abbie McCammon Brown. A most acceptable Easter remembrance.

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PRAYER AND MEDITATION,

by Judson Swift, D.D.

Bound in dark brown Leathercraft. Lined with end papers of mottled brown. Size 3¼ x 5¼ inches, 89 pages. A little book of strength and encouragement. The author has prepared an original series of meditations and prayers which will meet a daily need; a Scripture selection, a prayer, a prose and poetic meditation and a suggested Scripture reading for thirty-one mornings and evenings.

Remember that this book is of a proper size for the pocket—so small that it may be slipped into the pocket and carried indefinitely—available at any spare minute.

By mail, 50 cents.

DAILY FOOD.

A Scriptural portion, a promise, and a verse of a hymn for every day in the year.

In white cloth, gilt edges, boxed, size 2¼ x 3¼ inches, 200 pages. An appropriate and inexpensive Easter remembrance.

By mail, 25 cents.

FOR SOLDIERS.

Daily Food, bound in Khaki cloth. Vest-pocket size. By mail, 25 cents.

FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

A MANUAL OF DEVOTION FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

by Judson Swift, D.D.

Note the title of this book. A new devotional book written expressly for the use of the men of our Army and Navy. You will find a Scripture selection, a prayer, and a meditation for each morning and evening for thirty-one days.

If you could read one of the special prayers, such, for instance, as the "Prayer before Going into Battle" on page 94, you would realize the heartening influence of this book on a man at the front. If you know any of our boys who are in our country's service or about to go, this guide and comforter will stand in good stead in some trying hour. Size 3¼ x 5¼ inches. 104 pages. By mail, 35 cents.

WHERE HEAVEN TOUCHED THE EARTH,

by Cortland Myers, D.D.

Green cloth, stamped in gold and white. Colored illustrations. 239 pages. Size 5 x 7½ inches.

Read this testimonial from the **Christian Observer**: "Dr. Myers has selected certain places in Palestine where in the life of Christ Heaven seemed more nearly to 'touch the earth,' on which to base this treatise on our Lord's life . . . Into the story of these places he weaves lessons not to be forgotten . . . Altogether the work is not only delightful to read, but beautifully helpful."

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JOURNEYING IN THE LAND WHERE JESUS LIVED,

by Gerard B. F. Hallock, D.D.

A very handsome book, bound in cloth and stamped in green and gold. 35 illustrations. 302 pages. Size 5½ x 8 inches.

"Dr. Hallock's only wish is that the readers might see the land through his eyes, and really see it." **Reformed Church Messenger**. The **Auburn Seminary Review** declares the book to be "a delight and an inspiration."

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THE NEW TESTAMENT, With Notes, Instructions and References. Pocket Edition.

Printed on fine, thin paper, bound in leather, divinity circuit, red under gold edges. Size 6x3¼x¾ inches. \$1.33 by mail. Most helpful to its readers. The Introductions present the salient features of each book very clearly. The Notes give a concise explanation of the passages which need explanation. The Instructions are designed to bring the truth home to the lives of the readers—and to furnish them with material of value in Christian service and work. The Outline of the Harmony of the Gospels gives an outline of the Life of Christ that will commend itself to those who make use of it.

NEW BOOKS

AS HIS MOTHER SAW HIM,

by Charlotte E. Gray.

A beautiful picture of the home at Nazareth, the girl Mary, the exultant woman Mary, the Mary bowed with grief. She, the Mother, emerges into the supreme renunciation as she enters into a spiritual understanding of the divine mission of the Saviour. The story gives a clear and excellent view of the life of our Saviour. Size 4x6¼ inches. 254 pages. By mail, \$1.05.

THE HIGH ROAD,

by Emma S. Allen.

A Prohibition theme, interwoven with a delightful romance. The girl's father is a California wine-merchant, the boy's parents are Prohibitionists.

The boy "took the High Road," and, backed by his father's wealth, battled mightily for Prohibition.

The girl "took the Low Road," and doubtfully followed her father's leading.

But read this book of the California vineyards and of Victoria's turning. Cloth, size 5x7½ inches. 326 pages. By mail, \$1.35.

ANNA COOPE, Sky Pilot of the San Blas Indians.

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THE PROPHETS AND THE WAR,

by Charles Carroll Albertson, D.D.

A great lesson is still to be learned in this world war from Hosea, Habakkuk and Isaiah. The purpose of this book is to give us an apprehension of truths which may enable us to discern "the inflow of God into human events, and the outflow of human events back to God." Size 5¼x7½ inches. Cloth. By mail, \$1.00.

ALMETTA OF GABRIEL'S RUN,

by Louise S. Murdoch.

Let this book take you to the Cumberlands of Kentucky. Read it in some secluded nook. For hours you will live with the mountain-folk—and with Almetta; with Pepper's Mary, Uncle Gabe, and Granny Pop—the high peaks, the ravines and the lonely, rustling forests of the little-known Cumberlands around you. Written by one who knows the Cumberlands and the strange mountain people.

You will delight in the doings of this outcast child of the hills and in Gran's quaint courtship. Cloth, size 5x7½ inches. 244 pages. By mail, \$1.30.

Several times we have urged the reading of two of our books by those who are using the International Lessons. They contain most valuable matter.

These books are:

JOHN MARK, OR THE MAKING OF A SAINT,

by Rev. James D. Hunter, D.D.

Linen cloth binding, 113 pages, size 5x7½ inches. By mail, 50 cents, and

STUDIES IN MARK'S GOSPEL,

by Rev. C. S. Robinson, D.D.

Paper covers, decoration in green, 300 pages, size 5¼ x 7½ inches. By mail, 30 cents.

Vol. 76

No. 4

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER



THE THREE MARYS

Painted by Ary Scheffer

UNTO YOU. GLAD TIDINGS
 WE
 DECLARE

PREACH THE
 GOSPEL TO EVERY
 CREATURE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

1843



1918

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

For Three-quarters of a Century the AMERICAN MESSENGER has been carrying the Good News of Great Joy into thousands upon thousands of homes in every section of the country, and has sought to fulfil its mission as a herald of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Many Saints now in Glory were led to a knowledge of the Master through the reading of this admirable religious publication, and testimonies are constantly being received, telling us that the AMERICAN MESSENGER brings Good Cheer and Comfort into their homes each month. It certainly inspires the heart and mind to seek and choose the best things in life.

The AMERICAN MESSENGER has ever maintained the integrity of the Bible and has upheld the divine inspiration of the Scriptures in the largest and fullest sense. It has had absolutely no sympathy with those who would in any way weaken the authority of the Word of God or impair its value as an infallible guide.

We rejoice in the seventy-five years of service which our paper has rendered in the cause of evangelical journalism. From its very inception in 1843, it has stood for the essentials of the Christian faith, and has striven to disseminate the teachings of a pure and simple Gospel. It has advocated unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, and charity in all things.

The publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER desire to increase its usefulness and extend its influence more widely than ever before, and at this time we are offering a special inducement. For TWENTY-FIVE CENTS we will send the AMERICAN MESSENGER from April 1 to December 31 (nine months) to any address in the United States.

We would like to have all our friends co-operate with us, and help to celebrate this seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the AMERICAN MESSENGER by increasing its subscription list by many thousand names during the coming month. This is one of the ways in which you may have a part in doing a splendid missionary work.

An appropriate Easter remembrance to a friend would be a subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for the nine months.

This special offer applies to NEW subscribers only.

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**25 Cents
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The Stone Is Rolled Away

*A band of women true and brave,
Came early to the Savior's grave;
Their faces sad, and soft their tone,
For who should roll away the stone?*

*Their hands were filled with spices rare,
Their hearts with heavier load of care;
For what avail was woman's zeal
To break the royal Pilate's seal?*

*The darkness of the cross is past,
The light of life has come at last;
The angel cries sweet Easter morn,
And joy to all the world is born.*

*The mighty stone is rolled away,
The Christian's joy begins to-day;
The darkness of the grave is past,
The light of life has come at last.*

Mrs. George C. Needham.

A Call to Sunday-School Workers

The "Call to the Colors" has peculiar significance these days when the most familiar sounds we hear are the beating of drums and the measured tread of marching feet, and the most familiar sights, those of waving flags, and countless soldiers preparing to start to the front.

All honor to the noble men who have responded to their Country's call! Our hearts and our prayers go with them.

Let those of us who remain at home recognize that the same call of patriotism and loyalty to which our soldiers have responded is just as truly a call of patriotism and loyalty to us to defend our homes, our churches, and our country by building up clean citizenship and moral character among the youth of the nation. The International Sunday School Association is making a large contribution to this end, and has its peculiar part to perform in these trying times. The Sunday Schools have been recognized in a definite way by our Government, and have been requested to undertake specific lines of activity

in connection with the war. We must recognize our opportunity and responsibility now, and measure up to our privileges, or we shall prove ourselves unworthy of the place we occupy and of our splendid past.

Mr. Gerald W. Birks, Supervisor of the Y. M. C. A. work among Canadian troops in Europe, writing from Great Britain to our International Office, puts up a tremendous challenge to us in these words:

"While readily appreciating the magnificent opportunities of Christian service over here, I am every day becoming more and more impressed with the fact that the real constructive work of the Kingdom is what is being done at home by the Sunday School, Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations, for there seems but little chance of a man coming through these awful experiences straight, unless his feet have been firmly planted on the rock before he leaves home. So I urge upon you, as this war may possibly be drawn out for years, to do your part with the older boys who are now being called to the Colors."

This discriminating appreciation as to the value of proper training for the boys during their teen age is certainly a challenge to all Sunday School workers to do their best. The great psychologist, William James, said that the world needed a moral equivalent for war. We certainly have it in the Sunday School, for here we contend against the most dangerous and insidious of enemies, one who can destroy the soul as well as the body. There can be no mightier incentive for Sunday School workers than to set the feet of our boys and girls in the paths of righteousness.

Therefore, The Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Association officially announces that it will hold its Fifteenth Convention in the city of Buffalo, New York, June 19 to 25, inclusive, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen.

This is a delegated convention, and all

Sunday School workers desiring to attend are requested to confer with the General Secretaries of their State or Provincial Sunday School Associations.

Let all who read this Call join in earnest prayer that God will so fill the Buffalo Convention with His Spirit in this crucial hour of the world's history, that the Sunday School hosts of North America may be consecrated to His service as never before.

EDWARD K. WARREN, President.
FRED A. WELLS, Executive Chairman.
E. O. EXCELL, Treasurer.
MARION LAWRENCE, General Secretary.

For the Soldiers at Camp Sheridan

The Alabama Bible Society has been carrying forward a fine work among the soldiers at Camp Sheridan. The American Tract Society has aided in this work by a grant which was acknowledged by Rev. W. J. Elliott, Superintendent of the Alabama Bible Society in these words:

"We are in receipt of the Cromwell's Soldier's Pocket Bibles and hasten to extend our thanks to the American Tract Society for this liberal donation. We are distributing these books to the soldiers in our Camp as wisely as we know how."

For the National Gospel Workers

A grant of Christian literature was recently sent to the National Gospel Workers' Aid Society of Washington, D. C., whose object is to better religious conditions in country districts and to organize neighborhood Bible Study Clubs wherever possible. This grant was acknowledged by Rev. J. Milton Waldron, D. D., President of the organization, as follows:

"The bundle of tracts the American Tract Society so kindly sent to us came to hand a few days ago, and I am writing on behalf of myself and our Society to thank you for these very valuable tracts, and to assure you that we appreciate them and will place them where they will be of service in winning the unsaved to Christ and in strengthening the faithful believers in Christ."

"A Very Great Help"

A subscriber, in renewing her subscription for another year, writes: "I find the AMERICAN MESSENGER a very great help in my preparation for the Christian Endeavor meeting. It contains many messages for the Christians of America."

Life and Service Hymns

A new collection of 370 hymns that are melodious, singable, reverent and permanent in value — rich in hymns that appeal for dedication of life to Christian service. Compiled from suggestions asked from 900 pastors, evangelists and Christian workers, and includes the cream of the church classics and the best product of modern hymn writers.

A choice list of absolutely new hymns by prominent authors appears for the first time in this book.

Contains 40 hymns for the Beginners, Primary and Junior Departments.

Mr. Bentley D. Aekley (for eight years secretary and accompanist of "Billy" Sunday) a song writer of nation-wide reputation, is our musical editor. His latest and best hymns appear in this book. Music edition only.

Returnable sample sent on request.
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Delivery charges extra.

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The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

Vol. 76. No. 4

APRIL, 1918

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EDITORIAL NOTES

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

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Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

Rev. Charles Carroll Albertson, D.D.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D.

Rev. George Ernest Merriam.

Entered at the Post Office in New York as second-class matter.

"The Lord Is Risen"

The Fact. Once every week in the year, according to the Christian calendar, one day is set apart and observed as a day of religious observance and rest from ordinary daily toil. That day is Sunday, the first day of the week. From ancient times the Jewish people, according to the law given through Moses, have set apart and observed the seventh day of the week for the same purposes. Very few people have ever acquainted themselves with the reason why the Christian world observes the first, and not the seventh, day of the week for rest and religious observance. The answer, and only true answer, is that the first, and not the seventh, day of the week marks the weekly anniversary of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead.

There is no other fact in human history so frequently and emphatically testified to each week of the year throughout the world as the resurrection of Christ. Well may Dr. A. H. Strong say: "The resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ—by which we mean his coming forth from the sepulchre in body as well as in spirit—is demonstrated by evidence as varied and as conclusive as that which proves to us any single fact of human history. Without it Christianity itself is inexplicable, as is shown by the failure of all modern theories to account for its rise and progress."

Its Lessons. Says Canon Liddon: "The literal resurrection of Jesus was the cardinal fact upon which the earliest preachers of Christianity based their appeal to the Jewish people. St. Paul, writing to a Gentile Church, expressly makes Christianity answer with its life for the literal truth of the resurrection. 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your

faith is also vain. . . . Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.' (I Cor. 15:14, 18). Some modern writers would possibly have reproached St. Paul with offering a harsh alternative instead of an argument. But St. Paul would have replied, first, that our Lord's honor and credit were entirely staked upon the issue, since He had foretold His Resurrection as the 'sign' which would justify His claims (Matt. 12:39, 40); and, secondly, that the fact of the resurrection was attested by evidence which must outweigh everything except an 'a priori' conviction of the impossibility of miracle, since it was attested by the word of more than two hundred and fifty living persons who had actually seen the Risen Jesus (I Cor. 15:6).

"Christ, although crucified and slain, is yet the Leader or Prince (or 'Author') of Life (Acts 3:15). That He should be held in bondage by the might of death was impossible (Acts 2:24). The heavens *must* receive Him (Acts 3:21), and He is now the Lord of all things (Acts 10:36). It is He Who from His heavenly throne has poured out upon the earth the gifts of Pentecost (Acts 2:33). His name spoken on earth has a wonder-working power (Acts 3:6); as unveiling His nature and office, it is a symbol which faith reverently treasures, and by the might of which the servants of God can relieve even physical suffering (Acts 3:16). As a refuge for sinners the name of Jesus stands alone; no other name has been given under heaven among men whereby the one true salvation can be guaranteed to the sons of men (Acts 4:12). Here St. Peter clearly implies that the religion of Jesus is the true, and universal, and absolute religion."

He who disbelieves in the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead disbelieves in one of the most fully established facts in all history. And he who so disbelieves cuts himself off from an acceptance of the fact that actually certifies the divine validity of all the teachings and claims and commandments of the Son of God. As St. Paul says, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

While the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ establishes the fact of the full effectiveness of his atonement for the sins of the world, and furnishes the ground and assurance of our own resurrection, and proves the divine validity of his teachings and commandments, its chief accomplishment is discovered in its revelation of his deity. He repeatedly made claim to such deity during the days of his ministry in the flesh; and it cannot be successfully denied that—such being the case—as He was subsequently raised

from the dead by that very God the Father with Whom He always claimed to be essentially and eternally one, by that fact He was proved to be very God of very God. For God, Who raised His Son from the dead, would not—nay, could not—have raised Him if He had not been the very one whom He had claimed Himself to be—not merely "a son" but—the Son of God in the most unique and exclusive sense of that term!

With this clear view and understanding of "the Truth," of Him who once declared himself to be "I AM, . . . the Truth," in the full light of the glory of the resurrection morn, we may well join with the immortal Charles Wesley in his thrilling words:

"Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see:
Hail, incarnate Deity!"



* * *

A Resurrection In Me

It would be a pity to let this season of the special remembrance of Christ's resurrection pass without a renewal by prayer and meditation of the spiritual life in our own souls. The very joy of the contemplation of the eternal life ought to bring a waking of our love for God and man and a widening and deepening of our life while here on earth. The *Epworth Outlook* puts the thought beautifully before us:

"Is there anything dead in me that needs a resurrection? Is faith in God dead? Is belief in prayer dormant? Have I talents wrapped in the graveclothes of disuse? Has my interest in humanity grown emotionless? Have I lost the joy of living so that I wake with no gladness to front a new day? Is my heart cold to the claims of friendship, so that I chill those who would fain give me love? Is there no response when duty beckons me to follow? Then truly I have need of resurrection. Let me haste to implore the only One who can 'raise me from the dead.' Beyond a show of doubt He will speak to me, as to Lazarus, the potent 'Come forth.'"

* * *

At the Feet of Jesus

A stirring address was made at a recent meeting in Philadelphia by Major Lauchlan MacLean Watt, chaplain of the Second Gordon Highlanders, who is pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh. In closing he said:

"What is the war going to mean? It must mean the assurance of liberty for the ages. It must mean the putting down of that arrogance

and cruelty that have broken the heart of civilization.

"You'll never win that victory, American people, by talking. It will take the bravest effort of our empire and the bravest effort of your federated States to beat down that arrogance and prevent it from raising its head again.

"America—men and women—before victory comes to us, we must prostrate ourselves at the feet of Jesus, those dear feet that were wounded for us. Prostrate on our faces we must seek His help that we may face in His strength the struggle that is imminent, and the sorrows that may befall. Only He can give us the strength that will meet these things. On Him you must rely. His aid you must seek."

* * *

The Liberty Loan Honor Flag

The third Liberty Loan, the campaign for which is to start on April 6, will be, as before, an appeal to the loyal Americans of every station in life to do something for our Government, and so for our boys at the front, and to do it now. Surely every one must heed the appeal of our country, and respond either through the buying of Liberty Bonds or War-Saving Certificates or Thrift Stamps.

To speed up the campaign, every city or town in the country which subscribes more than its quota of Liberty bonds will be awarded by the Treasury Department an Honor Flag.

The flag will be 36 inches wide and 54 inches long. The body of the flag will be white with a broad red border, and three broad blue vertical stripes denoting the Third Loan. The flags, which will be of the same quality as the flags of the Navy, are already being manufactured and will be awarded as fast as the right to fly them is won. Though awarded by the Treasury Department, they will be distributed by the Liberty loan committees of the different districts.

There will also be a National Honor Flag for each State, to be flown at the State capitol, with the name of each town winning a flag inscribed upon it. There will be also preserved in the United States Treasury a National Honor Flag, with the record of each State recorded on it.

Stars, to be placed on the flag of each city or town doubling its quota, will be also awarded, and an additional star for each time the quota is doubled.

An Honor Roll, containing the names of all subscribers, but not the amount of the individual subscriptions, will be kept in each community. A window card, bearing a representation of the Honor Flag, will be given each subscriber to the loan, to be displayed at the home or place of business.

* * *

Thirty-Seven Years of Christian Endeavor

Dr. Francis E. Clark, the President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, writes a very pleasant letter recognizing the friendly attitude of the AMERICAN MESSENGER towards the Christian Endeavor movement and speaking of the excellent expositions of the weekly prayer meeting topic which appear in our columns each month. He encloses some items concerning the work of that Society for thirty-seven years, which are exceedingly interesting:

1. More than one hundred thousand societies built on the Christian Endeavor plan, in thirty-seven years, nearly four-fifths of which bear our interdenominational name.

2. Fifteen millions of members trained in some degree for Christian service and in the practice of Christian fellowship.

3. One hundred million prayer-meetings held, each of which has exerted some influence for

good, and given opportunity for the expression of the religious life.

4. Hundreds of thousands of committees formed, which have committed some form of definite, voluntary welfare work to these millions of young Christians.

5. Tens of thousands of union meetings and conventions held, varying in size from a few score to fifty thousand in attendance, thus vastly promoting the fellowship of the denominations.

6. Societies formed in practically every land and every evangelical denomination; over one hundred countries and their colonies and over one hundred distinct denominations in this list.

7. Uplift and rescue work undertaken for and by soldiers, sailors, and in hospitals, prisons, fresh air camps, in engine houses, on street corners, and in every conceivable place of opportunity.

8. Some forty weekly or monthly Christian Endeavor publications, in a dozen languages, and a large library of helpful literature published.

9. An eager response, since the war began, to the country's call for food production and economy, for Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A. work, etc.

10. A hundred thousand Endeavorers in training camps or at the front, and societies formed in cantonments, regiments, and naval quarters.

11. This last year the best of all the thirty-seven, in increase and efficiency, in most of the countries from which the war allows us to obtain reports.

* * *

"That They May Be One."

The American Tract Society has from its beginning, ninety-three years ago, stood for Christian union, a working together of all denominations for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Christ and the saving of men. The world is moving, the Church of Christ is coming to have this vision also. In some of our mission fields the duplication of workers and buildings is being obviated by a union of forces or so apportioning the work that only one denomination occupies a given territory. Dr. F. Mason North recently declared that the time has come for each denomination to consider whether "in the new fires of the time the barriers which separate denominations may not be burned away."

In work for our Army and Navy the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross are fine illustrations of what can be done when we sink differences and exalt the points on which we all agree. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is working along the same line in carrying on distinctly religious work for our soldiers and sailors. From that organization comes word of the opening of a chapel and parish house at Camp Upton, which we are glad to publish in the interests of Christian unity:

On Sunday, February 24, there took place at Camp Upton a remarkable service. It was the opening of the new church headquarters on ground adjoining the administration building of the Young Men's Christian Association and just opposite the building of the Knights of Columbus. The building, which consists of an attractive chapel, with a parish house adjoining, was erected by a committee, of which the Rev. John F. Carson, D. D., was chairman, representing six different communions: the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, the Lutherans, the Methodists, and the Presbyterians. The building is designed to provide a place for those religious services which require more quiet and detachment than is easily obtainable in the buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus, which must serve

other interests as well. It is open freely, as far as time and space will permit, to all the religious bodies represented in the camp. This fact was impressively recognized in the opening service, in which all the religious interests were represented—regular and voluntary chaplains, Protestants, Jews and Catholics, as well as the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus. The meeting was addressed by the commanding general, who expressed his cordial sympathy with the project, and paid an impressive tribute to the contribution of the religious forces to the morale of his troops. Music was furnished by a choir of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the orchestra of the 152d Depot Brigade. The service was largely attended and most impressive.

The significant thing about this service is the fact that it involved no sacrifice of principle on the part of any of the participants. The Upton building is not a union church; it is a headquarters of the churches where each communion in its own way may make provision for those more intimate needs of the personal religious life which cannot be adequately cared for in a larger gathering which includes all. It is an impressive exhibition of the unity in diversity for which democracy stands. What has been going on in Camp Upton has been repeating itself in various ways in the different cantonments and training stations throughout the country, and what is more encouraging, in the religious bodies which are represented in the work which has been carried on there. During the months that are past, in quiet and unobtrusive ways, much has been done toward unifying the efforts of the churches in a constructive program of co-operative work.

* * *

Delay in the Mails

We are constantly receiving letters saying that the AMERICAN MESSENGER does not reach its subscribers on time. A minister in Missouri says that it does not reach him until the middle of the month, so that he loses the help he needs for two Christian Endeavor meetings. Another in South Carolina says: "We use the Christian Endeavor page in our meetings, but the paper usually comes too late for one of the meetings, sometimes for two. Would it be possible to send my paper a little earlier?" A third in South Dakota says that the paper comes a month late.

We are not delaying the printing or sending out of the AMERICAN MESSENGER from the New York end. We bring it out just as promptly as we have done in years past. Therefore the complaints of our subscribers must be due to delays in transportation. Probably in the pressure for the shipping of food stuffs and materials of all kinds needed for manufacturing and for export, mail-trains which carry second-class matter, by which we mean papers and magazines, are held back or in some way delayed in order to give freight and express trains right of way.

This being so, we ask our readers to be patient. We are passing through a crisis time in our country, and if our own privileges and pleasures are interfered with we must be patriotic and bear it with cheerfulness.

We are sending out this issue several days in advance of the usual time, hoping that it will reach all our readers before Easter Sunday. We hope it will bring a special message of hope and cheer to every one who receives it. Meanwhile, if anything can be done to expedite the sending of future numbers we will find a way.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



REV. G. ERNEST MERRIAM.

THE CROSS OF THE CHRISTIAN

BY

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

Minister of Calvinistic Congregational Church, Fitchburg, Massachusetts



FRIEND of the writer, a physician, once spoke with great enthusiasm of a sermon which he had heard in his youth. Sermons are so seldom remembered that this seemed an opportunity to be seized. Who preached the sermon, and when, and where? Was it replete with illustrations? Was it epigrammatic? Was it notable for its logical sequence? Strangely enough, such questions brought only a negative answer. This man who had been so greatly impressed must needs confess that he had forgotten the name of the preacher, was not quite sure of the place or the time when he had listened so eagerly, could not repeat the text or the theme or the outline, or even a single outstanding metaphor or illustration. A full confession elicited the fact that one sentence only had been characterized on mind and heart, and woven into the very life of the hearer. It was the sentence with which the speaker had begun and also had concluded his address. And these were the words—worthy of being written in the memory book of each and all—"The world has nothing but contempt for the Christian who comes down from his cross."

This single sentence not only made a lasting impression upon at least one hearer, but indirectly upon many others, for it has been quoted since again and again by the writer, with the result that it has been re-echoed later in conversation with his parishioners. It almost seems that no one can hear it without catching something of its challenge, without feeling something of its irony. And it is true—the world has nothing but contempt for the Christian who comes down from his cross. The Jews of old asserted that if the Master would come down from the cross they would believe on Him. Would it have been so? Quite otherwise. Greater miracles than this He had wrought, and they had not believed on Him. To have come down would have shown, possibly, superhuman strength, but it would not have proven His teachings concerning Himself or the great Father whom He represented. He could have come down as a question of power. He could not come down as a matter of principle. And because He did not come down, the cross has been wrought into the architecture of the world, into the fabric of history, into the warp and woof of human existence.

The supreme command of the Master was, to him who would be His disciple, "Let him take up his cross and follow Me." What was this cross which He himself bore up the steep of Calvary and which others must needs bear after him? Was it not a cross of suffering, of submission, of service, and above all else of sympathy? We think of the suffering often; that is, His suffering, but how seldom do we link it with our own! And the same is to be said of the toil of the hands and of the outpourings of the heart of love and of obedience.

By the cross we measure the pain that He endured, the physical pain, the mental pain. We do not like to look upon those paintings of Tissot which, ranged one after the other in the art gallery of the Brooklyn Institute, reproduce for us the agonies of the crucifixion. It is a sight that should make the strongest shudder and the weakest turn away. Are we blinded by the glory of it all or are we ashamed that to so little a degree we have been partakers of His sufferings? Think of the blows that He received, the taunts to which He listened, and even of the crown of thorns and the cruel, cruel nails! It ought to drive away base ingratitude and to spur us on to high endeavor. Perchance we might even rejoice in the suffering we ourselves are called upon to endure.

Frederick Robertson of Brighton, in his final illness, said that it was easier for him to bear his own pain as he looked upon the thorn-crowned head of the Christ (probably that of Da Vinci). There is something noble in such suffering. Bishop Latimer, in a letter to Ridley, wrote, "Pardon me and pray for me, I say, for I am sometimes so fearful, that I would creep into a mouse-hole." And yet we find this same man saying to the same Ridley, his fellow-martyr, when both were fastened to the stake with the faggots heaped about them, already ablaze and singeing the flesh, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley. Play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Here indeed is one who stayed upon his cross. Can you? Can I? Remember, to complain is to come down. That was the view of the Christ; it is the world's view; it must needs be ours. The Christ did not come down. Can we say as much?

The cross of the Christ was also the cross of submission. He said, "I came not to do my own will but the will of Him that sent me." Of Him it is written that He came "emptying Himself" and "despising the shame." His was a life of submission, not alone to suffering, but to lesser things; submission to petty trials, misunderstanding, obedience to the laws of God and of man, those laws which were framed in the beginning when He was with God and when by Him were all things made and without Him nothing was made which was made, and all those other laws of conventionality or of state and society which were regnant in His day. He submitted to what losses, what bereavements, as that of Lazarus, and what betrayals—not alone that of Judas, but of Peter who denied and of the others who followed afar off. This was the monument of the Christ, not only that He died upon the cross but that He lived the life of crucifixion.

What other has left so indestructible a monument as this? The traveler enters into St. Paul's in London and looks upon the words, "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*"—"If you seek a monument, look about you." That building, planned by his mind, carried out under his instruction, his great masterpiece—what better

monument than this could any one desire. It becomes emblematic of the man. Equally symbolical is the monument erected to the Father of his Country upon the banks of the Potomac. Yet even this monument pales before that of the simple cross, cut in marble, chiseled in granite, or moulded in the bronze. How often you see it in the cemeteries of to-day! I wonder what it means. Does it mean a simple trust in the cross that has become historic, in the death and life and power of the risen Lord—as it were a statement of a creed—or does it tell something of the life of the one over whose grave it is erected? Surely we have a right to expect the latter as well as to look for the former. But do we feel that, if the end of life should come to us now, we would be worthy of such a monument as this?

Is this the meaning of the cross to us?

The cross of the Nazarene was one likewise of service. He came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He was known as a carpenter, indeed as "the carpenter." Are we to understand by this that he was known, not merely in the village but at great distance, as the best of carpenters, the one to be trusted, the one whose work was both painstaking and finished? I doubt it not. Here too was submission, for surely His daily task must have been a trial when life loomed before Him in terms that were unknown to any other mortal who lived in Palestine, or indeed in the whole world. But His service, as we think of it now, is not to be counted in blows of the mallet or in the handling of the saw. Rather it is summed up in this, "He went about doing good." This is the epitome of His days, His biography in miniature. His was a life of helpfulness, yet how unappreciated! Even His mother and Joseph could not understand Him when in those early days He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Honest, faithful, unremitting, how many have followed in His pathway?

Unconsciously there have been thousands who have borne this cross. Think of Colonel Waring as he trains his "White-wings" to service, whether in the great metropolis or in Havana in its days of cleansing, teaching that the elimination of filth is an act of Christianity and of patriotism. So Livingstone has the vision of service; listen to his cry, "O God, help me to paint this dark continent white!" Kipling writes of the "White man's burden." Others propose and carry out a Big Brother movement. We find the Red Cross not only in the past of Cuba but in the awful, immanent present of Europe. Every decade sees service glorified in its own way. But what of your path and mine? It seems so inconspicuous, so comparatively worthless, and yet it may be in its own way very important.

Last of all, the cross of the Master was one of sympathy. We are told that Jesus died of a broken heart. This is the testimony of more than one physician. It was sympathy, suffering

with and for others, that rent the heart of Jesus on the cross. This is the meaning of the atonement, the at-one-ment, the throbbing of the heart of God with the heart of a little child. This is the meaning of His compassion, not alone for the lost, but for the wayward and the unlovely and the self-centered and the blind of heart. It is the spirit which has been re-incarnated again and again in the lives of His disciples. Consider Florence Nightingale, "the Lady of the Lamp," as in the camps of the Crimea she shows forth the eloquence of action, the beauties of that Love which is the greatest thing in the world.

Is not the Saviour nearest of all to the man in the gutter, to the woman who is an outcast, to the heart filled with grief and lust and uncontrollable passion? Alas, that such a one is unconscious of this fact and so practically is farther away! The gulf has been self-made, but it is there and will be bridged over only as it is done by you or by me. In the presence of all such, you and I should hear a voice saying, "The whole have no need of a physician." Be forbearing, be forgiving, be transforming, "not weary in well doing."

In the glass factories, they say, there is certain work for which no instrument has yet been invented because it demands the touch of the human hand, and there is a work that can be done only by the touch of the cross, the cross of the Christ or the cross of the Christian. And the cross of the Christian is that of the good Samaritan or of the good shepherd. Again and again you and I hear its insistent call. To fail to respond to these calls as made is to come down from the cross. To become pessimistic and to say that we cannot reach these souls imprisoned in self is to refuse to see the cross. To be indifferent and not to care is to refuse to walk up the slope of Calvary.

Of old, Constantine saw the cross in the sky and thought that he read the heavenly command, "In hoc signo vinces"—"In this sign conquer." It represents the standard of Christian success; it always has been so, it always will be so. But the cross is also a testimony, a testimony to the power of suffering and of submission and of service and of sympathy. To stay upon the cross and not to come down is to conquer not only the self but the world.

Those who stood beneath the cross and could not or would not understand and who scoffed at Him—saying, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save"—were perhaps nearer the truth than they knew, because He could not find it in His heart to save Himself, when through losing self He might find others. He challenges thereby the attention of one of the centurions, a man of cruel war; for this was his testimony, "Truly this man was the Son of God!"

Thus was the cross glorified because He, the Master, stayed upon it. And for this reason, on Sunday mornings it is always "the cross at the peak." For upon our battleships, even the stars and stripes come down at the hour of religious service; and when they again ascend they are surmounted by the church flag, the white pennant with the blue cross, sign and symbol of worship. And all this because He did not come down from His cross.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free?" We sang it in our childhood; let us sing it again and let us answer, No.

But the cross is not a curse. "Via crucis, via lucis," said the ancients. Yes, and the cross is not only the way of light but of life and of leadership. When Bishop Brooks went to preach in Westminster Abbey and was asked from what text he should preach, he answered, "Text! I have but one, Jesus' words, 'I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.'" Through the cross we rise to a beauty and spirituality that we should never have known if self had not first been crucified. There could have been no Easter if there had not first been Calvary, and for us, as for Christ,

the suffering of the cross brings the Easter vision.

There is a little book which I frequently see on the stands in front of the second hand book stores. I never leave it there. I always purchase it, even if it is only to give to a comparative stranger. I do it in memory of my mother, for it contains a poem I once heard her read or recite at a village prayer-meeting in New Hampshire. It is entitled, as is the book, "The Changed Cross." It tells of one who complained of her cross, and who in a vision was led by the Master of all into a place where were many crosses from which she was bidden to select. Under this canopy of love, crosses of divers shapes and sizes were seen, among them a little one with jewels set in gold. This she took, only to find the weight too heavy for her strength. Another one with fair flowers entwined about its sculptured form proved to have thorns that made known its hidden sorrows. So one by one she proved and found them wrong, till she found that which best suited her shoulders, a cross of plainest form with words of love carved upon it, only to learn as she bore it away that it was her old cross again. The Master knows the cross He puts upon our shoulders and He gives us strength to bear it, and through it to be led through the grave of crucified self to new life "more abundantly."



The Heroism of Faith

BY REV. GEORGE S. PAYSON, D.D.

The heroism of the battlefield is fine, and we praise the heroic self-sacrifice of the soldier. But the heroism of the home, the nursery and the kitchen is finer, for it is not praised. Men take it as a matter of course. There is no enthusiasm of numbers to sustain it, as when a regiment or a brigade rushes upon the foe and all are shouting, "Hurrah boys! Over the top and at them!"

The mother, the nurse and the cook receive no notice in the public prints, but the patience and pluck of self-sacrifice are demanded in the kitchen and in the nursery, and are given there as well as on the battlefield. And for the reason that this silent heroism is unheralded and unsung, it is more commendable than much that receives the adulation of the world.

Still nobler is the heroism of faith. Abraham was a pioneer in faith, and met the taunts and sneers of unbelievers with the dauntlessness of a heroic pioneer. And many a hidden life is tested and tried and proved heroic by the constancy of a faith like that of Christ upon the cross, who in the face of everything that seemed to scoff at such a faith—the injustice and wrongs and perfidy which He bore in His person on the tree—still held fast to the conviction that God was His Father, loving, good and almighty. Did not His resurrection prove this constancy of faith the most heroic element of strength and of the life that is life indeed?

Often we see obscure lives that illustrate the perseverance of the saints and we are led anew to admire the wisdom of the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." There is an aged woman, eighty-seven years old, who keeps lodgers to eke out the limited allowance which her denominational Board of Relief sends for her support. Last summer she lived each week on two loaves of bread and a little tea. Too feeble to sweep her five rooms while standing, she went down on her hands and knees and swept them. In order to make the beds she drew a chair near, spread the sheets and rested; then spread the other coverings and rested; and finally put the pillows in place. Yet recently she wrote these words of undaunted faith:

"So now, if hope and courage fail, and only fear is strong, My heart will sing, as in the past, the unforgotten song— 'God is my Refuge and my Strength,' I will not be afraid; And though the night be wild and dark, I'll meet it undismayed."

The heroism of a faith like this is the finest

product of human discipline, and discipline is the development of a disciple.

The vital and victorious faith of Christ is emulated by all who love God and who strive to live and to serve as He lived and served. And though few may illustrate the power of Christian faith as admirably as this old lady, it tends to heroism of the highest type in every humble soul that cherishes it.



"Fag Ends for God"

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE

"S. O. S." and "Fag Ends For God" were the subjects advertised for morning and evening service in the pulpit of a city church on a recent Sunday. Again and again they have recurred to my mind as I thought of the neglect of public worship by many Christian people. Many are giving the brightest and best Sabbath days to pleasure and physical refreshment and are attending church only occasionally if at all.

At a gathering of ministers the discussion centered in the question whether nature could exalt a man to true worship. "Whether mountains and forests can rouse the impulse of praise and adoration is not the practical question: the real question is 'Do they?'" said one minister. "Do the pleasure parties which spend the Sabbath day in the park feel that the groves were God's first temples? Do those who visit the beach glorify God by their worship there?"

"Too much automobile, I guess," was the response of one church member, when he was asked why he did not attend services. The answer was lightly made, but when the doors of the house of the Lord are shut, by his own act, to any human being, the condition is alarming. That soul might appropriately send out the S. O. S. call.

From an early time in their history, faithfulness to the house of God was recognized by the Jews as very closely allied to faithfulness to God himself. The Psalms give beautiful expression to this loyalty to the house of Jehovah.

Luke says, "He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." The personal habit of Jesus is indicated here by a little phrase, apparently dropped almost by accident—"as his custom was." His habit included attending and participating in the service. Here, too, is a thought for us. Perfunctory church-going is not enough. The presence of the spirit as well as the body is requisite. As Phillips Brooks once expressed it, "When the procession of your powers goes up to worship in the temple, leave not the noblest of them all behind to cook the dinner and to keep the house. Give your intelligence to God."



Burdens

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

*If life moved onward like a placid stream
With naught to vex or pain or to annoy;
If sun ne'er knew eclipse, or if the moon
Hid not its face behind some passing cloud;—
If day by day the quiet joys of life
Palled by their sameness, would our souls not
miss*

*The thrill of viet'ry that has feared defeat?
The harvest never would be so complete
If furrowing plowshares had not first been laid
Upon the virgin soil. Failure but spurs
To greater effort. It is this that brings
The weary laborer home at nightfall, spent,
Yet ready for the morrow's strife and toil.
There is no happiness in folded hands
To those who once have grappled against odds
And known a conqueror's joy. Thou fear not
pain,
Since they who suffer only can attain
Life's full fruition. Lift the burden then
And walk erect among your brother men.*

PRINTED PREACHERS

Saturday Night at Camp Dix

It is Saturday night; the red sun that early dropped below the horizon has brought a cold winter day to its close. Night has closed down upon the camp. Scattered over a windy plain, some three miles by four, great, ugly, unpainted houses stand out in the twilight, and now, with the day's routine finished, thousands of the dwellers in these shacks, virile young men, are free to do as they please, within certain limitations. This is one of our Cantonments and these embryo soldiers are the boys from our homes. Many of them are thinking of other Saturday nights of only a few short weeks ago, and of other houses, so different from the bare Army barracks.

It is only six o'clock, but mess is over and already the men are coming in. Here is one who wants a money order: he is sending his pay to his mother. This one wants a library



A TENT LIBRARY

book, and that one a set of checkers; here comes a couple who want a quiet corner where they can play chess. By-and-by the whole place resounds with the noise of indoor hockey and the thud of the punching bag is heard in the land. Very soon the none too comfortable benches are filling up; groups are sitting round chatting, some are writing letters, here and there a lonely man is day-dreaming.

Then one of the secretaries in charge mounts the platform and leads the crowd in singing the songs which have been distributed in sheet form. How they do sing, "The Yanks Are Coming," "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Uncle Sam He Needs the Infantry!"

Promptly on the hour, with a soldier at the piano and another running the machine, the movies begin. Tonight the first film is a comic one and for a time, at least, other things are forgotten, as peal after peal of laughter is interspersed with humorous, good natured comment. You'd think a pack of youngsters was sitting out there in the dark. But it's very quiet when the next reel begins



A WARM WELCOME AT THE CAMP DIX Y. M. C. A.

to unwind. It's the battle front in Italy and they are seeing some of the scenes in which very soon they may be actors.

On this particular night the secretary has discovered among the workmen one who has seen over two years of service in Gallipoli and France. For half an hour he tells of trench warfare, and miraculous escapes in the midst of hellish battles, and again the men realize what is before them.

The show is now over, most of the men wander back to their barracks, perhaps taking along a library book to read in their bunks till taps sounds; a few linger, and as likely as not share in a box of home-made cookies some mother has sent to the camp that day. Soon all are gone and the secretaries, forming a broom brigade, sweep the floor so that the place is clean for Sunday morning.—William D. Murray, in *Association Men*.



Patriot Libraries Popular

The Rev. Robert Scott Inglis, D.D., writes from Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa:

"I am in camp in the service of our Presbyterian War Commission. I note the presence of the Patriot Library in some of the Y. M. C. A. libraries. Of the set of twenty volumes in one of the buildings ten volumes were out, which

was a larger proportion than of any other books."

That is the best possible recommendation of the books, a practical one. Every one of the story books in the library has a high purpose. One is a telling temperance story, two others are stories of missionary work, and the rest are an inspiration for good to every young fellow. Good clean fiction and books of travel and earnest, practical religious talks—they are just what the boys need, and that is what the American Tract Society is giving them.



Among the Slavs in Pennsylvania

Mr. John Martinco has for many years been distributing the evangelical publications of the American Tract Society among his fellow-countrymen of Slavic origin in the State of Pennsylvania. In a recent report he writes:

"During the last month my entire time was spent around the vicinity of Pittsburgh. I believe that missionary colporteur work is more needful and more helpful at the present time than ever before. It also presents certain difficult complications because we have in this region a mixture of different nationalities, and therefore a colporteur has to be very careful wherever he goes not to discuss the war but to turn the minds of the people to something else. However, it is not easy to do this, especially when you find a mother whose son is in the training camp or already in France. There are many mothers who bear the separation from their sons heroically, but not all, and such need help and comfort in their distress. But who can better carry a message of comfort than the missionary colporteur? Indeed, there is scarcely any one else who can render this service.

"In one home a lady told me how pleased she was with the little book she had secured from me on a previous visit. It was entitled, 'Without God in the World.' In another home I had a long conversation with two men, who finally took some of the Christian literature I carried."



ONE OF MANY CAMP LIBRARIES AT FORT THOMAS, KY.

LIGHT IN PLACE OF DARKNESS

By Pearl Howard Campbell

IT is interesting to note how many passages of our Lord's teaching refer to life. "I am come that they might have life more abundant," "I am the Resurrection and the life." And so we might go on. We believe in the Incarnation, in the Life made flesh that dwelt among us, in the life after death with Him.

Thus the Church which He founded has stood for life and light in sharp contrast to the religions of the past and the unreligion of the present which lives for to-day and has no hope for to-morrow. Neither Roman mythology nor Grecian philosophy held out any hope for those who mourned.

Death to the pagan was not the portal to a larger, more perfect life, but either the end of all things or else the beginning of an unspeakably dreary existence. The rock of death lies heavy upon the heathen world to-day. Evil spirits that pursue the freed soul, relentless gods that hold it in torment, or personality and will destroyed by absorption into the god-head itself, these are the states of future life to which the dying pagan looks forward.

How different is our sure and certain knowledge of "those halls of Zion, all jubilant with song," where wait the blessed dead. It is our Father's House, of which Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you." We know that the life which had its beginning here shall find its continuation there, if we are faithful. And we have good reason to believe that nothing which we hold dear in this world will be lost to us in the next.

There is a fragment of a poem by E. E. Holmes which beautifully expresses this trust.

"Thou, Abba, know'st how dear
My little child's poor playthings are to her.
Yet when she stands between my knees
To kiss good-night she does not sob in sorrow,
'Oh, father, do not break or injure them!'
She knows that I shall fondly lay them by
For happiness to-morrow.
So leaves them trustfully.
And shall not I?"

After the Resurrection the grave became a chamber of light. The rock of human misery no longer had the same power to crush and distort lives. If by some magician's wand we could see Rome at the height of its splendor a marvellously beautiful city would lie before us. Marble palaces gleam amid the green of orchards and smiling vineyards. There are temples adorned with perfect statues, there are baths the most luxurious the world has ever seen. There are courts of law, schools for the education of both boys and girls; there are even libraries, theatres and places of amusement.

Yet we shall look in vain for any single building devoted to the alleviation of misery. Homes for the insane and the feeble-minded, schools for the blind, hospitals, orphanages, there are none. Slavery, exposure of children, infanticide, inhuman treatment of prisoners, shameless laxity in regard to marriage and divorce—these are some of the things that flaunt themselves boldly in the streets of old Rome.

As the religion of Christ which is based upon love grew in power and influence, suffering, as a matter of course, grew less. There has been cruelty enough in the past ages known only to the God who alone knows all the "comfortless troubles of the poor," and cruelty still exists; but pain and suffering do not bring the hopeless misery the world witnessed before the coming of our Lord.

When the war in Europe began there were

not wanting those who boldly stated that this stupendous catastrophe was the rock that would crush Christianity. "Darkness has conquered light," said the prophets of evil. "Might is greater than right." Yet has it proven so? Quite the contrary. Everywhere there are signs of an awakened spiritual life.

France, which was in danger of becoming a nation of agnostics, is once more being evangelized, while from Belgium, crushed and trampled under foot, comes this story. At the close of day when the German gunners were firing their sunset salute a little company of children, thin, half-famished little waifs from a cellar school, made their way homeward under the watchful eyes of a company of Belgian soldiers. Nearer still and nearer to the defenceless little ones fell the rain of death. Then the eldest, Marie, led her companions to a wayside shrine and began the Lord's Prayer.

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," lisped the children. "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive—"

Over this petition they faltered, those little Belgian girls who had shared the sufferings of their country and lost, some of them, all that they held dear, homes and loved ones, through the invasion of Germany, and lifted accusing eyes to their leader.

And then the tall soldier in the worn old uniform who lingered, listening, came out of the shadows. "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," said Albert, the King.

John R. Mott said after one of his trips to Europe that he did not find a single selfish man or woman. "Holland has six millions of Dutch people, but two days after the fall of Antwerp they had taken in two million Belgian refugees. Little Holland is helping to bear the burden of a war with which she had nothing to do and saying nothing about it."

The Risen Christ is still the conqueror. Nothing can dim His glory, and that light must continue to shine until all the darkened places of earth and the hearts of men are made light.



In the Realm of Eternal Spring

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

Down where the little brook ripples over the rocks and the sunlight sparkles and shines along its banks, the grass once more has sprung, and after winter's bareness, a soft, green carpet has seemingly been spread across the world.

From tall swaying trees joyous bird-notes float out filling the air with melody, while here and there a flower lifts its face to a gentle breeze that wafts the sweet perfume abroad.

Spring, the beautiful season of resurrection, floods the world.

The awakening call has stirred within the hearts of all beings as well as in the inanimate things. The blooming flowers and mantle of green, the tiny-winged creatures with song after song swelling their throats and bursting forth into notes of gladness, proclaim that it is so. And as the fresh green, the perfume of flowers and the gay melodies whisper to us of the springtime, just so the season speaks of the resurrection that shall some day dawn for us all.

Only sleeping, as when the flowers seemingly bid good-night to the world and fade away until the time of blooming again . . . only sleeping then are we, as with tired eyes we bid farewell to scenes below.

Awaiting what? A resurrection so glorious,

an awakening so divine, that the whole world, filled with its garlands of flowers and loveliest song and flooded with golden sunlight, must sink into oblivion as we stand awed on the threshold of that great resurrection.

And then, for those prepared to pass up higher, shall come into view the great white throne, and angels clothed in pure white shall sing forever there.

Yes, the golden city, not made by hands, awaits the soul-awakening, and there a perpetual springtime that shall neither sleep nor slumber, where flowers cannot fade nor glorious song grow still.

And the heavenly gate stands open, and angels clothed in white beckon from over there.

Shall we turn our faces upward and follow in the footpath that will lead us safe beyond earth's transient season, and into that realm of eternal spring?

Somewhere the flowers bloom
Never to fade again,
Somewhere sweet voices blend
Quite free from earthly pain.

Somewhere 'tis always spring.
There, where the sun shines bright,
Some day our souls shall wake,
In God's eternal light.



Out of the Shadow

BY GRACE E. CRAIG

*The waning light fell softly through the tinted panes,
And the Good Friday hush lay heavily
Upon the congregation watching through the hours
When the Lord Christ hung on the cruel tree.*

*The preacher, wise and strong to comfort troubled souls,
Looking upon the throng of waiting folk,
Saw there before him in the faces lifted up
An urgent plea for cheer, and gently spoke.*

*"Christ died that day," he said, "upon the shameful cross,
And, to those watching near, it seemed the end,
The end of all His claims, of all the loving hopes
Which they had cherished for their tender Friend.*

*"But in the ages since that hour by darkness swept
The opened eyes of men have come to see
That the dear Christ drew nearest to His human kin
There in His bitter time of agony.*

*"The world might doubt a God Who knew not grief nor pain,
A God enthroned behind the sky's bright veil,
But to a Christ Who died on lonely Calvary
It turns, assured of love that will not fail.*

*"So, though the travail of these darkened, war-torn years
Must cause our souls to shrink and hearts to bleed,
And, though we may be called to sacrifice supreme,
Be sure there is a help for all our need,*

*"And, when the path is roughest, we shall always find,
Outstretched to aid, the sympathetic hands
Of the sweet Christ, Who walked in tears earth's saddest ways
And all of earthly sorrow understands."*

*He ceased, and through the holy dimness of the church
Sounded the music of the organ's voice,
And, blent with it, a whisper, "On the cross I bore
Man's grief; with Me he shall at last rejoice."*

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Africa's Need

Africa has not been neglected so long by the rest of the world because it is insignificant, for it is the largest of all the continents of the world. Even in this day of a new world knowledge and a new world consciousness, however, few persons get any conception of its size. The United States, Europe, China, and India could be placed on the surface of Africa and there would be room to spare. It contains approximately 140,000,000 people talking 500 languages and 300 dialects. It is surrounded by oceans; and its different districts are isolated by deserts and swamps. It is cursed by plagues of disease-bearing insects and exploited by the rest of the world until it has become known largely as a land of the shadow of death. Only within the memory of this generation has it come definitely into the thinking of the world as a large factor in world politics and world evangelization. . . .

There have been political changes in the continent due to the war, and in some mission areas these changes will call for radical readjustment. The Moslem advance continues southward unabated and is a serious menace to the pagan tribes among whom it is finding a place. After the war, there is bound to be a new era of thought with reference to most things, and with reference to missions along with other things. The Church should be in the forefront of that new era of thinking. In the course of the spread of missionary activity in Africa, there has not been a definite plan of evangelization for the continent as a whole and due attention to the distribution of Christian forces. This important subject cannot have attention at too early a date in the interest of the most advantageous occupation of the continent.—*Men and Missions*.

A Japanese Christian Giver

Baron Morimura is a man of wealth and a sincere Christian. It was he who, during the great Japanese Evangelistic Campaign which closed last year, financed the newspaper evangelism which brought Christian teaching daily to about six million readers. In 1917 Baron Morimura gave one hundred thousand dollars to establish a chair of Christianity in the Imperial University at Tokyo. This university has been known as a centre of materialism and agnosticism.

No Toys in Korea

The simple matter of toys for the children, alone, would make the life of the Korean children happier and richer. Do you know that there are in Korea no children's toys to speak of? Take the toys out of your own children's life and imagine the bareness and emptiness. No wonder the children come to know sin in some of its worst forms, for they have nothing else to do and the Devil finds work for these young hands as well as for older ones that are not kept occupied.—*The Korea Mission Field*.

A Yale Hospital

A new hospital, to be used as a teaching hospital in connection with the Hunan-Yale College of Medicine at Changsha, China, has been given at the cost of \$170,000 by a Yale graduate. It is of brick, with re-enforced concrete floors, is steam heated and electric lighted, and is to accommodate 120 patients.

A "Self-Going Buggy"

While in America Mr. C. L. Phillips, missionary in Korea, received as a gift a Ford automobile. It is a great help and a pleasure to himself and others. He says:

"We have given many rides to Koreans who have never been in a car before. You can always tell that kind by the way he climbs into the machine. He will in-

variably take off his shoes and leave them outside on the running board before he enters. One man whom we took for a ride the other day did this without our noticing, and when he got ready to alight his shoes were gone! One dear old grandma, eighty-nine years old, was most appreciative. When we put our aged friend down at the door of her thatched cottage she turned around to us and said, 'I am not going to thank you. This isn't your automobile anyway. I'll give thanks when I say my prayers to-night.'"

Mrs. Yamamuro of Japan

The wife of Colonel Yamamuro, the

story: A woman came home with a little book which she gave to her ten-year-old boy. He asked where she got it, and she replied that she had bought it of a stranger on the train for one sen (a half a cent). The boy was fascinated with the book and read it again and again. The book was the Gospel of Mark. When fifteen, the boy went to the Middle School and there told how his interest in Christianity had been aroused by reading the little book. He was given a copy of the New Testament which he read from cover to cover, but always loving his "little book" best, and expressing a desire to be like the early Christians whose story was told in Acts. At seventeen he heard his first sermon at a mis-

most dignified of its bishoprics to be filled by one of the Japanese race, Bishop Boutflower intends to stay on, if he be wanted as suffragan to that bishop, with charge of work among Europeans in that diocese.

Here is a Christian humility such as must challenge the admiration of the world. Voluntarily to give up his diocese, and then humbly to serve as assistant to a newly consecrated bishop much his junior and of another race, is one of the noblest things recorded in modern missionary annals.

Houseboats as Seminaries

The Los Angeles Bible Institute, called "A Modern School of Prophets" by religious newspapers, has lately established itself in the province of Honan, China. Its work is done by means of houseboats in which the students travel and pursue their studies, propagating the gospel in houseboats and towns. It is proposed to increase the fleet to twelve boats and to erect also an institute building, for which ground has already been purchased, where after two years' study and service on the boats, the graduates may receive another year of preparation, together with such students from other missions as may wish to take the regular institute course of intense Bible study.

The Y. M. C. A. in Egypt

There are now sixty-five Y. M. C. A. centers in Egypt, more than twenty of them being along the Suez Canal, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, while others are located far out in the desert. Supplies for the Canteen Departments for these centers have to be moved often by camel caravan. The size of the Canteen Departments can be realized from the fact that the sales for a penny or five cents average \$100,000 a month. Eighty secretaries are in charge of these Egyptian centers.

What About the Girls?

In the current number of *Asia*, Professor Nitobe, of the Imperial University in Tokyo, is quoted as having said, "The education of boys would probably have been taken care of by the government, but the girls would have fared badly without the example and inspiration of the missions."

Who Will Go?

The great cry of heaven and earth is this: "Who will go?" That is the cry that has been heard through all the centuries. God and the angels wait for a man to answer. It is God's way to work through men. It is man's way to work through methods. God does not wait on methods. He waits on men. It is man's way to work through machinery. It is God's way to work through individuals. God does not trust to policies and to politics but to persons; and through all the days and through all the nights, if we have ears to hear, we will discover this same cry which awoke this young man of the upper classes (Isaiah) and bade him respond to that call.

Isaiah stood on the threshold of his life-work with youth and talent and high purpose in his possession; and, hearing all and seeing all, he stood upon his feet and cried, "Here am I; send me." And God sent him. God sent that young man, single-handed and alone, out into the nation until his voice was heard in the lanes and streets of his native land, and men and women looked up from their selfish pleasure, saw him and heard his message, and followed along the path of service and duty and worship. It is wonderful what God can do through one young man; and I am praying as I preach that some one of you will make this same response to the call which is as personal for you as for Isaiah, and say, "Here am I; send me!"—*Hugh L. Kerr, D. D.*



POUNDING CORN IN MORTARS, UMTALI, RHODESIA, AFRICA. -

leader of the Salvation Army in Japan, died recently. She was a college woman of rare ability and sweetness, mother of a large family and co-director with her husband of the activities of the army. Twenty members of parliament, forty college professors, leading business men and members of the nobility attended her funeral. Her dying words were: "True happiness is beside the Cross of Jesus." Her diary, which was read after her decease, recorded her determination not to make herself a new garment till she was fifty years old, so that she could give her utmost to the William Booth Memorial Tuberculosis Sanatorium which was opened recently near Tokyo.

How He Will Thank Him

The Rev. K. E. Aurel, of the American Bible Society in Japan, tells the following

mission. His heart was so prepared by familiarity with the Scriptures that he quickly understood Christian truth and became an earnest Christian worker. He says: "The first thing I will do when I get to heaven and see the Lord Jesus, will be to ask Him who that foreigner is who sold my mother the Gospel, so that I may meet him to express my gratitude for that precious Book."—*Christian Link*.

A Beautiful Humility

A remarkable story comes from the Church in Japan. In order to make way for the election of a Japanese bishop, the English Bishop Cecil Boutflower, Bishop of South Tokyo, has resigned his see. But he is not expecting to retire from work in Japan. Leaving one of the

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

APRIL 7.

Bible Reading Consecration Meeting Psalm 119:9-16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Apr. 1. Bible-study. Acts 17:10-15.
T. Apr. 2. Memory work. Josh. 1:6-9.
W. Apr. 3. Meditation. Ps. 1:1-6.
T. Apr. 4. Aim of the Bible. 1 Cor. 10:1-11.
F. Apr. 5. The Word in the heart. Deut. 11:18-25.
S. Apr. 6. Obedience. Jas. 1:21-27.

These words are addressed to young men. There is a meaning in this. For habits are formed in the early years. And Bible reading is a habit.

Purpose

A young man has a right to ask for a reason when called upon to do a thing. And this is given in the ninth verse: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" He is asked to read the Bible because of its effect on his character. Matthew Arnold often said that "conduct is three-fourths of life, and the Bible is the great book of conduct." The thing demanded is important. For that which makes a man stronger, in actual living is very much worth while.

Claim

Why is this so? Certainly not because the Bible contains moral maxims of life. Other books contain these. The Psalmist's answer is, God. "With my whole heart have I sought thee." This is a wonderful statement. A young man does not get hold of it at once. But if the statement be true, the whole question of conduct is lifted to a higher level. Conduct no longer becomes a question of rules but of life. The man who lives right has the right life. And the right life is God as revealed in the Bible.

Method

Again a question: How find God in the Scripture? Two answers are given. One is suggested by the words, "Teach me thy statutes." That is, know the book. Use common sense and read the Bible as you would read any other book. Pay no attention to theories. Read it as you would read a newspaper or magazine. Read it to know what it contains. This is what Moody did for years. The result was, Gladstone said he was the greatest master of English since Bunyan. All that is meant is, use your head.

The Psalmist, however, says something about the heart: "Thy word have I laid up in my heart." Certainly, for one must be a poet as well as scientist to get much out of life. There must be the fact, plus. And the plus is conditioned upon the heart. A huge boulder is a fact. But touched by light at the sunset hour it is something more. The Bible is a book of facts. Illuminated by the Spirit shining through the heart, these facts take on a new meaning.

Results

Give a young man the Bible in this sense and what will follow?

First, he will become a very real man. He will say, "I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches." He has something inside of him that cannot be taken away.

Second, he will be a growing man. Life without will react upon his personal life as he discovers opportunities for applying the truths of the Bible. Because God comes to one through the Bible, the Bible finds a man. And it finds him by giving him a chance to test the truth in the life he actually lives.

APRIL 14.

How to Enjoy Sunday Isaiah 58:5-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Apr. 8. Enjoy Sunday by church-going. Luke 4:14-30.
T. Apr. 9. By Bible reading. Ps. 119:41-48.
W. Apr. 10. By resting. Exod. 20:8-11.
T. Apr. 11. By service. Mat. 12:9-21.
F. Apr. 12. By worship. Rev. 1:9-20.
S. Apr. 13. By Christian fellowship. 1 John 1:1-10.

There are two things about the topic for to-day that should be noticed. One

is the wording. It is not, "How to observe Sunday," but, "How to enjoy Sunday." The other is the Scripture from the Old Testament. Usually the words of Christ are quoted, the inference being that in the New Testament alone is found the correct teaching regarding the day. This is a mistake. Read these words of the prophet, and you will find in them the truth about the day. They are a commentary on the words of Christ, "The Sabbath was made for man." There is joy and strength in them.

Question

How? Let us admit the question of Sunday is up for discussion. It has always been a mooted question. It was such in the days of the prophet, also in the days of Christ. Certainly it is before the Church to-day. It is a question that will not stay down. A change has come in America, more of a change than most of us welcome. And perhaps a greater change is just ahead. Here is a question to discuss: Suppose in the prosecution of the war several million of young men cross to Europe. What influence will the "Continental Sunday" have upon them? This is a very serious question. And this is the time to think about the answer.

Affirmation

A question may be an affirmation. And such is this question. For the question is, "How enjoy Sunday?" It is assumed that the proper use of Sunday means enjoyment. And this is as it should be. For unless Sunday is for us all a rich, full day, it is not what God intends it shall be. And the Christian must see to it that the day means more for him than for the man of the world.

That it does admits of no doubt. The difficulty, however, is to make the man of the world see that it does. The solution of the Sunday question is in competition. It resolves itself into "delivering the goods." The Christian who knows his Bible and is trying to live according to its precepts knows that he has the man of the world, as regards enjoyment, "beaten a mile" when it comes to Sunday.

Failures

But all Christians are not living up to their privileges. For some the day is a sort of "fifty-fifty." It is neither a day of the world nor the Lord's day. Such Christians are living a divided life: that is, doing certain things to satisfy conscience and other things to satisfy self. And nothing is so dreary as the attempt to live with one foot in the world and the other foot in religion.

Training

Those of us who are parents have a responsibility. Our boys and girls must be made to feel that Sunday is a joyous day. More is needed than the demand that they do certain things and refrain from doing other things. There must be a blend of church with its services and the home with the life. Our children as they grow to mature years must not look back and excuse themselves on the ground of having had too much of religion when they were young.

Planning

The day must be mapped out. The routine of the week is laid aside. Because of this, the need of planning for the day is more necessary. Find time for rest, worship, and service. This is done by many fifty-two times a year. And they enjoy Sunday.

APRIL 21.

How and What to Read

Philippians 4:8; 1 Timothy 4:13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Apr. 15. Read the Bible. Deut. 17:14-20.
T. Apr. 16. Read thoughtfully. Ps. 119:17-24.
W. Apr. 17. Read for guidance. Matt. 7:24-29.
T. Apr. 18. Read history. Rom. 15:4.
F. Apr. 19. Read biography. Ruth. 1:1-18.
S. Apr. 20. Read to become wise. Prov. 2:1-11.

What a subject! Who can do anything with it in these days? Newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets must be read. For history is being made. Yet there must be a place for books.

Attitude

When the Moslem hosts were sweeping over Africa they came to Alexandria where was the great library. Should it with its countless treasures be destroyed? The decision rested with Omar. His answer was: "These books either contain what is in the Koran or something else; in either case they are superfluous." So the library was destroyed. You must feel the need of books or they will have no value for you.

To-day

Books of a certain kind, that is, historical books, will have a special value to-day. Take an illustration. Suppose at some time you became interested in the Napoleonic era and read two or three good books on that subject. What is happening now, as the map of the world is being re-made, will have a clearer meaning for you. The comparison of then and now will suggest itself at every turn.

Leaders

Changes are taking place in the policy of government. Some are perplexed because of the shift in position of such great leaders as Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George. But read two or three great biographies, for example, Morley's "Life of Gladstone," or Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln," and you come upon the fact that great leaders, because they are great, are compelled to change their positions in a crisis. Lincoln changed his position on slavery four times in five years.

Personal

The effect of good books upon conduct can be easily traced in the lives of men. One of the great agencies at work in the world to-day is the Red Cross Society. The founder of this Society was Henri Dunant, who lived in Geneva, Switzerland. The facts of his life are known by few. Yet among these facts is one of profound significance. The inspiration to begin the work came from reading the "Life of John Williams," a missionary in the South Sea Islands.

Ideas and Ideals

There is a distinction. A man of ideas does not always amount to much. But the man with ideals will count. And good books help form the ideals of life. Moncure D. Conway was telling J. S. Mill of a day in Virginia when walking along a road he came upon a sentence in Emerson that changed his view of life. Mill interrupted him and said: "Return at once to Virginia and place a monument where that thought came to you." And he was right. The thinker who gives to his fellow man a truth is a benefactor of the race. Such thinkers are within the reach of us all.

System

But to get anywhere you must have system in your reading. A given time should be set apart; a careful selection of books should be made. Confer with your pastor about them. Do not take many, for the best books need to be digested, and this requires time. Buy a book now and then. Gradually form a little library of friends on the shelf. Thumb them and mark them. And before long you will be a well-read person. Try it.

Lack of time cannot be accepted as an excuse for neglecting really important things. Every one has time to eat and sleep. Every one must take time for reading the best books, for forming helpful friendships, for doing kindnesses, for that quiet look inward which is back of all real growth. Weed out the superfluous. Omit the non-essentials. Make your life simple as you will. But take time for the things which count, which alone make life worth living.

APRIL 28

The Power of the Cross in City Slums

Luke 14:15-23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- M. Apr. 22. Slums of Sodom. Gen. 18:20-33.
T. Apr. 23. Light for the slum. Prov. 6:20-23.
W. Apr. 24. Jonah in the slums. Jonah 3:1-10.
T. Apr. 25. The cleansing stream. Ezek. 47:1-12.
F. Apr. 26. The Roman ghetto. Acts 28:16-24.
S. Apr. 27. The transforming message. 1 Cor. 2:1-5.

The subject for to-day is unfolded by the use of a story. This was a favorite method with Christ. He was a master in the use of the short story. When He tells one there can never be any doubt as to its meaning. And so this story has only to be read. Interpretation is not necessary.

Reason for Telling

He was a guest at a banquet. There was something in the attitude of the host and others present that did not appeal to Him. It was evidently a "social function"—a give and receive affair. They did not appreciate the significance of His presence. Those about the table were well groomed, well fed, and well satisfied with themselves. There was no thought of doing for others, and for others less fortunate than themselves.

Something Lacking

And this suggested the lack of something deeper in their lives. Men who are satisfied with themselves of course have no sense of personal need. And those fortunate in the possession of worldly goods too often lack this deeper sense of need. Christian workers know about this. The tough propositions are found mainly among the well-to-do. Christ secures better results with the woman of Samaria than with Nicodemus. There was a pretty thick crust on the lawyer that had to be broken. It is this thought that Jesus has in mind in the story when he mentions the excuses offered.

Something for All

Because the well-to-do have no sense of need, those less well off are to be invited. But the supper they are invited to is the same supper that had been prepared for the respectable people. This is important in the teaching of Christ. There is not a gospel for one class and another gospel for another class, but a "great supper" for all. Do not go to the slums with a sandwich, a dish of soup and a night's lodging. These things may be offered, but unless there are in addition "great suppers" the going there will not be worth while.

Preparation

So, before starting for the slums to reach the poor, be sure you have something that the poor really need. The need there as elsewhere in life is enormous. Baffled and battered as they are by life, they are all children of God. Being such, they need God. Nothing less than a great supper can satisfy them. But can you furnish this? Where have you spread this banquet? Is the church of which you are a member the place to come for such a feast? The true church of God always is. It may be located in a well-to-do residence section or in a crowded tenement section. But its great supper is the cross of Christ made of human lives inspired by the love of Christ.

Surprise

If the Church has spread such a feast, surely those who are hungry will come. Yes, if they are hungry. But the poor are not always hungry. When the art gallery with its masterpieces is opened do people flock to see the pictures? When the library with its shelves lined with books is placed at the disposal of the public is the capacity of the library taxed? Ask civic workers in these departments. No, there must be ingenuity, persistence, to secure any results. So with taking the cross to the slums. Be prepared for work and plenty of it. Here the long haul is called for, with victory often farther on.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Wake-Up Time.

BY M. T.

*Mother hen had a worried look;
She clucked from morn 'til night.
"What's the matter?" said Willow Bud;
"You seem to fuss a sight."*

*"It's getting near a certain day!
I hope they'll all hatch out."
"Don't you worry," said Willow Bud;
"They will, without a doubt."*

*"And I'll be there in a pearl-gray gown,
Lily will join us, too;
She'll wear the prettiest one of all,
'Twill be all white and new."*

*"Little green worm lies fast asleep;
I hope he knows the date,
He'll make a lovely butterfly,
If only he's not late!"*

*They all were there at wake-up time,
Bonny and bright and gay;
It made the world a lovely spot,
For it was Easter day.*

An Easter Plan.

BY MARION LOUISE TENNEY.

Toby's brother was in France with the army, while Toby, without being consulted, had been left behind. It was decidedly humiliating to be debarred simply because you were too small.

If Major Gordon had only taken him into his confidence, Toby would have proved to him that he was perfectly fit, and that he could have brought good luck to the army. Now he would be considered a slacker! He gave a yelp at the thought, which brought Marjory down the garden path on a run.

"Poor puppy, you wish you could have gone with father, too, don't you? How we miss him! And to-morrow will be Easter. How shall we get through the day without him?"

Marjory's head bent lower and lower, while two big tears trickled down her cheeks. As if perfectly understanding the situation, a cold nose was thrust into her hand.

Suddenly father's last words came to her: "Remember, Marjory, you are a soldier's daughter. Be brave and smiling and helpful for mother's sake, and that will help me to do my best 'over there.'"

Crying wasn't being brave, nor would it help any, so hastily brushing the tears away she sat in deep thought for a long time. At last her face became wreathed in smiles, and reaching over she gathered Toby into her arms with an ecstatic little hug.

"Oh, Toby, I have a perfectly beautiful plan for Easter! And you're a part of it. But I must talk it over with mother first, so you take a nap." And off she flew to the house.

"Mothers are such comfortable folks to talk to. They seem to understand children so well. Mine does anyway," said Marjory in a deep tone of conviction, after laying her plan before her mother. "Now I'll have a lovely Easter, I'm sure. And father will be so happy when he hears about it."

"The plan" did not unfold Easter morning, for mother and Marjory went to church first and saw the beautiful flowers and heard the Easter music and sermon. A lump came into Marjory's throat just once. That was when the congregation were singing, "Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day." It was father's favorite hymn. But again those stirring words came into her mind, "Remember, Marjory, you are a soldier's daughter."

Marjory could hardly finish her dinner; something inside of her kept thumping and thumping. She wanted to dance all around the table for joy.

"Couldn't I go now, mother," she said at last. "I have a great deal to do, you know. I wish you could go, too, mother! If only Harold wasn't a baby, you could, couldn't you?"

"Suppose I gather the jonquils," said mother, "and then I'll have a share in your Easter plan."

Marjory's face brightened, but as quickly fell again. "Oh, mother! I never thought how bare the windows will look without the flowers growing in them."

"But we raised them for to-day," said mother consolingly. "And think how much pleasure they will give."

It was a very happy little girl who hurried down the street in the afternoon, with Toby in one arm and the flowers

him. The doctor says it's a bad break, and that he won't be able to go to school for a month.

"Well, it was time then to go to Susie Dean's. My, wasn't she glad to see us! She hugged and hugged me, and even squeezed Toby a little, but he growled, and showed he didn't like it. It must be awful to lie on your back all the time like Susie has to. I felt so sorry for her that I gave her a big bunch of jonquils. And you ought to have seen her eyes!"

"It was growing dark then, so Toby and I hurried off. But, mother, I just had to run across the fields and leave a few flowers for Uncle Dan. His wife said he was asleep then, but I couldn't stop anyway, for Toby was growing heavier every minute."

Ruth's Mistake

BY GEORGIA L. NYMAN.

"Mamma, mamma, come quick!"

The tired mother, leaving her work of trying to make the strange new rooms look like home, came to the window, and looked out across the street. "Why, dearie," she exclaimed, "what is there to see? I see only a very dusty street, a beautiful house and garden, to be sure, but—"

"Oh, there she is now! She was on her knees, hidden behind that lovely rosebush, mamma. See! She's the little girl you wanted me to know. You thought she looked so nice, but look, she's stealing those pink roses as fast as she can pull them off the bush! She—"

"Stop, Ruth," said Mrs. Lindsay. "Doesn't she live there?"

"No, mamma," persisted Ruth, "she lives on our side of the street in a homely old house, so what is she doing in that lady's lovely garden?"

Mrs. Lindsay always liked to hear good of others. She spoke kindly of people, or else not at all.

Her eyes looked troubled as she answered, firmly: "Well, my little girl, we have been here only one day, so we know little about our neighbors, but—"

"O mamma, look!" interrupted Ruth, forgetting to be polite in her excitement. "O look! That lady is going to send those beauties over here."

A tall, motherly lady was smiling on the pretty child and whispering some message in her ear. Instantly the little girl, with delight in her errand, ran across the street.

Large pink roses overflowed her dimpled hands and even crowded up to her rosy cheeks. On she came to their very door.

When Mrs. Lindsay opened the front door, the fragrance of the roses greeted mother and child, seeming all the sweeter as the happy little girl exclaimed: "Mrs. Ayer, mamma's best friend, sent these roses over to you. And she let me pick them, too! She is coming over to see you just as soon as you get settled. So is mamma." And the child had handed over the lovely gift of neighborly welcome, with a smile that was a gift in itself.

Mrs. Lindsay drew the dear little messenger into her arms, thanking her for her kindness with a loving kiss, while Ruth stood silent, wishing to speak, but feeling so ashamed of her unkind thoughts of a few moments before that the kind words seemed to be glued to her tongue.

But after the lovely little neighbor had gone, Ruth went to her mother's arms and whispered, "I am so sorry I said she stole the flowers, mamma, but it did look queer, didn't it?"

The mother held her little girl close, as she answered: "Yes. It certainly did look queer to see anyone in another's garden, pulling rare roses, but you see, dearie, we did not know her side of the story. And, darling, always remember this event, and never forget the fact that many a homely old house has held men and women that this world has been only too proud to honor."

Thou Art Not Dead

In every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves the earth, a flowery
sword,

I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou Risen Lord.

In every April wind that sings
Down lanes that make the heart re-
joice;

Yea, in the word the wood-thrush brings,
I hear Thy voice.

Thou art not dead! Thou art the whole
Of life that quickens in the sod;

Green April is Thy very soul.
Thou great Lord God!

—Charles Hanson Towne.



THE EASTER PICTURE THAT WENT TO FATHER.

in the other. And it was a very happy but tired little girl who retraced her steps some hours later.

"Mother, it worked beautifully!" she cried excitedly. "I made five calls, and they all said they were glad I came. Mrs. Stubbs said it was the happiest Easter she ever spent. And she cried over the flowers. I think it must be pretty hard to be lame and never go out."

"I left Toby with Donald Keene while I took some flowers to Mrs. Brown. She wasn't a bit cross like the boys say she is. She asked me in real polite, and talked to me about father. And she said it was real kind of me to remember an old woman like her."

"When I got back to Donald he said he hadn't felt the pain in his leg nearly as much since he'd had Toby to amuse

him. By this time Marjory's breath was nearly expended, but she managed to add, "Oh, mother, it's been a wonderful afternoon! Won't father be glad when he hears?" Then she added, "Mother, your eyes are all shiny. You look as if you had a surprise. Is it for me?"

Mrs. Gordon drew Marjory to her and said, "How would you like me to take a picture to-morrow morning of you and Toby and the jonquils and send it to father?"

"It would be just the thing, mother," said Marjory. "But we gave the flowers all away. What shall we do?"

"Suppose," said mother cheerfully, "you hold a plant in your arm instead. Father will like it just as well."

"Oh, mother," said Marjory, "yours is the loveliest Easter plan of all!"

Our Fireside

"As for Me and My House—"

By Lloyd Logan



HE joys that were so needed by the heart
And all the tender dreams you saw depart—
Nothing is lost forever that the soul
Cried out for; all is waiting at the goal."

The first floor of the Golf Clubhouse was a vision of artistic woodland beauty, created for that purpose, and complete and exquisite to the least detail. Gazing through any of the windows or open doors, it seemed as if it was but the continuation of the far-distant country—in its excellence—brought to you.

"This is wonderful. The long strands of gray moss are used to such advantage." Mrs. Milikan sighed her complete satisfaction.

"Well, it does certainly harmonize perfectly with golden rod and quantities of yellow daisies," Mrs. Scott admitted.

"Those magnificent yellow asters and dahlias on the table give just the required touch of elegance. Marion Desmond is an artist, a diplomat, and a leader."

"Bother!" replied Mrs. Scott with a slight shade of annoyance. "Who is Marion Desmond? A few years ago no one had ever heard of her."

"Just the same, she is very efficient. Notice her guests," with a slight comprehensive gesture of her lorgnette toward the hundred or so ladies. "They are carefully chosen, calculatingly if you insist, but not one mistake."

"Nevertheless I do not care for her in the least. I came because my husband did not wish me to refuse. Mr. Desmond is retained as counsel in that big case, you know." Mrs. Scott spoke apologetically.

"Even so, Mr. Desmond was important enough to bring you. For my part I like to see young people succeed. For who are coming on to take our places? Marion Desmond has slowly won every step of the ground. She has a right to occupy her possessions. She has a delightful voice well cultivated." Just admiration permeated every word.

Marion came over to them in a most charming manner and graciously invited them to the links, where the party was to be concluded. She was quite a beautiful woman something under thirty.

The ladies passed out, breaking up in

various little groups. The soft light of the closing day was but an added attraction. The green velvet sod beyond the woodland, again the paved road could be seen here and there; the architecture of the clubhouse was displayed with striking excellence by its very isolation; the many cars parked in readiness, for the Golf Club was far from the disturbance of street cars—all of this was a beautiful picture of the peace, prosperity and pleasure that this fair land of ours affords.

Not six months had passed. War had been declared, the selective draft system established. Marion Desmond and her husband were on the broad veranda of their comfortable bungalow, built with every convenience and a great deference to style.

It was on the bayshore. The moon rose, leaving its illusive pathway clear and distinct. Little boats and large vessels, here and there, far and near, could be discerned.

"Phil, do you remember when we bought this lot?"

"Exactly, as if it were yesterday. It was a vital part of me. 'Now,' I thought, 'I've made a start. I have Marion and the lot.'"

"And the house, Phil?" Marion's voice trembled.

"Yes, dear, and every stick of furniture; just which piece was bought first, and why."

Philip Desmond pushed back his chair, rose and slowly walked back and forth on the veranda.

"Oh, Phil, don't you care?"

"Care!" he reiterated, stopping in front of her. Then abruptly he turned his back and gazed far out on the water; the water so serene, beautiful, not a hint of what lies beyond.

Marion came and slipped her arm through his.

"Phil," she choked, "you promised me, promised, you would never ask anything hard of me again, never, if I would be married by your minister and not the priest. You know my family almost disown me. It has been very hard. I have never talked about it, because I did not care, Phil. Oh!" she cried, burying her face on his shoulder, "why, oh, why do you have to go?"

"Because it is right," Philip answered quietly, tenderly.

"Why don't you wait until you are drafted?"

"It is just this way, Marion, just like the Sunday golf. I am compelled to take the initiative as I understand it. 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' It leaves me no alternative. You remember at first it seemed as if we could scarcely weather the storm of good-natured banter and derision when I said that we would not play on Sunday. We did stick it out though, and found our place. I'll admit that you are a wonderful diplomat, to do it and keep from appearing as if we thought ourselves more righteous than they." Philip almost smiled as if the memory was a keen satisfaction, a victory as it were.

"I know," Marion rejoined with little interest. She remembered, but it all seemed so long ago, as if it had happened in another age, to some one else. That was past. The past had been obliterated by the tremendous present.

"But why must you enlist for the officers' reserve camp? Why don't you wait for the draft?"

"All of my life, Marion, I've worked up to this point. We've just finished paying for the home. We can afford our mode of life. Just now I had reached the place where I could begin to lay by money. If I win a commission I could still take care of you. If not, you could not possibly live on a private's pay. I have no just grounds for exemption.

Even if I had, unless they were very strenuous, I would answer the call of my country."

Marion was very quiet. She felt deeply, thought rapidly, lived years in those few tense minutes. Her active mind and sensitive heart gave her a clear vision of the part demanded of her.

Marion Desmond stepped back and put her hands on either of her husband's shoulders, raising a brave smiling face to his.

"So will I," she said. She had made herself equal to the emergency and had risen to the call. "But we won't talk about it any more to-night," she added tremulously.

"No," Phil replied lightly.

So they took a swift little walk to the bay and back. They persistently talked of other things.

A week later found them in the living-room, with piles of papers of legal aspect on the table before them.

"You see, Marion, the car is sold for a good price, sheer luck! That means just so much ready money in the bank."

"Well, I'll use it as sparingly as possible. I have dismissed the servant."

"I know, dear," Phil leaned over to the other side and picked up something from the floor. "I've completed all the business of the office that I could," he resumed in a minute, "and arranged for the rest to be finished by others. My stenographer will remain a week after I leave. I want you to see her every day. You may have my typewriter or sell it as you wish."

Marion went over each paper again, that she might be assured that she was familiar with every detail.

"I believe I'd sell the house. Yes, I believe I would, if I were you," he continued thoughtfully.

"Phil, don't you think that I would better just rent it? Perhaps after a while, Phil, why, we would want it again," Marion hesitated.

"It's a long chance, dear. You see in the winter you might get a big price from a tourist, in normal times, but it's uncertain. If you sold you would have a positive sum you could count on. Yes, by all means sell the house. Don't sacrifice it, but sell. Taxes now are enormous, insurance is soaring, mortgages are being foreclosed every day. If you have the chance sell."

Philip Desmond left for the officers' training-camp. The parting was just the parting that has reached so many firesides. It was just the same in Marion Desmond's life as in that of countless hundreds.

One afternoon a few weeks later Marion was at the home of a friend, the occasion being a little informal tea, to give the opportunity of saying goodbye to several of her friends, who were leaving that they might be near the camps where their husbands were stationed.

Almost every one present had been

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nearly touched by the war—a brother, a fiancé, a husband. Nothing else was thought of, nothing else was spoken of.

Marion was the center of a little group who were listening with intense interest to what she was saying. "Indeed it is fascinating; you just can't imagine!"

"How long are your hours, Marion?" asked one.

"Three hours every morning. I will soon be ready to take dictation."

"How perfectly wonderful. I wish I could learn it."

"I never would have dreamed," Marion laughed pleasantly, "that I would consider the portals of a business college might be the open sesame for my future."

The conversation drifted. The atmosphere was so charged with the solemn, serious thoughts, the heaviness of heart, portentous of such uncertain results, of these young women that their brave attempts at cheerfulness were unavailing.

More weeks slipped by. Philip Desmond, for some intricate reason, did not succeed in receiving a commission. Marion did not go to live in her father's home for several reasons. There was quite a large family. Each remembered that Marion had not been married by the priest, of which fact they constantly reminded her. Then it is not always easy for a married daughter, who has previously broken all home ties, even if pleasantly, to return and announce—

"I wish you to again provide me with food and raiment."

Besides the effects of the war in her father's house had made the words "nip and tuck" commonplace by their constant repetition and practice. So Marion went to a downtown boarding-house, a good location and filled with fairly congenial people, near enough to the business section so that carfare was not a necessity.

Philip Desmond was a young lawyer who had won and kept the respect of the bar. For that reason Marion was able to obtain a clerical position in the Court House. This was infinitely more agreeable, as any men with whom she was thrown in contact were personal friends of her husband's.

Marion was well dressed, efficient, agreeable in manner, and absolutely quiet. Her salary was small but adequate. The little sum resulting from the sale of her home and their belongings she considered merely as a trust fund until such a time as Philip would return, a little capital with which Philip could make another start.

To become proficient was not easy. Her mind was untrained to systematic effort. It required every energy concentrated to that purpose. Social life, had she cared for it, was debarred. She was very naturally fatigued at night, and business required she must be well rested by the next day. So life was a monotone, unbroken save by Philip's letters to her and those she wrote to him.

The months passed by; and then—Philip Desmond was among the names of those who would never return.

Marion was prostrated. She refused to leave her room. She would not eat. Her many friends came again and again and ministered to her. Her family offered her their assistance. She turned away and cared for nothing at all. She was bereft—desolate!

However, life is busy and full. Presently these kind people must attend to their own strenuous, insistent duties. The head of her office very kindly wrote to her stating his sympathy, also that it was impossible to longer hold her position open; to please report for work the following Monday morning.

Now it so happens even when people are utterly crushed, and have no spirit and no heart, that they still have a body, which must be provided with food, raiment and shelter. These three articles must be purchased with money.

Marion's small hoard would be soon noticeably diminished were she to live on her capital. Marion reported for work on Monday morning. Philip always said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Marion winced. She was Philip's house—she was not serving.

She heard this other call that had

come, that she must answer. Spiritually she must respond efficiently. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." Alone she lingered, faltering over each new phase. The growth was gradual, just the same world-old steps—"tribulation working patience, and patience experience, and experience hope."

So, Marion Desmond became of great value to all whom she met. In some subtle way she radiated a hope that comforted. Easter was not far off. The rector called.

"Mrs. Desmond," he said, "my Easter service is of great importance this year. Not only many of my own parishioners will be present, but numbers of outside people, persons who are not even accustomed to attending church at other times. I consider it a wonderful opportunity. I need all the help I can procure. It is in truth Easter Sunday, peculiarly so. It is a resurrection indeed. The lonely lives of many of my parish must rise in the birth of a new life and a new hope. By yourself you have reached this understanding. Will you please sing the offertory?"

"I simply could not!" Marion cried in alarm. "There are many competent professional singers."

"I know that, but I want you. This year there are many breaking hearts to comfort. I want the source of your spiritual support sung to my suffering people. Remember, 'Who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in trouble.'"

For many minutes Marion was silent. "Me and my house, we will serve"; no other thought so persistently forced itself on her remembrance.

"I will try," she replied.

On Sunday morning the chancel was a mass of Easter lilies, calla lilies and palms. The congregation taxed the capacity of the pews. The organ with its volume of music filled the church. Marion Desmond was standing. The sunlight that filtered through the stained glass window brightened with a soft radiance the spot where she stood. Her beauty was almost ethereal.

Her voice, clear and true, rose on the ascending notes and lingered but a space—"I know that my Redeemer liveth!" the voice vibrated through the church, the echo long to live in the memory of her hearers.

Marion's heart was filled with a great peace. As for their house, Philip's and hers—they had served.

Afraid of a Shadow

BY A SCOTCH MINISTER.

I was sitting in my study one Saturday evening when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who tended their flocks upon the slopes of our highland hills was dying, and wanted to see the minister. Without loss of time I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little home. When I entered the low room I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows, and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent that he was near his end. "Jean," he said, "gie the minister a stool, and leave us for a bit; for I wad to see the minister alone."

As soon as the door had closed, he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I had ever looked into, and said in a voice shaken with emotion: "Minister, I'm dying, and—and—I'm afraid."

I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's Word furnishes us: but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"I ken them a'," he said, mournfully. "I ken them a'; but somehow they dinna gie me comfort."

"Do you not believe them?"

"Wi a' my heart," he replied, earnestly. "Where, then, is there any room for fear with such a saving faith?"

"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid."

"You remember the twenty-third Psalm?" I began.

"Remember it," he said, vehemently. "I kened it before ye were born; ye need na' read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside."

"But there is one verse you have not taken in."

He turned upon me with a half-reproachful and even stern look. "Did I na' tell ye I kened it every word afore ye were born?"

I slowly repeated the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

"You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?"

"Frighten me?" he said, quickly. "Na, na! Dave Donaldson has Covenanter's bluid in his veins; neither shadow nor substance could weel frighten him."

"But did these shadows never make you believe you would not see the sun again—that it was gone forever?"

"Na, na; I cudna' be sic a simpleton as that."

"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now." He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"Yes," I continued, "the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of righteousness, who shines

all the same behind; but it's only a shadow that will pass, and when it has passed, before you will be the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory."

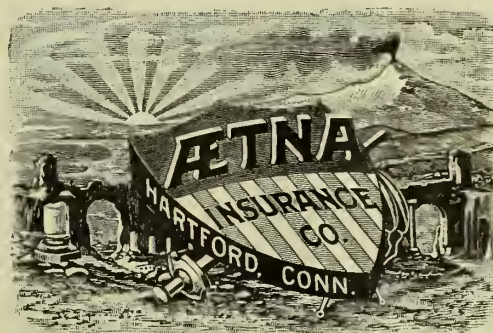
The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few moments maintained an unbroken silence; then letting them fall straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself, "Aweel, aweel. I have conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understood it afore—afraid of a shadow! Afraid of a shadow!" Then turning upon me a face now bright with almost supernatural brightness, he exclaimed, lifting his hands reverently to heaven, "Aye, aye, I see it a' now! Death is only a shadow—a shadow with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass. Na, na, I'm afraid nae mair."—Ex.



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Vol. 76

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MAY, 1918



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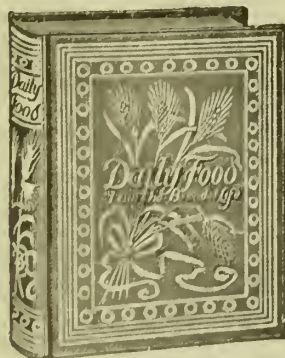
The special offer made this month is a very attractive one, and should be taken advantage of by our many friends.

This special 75th Anniversary Offer is for an Eight Months' subscription from May 1, 1918, to December 31, 1918, to the AMERICAN MESSENGER, together with a copy of our very popular Devotional Book "Daily Food for Christians," for only 30 Cents. The AMERICAN MESSENGER and "Daily Food" should be in every Christian Home in America. The paper may be sent to one address and the book to another, if so desired.

There are homes right in your immediate neighborhood, especially where there are children, where a religious paper is not taken. Here is an excellent opportunity to place a good religious paper in such a home, at a very low cost, where it will be a bearer of good tidings. Scores and hundreds write and tell us that they find the monthly visits of the AMERICAN MESSENGER a blessing in the household, and that they cannot afford to be without it.

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AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Avenue and 40th St., New York

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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A Call to Prayer for Mothers' Day

What a different meaning Mothers' Day will have this year in our country! Motherhood has always meant sacrifice and love, but this year for the mothers of America it has meant for a million mothers the supreme sacrifice of giving to God and their country the boys whom they have reared to young manhood. The year has seen many of these boys give up their lives, and in the months to come who can doubt that the number will be great? That we must leave in God's hand.

It has been a year filled with farewells, first to the boys as they went to the homeland camp for training and then as the time came for going overseas. Here the wells of love and tenderness have overflowed. *Association Men* tells of a boy from Portland, Oregon, who got word in his New Jersey camp that he would leave the next morning for the transport. "At three o'clock in the afternoon he put in a telephone call for his mother. From three till ten o'clock at night he nervously paced back and forth in front of that booth waiting for the call, and then when it came slowly dropped one hundred 25-cent pieces in the slot and came out dripping wet with the anxiety of the effort, but he had spoken the good-by in the ear of his mother and was ready for France and the trenches." This is only a typical instance; they are occurring every day.

There is a beautiful side to the sacrifice. Mothers are being lifted, even though on a cross, to heights of love and of vision that they have never reached before. "I am trying so hard to be brave," one mother says. "I would not have my son back. I am proud to think that he is in this war. My boy writes that he is going to keep clean. I would rather have that message

than any other he could send." Another mother says: "My boy wrote, 'I have given my heart to Christ.' It was for this that I prayed for so many years, and, though it was hard for me to see my boy go to France, I rejoice that he went so far from home to find his mother's God."

These are only glimpses into a few lives. The air is vibrant with such emotions. And it is for this reason that Sunday, May 12, has a special significance this year. For this reason the call sent out by the National Woman's Prayer Battalion will touch every mother's heart and lift it to even nobler vision and purpose.

The Battalion is an organization formed for the purpose of calling the nation to prayer. It came into being as a result of a visit which the founder, the Reverend Eva Ryerson Ludgate, paid to England. The English women who had suffered unspeakably told her that prayer had been an unending source of comfort to them, and she determined to band together, for prayer and comfort, the women of her own country who had men in war service. Thousands of women have already signed the Covenant card pledging themselves to daily prayer and a weekly half-hour prayer-meeting of all the women in a neighborhood, especially those who have sons or relatives in the service. This will lead to new consecration.

"The mother of yesterday," says the call, "was a woman who loved her Bible and knew how to pray; a man with a praying mother carries ever with him an invisible shield which will protect him in the hour of temptation and stand as a wall between him and cowardice. The mother of to-day should leave her children the same heritage. These are the days when the thrilling Old Testament stories should be told to little children, so that they may realize that the hand of God is over men in the hour of battle. There is no holier altar in the world than a mother's knee. Prayers learned at that altar will never fade from the mind or soul. On this Mothers' Day may we not hope that the mothers of America will determine to make prayer a vital part of their lives and the lives of their children?"

It has been a beautiful sentiment for sons and daughters to especially remember and honor their mothers one Sunday of the year, and that thought will be present everywhere this year, but it will be in keeping with the spirit of the times if mothers everywhere will make the day one of prayer and consecration for themselves.

A Devotional Book for "Our Boys"

Some one has said that it is a frequent thing to see a little book of devotion or a Testament peeping out over the pocket of the men in khaki, and there surely is nothing that they need more as they go out fully equipped for battle. The General Secretary of the Amer-

ican Tract Society, Dr. Judson Swift, feeling this, has brought out a little book, "A Manual of Devotion for Soldiers and Sailors," which might well go into every kit for the boys in blue and in khaki. For each day of the month there is a text, a prayer, a meditation, and a bit of poetry, all along the line of purity, strength, courage and devotion to God and the great cause for which they are enlisted. Following these is a litany for daily use and nine prayers for special occasions—for our country and President, before going into battle, after victory, for aviators, for sailors and marines, for the wounded, for a dying soldier, on being taken prisoner, and for loved ones at home. It seems as though every event and need in a soldier's or sailor's experience had been provided for.

The Ninety-Third Annual Meeting

of the American Tract will be held on Wednesday, May 8, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the Marble Collegiate Church at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street in New York City.

At this afternoon meeting a resumé of the year's work along all lines will be given, the Board of Managers will be elected, and all regular business will be transacted.

The evening session will begin at eight o'clock and two addresses full of present-day interest will be delivered. The Reverend J. Franklin Shindell, who has been under the Y. M. C. A. overseas, will tell of the work "With the American Forces in France," and the Reverend R. H. Evans, of the West Africa Mission, will speak on "The Growth of the Kingdom in West Africa."

All our readers who live in or near the city or are here at that time are cordially invited to attend these sessions which mark ninety-three years of work by the American Tract Society.

Patriot Libraries

are meeting with favor everywhere. On ships, at naval stations, in cantonments, they turn a friendly face to the soldier and sailor lads, who cannot fail to get a glimpse of something higher as they read the books. We have sent out up to date 259 of these libraries, and receive such letters as this one from R. C. Pifer, Camp General Secretary, Y. M. C. A., at Camp Doniphan, Fort Sell, Oklahoma:

"We acknowledge the receipt of three sets of the 'Patriot Library.' We are pleased indeed with these libraries, and if it is still your purpose to supply the other three buildings here, we will be glad indeed to place the libraries where the soldiers can take advantage of them."

Liberty Bonds

As this paper reaches our readers the Third Liberty Bond campaign will be at its height. Every effort is being made to rouse interest in every city and town in our land and bring to each individual the appeal to sacrifice at home for the men who are giving their all at the front. Surely we must not let them fail because we are "slackers." Howard S. Mott, Vice-President of the Irving National Bank of New York, puts the matter forcibly when he says:

"Why shouldn't we all consume less and buy bonds? It means not only backing the boys at the front, but it means keeping down inflation, keeping down our own cost of living, as well as that of our neighbors. And it means getting paid 4¼ per cent. on the money employed to help us to live more cheaply. How many people realize that the larger the sum saved from their daily consumption and invested in Liberty bonds the lower will be the cost of things they have to buy? . . . Over in England they have the idea. Once a week, out of everybody's wages, something is set aside for investment in British Government bonds. And the total runs about \$150,000,000 a week. In France, nobody thinks of buying anything but Government bonds. No citizen of France believes his country's obligation is not good. . . .

"Over and above all, the controlling, the dominating, the absolute reason for an investment in Third Liberty Loan bonds lies in the fact that Germany has challenged the world with the insolent, the insufferable slogan that force, not right, must rule. And we have accepted the challenge as only freemen can who intend to prove that right, not force, shall rule. We must have a maximum effort whereby every man subscribes to bonds to, say 25 per cent. of his income for the year. He must do it because it is his own self-interest to do it as well as because we must win the war."

A Day of Prayer for the Nation

We are at war. Our Allies have been fighting their cause and ours for more than three years and a half, and the time is at hand when America must take a large share of the fighting at the front. Are we going into this titanic struggle in our own strength?

As individuals men and women everywhere are coming to their knees in supplication that the All-mighty Father will give to our leaders wisdom and to our men the strength and skill that they need to win out. A friend who is watching, as we all are, the course of the German drive on the West Front said in speaking of it, "We ought to be on our knees all the time."

But ought we not as a nation as well as individually to be in prayer? Should we not put aside a day for united prayer for national wisdom and loyalty and success? Back in 1863 things looked very dark for the armies of the North. Horace Greeley said that ten days before the battle of Gettysburg were the darkest hours of American history. On March 2, 1863, Senator James Harlan, of Iowa, introduced into the Senate a resolution which passed both Senate and House without a dissenting vote. It was as follows:

"Resolved, That, devoutly recognizing the supreme authority and just government of Almighty God in the affairs of men and of nations, and sincerely believing that no people, however great in numbers and resources, or however strong in the justice of their cause, can prosper without His favor, and at the same time deploring the national offences which provoked His righteous judgment, yet encouraged, in this day of trouble, by the assurance of His Word, to seek Him for succor according to His appointed way, through Jesus Christ, the Senate of the United States do hereby request the President of the United States, by his proclamation, to designate and set apart a day for prayer and humiliation, requesting all the people of the land

to suspend their secular pursuits, and unite in keeping the day in solemn communion with the Lord of Hosts, supplicating Him to enlighten the counsels and direct the policy of the rulers of the nation, and to support the soldiers, sailors and marines, and the whole people in the firm discharge of their duty, until the existing rebellion shall be overthrown and the blessing of peace restored to our bleeding country."

In President Lincoln's proclamation, in response to this request, he said:

"We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven; we have been preserved through many years in peace and prosperity; we have grown in numbers, wealth and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us, and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God who made us."

After setting the 30th of April as a day of "National humiliation, fasting and prayer," he added:

"All this being done in sincerity and truth, let us then rest humbly in the hope authorized by the divine teachings, that the united cry of the nation will be heard on high and answered with blessings no less than a pardon of our national sins, and the restoration of our now divided and suffering country to its former happy condition of unity and peace."

Shortly after this the tide turned and the North went on to victory after victory. Would it not be well if we should appoint through President Wilson a similar day of prayer? Would not Memorial Day be a suitable time for such an observance? Will not churches and all forms of business and civic organizations, and also individuals, petition the President, asking that Thursday, May 30, be set aside for that purpose?

"Fear Thou Not, For I Am With Thee"

BY ANNE GUILBERT MAHON

"So often I dream of a heavy, dark, threatening cloud overcasting the sky," said a friend, "and it fills me with such a feeling of dread and fear. The cloud is so heavy, so black, so dense. It will be the worst storm I have ever experienced, I think, and I am in an agony of apprehension; yet somehow, always just as the cloud approaches and I think the storm is about to break in all its fury, the cloud suddenly vanishes into sunshine and I laugh at my foolish fears."

"It is only a dream, but it is very realistic, very vivid, and it occurs often. At first the feeling of fear possesses me to such an extent that I am fairly trembling, then the ensuing relief when the cloud disappears and the sun shines again makes a deep impression on me. I often think it is just so in our lives. The blackest clouds that we fear in the future are so often dissipated into sunshine before they reach us, or at best have a bright, shining lining which we can only see when the cloud draws nearer."

Did you ever count the clouds which you feared would overshadow your life and see how many broke into clear sunshine before they reached you; or if the cloud did overshadow you, find that it was not half so black, half so dreadful, as you had imagined, and that you had a wonderful strength given you to weather through it?

"They feared as they entered into the cloud," Luke tells us about the three disciples who were on the mountain-top with their Lord; yet what blessing, what a wonderful experience, came to them from that cloud! They heard God's voice. They were "alone with Jesus." To the end of their lives do you think that Peter and James and John ever forgot the wonder of that experience or ceased to give thanks for it?

"Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord," Moses told the children of Israel when they were in a perfect panic of terror because the Egyptians were pressing them so closely at the Red Sea. "Go forward," was the Lord's command, and the cloud—the wonderful cloud which led them by day and turned into a pillar of fire by night—went to the rear of their hosts, forming a pillar of safety between them and the pursuing Egyptians. To the Israelites it was a banner of light, to the Egyptians a dark barrier. Look back at the "clouds" which have overshadowed you at various times. Can you not always see a blessing arising from them? You will if you earnestly seek for it.

"Fear not, therefore," but, following the command of the Lord to the Israelites on that perilous journey, "go forward" trusting in the mighty God, your Heavenly Father, to protect you, to care for you, to deliver you. The cloud may be very threatening, but "fear not," only

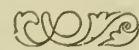
trust, and "go forward." When you reach the point that you so fear the cloud may have vanished, or, if you are called upon to go through it, your Heavenly Father will give you strength and courage and peculiar help at the time, which you cannot foresee now.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Even a dark cloud with Jesus is more blessed than unclouded sunshine away from his presence.

"Fear thou not," he says to us. As he said to the disciples in their terror on the stormy sea, "It is I, be not afraid."

Fear is a mental image only. How many times have you feared far more beforehand than when the actual calamity you anticipated has really befallen you? We rise to emergencies. When we are going through an experience—even a hard experience—it is not half so bad as the anticipation, the dread of it. How foolish we are, then, to make ourselves miserable, to spoil the joy of the days before, to handicap ourselves by sapping our energies with fear and worry.

Let us "go forward," not allowing our minds to dwell on the fear or the possibility of danger in the future but doing our best in the present, praying, trusting, "rejoicing in hope." The cloud will bring us only blessing, even if it comes, and He who said, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee," will bear us safely through.



CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D. D.

IF I HAD NOT COME—

BY

REV. CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D. D.

Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York

IN the last discourse of Jesus, spoken in the upper room—the historic upper room in which the memorial supper was instituted, in which, later, Jesus appeared to His disciples after the Resurrection, and in which still later each apostle's brow was mitred with the Pentecostal flame—He said a most suggestive thing: "If I had not come—" I had read these words a thousand times and they had never particularly impressed me until during the recent Lenten season, when, for some unexplained reason, the sentence thrust itself upon me and kept repeating itself with insistent force.

Without a doubt this is the greatest IF of history. More things have been wrought by His coming than by any other single act within the chronicles of time. The absence from history of the single fact of His coming would make a vaster difference in all subsequent time than would the absence of any other fact of which we have knowledge. Let us see if it is not so.

"Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God." What if He had not said it? What if the Eternal Son had not expressed the will of the Father? What if the Incarnation had not been accomplished? *Then were we without the supreme revelation of God.* Doubtless God reveals Himself in nature, in history, in the moral law, and in the Scriptures, but the highest revelation to life is life itself. Many are blind to God's self-revelation in nature; they misinterpret the significance of natural forces, sometimes confusing the creature thing with its creator, and worshipping God's handiwork instead of worshipping Him. Many are blind to the moral meaning of history. Inherited proclivities to evil have defaced the handwriting of God on the tablets of men's hearts. The written revelation of God is subject to misconstruction. The Word must be made flesh ere men can read it. The Word *was* made flesh, "and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." It is Christ who tells us God is love—tells us God's temper towards the weak, tells us that "the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind." So, if He had not come, we were in ignorance on this point, and

this is the most important bit of knowledge in the world—in the universe.

If He had not come, *then we were also without a vision of humanity's coming glory.* Christ is not only the revelation of the Father, He is the revelation of ourselves at our best. No one of us knows what humanity is capable of until he sees that most beautiful, most heroic, most unselfish, most highly devoted life that gave charm to Palestine nineteen hundred years ago. When we look at humanity as it is, our emotions are stirred to pity, sometimes to contempt, not seldom to despair. But when we look at humanity's prophetic type in the life of Jesus; when we see upon what heights that life was lived; when we perceive the breadth of its sympathies and the depth of its sincerity, we are cured of our despair and our contempt is turned to hope; for the Incarnation is not only the condescension of divinity—it symbolizes the possible elevation of humanity, the coming glory of a race redeemed to goodness, lifted to holiness, rising to immortality and fellowship with God.

Granted that Christ did come, let us inquire, What if He had not successfully resisted temptation? What if He had not stood erect when, in the wilderness, on the mountain-top, and on the temple's pinnacle He measured strength with evil in some mysteriously appealing form? Does it seem over-bold on our part even to suggest that Jesus might have fallen—that He might have consented to the seductive proposals of the adversary? The thought is not more startling than the words of Jesus Himself, "If I had not come—" It is no more unthinkable than that He might have failed to say, "Lo, I come to do Thy will."

If Jesus had not conquered temptation, *He had been, in that case, merely on a level with the gods of the pagan world.* The Olympians were not always moral. The Greek youth excused himself for many a fatal fault, for many a lapse from correct behavior, by saying, "The gods do this: why should not I?" The moral distance between Jesus of Nazareth and Jupiter is immeasurable. No heathen deity, by the wildest stretch of fancy, can be imagined as feeling himself under the ethical necessity of self-denial. Moreover, if Jesus had not resisted temptation, *we who profess and call ourselves Christians were without the inspiring example*

of spiritual struggle that issues in spiritual strength and ultimate victory.

Sir George Adam Smith, in his commentary on Isaiah, referring to that prophecy, "A man shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," says, "Sin is simply the longest, heaviest drift in human history. . . . Only Christ resisted, and His resistance saves the world. Alone among human lives presented to our view, that of Christ is sinless. . . . The great tradition was broken; the drift was arrested. Sin could never be the same again after the sinless manhood of Christ."

The victory of Christ over temptation is the high-water mark in the history of the struggle for character. Henceforth let no man say, "Victory is impossible." What one man did we all may do by alliance with the Eternal Power that sustained Him in the conflict and comforted Him when the conflict was over.

There came a time in the life of Jesus when He must make choice of the Cross or turn from it, and in turning from it obtain release from the logical end of a career of active goodness and of resistance to evil. We know the choice He made: "He set His face steadfastly toward Jerusalem." There was courage at its best—"the love of the morally beautiful more than life." If He had escaped the Cross, if He had refused to pursue the straight path which led inevitably to Calvary, *then humanity were without an atoning Saviour, and we who are "heirs of salvation" were without a perfect Captain.* There is a law of atonement running through life. What are our men doing on the battle-front who throw their lives away with reckless abandon and sublime courage? Each life thus given is a personal contribution to an international atonement, an atonement which shall blossom and fruit in decades and centuries yet to come, and present to God a reconciled international brotherhood. It is the testimony of competent observers, far-seeing and deep-seeing men, that the most thoughtful soldiers already see, dimly or clearly, that the cause they are fighting for is one which qualifies its witnesses and martyrs for fellowship with the Sufferer of Gethsemane and Calvary. There is a stanza in the poem touching by its very homeliness, written by one of the men at the front, entitled "Christ in Flanders" which rightly puts it:

(Continued on page 71.)

The Methodist Centenary World Program

BY HELEN A. BALLARD

This is pre-eminently the time for the Church to take account of its missionary stock: what are its present accomplishments, its resources, its problems, and its purposes for the establishment of the democratic ideal which has already taken root.—Tyler Dennett.



WHILE the battlefields of Europe are strewn with dead, it is significant that seven million Methodists in this country have taken account of their missionary stock and are mobilizing their forces for a forward march to world brotherhood under the banner of Christ.



THIS TEACHER RECENTLY SPENT SEVERAL WEEKS IN A HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF A BEATING BY THE CASTE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE, WHO OBJECTED TO HIS INSTRUCTION OF THESE OUTCASTS.

What is the Methodist Centenary World Program?

It is a celebration of the accomplishments of one century by a thorough preparation for the next. It is a five-year program of constructive educational and evangelical work, which will be carried on in the opening years of the new century. Says Bishop James W. Bashford, of China, of this great offensive for home, for country, for humanity:

"The only constructive program before the world to-day is the missionary program of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A large part of the peoples of the world are unready for democracy. Nothing can meet the problem of making them ready but Christian missions, and in that solution our Church with its World Program is taking the lead."

How It Came About

The Centenary had its origin when the Committee on foreign missions of the General Conference, which met at Saratoga Springs in May, 1916, brought the attention of the members to the fact that the first hundred years of Methodist missionary effort was nearing its close and suggested that it be fittingly celebrated. The suggestion was approved and authorized by the Conference, which set apart the years of 1918 and 1919 as the preparation period for the great offensive, and requested that it take the form of greater and more far-reaching activities instead of the old type pat-yourself-on-the-back celebration. With this thought in view, it directed the Boards of Foreign Missions and Home Missions and Church Extension to draw up a World Program.

As a result, a Commission of the Foreign Board was soon making the most careful sur-

vey of mission needs in all foreign lands. Not a church, school or hospital was overlooked, nor an existing opportunity for these institutions where the work had not yet penetrated. Later, under a Commission of the Home Board, similar surveys were made for every mission opportunity in the United States and its colonial possessions. Plans for raising to its highest efficiency every branch of present mission activities and promoting new work wherever the need existed, as well as careful estimates of the amount of money needed to provide the necessary workers and equipment to meet the needs, were based upon these surveys.

These two great Boards of the Church then appointed a World Program Committee of one hundred men—pastors and laymen, including some of the leading business men in the country—to go over this material and use it in the mapping out of a constructive plan of celebration. This Committee met at Niagara Falls, and reported their findings, September 17-19, 1917. From these findings the Centenary World Program was evolved. Two months later it was ratified by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church and by the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension.

The Spread of the Movement

In rapid succession other Boards adopted the plan: the Board of Sunday Schools, the Board of Epworth Leagues, the Board of Bishops. Thus was the Church unified under a common purpose. This propensity of the movement to seethe and overflow into other channels is not confined to the internal organizations of the Church. It has jumped the bounds of strict denominationalism and has swept the Methodist Episcopal Church South into co-operation and has persuaded the Canadian Methodist Church to adopt a similar program, and it has invited the sixteen remaining branches of American Methodism, the Liberian and the Japan Methodist Churches to join, including the Methodist Protestant Branch and several of the Colored bodies. Union thus becomes the strongest plank underlying the Centenary World Program. There is unity of effort, one purpose and one result.

The Whole Platform

The whole structure is being reared on a firm foundation, the corner-stones of which are *prayer, stewardship, education, finance.*

Prayer, the first corner-stone to be laid in the foundation, is the means by which every individual dedicates himself and his resources

to the cause. Its tremendous power has already left its impress on the movement. Through it the entire Church is being revived. But the program will not have attained its purpose until it has penetrated to the last Methodist in every little country town, reached to the remote African kraal, and the whole world comes to feel the presence and power of a new Christian nationalism, which it develops.

Stewardship, the second corner-stone, is the one on which rests everything that the individual possesses: time, property, talents—life itself. Consecration, faith and heroism are exacted of every American by the President at this time. The call to stewardship also demands these qualities of every Methodist for this onward movement toward the goal of Christian democracy.

Education, the third corner-stone, supports an international movement for world-citizenship. It seeks to graduate world-citizens who can look on humanity impartially, who endeavor to preserve the best in our civilization to-day, and who gird themselves for an advance in religious, social, civic and political ideals.

Finance, the fourth corner-stone, is the prop without which the whole structure would tumble. But finance, in this world-platform, lifts giving above the material and places it on the spiritual plane, making it an act of worship.

The whole platform calls for an expenditure of \$80,000,000 for the Methodist Episcopal Church alone; \$40,000,000 for the mission work of the Foreign Board and \$40,000,000 for the mission work of the Home Board.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South has fixed \$35,000,000 as its minimum goal for mission work at home and abroad, with no limit on the amount which may be raised.



THIS BUDDHIST PRIEST MAY BE CLASSED AS ONE OF THE SPIRITUAL LEADERS OF PRESENT-DAY CHINA.

Promoting the Centenary

Organizing the resources for carrying the Centenary to a successful completion was no small task. The movement called for the highest trained executives in the religious and business world, with a central body in a central location for its directing. From the two missionary boards, the Home and the Foreign, a Joint Centenary Committee was appointed as the directing body, with D. D. Forsyth, who is Corresponding Secretary of the Home Board, as Chairman, and S. Earl Taylor, who is Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Board, as Executive Secretary.

The officers of the Joint Centenary Committee are located at 111 Fifth Avenue. There the activities of the different departments of the Centenary are in full swing, and every member of the directing or working force feels a loyal personal responsibility for the ultimate success of the movement. There clergymen from the different districts gather for conferences on how best to meet their responsibility for the great offensive in their own churches.

W. E. Doughty, Chairman of the Department for the Development of Spiritual Resources, calls the Centenary "A vision of opportunity, a test of strength, a call to new triumphs." Believing this, he has organized a prayer league, known as "The Fellowship of Intercession," to mobilize the spiritual forces of the Church through an army of intercessors. Reviving and releasing these forces will bring new power to the Church, will put vigor into the attack against social and industrial problems, will help make democracy safe for China, India, Africa and the entire world.

Ralph S. Cushman, who heads the Stewardship Committee, is promoting an organized campaign to secure a million tithers for Methodism. He places the emphasis on the fact that stewardship means paying of the tithe in one's life, in service and in all one's mental, spiritual and physical resources, as well as in one's material possessions.

Realizing that the real basis of world citizenship is education, a Publicity Department of the Joint Centenary Committee was organized for the dissemination of specific and general information. In this department a force of trained writers, directed by Tyler Dennett, Executive, publish a weekly newspaper for workers called "The Centenary Bulletin," furnish a news service for papers all over the country, write for the religious and secular press and prepare every variety of interesting and convincing literature from the first-hand material gathered from interviews with returned missionary leaders and through direct correspondence with the remotest corners of the home and foreign fields.

IF I HAD NOT COME—

(Continued from page 69.)

*"We think about You Kneeling in the Garden—
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it,
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear
it—
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss."*

Our meditation would be incomplete were we not to inquire, What if Christ had not risen from the dead? Then were we without final proof of His deity, and without satisfying demonstration of our immortality. The empty



A CHINESE GIRL STUDYING HER EXAMINATION PAPER.

A training school for speakers brings laymen, missionaries and pastors together for instruction in the most effective ways of presenting the Centenary World Program. From this active headquarters trained speakers go out on transcontinental tours and on local itineraries, bearing the message into every church the country over. The lantern slide department of the Foreign Board lays at the disposal of these speakers an assortment of thirty thousand pictures, from which the best are culled that these men may graphically present mission needs and the program mapped out to meet them.

Dr. W. B. Hollingshead is the man chosen to juggle the figures and work out a scheme of allotment by which every church and every individual is given an opportunity to share in the biggest program ever undertaken by any Church. He calls not for large amounts from a few members but for the small sum of ten cents a week from every member. As in the Liberty Loan, he lays stress on the number participating rather than on the amount secured; but on this basis of ten cents a week—the price of an ice cream soda or a Fifth Avenue bus ride—this stupendous amount of \$80,000,000 can easily be raised. Being an expert statistician, Dr. Hollingshead realizes that thinking in large figures is not a difficult task if you keep your eyes off the total and ask every individual to do his bit.

Spending the Millions

The Home Board, including its responsibilities in Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands, will spend the \$40,000,000 to be raised in grappling with its problem among the foreign-speaking peoples at home; in endeavoring to adapt more efficiently the work of the local church to the immediate community it serves,

tomb in Joseph's garden is proof that He Who issued from it is creation's Lord and man's ultimate Deliverer. Jesus is "the firstfruits of them that slept." "The lamp of His life is our guide through the tomb."

Ah, if He had not come! What a world of difference it would make. Is it blasphemy to think He might not have come—might have refused to empty Himself of heavenly honor, might have surrendered to the tempter, might have rejected the Cross, might have remained imprisoned in the rocky tomb? Then is it not blasphemy for us to refuse to incarnate His spirit? Is it not a monstrous thing for us to compromise with evil? Have we any better

whether in metropolitan city, small town, agricultural community, Southern mountains, far-stretching frontier or our island possessions. It will seek to work out the larger program of full community service through every church in every field—a program suggested by need and opportunity, covering a religious, social, educational and civic ministry limited only by the resources that the Board can command. It will try to do all this with some vision of the greater democracy which is sure to follow the war, and with the aim to help keep America in the van of the nations.

The Foreign Board will spend two or more of its \$40,000,000 for reconstruction work in Europe, some of which will go for the building of schools with a curriculum adapted to the peculiar educational needs of to-day and the reconstruction period to come. The balance of the money will be distributed over the entire foreign field. Some of it will go for schools in China, where the watchword is more and better education. In poverty-stricken India special emphasis will be placed on industrial training and particularly on the value of intensive farming, where practical demonstrations will be given. The work for Africa is planned to meet the spiritual, educational and economic needs of that country; and in South America the effort will be to create better opportunities for self-support through industrial education, and by raising the ideals of life and living to create that much needed factor in South American life—a middle class.

Looking Forward

This present year is set apart as a period of education. The financial drive, though the time is not yet definitely fixed, will take place some time between January, 1919, and the actual centennial celebration, which will be held in June, 1919, if the war permits of carrying out the whole program. At that time one week will be set apart for a gathering of all the representatives of Methodism for a general survey of the past hundred years of mission work and of the Centenary activities of 1918; for listening to inspirational talks by world leaders; for reviewing mission work through a great pageant staged on a colossal scale; and for the promotion of a closer friendship between workers on the field and supporters at home.

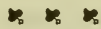
The last half of 1919 will be given up to sectional meetings in the North, South, East and West, for conserving the inspiration and enthusiasm aroused through the educational period and the Columbus celebration, for crystallizing plans, and a girding for the first five years of the new century during which the Centenary World Program will be promoted as a start on the great task of the next hundred years.

right to refuse to bear the cross? Each of us is appointed to be in our human sphere as real an incarnation of Christ as Christ was appointed, in His divine sphere, to be an incarnation of God. Each of us is a possible victor over the forces that tend to degrade life to the level of the ape, the swine, the tiger. For each of us there is a Gethsemane and a Calvary. There is an easy way around, but we are no more at liberty to choose it than was Jesus. "It is a faithful saying that if we die with Jesus, we shall also live with Him." These words mean that we who follow Christ on earth shall share with Him the Resurrection. Already we feel within us the power of the world to come.

PRINTED PREACHERS

Literature in the Orient

"The printed page has already become a most important educational factor, not only in Japan, but throughout the Orient," says Tyler Dennett in his little book, "Foreign Missions and World-Wide Democracy." He says that the foreign missionary introduced the modern printing-press to the Orient, teaching the natives how to set type and do their own printing, and now this knowledge is being used by non-Christians to spread their ideas. "The native non-Christian press," he says, "is now supplying a deluge of secular literature, much of it obscene. After investigation and inquiry, I believe it is safe to say that there is now hardly a village in Japan, China or India to which some kind of printed matter does not eventually penetrate." Mr. Murdoch Mackenzie, of China, in making the same statement in regard to that country, adds: "With the dawn of a new day in China there is a new demand for such a literature as is fitted to meet the changing and more complex situation. Christianity will adapt itself to the ever-increasing demands made upon it to show that it has a work for God to do which cannot be done by any other system, and will prove itself to be as mighty an intellectual and spiritual force in modern China as it was at first in ancient Judea, in cultured Greece, and in mighty Rome."



Tract Work in China

The students of the Bible School in Honan go out two days a week—from Saturday noon to Monday noon—for evangelistic work, carrying with them small packages of tracts. On their return they report their work in full, and one day they were asked, "If the war should cause all tract-printing and distribution to cease, to what extent would you miss the tracts?" The answers were unanimous as to their value, one student saying:

"If I could not leave a tract in the hands of interested men who can read, I would feel that I had accomplished only half of what I should have done on the trip."

Another added:

"When I return to where a tract was left I always find something to start from and build on, while if I had only preached to them I seldom find that much is remembered."

The Secretary of this Tract Society says:

"The thanks of all who are interested in this Society are due this year, as in so many continuous years past, to the three great Tract Societies in the West, the Religious Tract Society of London, the American Tract Society of New York and the Upper Canada Tract Society of Toronto. In times of stress such as these it has meant much to us to feel that behind us was the active sympathy and co-operation of the Committees of these three organizations. Each has contributed once and again to our financial needs, but of more value to us far has been the advice, the comfort and the cheer which have been so freely given."



In Korea

The Korean Religious Tract Society, in order

to show the scope of its work, has added the word "book" to its name, so that it is now the Korean Book and Tract Society. Its object is to prepare and distribute Christian literature of every kind and not tracts alone, and there is a wide field in Korea. A little more than a year ago it began the publication of a union Christian newspaper, *The Christian Messenger*. The first year it had 2,118 paid-up subscriptions, and though some of these were not renewed at the expiration of the year, other new names were secured, so that now it has 2,970 subscribers, and 30 copies are sent out free, making a printing of 3,000 copies. "This is very good," the report says, "but when we consider that this is the only Christian newspaper issued by the missions affiliated with the Federal Council, and these missions report a membership of about 125,000, the circulation is not what it should be. The editor, Rev. Kim Pil Soo, visited



Courtesy of the Centenary Committee, M. E. Church,
A JAPANESE BOOK STORE

several centers where Bible classes were being held and was successful in securing many new subscribers and increasing the interest in the paper."

The treasurer gratefully acknowledges help received from the home lands, saying:

"The two home societies have continued to render generous help. In addition to a grant of £50 from the Religious Tract Society of London a sum of £34 12 shillings has been received for the purpose of publishing two editions, one in Eunmoon and one in Mixed Script, of Bishop Moule's 'Thought on Christian Sanctity.' We have also received a grant of \$100 gold from the American Tract Society of New York. These grants have been a great help to our work, and we extend our hearty thanks to the above societies."



A Chinese Calendar

The North and Central Tract Society has for several years put out a calendar which, while conveying the information which the Chinese purchaser will naturally expect to find, shall also convey a gospel message.

"When it is remembered that these Calendars are pasted up in conspicuous places in shop, in home and in inn, it will be seen that the message may easily reach a large number of those who are looking for the dates or who have leisure. The 1918 Calendar was prepared by Mr. Upward, who selected as his theme 'The Bread of Life,' and in text, tract, pictures and border worked it out. The Society felt that despite the high cost of paper the old price must be charged, for otherwise the sales by the colporters would be seriously interfered with. The demand has already been large and it is probable that the

Calendar for 1918 will enjoy a circulation in excess of the large circulation of previous issues."



What One Colporter Visit Accomplished

Fifteen years of work for the American Tract Society is the record of Mr. John Martineo, who has travelled in Pennsylvania over four thousand miles by train and trolley, "but mostly by my own human train, my feet," has visited 3,904 families and spoken in 104 meetings. His work is among the Slavs, "and never before," he says, "have the Slavonic people been so closely united as they are at the present time, and almost all of them are loyal to the American cause."

"That you may understand what colporter work among these people does, let me tell you one instance: Some years ago a colporter came into a dirty coke manufacturing village and found a group of ignorant, gay young men. He sold several good books—Bibles, 'Pilgrim's Progress' and others—little thinking what the result would be. From that very group of young men have come two colporters, a medical doctor, and a minister of the gospel and through them we have several young men and girls in different educational institutions preparing themselves for mission work among their country folk. So after all it pays to support this kind of work, though the results are not always seen at once."



Tracts in a Home for the Aged

On February 14, 1918, the representative of the American Tract Society visited the Memorial Home at St. Louis, Mo., and held a religious service with the inmates, one hundred and twenty-five in number.

"The meeting was held in the evening in the spacious dining room. An illustrated stereopticon lecture on the American Tract Society's work in the United States and foreign lands, with an addition of some beautiful California views, was given. The Scripture passage and the hymns were read from the screen. The pictures were briefly elucidated and on each plate was laid a tract. The Spirit of God was in our midst and the meeting was very much appreciated, many of these aged servants of the Lord coming forward and thanking us for the service."



Notes From the Field

Colporter Rev. James Dunlap, of Los Angeles, Calif., writes as follows:

"One difficulty in doing colportage work now is the war, with its many calls.

"The Spanish people are showing an increased desire to learn the truth and to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, but are more or less apprehensive of the priests, and their funds are meagre.

"We trust this year will see the end of this terrible slaughter of human beings and that men may again be clothed in their right minds."

Mr. E. C. Tozier, of Greenleaf, Idaho, writes: "The people greatly appreciate the American Tract Society books. One woman remarked to me: 'No one can read these books without being better for it.'"

The Tract Society never sends out a book or tract unless it has a message for Christ in its pages, and these messages find their way to many hearts.

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS



ARMENIAN REFUGEES WASHING WOOL IN THE FAMOUS ARAS RIVER, FED BY THE SNOWS OF MT. ARARAT.

Armenia's Tragedy

BY SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

Since 1914 the world has witnessed its surfeit of tragedies. There has been the wanton, heart-breaking tragedy of Belgium, shorn of its splendors and robbed of its industries; the war-torn tragedy of Poland, with conquering armies sweeping one after another over its beautiful fields and through its stately old towns; the tragedy of Serbia, invaded from the north by the Barbarians and ravaged from end to end. But of all the tragedies of the war, that of Armenia is the most harrowing. Here the cup of bitterness flows over. As if the history of this afflicted people were not gloomy and unhappy enough, this latest page has surpassed everything before it, in horror and despair.

The Armenian race scattered all over Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, the Russian Caucasus and Persia has for centuries been subject to suffering. The terrible plight of these people to-day beggars description. They have not only suffered from invading armies, and been driven from their homes by the conquerors, but they have been set upon by their own neighbors; they have had to bear again the fearful persecution of the Turk, sustained and strengthened by the thorough-going co-operation of his German superiors; they have been massacred and deported and tortured.

In the orient, where initiative and efficiency are often lacking, the Armenian has shown a remarkable industry. He has loved learning and has set up, with the small fund at his disposal, schools for his children throughout the Ottoman Empire, when the Government has flagrantly neglected to provide for the education of its own people. The Armenian has kept tenaciously to his religion, which has symbolized to him his national unity. He has developed industries and has shown unusual ability at finance and commerce. He is pre-eminently law-abiding. For all these things he has been hated and persecuted and last of all this greatest of afflictions has fallen upon him. The Syrian, too, equally a victim of this same wholesale deportation, has suffered untold persecution. It is said that in the region of the Lebanon death and destruction were more rampant than anywhere else.

It is difficult to grasp the purpose of a government in this twentieth century which has attempted to annihilate a whole people. For many years previous to the war, hatred and distrust existed between the Turks and the Armenians. Add to this the new idea of turkification of the Empire which has taken pos-

session of the Young Turk leaders, and perhaps it is possible to understand in some degree how the idea of the elimination of the Armenians, as unfit for complete turkification, was conceived. The idea has been carried out with primitive barbarity. Deportation, massacres and disorganization, with the natural results of starvation and disease, have been the methods. What makes it all the more appalling is the fact that it was organized by a so-called government and put through by government officials. It is generally agreed that Germany will be held ultimately guilty in this crime.

The Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee in America, six thousand miles away from this pitiful scene of devastation and pain, is trying to stem the increasing tide of human suffering by every means in its power. The history of the growth of this committee, with the self-sacrifice of its workers at home as well as in the field, and with the co-operation of generous Americans, makes

our interest in Armenia has only begun. It is to increase with the years and be of a wide and permanent nature. Already we can see that time coming. And let us hope that out of the depths, the broken people of the Bible Lands, which have given to the West the precious heritage of its religion, these people may be raised again to a life of peace, to a sense of security, to an assurance that their terrible trials and afflictions and sufferings are over for all time.

The True Light

She was an old, old woman living in Chalchuapa, Central America. When her years were counted, they numbered 112. The strange, sweet tale of Jesus and his love came to her one day. With wonderful vigor she rode for miles in an ox-cart to be baptized in a lake. All her life she had been haunted by the awful fear of devils and evil spirits, and it was her custom to burn candles all night long to ward off the evil influence. The at-

"Lead Us to Heaven."

One of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church at Matsuyama, Japan, recently received a postal from a young man, not a Christian, in which he asks her to "lead us to heaven." The card reads:

"Imagining that it will be very good for us that we consist of the party whose are anxious to study in the Bible, I wish you that, would you not teach us the Bible and lead us to the heaven, if you please or not."

We may smile at the English, but a good many people are not prepared to write perfect Japanese. The remarkable thing is that the spirit of docility and regardfulness should be so strikingly manifested by one who has not yet become a Christian. The missionary thinks that the earnestness shown by a group of young men in his community in the study of the Bible is an evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. Let Christian people pray that this young man and many others in Japan may yield their hearts to Jesus Christ and find him leading them to heaven.

Would You Give Your House?

J. D. Van Buskirk, of Seoul, Korea, says in *Missionary News*:

"I preached in Taichun the other night, and after urging the people to consecrate all to the Lord, we discussed how to get a new church there. They now have a tiny one-room hut they use, and they pack too many folks into it. The local leader urged sacrifice in giving and they nobly responded. A little congregation of less than forty poor Koreans gave pledges for over \$90, which would represent more than ten times that amount in America. There was one young man, who makes a meager living as a barber, and his Sabbath observance costs. He is so faithful that he has been made an Exhorter. He arose and said, 'You all know me and that I have no money; that it is all I can do to make a bare living at my trade. I have but one thing I possess, that is my little two-room house. But for the sake of the Lord's work here I will sell my house and give the price to the church. And the Lord will take care of my wife and me.' His house is for sale and he also pledged that out of his earnings he would give them \$10 in money. If I did not know that the Lord will not let such sacrifice and faith go unrewarded, I should protest against his giving so. He gave his all. I never saw a happier congregation than that little congregation that night and this man was happiest of all."

A Hopeful Forward Look

President Harada, of the Doshisha University, Japan, expresses the belief that "the Japanese people, after the war is over, will be the more rather than the less ready to receive Christianity, since their minds will have become more open through the expansion of their interests in the general good of the whole world, as well as of their own country." He thinks we should be prepared for a "revival of religious interest in the Far East, as the East comes into more complete consciousness of the nobler motives that find expression even in the war itself."

Mexico Looking to Christ

A better day is dawning for Mexico. Reports from the various agencies at work there report there is a hunger for the Word of God. This is only one instance. A Baptist missionary writes: "Crowds are literally clamoring to hear the Gospel message. There never has been a time when the people wanted to hear and know and follow the teachings of Christ as now. It begins to look almost like a mass movement such as they have had in other foreign countries. These are truly great days, and we must not let these open doors close to us, for lack of men and means."



MAKING THE REFUGEES SELF-SUPPORTING. DOING UP THE SUITS INTO BALES READY TO BE DISTRIBUTED TO WOMEN FOR SEWING.

fascinating reading. To-day, centers of relief have been organized in scores of cities throughout these desolate lands. Constantinople, Tiflis, Jerusalem, Teheran, Bagdad, Cairo, Tabriz and Beirut each is a nucleus of a whole region of relief numbering scores of small towns and villages in a radius of many miles. With the occupation of parts of Palestine by the British, opportunity for relief is growing. Armenians and Syrians are daily escaping to the haven of the Russian Caucasus of the British conquered territory, begging for bread and clothing. Missionaries and consuls work in out-of-the-way places, risking, indeed some of them giving, their lives for this splendid work of the good Samaritan. They constantly write for more funds; each week brings cables asking for continued support and continued generosity.

We must not only take heed for the present but must look for the future. America has taken up in some measure the burden of Armenia. The freest of the nations holds out its hands to the most downtrodden. In the future there will be more and greater work to do, the constructive work of rehabilitation, so that properly speaking we might say that

tendants came to light her candles as usual and she said, "Nay, not so. I have found Jesus. I have found the true Light and I am no longer afraid."

The Mass Movement in India

The Central Christian Advocate says: "Of the 300,000,000 people of India, nine-tenths live in villages. These villages are so numerous that if Jesus Christ had continued to live on the earth until now and had visited one village daily, even now, after nearly 2,000 years, he would be far from having completed the circuit! There is a head man in every Indian village whose business in the evening is to rehearse in the ears of his villagers, none of whom can read, the traditions of their forefathers. Recently many of these village leaders have been converted to Christ and for traditions have substituted 'The Gospel of the Blessed God,' which they are preaching to those under them. The result is 'The Mass Movement,' in which hundreds of thousands of the masses are pressing forward to be baptized, most of whom must be put off for lack of instructors who shall teach them 'the first principles of the Gospel of Christ.'"

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

MAY 5.

Conduct in the Home and School

Ephesians 6:1-9; Mark 5:19.

CONSECRATION MEETING.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Apr. 29. Co-operation. 1 Cor. 12:12-26.
T., Apr. 30. Good manners. Col. 3:18-25.
W., May 1. Helpfulness. Ruth 2:1-3.
T., May 2. Cheerfulness. Prov. 15:13.
F., May 3. Patience. 1 Thess. 2:1-8.
S., May 4. Burden-bearing. Rom. 15:1-3.

As measured by time, conduct for a young person in the home and school is of more importance than conduct in the church. Little time, relatively, is spent in church, but much time is spent in home and school. This does not mean that standards of conduct vary. It does imply that in the ordinary relations of life the question of conduct is of the utmost importance.

As the two passages of Scripture are compared, it is noticed that in one certain rules of conduct are stated. In the single verse in Mark, a given thing is demanded. But in both passages, Christian experience is assumed. Let us consider the verse in Mark.

Change

The change in the man was radical. Perhaps in no other experience recorded in Scripture is the change wrought by Christ so impressively stated. A man in the grip of an unclean spirit is given his mental and moral freedom. As the rags are torn from the body of an out-cast and a new suit of clothes given to him, so this poor man is clothed in his right mind.

Weakness

But change, if it be radical, produces weakness. One long sick with fever finds himself very weak when the fever leaves him. This was the condition of this man. The world was a strange thing for him. He knew that Christ entering the boat had strength. He wanted to go with Him, because he feared to be alone with himself.

Exercise

The man, however, did not need the rest of a sail across the lake in the boat. His need was exercise. When the convalescent period comes the patient may find himself weak. But his only hope of regaining strength is in using his body. So with this man. The Physician prescribes the one thing that he needs—a visit to his home, there to tell his family about the change.

Permanent Cure

Christ knew that a permanent cure depended upon the man. Christ can do for us what no one else can do. But each of us must do what even Christ cannot do. As the Apostle says: "We are God's fellow-workers." And Christ has him do the thing he is able to do, a thing simple in itself, yet important. Namely a return to his home, there to tell what had happened. For a moment, as the boat left the shore, he felt disappointed. But soon he discovered that the Divine Friend was with him in spirit as he lived his life amid human friends.

Suggestions

All of us learn by doing. The child learns to write by filling the page of a copy book. The boy uses his hand in manual training because thought is related to action. The student experiments in the laboratory that he may learn chemistry. The guiding thought of modern education is—learn by doing. Make your Christian experiments in the home and school.

Religion and life are one. Because the home and school form the larger part of life for a young person, there the testing is found. Make good in the ordinary relations of life, and the special occasions will take care of themselves. It may be more difficult to be a Christian at seven o'clock in the morning on a week day, than a Christian at seven o'clock Sunday evening when the Young People's meeting is held.

MAY 12.

Christian Endeavor Fellowship

1 John 1:1-7.

DAILY READINGS.

M., May 6. Bond of fellowship. Eph. 4:1-6.
T., May 7. Fellowship with Christ Luke 24:15, 32.
W., May 8. Fellowship with God. Gen. 5:24.
T., May 9. Fellowship with one another. Mal. 3:13-18.
F., May 10. Fellowship in service. Phil. 1:1-7.
S., May 11. Fellowship in joy. Acts 4:23-31.

This question of fellowship is a big one just now. Curiously it is coming to the front with fresh emphasis because of the war. The reason for this is apparent. Most of the effort to alleviate the suffering or safeguard the morals of our men in army and navy is not taking an ecclesiastical or denominational form. At least the men receiving this assistance accept it as simply Christian. And the young men find themselves for the time being lifted out of their church relations. They are parts of a great force under a common flag. Let us consider the question from this angle.

International

This is a word to conjure with in these days. Much is made of the fact that certain nations are standing together in a common cause. The flags of these nations are grouped. But the word is an old one for the Christian Endeavor. For years its organization has been international. Without much flag-waving it has quietly attempted to make real the kingdom of righteousness among men.

Something Deeper

The brotherhood of the Allied Nations is something impressive. But there is only one thing that can make that brotherhood lasting. And that is the Spirit of Jesus Christ. The spirit of fear because of the enemy or the spirit of hatred towards the enemy cannot do it. If there is nothing more than fear and hate, mingled with courage, the old rivalries will assert themselves when the war ends. Something deeper in the hearts of men must exist, and that something is Christian experience.

Mission

And this the Christian Endeavor movement stands for. This thought should be kept to the front in the meetings. From these societies thousands of young men have gone to serve their country. The work at home will suffer because of their absence. But the deeper work of Christ will prosper because of their presence in army and navy. During their absence those who remain at home should strike the note of fellowship as based upon Christian experience.

Evidence

It should not be forgotten that the evidence for Christianity is a Christian. And the evidence of real fellowship is Christian experience as expressed in 1 John 1:7: "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." What a glorious work this is! Much is said about a "League to Enforce Peace." But the way to enforce peace is to possess peace and increase the number. Every young person with a Christian experience is a factor in creating the "international mind," which is the kingdom of God on earth.

Courage

The task is a noble one. It is not hopeless, even though the world be torn with strife. The worldly man may not be impressed by the program. For "peace is not as the world giveth," and "it passeth all understanding." But it is the final solution.

Suggestions

First, remember an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory. Spend little time on schemes to promote fellowship. Just practice it. Think of your

society as an international force to make real the will of God among men.

Second, resist the hate mania of these war times. Keep your heart pure and strong. Do not permit your Christian spirit to be smothered in the froth of a mere atrocity bitterness. The men battling in France have no time for this.

MAY 19.

Education: the Doorway to Service

2 Timothy 2:15; Luke 6:40.

DAILY READINGS.

M., May 13. Moses' education. Acts 7:20-34.
T., May 14. Paul's opportunities. Acts 22:1-5.
W., May 15. Timothy's preparation. 2 Tim. 1:7.
T., May 16. Training utilized. Exod. 35:30-35.
F., May 17. Trained in the temple. 1 Sam. 3:1-4.
S., May 18. Daniel at school. Dan. 1:1-4, 17.

The wording of the subject is suggestive, or rather the bringing together of the words "education" and "service." As a frame is over against yet a part of the picture, so education is distinct from yet connected with service. It is possible to have education without service even as it is possible to have a frame without the picture. But as the frame adds to the picture, so education makes effective service. They are related.

Text-Book

This, of course, is the Word of God. In this Word the revelation of God in Jesus Christ is found. There can be no doubt about the text-book for the Christian. He may study other books and with profit. But to neglect the Book of Books is to miss education in the Christian sense.

Length of Course

It is only a book and carried in the hand as any other book. It is printed on paper and bound as other books are printed and bound. But, somehow, the old Book is never outgrown. In the schools new text-books are constantly introduced. Sir Isaac Newton, perhaps the greatest mathematical genius of history, after a lifetime of study, said he only began to know the Bible.

A Graded Course

You can begin at any age the study of this Book. The waters are shallow enough for lambs to wade in and deep enough for elephants to swim in. The moment you open the Book you find something. You begin the Christian life by being called a disciple, that is, a learner. This you never cease to be.

A Human Course

If the Bible consisted of treatises on Art, History or Science, it might be outgrown. These subjects have their limitations. As regards history, there are certain periods about which all may be known by the examination of a few documents. But the Bible deals with life. You read a few verses, then go forth to the day's work, only to find that the verses go with you. In life as lived you find expressed the Bible as studied.

A Related Course

More than this the Bible greets you in the lives of others. Many a thought of the Scripture seems indefinite until met with in some other life. For no one exhausts in his own experience the meaning of the Bible. This explains the value of Christian fellowship and the injunction, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves."

Result

The Danes define education "as that which remains after what you have learned is forgotten." The definition is true of Christian education for service. An educated Christian is something more than a "biblical shark." The old distinction between the large and small college has truth in it: "In one you go through more; in the other more goes through you." So with God's Word. The question is not, How much do you

know of it? but, How much of it have you worked over into character?

MAY 26.

Doing His Will

John 15:8-14.

DAILY READINGS.

M., May 20. Christ and God's will. John 9:4.
T., May 21. The motive—love. John 14:23, 24.
W., May 22. The command to shine. Matt. 5:14-16.
T., May 23. The command to go. Matt. 28:16-20.
F., May 24. The command to trust. John 14:1-3.
S., May 25. The command to serve. John 13:14-17.

How few are the words in this subject. Only three of them—Doing His Will. Probably there are no three words in language which brought together can express so much as these three words. They contain about all there is of the Christian religion. Their meaning cannot be exhausted. Let us meditate on their meaning.

A Question

They imply that our wills are to be yielded to another. This a person may hesitate to do. He may willingly respond to the request of another. But to yield his will to another for life is something more serious. And so he may well ask: "What kind of a being is God who makes this demand upon my personality?"

The Answer

It is found in the Scriptures. The demand being a serious one, a thoughtful person will examine his Bible with care. There he will find the record of one who says, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." So the question arises, Does Christ as revealed suggest God? This only leads to another question: Is God as revealed in Christ one to whom I should submit my will? The answers to these questions are unmistakable. With Thomas the Christian says, "My Lord and my God!" And He becomes such because He wins our moral allegiance. That is, our will is submitted to His will.

The Teaching

As the teaching of Christ regarding the Will of God is examined, one fact is clear, namely, moral freedom is the result. Two statements of Christ will show this. One is, "I am come that ye might have life." The other is, "He that willeth to do the will of the Father shall know." That is, life and truth are the result of doing God's will. This is a thought that needs emphasis. To do God's will does not mean the blind subservience to a power greater than our own. Rather it is the free, conscious, and deliberate yielding of ourselves to God, who plans for us better than we can plan for ourselves. A Christian is more of a man than a man who is not a Christian. For in doing God's will he gains his liberty.

"Doing"

Two things are mentioned by John in the lesson for to-day. One is, the Christian does God's will when he bears fruit. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." The other is, those doing God's will are bound together by a deep love. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another." The doctrine of the Will of God may be a philosophy of the universe. And it is this. It satisfies the reason as no other doctrine. But more than this, it is a rule of life.

The Motive

This seems to have been the thought uppermost in the mind of Christ when He spoke these words. He realized that life is determined by its motive. And so he brings to bear upon their lives the motive of His divine love—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The doctrine of the Will of God leads us to the Cross of Christ.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

"God Bless All Our Boys!"

The big flag that had been flying from the Oswalds' front porch had caught on a nail and quite a tear was made in it; so father when he brought it in one night said, "Grandma, here's a task for your skillful needle. We can't have Old Glory showing a ragged front, can we? And Memorial Day ought to find our flag curling out to the breeze in perfect order."

So Grandma Oswald sat down to her task bright and early the next morning, and Paul brought his picture-book and sat watching her before it was time to start for his kindergarten.

Grandma's shining needle wove in and out through the broad white stripe so deftly that Paul was sure that by the time she had finished you could hardly tell that it had been darned. But by-and-by as Paul looked he saw something else shining. He saw one and then two and three teardrops fall from grandma's eyes down on the flag.

Paul's little heart was full of love and sympathy. He didn't know what was the matter, but he got up and stood by grandma's side and put one chubby arm around her neck.

Grandma looked up into the kind little face with a brave smile like sunshine through the rain, for two more bright drops fell as she did so.

"Never mind, Paul dear," she said. "I was thinking—thinking of the long ago when Grandpa Oswald went to the war in 1862, and never came back, and I was left to bring up my two little folks—your papa and your Aunt Agnes—as best I could.

"And then I was thinking, too, about the dreadful war we are having now, and how many of our dear, splendid American boys have gone 'over there' to fight for our liberty and the liberty of the world, and how so many of them will never come back."

"Will my big brother John come back?" asked Paul.

"We don't know, dearie. We just had to put him in God's loving care when he sailed away to France, and we'll keep him surrounded with a circle of prayer. God knows how we love him and how all the mothers and fathers love their boys, and we must trust them with Him. It's a brave, brave fight they're making, God bless them!"

As Paul started for school he stood for a minute by the little Service Flag with its star in the window, and said softly, "Dear God, bless my brother—and all our boys!"

Tommy's Eyes

BY EARL REED SILVERS

After little Tom had been put to bed, and the house was quiet with a kind of oppressive stillness, Mrs. Armstrong announced to Jack the verdict of Dr. Tompkins, the famous physician at the hospital.

"He says that there is something growing over Tommy's eye," she announced, "and that unless he is operated on within the next two weeks he will go blind."

Jack gazed at his mother with startled eyes.

"Not blind for always?" he questioned. "Yes, for the rest of his life; only an operation can save him."

"And is the doctor going to operate?" "No." Mrs. Armstrong spoke softly, but in her voice was the sadness of ages of mother love and suffering.

Jack's eyes opened in amazement. "Why not?" he demanded shrilly. "Mother, we mustn't have Tommy blind!"

"Maybe we won't be able to help it, Jack. The operation will cost two hundred dollars."

Two hundred dollars! It might as well have been two thousand. Jack's heart missed a beat as the portent of his mother's words came to him. Living as they did from hand to mouth, with only his own slim wages to supplement his

mother's earnings as a dressmaker, the sum which would mean more than life to his younger brother was as far beyond his reach as was the evening star.

"Mother!" he gasped, "does it mean that Tommy must go blind?"

The woman's eyes filled suddenly with tears; her head dropped miserably into her furrowed hands.

"I guess it does, Jack," she said.

For a moment the boy did not answer. The ticking of the old square clock on the mantelpiece filled the room with sounds which seemed suddenly ominous. Boyishly helpless, Jack sat staring at his mother's bent head. Tommy must go blind! Over and over again he repeated the phrase, scarcely realizing its portent, yet understanding his own helplessness in the face of the impending disaster. Tommy must go blind! His little brother, who laughed at the sunshine and loved all things beautiful, must spend the rest of his life in darkness! Tommy must go blind!

Jack's own eyes suddenly became misty with tears. Half angrily he wiped them away and looked across at his mother,

became unbearably oppressive; it seemed as if something was pushing him down, squeezing the last remnant of youth and hope from his heart. He wanted to cry out, to stretch forth his arms and rail against the hand of fate which had brought this latest burden upon him. He felt as if he could not stay in the house a moment longer.

"Maw," he said huskily, "I'm going to take a walk. I'll be back as soon as I can."

It was midsummer, and night had not yet fallen. People sat in the cool of the porches bordering each side of the narrow street; on one curbstone three little girls, with the instinct of potential motherhood, were preparing their dolls for bed. Jack smiled at them mechanically, and passed on.

He had no object in view, no purpose except to get away from the house in which his little brother lay sleeping. He walked on and on, turning from one street to another without knowing where he went.

Suddenly a shrill cry pierced his consciousness, arousing him from his semi-

creature, feeling instinctive confidence in his new friend, nestled in his arms. Jack patted the tiny head encouragingly. "You poor little pup," he whispered, "I guess that you have your troubles, too."

The pain in his own heart seemed to have miraculously disappeared, and with the dog in his arms he made his way homeward. His mother was still sitting in the chair as he had left her.

"I found this dog in the street," he announced, anxious to say something which would divert the thoughts he knew were in her mind. "Some kids were pestering him, so I brought him home."

His mother nodded. "Maybe to-morrow you can find his owner," she answered. "We'll fix a box for him for to-night."

After the dog was comfortably settled, Jack went up to his own room and tried to sleep. But he tossed and rolled restlessly until his mother called him at five o'clock, and all during his paper route he thought hopelessly of Tommy and the darkness which awaited him.

There was one paper left over when he returned home, and while he ate his breakfast of oatmeal and rolls his mother glanced over the sheet.

"Oh, Jack," she announced suddenly, "here is an advertisement about the dog you found, I think. Read it."

She indicated the place on the page, and Jack read eagerly.

"Lost: yesterday afternoon in the vicinity of Jackson street, a small black and tan dog. Reward if returned to 169 Maple Terrace."

Jack glanced at the clock. "I guess it is the little fellow I found," he said. "I have plenty of time to go over before school. I'll take him to the house now and see."

It was almost an hour before he returned, and as he slammed into the kitchen, he greeted his mother with shining eyes. But there was something mysterious about his answer when Mrs. Armstrong inquired concerning the result of his errand.

"I'll start from the beginning and tell you all about it," he said. "The house on Maple Terrace was a great big one, with a garage in back. I was almost afraid to ring the bell, but finally I did and a servant came to the door. When she saw the dog, she asked me to come right in, and I went into one of the swellest rooms I ever saw.

"After a minute a fat man came in the room and asked me how I happened to find Fido. That's the dog's name, I guess. I told him, and when I had finished, he asked me to sit down and tell him what in the world I wanted the most. I told him that I didn't want anything, but he said that all boys wanted lots of things and that I looked like a real boy to him. He was awfully nice about it, and before I knew what I was doing, I had told him about Tommy and what the doctor had said about his eyes."

He paused, and Mrs. Armstrong nodded.

"Yes?" she encouraged. "And then," Jack continued excitedly, "he said that Tommy's eyes were mighty important things and that we mustn't let them get blind. And I told him that I guessed we couldn't help it, but he said that he guessed he could help it because his name was Tompkins and he was the big doctor over at the hospital. And he told me that you was to come to the hospital this afternoon at three o'clock, and that he would give Tommy back his eyes again."

Jack paused suddenly, watching his mother to see what effect his words would have upon her. He expected her to smile, but instead, she sank suddenly into the kitchen chair and cried as if her heart would break. For a moment Jack watched her, and then his eyes too filled with tears. But they were tears of the greatest happiness he had ever known.



"GRANDMA'S SHINING NEEDLE WOVE IN AND OUT."

whose shoulders were still shaking convulsively.

"Maw!" he said suddenly, "there must be some way for us to get the money."

It was as if he had not spoken. His mother's head remained bent; rending sobs shook her slender body. Jack rose and walked over to her side, placing a hand awkwardly on her arm.

"Maw," he said, "don't cry."

There was a world of appeal in his voice, and his mother, suddenly brave again, raised her head and smiled pathetically.

"We'll have to do the best we can, Jack," she said, "and trust in God's goodness to find a way out."

"Ain't there any way we can get the money?" Jack demanded. "Won't some one lend it to us?"

"I guess not, son. Men don't lend money to people like us."

The unfairness of it all swept over Jack with startling suddenness. His mother's brave fight for a livelihood for herself and her two sons, the three long years since his father's death, his own attempts to bear his share of the burden—all these passed through his mind in silent review. It had been hard enough before! And now, Tommy was going blind! It wasn't fair! They didn't deserve it!

A realization of his helplessness, of the helplessness of his mother, who had fought the good fight with undimmed courage, overwhelmed him. The room

stunor, bringing him with jerking suddenness to a realization of the present. Startled, he looked around. He was in a strange part of town, the houses were unfamiliar. Directly across the street from where he had stopped, three boys, smaller than himself, unkempt and uncombed, had captured a tiny black and tan dog, and with unconscious cruelty were preparing to subject him to torture. While one held him in a vise-like grip, the others, none too gently, were wrapping a ball of twine around his hind legs. The dog, sensitive, unaccustomed to rough treatment, shivered piteously. Something in his cringing attitude, in his fear-filled eyes, touched a responsive chord in Jack's heart.

He hurried across the street. "What are you kids doing?" he demanded.

The boys looked up resentfully. "We're going to turn him into a kangaroo," one of them answered.

"Where did you get the dog?"

"Found him."

"Don't you know where he lives?"

"No; he ain't got no home, I guess."

"Well, give him here. I'll take care of him."

The leader of the trio glanced up sullenly, half inclined to disobey the command, but there was something about the gleam in Jack's eyes which warned him against possible consequences. Without a word he released the dog, and handed him to Jack. The little

Our Fireside

A Vision Realized

A Story for Mother's Day

By Felicia Buttz Clark

A large white ship was cutting through the waves of the Pacific Ocean on her way to San Francisco. The foam dashed against the sides of the vessel, bursting into myriad jeweled drops as the semi-tropical sun kissed it. On the deck, stretched out in an attitude of languor or weakness, lay a sun-browned young man in a khaki suit much the worse for wear. His eyes were closed and the expression on his face was one of utter weariness.

"Are you feeling any better this morning?" The question aroused him from a condition which was half fatigue, half exhaustion.

"I think that I am a little better, doctor. Won't you sit down?"

The doctor in his white suit and blue cap with gold band sat down on a camp-chair and looked keenly at the invalid.

"To tell the truth, Adams, all that you need is to get home and have your mother nurse you up. This low fever you caught in the Philippines must run its course and it's a long one; but you're over the worst, and a good rest will bring you around all right. When we get to Frisco, go home as soon as you can."

The doctor had been speaking carelessly, watching a school of tiny silvery flying-fish leaping through the foam. Dainty little creatures of the sea they were. Now he turned again to the patient, whose face had become very white. There was that in his eyes which made the doctor stammer an excuse, with the hurried words, "Have I said something to hurt you, Adams?"

"Don't go, doctor. I'd like to—I feel like talking, if you don't mind."

"Go on. I'm free for an hour. Tell me anything you like. I'm an unfathomable well when it comes to confidences. What you tell me goes down into the depths and stays there."

He arranged the pillows more comfortably, examining with fresh interest the fine features, firm mouth and chin, and long, slender hands of the soldier from the Philippines stricken down there with low fever and shipped off for the United States to regain his health. Many soldiers returned in this condition. It was not the first time that the doctor had cared for these invalid members of our army; but it was the first time that he had met just this style. Adams resembled an officer more than a common soldier. He came from a good family, that was plain to be seen, and was an educated man. "Some young rascal who has 'slipped a cog' and is suffering the

consequences," thought the ship's surgeon, drawing up a comfortable rattan chair and leaning his head back on it.

"Tell on, my lad," he said. Adams did not speak for a few minutes. He seemed to be gathering strength. He scowled a little. Evidently his thoughts were not pleasant ones.

"I haven't got any home to go to," he blurted out at last.

"Well, I'm sorry for that. It's about the best place on earth for a fellow to go to—sometimes the best place for a fellow to stay in," added the quick-witted doctor.

"You mean that it's my own fault if I haven't a home. How did you guess that? It's true anyway. I had a home, a beautiful one. My father was president and part owner of a railroad. We lived in a big place on the Hudson. I was the only son, heir to everything. Don't look much like it now, do I?" He laughed scornfully, glancing at his well-worn khaki suit. As the doctor said nothing, the soldier continued: "My mother died the first year that I was in Harvard. My mother and I were—well, we were chums." He stopped a minute. "She died; no more letters from her; no more of those hours we used to spend together; no more—mother."

There was a long pause. The doctor moved suddenly.

"I say—Adams—perhaps you'd better not—"

"Yes, I want to talk. God knows that I've wanted to tell somebody this for the last three years. I never was a fellow to talk, but mother understood me. When she went I was alone. My father was a busy man. He loved me and I was very proud of him. Dear old dad! But he was a man, and I wanted my mother. Well, I went back to college after an awful summer and passed my Sophomore year and had just begun my Junior work, when one day I got a letter from Dad. He told me that he had married again. He had not said anything about it before because he was sure that I would make a fuss, and he knew that I would love my new mother when I saw her. 'Love my new mother!'"

"Was that all that he said?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no. There was a lot of palaver about me, and how my mother had wanted to have a home again, partly—mostly—on my account. Think of it! So he had been married quietly and they wanted me to come home very soon. He enclosed a big check."

"What did you do?"

"Do? I did something mighty quick. I put that check in an envelope and sent it to dad. He meant it all right. And I told him that I hoped he'd be happy with the woman whom he had put in my mother's place, but that now I was homeless. I was going away where he could not find me, for I never, never could love another mother in this world."

"And then?"

"Oh, the rest is a short story. They wanted men for the Philippines. I enlisted and spent three years out there among the natives and ruined my health without helping my country very much. That's all."

Adams lay back exhausted. The doctor pulled a light blanket over him. The sun had set and the air was chilly.

"So your name is not Adams?" he asked casually. His heart ached for the lad. He was no criminal, only just a man whose soul yearned for his home and his mother. The merits of the case the doctor did not discuss. That was not his business. It was not the first time that he had prescribed for bruised hearts as well as weak bodies.

"No. It's Gilmore, Richard Gilmore," came from the depths of the blanket.

The doctor smiled. There was an element in the voice which it had not contained before, a tone of relief. For three long years in the wilds of the Philippines the young man had nursed this grievance, had shut it up in his soul. Now he had told some one. He felt better already.

"Go to sleep," counseled the physician to the body; then the physician to the soul added, "If I were in your place, I'd hunt up my father when I got to the States."

The words haunted Richard Gilmore when he landed at Frisco, that great, bustling city, the Gateway of the West. He was ashamed to tell the doctor how little money he had—not enough to get him across the continent. He decided to leave the city and strike southward, where he could get work in some orange grove. It did not matter much what the work was; a soldier in the Philippines is used to hardship.

He took a train and went to the south, stopping at a venture at a small town which looked promising. It was the wrong time of year, or else his appearance was against him. At any rate he could not find work. Steadily his little store of money decreased, in spite of close economy. Worst of all, the fever came on again. Day by day he walked along the roads between the orange-groves where golden fruit nestled among glossy leaves, and felt so ill that he could not find courage to ask for work.

All along the way, at intervals, were beautiful homes, white villas nestling among tall trees, surrounded by green lawns and flowering shrubs. Not far distant the blue waves dashed up on the sand. There were fast-whirling motor-cars, women and girls in white dresses and with sweet faces. Richard Gilmore looked at them wonderingly. They were creatures from another world to the poor soldier from the Philippines, without another dollar in his pocket, his body burning up with fever, his brain turned with delirium.

It was on this day that he wandered into a forest of Eucalyptus trees and lay down on the grass, looking up at the blue sky between the long and green leaves. He closed his eyes and saw a vision. He was at home and his mother was bending over him. Her face was just as it used to be, full of love, very gentle and very sweet.

He was at home again.

Then the voice resolved itself into words which he only partially understood.

"Here, Simpson, help him to rise. Poor fellow! A soldier evidently very ill. Lift him carefully into the car and drive home, very slowly, not to jar him."

Richard heard the rustle of draperies and the faint odor of violets enveloped him. It was all a part of the beautiful vision. He was at home.

The soft air touched his forehead. The

breath of thousands of blossoms was in his nostrils. And then he seemed to sleep.

The house to which Richard Gilmore was brought in the luxurious motor car was very spacious. It was built of white stucco, with broad verandas and marble steps. Roses clambered over the pillars, fountains murmured soft melody, trees shed their shade, and tall palms were grouped on the lawn. Into a cool room the soldier was carried. There for a whole month he was cared for by a trained nurse and by the lady of the house herself, a graceful woman with snow-white hair but a young face, with luminous eyes through which looked forth a singularly pure and gentle soul.

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Often in his delirium he would call for his mother, and then the white-haired woman would come and hold his hands, speaking softly to him. The delirium ceased, and he slept, while she sat by him all the hours of the night. To the fever-tortured man she was actually his mother.

One night he told her his whole story in short, quick sentences—how he had dreamed that she was dead; that another woman had come in her place.

"You know that I could not love her, mother dear," he said, earnestly looking into her face with great eyes, brilliant with the light of delirium. "And then I thought I went to the Philippines as a soldier. It was so awful there, the heat, the suffering, the language I heard—in my dream, you know, mother. I was very ill. And all the time I dreamed that you were gone and I was alone. I could not love that other mother, could I?" he appealed, coming to partial consciousness.

"Oh, no, of course not," the sweet-faced woman with the prematurely white hair replied, but there were tears in her eyes and her lips trembled.

When the dawn brightened the east the sick man's iron grasp upon her fingers relaxed and he slept. She stooped to kiss his forehead, and the heavy eyelids slowly lifted. "Mother!" he said, instantly falling asleep again.

"Mother!" The word lingered in her ear as, weary almost to the point of fainting, the woman who lived alone in the grandeur of this house went to her own room, passed out upon the veranda and sank into a bamboo "chaiselongue."

She closed her eyes. Still the beautiful word lingered with her. Long years had gone since a childish voice had whispered, "Mother." Why should not this lad be to her a son, sent by God? He was refined and cultured. In his delirium no coarse word, no brutal expression, had come from his lips. The nurse had found in his pocket a copy of Thomas á Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," marked and worn. On the fly-page was written: "From your Mother." Underneath in another handwriting these words: "She left me for a brighter world on May 6, 1908."

He had no mother. Could he love her and take the place of the son she had lost?

The haze purpling the ocean changed to a silvery veil. The cloudlets turned from the dull hues of night to rosy tints. White sails of fishermen's boats glistened in the first rays of the sun and birds burst into joyous melody, hymns of welcome to the day.

In the cool, darkened chamber a sick man slept his way back to health and life. On the veranda a woman with prematurely white hair dreamed of happiness to come into a lonely life.

One day Richard Gilmore, clothed in civilian's dress through the generosity of his hostess, looking handsomer than ever, although his face had lost the bronzed appearance incidental to the life he had left, took courage and went out into the hall.

"Be careful, Mr. Adams," called the nurse. "You are not so strong as you think. Better rest a while in the library. I will bring you a glass of milk."

"Oh, I'm all right," replied the soldier, smiling whimsically, as he found himself staggering, very glad to enter the shaded room where the walls were lined with books and big leather chairs invited him to repose. The fever had run its course, he was ready to face the world with new courage and one determination: he would earn enough money to go East. He would find his father and say to him: "Father, I have erred. Forgive me." That very day, or maybe to-morrow—"according to the condition of my legs," he murmured with a low laugh, dropping down into the first chair, he would thank the lady who had so generously cared for him and would go away. He was sorry to go; it was pleasant in this lovely home, with the blue waves making music on the beach and the birds singing in the garden. He must be a man and go out to work in the world.

He was so exhausted that he did not notice at first the oak-beams of the ceiling, the broad diamond-paned windows through which one could catch glimpses of white sails and dancing wavelets.

Suddenly he looked up, as if some one had called him.

God! It was his mother's face that he saw! Was he dreaming? Had the delirium returned? Over the console hung a portrait familiar to him, a portrait of his mother in a white satin gown. Pearls were on her neck, diamonds on her breast, but in her eyes was the unquenchable light of love. Many times he had stood before this portrait as it hung in the home on the Hudson River. How had it come to be here, in California?

He went nearer and read the inscription on the frame: "Alice Hustid Gilmore." Yonder was the tall Chinese vase and the painting by Corot that his father was so fond of! On the desk was the quaint inkstand that his father had used and beside it a miniature of his father. Dear, kind face!

Where was his father? Why was he not here? Who was the woman who lived here? Who had nursed him back to life?

"Are you feeling ill?" asked his hostess. "Please sit down, Mr. Adams."

"No, no," he cried hoarsely, turning toward her. "Tell me, where is my father?"

"Your father? I do not know." "He is surely delirious again," she thought. "You must know! This is my father's picture. That is my mother's portrait. Where is he?"

The woman's face grew very white. She trembled and clutched the edge of the desk to keep from falling.

"Are you Richard?" she asked breathlessly. "Has God answered our prayers and brought you home?"

"Where is my father?" he repeated. "I must see him at once! I must tell him—how sorry—I am—that I—left him—as I did. Where is my father?"

Very gently the mistress of the house led him to a couch, soothing him as she would have quieted her own son had he lived to manhood, breaking to him the news that nevermore would he behold the face of his father in this world.

He was so weak that he scarcely understood what she said.

"If my father is dead, I must go away," he cried, trying to rise.

"Will you not stay with me, Richard?" she asked.

"Who are you?"

He was still bewildered. He looked sharply into the sweet face beneath the snow-white hair. Her soft gown clung to her slender figure, the tea-roses on her bosom rose and fell as she breathed irregularly and her heart pulsed violently.

"Oh, God, make him love me!" her heart cried. She said aloud: "Richard, I am the woman whom your father married."

"The woman who took my mother's place."

There was dead silence in the room for a moment.

"Once, Richard, I had a son, the light and glory of my womanhood. He went away. After a few years my husband died and I was left entirely alone. Then your father came and told me that he had a motherless son. He asked me to come and make a home for that boy. I did so for your sake, never to take your mother's place, never! I wanted to love you. I wanted to make you love me. We searched everywhere for you, Richard. It was in vain. Your father's health failed and we came here, to a milder climate. It was all useless. God has brought you back to your home, Richard. In your delirium you called me mother. Richard—"

She laid her hand on his arm. He glanced first at her, then at the portrait, and back at her.

The light passing through the diamond-paned windows glorified the face of the mother, who seemed to be smiling at her son.

The bitterness which he had so long cherished in his heart disappeared. He stood silent, looking at the beautiful face in the portrait. Then, with a whispered, "Yes, mother," Richard turned to the woman, lonely in the midst of her beautiful home. Drawing her hand through his arm, he led her out upon the rose-hung veranda, into the brightness of a new life—the Vision Realized.

From a Veteran Christian Worker

A recent grant sent to Rev. N. S. Sweet by the American Tract Society called forth the following response:

"Your parcel of tracts came, and I am arranging them for distribution this week. Thank you very much. I pray that they may do much good.

"I remember the time when I left home with horse and buggy as a colporter with a stock of books from the American Tract Society. I kept at this colportage work for six years, and then I took up pastoral work. I did not stay less than five years at any church, and at one church I remained nearly eight years. Then I took up colportage for the Baptists. I am eighty-four years old.

A Grant Acknowledged

A consignment of literature sent by the American Tract Society as a grant to a Christian worker for distribution among the soldiers in Ft. Worth, Texas, called forth this acknowledgment:

"The package came all in good order. Many thanks. The Cromwell's Bibles, tracts, etc. are excellent, and it will take me quite a little time to distribute them. I will try to hand them out myself, with a word of help, as far as I can. The boys all seem grateful for good reading matter and appreciate any word of good cheer and exhortation.

"I consider it an honor and privilege to co-operate with you in distributing the excellent material you have sent."

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This water set, composed of six tumblers and pitcher, will delight the heart of every housewife. The pitcher is substantially made in a pleasing design, with firm, strong base. The tumblers are of dainty, extra thin blown glass. Each piece is edged in pure sterling silver, with wreath and initial of the owner. The tumblers are half pint capacity—the pitcher holds three pints. This is the set for everyday use and for special occasions. It will give the user everlasting satisfaction and pleasure.

In these times of high prices it is exceedingly fortunate that we are able to offer this handsome and distinctive Crystal Water Set on terms within easy reach of every household. The family initial in silver is permanently burned into each piece, giving the set that individuality which is the pride of every woman with good taste. The set is as beautiful and pleasing as much of the costly imported glassware.

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We will give this splendid CRYSTAL WATER SET free and postpaid for only 10 yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at 50 cents each, or we will give the set with a year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for only \$3.25. These offers are for subscriptions in the United States only.

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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During March, 1918

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$2,012.21 for Special Objects), \$7,474.45.

ARKANSAS, \$1.
Mrs. Rowland, for Patriot Library, \$1.

CALIFORNIA, \$78.25.
Merced, Church Collection, \$5; Mrs. Reeves, for Patriot Library, \$1; Mr. Gorton, for Patriot Library, \$5; Mr. Gorton, for Patriot Library, \$10; Mrs. Hersman, for Patriot Library, \$5; Mrs. Smith, \$5; Oakland, Church Offering, \$4.25; Los Angeles, Church Collection, \$10; German Pastors' Association, \$11.50; Pasadena, Church Offering, \$1.50; Berkeley, Church Collection, \$20.

COLORADO, \$16.50.
Boulder, Church Offering, \$7.50; Miss Koehler, \$2; Wray, Church Collection, \$2; Canon City, Church Offering, \$5.

CONNECTICUT, \$108.50.
A Friend, \$1; Mr. Hallock, \$5; Mrs. Chapin, \$0.50; Sound Beach, Missionary Society Collection, \$5; Miss Morgan, \$2; Stamford, Church Offering, \$10; Mrs. Davison, \$10; Mr. Carrington, \$1; Mrs. Troland, \$1; Mrs. Baker, \$2; Mrs. Lindsay, \$5; Mr. Wells, \$5; Mrs. Coit, \$5; Miss Mix, \$5; Mr. Catlin, \$5; Mr. Clark, \$10. The following for Patriot Library: Mr. Champan, \$10; Miss Gay, \$5; Mr. Beecher, \$5; Miss Belden, \$3; Miss Belden, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. Greene, \$1; Mr. Cooke, \$1; Miss Jennings, \$10.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$11.80.
Washington, Church Collection, \$2; Washington, Church Offering, \$4.80; Washington, Church Collection, \$5.

FLORIDA, \$1.
Mrs. Hill, for Patriot Library, \$1.

IDAHO, \$15.65.
Mr. Fast, \$0.65; Mr. Hege, \$10; Twinn Falls, Church Collection, \$5.

ILLINOIS, \$73.95.
A Friend, \$5; Miss Metzger, \$0.30; Miss Borden, for Patriot Library, \$25; A Friend, \$10; Mrs. Luedke, \$0.65; Oneida, Church Offering, \$5; Du Quoin, Church Collection, \$3; Galena, Church Offering, \$10; Mr. Ollendorf, for Patriot Library, \$2; Scales Mound, Church Collection, \$2; Mr. Triller, \$1; Evanston, Church Offering, \$10.

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Crown Point, Church Offering, \$5; Connersville, Church Collection, \$4; Monticello, Church Offering, \$2; Frankfort, Church Collection, \$5; Mrs. Kilian, for Patriot Library, \$1; Greensburg, Church Offering, \$2.90.

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Mrs. Covington, for Korea, \$10; Maysville, Church Offering, \$10.

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tion, \$20; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, \$2; Mrs. Goffield, for Patriot Library, \$1; Detroit, Church Offering, \$20; Battle Creek, Church Offering, \$3.

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LEGACIES, \$1,000.
Eric, Pa., Estate of Mrs. Susan M. Sanford, \$1,000.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS... \$1,357.08
Income for Missionary Work... 1,357.08

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I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of.....dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

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THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order.

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TERMS: Subscription price, 50 cts. a year, payable in advance. In clubs of five or more, 30 cts. each. Club subscriptions mailed to separate addresses, if desired. Charge for foreign subscriptions, 24 cents additional. Canadian subscriptions, 12 cents additional. Single copies, 5 cents each.

On account of the additional charge which is made by the New York Post Office for mailing to subscribers in New York and Bronx Counties (Boroughs of Manhattan and

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Remit by Express Money Order, Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. For very small amounts, postage stamps may be sent at the risk of the sender.

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Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and also upon us if they will mention the AMERICAN MESSENGER when answering advertisements.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized, in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 797,704,700 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$18,461.65. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,652,967.54, which is the equivalent of 5,305,935,080 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 199,963; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 55,712, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-six years 17,438,166, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,812,806.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish the Patriot Library to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a One-volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 16,012,088 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, PRESIDENT.
JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary.
Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.



Lend Him A Hand

BUY LIBERTY BONDS

The Master's Touch

"He touched her hand and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto Him."—(Matt. 8:15.)

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."

He touched her hand as He only can, With the wondrous skill of the great Physician,

With the tender touch of the Son of Man.

And the fever-pain in the throbbing temples

Died out with the flush on brow and cheek,

And the lips that had been so parched and burning

Trembled with thanks that she could not speak.

And the eyes where the fever-light had faded

Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,

And she rose and ministered in her household,

She rose and ministered unto Him.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."

Oh, we need his touch on our fevered hands!

The cool, still touch of the Man of Sorrows,

Who knows us, and loves us, and understands.

So many a life is one long fever!

A fever of anxious suspense and care,

A fever of getting, a fever of fretting,

A fever of hurrying here and there.

Ah, what if in winning the praise of others

We miss at the last the King's "Well done"?

If our self-sought tasks in the Master's vineyard

Yield "nothing but leaves" at the set of sun?

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."

Oh, blessed touch of the Man Divine!

So beautiful then to arise and serve Him,

When the fever is gone from your life and mine:

It may be the fever of restless serving.

With heart all thirsty for love and praise,

And eyes all aching and strained with yearning

Toward self-set goals in the future days.

Or it may be the fever of spirit anguish,

Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down,

Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted,

And the head stoops low for the thorny crown.

Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,

When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,

And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows

Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there.

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it;

Whatever the tempest, His voice can still;

There is only joy as we seek His pleasure;

There is only rest as we choose His will.

And some day, after life's fitful fever,

I think we shall say, in the home on high,

"If the hands that He touched but did His bidding,

How little it matters what else went by!"

Ah Lord! Thou knowest us altogether,

Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be;

Touch thou our hands! Let the fever leave us,

And so we shall minister unto Thee.

—Edith Gilling Cherry.

What One Tract Did in Argentina

BY J. L. HART.

"Buenos tardes, que calor hace." ("Good afternoon, how hot it is.") The speaker was Fidel Rojas, a national census taker, and the words were spoken to Pablo Broda, one of the first Italian farmers to accept the gospel. Distances from farm to farm in Ar-

gentina are great, and as these census takers are paid by the job and not by the day, they are careful to lose as little time as possible on their rounds. Rojas, as soon as he had listed the names, ages, etc., of the family, bade them "Good by," and drove rapidly to the next farm. This would have been only an unimportant interruption in the humdrum life of the farmer folk and not worthy of mention had it not been for one little incident which occurred just as Rojas was leaving. One of the sons of Broda handed the man a tract and said simply, "Here is something you might like to read when you have the time." He took it without giving it a thought, and put it in his pocket. Days and weeks passed and Rojas kept busy at his work and soon found himself far from where he had received the tract and had even forgotten that he had it.

One rainy day, being unable to continue his work, and longing for some way to pass away his time, he hit on the forgotten tract, and for lack of something better to do, set himself to read it. It was a simple gospel tract, but it was indeed good news to him, and as he read and thought, he longed to know more and determined to visit the home again where he had received the tract and see if they had the Book (the Bible) of which the tract spoke.

He could not rid himself of the impression made on him, and he soon made an excuse to visit the Brodas. On the occasion of this visit, the writer was there and had the joy of preaching to about eighty farmers and peons in the large dining-room of this farm-house. Rojas listened with intense interest and at the conclusion of the sermon stood up and said, "This is all new to me and really I do not know what you are talking about, but I do know there has come into my heart something new, something I have never experienced before."

We talked to him, prayed with him, read God's Word to him, and had the joy of seeing him happily converted.

We remained here three or four days, preaching almost four days continually, or explaining difficult passages to the new converts or teaching them gospel songs. Rojas remained through the whole time, and drank in eagerly all that was said, sleeping in the barn on the hay, as was the lot of many, and receiving the hospitality of this noble servant of God, who willingly gave of his substance that these poor hungry souls might be fed with the bread of life.

After securing a Bible, he went home rejoicing. As might be expected, he could not keep his secret long. The gospel, as taught in the Word of God, was an unknown thing in the town where he lived; but before many months had elapsed he had gathered a little group around him, and by telling them his own precious experience and reading God's Word to them, they soon became as deeply interested as he, and wished that they, too, might hear the Word as preached by the servant of God, as he had so often described it to them. So the longing of their hearts took form in a letter which I received from him, containing my traveling expenses and begging me to come to them at my earliest convenience. I went and spent a week visiting the people in their homes, reading and praying with them and teaching them gospel hymns. Several manifested great interest. Especially I remember one little woman who seemed to take in our message, and the joy on her face was sufficient reward for all our efforts.

I was unable to visit Rojas again for a year, but as soon as I got there one of my first questions to Pablo Broda was, "Where is the little woman who manifested so much interest when I was here before?"

He answered, "Did you not know that she is dead?"

"No," said I, "and I am very sorry to hear it."

"Oh," he said, "don't say that. Her death has been a great blessing to this town." Then he told me this story: When she was dying, they sent for a priest, and as he entered her bedroom, she looked at him with pitying eyes

and asked, "Sir, what do you come here for?"

"I have come to prepare you for death," replied the priest.

"I do not need your services," she replied. "I am already prepared."

Then it seemed God gave her strength to raise herself on her pillow and in a feeble voice to say to all those sorrowing friends around her, "If that man who told us about the love of Jesus ever comes back here, you all go to hear him. That is what prepared me to go." And with that she passed away.

As we went about among the people that day, I heard on every side the question, "Are you the man of whom Dona Dolores spoke when dying?"

As I answered in the affirmative, they all said, "Well, we are going to hear you." And they did. The whole town came out. We could not find a hall big enough in the town to seat the people. I preached, that night, to from two hundred and fifty to three hundred people, some crowding around the doors and at the back standing as close as they could.

Today we have in that town a flourishing gospel work, and it all began with a tract.—*Western Recorder.*

A Liberty Loan Appeal

BY DR. COSMO GORDON LANG,

The Archbishop of York and Primate of England.

Come to England and France quickly with money, ships and food. There is a terrible strain upon my countrymen in the trenches. We are not whining and asking for sympathy, but you will be cheering us to new hope, if we know that all the power and resources of your country will be given to the future of civilization.

You cannot send as many men as you wish, but you can send other things. Send money. Where men cannot go, money can. The ocean cannot stop it. Your dollars are the only bullets that will never miss their mark. You are going to have a great Liberty Loan soon. Put all the vigor into it that you can. Don't delay. We are asking you as brothers and partners to come and help

us. Every man, woman and child can help in this fight, to free the world from the menace of German domination.

We have to settle whether the spirit of irresponsible autocracy or the spirit of freedom is to prevail among the nations of the world. So vast and fundamental an issue naturally draws all the free nations of the world together. It must be settled now and forever, cost what it may.

The world must decide whether it will submit to the domination of a spirit which, if it were to prevail, would plunge the nations of the world into a long restless career of military rivalry. On such an issue there can be no such thing as compromise. We must be worthy of our task. We must recover for the world the atmosphere of freedom.

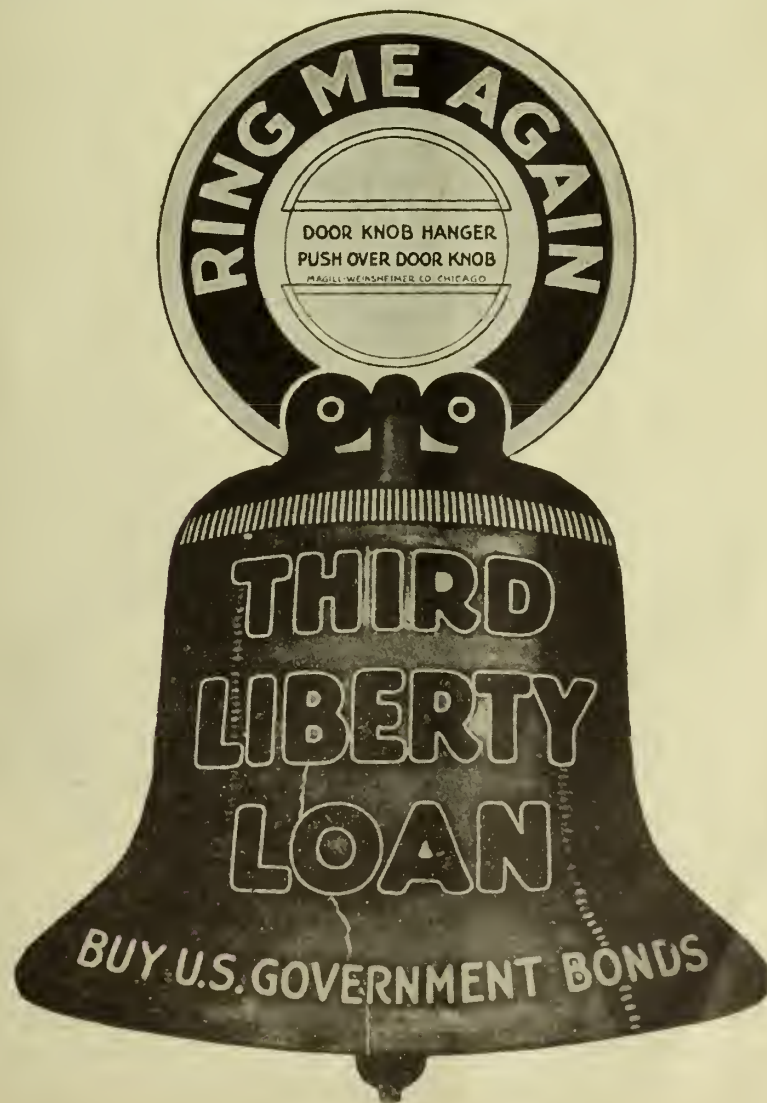
Liberty Anthem

BY CHARLES W. GORDON

*Heaven-sent Liberty, our Nation's pride,
Our fathers fought for thee, fought,
bled and died.
Then was our Flag unfurled, Emblem sublime,
A light unto the world through endless time.*

*Our watch-word still shall be "In God we trust,"
Striving that all may see our cause is just.
We fight for Liberty, and shall not cease,
Till Freedom's victory brings lasting Peace.*

*Now in our Allies' land, breasting war's tide,
Our sons march hand in hand, God is their guide.
Once more we hear the call, "Keep the world free!"
Rise! Rise! And give your all, for Liberty.*



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She greeted him with a bright smile and a "Howdy, Uncle Gabriel."

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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
PARK AVENUE AND 40TH STREET, NEW YORK

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Vol. 76

No. 6

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

JUNE, 1918



Painted by Sidney H. Riesenberg

Courtesy of the Red Cross

For Valor!

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

HENRY E. FRITZ.

WE
DECLARE UNTO YOU GLAD TIDINGS

PREACH THE
GOSPEL TO EVERY
CREATURE

Religious Problems

Dear Sir:

Will you please answer the following questions?

Can man impart holiness to anything? By divine direction he made things that became holy. The Bible says, "God blessed and sanctified the seventh day." Gen. 2:3. Does it say that of any other weekly day? If it does not, why is Sunday observed as a Sabbath or holy day? God called the Sabbath "My holy day." Isa. 58:13. Jesus kept it and instructed its observance at the destruction of Jerusalem, probably about seventy years after his crucifixion. Matt. 24:20.

P. F. R.

The question implies that the Christian Sabbath lacks in divine sanction, that it rests upon human choice and planning, and therefore that it is not as holy a day as was the Old Testament Sabbath. Is not the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead on the first day of the week to be regarded as an adequate divine sanction? The early Christians evidently felt that it was, and therefore they began soon to speak of the first day as "the Lord's day," and to observe it as the Christian Sabbath. There is no sign of discussion or argument on the subject in the New Testament. The change seems to have come about naturally and easily. Henceforth the first day was the outstanding day in the calendar of the Christian week, because on this day the Lord broke for men the bondage of death. Is not this sanction enough? And can there be

any lack of holiness in a day which was thus so wonderfully blessed and sanctified by the resurrection of Christ? Matthew 24:20, so far as we can see, has no bearing on the question of the seventh or first day.

E. W. W.

Dear Sir:

I see by a copy of your paper that you have an able staff of editorial contributors. Would you through them tell me what part of the man constitutes the soul, in the second chapter of Genesis, seventh verse, when God created man and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul.

G. C.

The passage reads as follows: "And Jehovah God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Gen. 2:7.

It would be a very foolish person who would undertake to say what the soul is in its entirety. The passage, however, makes some things very clear, and our knowledge of ourselves confirms them. One thing is that the soul is wholly different from the body; its constitution is spiritual and divine, not physical and earthy. Another thing is that the soul, not the body, is the real center of life. Man was not really a living person until God breathed life into him. That is, the body alone does not bring life with it. We know full well from our experience with the phenomena of death that what remains

to our sight after death has taken place is not the living person. The living person has gone. The soul then is the part of the man that really lives, and that survives death when death comes. It is that in us that knows and feels and wills and loves and believes and prays. It is the "living soul" that looks out through the eyes upon the world, and that looks up to God the Father. Sometimes the Scripture speaks of this living person as being composed of mind, soul and spirit. Again it comprehends all that truly lives in the person under the one word *soul* or the other word *spirit*. It is the soul, not the body, that is concerned in what we call destiny.

E. W. W.

Down in Mississippi

Our colporter in McComb, Mississippi, S. C. Shaw, who is rejoiced to receive his commission for another three months' work, says that there is a great field in South McComb, where the mill people are paying little attention to churches or schools for themselves or their children. Mr. Shaw says:

"I have been prevented by severe illness in my family from doing all that I wanted to, but I have preached several times and held Sunday School and distributed hundreds of tracts. I need more tracts and Sunday School literature. There are over a hundred children in the suburbs without any Sunday School, and I want to start one."

A Year's Work in Buffalo

Our colporter for the city of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Samuel Goddard, writes that during the month of April he called on 3,000 people.

"I visited the Buffalo Orphan Asylum, and the grants made to the little ones were gratefully received.

"During the year I have traveled over 1000 miles and called upon 48,560 people. I have sold or given away 1200 books, 550 mottoes, 2580 tracts, 1350 papers and 675 cards, and my reception has been most cordial."

In the Mormon Country

In Utah and Idaho the colporter meets people of all beliefs and none. Some are satisfied to remain as they are; others welcome light. Colporter Henry W. Pratt tells his experiences:

"The Domestic Science Home in Salt Lake City, or in other words a Rescue Home for young girls, who are thus kept out of the Reform School, has four times ordered 'Daily Food'; the superintendent bought two dozen copies for distribution.

"The first town I visited was American Fork, Utah, a solid Mormon town; a small Presbyterian work goes on here. This is a license town to peddlers and agents. The town marshal stopped me on the street and asked me what I was selling. I told him I was not a peddler but a missionary. He asked to look at my books, saying, 'Merchants in town sell some books, and we do not want any objectionable literature circulated.' Letting him see what I had and explaining my literature, I further handed out to him to read a copy of the letter of President Wilson to the American Tract Society commending the work it is doing for the soldiers and sailors. This letter settled the matter, and he said, 'You are all right, I believe.'

"At one place where I called the woman was in trouble because her son had gone to the war. I handed her the tract, 'Looking Through Your Troubles,' saying that the more we look at troubles the larger they grow, but when we look through them to Christ they diminish.

"One woman bought books of me several years ago. 'Your books were good,' she said, and she gave me a small order for children.

"I had a conversation with a man who overtook me on the street. He is a Mormon, but was brought up a Methodist in Virginia. He was honest enough to say that he did not like the way Mormons live—so much lying, swearing, dancing, etc., but declared that he was satisfied with his religion.

"I visited in Dubois, Idaho. This town has taken quite a new start since I was there two years ago—nice business blocks, bank, two newspapers, etc. I did quite well in circulation. One lady where I called was not inclined to ask me in, but she did, although she said at the door, 'I don't believe I would be interested.' She bought two good books, 'Father John' and 'White Fire.' At another home the lady was dressed all ready to go out, but she asked me in and was very cordial. She bought 'White Fire' and books for children.

"Dubois has a Baptist church, just erected, and the Mormons are to build, also the Catholics. The Bishop's family bought some books: the wife wanted a book to read to her Sunday School class."

Saloons Closed

Colporter Dunlop, writing from Los Angeles, says:

"The people on this coast are devoting a great deal of their time and energy to Red Cross and other war work, but they have found time to take up the liquor problem, and the open saloon is done away with in Los Angeles proper. The question now is what to substitute for the saloons to interest and keep the men busy after their day's work is done. I suggested to one minister that reading rooms with well stocked tables be opened, and he carried the suggestion on.

"The Spanish people buy what they can, but they are poor and many of them cannot read; but soon their children will, and we must be working for them."

On Our Honor Roll

Mrs. J. Thomas Webster, 1613 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md., writes:

"I believe I have been taking the AMERICAN MESSENGER for sixty years and more—at first, when a girl, in a club addressed to Miss Susan Barnes. She is still living in California at the age of eighty-four. Later I think you will find me subscribing under my own name, Susanna Mitchell, Churchville, Md., and for the past fifty years as Mrs. J. Thomas Webster, so I feel sure you will give me a place on your Honor Roll. I would not know what to do without the MESSENGER, and send you my best wishes for its continued success."

Mrs. G. G. Sheets, Raymondsville, N. Y., claims a place on our Honor Roll.

"For many years I have been a reader of your excellent paper, as my father was a subscriber to it in its smallest size, and I have copies of it at the present time and can note the wonderful change made since it was started. It is a welcome visitor in my home every month. I am now seventy-five, and a warm friend to the AMERICAN MESSENGER."

Appreciates It At Eighty-two

Enclosed you will find fifty cents for the renewal of Mrs. Williams' subscription. She is past eighty-two and is the last survivor of the twelve children of the late Rev. David Nelson, D. D. Her mind is active and she enjoys the AMERICAN MESSENGER, which her father subscribed for when she was a child.

L. E. C., Santa Rosa, Cal.

People remember things they are interested in, and forget those in which they have little or no interest. The hunter does not forget his gun, the boy does not forget his top, the fisherman does not forget his hooks, the boatman does not forget his oars. Many a boy has forgotten to fill the wood box, but did one ever forget his ball or skates when he wanted to use them? A man may forget his employer's business, but he is not likely to forget his own pleasure. "I forgot" is simply another way of saying, "I did not care enough about the matter to remember."

An Easy Way to Secure an Excellent Fountain Pen

A Fountain Pen is always a necessity and here is an opportunity of securing a good one with only a little effort (see offer below).

The publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER are very desirous of increasing the circulation of this admirable publication, and it is for that purpose that we are offering this splendid Fountain Pen. The Pen is known as the Commercial Fountain Pen.



The pen is six and one half inches long, and suitable for either lady or gentleman, and fully guaranteed. In the construction of this pen only the best of materials are used. The rubber parts are hand-turned Para rubber. The gold nib is 14 karat solid gold tipped with the best grade of hard iridium.

OFFER No. 1 We will send one of these fountain pens

absolutely free to any one who sends us three new yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at the regular price, 50 cents each.

OFFER No. 2 We will give one fountain pen and a year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for only \$1.20.

Any of our present subscribers may take advantage of offer No. 2 by extending their subscription one year, and remitting \$1.20 in payment for the same.

Our young friends will find this a very good method of securing a Fountain Pen for themselves. Try it and see how easy it is to secure only 3 new yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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Entered at the Post Office in New York as second-class matter.

For the Red Cross

We give on another page Dr. Fismer's interesting account of the origin and work of the Red Cross. All have been thinking of the achievements and needs of this wonderful organization during this "drive" week especially and hoping that the hundred million dollar fund will be raised. As the Red Cross War Council says:

"The rapid increase in the number of our soldiers in France means that the Red Cross facilities abroad for the immediate relief and care of our fighters must be increased. The refugees driven from their homes by the Germans have added thousands to the number of homeless old men, women and children in France and Italy who must be fed, clothed, nursed back to health and re-established. The death of every allied soldier makes more important every civilian and especially every child. The fight to overcome tuberculosis in France must be maintained and increased. The campaign to save babies and children—the immediate hope of a future citizenship—must be extended."

Emergencies have constantly to be met, and supplies of every kind must be on hand. The hurry call is the constant one in this work. Here is one instance. On April 20, shortly after noon, Premier Clemenceau's secretary had called the American Red Cross commission in Paris on the telephone, saying that fifty thousand refugees were gathered at St. Omer and that a revitailment train was being made up from one of the Paris stations. He stated that milk, cheese, beef and flour were needed. Could the American Red Cross send these supplies immediately?

"The American Red Cross could, and did. When the train left Paris at seven o'clock that

same night it had aboard five tons of condensed milk, two and one-half tons of cheese, and the same amount of tinned beef and flour. The fifty thousand refugees at St. Omer were fed. Next day another train left Paris with more Red Cross food aboard."

Another day, soon after, came an appeal by telephone from the French Ministry of War: "We are establishing two hundred children in a convent in the south of France, and need seventy-five beds; can you get them for us?" The American Red Cross, drawing on its ever-ready warehouse supplies, promptly complied with the request. These are only two incidents among many happening every day.

Arrangements are now being made to care for the Americans who will be carried to Germany as prisoners during the months just ahead of us, and who that has a son or other loved one on the battle front is not cheered by that knowledge?

So the outreaching work of healing and heartening goes on under one central organization, with no friction, no cross-purposes, no lack of time; and we who cannot be active workers must surely be active supporters.



The American Tract Society's Ninety-Third Annual Meeting

On Wednesday afternoon and evening, May 6, the annual meeting of the American Tract Society was held in the chapel of the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York. Mr. William Phillips Hall, the President, was obliged to be absent from the afternoon session, and the Rev. Dr. James H. Hoadley occupied the chair and conducted the devotional exercises.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved. A review of the work of the year was given by the Treasurer, Mr. Louis Tag, and the General Secretary, Rev. Judson Swift, D.D.

The following resolution was then adopted:

Resolved, That the Annual Report, an abstract of which has been presented in the reports of its officers, be approved and published under the direction of the Executive Committee.

On behalf of the committee appointed to present nominations for officers of the Society, Rev. Harlan G. Mendenhall, D.D., its chairman, presented the following recommendation:

Recommended, That the Board of Managers for the coming year be the same as last year, as shown in the printed copy of the Ninety-second Annual Report of the Society; and to fill vacancies now existing on the Board the following be elected: Mr. James De Graff, Mr. William K. Gilchrist and Rev. Irving Berg.

Motion was made, seconded and carried that the report of the Nominating Committee be re-

ceived, and that one ballot be cast for the election of the Board of Managers in accordance with the above recommendation.

Thereupon Dr. Mendenhall, in the absence of the Recording Secretary, cast the ballot, and the presiding officer declared the Board of Managers elected, in accordance with the above recommendation.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Ninety-third Anniversary of the American Tract Society be further celebrated by a sermon, to be preached by the Rev. Dr. C. Rexford Raymond, in the South Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday morning, May 12.

At this point a recess was taken while the Board of Managers met in an adjoining room.

Upon the return of the presiding officer to the chair announcement was made that the Board of Managers had elected the following officers of the Society to serve for the ensuing year:

PRESIDENT: Mr. William Phillips Hall.

VICE-PRESIDENT: Rev. John Henry Jowett, M.A., D.D.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS: The same as last year, as shown in the printed copy of the Ninety-second Annual Report of the Society, except that in place of Rev. Dr. C. A. Miller, deceased, and Mr. George M. Miller, deceased, the following be elected: Dr. John R. Mott and Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D.

It was also reported that the Board of Managers had elected the following members of the Executive Committee:

On the Publishing Committee, for three years, from May, 1918, to May, 1921, Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., and Rev. Frederick H. Knubel, D.D.

On the Distributing Committee, for three years, from May, 1918, to May, 1921, Dr. Silas F. Hallock and Rev. Robert Scott Inglis, D.D.

On the Finance Committee, for three years, from May, 1918, to May, 1921, Mr. William Phillips Hall and Mr. C. H. Zehnder; for two years, from May, 1918, to May, 1920, Mr. S. V. V. Huntington; for one year, from May, 1918, to May, 1919, the Hon. John C. Knox.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the General Secretary, Dr. Swift, convey to Dr. Henry Lewis the deep sympathy of all the officers and members of the Society for him in his illness, and that our prayers are offered for his speedy restoration to health.

The following resolution was also adopted:

Resolved, That the President appoint a Nominating Committee of three to present nominations for officers of the Society at the next Annual Meeting.

A recess was then taken until the evening session.

At the evening session devotional exercises were conducted by Mr. William Phillips Hall, President of the Society.

The Rev. R. H. Evans, of Baltimore, Md., gave a most interesting address on mission work in West Africa, and the Rev. J. Franklin Shindell, of Bayonne, N. J., Y. M. C. A. Secretary, carried his audience to the battlefield in a vivid talk, "With the American Forces in France."

A closing prayer was offered by Dr. Swift, and the meeting adjourned.



Black Walnut Trees for the Government

AS THE AMERICAN MESSENGER goes to all parts of the United States, and is read by so many people in villages and on farms, we mention the appeal of President Wilson for black walnut timber, hoping that many of our readers will have one or more trees of this kind which they will give or sell to the Government. This wood is used in manufacturing airplane propellers and gunstocks, and there is pressing need for it. As it is no longer found in abundance anywhere in our country, the supply will have to come, often as single trees, from the forests or from dooryards, and it is to find these scattered trees that the President has issued a letter to the Boy Scouts of America asking for their help.

If you have one or more such trees that you are willing to part with, send word to the nearest Scout organization, and a commission will be sent to measure the trees and estimate the amount of timber they will supply. Reports of all such trees will be forwarded by Scout Masters to the Forest Service of the Govern-

ment, and the gift accepted or the price agreed upon later. If you are not in touch with any Scout organization, send word directly to the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Your trees may hasten our victory in France!



Our Day of Prayer

We urged in our last issue that Memorial Day be appointed by the President as a day of prayer for our country and for the great cause for which we are fighting. On April 2 Congress had passed a resolution presenting this matter to the President, and he responded on May 11 appointing the day for this purpose.

"I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim Thursday, the thirtieth of May, a day already freighted with sacred and stimulating memories, a day of public humiliation, prayer, and fasting, and do exhort my fellow-citizens of all faiths and creeds to assemble on that day in their several places of worship and there, as well as in their homes, to pray Almighty God that He may forgive our sins and shortcomings as a people and purify our hearts to see and love the truth, to accept and defend all things that are just and right, and to purpose only those righteous acts and judgments which are in conformity with His will; beseeching Him that He will give victory to our armies as they fight for freedom, wisdom to those who take counsel on our behalf in these days of dark struggle and perplexity, and steadfastness to our people to make sacrifice to the utmost in support of what is just and true, bringing us at last the peace in which men's hearts can be at rest because it is founded upon mercy, justice, and good-will."

This is doubtless the crucial period of our great war, and if ever we needed to pray we need to now. The next few months will no doubt practically decide the question of victory, but between now and the day of peace there will be a struggle such as the world has never known before.

We, as a nation, are in this war in the cause of humanity. We solemnly believe that we have the approval of God in the step that we took in declaring war; and now if we continue to have his favor and guidance, it must be because of our earnest prayer and our ceaseless effort.

God expects us to come to him in prayer. When we meet him in devotion and petition he answers almost before our petitions are framed. Cornelius was "keeping the ninth hour of prayer," when, as he says, "A man stood before me in bright apparel and saith, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard." The next day Peter "went up upon the housetop to pray" when the counterpart to Cornelius' vision was given to him, and his course of action was made perfectly plain.

Saul of Tarsus, blinded and asking for guidance in "the house of Judas" in Damascus, was paving the way for the coming of the messenger who was to bring light; for the word of God to the messenger regarding Saul was, "Behold, he prayeth."

As we gather in public meetings and in our homes for prayer on Memorial Day we have every right to expect God's answer if we ourselves are sincere and "in the Spirit." Let us make this a memorable day in our history!

An Hour a Day With Jesus

By HOWARD W. POPE

Never was the Master's rebuke to the disciples, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" more pertinent than to-day. We are living at a rapid rate. Every one seems to be in a mad rush to get there, and multitudes of business men are consciously violating the speed laws of health and safety.

It is becoming harder all the while to secure time for private or family worship, while meditation on the Word is, we fear, almost a lost art. Men and women too are using up seven days' strength in six days' time, so that Sunday usually finds them completely exhausted.

At the risk of seeming to preach, let me suggest as a remedy an hour a day with Jesus, emphasizing not so much the amount of time as the fact of a generous period set apart each day for fellowship with the living and written Word.

THE NEED.

Our own souls need it. How much they need it we shall never know until we adopt the habit. We need it both for our information and inspiration. We need to know God better that we may love Him more. We need to know ourselves better that we may take and keep our proper attitude toward Him. And when we know His will we need the constant and constraining influence of the Holy Spirit to incite us to do it.

A slumbering church needs it, for if it is ever awakened and set on fire for God it must be through the instrumentality of those who are already on fire, and whose earnest intercession gives God no rest until He establishes and makes Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

A perishing world needs it, for never will it realize that it is dead until it comes in con-

tact with those who are alive in Christ Jesus. Formal preaching and feeble testimony will never disturb the sleep of the dead, but "the people that do know their God shall be strong, and shall do exploits." When people hear about the victorious life and see it in their midst they will realize their own need.

And Jesus craves it. We are not simply the servants of Jesus who go to Him for orders, but he says, "I have called you friends," and "all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." A business man may employ hundreds of women, and daily assign them their work and pay them their wages, but there is one woman whose relation to him is entirely different. He is not her employer but her husband. He did not select her for the work that she could do, but to be his wife and companion.

Even so we are *the bride of Christ*, and far more than the service that we can render He prizes our fellowship and love. What a comfort to realize that though we may not be able to render distinguished service, we can at least love Him with all our heart.

THE RESULTS.

Deep, abounding joy. "Did not our hearts burn within as He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Luke 24:32. "Lord, it is good for us to be here. If Thou wilt let us make here three tents," and stay here forever.

More effective testimony. "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you," 1 John 1:3.

Some years ago I came in close touch with a group of young people. I soon saw that one of the number was far superior to all the rest in

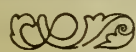
the weight of her testimony and in her knowledge of the Bible. Then I found the secret. She was giving an hour a day to the study of the Bible and prayer. Her life was beautiful and her influence unique, though her natural gifts were only ordinary. That hour a day with Jesus seemed to cast a halo over all that she said and did.

Greater power in prayer. To the disciples who inquired of the Lord why they could not do at all what He did so easily, He replied, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." In Acts 4:31 we read that when the apostles had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. "And with great power gave they witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all."

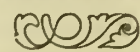
And so we come back to our starting-point, and leave with you the question, "Could we not manage our households, and carry on our business, and accomplish more study, and raise more money, if we would spend an hour a day with Jesus and the Bible?"

"A little talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road,
How it seems to help me onward, when I faint beneath my load;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There is naught can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

"Then I will talk with Jesus; Come Lord, and talk with me,
For there's naught can yield me comfort like a little talk with Thee."



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



EDGAR W. WORK, D. D.

WHY I LOVE THE BIBLE

BY

REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D. D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City

T

HE pronoun of the first person in the title of this article is after all not personal. The writer has an idea that if he can state in personal terms some reasons for loving the Bible, he may be able to some extent to interpret the subject for others. For the Bible is the book of all hearts: it is not exclusive, but inclusive. What is true of one of us may be true of many others.

There are of course many *great* reasons why I love the Bible. It is God's book, inspired and directed of Him. It is the book of revelation. It is the book of Christ, and of grace and salvation. It is the book of the past, the present and the future—the book of the times and the eternities.

But there are many minor reasons why I love the Bible, which are in a sense more personal and more intimate. I love it first because—well, just because it is a lovable book. That was the meaning of the psalmist when he said: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" Indeed, the psalmist is often in this mood of overflowing love, as witness the 119th Psalm, where almost every one of the 176 verses contains some tribute of affection to God's Word.

A famous person was once asked by his friend why he loved him. His answer was, "It is you, it is I." And this is the true way of friendship. It is our friend's way to make us love him. It is even so with the Bible. It has a certain winsomeness or loveliness. I should be content indeed to leave the matter there, just as it is sufficient to say that one loves the rose and not to give reasons for it. I have an idea that this is the root reason why I like to say "My Bible," and to say it with a caress of the voice.

I love the Bible too for its familiar pathways. This, you know, is one of the attractions of the woods, especially the woods where we have often roamed. One feels at home among those well-remembered ways of the forest where one's feet have often trod. This is the feeling too that one has about old home places. I was driving not long since in Pennsylvania with a gentleman who spent his boyhood there. We went over some old familiar roads, and I noted with interest his eager enthusiasm. "Why," he said, "it is forty years since I travelled these roads, but I remember every cross-road and every turn."

But how do we get this feeling for familiar places? Why, by going over them again and again until they become homelike and habitable to us. I suppose we all have this feeling for certain home places, and now and then the longing to go back to them takes hold of our hearts. Well, this is just my feeling about the Bible. It has so many familiar pathways. I remember that I plucked flowers here, or noted some-

thing beautiful there. This passage was a tonic to me, and in that pathway I found good for my soul. So through the years I have come to have a home instinct about the Bible.

Do you remember that moving scene in George Eliot's *Romola*? The blind poet Bardo was seated in his library with some guests. Suddenly he arose and, walking about in the library, touched the books on the shelves lovingly. One has that feeling about the Bible—it is good to touch, it is good to be on familiar terms with. An old teacher of mine used to say to his students, "Go into the library and read the titles of the books, and touch them with loving hands." The longer we know the Bible the more familiar it grows; it becomes the book of our hearts, the intimate counselor and helper of our daily life. There are some passages of the "Good Book" which you and I could find in the dark, and the very touch of them would thrill our souls.

But I love the Bible for the very opposite reason. I love it for its *unfamiliar* pathways. As one wanders in the woods what a delight it is, especially with a companion, to step out on some new pathway, or to discover some unknown treasure of the forest! The unfamiliar pathways of the woods allure us. Surely this is true of the Bible. It is a land of surprises, of undiscovered beauties, of unsuspected bounty. It is an old book but it is always new. Indeed, the Bible is the newest book I know. There was a humorous lecturer some years ago who used to say facetiously that he was accustomed to take his illustrations from the Bible, and the people thought them quite new! It is so often true that the old things mean more to us than the new. If I could do so I should like to read the old books most of the time—Scott and Dickens and Thackeray. I do not belittle the newer literature, but the old is still very wonderful; it is not yet exhausted.

There are unfamiliar pathways in books that one has often read. If you would take pains to go back and read them again you would find many surprises. Macaulay writes in his diary about reading *Gil Blas* for the seventh time. A really good book cannot be exhausted by frequent readings. Think of exhausting Shakespeare, or Milton, or Bunyan, or *Lorna Doone*, or *Rab and His Friends*, or *Don Quixote*, or *John Halifax, Gentleman*! If you want to get the real taste of a book go back to it again and again. Each time you will find something new.

And this is why I love the Bible. It is always a land of something new, a land of many surprises! I was walking one day in a botanical garden with a botanist. Suddenly he stooped down and touched a little flower that grew along the pathway. "I have been looking for this flower for twenty years!" he exclaimed. How unexpectedly he found it! Even though he was not looking for it, it came in his pathway. This is a wonderful thing about the Bible

—that its beauty springs up in our pathway as we walk.

I love the Bible too because it is a wise book. I do not mean learned; it is too simple for that. One would never think of classifying the 23rd Psalm, or the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, or the 14th chapter of the Gospel of John among learned productions, yet they are classics of wisdom. I have often asked myself the question, "Wherein does the wisdom of the Bible consist?" Perhaps it is the same as the wisdom of a man. It is a certain kind of insight or understanding of life, a certain balance and sanity in relation to things and persons. This is the quality of the Bible that makes it a wise book. It is the gift of balance and spiritual intelligence. When I read it it seems to take me up to high places whence I can look out over life with a better understanding of its meaning.

There is a mountain on the edge of Lake George to which men are said to ascend before they take their examinations to serve as pilots on the lake boats. From that great height the whole lake lies spread out before them. They see the lay of the land, the bays, capes and points, and the deep water, too. It is even so with this Good Book. If you will climb up to its heights day by day you will know more about life. It is a wise book in this way—that it furnishes one with the wisdom of life. It helps one to see somewhat with God's eye the facts of life and eternity. I love it because it is a wise book!

And I love the Bible too because it is a book that produces self-respect. Some might be inclined to say the very contrary. It is certainly a very frank book: often it takes the pride out of us. I know all this. I know how it shows our blackness and our sin, but this is not all. It does not stop there. It is frank about our sins and shortcomings, it never flatters the soul, yet always it is seeking to put us on a basis of real self-respect through godly living. The very fact that the Bible lays such stress upon the worth of the soul tends to produce self-respect. Our souls are too valuable to die, too precious to be lost. They are too full of light to be living in the darkness of a sinful life.

Some one told old Dr. Johnson one day that an enemy of his had made light of him because he lived in an alley. "Tell him," said the old man, "that his soul lives in an alley!" The Bible is constantly telling us that the soul is too valuable to live in an alley. Coleridge once said that "religion is in its essence the most gentlemanly thing in the world." There are some books that pull us down, but the Bible lifts us up. There are some writers whose teachings vitiate our lives—demoralize us. The Bible makes life infinitely worth while. It engenders the right kind of self-respect. It promotes spiritual dignity, real gentlemanliness and womanliness.

Oh, I love the Bible for many reasons that I cannot take time to mention! I love it because it is a comforting book. I love it because it is a good book for hungry hearts. I love it because it is such a *still* book. You remember that Tenyson said that he loved "the great still books." I love it because it is not a dull book. I love it because it deals with common facts and common people. I love it because it is a book of memories, of challenges, of chivalries. I love it because it is a helpful book and I love it because it is a working book. It "sets one in a working mood."

There is one other reason among many. I love the Bible because it breeds a high sense of companionship. Have you not often had this feeling as you have read your Bible? It has made you feel that you were not alone—that you were in the presence and the enjoyment of a great Companionship. Do you remember that English atheist who bemoaned his state of unfaith by saying, "The Great Companion is dead"? To one who reads and loves his Bible the Great Companion is ever close at hand. We all need companionship, for the soul suffers great solitude at times. It was said of Thomas Carlyle that there seemed to be upon him a sort of "homesickness of the soul." We have allseen spirits of this kind, who seemed to have about them a great longing for home and companionship. We all know too what a great companionship can do for us.

"I have conversed with David Hume and William Pitt," said the Duchess of Gordon, "and

therefore I am not afraid to converse with any man!" But one who reads his Bible can say even more than this. He can say, "I have conversed with Abraham and Moses and Isaiah and Amos and John and Peter and Paul." Even more—he can say, "I have conversed with Christ Himself, and therefore I am not afraid to converse with any man."

How wonderful it is that though Christ lived and walked so many years ago in Judæa and Galilee, we can nevertheless enjoy His companionship in the Gospels! Here we see Him in the days of His flesh in the fourfold picture of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. More and more as I walk up and down in the sacred precincts of these four little books I feel the presence of the Master with me.

There is a story told of some travelers who were on the way to a city, but when they reached the city in the late evening they found the gates already closed. So they made their camp outside the gate and built their fire close against the walls. Presently a Stranger drew near and sat with them. They had much pleasant converse together, and friendship grew apace among them. When the Stranger had withdrawn the travelers looked in surprise upon the wall—and there in the smoke on the wall was a picture of the Stranger! And when the shoemaker looked upon the picture he said it was the picture of a shoemaker. The farmer said it was the picture of a farmer, and the Sanhedrist lawyer said it was the picture of a lawyer. The Stranger had so entered into com-

panionship with them that each one of them claimed him. It is even so as one walks and talks with Christ in the Gospels.

This is only the beginning of the reasons why I love the Bible. I may not have given you reason at all, dear friend, for there are many ways of approach to the good Word of God. Much depends upon our experience and our capacity. As the poet has said, "Our reach must exceed our grasp." One thing is certain, and that is that we ought to touch the Good Book always with a caress of affection.

I was standing one day in St. Peter's in Rome before Canova's lions, at the door of one of the papal tombs, when two men approached. One of them was evidently blind, for the other took his hand and drew it over the figure of one of the lions—along the back, and over the mane, and even into the mouth of the statue. The blind man's face lighted up and he cried, "I see!" He had touched it lovingly and he saw! He who will touch the Bible lovingly shall see. Even if it be through our tears, yet we shall see!

"I love the Bible," said Phillips Brooks, "with all my heart. It has helped me; it has helped my fathers. When its promises speak to me I am calm. When its cry summons me I am brave. I will obey it, and I will not question. I love it with all my heart and soul and strength!" Can we not say the psalmist's words over again, and with deeper meaning than before? "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"

The Story of the Red Cross

BY ARNOLD W. FISMER, PH. D., Bloomfield Theological Seminary



THE story of this war, written with human blood, is so unspeakably tragical, so replete with nerve-racking and heart-breaking incidents, that it is indeed a wholesome relief to be able to turn to one of its

heart-cheering, ennobling features that God in his providence has brought to the fore to manifest his glory. One of the best things that have come out of the war is the revival of the RED CROSS. In response to the nation's call in her time of need the membership of the Red Cross has increased in six months from 400,000 to 5,000,000, and with the Christmas Membership Drive, the enrollment sprang in one mighty bound to 20,000,000 loyal supporters of this perfect embodiment of the Nation's purpose in this war. To-day the American Red Cross is the largest organization of any kind in the world and the greatest force for good. In the black welter of warring nations it is the one bright spot of Hope—Humanity's Light. Its emblem is the sign of the Cross; its spirit is the Spirit of Christ, the "Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Its mission is as broad as humanity, as high as heaven—the very mission of the great Redeemer, "who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed."

Especially has it opened to woman the door of opportunity for a signal service peculiar to her nature. Through it she can best serve the great cause of humanity to which we have all pledged ourselves. The Red Cross brings to her opportunities of service to her immediate community and to other communities all over the world, and it guides her activities with

high and religious ideals. It teaches her how to save at home in order that suffering men, women and children abroad may have a chance to live. It teaches her how to prepare supplies which wounded soldiers and homeless families lack. And best of all, through the work of the Red Cross the American woman will learn to be the future good citizen of this great country which we all love, and in the larger development

of which woman is to have a more prominent part. Is not this perhaps the great chance for which woman has been looking to give her time and talent and efforts in some measure to meet our national needs?

How the Red Cross Began

Did you ever think what war would be like if there were no nurses to take care of the wounded men? There was a time—and it wasn't so long ago—when there were no women to go into the military hospitals to see that the soldiers brought in from the battlefield were properly cared for. The name of Florence Nightingale is dear to every soldier and sailor, for it was she who founded nursing as a profession for women.

Florence Nightingale, an English girl of wealthy parentage, gave up her society life to devote herself wholly to the service of suffering humanity. Shortly after her return from the Continent, where for twelve years she had visited and studied in hospitals, the Crimean War broke out. There was terrible mismanagement in the military hospitals. Two thousand men at Scutari were lying for weeks in filth and starving, sick and dying, packed together in hordes on the bare floor of shacks alive with rats and vermin. Into this scene of misery and squalor came Florence Nightingale with a group of women. The dirt was cleaned away; the men were bathed and given fresh clothing and proper food; letters home were written for them and hundreds of dying men were nursed back to life. It is no wonder that the soldiers of the Crimea have idolized her, called her "Angel of Mercy," and raised a large sum of money in her name to show



Courtesy of the Christian Herald.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON
President of the Red Cross Society

their gratitude. This money Florence Nightingale accepted on the condition that it be used to found the first hospital training school for girls. The school, bearing her name, is in London to-day.

But Florence Nightingale's work did not end with the Crimean War. A young Swiss, Henri Dunant, as a result and under the inspiration of the work of Florence Nightingale, conceived the idea of an international organization to carry on what she had done alone. In 1864 Henri Dunant called together a council of fourteen nations at Geneva, Switzerland. This meeting resulted in the organization of the Red Cross. Under the terms of this Convention each nation pledged itself to work with other nations in caring for the sick and wounded of all countries alike, and never to fire on a doctor, nurse, or ambulance that bore the sign of the Red Cross. The Convention adopted the emblem of the Swiss banner with the colors reversed, as a tribute to the nation which called them together. Thus, the Swiss national banner is a white cross on a red field, and the banner of our organization, the Red Cross, is a red cross on a white field. The two words "Humanity" and "Neutrality" were used as watchwords of the Red Cross.

In the Civil War

All this was over in Europe. Here, in America, few knew of the Red Cross. In the year 1860 the great Civil War broke out in our country. Care of the sick and wounded was under the charge of what was known as "The Sanitary Commission." But aside from this organized group of men and women there were many individual women who devoted their lives to the same cause. Among these were Clara Barton, Dorothea Dix and Mother Bickerdyke.

These women, touched with the "enthusiasm of humanity," with heroic devotion to their service of mercy in the midst of dirt and disease stayed, during the four years of the war, behind the lines, nursing Northerners and Southerners alike.

Mother Bickerdyke, known for her fearlessness, one day summarily discharged a drunken surgeon. When the surgeon appealed to General Sherman he sternly replied, "If it was that woman who discharged you, I can do nothing for you. She outranks me."

When War Secretary Stanton asked Dorothea Dix what the nation could do to thank her for her work she answered, "I would like a flag!"



A BATTLEFIELD TRAMWAY

It takes miles and miles of tracks to keep the trenches supplied with adequate supplies and munitions, as well as to move the wounded behind the battle lines

The two beautiful flags given her by her country she later presented to Harvard College, and they now hang, in her memory, over the doors of its Memorial Hall.

When the Civil War was over Clara Barton went abroad, and there for the first time she heard of the Red Cross Society. In the war between France and Germany, in 1870, she saw for the first time the medical staffs of two opposing armies working together in the care of the wounded soldiers. Wherever there was a battle, there she saw a squad of doctors and nurses in white, each with a cross of red on his or her sleeve, working back of the firing line to repair the damage done by the bullets. They accomplished so much in a short time that Clara Barton was inspired with the idea of introducing this same Red Cross in America, for she found that the ideals that had led the great women of the Civil War to work among both Northerners and Southerners were the same as those of the Red Cross—"Humanity" and "Neutrality."

Largely through her efforts, which extended over five years, the Geneva treaty was signed by the United States in 1882 and the American Red Cross was established. This act was the achievement of her life. She was its first President.

To relate the story of her life-work, her humanitarian activities in the Spanish War, in the great Michigan forest fire, the Mississippi flood in 1882, the Johnstown flood, the San Francisco earthquake, would more than fill all the columns of this paper.

Its Work To-Day

Once more the Red Cross is on the war basis as it had not been since the Spanish War. But with what a difference this time! Those years between the wars had been spent in organizing—in building up a Nursing Service whereby thousands of the best professional nurses were ready to answer the call of their country. Immediately after America's entering the war a campaign of one week was planned to raise \$100,000,000. Telephone and telegraph wires began to hum with requests in every part of the United States. Men left important positions to offer their services. Cities vied with each other in novel ways. Buffalo sent its contribution to Washington in an aeroplane. In Ohio one woman sold a hen and a setting of eggs at auction for \$2,002. A descendant of Betsy Ross made a flag that sold for \$500. Thousands of working men gave a day's pay. And so it went on all over the country, and the result was that the flood-tide of contributions went "over the top" with several millions more than actually requested.

How was this first one hundred million used? It would require volumes to tell you all that has been accomplished—the lives saved, the suffering assuaged, the starving fed, the homeless sheltered, the heart-broken comforted. The millions given have but started the work of restoring the ravages of war.

Many millions more will be required to meet the increasing needs. The week of May 20 to 27 has been set aside as "Red Cross Week." The American people are asked for a second hundred million dollars in order that the great work may not falter. And we count on the same splendid, cheerful, ready response in this second campaign.

Not only must money be raised but workers everywhere must be enlisted. Already twenty



A DISPENSARY BEHIND THE LINES

Where the Red Cross administers medical treatment to the children of the war zones who have been injured by bursting shells or in some other manner

These cuts by courtesy of the Red Cross Magazine.

million people are in this mighty working army. Think what that means: twenty million people, all of them working for one purpose—to relieve the myriadfold suffering of humanity.

How can I help, you ask? Did you ever wonder where the money comes from that does all this work? It comes largely from the dollar membership fee that each person pays as he joins the Red Cross. Surely you can do that! Moreover, the Red Cross needs your work! Have you ever given it a thought where all the knitted

articles, surgical bandages and hospital garments and other things needful for the bodily comfort of our boys and the boys of our allies come from? They are largely supplied by the Red Cross. When you are working for the Red Cross you are working for and with the soldiers at the front, and so you are helping to win the war. Surely you must do that! Every true American must want to stand by the Government in this needful time of trouble.

The Red Cross stands as the first aid to our

Government; our President is also President of the Red Cross; our army works with the Red Cross; our Congress has recognized the Red Cross as the only relief organization that receives its special protection and can render it special aid. To be a member of and a worker for the Red Cross, is to be a part of the big movement with big ideals, the ideals of Florence Nightingale of Henri Dunant, Clara Barton, Dorothea Dix, as well as the ideals for which our country is fighting to-day.

“OVER THE TOP AND BEYOND”

By Judson Swift, D. D.



HE past year has been one of the most extraordinary and momentous in the life of the human race. The World War has continued in steadily increasing tensity and violence, both shattering and destroying the most valuable and precious possessions, not only of whole nations, but also of countless individuals, and under the direst cruelties and sufferings known to mankind.

Moreover this ninety-third year of the American Tract Society's life and work has witnessed the entry of our own beloved country into the world conflict, and with the strongest possible affirmation that all of her forces to the utmost limit are consecrated to the establishing of righteousness, justice and human liberty among and in behalf of all nations and peoples. In every great crisis history records without exception that the final victory is with the nation or nations that fight under the banners of the one living and true God, who is revealed in the life and face of His Son, Jesus.

The Tract Society for nearly a century has stood solidly and firmly for the truth of the Gospel, for Christian unity and world evangelism. While books in ever-increasing numbers have been issued, indeed, rushed through the press, only a very small percentage of them have taught or even suggested the all-essentialness of Christian truth. Continuing along the lines of its entire history, the Society has made some additions to its already large totals of positive Christian literature.

It has ever been the policy of the Tract Society to increase its publications in the languages of the various foreign-speaking peoples living in our midst and coming to our shores. This kind of service has little if any money return, and the Society can only enlarge its work as sufficient gifts are received. To-day nothing more truly Christian or patriotic could occur than the receiving of sufficient donations to enable the Society to immediately greatly increase its books and tracts in the languages and dialects spoken by those daily seen in our streets, and equally so for all races that are sitting in the darkness of ignorance and superstition.

Publications

There have been added during the last year twelve new publications: one in Spanish, namely, *La Juventud y los Tiempos Modernos* (“The Times and Young Men”), translated into Spanish by A. G. Baker and J. M. Rodriguez; and eleven in English, nine of these being volumes and two of them tracts and leaflets. A new edition from new plates of the “Soldier's Text Book” and “Cromwell's Soldier's Pocket Bible” were issued for use among the soldiers and sailors. Altogether, 202,775 volumes were issued

during the year, while the number of leaflets and tracts reaches 892,500. The Society has published during the year four periodicals, *The American Messenger* and *Apples of Gold* in English, *Amerikanisher Botschafter* in German and *Mansanas de Oro* in Spanish. The total of these periodicals for the year is 1,912,000. There have also been distributed 20,000 “Go to Church Stamps,” which, added to the 210,000 issued and distributed during the two preceding years, totals 230,000. This Stamp was originated by the American Tract Society, and is the only one of its kind in existence.

For Our Boys

The American Tract Society is not a novice in providing Christian literature for our soldiers and sailors in the time of war. During the civil strife, 1861-1865, many hundreds of thousands of copies of the Society's publications were



A NATIVE CHRISTIAN DISTRIBUTING TRACTS IN KOREA.

issued and distributed in the camps and at the battlefield and on the battleships, and many scores of thousands during the Spanish-American War.

Those visiting the battlefronts in Europe and those returning from the cantonments in our country without exception report that the greatest need of all is the keeping of the morale of the men up to the highest possible standard, which means that “Our Boys” must have faith in God, faith in the cause for which they are fighting, and faith in themselves and that through the strength of the Almighty they can and will go over the top and beyond and win a complete and final victory over their foes.

Since the beginning of the War, the Tract Society has distributed a total of nearly one and one-half million volumes, booklets and tracts to our soldiers and sailors in training and at the battlefront. Most positive and emphatic commendations and testimonials have been received as to the value of this literature. Scores of letters like the following have been received:

“Dear Dr. Swift:

“We thank you for sending us three addi-

tional sets of the Patriot Library consisting of twenty volumes. These will be placed in our newer buildings or tents for use of the soldiers.

“The other Libraries you sent us have already been placed among our books, and it is surprising the number of them which have been taken out by the soldiers. We feel also that when these books are used the soldiers derive more benefit than from the use of a dozen works of fiction.

“Thanking you for the interest you have taken in the soldiers at Camp Hancock, I remain,

“Very sincerely yours,

“(Signed) G. B. LANDIS.”

Is there any more important work than that of furnishing “Our Boys” with morally and spiritually uplifting religious reading?

Union Missionary Colportage

Missionary Colportage is personal labor with individuals who do not attend any Church or Mission. There are at the present time more than 60,000,000 of our population not reached through the regular ministrations of the Church. As the colporteur passes from house to house he speaks of Christ as the Saviour of sinners, kneels with the family, offers prayer and leaves by sale or grant volumes, periodicals and tracts, all of which carry the Message of Salvation to those who are perishing. It is Union Missionary Colportage because the men are employed without reference to denominational relations. While some of the colporters are ordained ministers, in reality they are all lay preachers, and they seek to penetrate and visit all districts and sections where the people are not in attendance upon the stated means of grace.

It has been recently reported that there were located within a certain district thirty-eight Churches with a total membership of nine thousand, the average attendance Sabbath morning being five thousand and the seating capacity of the thirty-eight Churches fifteen thousand, leaving two-thirds of the sittings unoccupied. Under such conditions missionary colportage renders effective service.

During the year the Society's colporters have made 146,056 family visits, distributed 49,584 volumes of Christian literature, and conducted 3,393 religious meetings, while the colportage distribution at Ellis Island has amounted to 56,158 copies of books and tracts.

Gratuitous Distribution

To every one that thirsteth the answer is. “Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come, buy and eat, but without money and without price, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.”

Gratuitous distribution is made possible by

the gifts of consecrated Christian people, and every page of Christian literature thus distributed is the fruit of love to God and man, and is extended according to the gifts received. Scores of thousands who had never received the Gospel Message not only have accepted it, but also have become earnest Christians through the free distribution of the Glad Tidings of Salvation.

The presentation of Bibles at West Point has been unprecedented, because two classes were graduated, one on April 15 last and the other on August 26. The first class contained one hundred and thirty-nine members and the second class one hundred and fifty-two members, the latter class being graduated several months in advance in view of an urgent call of the War Department for officers to serve in the training camps.

During the year libraries have been granted to Sunday Schools and Mission Churches not able to purchase them and Patriot Libraries sent to camps and battleships. The total value of free distribution for the year is \$23,191.98, making the grand total of free distribution \$2,676,159.52, the equivalent of 5,352,319,040 pages of tracts.

Latin America

The peoples of Latin America are becoming increasingly approachable, and the hour has arrived when every possible effort must be put forth to make them truly Christian. Without doubt they are beginning to understand the attitude and spirit of North America toward them better than at any time in the past, and without doubt the opportunity is presented for the United States to recover much that they have lost through neglect of our Southern neighbor and to be of service in establishing and building religious life and character in all the Republics. Nothing is more needed than standard Christian literature for the educated classes who are not accepting the teachings of Christianity, for the less educated non-Christians, for the building up of evangelical church members, and for the training of ministers and Christian workers.

The American Tract Society is anxiously waiting to co-operate to the fullest possible extent in providing the literature needed, and it is earnestly hoped that all Christian givers realize the extraordinary need and will make generous gifts to meet it.

The World Field

Is it proper or correct to longer talk of Foreign Missions? In these days of swift-flying airships, wireless and ocean telegraphy and world touch, have we not all become neighbors and laborers together with God? "The field is the world." The tides of the World War have without doubt touched and made more or less impression upon all nations and peoples. It is, however, amazing to record that missionary energy and accomplishment have not to any perceptible extent abated.

In Japan the three-year National Evangelistic Campaign closed in July last, and one of the important and far-reaching results realized was the greatly increased interest in the necessity and use of Christian literature. In Korea the reports of the various Missions show that the Churches are advancing in self-support.

In China Christianity has become a living force in the national life, as is clearly shown by the work of the Society for Religious Liberty. This Society has also awakened in the Church a new consciousness of its place in the national life, and is leading thoughtful men outside of the Church to consider the claims of religion. There are 618 centres with resident missionaries and 7,078 places where Christian worship is held; 5,517 missionaries and 20,460 Chinese Christian workers. There are furthermore 151,490 pupils in Mission Schools and 330 Mission Hospitals.

India perhaps more than any other country has felt the impress of the Universal Conflict. Nevertheless, there has been some progress.

The growing national consciousness has manifested itself in the Indian Church, and is creating most interesting problems, which will in due time doubtless be solved and favorable to the progress of Christianity. Evangelistic work has been actively carried on and is both adding to the membership of the Church and developing powers of service and leadership.

Africa has become an increasingly interesting field for missionary service. In the various sections throughout the continent there has been general progress, and in some districts a very marked progress in missionary work. In some sections patriotism has been very outstanding, and a large number of natives, many of them Christians, have volunteered from various parts for service in France; several African ministers and also missionaries went with them as chaplains and doctors. In other fields there has been progress, and in some instances very encouraging considering the presence from time to time of unusual conditions.

The Tract Society's foreign cash appropriations for the year amount to \$2,500, while \$224.65 have been sent to the foreign field for other purposes, the objects being designated by the donors, making the total sent to the foreign field \$2,724.65.

Total of Work Performed

The American Tract Society has published the Gospel Message in one hundred and seventy-eight languages and dialects, and the grand total of all its publications issued from the Home Office has reached 800,711,975 copies, of which 35,566,965 are volumes, 301,479,168 periodicals and 463,665,842 tracts.

The missionary colporters of the Tract Society have made a total of 18,958,862 family visits, have distributed 17,487,750 volumes and held 602,803 religious meetings.

In the Spanish and Portuguese languages, chiefly for Latin America, there have been issued a total of 17,175,163 copies of volumes, tracts and periodicals, including 260,341 Spanish hymnals, amounting in value to \$689,582.80.

In foreign lands 5,736 titles of distinct publications, whose circulation aggregates many millions of copies, have been issued by the aid of the Society's foreign cash appropriations, now amounting to \$805,466, and its grants of electrotypes valued at \$61,177.96, thus making the grand total expended for Christian literature in foreign lands \$866,643.96.

Victory

The battle line extends across the world. The moral and spiritual forces of the universe are contending for the mastery. "God's in his Heaven" and there can be no doubt as to the final decision. The omnipotent Creator and preserver of all life has never been and never can be defeated or overthrown. "His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory." It is emblazoned on the sky and flashes to the farthest star. The human race is facing the greatest and most intense realities of all history. In the crucible of great suffering the eternal verities glow as never before. The certainty and reality of truth and righteousness are being made most clear. The unconquerable morale wrought in the heart and will through faith in Christ must be everywhere established among men. This is the one great essential. The religion of Christ is in its very nature world conquering. The armies of the Lord are rallying to the conquest under the banner of King Immanuel. There must be a great increase of personal devotion to Christ with its necessary accompaniment of a manifold greater personal sacrifice.

The years are passing, and the Good News of God's infinite love and pardon remains unproclaimed to hundreds of millions of the unsaved. Is there any agency more efficient or even as efficient as the printed page in carrying the Gospel Message to these millions? Its power is unmeasured and its influence as wide as human intelligence.

Tens of thousands have testified and are testifying that they found the way of salvation by means of the printed page, while countless numbers have been cheered and comforted.

In conclusion, it may be said that the battle for the establishment of truth, justice, righteousness and human liberty in the world is fully on, and all those who believe in the one eternal and omnipotent God, and that He is also our kind Heavenly Father, have in their deepest consciousness the assurance that the powers of darkness will be overthrown, and the whole world filled with the brightness and glory of the presence of Jesus Christ.

Nearly, if not quite, a billion dollars have been given during the past ten years to colleges, universities and other educational institutions through gifts and legacies, and relatively small sums to evangelical missionary work, especially as related to proclaiming the Gospel Message by means of the printed page, with the result that the moral and spiritual forces of our nation have neither been increased nor intensified. The power to resist and conquer evil is always in proportion to the faith of the individual and of the nation in God and their following him in righteousness. The time has positively and fully arrived when, if sufficient funds were placed at the disposal of the American Tract Society for the publication and distribution of Christian literature, there would very soon be witnessed the spectacle of the moral and spiritual forces of a great nation going over the top and beyond, taking the trenches and fortifications of sin and establishing the Kingdom of Christ among the people.



TALKING UP THE CHIMNEY

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

A Russian student in an American college tells how, when he was a little lad in his native land, he liked to stand before the open fire-place, and "talk up the chimney," his imagination meanwhile playing freely with the weird shapes or ghastly fancies with which he peopled the flues. And now that student says that to him prayer seems but like a "talking up the chimney"—as empty, as valueless, and as resultless a practice, though possibly serving at times as a diversion, or an experiment with the Unknown.

It is probable that many people experience, when they come to pray, a similar sense of the unreality of the spiritual exercise. It is as though they talked into the air, or watched their petitions fade away like blue smoke curling from the chimney of a peasant's hut. Perhaps some part of this uncertainty or mental haze, in dealing with the philosophy of prayer, is unavoidable. The theory of prayer is no easier than is its practice. By sincere and faith-filled prayer we are setting in motion forces whose action sweeps out far beyond our vision, or even our imagination, nor do we know how these forces act, or what their precise results may be. Yet while this is so, we are not talking up a chimney, when at our devotions—for we are conversing with a real Person, who is mightily interested in us and in our eternal fortunes.

The Master Teacher said, "When ye pray say, 'Our Father'."

There is a God-man behind the mystery, and with Him we hold converse in prayer. This consciousness of a listening Jesus may vary in intensity with our own mood, or with circumstances, but all the while we should remember that we are called to have faith not in our own prayers but in Him.

When we pray aright the message gets through, and drives straight home to the ear and heart of God. Then pray on! The world is organized on the side of moral freedom and prayer and worship and religious duty. We are not the sport of circumstance, the victims of dream and deceit, the subjects of a subtle delusion, but the sons of God; therefore let us never fail to pray to "Our Father."

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

JUNE 2.

Service in Church and Community

Mark 12:28-34.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., May 27. Edifying. 1 Cor. 8:1-13.
T., May 28. Supporting. 1 Cor. 16:1-3.
W., May 29. Attending. Heb. 10:19-25.
T., May 30. Hospitality. Heb. 13:1-3.
F., May 31. Moral cleansing. Isa. 1:10-20.
S., June 1. Moral uplift. Hosea 14:1-9.

There are three words in this subject that may serve as pivots on which to swing our thought. The first is the word "service"; the second the word "church"; and the third the word "community." Let us dwell upon these words.

The Church

The wording should not be "the church and community" but, "the church in the community." For the church cannot be separated from the community. A boat may be in the water or taken out of the water. A church cannot be handled in this way. It is recruited from the community, and as an organization is a given part of the community. As a vital institution it exists because the community exists.

The Community

Quantity and quality are factors to be considered. In quantity the community is larger than the church. In quality the church is superior to the community. This fact must not be missed. Not, of course, in any spirit of pride. For, if the church is not superior, it has no reason for an existence. Being a fact, it has a basis for its appeal to the community. It asserts that it has something that is needed and invites all to share in this something. Unless a church can do this, it had better close its doors.

The Service

How can this be rendered? The Scripture for to-day suggests three answers. One is, in worship: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Make the church a center of spiritual uplift, a place to which the people come that their souls may be fed. This is service. Another answer is in personal development; "And thy neighbor as thyself." Love of self is sound Scripture doctrine. The existence of a church composed of those seeking by the grace of God noble character is in itself a service rendered to the community. Still a third answer is the definite thing done for the community. This service may take many forms, for every church should be a center of varied activity.

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JUNE 9.

Progressive Christians

2 Peter 1:1-11.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., June 3. Progress in grace. 2 Pet. 3:14-18.
T., June 4. In knowledge. 1 Cor. 2:6-16.
W., June 5. In faith. Jas. 2:14-26.
T., June 6. In humility. 1 Pet. 5:1-11.
F., June 7. In patience. Jas. 1:1-12.
S., June 8. In love. 1 John 4:7-21.

Notice the different expressions in this Scripture. In the first verse the words "have obtained." In the second verse, "multiplied." In the fourth verse, "may become." In the fifth verse, "adding." In the eighth verse, "abound." Let us consider these words.

"Have Obtained"

Progress means a starting point. A journey must have a place of departure. A person climbing a hill rests his foot on something. People never move out of nowhere into somewhere. So in the Christian life. To progress it is necessary to "have obtained." The first step must be taken before the second step. And this first step is faith in Christ. Peter writes about a "like precious faith" which they "have obtained."

"Multiplied"

What is it that is multiplied? Certainly not his faith, for this the Christian has obtained. Faith may be as strong at the beginning as at the end of the

Christian life. Here there need be no progress. But faith is one aspect—the starting-point of the Christian life. Moving out, there comes an increasing "knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord." The mind of the Christian expands as the truth of God's revelation of himself unfolds. Progress in this direction knows no limits.

"May Become"

These words in the fourth verse seem to contradict the words in the first verse—"have obtained." Yet, of course, this is not so. Here is a paradox which may be stated something like this: It is our duty to become what we are. Being Christians, it is our task to become Christians. In nature nothing is ever fixed but all is in flux. So in the Christian life. Progress is possible because we are always becoming what we are.

"Adding"

Here the progress becomes definite. The Christian life is acquisition as well as development. Areas of the moral life are captured. Victories in conduct are achieved. The Bible is studied. Habits of prayer are formed. Restraint in speech is practiced. A kindly spirit is cultivated. Forms of service before neglected are undertaken. In this sense progress comes through "adding."

"Abound"

This word indicates as no other the impression that a progressive Christian life makes upon others. There is nothing stationary or stagnant about such a life. It is all there and very much all there. A crisp and bracing northwest wind is suggested rather than a slow, wet wind from out the east. There is plenty of ozone.

"More Diligence"

Such a life is not moving on the dead level but among hills. Because of this there is a constant climb. Easy enough to go down hill. Possible to relax and simply roll down. But the muscles must be strained and the wind tested in going up hill. Progress for the Christian is neither inevitable nor automatic. Diligence is required to make our calling and election sure. And the end sought is worth the effort.

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JUNE 16.

Co-operation with the Sunday

School

1 Corinthians 3:4-9.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., June 10. Teaching children. Ps. 78:1-7.
T., June 11. The children's Lord. Matt. 19:13-15.
W., June 12. Praying for children. 1 Chron. 29:19.
T., June 13. Promises to children. Prov. 8:17, 32-36.
F., June 14. Training of children. Prov. 22:6.
S., June 15. An old Sunday School. Neh. 8:1-6.

A discussion of the Sunday School usually leads to the question of methods in organization or teaching. If not, then statistics are quoted. Methods and statistics are important, but not the most important. There are aspects of the Sunday School deeper than these things. And these are suggested by the Scripture chosen for study to-day.

Paul and Apollos

A mistake is sometimes made of assuming that the school is simply a helpful organization related to the church. To assume this is to take an attitude that sometimes leads to serious consequences. For the school when properly understood is not something related to the church, but it is the church. It is the church at study, even as the Sunday morning service is the church at worship. This conception is fundamental. There should never be the remotest suggestion of Paul or Apollos.

Human Agents

These men are "ministers through whom ye believed." How beautiful this

thought is! And what dignity it clothes the teacher with! The preacher has his place; so also the teacher. The teacher through faithful service has jewels in her crown. This gives the reason for co-operation in this work. Much of the work of a church is of secondary importance, but this work is supremely important. If you want to count for the most have a part in this work. A church that is weak at this point is in a bad condition.

Divine Assistance

But the results are so far-reaching, there is more than human effort in the work. It is not always the teacher with the finest mental equipment who secures the best results. Often the person with no marked aptitude for teaching is most successful. The reason is that God is working through such a life. "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase." The all-important fact is the personal consecration of the teacher. Given this, and there are no limits to the possibilities of the Sunday School.

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JUNE 23.

How to Have a Good Time

1 Thessalonians 5:16-24.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., June 17. Be an optimist. Prov. 17:22.
T., June 18. Live without fear. Ps. 91:1-16.
W., June 19. Good times with God. Ps. 92:1-5.
T., June 20. Good times in service. Ps. 40:1-8.
F., June 21. Good times with friends. Prov. 18:24.
S., June 22. Good times in benefactions. Matt. 6:1-4.

This subject interests us. All of us want to have a good time. And all of us in one way or another are trying to have a good time. It is as natural to want this as it is to breathe. In thinking about the subject let us dwell on the two words of the Scripture—"Rejoice always." With its variations, this is a favorite expression of Paul. Read the Epistle to the Philippians and notice the number of times the thought of joy is mentioned.

Something Inside

To "rejoice always," is to have a good time. Paul did this. He tells us that he had learned the secret of contentment. And to be content is to have a good time. A good time, however, meant for Paul something inside. He possessed life so abundantly that he could rejoice. The charm of living is in the quality of life not the quantity of things.

Doing Without

A good time is not conditioned upon things. Paul lacked good health. This was his thorn in the flesh. He had little money and so it was necessary for him to work at his trade as a tent-maker. From a human standpoint his life ended in failure, for he was treated as a criminal. Yet he had a good time. People with the most things sometimes have the least life.

What He Had

For one thing, he had the memory of a great surrender. "Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." A good time depends upon this. Get right with God. For another thing, he had the satisfaction of service rendered. He seems to bubble over with joyousness as he thinks of the investments he has made in service. He tells some of the Christians that they are his crown. Further, he had a radiant hope. He could not see around the corner. But he knew the future was secure and so was without either fear or anxiety.

True Wealth

Let a young person possess these things, and a good time follows as day follows night. And all of us may have these things. Good health may be denied us. Money may not be ours in abundance. Some or all of our plans may fail. But the decision in the past,

the service in the present, and the hope for the future can be ours.

A Hero

Captain Ball of the British Flying Squadron entered his tent a few hours before he was killed and remarked, "We haven't long to live, but we will live well while we do live." So with us all. Not long for any of us to live. But let us live well. Let us live so well that those who are not Christians will want to live as we are living.

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JUNE 30.

The Power of the Cross in Africa

Acts 8:26-39.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., June 24. Places of cruelty. Ps. 74:20.
T., June 25. Dark superstition. 1 Kings 20:23.
W., June 26. Christ conquers ignorance. Luke 2:25-32.
T., June 27. New men for old. Eph. 2:1-15.
F., June 28. From flesh to Spirit. Gal. 5:16-26.
S., June 29. The true melting-pot. Gal. 3:26-29.

The Washington monument, massive and towering, is often, in miniature, worn as a watch-charm. The missionary enterprise, in extent as great as the habitable earth, in miniature is bound in this scene recorded in Scripture. Let us examine it.

The Angel

The missionary enterprise needs the angel. For the enterprise is heavenly and the impulse to carry it on is from above. Men on their own initiative sell oil in Asia, buy spices in the islands of the Pacific, dig gold in remote regions. But men do not go to these places as missionaries unless the "Angel of the Lord" speaks to them.

The Evangelist

If the impulse is divine, the response is human. It is a human life not an angel of the Lord that carries on the work. And this life, by name Philip, was equipped for the work. Being equipped, he believed he had a mission, and this made his work missionary. His work consisted in making known the truth to a life that knew not the truth. "And Philip opened his mouth and beginning from the Scripture preached unto him Jesus." This gives us the reason for missions—to make known Jesus as revealed in the Bible.

The Ethiopian

The man was black of skin and from Africa. This did not trouble Philip, for he was sent by the Spirit to this man. And the man was a good prospect. He had been to Jerusalem to worship. When Philip approached him he was reading the Bible. He was in a receptive mood and ready to be instructed. Surely here was a missionary opportunity. And this opportunity has presented itself many times in the history of Africa. It is there to-day.

Gaza

The African of this story was in Asia not Africa. Gaza was south of Jerusalem. Let us not miss the significance of this. Certainly send the Gospel to far-away Africa. And Philip did send the Gospel to Africa by preaching it to the Ethiopian. The command is to bear witness to the uttermost parts. In the economy of God the last man must not be counted out. But Africa is in America. The Ethiopian is in our midst. And like Philip, our duty demands that we be Christians to the black men on the road going down to Gaza.

Democracy

This is the word to conjure with in these days. But the United States is part of the world. And the world will never be made safe for democracy until it is practiced in a Christian spirit in this land. Perhaps the supreme test of democracy will come when the angel of the Lord sends us forth and like Philip we are called upon to sit in the chariot and tell the black men more about Christ.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS



Our Flag

Only some stripes of red and white
And some stars on a ground of blue;
Only a little cotton flag,
Is it anything more to you?

Oh, yes, indeed! For beneath its folds
You are safe on land or sea;
It stands for America, brave and strong,
No matter where it may be.

It stands for a land where God is King,
Where his peace and his truth are free,
Let us love it well and keep it pure,
As our banner of liberty.

—Louise M. Oglevee.

Honor the Flag.

June 14 is Flag Day. What a great day it is this year especially! When we think of our army in khaki—more than 500,000 strong—over in France, and our thousands of bluejackets cruising European waters, all under the Red, White and Blue, fighting for liberty and safety for the world, it makes our hearts beat fast!

But there are so many of us who love our country who have to stay at home because we are too young to go or to old or for many other reasons. What can we do to honor our flag? What can boys and girls do? Here are just a few things we can try to do:

1. Show respect to our flag wherever we see it.

"Hats off!

The flag is passing by!"

2. Learn about our country's beginning and its history, so that we can know what the flag stands for.

3. Work and give, even though we have only a little, for the Red Cross and every patriotic cause.

4. Make the most of ourselves, and of what we have, wherever we are.

5. Love God. Fear to do wrong. Admire all that is good. Hate every evil thing and help to put it out of our land.

When we do all these things we are helping a little to honor our country's flag. Secretary Lane says that we people of this land make our flag what it is. Don't let us bring disgrace to it.

Uncle Sam's Young Army.

We are Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong—
All together we are marching,
Marching, marching, right along!
Not one coward is among us,
Every heart is stanch and true;
And although we are but children,
Yet there's something we can do—
We can guard our country's colors,
Raise them high, with cheer and song!
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong.

Well we know the splendid stories
Of the brave deeds of the past,
And our country we have promised
That such bravery shall last.
Loyal we will be and love her,
True in every word and deed,

That we may be worthy of her
When it comes our turn to lead.
Now we can but guard her colors,
Proud that to us they belong—
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong.

—Children's Magazine.

Investing in Extras

BY MARY E. CHASE.

"ELIZABETH!" called Grandfather sharply from his corner of the porch. "Who's that boy who just left?"

Elizabeth from her corner looked at Grandfather, too surprised to answer him at once. For four summers now Grandfather had sat in the sunshine on the porch, reading or only thinking in his big chair with his crutches conveniently hooked on the back. For at

"I beg your pardon, Grandfather," she stammered. "I never thought before you were at all interested in my friends. That's why I was so surprised. I'm glad to tell you who he is. He's John Randall, Mrs. Winslow's nephew, and he's here this summer studying with the minister to make up some work he has to have for college. He was ill last year, and didn't finish all of his school work. He's nice, of course, but why did you notice him more than any of the others?"

Elizabeth, seized with curiosity, drew her chair near Grandfather's and scanned his kind old face with unusual interest.

"There were two reasons for my noticing him especially," he replied. "One I've explained already. It was because he gave me a chance. Most of your friends, my dear, are too absorbed when they come to notice me. Some of them

"He's invested in extras!" Grandfather continued. "I knew that the minute he spoke to me. By *extras* I mean courtesies which most young men think a needless waste of time. And I'm going to tell you"—here Grandfather slapped his knees vigorously—"I'm going to tell you that he's going to get a hundred per cent. on all the time and thought he's spent on his investment. He's going to get well paid in gratitude and respect and admiration and friendship, and those are worth more than money. The boy who was here yesterday, that Wood fellow, may make a great financial success, like his father, but he won't win the respect which this boy will win. You see, he can't afford the time!"

Elizabeth's cheeks grew redder and redder. She remembered now that Harry Wood never took the trouble to speak to Grandfather other than a commonplace nod. She had not thought until now that Grandfather noticed or cared. And suddenly as Grandfather talked, she recalled with a guilty pang the remark Harry had made but yesterday about becoming old and useless and a burden some day. Could it have been that Grandfather had heard?

"John Randall," Grandfather explained further, "had time to ask me about my rheumatism and what I thought of the war with Germany. He seemed to feel that the opinions of an old man like me amounted to something. I guess he must have known that I fought in the Civil War, because he asked me some mighty intelligent questions about affairs then.

"I tell you, my dear," concluded Grandfather, for his granddaughter seemed strangely silent, "most young fellows don't think it pays in these days of hustle and bustle to invest in *extras* like those. Only it *does* pay. You watch this lad, and see if he doesn't go ahead of all the rest, not in money-making maybe, but in the things really worth while. I hope he'll come here often. I told him so this morning."

"I hope so, too, Grandfather," said Elizabeth. "I really do! You see, I hadn't noticed before about his being so, so different from the others. But I see now that he is. I believe I'll suggest to Harry Wood and some of the rest that they invest in *extras*, too. It may be," she concluded softly, for it was hard to admit, "it may be it's been partly my fault that they haven't done it before!"

Trapped!

It was Africa. The night was dark and stormy. The hunt was over; grim and powerful black warriors swarmed from jungle paths; armed and silent they gathered in their village stockade. The fires blazed brightly. The scene struck terror to the heart of the American explorer.

He found himself a prisoner surrounded with naked savages. Barbarous men continued to gather from the bush, each savage clasp a wicked looking spear or a long, heavy knife.

At this dramatic moment the chief appeared with twelve stalwart warriors. He ordered his braves to sit. They obeyed. The chief then slowly approached the explorer with a small bag in his hand, the kind in which the Africans kept their deadly poisons for arrow-heads and spear-points. The explorer now expected to be poisoned, but he was alert and ready for the struggle. He raised his gun.

In death-like stillness the chief stopped, put his hand into the poison bag and slowly drew out—a New Testament! Could the explorer believe his eyes? Yes, the colporter had been there before him. The automatic was lowered. The explorer was in the house of his friends. Slowly the chief told how he had secured the Book from a white man who had taught him the Story of stories, and how he was trying, as best he knew, to pray. The watch fires burned out in the night, but the explorer slept without fear.—*The World Outlook.*



HIS COUNTRY'S COLORS OVER ALL.

least three summers, ever since Elizabeth had risen to the dignity of High School, divers and sundry boys, on foot or on bicycles or in automobiles, had come to the porch to study or to chat or to invite Elizabeth to go driving or picnicing or boating; and never, at least to Elizabeth's knowledge, had Grandfather paid the least attention to them, beyond the courtesy of an occasional greeting, or shown the slightest interest. She continued to stare at him, still too amazed to reply.

"Well," said Grandfather, "can't you answer me, my dear? I noticed that young lad especially. In fact, you see, he gave me a chance to notice him, and I'm interested to know who he is."

Grandfather's unwonted speech had given his granddaughter a chance to recover from her surprise.

speak, but more of them don't. But this young fellow had time to take off his hat and shake hands with your grandfather. And that gave me a chance to discover the other reason why he's different from the most of the young men nowadays."

Elizabeth was listening with her face bent over her sewing. Her cheeks had grown red. Into Grandfather's quiet words there had somehow crept a reproof. She remembered that she had grown very careless about introducing her friends to Grandfather. Even this morning it had been at John Randall's own suggestion that he had crossed the porch to speak to the old man while she was busy indoors. But, she tried to excuse herself, it was only because Grandfather in his porch chair had become such a matter of course. She had not meant to neglect him.

Our Fireside

The No-Excuse Lady

By Mary E. Chase

RUTH CRITTENDEN paused in her dusting to inspect the parlor furniture. She did not note any improvement since the last inspection. The hair-cloth was unmistakably shabby, and the old mahogany most woefully battered, as it had every right to be, having ministered already to five generations of Crittendens. Then her gaze wandered to the old-fashioned flowered wall-paper, which she and Aunt Jane had so hoped to change that spring, and to the spotless white muslin curtains, which had somehow lost the look of pertness possessed in their younger days. She did not examine the carpet. There was no need since she knew every worn spot on its faded surface. Instead, she raised her troubled eyes to the face of a little old lady, who, surrounded by a gilt frame, smiled down upon her anxious face from the beflowered wall.

"Don't worry, Grandmother," she whispered, half to herself and half to the face on the wall. "I'll not make excuses for a thing, no matter how much I do wish they were different. I promise you I won't."

Grandmother Crittenden seemed to smile more kindly than ever at the promise. Perhaps she had been worrying for fear her granddaughter would be tempted to forsake the Crittenden tradition, which was never under any circumstances to apologize for unavoidable conditions. Carpets might be shabby and white curtains frayed and old, but, since new ones were impossible, no true Crittenden would seek to make excuses.

Ruth was a true Crittenden. Had she been otherwise, she would have followed the lawyer's advice upon the death of her mother four years before, sold the old home, given Benny to a wealthy uncle who was very anxious to adopt him, allowed Aunt Mary to educate Dorothy as she wished, and simply looked out for herself and for her own interests. None of which, in point of fact, she did at all. Instead, in true Crittenden fashion, she announced her intention of keeping the old home so that she and Benny and Dorothy might be together, and of asking Aunt Jane, who had no home of her own, to come and live with them so that during the school year she herself might go to college. Aunt Jane, being a Crittenden also, and admiring her niece's pluck,

came, and Ruth's dream of college had been fulfilled.

To be sure, it had not been easy to educate one's self and to run a home on the little money left them, always remembering that enough must be left untouched for Benny and Dorothy. But she had done it, and had graduated with honors. A position as teacher was the next dream, thus far unfulfilled—a position near enough home so that she could come back frequently to see them all.

Yesterday she had been radiant with hope, for the early mail had brought a letter from a certain Miss Snelling, principal of a girls' school in the neighboring town. Miss Snelling and her school, its fine standing and the desirability of being connected with it, were well-known to Ruth, and even the vague possibility of a position there caused her and Aunt Jane to rejoice, Dorothy to clap her hands, and Benny to turn a somersault. By return mail she had written Miss Snelling—who had announced her intention of coming to Hillcrest within a few days—inviting her to come the day after to-morrow for lunch, when they might talk matters over undisturbed. This was Tuesday morning, and Wednesday was the fateful day.

In spite of Grandmother Crittenden's smile, Ruth's hopes of yesterday grew less bright as she made a final survey of the freshly dusted room. It was shabby, and it looked even more so when the shades were high. She almost hoped to-morrow would be rainy. The sun revealed so many worn spots. If it were only dark and cloudy she would pull the shades lower, and light the newly-laid fire. That would help. And in the morning she would change the daisies on the table for some roses, which she would have Benny get from the green-house. Surely that extravagance was excusable under the circumstances, and with so much at stake.

At all events, she would try to make everything so homelike that Miss Snelling would not notice the shabbiness; and Aunt Jane would help—Aunt Jane with her sense of humor and her dear, quaint ways. She would be dearer and quainter than ever, after her semi-annual trip to town which she was taking that day, Ruth told herself, for she always saw so many new things and picked up so many new ideas from places which were barren to the average passerby. As for Benny and Dorothy, they had been coached since last evening on all the attributes of best behavior, and they were sure to do her honor.

A ring from the telephone brought her survey to an end. How she managed to answer coherently the startling information which came over the wire, she never knew. Miss Snelling was speaking, the voice said. In spite of her consternation, Ruth noted that it was a careful, cultured voice. She had just arrived in Hillcrest, a trifle early for lunch, she knew. She would complete a few errands and arrive in half an hour.

Ruth heard her own voice answer, "Very well, Miss Snelling," in a kind of horrified dream; and the next thing she realized was that she was frenziedly laying a clean cloth, and getting out the best silver. There was no time to question matters. Miss Snelling had obviously mistaken the day. Instead of the "day after to-morrow," as the invitation read, she had understood "to-morrow." It was too late to explain. Moreover, Ruth told herself as she worked, explanations would be embarrassing to her guest. She would explain nothing, excuse nothing—she would just face the facts and do the best she could.

She took a hasty survey of the larder. There was salad from Sunday's chicken, a chocolate pudding she had made that morning especially for Benny, and there was yet time to make biscuits. The dainty luncheon planned for to-morrow was impossible of preparation in a scant half hour. The roses could not be gotten—daisies must do both for centerpiece and for parlor table. There was no time for her to dress, and if there were, the new gown she had planned to wear was not completed. She was glad that she had put on a fresh white dress for the children. That, with daisies at her belt, must do.

She called Dorothy and Benny from their play, and briefly explained the situation, relying upon their "Crittenden pride" to do the rest. Their white clothes were not laundered—blue gingham must do. They dressed—wide-eyed and sympathetic—and promised every five minutes to be models of behavior.

"It's just like Senator Crittenden and the 'No-Excuse Lady,'" Benny told her, as he fumbled with his buttons, while she mixed the biscuits. "You know how often Grandmother used to tell us about her."

Ruth remembered, though it had taken Benny's agile mind to compare the situations. The story was one which Grandmother Crittenden loved to tell, and from which had arisen the Crittenden tradition of never making excuses. While stumping the state of Kentucky in the interests of Henry Clay, old Senator John J. Crittenden had once been invited to dinner in a backwoods log cabin. Absent-mindedly, as was his wont, the Senator mistook the day appointed by the simple people, and appeared for the dinner the day before. But his hostess won his everlasting admiration, as well as the name "the No-Excuse Lady," by making no allusion to his mistake, which he did not discover until his return home that evening. Upon remembering the gracious hospitality which he had received, and the generous way in which he had been treated, Senator Crittenden was much impressed, and he never tired, so Grandmother Crittenden said, of telling the story of the "No-Excuse Lady" in the Kentucky log-cabin.

Ruth would be a "no-excuse lady," too, she resolved, as she kissed Benny, and wiped some flour from her glowing cheeks. Just then the door-bell rang, and she ran to open it, and to receive into the old parlor, to which somehow her charm and enthusiasm lent new freshness, Miss Mary Ann Snelling, who, secure in her infallible memory, was coming to lunch, she thought, on the very day for which she had been invited. Then entered Benny and Dorothy, clean in blue gingham and perfect in manners, and Ruth left them to do the honors while she began to take the biscuits from the oven, to garnish the salad, and to put the finishing

touches to a simple but well-appointed table.

She blessed Benny and Dorothy that day. They were Crittendens to the core, she told herself, no matter how they might quarrel in the back yard. Benny said Aunt Jane's grace with unflinching precision, and Dorothy removed the plates and brought the dessert as well as the best-salaried maid in New York could have done.

Meanwhile, Miss Snelling, who had been so charmed by her two small acquaintances that she had never noticed shabby furniture or a worn carpet, grew more charmed than ever and quite changed her mind in regard to a certain decision which she had all but made in regard to a certain lady in a far-off city. After luncheon, while Benny and Dorothy cleared the table and washed the dishes, she and Ruth sat beside a tiny friendship fire in the grate and talked of college, of girls, and of ideals of teaching them. They became so absorbed that four o'clock came before they realized it, and the door opened to admit a most-surprised Aunt Jane.

But Aunt Jane was a Crittenden through and through, and not for a moment did she make Miss Snelling feel her surprise. She received Ruth's warning smile with a sage nod of her own, and sat down to tell them in her quaint way of her experiences in town. At five they all walked to the station for the suburban train, Benny leading with Miss Snelling's bag; and at six o'clock, when Miss Snelling had doubtless arrived at school and was at last remembering how shabby things were, Ruth broke down and cried on Aunt Jane's kindly shoulder.

But her worry, like most of that which burdens the world, was needless, as she would have known could she have seen Miss Snelling's face when she opened the engagement book upon

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her desk, and all at once discovered that she had mistaken the day. She sat still for some long minutes in her beautifully furnished room, and saw again the quaint, old-fashioned parlor, the white daisies, the glowing fire, the sweet children, and, most of all, a girl's happy face and charming manners. Then she wrote two letters—one to a certain lady in a far-off city, telling her that after all she had decided upon some one else for her position, and the other to Ruth Crittenden, telling her that she was more sure than ever that she wanted her to teach in her school.

"Had I doubted in the least your ability, my dear," the letter read, "my doubts would have completely vanished upon remembering how you met a most embarrassing situation in order to save a most thoughtless guest greater humiliation than you can imagine. I shall be honored, I am sure, in having you in my school."

The letter, received the very morning which should have brought Miss Snelling for luncheon, was hailed with rejoicing by all members of the Crittenden family.

"It pays to be a 'no-excuse lady!'" cried Benny Crittenden.

And a very happy big sister agreed with him!

The Rain

Did God hear the suffering things

Silently complain?

Such a thirsty land it was,

Panting for the rain.

Green grass slowly scorched to straw,

Wide fields parched and dry,

People lifting eyes that ached

To the blinding sky,

And the fierce heat on the street

Never passing by!

But at last black hosts of clouds

Gathered in the West;

Passed in gloom across the heavens

As in solemn quest.

Then the lightning cleft its way

Over land and main,

And the thunder, swift and loud,

Rolled along the plain,

While for comfort and for love,

Fell the healing rain.

All the faces of the leaves,

All the drooping flowers,

All the grasses, and the corn,

Turned to greet the showers.

Drinking deep the waters cool

Earth had prayed for long,

All the fields laughed out for joy,

Everything grew strong;

And the happy world praised God

In a glad new song.

Ah! how soon a change is made

By abundant rain!

Lord of all life-forces, make

Our life strong again.

Many of Thy people live

In such weary ways,

Faith and courage, hope and love,

Languish in these days.

Lord, send rains of fuller life,

And fill our souls with praise.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Expert or Amateur?

"Yes, it was provoking, but funny, too," said Benson, the young architect.

"They wanted me to build their house—but they drew the plans themselves.

"We want it all exactly like this," they said, 'down to the very inch. Then there will be no risk of your altering things and spoiling our plan.'

"I looked over their drawings, amateur, of course. Then I explained as simply as possible, why I could not follow their drawings 'to the inch.' They had made no allowance for thickness of walls. The chimneys and stairways were in impossible places. There were doors that would open against each other. Gradually I worked out usable plans from the ruins of theirs. To this day they are thanking me for it."

Some folks go about building their lives in much the same way. Instead of consulting the Divine Architect they plan for themselves, crudely and poorly. It is only when they allow Him to take their imperfect plans and work them over to His will and purpose that they can become useful and beautiful. Then they see how much better is His expertness than their own incompleteness, and learn to thank Him for what may have seemed at first harsh interference with their own plans.

Soldiers of Fort Orange

BY GRACE L. ROBINSON.

It is an army of ten thousand that is massed on the tender grass of Washington Park, on a May Sunday of the very latest year of Our Lord. It is a multitude of another ten thousand, banked around the oval of the review-ground and clustered densely in all the malls and drives of Albany's great rendezvous, that watches the marching and reviewing of these soldiers.

Down by the river-front, steeped in sunshine, where the ships come in and go out, where the crowds of tourists surge up and down, is all that is left of old Fort Orange, a slab cemented to the earth in thronging Steamboat Square, which tells the few who stop to read it that there stood the northeast bastion of the historic citadel. There it was that Indian and patroon, Tory and Revolutionist, fought out their battles and faced the problems of life in the New World. There it was that Hendrick Hudson, doughty explorer of strange waters, Peter Stuyvesant, maker of history in colonial days, De Witt Clinton and General Schuyler and George Washington, the forces of King George IV and his predecessors, with their opponents, began the life of the New World along the shores of the Hudson, and made its growth.

Across the river to-day, on the cool Greenbush bank, is Fort Cralo, where "Yankee Doodle" was born. But that venerable armored manor-house is silent, deserted, a ghost of the past.

And Fort Orange is a memory, a bit of stone in the busy old street.

It is up on the hill, in Washington Park, beneath the majesty of elms and oaks and maples, with the beauty of the slender lake and with the charm of violets and of lilies, of azaleas and syringas, that the true Fort Orange of the twentieth century makes its power real; for there the life of the city comes, for the comradeship of sunshine and of air, of fragrance and of music.

And here, on this particular Sunday, late in May, is the bravery of banners and of pennants, the throb of martial music, the soldierly onward rush of many feet; here is enthusiasm, here is high resolve, energy, the force of great impulses. For, in this gorgeous spring light, under these ancient trees, across this shining lawn, it is the army of a great King which marches in and gives its allegiance to the cause of purity and of truth in the old city and in the great world.

This is the review of the Sunday School forces of the city. Here they gather, from infants of the cradle-roll, carried by their parents or wheeled in carriages, up through the ranks of the primary and intermediate grades, a host of happy American boys and girls (some of them, to be sure, very new Americans, but just as true as any), with the classes of strong young men and women and the older members of the Bible Schools, even to those in the Home Department (at least, as many of these as can be mustered on the field). Here, with pastors and superintendents, and with deaconesses in the train, they march in great divisions, each denomination a friendly company, holding fellowship with all the others.

Stanchly they show their devices and ensigns, the seal of the State, the American flag, the colors, purple or orange, crimson or gold, blue or green, of all the schools and classes, while, as they march and counter-march and fill up the great oval of the old croquet ground, they are reviewed by the mayor and by various ecclesiastical officials. The band plays, and the crowd looks on, while the sun shines and the robins and the thrushes look down from the branches above.

Then, while they are all massed in the center, they and the deep ring of people surrounding them sing, with the musicians, "America" and "Christus Victor," as battle hymns; there is a brief prayer of benediction, and the latest and noblest army of old Fort Orange goes away, against the glory of the setting sun.

The day is over. The second annual parade of the Sunday Schools of Albany is history.

And the ten thousand soldiers and the

ten thousand spectators have left the park to its night-time quiet, while, in all of their thoughts there marches on, boldly, steadily, the Christian idealism of the great procession, the altruism, with all its significance, for the city, the Church, society, of the latest soldiers of Fort Orange.

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Dr. Jowett's Farewell Message

On the eve of his departure for England, the Rev. John H. Jowett, D.D., sent the following farewell message to the ministers of America:

"I want to bear this testimony before the ministers of the United States before

I leave this pulpit (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City). I know no diction, no ethics; I know nothing that radiates moral energy like the preaching of the Cross of Christ. The Cross unveils the holiness of God, the sacrificial law of God and the dynamic energy of God.

"My heart is sad as I think of the condition of the world. I'm weary waiting for the reformation of mankind, but I confess before you that I know of no other place where we can find hope save in the dynamic, reforming energy of the Cross.

"Meditate at the Cross until it becomes meaningful to you; preach the Cross until it becomes meaningful to others."

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It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 800,711,975 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$805,466, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$23,191.98. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,676,159.82, which is the equivalent of 5,352,319,040 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 146,056; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 49,584, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-seven years 17,489,750, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,958,862.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish the Patriot Library to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a One-volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 17,175,163 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, PRESIDENT. JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary. Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

A young Irishman once went to a kind-hearted old squire for a recommendation. An elaborate one was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not move. "What's the matter with it?" roared the squire. "O, nothin', sor," said the lad quickly.

"Well, then, why don't you go?" "Sure, sor, I thought on the stringth of a ricommand like that you'd be wanting to hire me."

How They Love It

There are two things which help an Editor to do his best work. One is that subscribers are renewing their subscriptions, proving practically how much they think of the paper, and the other is the word of appreciation that comes from its readers. One who belongs on

OUR HONOR ROLL

is Jane E. McCall, Leonard Bridge, Conn., who writes: "I have had the AMERICAN MESSENGER to read from early days. I am now eighty-seven and cannot do without it."

"I think I can remember the AMERICAN MESSENGER for sixty-five years," Mrs. Mattie M. Morgan, of Roxboro, Philadelphia, says: "From my earliest recollection my mother was a subscriber, and I have taken it for many years. From its beginning it has always been the most welcome visitor in our home."

A subscriber in Natchiloches, La., says, "I do appreciate the AMERICAN MESSENGER, which has done me much good for many years. There is no paper I enjoy more."

And from Charlotte C. H., Va., comes this helpful commendation:

"I have been a subscriber to your paper for twenty years, and I am sure no other subscriber has enjoyed it more. The very best things one can say for your paper are not enough. It is the cleanest, best, most religious paper that I have ever read."

The Maister an' the Bairns

[From Greatheart, the Boys and Girls' Missionary Magazine of the United Free Church of Scotland.]

The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose,
To the Jordan's waters near,
An' the fisher fowk crushed an crooded
roon',
The Maister's words to hear.

An' even the bairns frae the near-haun'
streets
Were mixin' in wi' the thrang;
Laddies an' lassies wi' wee bare feet
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the Twal' at the Maister's side
Raise up and cried aloud—
"Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for
you,
Rin awa' hame oot o' the crood."

But the Maister said, as they turned awa',
"Let the wee bairns come to Me!"
An' he gathered them roon Him whaur
He sat,
An' lifted ane up on His knee.

* * * * *
"Sen' na the weans awa' frae Me.
But rather this lesson learn—
That nane 'll win in at Heaven's yett
That isna as pure as a bairn!"
* * * * *

O Thou who watchest the ways o' men,
Keep our feet in the heavenly airt,
An' bring us at last to Thy hame abune
As pure as the bairns in he'rt.

—The late W. Benzie, Missionary,
Shetland.

"I Need Thee Every Hour"

Annie Sherwood Hawks, the authoress of the well-known hymn which begins:

"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord"

has recently passed away. Writing of the origin of the hymn quoted, she said:

"I remember well the morning (in 1872) when, in the midst of the daily cares of my home, I was so filled with a sense of nearness to the Master that, wondering how one could live without Him, either in joy or pain, these words, 'I need Thee every hour,' were flashed into my mind. Seating myself by the open window in the balmy air of the bright June day, I caught my pencil, and the words were soon committed to paper, almost as they are being sung now."

The late Mr. Ira D. Sankey in his work, "My Life and Sacred Songs," said:

"The singing of this hymn at a meeting in Chicago, at the time of the World's Fair, led to the writing by Major D. W. Whittle of the now famous song: 'Moment by moment, I'm kept in His love, Moment by moment, I've life from above.'"

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Education Is India's Greatest Need

"Our greatest need in India at this time is the education of our Christian communities," says Bishop Warne.

"This need is imperative for the reason that we have to begin at the bottom and teach the children and bring them up. For example, we will baptize this year 40,000 people, and out of that say 38,000 of them will be utterly unable to read. A careful review of the Northwest India conference alone indicates that 90,000 people are on the waiting list for baptism. The membership of that conference is now 150,000. These 90,000 are ready for baptism, but we do not feel it is safe to baptize in such large numbers unless we can put enough teachers and preachers over them. To baptize so many with our present facilities would be disastrous. This creates our problem.

"Of course we have a regular system of schools. We have village schools, then the middle schools (which are usually boarding schools), then the high schools and finally the college. Just now we are fairly well supplied with the middle schools, but we are very defective in the high schools. When I was in India last year there was a scholarship amounting to \$20,000 to enable pupils to go through college. The interest alone of that sum gave twenty-five Christian men a chance to get a college education.

"We have 30,000 in our schools, so we are not wholly without education. But when I first went to India, thirty years ago, there were less than 10,000 Christians; now there are 400,000. We have not had enough funds and workers to keep pace with the work.

"Because of this situation we adopted the position that we would not spend our money on educating non-Christians. We have a few schools in which there is an exception,—the college where we have all our Christians in boarding schools, but where non-Christians come as day pupils. Their fees enable us to support practically all the professors."

How a Chinaman Saw the Gospel

A missionary tells a story of a Chinaman who came one day to the mission rooms. "Have you ever heard the Gospel?" asked the missionary. "No," was the reply, "but I have seen it. I know a man who was like a wild beast; he would shout at you when angry, and would curse both day and night. But he learned the religion of Jesus, and now he is kind, gentle, and speaks only good words." The converted heathen had become a preacher of the religion of Jesus without knowing it. The missionary himself could not preach and teach better than this poor man was doing by his changed life. His former companions saw a great change in him. They said: "What has made this man so different?" And when they heard that it was the religion of Jesus, they said in their hearts, "If we believe it is a good religion let us send it to those who have it not."—*Monthly Record*.

Confession and Fellowship

The elders of a church under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, in the Congo region of Africa had to take part in the election of a village chief; and the missionaries, though having nothing to do with the affair, feared that a number of the church members had forgotten their religion in the excitement of the time.

When elders and missionaries met at the weekly board meeting, Mark Njoi stood up and said: "I cannot partake of the Lord's Supper to-morrow unless I confess my sins. My anger and disputing this week were not such as befit an elder in the church, so I want Iso (who had been elected chief) and all my brethren to forgive me and allow me to make confession to-morrow at the Lord's table." There were tears in all eyes as he



SHOEING A BULLOCK IN INDIA.

spoke. Iso, the new chief, stood up immediately and made the same sort of confession, and all tried to bury differences in the love of Christ as they prayed together.

Then next day, as they gathered about the Lord's Table, Mark arose and said to the whole church in substance what he said to the board. Iso followed, his voice breaking as he made the same confession. In conclusion, he asked them to pray for him and help him in his new position that, all working together, they might make Bolenge a really Christian village. Then all present partook of the memorial feast surely with a new meaning; for it must be a wonderful Christ that can bring to voluntary public confession such proud servants of his.

Rev. A. F. Hensey, the missionary who relates this, says: "No incident has affected me more in the days since my return, and I do not recall any just like it in the history of the church; and I think I shall never forget that moment when these brethren met each other in the middle of the church and shook hands in Christly forgiveness."

The Conversion of a Bhagat

A recent issue of *The Evangelical Christian* tells of the conversion of a Bhagat or ascetic in India who had spent all his time in fasting, praying, ablutions, and going on pilgrimages, and had become so holy in his own estimation that he almost thought it a sin to spend any time in eating or to take food in any shape.

He was led to one of the towns where a Christian Mission had opened new work, and where a Hindustani preacher was stationed. The preacher and the Bhagat met. The latter, with his disciples, heard the tidings of salvation—salvation without asceticism—and with-

out the millions of transmigrations prescribed by the so-called holy books of the Hindus. The man listened and it was not long before he was convinced of the truths of the Bible, and he and a goodly number of his followers have accepted Christianity, and the man himself is now an evangelist under instruction and preaching the Gospel to his people and former disciples.

A Missionary Car In Siam

The *North Siam News* tells of the good gospel work of an automobile used by a missionary in Siam, in these words: "The native people are giving it a cordial welcome. More than twenty carpenters donated their labor to build a garage. In several districts the Christians have volunteered to repair the roads leading to their villages. Last Sunday the car carried two American missionaries and three native pastors to their waiting congregations. The man who stood guard over the car during the services improved the time by placing two hundred and one portions of scripture in the hands of non-Christian readers."

A Self-Supporting Station

Rev. G. W. Lewis of the American Baptist Mission in South China speaks of new stations being opened in addition to the 150 chapels with which he is in touch. These he says are self-supporting from the start. One such he describes: "The building has been furnished by one of the members. Its total cost is fully \$1000. The leader in the new church who has made this complete self-support possible is a merchant and a village elder. His reputation is so good that his connection with the church makes it easy to preach in that region. He has been

a Christian for more than twenty years. His father was very poor—so poor that he ate only two meals a day part of the time in order that his son might attend school for a year or two. After the son had grown to manhood, he entered business and the Lord has especially prospered him. But with his prosperity he has not forgotten the Lord's share in it and has been a liberal giver for many years."

"Not High for a Black Girl"

In talking with a committee of native Christians who were arranging what each member of the Church was to give to a special collection for home missions, they asked some of the girls to give their entire wages of three or four months. I protested, saying that was rather high. One said, "It might be for a white man, but not for a black girl who found Jesus within the last year."—C. J. Stauffacher, Medical Missionary, Inhambane, East Africa.

For Others Less Fortunate

In a leper asylum at Chiengmai, Siam, about 200 lepers have been gathered, and live in neat brick houses amid cleanly surroundings. They receive about forty cents a week each for subsistence. The entire colony has become Christian, and recently they gave out of savings from their allowance money a sum equal to \$12 gold, "To be sent to lepers in some other land who are less fortunate than ourselves."

The Pocket Testament League

The Pocket Testament League is made up of people anywhere on the face of the globe who will sign a membership card promising to read a chapter a day in the Bible. George L. B. Davies and Philip E. Howard, Jr., who are touring the camps and cantonments of our army in the South and Southwest, are meeting with wonderful success in enlisting the men in Bible reading and in the Christian life. "The soldiers of the American army," says Mr. Davies, "do not want any gospel of Ethical Culture, or of New Thought, but hungrily they drink in the message of the old, old story of salvation through the Blood of Christ. The thousands of men we have addressed realize fully that in a few months they will be face to face with eternity, and that many of them never will return to these shores." Among many thrilling incidents he tells of one corporal who secured extra League cards and hurried away to his tent. He signed up six of the eight soldiers who shared the tent with him. "Presently, filled with enthusiasm, the corporal brought back the six signed cards, and told how he had already arranged with the men in his tent to lock the door at night and then read their chapter and have prayer together. He told how he meant to enlist the last man in the tent as soon as he came off guard. Would it not be marvelous if that same thing could be duplicated in thousands of tents and barracks throughout the country!"

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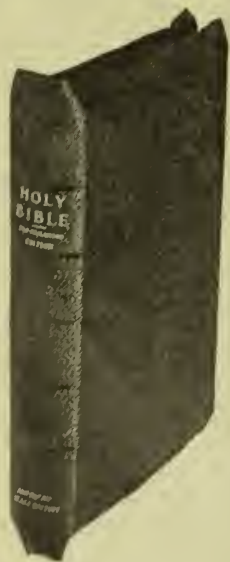
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"LIGHT ON PROPHECY"

A Co-ordinated, Constructive Teaching

Being the Addresses Delivered at the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference, May 28-30, 1918

THE Conference of eminent Bible Teachers and Authorities on Prophetic Interpretation in the United States and Canada, held at Philadelphia, May 28th to 30th, 1918, was the most notable and authoritative gathering of its kind ever held in this country. The finest consecrated scholarship of all the Christian denominations was represented, and the deliberations and addresses on "The Return of Our Lord and Related Events" possess a vital spiritual interest to Christian men and women throughout the world. In view of the extraordinary manifestations of interest in the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference, an arrangement was made for the publication by the Christian Herald of the proceedings and addresses of the conference in a volume entitled "Light on Prophecy."

"Light on Prophecy" is published under the special supervision of the Committee of the Conference, and is the only volume to receive official authorization. The book is of 300 pages, containing all the addresses, about twenty in number.

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Notable Speakers and Addresses

- Included in "Light on Prophecy"
 - "Hath God Spoken?" and "What Is to Become of the Church?" By Dr. Harris H. Gregg, Pastor of Winnipeg, Canada, an eminent Canadian Divine.
 - "What Is Prophecy?" and "Where Is Christ Now and What Is He Doing?" By Rev. John M. McInnes, of Syracuse, Secretary of the Montrose Bible Conference.
 - "The Doctrine of Our Lord's Return" By Dr. Mark A. Matthews, Former Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.
 - "The Answer to the Greatest Question Jesus Ever Asked" and "What Manner of Persons Ought We to Be?" By Dr. William B. Riley, of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., and President of the Northwest Bible School, Bible teacher and lecturer.
 - "Did the Cross of Christ Fulfill All the Promises?" and "The Coming Glory" By W. L. Pettingill, Dean of the Philadelphia School of the Bible.
 - "God's Purpose in This Dispensation" and "Regathering of Israel in Unbelief" By Dr. James M. Gray, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.
 - "The Capture of Jerusalem" By Rev. A. E. Thompson, A.B., Pastor of the American Church at Jerusalem.
 - "War on Gorman Theology" By Dr. Cortland Myers, Pastor of the Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston, Mass.
 - "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows" and "Will There Be Any Tears in Heaven and Why?" By Rev. P. W. Phillpott, Hamilton, Canada.
 - "Has God a Program?" By Rev. B. B. Sutcliffe.
 - "Does This Truth Paralyze or Energize?" By Rev. Herbert Mackenzie, Pastor of the Gospel Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and Secretary of the Erlsode Bible Conference.

SPECIAL OFFER

"Light on Prophecy," postpaid \$2.25
Christian Herald, 1 year (52 issues, regular subscription price, \$2.00) for both

Red Cross Nurses Needed

The campaign to enroll Red Cross nurses for assignment to the Army and Navy Nurse Corps and for public health service has been progressing satisfactorily throughout the nation. The Department of Nursing expects that the twenty thousand additional nurses needed by the Army and Navy by the end of the year will be obtained and without undue interference with the hospitals and other agencies rendering needed nursing service to our civilian population.

The phase of the campaign to encourage women to become student nurses, and, by caring for the civilian sick, prepare themselves for military service in the future, was stimulated greatly by the establishment of the Army School of Nursing. This school with headquarters in Washington will accept graduates from high schools and colleges, between twenty-one and thirty-five years of age, and in good physical condition. Applicants who in addition have completed the course in Elementary Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick conducted by the Red Cross will be given special consideration.

By helping to care for sick and wounded soldiers in the various military hospitals the student nurses will gain experience in surgical and medical nursing, in eye, ear, throat and nose work and in nervous and mental diseases. Experience in other phases of nursing will be provided through affiliations with civil hospitals. The Director of the Department of Nursing of the American Red Cross is *ex-officio* to be a member of the Advisory Council of the school.

Upon the establishment of this army school the campaign to interest women in taking up nursing was redirected immediately and special emphasis placed on the opportunities for direct military service offered by this institution. Steps are to be taken to bring this opportunity to the attention of all who have taken the Red Cross courses.

The First French War Cross

The first French war cross given to an American soldier for bravery in the field was won by a Christian Endeavor boy, Mr. Robert C. Patterson, of Huntington, Ind. Mr. Patterson was a lieutenant at the time the cross was awarded to him, but later was made a captain. Daniel A. Poling, associate president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, who has returned from a three months' visit to England and France, brought this war cross with him. Mr. Poling states that the reports of drunkenness in the American army in France are utterly false. Prohibition is the rule and it is enforced. The morals of the men are safeguarded infinitely better than the morals of civilians at home. Mr. Poling was "gassed" during an attack and was under fire while trying to bring in a wounded man from No Man's Land.

The War and Religious Outlook

Recognizing that the war has placed on the nations and on the churches an obligation for the most searching self-examination, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has requested a group of representative men to constitute a Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, the purpose of which is "to consider the state of religion as affected by the war with special reference to the duty and opportunity of the churches, and to prepare its findings for submission to the churches." The Committee was created by action of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council in consultation and co-operation with the Executive Committee of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches.

President Henry Churchill King has been elected Chairman of the Committee and has been released by Oberlin College for this important service. He will shortly be located at the office which has been set up for the Committee in New York. Professor William Adams Brown is Vice-Chairman. It has further been requested that a certain proportion of the members of the Committee secure such release from their ordinary duties as may be necessary to carry out the work to be undertaken.

The American Tract Society

- 1.—It is a GREAT MISSIONARY PUBLICATION SOCIETY, having printed and distributed at home and abroad the Gospel Truth in 178 languages or dialects, thereby multiplying many times the power of the missionary.
- 2.—Its UNION MISSIONARY COLPORTAGE reaches the dense population of the city and the scattered population of the country.
- 3.—Its WORK AMONG THE IMMIGRANTS is most successful. Its colporters are native foreigners speaking Christian Truth in the tongues of those to whom they are sent.
- 4.—By its GRANTS of cash, publications and electrotypes to mission stations in the foreign field it has enabled them to print and circulate an undenominational Christian vernacular literature.

WHY IT SHOULD BE SUPPORTED

- 1.—Because the printed page finds tens of thousands who never learn of Christ in any other way.
- 2.—Because through its publications many souls are converted both on the home and foreign fields.
- 3.—Because its volumes and tracts and periodicals develop the spiritual life of Christians.
- 4.—Because its publications counteract the influence of impure and evil literature.

HOW I CAN HELP IT

- 1.—By making an Annual offering.
- 2.—By speaking of its work to my friends.
- 3.—By asking God's blessing upon its work and workers.
- 4.—By increasing the circulation of its publications.

The Committee has been given entire freedom to proceed according to its own judgment. It is empowered to add to its number and is at present constituted as follows: President Henry Churchill King, Bishop J. W. Bashford, Professor William Adams Brown, President W. H. P. Faunce, Professor Charles M. Jacobs, Bishop Walter R. Lambuth, Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, President William Douglas Mackenzie, Bishop F. J. McConnell, John R. Mott, President E. Y. Mullins, Rev. Frank Mason North, Very Rev. Wilford L. Robbins, Robert E. Speer, and Rev. James I. Vance.

Work of the Hebrew Christian Alliance

The Fourth Annual Conference of the Hebrew Christian Alliance of America held recently at The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, brought together the most representative body of Hebrew Christian missionaries, laymen and women that has ever assembled on the American Continent. The subjects for consideration were Israel's future as related to the Messiah, and the early restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land; also the sending out of evangelists two by two throughout the land, and the shepherding of the young Hebrew Christian converts.

In conjunction with the Conference, open-air services were held in the crowded Jewish quarters of the city by the delegates, and the gospel message given to thousands of Jews by their Christian brethren.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are Pastor T. B. Rohold, of Toronto, President; Pastor A. Lichenstein, of St. Louis, Vice-President; and Pastor Joseph R. Lewek, of Chicago, Secretary-Treasurer.

Next year's conference will be held in Washington, D. C.—it is hoped at the very time that the Jewish Congress expects to meet in that city to select representatives to petition the Peace Conference at the conclusion of the war to guarantee our people a safely protected homeland in Palestine. A glorious opportunity will then be given to Hebrew Christians to declare their undying love for their people, their land and the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, "who was delivered for our offenses and raised for our justification."

Flashlights in a Year's Progress

Sunday School progress of worldwide scope was reported at the recently held Executive Committee meeting of the World's Sunday School Association, which met at the home of the chairman, Mr. H. J. Heinz, of Pittsburgh. From Rev. George P. Howard, South American secretary, comes such heartening items as an evangelistic campaign in Chile. Under his effective leadership

657 adults decided the all important question of personal relationship to God. In one school 90 of the adolescent age came up and made their choice for Christ and His Kingdom. In Buenos Aires Mr. Howard prepared for and presided over the first Father and Son banquet ever held in South America. There were more than 100 fathers and 100 sons present. Howard's report closed with this ringing message, "If we can capture the children of these lands for Christ, if we can train their boys in the virtues of the Christian gentleman, if we can teach the sweet voiced daughters the songs of the Christian home, these republics will feel the mighty influence of Christianity and you will behold the genius of a mighty race awakening from its sleep of centuries."

Bishop Hartzell, for the Moslem Lands, told of the administration of Relief Funds under the direction of Secretary Stephen Trowbridge, who has temporarily left his important work in Egypt for this special need in Palestine. More than \$50,000 is being expended each month among those who live in the land of Jesus' birth. Money sent to Persia for Sunday-school work has been well used in conducting Refugee Sunday schools and in publishing a catechism in Turkish for the combined use of the East and West Persia Mission. Dr. S. M. Zwemer has just made a trip in the interest of Moslem work to Malaysia and China. He states that the Moslems in China are more open to Christian approach than in any of the Mohammedan fields. Suitable literature is being prepared in Arabic-Chinese for use in China.

In the Philippine Islands there is no indication that the growth of recent years is lessening. The increase is from 8,000 in 1911, to 60,000. Organized adult Bible classes are making good. Such a class among the university students in Manila had a membership of twenty. They decided to get real busy and increase that membership to 100, and called themselves "We Brothers of 99." At last accounts that class numbered 717.

China's growth is indicated in part by the number of lesson helps that are now printed regularly. In 1911 the Uniform lesson issue was 27,000, and in 1918, the edition amounted to 184,400. Then there are 10,000 graded helps in addition. The estimated number of Sunday school scholars in China is no less than 200,000 in 4,000 schools.

Japan Sunday schools as well as those in Egypt, and Brazil gave liberally for the Armenian and Syrian Relief Fund last Christmas. The summer training school at Karuiazawa, Japan, is an outstanding feature of their work in training a leadership. The session lasts for ten days. Scholarships amounting to \$10.00 each are being sought in America for Japanese students who could not otherwise attend.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, 279 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: For the enclosed \$2.25, send me, postpaid, "Light on Prophecy" and the Christian Herald for 1 year.

Name

Address

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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Preparing Men for the Training Camps

It is now plainly evident that during the course of the next few months a large number of young men will be called from their ordinary walks in life to enter upon the training necessary to fit them to become soldiers of the Republic.

The question arises, how can the Christian Churches at home help to prepare these young men for their life and work in the training camps? To this question an admirable answer is contained in the suggestions that have been recently sent out by the Federal Council of Churches.

In the first place the churches are urged to develop that enthusiasm which is a large part of the morale so vital to the work of successful soldiers. Young men should be led to adopt high ideals of service for our country and for the world. The spirit of self-sacrifice should be made attractive, and every young man should be brought to see the high and unselfish purposes which have led America into the war.

In the second place, the Church should see to it that definite instruction is given to these young men as to the care of their bodies and the laws of hygiene and sanitation. They should be warned of the moral dangers which will confront them in camp life, and of the temptations that they will encounter. They should be advised that the life in camp is necessarily abnormal, and that they must adjust themselves to conditions which they have never faced before.

An effort should be made to give these young men the right mental equipment for their military life. They should become familiar with the history of our own country, and they should

gain as much advance information as possible concerning the requirements of military service.

As to their spiritual life, these young men should be encouraged to cultivate the right kind of daily habits and to realize the reasonableness even in military camps of daily Bible reading and prayer. The carrying and using of the Bible ought to be made as normal as the wearing of a uniform and the carrying of a rifle, and no man should fear to kneel down and say his prayers in barracks each night.

Every young man has in him some measure of leadership, but in each community there are natural leaders who have not been adequately drawn out. Such cases will be given rare opportunities in camp. The Church should seek to inspire young men with unselfish ambition to lead before they go to camp. Any young man who has led a Bible class or been successful in social or athletic activity, and has elements of leadership ought to be quickened to use those natural gifts for a high, moral, patriotic and religious service to his fellows.

By way of a definite program, it has been suggested that the Churches might carry on the following lines of special work for young men who are likely to be called to the training camps:

1. Regular instruction in young men's Bible classes should be furnished.
2. Special addresses might be given by the pastors, Army officers, doctors, business men or specialists, at church services, especially evening services, and at men's dinners, men's clubs, etc.
3. A course of lessons held on week nights might be given embodying some of the points that have been mentioned above.
4. Special reading courses might be prepared and books circulated.
5. Right literature on the war should be gathered and distributed.
6. There might be organized in the church, or at least in the community, some form of club of drafted men for social fellowship and mutual help.

Save Time for the Government

Fancy if you can the volume of mail that pours into Washington to the various Government departments daily. Such a vast number of our people are personally interested in the war, through business connections, and because of members of their family in some form of the service, that the departments at the capital are being flooded with letters of inquiry on every conceivable subject concerning the war. The clerical force, which numbers an army in itself now, finds it physically impossible to give many of these letters proper attention and reply. But a great number of these letters of

inquiry need never be written if the writers only understood that there is published at Washington a Government newspaper, the *Official Bulletin*, which prints every day all of the more important rulings, decisions, regulations, proclamations, orders, etc., as they are promulgated by the several departments and the many special committees and agencies now in operation at the National Capital.

This official journal is posted each day in every postoffice in the United States, more than 56,000 in number, and may also be found on file at all libraries, boards of trade, and chambers of commerce, the offices of mayors and governors and Federal officials. By consulting these files most questions will be found readily answered; there will be little necessity for letter writing; the unnecessary congestion of the mails will be appreciably relieved; the railroads will be called upon to move fewer correspondence sacks, and the mass of business that is piling up in the Government departments will be eased considerable. Hundreds of clerks now answering correspondence will be enabled to give their time to essentially important war work, and a fundamentally patriotic service will have been performed by the public.

Loyal Service

We believe the patriotism of our people compares favorably with that of any other day. General Washington, writing to James Warren, in 1779, said:

"Our conflict is not likely to cease so soon as every good man could wish. * * * Unless we can return a little more to first principles, and act a little more upon patriotic grounds, I do not know what may be the issue of the contest. Speculation, peculation, engrossing, forestalling, with all their concomitants, afford too many melancholy proofs of the decay of public virtue."

No doubt there is too much "profiteering" in our own day, but we would like to call attention to a statement in a recent sermon by Dr. MacLeod, of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, New York City. He said:

"A prominent Government official said a little while before war was declared: 'I dread the hour when war comes. It will mean the descent on Washington from all over the United States of an army of crooks and grafters, who will try to rob and plunder the Government in the hour of her need.'

"Some time after war was declared this very same man said: 'It is a wonderful thing. All that I feared has failed to come to pass. Instead of an army of crooks and grafters coming to Washington, we have 4,000 of the brainiest men in the United States. They are giving their services to the Government. They are men of commanding ability and success. I don't believe there is a loyal man in America who has anything the nation wants who is not ready to give it over to the nation for nothing.'"

Child Welfare

It is a matter of sincere regret to all lovers of childhood that the Supreme Court of the United States has recently declared invalid, by a vote of five to four, the Federal Child Labor Law, under the provisions of which it was hoped that the evils of child labor might be eliminated throughout the whole nation.

It is hoped that a fresh law may be drawn under which the Federal Government may be able to deal with the subject of child labor without contravening any of the limitations upon Federal power contained in the United States Constitution. The close vote upon the constitutionality of the law which has just been declared invalid gives rise to the hope that it will not be an impossible task to frame Congressional legislation which will effectually check the child

labor evil and still conform with all the requirements of our Constitution.

Meanwhile the advocates of child welfare may well devote their energies to a systematic effort to have the individual States enact the necessary laws for the protection of childhood and the elimination of the child labor evil. In some States the children are adequately protected by existing legislation, but in some other States there is a lamentable lack of such protection.

A campaign of education is needed in every State where there is laxity in this vital and important matter, and the National Child Labor Committee will be glad to aid every effort to better the existing conditions, and to help educate public sentiment to the point where the employment of child labor will be looked upon as an unmitigated and deplorable injustice.

An Insidious Evil

The Indian Rights Association has called attention to the evil which is menacing our Indian population through the use of peyote, the scientific name for which is anhalonium and the commercial designation "mescal buttons."

Peyote is derived from certain cacti in northern Mexico, and is frequently called "dry whiskey." The effect of peyote upon its users is declared to be most deleterious, and various Indian tribes are showing very clearly the evil results of their indulgence in this drug habit.

Bills have been introduced into both houses of Congress which aim to eradicate the peyote habit. All friends of the Indian are urged to give their hearty support to the effort to induce Congress to pass the necessary legislation to abate this serious and growing evil.

The Line of Necessity

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

WHEN a given course of action is considered or a particular step of progress is proposed many people are in the habit of questioning whether the thing is necessary. They do not inquire whether it is desirable, whether it is helpful, or whether it is lovely. The only question raised is as to its necessity.

The propounding of this question is not without its effect. The people who ask it often rob a movement of its power, and occasionally cause it to fail completely. By its use a chill is often brought upon spirits which would otherwise throb with warmth. The world is deprived of the influence of many a cheerful song, helpful smile, gracious act, and kind word simply because the person who might have given them stopped to make this ever-recurring inquiry: "Is it necessary?"

The people who ask the question would themselves be the least willing to have their own lives and fortunes subjected to its merciless test. They know full well, that it would remove from their little worlds many of the things which now seem best and sweetest. Landscapes would lose the mystic charm which now serves to lift them above the commonplace. Daily experience would be robbed of the glamor which now makes life seem so sweet and beautiful. The glory would fade from about the brow of friendship, and even friendship itself perhaps would perish. Lovely as all these things are, they do not belong to the list of things that are absolutely necessary. They would pass away, if life were denuded of all that the world could manage to get along without.

As a matter of fact, many of the most blessed things we know lie on the farther side of the line of necessity. If we were never to pass beyond that line, then the world and all that it contains would be reduced to the impoverished outlines of the barest actuality. There would be no place left for hope, ambition, and dream. We should do no more work than is necessary, and our labor could no longer be a daily progress toward the summit of some mount of hope. We should have no more than is necessary, and each would become less than a peasant. We should love, help, and serve no more than is necessary, and all the joy of the unselfish and the sacrificial would be taken from life. We should have no more friends than is necessary, and one by one those who have been our greatest inspiration would depart from our ken. How poor a thing it would soon be to live!

Life would indeed be soon reduced to the level of mere existence. We should still be in the world, but the glow and the loveliness would have departed. Our tables would be bare, be-

cause we should eat only what is strictly necessary. Our clothing would be scant and poor, for we should wear only what one must. Our lives would be solitary, for association is a luxury and not a necessity. Kindness is unnecessary, therefore our souls would shrivel and perish. A once cheerful world would have grown dull and dead, and the once joyful privilege of living would have suddenly been transformed into a grievous necessity.

It is the unnecessary that changes bare existence into throbbing and purposeful life. A mere earth is changed into a lovely world by processes which might have been dispensed with. A house is transformed into a home by graces which are not the children of necessity.

Even Bethlehem and Calvary were not necessary. The glory of their meaning comes rather from the fact that they sprang from good will alone. The power of the Cross springs largely from the fact that it could have been avoided. We appreciate it because the Master faced it willingly.

No one cares for the friend who is a friend under the pressure of some necessity. We appreciate the friendship of those who are our friends because they simply want to be. We do not care for the gift offered by some one who felt the force of some compulsion. The impulse is to cast it from us in disdain. We love the gift made by the impulse of a kindly heart, not because it was a necessity but because it was a pleasure.

I once sat in a great gathering and heard a man with silver hair offer a bit of advice which sprang from a life of rich experience. "Let us," he said, "during the week that we are together, make it a point to be a little kinder to one another than is necessary."

Life had taught him that the finer graces and the sweeter instincts are not necessary things. They do not earn salary. They do not satisfy the hunger of the body. They are even sometimes discounted in the calculations of the shortsighted. They are, however, the beautiful things. They garland life and make it lovely. If the men in that gathering were to be kind to one another, it was desirable that they should be so for the sake of kindness, and not for that of compulsion.

This was one of the first principles to engage the attention of the Great Teacher. He said to a crowd of people one day that one gets no credit either on the books of heaven or in the courts of his own conscience until he has done a little better than was strictly necessary. It is a little thing to give the coat that is asked for, but it is a worthy thing to give the cloak which is not ex-

pected. It is insignificant to travel the mile that is requested, but it is worth while to go the second mile unasked. One deserves no thanks for having loved his friend, for that is easy, but he who learns to love his enemies has achieved something really worth while.

These points from the Sermon on the Mount simply state the old principle of the beauty and value of the unnecessary. It is the second mile traveled, the overflowing kindness offered, and the unnecessary act of goodness that sweeten and glorify the years. These things make of life more than a gloomy journey through a valley of trouble. They make it a glad procession across the hills of joy.

There is a higher law than that of necessity. Necessity may supply a skeleton for living, but we are not interested in skeletons until they are clothed with flesh and vitalized with life. It represents a framework for existence, but the framework of a building does not seem worth while until it has added to it the complement of walls and the beauty of decorations. It may represent the stage upon which the drama of life is to be enacted, but the stage is empty and bare until the actors come upon it and lend it the enchantment of thought and action. Beyond the line of necessity lie the countless things which weave the web of splendor and throw the magic of enchantment about things. Necessity supplies the substance. The unnecessary adds the glory.

The proper question to ask about a course of conduct to be followed or a thing to be obtained is not, then, that as to whether it is necessary. It is that as to whether it is lovely and worth while. We need to remember that if all the unnecessary acts were left undone and all the unnecessary words were left unsaid the world soon would cease to seem a fit place in which to live. We need to remember that it is the will un-compelled that tames the wilderness, that it is the hand unconstrained that reclaims the desert, and that it is the kindness born of spontaneous impulse which brings into life the uplifting and the helpful.

Of course we could get on without all these things. We do not have to have the flowers; we could dispense with the moonbeams; our three meals a day do not depend upon the singing of the birds; the world could no doubt continue on its way if the wind never again whispered a lullaby among the trees. But this is not the kind of world for which the heart longs. The deeper hunger is satisfied only with a world made beautiful with the things that were whispered only into the more sacred chambers of the heart of man—the beautiful and the unnecessary things.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

THE CHALLENGE TO THE CHURCH

BY

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

Who live to-day, whether we appreciate it or not, are in the most significant period of the world's history. There has been nothing like it since the first day dawned upon this earth. It is greatest in its awfulness—with the whole world practically at war, with the battlefields covered with dead and dying, with a multitude almost innumerable moving towards eternity. What a day it is!

It is greatest in its responsibility. Some one is responsible for this war. We know that as a nation we are not. It was forced upon us, and now we must fight to a finish—no matter what the cost may be in men or money.

"For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war;
The Hun is at the gate."

Even though we are not responsible for the war, we are responsible for seeing that it is fought well, and fought through, that its lessons are well learned, and that its warnings shall be well heeded.

It is a righteous war that we are waging, and with our love of justice and in view of the fact that our Christian President is leading and that our army is being trained in righteousness we are sure to win the final victory.

The Message of Song

This is a great day for singing—both from the popular airs such as "Over There," and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the great old hymns, such as "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," which the chaplain sings with his soldiers as he celebrates the Lord's Supper the night before the battle. We sing and the soldiers sing and so our faith is strengthened.

The Message of the Preacher

This is the greatest day for preaching the world has ever known, and when men are laying down their lives for a great cause, it ought to be easy to tell of Him who died upon the cross for a world lying in wickedness.

If we cannot preach now, we cannot preach at all. With minds thoughtful, with hearts aching, with tears blinding and with homes in sorrow, the supreme hour for preaching has come.

A Day for Service

For direct service, from knitting socks to praying prayers, from giving gold to going out over No Man's Land to bring in the wounded and comfort the dying, we may serve. What a wonderful day it is!

In these days of warfare there have been repeated challenges to our patriotism and we have not been found wanting. I have traveled the country over and everywhere I have found the highest form of patriotism and as a country we stand ready to give our all, as the cause may demand it.

There have also been repeated challenges to our benevolence. We have not been slackers in this respect, and yet if we think we have given liberally, let us remember that France has given an average of \$336.00 to her war loans for every person in the country.

To match that America must give in her war loans thirty-seven billion dollars and if we allow for the fact that the average American family income, is just twice that of the average household in France, America, to keep pace with France, must give seventy-four billions to her war loans.

Again there have been repeated challenges to our affections. Fathers and mothers have placed their best upon the altars of sacrifice and have counted it a joy to do so. There has been no holding back, hearts have ached and tears have flowed like rain, but there has been no complaint. The spirit has rather been that which is expressed in the words of Reuben Goldsmith:

Somewhere across the infested sea,
Serving the cause of Liberty,
Dear Lord, is my brave son.
I know not how he fares tonight,
But keep him ever in Thy sight,
For I have but the one.

Thou gavest two to bless my life,
But one fell early in the strife,
My first begotten son.
He with his comrades marched away
And then a message came one day,
Dear Lord, I have but one.

I know the cause is good and true,
I know that suffering must ensue
Before the fight is won.
Yet bear with me, O Lord, this night,
Be Thou my solace in my plight
And guard my only son.

Our faith, too, has met with a challenge in these days. When war was first declared, we were stunned, we knew not what to expect. We wondered if the things which were dear as life to us were to be taken away, but we stopped to think, we turned our eyes up, we listened to our ministers, we read our Bibles, we began to pray, we thought of God, and now we learn that He will lead us on and victory shall be ours.

"Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing friend,
And let Him bear thee all the way
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In His beloved hand;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand;
If trusting Him who faileth never
We rest in Him today—forever."

Today in no unmistakable manner the challenge has come to the church, and her response has been great.

I look with alarm upon anything that would weaken the church. We must watch carefully the wave of un-Christian Socialism and the teachings of spiritualism which are today in evidence. We must resent the claim that in this day of world conflict the church has failed.

The church works much out of sight. She lays her foundations deep and strong and every institution which has permanently blessed humanity has either directly or indirectly drawn its strength and life from the church. Their success is the success of the church—and their life is the evidence of the church's life. What is the challenge to the church?

As to the War Situation!

As to the war itself, there can be but one position for the church. Pro-Satanism is treason against God. Pro-Germanism is treason against the Government. Do you imagine that He who blest little babies, loves little children and honored womanhood, would have us sit by in indifference while our enemies bayonet babies, outrage children and horribly mistreat women. We must support the Government and fight the battles through.

As to Evangelism

This is the day for sounding the evangelistic note and the church is not failing here. More men are preaching the Gospel today in the pulpits, in training camps and in the trenches than ever before since the church was established.

As to Foreign Missions

Jesus said that the field is the world: we cannot think of it as less than that, for the war is opening our eyes to the bigness of everything.

We used to think in dollars, then in hundreds, then in thousands, then in millions, now it is billions—and the end is not yet.

We used to think of our homes then, then of our cities, then of our own country, then of continents—but now it is the world and all the time the vision is enlarging—we can never again go back to small things.

The Reconstruction Period

Some day war will cease and battles end. Our boys will be coming home and we must be ready to absorb them into the life of the home, the church and the nation.

The church must not be found wanting and she will not be, if she but carries over to the reconstruction period the spirit which pervades her today. Some day we shall face our Master and I for one wish to do so with joy and not with sadness.

An English girl was dying. Hers had been a life of drudgery. Her mother dying when she was but a girl of twelve, had left her with a burden to bear in the care of younger brothers and sisters, far too heavy for her. At last the break came, and with the family about her she was dying. Her body was worn, her face bore the marks of her suffering and her little hands showed plainly the years of toil. Turning to the sister next to herself in years, she said:

"I don't know what I shall say to Jesus when I meet Him. I have been so busy with you all that I couldn't serve him so very well. I haven't been much in church and I don't know what to say to Him when I see Him."

All was still for a moment, and then her little sister said with sobs, "Sister, if I was you, I wouldn't say a thing to Him, but I'd just show Him my hands."

So when we stand in His presence may He see the evidences of our faith, the marks of our toil, the crown of our service as the answer to our challenge, and then I am sure He will say, "Well done! Well done!"

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At the Front

BY LOUISA A'HMUTY NASH.

IT has often been asserted that there is a great lack of religious feeling among the troops at the front, but this dictum is reversed by the personal glimpses gathered from the letters of chaplains, church-army men and Young Men's Christian Association workers.

"Will that book stop a bullet?" asked a soldier in one of the rest huts. He had evidently heard how a New Testament in a soldier's breast-pocket, had most wonderfully saved that man's life.

"We don't guarantee that, but we do guarantee that it stops the sin impediments on the way to God and to Heaven," was the answer of the Bible-worker, who had distributed 10,000 Scripture portions to the men as they were leaving for the front.

"I have carried this Testament for twelve months!" said one man. "Twenty!" said another. While a third stated that he had carried his for two years. "And they have been real comforts!" was what they each testified.

"It's just what we need, facing death, as we do," a man in a trench told the chaplain. "We find no comfort in the message that some are giving us, saying that if we die for our country God will accept that sacrifice and forgive our sins." He continued, "I would rather believe the Gospel and trust the Divine Sin-bearer."

This is the message written home by a member to his association.

"There was a lad, whom I used to know as the despair of his Sunday-school teacher. This is how he writes now, 'It is a great pleasure for me to write to you, for I can feel the difference in myself. I don't mind what people think about me for reading my Testament. I shall stick to it, and follow Christ's foot-steps!' And many a lad has gripped my hand with a hearty 'God bless you, Sir,' for all I've got out of my Testament!"

After the battle of Bois-en-hache, a lieutenant was sent back with eight men to place crosses on the graves of the Sussex men, who had been buried there. He found the body of a young man, and on its "identity disc," was the name "Pte. Garrod." Then he saw a khaki Testament, sticking out of his breast-pocket. Although it was soaked in water, he could see that the boy had filled in the decision-form at the end with his name.

One of the party told the lieutenant that when the lad had fallen, wounded, into a shell-hole, his comrades could not get him out on account of the heavy firing, but they saw him pull out his little Testament, read a few verses, and then replace it in his pocket. After that he soon passed away.

After the lad had been buried, the lieutenant thanked God, as they stood around his grave, that the lad had put his trust in the Lord, and was with Him now in Heaven!

The same helping hands will be stretched out to our brave men, with the same good results.

THE SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION

By James Elmer Russell

THERE are two ways in which we may look upon nature. We may look upon her with the outward eye, or we may look upon her with the "inward eye" of which Wordsworth speaks in his poem on the daffodils. We may be satisfied with the glimpses of sky and mountain, of bird and flower that meet our gaze or with Tennyson we may say,

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him that reigns?
Is not the vision He, tho' He be not that which He seems?"

The scientific law of gravitation is important, but Job who knew nothing of Sir Isaac Newton's later great discovery, gives the inner meaning of gravitation when he says, "He stretcheth out the north over empty space,
And hangeth the earth upon nothing."

One person looks at a flower, and like Peter Bell,

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him
And it is nothing more."

While still another looks at a wayside blossom and to him,

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

To the ordinary observer of the stars they are objects of interesting inquiry or of passing notice only, but when a great astronomer like Kepler sweeps the heavens with his telescope, he exclaims, "I think thy thoughts after Thee, O God."

Most of us have been watching the return of the birds with pleasure and wonder, but when an interpreter like William Cullen Bryant thinks of the long flight of the waterfowl he says to himself,

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

To many people a thunderstorm is a source of great fear, but there is a spiritual interpretation of the thunderstorm which robs it of anything more than a reason for physical shrinking.

"If He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice."

Jesus found in nature the revelation of God. He said, "If God so clothe the grass of the field which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith."

Which view of nature will you emphasize, dear reader? One may be greatly interested in a study of the facts of nature and be largely blind to its spiritual meanings, but he who feels the deeper meanings of nature may also be glad in its more superficial aspects. Mrs. Browning says truly,

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries."

Surely the nature study which ought to be supremely emphasized in every Sunday School Class is the kind which leads the pupils to feel that earth's "crammed with heaven." The facts of nature can be learned anywhere, but the Sunday School has a great opportunity to interpret the spiritual meaning of nature's facts.

The mere scientist looks at nature and he says, "God is law."

The mere engineer looks at nature and he says, "God is power."

The mere philosopher looks at nature and he says, "God is thought."

The mere artist looks at nature and he says, "God is beauty."

The Christian looks at nature, if he is taught aright, and he says, "God is love."

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Along the Pathway of Tears

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

A little while ago a popular magazine contained an article in which an eager, virile, modern business man pictured Jesus as his "Silent Partner." He shows supreme regard for the Master. He seems to have thrown wide open his big, strong, splendid life to the "genial, kindly, friendly, efficient, strong Jesus of Nazareth—and of Millersville." He has had painted a picture of his "Silent Partner" that covers all one side of the reception-room at his factory. "It's a long way off from the conventional, sad-eyed, 'Man of Sorrows' picture," he writes. "It shows him big, and bronzed, and glad-eyed, and smiling, standing at His carpenter's bench . . . a good workman but never driven, never too busy to glance up with a smile; wanting happiness and money and success, but wanting everyone else to have them, too." This factory-man has certainly "given his heart" to the Jesus of his fancies—fancies colored by the light of his warm, hearty, optimistic view of "things as they are." One cannot read his article without feeling the inspiring thrill of a quickening spiritual vigor creeping in upon him. It is a tonic to the soul.

And yet, in his attempt to picture his divine-human "Silent Partner" as "a man whom red-blooded, two-fisted men would just have to love, whom boys would take to, naturally," this hearty, eager business man has certainly minimized some features that have prominence in any true conception of the Christ of the gospels. "I don't know how this 'Man of Sorrows' idea came to get so strong a hold," he writes. "Nobody ever lived on this earth who had a better time of it than He. . . . He compared himself to a bridegroom. Life was as happy a business as that for Him—one long, joyous wedding-feast."

Is that quite true to the record of the Scriptures? Robert Speer says: "The knowledge of the ravages of sin in the world caused Him constant sorrow. . . . He was the bridegroom of no single heart, but He wept at His rejection by the bride He came to win: 'Jerusalem, O Jerusalem!'"

Not a little of our Saviour's sowing was "in tears." "Jesus wept" is an outstanding passage in the record of His life here in the flesh. And as the passion of Christ gains possession of His followers they, too, shall come to many days when, as they drop the seed of the kingdom their eyes shall become mist-dimmed and their hearts weighted with sorrow; for they must needs enter into "the fellowship of His sufferings," if His passion for men controls them. Compassion for the multitudes "distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd" must, perforce, draw tears to their eyes at times, as often it dimmed His eyes.

But this Tear Path leads to the Palace of Joy. Of the Master it is written that "for the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross." Following closely after Him, even along the Pathway of Tears, the company of His disciples shall be "entering into the joy of their Lord." For "they that sow in tears"—such tears—"shall reap in joy."

Bible Presentation at West Point



SERVICE of unusual interest was held in the beautiful Cadet Chapel at West Point on Sunday morning, June 9th, when an eloquent Graduation Sermon was preached by Chaplain H. Percy Silver and Bibles were presented by the American Tract Society to the 136 members of the graduating class of the United States Military Academy, who are leaving their Alma Mater one year in advance, of the usual time, in order that they may at once enter upon the service of their country in this her time of greatest need.

The Cadet Choir, consisting of 105 voices under the skilful leadership of Mr. F. C. Mayer, organist and choirmaster, added greatly to the impressiveness of the service by their finely rendered musical selections which included the processional hymn, "America the Beautiful," the Te Deum by A. J. Holden, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," arranged by F. C. Mayer (Sr.) father of the organist, and two songs written especially for the West Point students, entitled "The Corps" and "Alma Mater."

The text of the graduation sermon was taken from James 1:17: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." In his sermon Chaplain Silver strongly emphasized the fact that we are called upon to consecrate every good and perfect gift that we receive from above to the service of God. He showed that the greatest service we can render is to consecrate ourselves to the work which God has appointed us to do, and he closed his address with a parting message to the members of the graduating class that was most sympathetic and inspiring.

The presentation of the Bibles was made to the graduates on behalf of the American Tract Society, by Rev. Henry Lewis, Ph.D., editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

Among the graduates was a Chinese, Mr. Ken Wang, who has been receiving instruction under the provisions of a joint resolution of Congress. Mr. Wang is a Princeton man, a devout Christian and communicant of the church and a scholar of high rank, standing near the top of the large class of which he has been a member. Another graduate was Señor Cintron y Ramos, a native of Porto Rico.

Among those present at the service were Col. Samuel E. Tillman, who is Superintendent of the Academy and Commandant of the U. S. Army Post at West Point, Lieutenant Guy V. Henry, Commandant of Cadets, and several other officers and graduates of former years.



Gaining the Heights

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

*We cannot in a single day
Ascend to that fair height
Where truth is as the noontide sun
To wisdom's truer sight;
But we must struggle, year by year,
Through sacrifice and pain,
By stony steeps and winding paths,
If we the goal would gain.*

*The shining table-lands of truth
Are but for those who climb,
Who give their all ungrudgingly
To reach the heights sublime;
No man who heeds the call of self
Or serves the god of gold,
Can mount those stern but radiant hills
Whose charms are still untold.*

*The splendors of that realm of light
Are kept for those whose eyes
Look ever, through the earthland mists,
Beyond, to cloudless skies.
Year after year they toil and strive
Upon the path He trod
Who first, among the sons of men,
Attained the mount of God.*



THE CHAPEL OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

The Untold Riches of the Word

BY G. W. TUTTLE.

The Scriptures are the only inexhaustible riches. The deeper the shaft, the richer the gold, true, those who expect nothing may find nothing; but the hungry, longing soul—the soul that says, "My expectation is from Him," will find food for his soul, sufficiency for his needs, and anchorage for his faith. He will find comfort for the present, and assurance for the future.

The seeking soul is never turned away empty from the Word of our God. Here is the witness and proof that God is in the Bible. Does He not walk in it and talk in it as surely as He walked in the Garden when He talked with Adam and Eve. Do we not hear His voice as we turn the sacred pages? Does He not rebuke us for our transgressions, comfort us with His mercy, quicken us for service, and warm us with His love? Here God beckons to our souls, and says: "Come! here is joy instead of sorrow, happiness instead of idle pleasure, usefulness instead of uselessness, hope in place of despair."

When the Psalmist said, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee," it was evident that he had learned two great lessons; one that prevention is better than cure, the other that the word of God becomes effectual only as we hide its precepts in our hearts. Rich are all those who not only read, but who lay up in the great storehouse of the heart the wonderful riches of the Word. The need comes suddenly, unexpectedly! Memory responds! Ah! here are the very words that are needed—of comfort, strength, assurance and blessing.

Pity those who say the Bible is dull and uninteresting. Let us ask such people: "Did you ever get acquainted? How well do you know your Bible? Has the Bible had a fair chance with your life?"

We need open eyes and open hearts when we read the Word of God. Wonderful truths, illumine its pages; wonderful biographies are there of men with like passions as ourselves; wonderful, fruitful lives of men who were as common as ourselves until God came into their lives and made them uncommon. And there is one lesson written large in the Word, *the life that is hid with God is never common.*

There is no other book like the Bible; there are no other words like the words of Scripture. Here is strength for every emergency, supply for every need, comfort for every sorrow; here is the most appealing poetry, the richest imagery, the most lofty sentiments

of adoration and praise, that have ever been given to the world. It is as though Heaven breathed upon and pulsed through the language of men as the Word was written.

We may leave the Word that pulses with heavenly life neglected, untouched and dust-covered if we will. There is no compulsion with God. Over many a life might have been written this inscription: "He fed his body, but he starved his soul." God has no gold for men who insist upon dross.

Come, and look into God's Word. Will not even the angels hasten to open the windows that the vision may be clear, unfettered? Will not the Father Himself smile upon us, and reveal Himself to us in its pages? Will not life be brighter, and broader, and more useful? Shall we not say with the Psalmist: "Oh how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day."



Building a World Brotherhood

BY CLARENCE E. FLYNN

Among the most valuable results of a thing are often those which are classed as bi-products. This is true of a certain inevitable social effect of Christianity. That effect is brotherhood.

The natural tendency of the Christian religion is to make men understand the fact that from the beginning they were created brothers. As far it fails to accomplish this task, it will have failed of its social purpose. As far it succeeds, it will have wrought the foundations of the better day.

Such is the tendency of the Christian faith, because Jesus recognized no artificial and arbitrary barriers. The lines across which nations and social classes scorned to step he threw out of his consideration, and crossed them regardlessly. In his estimation of things a man was a man. He could be no more and there was no disposition to ever rate him as less.

The world has arrived at this viewpoint slowly, but as surely as it does arrive at this viewpoint its strifes will cease. Wars and troubles come from clannish exclusiveness and class hatred and distrust.

When those who belong to such classes as capital and labor forget their social differences and emphasize their fraternal relations they will forget that they were ever pitted against one another. The only way the problem can ever be solved is by the elimination of the caste lines which separate the contending elements. The employer must remember that the workman is a capitalist in time and muscle, and the employe must remember that his employer is also a workingman.

PRINTED PREACHERS

For the Japanese

The Japan Book and Tract Society, whose headquarters are in Tokyo, is making constant use of printed preachers in the form of books, tracts and leaflets which it circulates in large numbers among the people of Japan both by sale and by grant.

The interesting picture that appears on this page shows us one of the missionary colporters of the Society distributing tracts in Yushima Park, which is one of the recreation centers of the city of Tokyo.

The Christian literature published by the Japan Book and Tract Society is of invaluable service to the missionaries and a few extracts from letters which they have written will show what an effective auxiliary they find in the printed page. Rev. E. H. Jones, of Mito, writes:

"A remarkable instance of the Spirit's work in saving a man occurred in my tract distribution last year. I was sitting in a train, looking out of the window when the whistle sounded and as the train was about to move, I saw a man running along the platform very much out of breath and looking earnestly for an open door. Though I well knew that it was contrary to the railway regulations I put out my hand and unfastened the door of the carriage in which I was. Thereupon the man seeing his opportunity rushed inside and sat down. When the guard came along and saw that the man was safely seated inside and moreover that a foreigner had helped him, he let him go. As soon as the man could get back his breath, he was very profuse in his thanks. I had already given tracts to the others in the car, but I saw that the Holy Spirit had brought this man into my way for special work, so I gave him some reading matter. On asking him if he had heard anything of the Gospel, I was glad to find that he lived at one of the places in the country where we have work. After giving him much instruction, therefore, I gave him the address of our worker and urged him to come to our meetings. He promised to do so, and the Lord so used the means which He Himself provided that the man was helped into the new life, and has recently been added to Christ's visible church. This incident will, I am sure, be encouraging to those who sow beside all waters."

Mrs. J. M. McCauley, of Tokyo, writes:

"I want to give you just a little glimpse of the many places in which your splendid tracts are helping to spread the glorious Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Yesterday I had a school closing at which over a hundred parents were present, and each one of them received a tract. The preacher who gave the address said, 'I too want one; I get help to preach from every tract I read.' Only two days before, I had given out over eighty at another school closing, and a day or two before that, fifty-six at a Mothers' Meeting, and 120 at a Christian Endeavor Meeting."

"At New Year the workers in a Tobacco Factory near my home were given 3,000 tracts, this being the only possible way as yet of reaching them. The City Poor-House received 1,200 copies. This meant only a single tract to each inmate, but a great variety were given and they agreed to exchange so that each one might get to read all. I did up five parcels of splendid tracts by Mr. William George Smith to be given together with calen-



DISTRIBUTING CHRISTIAN TRACTS IN YUSHIMA PARK, TOKYO, JAPAN

dars to the highest officials, and received a letter of thanks from the head of the Institution. Two Leper Homes received 800 copies. I have also distributed many hundred copies either while waiting at stations or as I travelled on cars."

Miss E. G. Tweedie of Kofu, writes:

"I very gladly add my testimony to the large number of those who greatly appreciate the books and tracts received from your society each year. I came here only a few months ago, but already have had definite results in the work through the distribution of your literature. At Christmas time I gave a copy of *The Traveller's Guide* to each of the three or four men in charge of a factory where we have regular meetings for the girls. Through the reading of this book, one of the men was converted and since then has been a regular attendant at the church services. Two months ago I loaned a copy of this book with several others to the women of Ichikawa where we have a meeting once a month. Since that time many requests have come to buy the book, and we have already sold about twenty copies to the women who wanted copies either for themselves or for their friends."

A paper-box maker in Tokyo writes:

"I bought a copy of *The Traveller's Guide* for myself, and six copies afterwards for giving to my friends. I do not know how others felt after reading it, but I do not see how it could interest anyone more than it did me, indeed to me it is the complete way of salvation. I knew before that whosoever believes—just accepts the fact—will be saved, but till today I never had such a clear experience and understanding of it."

Out in Oregon

Samuel Muller has been visiting lumber-camps, saw-mills and homes, and writes:

"From Portland, Ore., I traveled to Springdale, where I visited a soul who was seeking God and pointed her to the Lamb of God. Further on I stopped at a saw-mill in the foothills. I spoke with some men, left some books and tracts and went on to Bridal Veil. On this road I encountered a very hot timber fire, which made me run for my life. The God of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego protected me. At the camps in different places in Columbia county I left tracts in the English, Greek and Italian languages, also some books."

"Away back in the woods I met a man who had wandered away from God. He regarded Jesus Christ as a Socialist. I told him my experience in finding Christ, and pointed out the serious condition of those who are on the way to spiritual destruction."

"At another home I found the father absent, but the children bought five books and the mother gave me a nice dinner. I then spoke to her concerning the one thing that is needful but she became very angry and declared that death ends all. 'And then comes the judgment,' I answered."

"At Houlton I distributed some Arabian tracts."

"On the way from Washougal to Cape Horn I met a gang of Greek railroad workers. The foreman permitted me to distribute tracts in the Greek language among them."

"Back of this road, up in the mountains, I called on a home where the father is a heavy drinker. I fell on my knees under the trees and asked the Saviour to help me lead this man into the way of salvation."

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

In Hainan, China

The striking picture on this page was reproduced from a photograph sent to the American Tract Society by one of the missionaries in the Island of Hainan, off the coast of China. It gives a most interesting glimpse of the primitive conditions that prevail in Hainan, as in other parts of China. Strong forces are at work, however, in this great Empire, and some day, it may be in the near future, China will undoubtedly leap to the front and assume the ways of our twentieth century civilization.

While forces are in operation that will in the end transform the outward aspect of life in China, Christian influences are also at work which it is hoped will eventually transform the spiritual life of the people of that great empire.

Christian literature in the native dialect is one of the unseen forces that are at work for the uplift of China, and for many years it has been the privilege of the American Tract Society to aid in the production of that literature by means of its foreign cash appropriations, many of which have gone to various mission stations in China, including the American Presbyterian Mission in Hainan.

A recent letter from Rev. Frank P. Gilman voices the gratitude of the Hainan Mission for the appropriation that was sent about a year ago. Mr. Gilman writes:

"As Secretary of the American Presbyterian Mission in Hainan, China, I write again to thank you for the aid that you have given to this mission, through the grant of one hundred dollars gold from your society towards the publishing of tracts by our Mission.

"At our last annual meeting it was decided to use a part of this sum in payment of the printing of a tract in the Colloquial Character, entitled 'Tsin-dau-so-kai,' meaning 'An Introduction to True Teaching,' a tract that has been very useful in teaching inquirers.

"The following resolution was also passed at our annual meeting:

"Resolved, That we ask the American Tract Society for a further grant of \$50.00 gold to defray the cost of printing a new edition of the Hainan Hymn Book."

"We hope that your society can grant this request, and pray that it may be richly blessed in all its work."

Among the Kurds

The Kurds, we are told, are forced converts from Christianity to Islam and inherit much from their ancestors which attracts them rather to Christians than to Moslems. They have, for example, a rite which is unquestionably a reminiscence of the Lord's Supper. In the past they have offered to declare themselves Christians if the missionaries could secure England's protection for them.

Mr. Riggs thinks a mass movement of the Kurds to Christianity is not at all unlikely when Turkish domination is broken down; and that in any case they will apply to mission leaders for Christian schools and mission centers. In fact he finds a similar softening towards Christianity among the Turks also. The negative cause of this has been the failure of the Holy War by which most of the Moslem world has repudiated the Sultan as Caliph, the defection of Medina and Mecca, the Moslem holy places, the fall of Jerusalem (as sacred to Moslem as to Christian). In their humiliation they have turned to the missionary for sympathy, who writes:

"I never felt so strong a bond of personal friendship with my Turkish neighbors as I did the day I left. Many of them realize that the extermination of the Armenians was a crime for which they must answer at the bar of God. Sense of guilt is a new thing in the Moslem soul and one to be reckoned with in future missionary work."

An Enduring Monument

The late Dr. Marks of Rangoon, Burmah, says the *Record of Christian Work*, was of Jewish parentage, having been born in a Jewish home in East London. His monument is St. John's College, Rangoon, one of the foremost educational institutions in Burmah, which owed its foundation and development to him.

In his long teaching career not less than 15,000 pupils passed through his hands, boys of almost every nationality of the East.

In the early days the King of Upper Burmah, having heard of the energetic and capable Christian schoolmaster, sent word to him to come to Mandalay to found a school there also with a capacity of one thousand boys. The request was complied with on condition that the school should be Christian and that permission should be given to build a Christian church and lay out a Christian cemetery.

Dr. Marks explained to the king that friends in England would assist in the construction of the church but was repulsed with the proud remark: "I am a King. I want no assistance in my works of merit."



PLOUGHING A GARDEN IN HAINAN, CHINA

An Encouraging Item From Mexico

Miss Kyser, of the Girls' School of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, at Pachuca, Mexico, tells of the exceptional interest in her school work. The second term began with more than four hundred and fifty scholars. Most of the rooms were over-crowded. She says: "One teacher has two grades. There are desks in her room for forty, and there are now sixty-five in the room. A lady came the other day with a child for that room, and I was ashamed to ask the teacher to crowd in another. I told the mother there was no room for the child, and she said she would send a chair; and then I had to tell her there was no room for the chair."

A True Soldier of Christ

Rev. J. E. Davis, of Leon, Mexico, tells of a true soldier of Jesus Christ in these words:

"Pedro Abarca, is his name. He is a poor Mexican shoemaker, yet he loves his Lord and sets an apostolic example before his brethren.

"I first met him about ten years ago. He moved to Leon, Mexico, where I was located, and began coming to our little mission church. If I mistake not, he had heard the gospel preached a few times before. He became a regular at-

tendant, and despite the fact that he could barely read, he applied himself constantly to the reading and study of the Bible. While at his work he always had his Bible on a bench nearby, and would read and ponder passage after passage.

"He began to tell his fellow-laborers about Jesus and exhorted them to follow Him. He was persecuted but continued faithful in the service of his Lord. I baptized him, and when others became lukewarm, Pedro was faithful at the services and persistent in urging others to become Christians.

"The men with whom he worked, fanatical and intolerant, often made life of him for being a 'heretic,' but he knew how to 'endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' One day these fanatics were speaking spitefully of him and his religion, when the 'boss' came in. He reproved them for their unkind words, and invited Pedro to stand up and tell them all what he believed and why. This simple servant of the Lord was equal to the occasion, and breathing out a prayer to God for help, he took his Bible in his hand and 'preached unto them Jesus.' When he had finished the boss asked any present

atmosphere which has poisoned her very life-blood! It is not surprising therefore that the present serious crisis should have developed. The chief cause that led up to it was doubtless Colonial Wars, which robbed Spain of her enthusiasm, if not of heart. Reactionary despotism not only tyrannized her will and conscience, but endeavored by all available means to deprive the nation of civil and religious liberty.

Today, the problem of lack of food, coal and other necessities, has presented itself, causing riots in various cities, and troops have been called out to suppress them. With prudence and enterprise Spain could not only supply her own needs, but also those of other countries. Who could have foreseen that a land once so rich, should, now be reduced to abject poverty! Who is to blame?

Señor Canalejas, that great patriot, whilst attempting to redeem the country with his Liberal Reforms, was assassinated, and he who dares to follow in his steps exposes himself to imprisonment, or fines. Unhappy Spain! Long and patiently has she suffered, and endured, but at last hunger has almost driven her to despair. *The Gospel is her only Hope. To disseminate it far and wide over the land is the great object, the raison d'être of the Spanish Tract Society, which in spite of great difficulties and of very limited resources is endeavoring to circulate Christian literature of an evangelical type in every possible way.*

The Bible Instead of the Ancestral Tablet

It is surely an item of real information to know that special plans are being followed in China to develop the Family Altar in the homes of native Chinese Christians.

Rev. E. G. Tewksbury, Field Secretary for China, representing the World's Sunday School Association, has been made Chairman of the Committee on Sunday School and Bible Study of the China Continuation Committee. A special survey was made and it was discovered that not more than half of the Christian homes observed family worship, which however is far in excess of the proportion in the homeland.

All church members in China are now being urged to establish the habit of daily study of the Word, at which time all the members of the family are to be present. Where this is done and when a pledge to continue has been given, a Family Altar Certificate is provided. This pictures the father explaining the selected passage from the Bible, while the mother and children are seated about the room. To make the picture very realistic even the family dog is present. Instead of engaging daily in worship of the ancestors represented by the ancestral tablet the Bible is studied and the living God is worshipped.

The new church day in America has also been adopted in China. In place of calling it "Mother's Day" it is called "Home Sunday," while the added suggestion is given that the week preceding be observed as "Home Welfare Week."

Foreign Mission Evangelism

Evangelistic work seems not to have been retarded by the war. The mass movement in India continues with unabated vigor. The united campaign in Japan, which closed a few months ago, was the most successful campaign ever carried on by a native church in all the history of the Foreign Missionary Board. At present a great evangelistic campaign is being waged in China, practically all the mission forces being united in this effort to take advantage of the open door and open heart in China to the message of the Gospel. The West Africa Mission reports the largest additions to church membership for the past year of all its long and wondrous history.

who desired to refute his argument, but none were willing to undertake it. Then he gave them to understand that they should treat Pedro with all due respect while he worked there.

"Work became scarce in Leon, on account of the revolution, and Pedro went back to his native village in another part of the state, where he continued to work at his trade. I lost track of him for a while, but after a year or two I received a letter from him, saying that he had organized a little Sunday-school and each Thursday evening he gathered his friends together in his own house and did his best to instruct them in the teachings of God's Word. He had won about a dozen souls by his persistent and patient labor for the Master.

"This sounds like an echo of apostolic times when the followers of the Lord went everywhere preaching the Word, gathering together those who believed and meeting in private homes for worship and instruction. How sadly do we need more of this apostolic spirit of sacrifice today!"

Troublous Times in Spain

Critical in the extreme is the present state of Spain. The nation is suffering from many evils partly owing to the lack of knowledge denied to her by centuries of traditional slavery. Corruption and falsehood have formed the tainted

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

JULY 7.

All for Christ—I. Our Abilities

Matthew 25:14-30.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., July 1. Our hearts for Christ. Matt. 22:34-40.
T., July 2. Our intellect. Heb. 8:10-13.
W., July 3. Our time. Ps. 90:1-17.
T., July 4. Our skill. Exod. 31:1-11.
F., July 5. Our strength. 2 Cor. 11:17-33.
S., July 6. Our bodies. 2 Tim. 4:6-8.

Under the topic, "All for Christ," we begin a series of studies which will be continued on the first Sunday of each month until the end of the present year. We are to consider now the subject of "Our Abilities," the Scripture selected for this timely theme being the familiar parable of the Talents as recorded in Matthew 25:14-30.

The Master's Requirement

Our divine Master requires of every disciple that he employ all his abilities in His service.

We may classify our abilities under three headings: Bodily, mental and spiritual. Every ability that we possess, whether it be physical, intellectual, or spiritual is given to us in trust, to be used for the service of our Master, just as in the ancient days Roman masters often gave to their slaves part of their fortune with which to trade, and all that the slave made belonged to his master.

Abilities of Varying Kinds

There is an almost endless diversity of talents among men and women, and no two people possess the same ability to the same degree. But whatever our talents or abilities, Christ demands of us that they be all consecrated to Him.

Some have artistic ability, and this is a talent which can be very effectively used in the service of God. Throughout the centuries architects and painters have frequently devoted their talents to religious work, and it is to their efforts that we owe the splendid cathedrals and churches which with their interior decorations constitute such a rich legacy from the past.

Some have musical ability, and there is no way in which such ability may be so nobly used as in the service of Him, who is the Author of true harmony. Whether our musical gifts be vocal or instrumental we can employ them in varied ways to the honor and glory of God and to the blessing of those with whom we come into contact.

We may use our musical ability for Christ not only in the church, but in the home. Through some sweet strain of music we may bring comfort to a sorrowing soul or uplift some discouraged spirit, and thus we may do work for the Master that will surely find acceptance in His sight.

For the Progress of the Kingdom

The work of the Christian Church depends on the finest abilities that can be found. There is a call for organizing, executive and administrative talents, and any man or woman who has abilities in this direction should seek for opportunities to use them for the upbuilding of the Church and the advance of the Kingdom.

The Church of today is developing activities along every line of human endeavor. Through its social service it is ministering to the social needs of humanity, and it needs workers who can develop what may be called a social talent.

Opportunity for All

The fate of the man who failed to use aright the one talent that was committed to his care, teaches us that no matter how slight our ability may seem, we are in duty bound to use it to the utmost. Whether our talent be literary, industrial, executive, or otherwise, we must not hide it away in the earth, but we must bring it to the light and use it to the best of our power.

JULY 14.

Lessons from Favorite Parables

Mark 4:1-8, 26-32.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., July 8. A lesson in fruit-bearing. Luke 13:6-9.
T., July 9. In persistence. Luke 11:1-10.
W., July 10. In sacrifice. Matt. 13:44-46.
T., July 11. In democracy. Matt. 22:1-14.
F., July 12. In pride and humility. Luke 18:9-14.
S., July 13. God's Fatherhood. Luke 15:11-32.

The parable was a favorite form of teaching with our Lord. Indeed so frequent was His use of this form of instruction that Matthew says: "Without a parable spake He nothing unto them."

A parable is a short religious allegory. It is founded on some real event in nature or in human life, and it always carries with it some spiritual truth, although that truth may not always be easily discerned.

Some one has listed fifty parables uttered by our Lord. It is more than likely, however, that these are only a portion of the parables that fell from His lips in the course of His ministry, for we know that the Gospels do not record all that He said or did.

The Object of a Parable

The purpose of the parables which Christ used was to teach some noble truth. Unlike a fable which aims simply to enforce some prudential maxim or some common-sense principle, the parable deals with the loftiest aspect of man's being, and sets forth his relation to an ideal and spiritual world.

As we study the different parables uttered by Jesus, we see how they aimed to set forth the essential principles of His Kingdom and to describe under the terms of the natural world the process of spiritual growth and development, which He desired to initiate in all His disciples.

The Interpretation of a Parable

Some of the parables which Jesus spoke were instantly understood. Others required an explanation which He Himself gave. There were still other parables, the meaning of which has never been fully comprehended or concerning the import of which Christian scholars have differed among themselves.

"Our great guide," says one thoughtful writer, in discussing the interpretation of the parables of Christ, "must be a spiritual tact and discernment cultivated by close communion with Christ Himself, an intelligent perception of Christian principles, a rich experience of the practical power of the divine life as it works in ourselves, and a knowledge of the world and its working there. We must constantly bear in mind that the parables of Christ teach directly neither history, nor doctrine, nor morals, nor prophecy. They express directly only certain great principles of the Saviour's divine Kingdom, of the Kingdom of heaven, or of God, when that Kingdom comes in contact with the human heart. History, doctrine, morals, prophecy, may be deduced from them, because the truth of God and the human heart are essentially the same in all ages. But it is with principles alone that the parables deal; with principles which imply doctrines, which result in morals, which appear in the history of the past and will reappear in the future. To set forth these principles in a sphere, which is wider than that of either individuals or churches, in the sphere of divine truth in contact with the heart of man, is the object of the New Testament parables."

Parables for Present Problems

It is a significant and undeniable fact that in the parables of Jesus we may find lessons of the utmost value for the present day. Though the imagery of some of the parables is Oriental, the truths which they convey are equally applicable East or West, North or South.

JULY 21.

Lessons from Favorite Psalms

Psalms 103:1-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., July 15. The cross. Psalms. Ps. 22:1-18.
T., July 16. The crook. Ps. 23:1-6.
W., July 17. The crown. Ps. 24:1-10.
T., July 18. When in doubt. Ps. 73:1-28.
F., July 19. Rejoice. Ps. 98:1-9.
S., July 20. A psalm of providence. Ps. 105.

The Book of Psalms was the Jewish hymnal. But it has now become more than a Jewish hymnal. It is the Christian's choicest book of devotion, for the writers of the Psalms were so inspired by the Spirit of God that they have produced that which serves as the expression of the highest religious feelings of the whole race of mankind.

In the introduction to his admirable Commentary on the Psalms, Dr. A. F. Kirkpatrick well says:

"The Psalter is a collection of religious lyrics. Lyric poetry is defined as 'that which directly expresses the individual emotions of the poet'; and religious lyric poetry is the expression of those emotions and feelings as they are stirred by the thought of God and directed God-wards. This is the common characteristic of the Psalms in all their manifold variety. Some are directly addressed to God, as petition or thanksgiving or praise, some are the communings of the soul with God, expressing its faith, its hope, its love, its fears, its aspirations, its joys, its triumphs; some celebrate the marvelous works of God in nature and in history; some reflect upon the perplexing problems of life and their relation to the divine government of the world; but God is as it were the sun around which all revolves, and His light and heat illuminate and animate the whole."

The Use of the Psalms

When we turn to the New Testament we find it contains a large number of quotations from the Psalms, showing how widespread was the knowledge of these inspired religious lyrics among the Christians of the Apostolic Age.

Our Lord Jesus Christ frequently quoted from the Psalms. He sang the "Hallel" (Psalms 113-118) with His disciples at the Last Supper. A Psalm was the subject of His thought as He hung upon the Cross, and with the words of a Psalm He yielded up His earthly life.

The first Christian hymns—the Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nunc Dimittis—are composed after the model of Psalms and contain numerous echoes of them. Undoubtedly the hymns which Paul and Silas sang in the prison at Philippi were Psalms. The Apostle James commends the singing of Psalms as the most fitting expression of joy, while Paul enjoins it as the natural outlet for spiritual enthusiasm.

Luther calls the Psalms a Bible in miniature, and throughout all the ages of the Christian era this wonderful book has filled a very large place in Christian life and worship.

The 103rd Psalm, which has been selected for use in connection with our topic will doubtless be the favorite of many. It is a Psalm of singular beauty, and its tenderness, trustfulness, and hopefulness anticipate the spirit of the New Testament. Its distinctive note is that of gratitude, and as has been well said, "it furnishes the language of thanksgiving for the greater blessings of a more marvelous redemption than that of Israel from Babylon."

The Shepherd Psalm (Psalm 23) will unquestionably be the first choice of a very large number of Christians. In its picture of an earthly shepherd this Psalm so beautifully portrays the characteristics of Him, whom we love to call the Good Shepherd that it brings to our souls a wonderful message of comfort, faith and hope.

From many of the Psalms we may learn how to pray, for as Dean Church has said, "They are the first great teachers and patterns of prayers."

JULY 28.

Lessons from Bible Proverbs

Proverbs 10:1-16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., July 22. Wisdom in hiding. Prov. 2:3, 4.
T., July 23. Ancestral wisdom. Prov. 4:1-13.
W., July 24. On idleness. Prov. 6:6-11.
T., July 25. Ill-gotten gain. Prov. 10:2.
F., July 26. Malice aforethought. Prov. 11:9.
S., July 27. Business honesty. Prov. 11:1.

Some one has well said that a proverb is a parable in epitome. Though there are proverbs to be found in many different portions of the Bible, the principal collection of these sayings is found in the Book of Proverbs, from which the Scripture selection for our topic is taken.

The root meaning of the Hebrew word for proverb is likeness or resemblance. This accounts for the fact that in the Book of Proverbs we find not only short, pithy sayings that correspond in form to our own use of the word proverb, but also more extended comparisons, which are in form more like a parable, but which may easily be reduced to the ordinary proverbial form.

The Meaning of Wisdom

The Book of Proverbs deals in general with the subject of Wisdom, and it is therefore, desirable to ascertain what is the Hebrew conception of this subject.

Wisdom, according to our usual understanding of the matter means philosophy. But the Jewish conception, as presented to us in the Book of Proverbs and elsewhere, differs widely and fundamentally from the ideas and methods of Western Philosophy. As Dr. Perowne says:

"The Hebrew wise man does not propose to himself the abstract question, What is truth? and then pursue his independent search for an answer through all accessible regions of human thought and knowledge. His starting point is not a question, but a creed, or an axiom. Given that there is a Supreme Being, Creator, Sustainer, Ruler, Judge of all; then Wisdom is to understand, so far as it is permitted to man's finite intelligence, the manifold adaptation and harmony, the beauty and utility of His works and ways, and to turn our knowledge of them to practical account. Wisdom is, in all the complex relations of human life and conduct, to know and do His Will."

The Author of the Book of Proverbs

The authorship of the Book of Proverbs has been widely discussed. There seems, however, to be no sufficient reason for discarding the prevalent opinion that Solomon was in the main the author of this book.

It should be remembered that the circumstances of Solomon's times, at all events in the earlier and happier years of his reign were peculiarly favorable to the study and cultivation of Wisdom or Philosophy, for the relations which he established and maintained for himself and his kingdom with other nations of the world, conducted largely to that interchange of thought and intellectual rivalry, which give the highest impetus to the pursuit of Wisdom.

Practical Suggestions

Let us remember that the Book of Proverbs is a collection of sayings, which deal with the most important subject that can engage our attention, namely, human conduct.

The appeal of the Book of Proverbs is an appeal to each human soul to follow the highest moral principles and to direct our line of action in accordance with the dictates of that Wisdom which is from above.

"A wise son maketh a glad father," and if we would please our Heavenly Father, we must follow the principles of noble living, which are set forth in the pages of the Book of Proverbs.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Fourth of July

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

" 'Tis the Fourth of July,"
Sang a fair little girl,
As she danced through the day so
long;
And the birds in the trees
And the sweet summer breeze,
Seemed to echo her soft little song.

" 'Tis the Fourth of July,"
Cried a brave, true lad,
As he waved the flag high in the
breeze;
"May we love the day well,
And our liberty tell,
'Til it reaches far over the seas."

" 'Tis the Fourth of July,"
Said an old, old man,
"Hurrah! for those patriots old;
May the country they made
And its glory ne'er fade,
Upheld by its founders so bold."

Their Celebration

BY MARION LOUISE TENNEY.

"W" E'LL have fire-crackers and torpedoes, and I'll ask father to get us stacks of fire-works. Then we'll ask all the neighbors over, and have a grand Fourth of July celebration," said Phyllis excitedly.

"But Phyllis," said Marjory soberly, "do you think we'll feel like hearing all that noise this year? It seems as if it would remind us too much of the real battles that are going on. And somehow I think I'd feel all choky, with Joe and Charlie in France."

"Oh, I never thought," said Phyllis. "Of course we wouldn't want to. Yet we must do something to remember the day. Let's ask mother, she always thinks of something nice."

Hurrying up the garden path, school-books in hand, they found Mrs. Price seated on the veranda, her knitting needles deftly plying back and forth.

"You're just the smartest mother in the world," said Phyllis. "What other mother has made seventy pairs of socks? But it isn't about socks that we have come to talk to you just now; it's on another very important matter."

Mrs. Price quietly laid the socks in her lap, and lifted deeply interested eyes to her daughter's flushed face.

"What is it all about, Phil dear," she said sympathetically.

"Marjory, you tell," said Phyllis coaxingly. "I always go off like a fire-cracker, and jumble my words together, then nobody knows at the end what I mean."

Marjory thus admonished, explained that the subject was the Fourth of July. And the question as to what they should do on that day.

"I hardly think that the government will permit explosives this year," said Mrs. Price. "But even if it should, the price would probably be very high. And I hardly think you would feel like setting them off. Would you?"

"Why mother," said Phyllis eagerly, "that's just what Marjory said. But what could you suggest?"

"When you were very little girls, and I wanted to have a real treat for you, I had only to suggest tableaux, and you were delighted. I used to search the attic for old-time treasures to deck you out in. And if I dressed you in a gown with a train, your joy knew no bounds. I wonder if you have outgrown your childish pleasures. If you haven't, why not arrange for a patriotic evening with tableaux and war songs. And perhaps we could manage some war cookies, and I'll donate raspberry shrub, that your Aunt Martha sent last summer from the

South. You could have the party here, and invite all the neighbors. I'm sure your father would be willing, as he always has a good time when the young folks are around."

"Oh mother, that's a lovely plan. We'll get all the girls and boys in the neighborhood to help," said Phyllis.

Mrs. Price saw by the look on Marjory's face, that something was working in her mind. At last she gave expression to it.

"Mother, could we charge ten cents admission, and give the money to the Red Cross? Then we would really be doing 'our bit' on the Fourth. And we would all feel so much happier, than spending money for fire-crackers and the rest."

Mrs. Price smiled her approbation.

a week, the mornings were filled with busy doings.

The eventful day dawned bright and clear. Its advent was marked by the ringing of bells, but no cannonading ushered in the day.

Marjory and Phyllis were up with the dawn, so full of excitement were they, that sleep seemed to have taken wings.

They hurriedly dressed, tiptoed downstairs and out into the garden, where they emerged some hours later, with arms and baskets full of flowers. What matter if their dresses and feet were wet with the morning dew. It was all in a good cause. And clothing could be easily dried.

Such a busy household as the Prices presented that memorable July day. The

In and out, in and out, all day, youthful feet were busy running errands and making those necessary preparations so necessary to a successful undertaking.

It was a small village in which the Prices lived, a sort of a neighborhood colony. So, not wishing anyone's feelings to be hurt, some of Marjory's and Phyllis's boy friends had printed tickets for the celebration, which any and all could purchase for the exceptionally low price of ten cents.

It was a happy moment to the entertainers, when the first guests were seen coming across the lawn on that Fourth of July evening. Soon others followed, until at the hour designated on the tickets, the lower floor of the Price home was filled with guests, and even the veranda presented a crowded appearance.

The program opened with the singing of, "My Country 'Tis Of Thee," in which all joined with such enthusiasm and volume, that as John Bevans afterward expressed it, "I thought the rafters would come down."

Groups of tableaux then followed. The Indians in their war paint were first shown. Next they appeared with John Smith and Pocahontas. Just here an Indian song was sung by Clara Wells. Then the early settlers appeared in tableau, followed by a view of them on their way to meeting. Later, came a scene from the French and Indian war.

But the climax was reached when Betsy Ross was seen working upon the first American flag, while George Washington stood near in deep attention, watching the result of his orders.

Just the sight of "Old Glory" brought forth a round of applause. The audience sent forth cheer after cheer, which the piano echoed in the soul-stirring refrain, "The Star-Spangled Banner." But the piano had to share its honors, for with one accord, the audience sprang to their feet, and sang with deep fervor. At the conclusion, George lifted the flag from Betsy's lap, and waved it vigorously—a proceeding not in keeping with tableaux, but none the less appropriate.

At the conclusion of the entertainment, the sum of twenty-five dollars was found to be the result of the young folks' labors.

How well repaid they felt, was heard from the lips of Marjory and Phyllis afterward, as they talked the evening over with their mother.

"It was the loveliest Fourth of July we ever spent," said Phyllis. And Marjory, echoing her sister's sentiment, added, "Think of turning twenty-five dollars over to the Red Cross, for just an evening of fun."

Later, the tableaux were photographed by one of the neighbors. And in the next edition of the village paper, George Washington and Betsy Ross, with "Old Glory" between them, held a conspicuous place on the front page.



THE MAKING OF "OLD GLORY."

The warm June days spent in the school-room, flew like magic to Marjory and Phyllis, for their minds were very busy conjuring up scenes from American history, that would take an audience by storm on the Fourth of July.

And not only Marjory and Phyllis, but many other girls and boys, members of Miss Ray's history class, took an unusual interest in American history that particular month, which surprised and astonished their teacher, who up to that time, had found many wandering glances, and imperfect lessons. She was later to learn the cause of this sudden, and absorbing interest.

Rehearsals proceeded without interruption, two or three afternoons each week, after school, until its close. Then for

excitement and bustle reached even to the kitchen, where Miranda, with sleeves rolled to her elbow, was dropping fascinating little balls of oatmeal mixture, with fat raisins, into big pans, and singing the while in a shrill crescendo voice, "Over There, Over There."

By noon the veranda and steps were swarming with girls and boys, all excitedly assisting in some part of the preparations.

Among the attic treasures, Mrs. Price had found a number of Japanese lanterns. These the boys strung in gay festoons on the porch, and about the lawn, while the girls made the long parlor a veritable outdoor scene, with branches, shrubs, and flowers. As Charlie Evans expressed it, "You girls have made just the right setting for the tableaux."

'Tis Worth While.

Give the world your gladness.

'Tis worth while;

Sun the souls around you
With your smile.

Pass life's blessing onward,
Do not keep

The grain you garner, if
You would reap.

Strive to stamp Love's impress

As you may,

On the world's sad visage
Day by day.

Wreath life's tears and shadows
With a smile.

Live for God, and count it
All worth while.

He who betters living

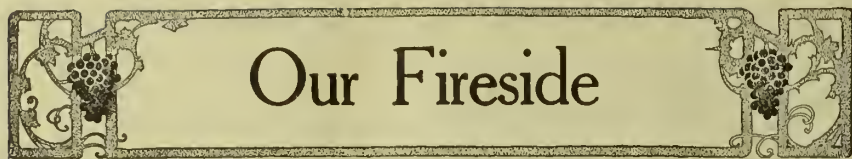
Serves life's end,

He who smooths the footpath
Is a friend;

He whose heart is gentle
In its touch,

Where God's weary suffer,
Serveth much.

—I. MENCH CHAMBERS.



Our Fireside

The Country's Call

By Hope Daring



WHAT'S that, Mrs. Green? Your Paul didn't have to register? Well, I'd like to know why not! He's sure as old as my Tom, and Tom was twenty-one in

January.

Amelia Green's thin, delicate face flushed. Her voice was almost apologetic as she said, "You are mistaken, Mrs. Howard, Paul's birthday is the Fourth of July; he will be twenty-one tomorrow."

"Now I call that good luck," Minnie Barr looked up from her sewing. "Yes, I know it is a righteous war, and that some one has to go, but I am glad every time I hear that one of our boys has escaped. Yes, I am," and the girl tossed her flaxen head defiantly.

"Some folks are always lucky. Just now the lucky ones seem to live on farms, where they can make big money," and Tom Howard's mother flashed an angry look around the circle of faces, as if challenging any one to deny the truth of her statement.

No one spoke. It was in an empty store building that the women of Amboy, a little country town, had gathered, to do Red Cross work. Because of her trembling hands Amelia Green dropped in her lap the sock she was helping Mrs. Lockwood to start.

"Never mind, Mrs. Green," the younger woman whispered. "You know Tom Howard comes in the first draft. I am glad your boy is safe."

"You see, he's our only child," Mrs. Green said, looking absently out of the window. "Of course he's no dearer to me than other mothers' sons are to them, but—well, Mrs. Lockwood, we expect him to carry on the farm, when he is older. Some say farming is as patriotic as fighting. I can't think of Paul as a soldier."

"Let us hope the cruel war will be over before he has to go," her companion said with a smile. "Now I believe I have solved the mystery of purling. Just let me try my hand at it."

As she relinquished the sock Mrs. Green again glanced out of the window. Her face brightened, and she half rose to her feet, "Evan's coming; I'll have to go. Oh, he's stopped to talk to Doctor Jackson," and she sighed impatiently, as if eager to be on the homeward way.

Evan Green had finished his errands in the town. He also was eager to start for home. For him the war talk had lost its savor; all topics led to the one concerning "the boys who must go." The farmer was about to pass his old friend with a nod, but Doctor Jackson stopped, to say:

"Earle Parks enlisted yesterday. I hear a lot of the Agricultural fellows have gone."

"That's true. You see the upper-class men have had two years' military drill, and that puts them in line for commissions. Paul is only a freshman, and he'll not be twenty-one until tomorrow. These other fellows would all have had to register."

"See here, Evan Green! I reckon you don't need to tell me how old Paul is; I ushered him into the world myself," and Doctor Jackson nodded emphatically. "He's a good boy, and I hope you'll not make a mollycoddle of him."

"What do you mean by that? Paul's only a boy. He's all right, if it does chance that he's not so bloodthirsty as some. And I'll need him on the farm. Later he may go, if it is necessary."

The weather-beaten face of the old physician grew grave. "God grant the

war may be soon over! I know war is a word to strike terror to any father's heart, but if I had a son I would—"

He stopped. Evan Green turned upon him angrily, the healthy color fading from his face.

"But you haven't. It's easy for folks who never had children to send their neighbors' sons to death. Paul is ready to do his duty, of course he is, but—"

Evan Green's voice trembled and broke. For a moment the two men, who had been friends since their early manhood, glared at each other. Then, as the farmer was turning away, Doctor Jackson said:

"Never mind, Evan. Paul's all right; I'm sure he is. Good weather for haying."

"Yes, and for the Fourth, too. Well, I reckon Amelia will be ready to start for home," and he hurried down the street.

In the meantime Paul Green was at home, cultivating corn. The growth was too big for the riding cultivator, but, because that field was Paul's special pride, he was going through it with a small cultivator and a steady old horse.

Paul was strong and sturdy. That sunny afternoon his face was grave, and his dark brown eyes gleamed like smoldering coals. Instead of whistling, as was his custom, he tramped along silently between the rows of tall corn through which the breeze sang a low melody. Suddenly he frowned.

"Tomorrow is the celebration over in the grove. There's to be a speaker out from town, and there will be still more talk about a man's duty to his country. Duty is a queer word. I—well, as long as things are as they are, I wish we lived on a desert island."

By that time he had reached the end of the row, coming up to the fence that shut in the field. As he was turning his horse, a young man came down the road. The newcomer limped painfully, supporting himself on a single crutch.

"Hallo, Joe!" Paul called. "Isn't this a day for corn to grow?"

Joe Calkins advanced to lean on the fence close to where Paul stood. "But this field does sure grow! Suppose it's the new-fangled way of farming that you've learned at the agricultural college. I was on my way up to your house to tell you Martin wants you to come over to the grove for an hour in the morning, to help fix the seats."

"All right. Looks as if it would be a fair Fourth."

"It'll be such a celebration as no man in this neighborhood ever saw. I tell you, Paul, if a fellow has a drop of patriotic blood in his veins, it will boil tomorrow. And I've this," looking down at his crutch.

Paul's face softened. "I know, Joe, but all the work of the war is not to be done on the battle field. You see—"

"Now don't talk rot! Any man who does not long to respond to the call of his country is a coward. I'll— But, Paul, I didn't just mean that."

Both faces colored hotly. Paul's lips opened, but no sound escaped them. Again he tried to speak, but his voice broke on the first word.

"We may do our work elsewhere, as you say," Joe ventured. "What about Tim Odell at the college? Did he enlist?"

"The day after war was declared. It was a wonderful sight to see the boys hurry off to the recruiting station. If only—"

He stopped. Joe nodded. "Of course your father needs you. And farming is of prime importance

these days. Why, if you were twenty-one, I imagine the government would say to you, 'Paul Green, you stay at home and raise bumper crops of corn and wheat.'"

Paul tried to laugh, but it was not easy. Five minutes later Joe was on his way home, swinging himself along on his crutch. Paul's face darkened as he looked after him.

"Joe tried to make it easy, but the others will not tomorrow. Sometimes I wish I had never been born. God help me!" and he looked appealingly up at the serene blue sky.

A constrained silence fell upon the Green family as they sat at supper that night. After a little Mrs. Green repeated some neighborhood news that she had heard in town, but neither her husband nor her son made any response. At last, as he pushed back from the table, Evan Green said:

"I suppose, Amelia, we are all going to the celebration tomorrow?"

"Why, of course! We've been going for years; Paul doesn't remember a Fourth of July anywhere else. I've the chickens cooked, ready to fry, and I'll get up early and make two big pans of gingerbread. I do hope every one won't talk about the war."

"Well, they will. You want to go, Paul?"

His son started. "Why, I've not thought of staying away. We always go, and it's my birthday."

"Yes, I reckon you know your mother and I are going to give you a deed of the north forty-acre lot tomorrow. You've been a good son, Paul, and we—"

"Don't, father!" Paul was on his feet, his face working convulsively. "I can't— Don't let us talk about it! You two— Why, I care for you more than for anything on earth."

He walked out of the house. His mother laid her head down on the table and cried.

Paul went to his room as soon as the evening chores were done. Mrs. Green also retired to her own room, where she lived over again the years that were gone. How happy she and Evan had been, planning for Paul's future! Was their happiness at an end? Why could not they talk the horrible fear over, as they had always talked over other things. As for the farmer he went out of doors and tramped over the fields until long after the time when he usually retired.

They were all up early the next morning. Because it was her son's birthday, Mrs. Green prepared the dishes she knew he liked: ham and eggs, cream biscuits, and warm gingerbread. At Paul's plate she placed several packages.

When the young man entered the room he went at once to his mother's side, tenderly kissing her. Mr. Green cried in what he tried hard to make a jovial voice:

"Just see, son, what your mother has provided for your breakfast. A few little things done up in paper."

There was a handsome ring, a book which Paul had expressed a desire to read, and a kodak. After the gifts had been praised, and thanks for them had been given, they sat down at the table. Mr. Green asked the usual blessing, and Mrs. Green poured the coffee.

As they ate they talked. It proved easier to keep the conversation on present-day events than it had the night before. Not until he had finished did Paul say:

"I have something to tell you. Father, mother, never were parents more fondly loved by a son than are you by me. I am a man today. I must—I must, for God has laid it upon me, fight for my country."

For a few seconds no sound broke the silence save the measured ticking of the old clock on the mantle. Then, from the hedge beneath the windows, there rang out the silvery call of a bluebird. Evan Green leaned across the table, to touch his son's arm with trembling fingers.

"What do you mean, Paul? Do you mean that you are going to enlist?"

"I must, father; the call of my country sounds in my ears day and night. I want to go. You'll not refuse your

consent? Mother! mother! What can I say to you?"

"Tell me again that you are going to fight for your country, because God has called you to do it. O my precious boy, my only child! It will break my heart to see you march away, it may be to a terrible death, but I want you to do it, because it is your duty."

Even as she ceased speaking, Paul's father cried, "Thank God for your courage, my boy! I must beg your pardon. You see, Paul, your mother and I, while we did not speak of it, we feared you were afraid."

The boyish face flushed. "You thought that of me too? I knew the others did. The reason I waited, the reason I did not talk of it was because I thought you two would not be willing for me to go."

Mrs. Green rose to her feet. For a moment the trio stood with clasped hands. The farmer said slowly:

"Independence day and our lad's birthday. God grant that before the day comes again the war be over!"

The face of Paul Green's mother was strangely glorified as she murmured, "May God grant that! But we know that his Son, who sacrificed his life for the sins of the world, will surely strengthen us for whatever it is ours to endure."

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The Story of a Cradle Roll

BY GRACE BOTELER SANDERS.



THREE babies were born in the same town upon the same day, one in the big house on the avenue, one in the middle-sized house on a common street, and one in the hovel on the edge of a great forest.

Master Bob opened his eyes in a palace. There was a white-capped nurse in attendance. A little bed was ready, whose mattress was of softest down and whose quilts were of silk and blankets of finest wool. He and his mother had everything which money could buy, but money, alone, will not buy happiness.

All day the mother lay alone in the big bed in that upper room. She heard the tread of feet below the stair and occasionally the nurse's low sweet voice, but always, and ever she was listening to the rattling of the car a block away. She listened for the opening of a lower door, but the day passed and darkness came without a visitor, and finally a man hurried in and past her bed to the crib.

She heard him talking in low tones to the nurse. He was leaving without even speaking to her. When she called "David," he came and bent over the bed, but his breath reeked so of liquor that she turned her head away murmuring: "Oh David, you've been drinking again."

He straightened himself and blustered, "I've a right to celebrate the birth of my son and heir, and I'm going to do it again and I'll stay all night and I'll drink as much as I please."

He banged the door and was gone and then the poor little orphan society girl who had flippantly declared that she did not need the church so long as she had money, buried her face in the pillow and wept. She was all alone in the world—father gone, mother gone, brother, and sister. She thought of the sorrow and suffering through which she had passed. She remembered the sentence about the sins of the fathers being visited on the children, and she wondered if she had brought the beautiful boy into the world to be what his father was. And when she thought she could not stand it a minute longer, a soft hand touched her forehead and a cheery voice called, "How are you darling?"

A short little woman with a pug nose and shining hair and blue eyes stood before her in a tailored gown of blue. The little mother recognized her as Mrs. Thomas Booth, one of the most important women in the town. "I heard you had a lovely little boy, and I thought I'd run in and see you."

The little woman was so glad. And somehow it was not long before she had told Mrs. Booth all her joys and fears. Mrs. Booth nodded understandingly. "He's a lovely boy. I don't wonder that you wish to raise him right," she said. "May I come again, and shall I put his name on the Cradle Roll?"

"I'll be glad for you to come. My mother is dead and you may put his name on the Cradle Roll if you like. We're not church folks, but it won't do any harm."

Little Mrs. Booth smiled happily to herself when she went away. Her friends had laughed at the idea of going to these ungodly, wine-drinking people. Other church workers had applied in vain for admittance. She had gained entrance because of a little child. She bade the mother goodbye, and went to visit the middle-sized house, and the hovel on the edge of the forest.

A month later, she and the minister called at the house on the avenue. The young father felt so important that he promised to attend the men's club meeting at which a prominent Senator was to speak. He went and was amazed that such a pleasant evening could be spent in innocent amusement, and when he woke next morning without the headache which usually followed nights of dissipation, he avoided the sideboard which he patronized quite freely and patting his wife's cheek, he said, "I'll have to cut a little of that out if I'm going with church people."

He went to the church on Sunday morning, and was delighted with the men he met there. And thus passed the year.

When Cradle Roll Day drew near Mrs. Booth sent out her invitations, and about a week afterward she followed her visit with a call. She had just rung the bell at the big house on the avenue when the little mother came running to meet her.

"Oh, you blessed angel," she cried, "we're just the happiest folks and it's all because of you. When you came Fred was drinking, and I was almost wild, but he's been improving right along, and when the Cradle Roll invitation came, what do you think he said? He said, 'We'll go and we'll make the confession so as to be able to raise him right.' Oh, Mrs. Booth, I am so happy."

Mrs. Booth was happy, too. She followed the little mother into the room that she might see Baby Bob's clothes. The mother was saying, "I want him to be the prettiest baby there," but the Cradle Roll Superintendent was thinking, "What if I had not called."

She left after a while and walked down to the middle-sized house on a common street. A dumpy little brown-eyed woman saw her coming, and waved her flag of truce, a baby's white dress. "You blessed angel! I am the happiest woman on earth," she said when she was in Mrs. Booth's arms. "Bob has a better job, and he said he would join the church tomorrow. Oh, Mrs. Booth, I am so glad!"

Glad? Mrs. Booth could not speak, but after a while she took her basket and walked out of the city and out in the country road. Cows nipping at the white clover were lazily straggling homeward. She heard a robin twittering in an apple tree, and a child's sleepy cry. She reached the hovel and saw a woman in a brown calico gown. Her face was brown and spotted as an autumn leaf.

"Are you ready for Cradle Roll Day?" cried Mrs. Booth.

The woman did not turn. "I was just a-thinkin'," she began, in a queer-strained tone, "of how things was when you come. I'd been sick, and I got out of bed and crawled out into the kitchen. The cupboard was empty and I didn't know what to do, for we were hungry. The house was dirty, and the children's clothes were worn, and I was just a-wonderin' how I'd get enough to cover one more body, even if it was a little one. And I seed you a-comin' in your fine duds."

Mrs. Booth sat down outside the door and fixed her eyes upon the brilliant sunset.

"I knowed you had scads of money, and my heart was as hard as nails because you had so much and I had so little. I hated you. I never thought of you stoppin', but you did, and you asked to put Baby Bill's name on the Cradle Roll. It pleased me, but I made fun, and told you I'd rather have a bread roll than a Cradle Roll, and you opened that very basket you're carryin' and give me food enough for us all. When you come back and brought that certificate all framed up nice and shiny, I hung it on the wall and it looked so pretty that I got ashamed of my house, and after you was gone I went to work and scrubbed the floor as bad as I felt. And Bill come home, and he was so pleased that he fixed some chairs that I'd begged him to for more'n a year, to have mended. He got a job on a farm that week. He commenced going to church, and ever since he's bringin' his money home and actin' like a decent human bein'. He was tickled to death about that Cradle Roll invitation and he brought this," the woman held up a coarse white dress on which she had been working, "and he said we'd go to church tomorrow and make the confession every one of us. Oh, Miss Booth, I never can thank you for what you did for we'uns."

All these things were to be accomplished on the morrow because of her work. Little Mrs. Booth took from the basket the little white things which she had prepared for Baby Bill.

She hurried away after a while through the velvet dusk which was perfumed with roses and variegated by stars. She reached the top of the hill and looked out across the fields at the big house on the avenue which was ablaze with light, at the middle-sized house on a common street which was lighted by a kerosene blaze, and finally out at the hovel on

the edge of the forest where the tapers glittered like fireflies through the night. And as the greatness of the work came upon her, as she thought of the thousands of little ones coming up without Christ in the home or the church, she trembled like a storm-tossed ship upon a troubled sea.

She fell upon her knees to pray, and as she waited there asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" a voice seemed to float up from the valley, saying:

"Hark, 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear,
Out in the darkness cold and drear,
Calling the lambs lest they go astray
Far from the Shepherd's home away."

And with these words ringing in her ears, she rose from her knees, with a deeper determination than ever before to seek out the little ones and bring them safely into the heavenly fold.

An Imperative Call

In the course of nearly four years of the world war, the gaunt hand of starvation has scrawled the names of more individuals on its side of the death ledger than have perished by gunpowder, gas, and steel. Four million, seven hundred and fifty thousand persons have died from starvation while about 4,250,000 have been killed by fighting. Hunger gnawed at the vitals of Russia until her morale was so weakened that she collapsed. The same cause may justly be attributed to the crumpling of heroic little Roumania. Italy, underfed with food and overfed with insidious German propaganda, went through a crisis last fall that threatened to result disastrously for the allied program. And now the call has come from England, France, Italy, and Belgium that wheat must be forthcoming or they can not assure us that the allied armies or the morale of the sacrificing, suffering millions behind the lines in those countries will be maintained.

It is inconceivable that America should fail in this crisis. The various strata of our population can not bear equally this reduction in consumption of wheat bread. Those engaged in physical labor need a larger bread ration than those in sedentary occupations. Furthermore, the special requirements of children and invalids must be safeguarded. To meet the needs abroad and prevent serious suffering at home, it is imperative that those whose circumstances permit shall abstain from wheat and wheat products until the next harvest.

With full understanding that as a Nation we must save or sink, succor those overseas or perish with them, let us grasp this opportunity—a privilege, not a sacrifice—to abstain from wheat. Thus, may those who can not fight materially aid the cause, on the success of which rests the freedom of mankind.

The Joy That Sunday Brings

It is an immense fact that Christ himself was with his disciples on the first Lord's day. Think for a little what that day meant to him, and to them! It was a day of supreme joy to Jesus. He struck the key-note in his salutation to Mary Magdalene and "the other Mary," of "Joy!" (Matt. 28:9—Greek *chairo*). Atonement was complete! He was indeed "delivered for our offences," but he "was raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4:25). That ringing cry, "Joy!" must surely resound through all Lord's days. . . .

Joy is an accomplished redemption eternally effectual; joy in the fellowship of saints; joy in the grandest conceivable service. Are not these the broad lines of Lord's day observance? . . .

Many questions arise. May any part of the Lord's day be rightly used in recreation or occupations not incompatible with the spirit of the day? There is but one answer: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" (Rom. 14:5). But whatever may be the subject concerning which questions arise that are not settled by explicit Scripture, prayer in a submissive and yielded spirit will surely bring light. It is one of the ways of God in grace to keep the believer thus dependent.—C. I. SCOFIELD, D. D., in the *Sunday School Times*.



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A Prayer

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling
And by the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my house of life so
pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its wall decay,
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drift-
ing—

Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold.

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace,

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striv-
ing cease,

And flows forever through heaven's green ex-
pansions,
The river of Thy peace.

One Camp Testament

A soldier in a certain camp, once a burly expressman from Hoboken who said he had never got any religion at home because he had to work seven days in the week and could not go to church, was persuaded by a Y. M. C. A. secretary to take a Testament and read it. In less than a week he was back, saying that the religion he found in the Testament was just what his friend Mike needed down in the hospital, where he was desperately sick and lonesome. But the secretary had the wisdom not to give out another Testament. He told Pat to go back and read his own book to Mike in the hospital. The result was that two men were brought into a new religious experience as comrades and both are standing strong for Christian living in their camp.

They Who Fall Like Princes

The adequacy of God's Word to meet all sorts of conditions in the modern world is admirably illustrated by the following extract from a student aviator in Texas:

"I ran against a verse in the Psalms which is most applicable to the life, or perhaps to the death, of an aviator. Yesterday one of the 'ships' crashed to the ground, killing one of the two men aboard, and the verse came to my mind. It is 'But ye shall die like men; and fall like one of the princes.' Could anything be more applicable?"

An Unconscious Influence

Editor Frank Willis Barnett, of the *Alabama Baptist*, says: "Many years ago, at Northfield, when conducting a class at one of the student conferences, I rose early, that I might prepare my work fresh each morning. The man with whom I stayed was a missionary in India—quiet, unnoticed and without special leadership in the conference. Not a single morning did I rise without finding my roommate on his knees before an open Bible. All the experiences of that conference, the man of God who spoke, the earnest address he delivered—all have gone from my mind; but the living impression of that man of prayer has never gone. All unconsciously, he influenced my belief in prayer, and gave me its deeper meaning."

Notice to Authors

Authors who submit manuscripts for publication to the American Tract Society are reminded that the Society does not hold itself responsible for the return of any manuscript. If a remittance is sent to cover the full cost of postage and registry, the Society will transmit a manuscript by registered mail upon the request of the author.

The Selective Draft In Food

Everyone is familiar with the process by which men have been drafted for service in the war. The principle of universal liability to service for all who can be spared to go to the front has been accepted heartily, and before many weeks a million soldiers from America will be fighting the battles of democracy.

Now these soldiers must be fed, and food must be provided also for our Allies, to eke out their shortened supplies.

Food is short in France, because Germany is cultivating a portion of the territory of France, and because those taking the place of farmers who are fighting are unable to maintain production at the former standard. England is short for the latter reason, and also because her usual supplies of grain from the vast fields of Australia and Argentina are now cut largely off. Italy is short because her men are fighting Austria.

In short, Western Europe needs at least half a million bushels of wheat from this year's harvest. Where is it to come from?

There is only one place from which it can come—North America. It will not be easy to spare the grain, but we have no choice and we shall succeed. Go into the campaign of food conservation in the spirit in which the French General Petain carried through the heroic Verdun campaign. When the enemy was launching its first attack, the word came to the General from those who were directing the campaign, "They must not pass." The veteran General replied, "They shall not pass." The world knows something of the tremendous cost of keeping that pledge, but it has been kept; the enemy did not pass.

So the call comes to the loyal people of America to "Save the wheat." From all over the country the reply is coming, "The wheat shall be saved." The United States Food Administration is depending on each man, woman and child doing his or her part to make good its pledge.

Everybody is put on his honor as to the form and measure of the part he takes. But does anyone dare do less than he is asked to do in this vitally necessary work of co-operation with our enlisted men?

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made by advertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and also upon us if they will mention the AMERICAN MESSENGER when answering advertisements.

Life Members and Directors

The donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order.

Christian Endeavor Abroad

Victoria, Australia, State C. E. union officers, when attending conventions, wear badges of red, blue, and gold; red for sacrifice, blue for love, and gold for obedience.

An Australian Endeavorer some time ago organized a society in Egypt, the members of which distribute Gospels, testaments, books and writing-materials among the sick in military hospitals.

At a Christian Endeavor convention in Dacca, India, sixteen different languages were represented. Many of the delegates traveled two days to reach the convention city, and one at least traveled five days. The favorite hymn used in the meeting was

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

The first soldiers' Christian Endeavor society in Great Britain was formed in the fall of 1916 in the military camp on Salisbury Plain. There were nine members. In spite of constant changes this society has never missed a meeting since that time. It is inter-denominational inter-regimental, and inter-imperial. It has a hospitality committee which has provided a rest-room for soldiers.

For Relief in Persia

The second contingent of the American Commission for Relief in Persia sailed from Seattle on June 8, 1918, under the auspices of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. The relief commission is to be headed by Dr. Henry Pratt Judson, President University of Chicago, who will not sail until later. Dr. J. W. Cook, M. D., Washington, D. C., who has had several years of medical experience in Persia, will be the acting head of the Commission until the arrival of Dr. Judson. Among the other members who sailed with the second contingent are Dr. E. W. McDowell, formerly a missionary under the Presbyterian Board in Persia, Dr. A. V. W. Jackson and Mrs. Jackson who accompanies her husband and will be the only woman in the expedition.

Five members of the party sailed a few weeks ago and will join the second contingent in Japan. The men in Japan are: Professor Leland Rex Robinson, of Columbia University; Reverend Livingston Bentley, of Auburn, New York; F. Treadwell Smith, of Union Seminary; H. R. Holmes, of Montour Falls, New York, who was born in Persia, and Professor Roland S. Vaile, an agricultural expert of Riverside, California.

These commissioners will aid and reinforce the Americans who are already stationed in that section of the world, distributing relief under the auspices of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, of which Cleveland H. Dodge is treasurer.

C. V. Vickrey, Executive Secretary of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, speaking of the Commission recently said: "Probably nowhere in the world is there such extensive suffering from hunger and starvation as in Persia. One of the foremost authorities on Persian questions estimates that in Northern Persia alone there are at this moment not less than one million people in advance stages of destitution. Both as humanitarian service to hundreds of thousands of helpless poverty-stricken people and as an expression of good will on the part of America toward the weaker nations and oppressed races it is of utmost importance that relief be sent with all possible haste."

Hymn-Stories Wanted

Carl F. Price has been requested to collect missionary hymn-stories for a book which is to be entitled, "Missionary Hymns and Hymn-Writers." Already a number of stories have been secured, but more are wanted.

Dr. G. J. Schilling writes from Argentina that in South America the humming or whistling of a hymn-tune is often the means of Protestant fellow-travelers discovering each other on the train or in the railroad stations, and tells of an interesting Christian friendship he formed on the train by over-

hearing the melody of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Bishop Scott tells Mr. Price that one of the most thrilling seasons of hymn-singing he ever heard was in the heart of Africa, when he was being escorted by a whole village of natives on his way to another village. Half way there they came to a river, where he bade them farewell. Crossing over he was greeted on the other side by a great throng who had come to escort him the rest of the way to their own village. Before waving their final farewells the two companies of African Christians sang hymns to each other across the waters and then disappeared in the forests.

E. T. Iglehart has made an interesting contribution to this study by calling attention to the startling figures of speech that some of our hymns acquire by translation. For instance, our hymn, "He's the Lily of the Valley," is rendered in Japanese, "He's the Cherry of the Mountain."

Any stories of facts regarding hymns on the foreign field or the use of missionary hymns in this country, would be greatly welcomed by Mr. Price at the Centenary office, 111 Fifth avenue, New York, to be used to enrich this interesting study.

Send a Message Up to Heaven

A farmer boy working alone in the fields, became convinced that with his health, strength, and robustness, his duty was with the soldiers at the front. He enlisted. He was at first a little awkward. They put him to digging, and he out-dug them all. They set him to swinging the axe, and again he led. The officers realized they had a willing, strong, and emergency-ready man. He was unmarried. He went across to France.

One day the listening squad reported to the commander that a certain point in their line of operation had been mined by the enemy. The commander called his men into line, announced the report, and called for a volunteer to go and explode the mine, and save the army, but he himself could never come back. There was a hesitation. It was a solemn moment. Every man was looking death in the eye. Then this farmer boy saluted the officer, saying, "Commander, I think it's next to me."

The commander spoke a few words in a husky voice, then extended his hand to the volunteer. The two men looked into each other's faces, with their eyes full of tears. The release was given, and the soldier went forth on his lone journey. The men watched him till he passed from view, then saw the heavens glare with flame and the farmer boy's soul went to meet his God.

General Haig said to his men, "Our backs are against the wall, and we will fight till the last man dies." These are specimens of what the soldiers are doing in France. What are we doing here? Sending them creature comforts? This is very kind, but they have no chance to use them. Buying bonds? This is good. But many of these noble fellows will be shot long before these bonds can be converted into a fighting force. Let us do something quickly. Let us send a message up to heaven instantly.

The real cause of all this terrible war is the dishonor of God, sin against his law, and departure from his way. We have taken our own way, and here is where we come out. God has said if we will return to him, confess our sins, and obey and pray, he will forgive our sins and heal our land. Elijah prayed that it might not rain, and there was no rain. He prayed that it might rain, and rain came. The same power that shook the earth, made the mountains tremble, quieted the winds, and cast out devils, is still ready for us. He breaketh the bow, cutteth the spear in sunder, burneth the chariot and can sink the U-boat and silence great guns. The wires are all free. Let us send the message. George Washington and the fathers of the Revolution sent such messages, and we were made free. Abraham Lincoln and the nation in 1863 sent such a message, and the shackles fell, and the war ceased, and the Union was saved. Let us all pray. Let us fill the prayer-meetings; let us send a message up to heaven now.—*The Presbyterian.*

Just For Fun

"What progress does this little girl make in her sewing?" asked the tall and stately patroness at the charity school as she stopped before the daughter of a longshoreman and noticed that the pupil had her thread hopelessly tangled. "About forty knots an hour," roguishly replied the girl as she looked up.

An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate a board with the following generous offer painted thereon: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, my man, are you a contented fellow?" asked the old gentleman. "Yes, sir; very." "Then why do you want my field?" The applicant did not wait to reply.

A famous Brooklyn clergyman was once addressing a Sabbath school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be "Jacob's Ladder." He got along swimmingly until a little urchin in the back seat squeaked out: "Why did the angels have to have a ladder when they had wings?" After the inevitable laugh had subsided, the clergyman said: "Well, that is a fair question; who can answer it?" There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fist. "Well, my little man," asked the clergyman, "Why was it?" "I guess mebbe they was a-moulting," was the astonishing reply.

A little boy who had been taught to report promptly his misdeeds sought his mother with an aspect of grief and repentance.

"I broke a brick in the fireplace," he announced, on the verge of tears.

"Well, that is not beyond remedy," smiled the mother. "But how on earth did you do it?"

"I was pounding it with father's watch."

"Frances," said that little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do better than that. Go back and come down stairs like a lady."

Frances retired, and after a lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come down stairs this time mamma?"

"No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise."

"The last time I slid down the banister," explained Frances.

A gentleman was doing his best to explain the national finance to his wife. "What we need," he said, "is an elastic currency."

"Then why doesn't the government print bank notes on thin sheets of India-rubber?" demanded the lady with the air of one who knew all about it; "that would make them elastic, surely."

Smith, the hotel manager, and Jones, a manufacturer's agent, were talking one day about their respective business interests.

"I say," remarked Jones, "how ever do you use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches?"

"Well," replied Smith, "we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can."

"Indeed!" said the other. "We do about the same in our business."

"How is that?"

"We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't we cancel it."

Eleanor: "Is that suitor of yours ever going to acquire courage enough to propose?" Edith: "I think not. He's like an hour-glass." Eleanor: "How's that?" Edith: "Why, the more time he gets the less sand he has."

An Easy Way to Secure an Excellent Fountain Pen

A Fountain Pen is always a necessity and here is an opportunity of securing a good one with only a little effort (see offer below).

The publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER are very desirous of increasing the circulation of this admirable publication, and it is for that purpose that we are offering this splendid Fountain Pen. The Pen is known as the Commercial Fountain Pen.



The pen is six and one half inches long, and suitable for either lady or gentleman, and fully guaranteed. In the construction of this pen only the best of materials are used. The rubber parts are hand-turned Para rubber. The gold nib is 14 karat solid gold tipped with the best grade of hard iridium.

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OFFER No. 2 We will give one fountain pen and a year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for only \$1.40.

Any of our present subscribers may take advantage of offer No. 2 by extending their subscription one year, and remitting \$1.40 in payment for the same.

Our young friends will find this a very good method of securing a Fountain Pen for themselves. Try it and see how easy it is to secure only 4 new yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

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The Outline of the Harmony of the Gospels given is based upon the Standard American Revised Version, which is unquestionably the best modern Version and presents an outline of the Life of Christ that will commend itself to those who make use of it.



An excellent little volume which fits the Sunday-school Lessons.

John exalts Christ.

JOHN IV.

Salvation by faith.

30 He must increase, but I must decrease.

31 He that cometh from above is above all; he that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth: he that cometh from heaven is above all.

32 And what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth; and no man receiveth his testimony.

33 He that hath received his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true.

34 For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.

35 The Father loveth the Son,

and he whom the Son loveth, and he should not let his ignorance of what God has revealed hinder him from receiving and treating as true what he has revealed.

11. As Jesus knew the truth of what he taught, all are bound to believe it, and to let it have its due influence over their hearts and lives.

20. The reason why men do not believe what Christ has taught is, that they love error, they do evil, and his truth on this account condemns them.

25. When sinners in great numbers come to the Saviour, some men, if it lessen the number who follow them, are greatly grieved. But good men, with right views, rejoice in every accession to the number of Christ's followers. They are delighted to see him increase, though it cause them to decrease.

30. It is a high spiritual attainment to be willing that others should excel us in usefulness and honor.

35. As all things pertaining to the souls of men are in the hands of Christ and at his disposal, the eternal life of those who believe in him, and the eternal death of those who continue to reject him, are certain.

7. As all men are naturally destitute of the love of God, no one should think it strange that he must experience that change which Christ called being born again.

9. It is not necessary, in order to believe a fact and receive the benefit of it, that a man should understand the manner in which it is accomplished.

Exact size of page and type.

and hath given all things A. D. 30 into his hand.

36 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

CHAPTER IV.

1 Christ talketh with a woman of Samaria, and revealeth himself unto her. 27 His disciples marvel. 31 He declareth to them his zeal to God's glory. 39 Many Samaritans believe on him. 45 He departeth into Galilee, and healeth the ruler's son that lay sick at Capernaum.

WHEN therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees

complished; and he should not let his ignorance of what God has revealed hinder him from receiving and treating as true what he has revealed.

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CHAPTER IV.

1. How the Pharisees had heard; he was aware that the knowledge of his growing popularity excited their envy and ill-will, which he wished for the present to avoid.

Frenchmen Under Fire

With shells bursting nearer and nearer, and death apparently a matter of minutes, a little company of French soldiers huddled close to the side of their trench.

Trapped, hopeless, cut off from relief, they waited for the shell that would catch the edge of their trench fairly.

As they crouched there, silent, one of them unbuttoned his coat, took out a worn copy of the New Testament, and handed a part of it to each man. There, in that situation, a Testament again did what it will always do for the man in battle. Strength and heart and courage returned. There was no further weakening. It was Christ's message.

Perhaps you have a son or a loved one who would give anything he possesses to have the comfort of a Testament at a time like this. Why not put a Testament *With Notes* into the kit of every "soldier lad" you know? Make it a part of his equipment. You would not want him to be without it if you could foresee what it may mean to him at some hour of trial. The Notes and Instructions, clear and lucid, will be a mighty aid to him.

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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Park Avenue and 40th Street, New York

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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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AUGUST, 1918



No. 8



AARON AND HUR UPHOLDING MOSES' HANDS AT THE BATTLE OF REPHIDIM

(From the painting by Jean-Léon Gérôme.)

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

War Camp Community Service

BY H. S. BRAUCHER.

The experiences of history prove that in all wars the ordinary perils of civilian life are greatly intensified for the enlisted men who are called upon to sever the normal relations of life and endure the sustained stress of the most extreme physical hardship and emotional tension.

In the present gigantic world war into which the United States has been called to defend the most precious treasures it possessed and to use its full power for the establishment of the foundation of a permanent peace in the world, our government has sounded a bugle call. Out from the cities and villages long lines of brown and blue are marching, marching towards the front to keep the stars of "Old Glory" there and to prove that right and mercy are greater than might and hate.

Wherever a man walks in the khaki or blue of Uncle Sam's uniform there is my brother or my son, my father or my husband. Whether he serves on the sea or on the land as fighter or helper, as bridge guard or gunner, about him glows a halo. His stout red blood and his keen nerves of steel, his sinuous muscles and white bones stand between me and the concentrated forces of scientific barbarism. There he stands with the blood of all nations pumping through his heart saying to the world that democracy shall be safe, that every man shall have his opportunity to live under liberty, that in the future little nations shall not tremble before the swash-buckling bully nation, that only one throne shall be established, the throne of God in the heart of man and only one dynasty shall prevail, the family of friends and neighbors.

Three great interests are left behind as the men fall in line for the training camp. The work interest, the interest in home and the interest in leisure. Of these in the ordinary duties of soldier and sailor but one is adequately replaced. Instead of the daily task of earning a living, is the service rendered as duty to the country. That this new work shall be high grade and helpful to the men as well as serviceable to the nation, we all have confidence in our government to provide.

What shall be done to link the man in the camp to his home folks and retain for him the expression of their love, especially in his lonely hours? How shall that leisure which he has so much enjoyed in fellowship with his friends at home, be filled with wholesome recreation when the tents and barracks grow tiresome and he seeks companionship in the city near by, hoping for a time to find relief and relaxation from the vigors of military duty?

Nothing less than full capacity service shall be satisfactory to the government that calls, the man who responds and the home town that sends. Capacity service cannot be rendered by the man who spends his time and strength out of camp in drink, vice or even in idleness. The government knows this, every thoughtful person knows it. The War Camp Community Service Program of the War and Navy Departments Commissions on Training Camp Activities has been built with the one purpose in mind of creating every opportunity for the American soldier and sailor to become the nearest perfect physically, the most alert mentally, the most sound morally of all soldiers and sailors the world has produced to date. The magnitude of this undertaking is better understood when it is recalled that there are camps scattered over the country, some of them with forty to fifty thousand men near cities of a few thousand people who have no adequate means of handling the leisure of the soldiers and what is more critical some of these camps near enough to large cities to present to the men most enticing temptations to evil which commercial exploiters can devise.

Without arguing for brotherhood it is intended to establish brotherhood by extending to the men in the camps the hospitality of the homes, the fraternal societies, the churches and other organizations in the camp communities. Without scheming for sentimentality the

SPECIAL NOTICE!

It is the desire of the publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER to add many new names to the subscription list of this helpful religious monthly periodical during the coming months, and thus increase its usefulness.

There are many other good religious papers published, but as most of them are issued weekly, the high cost of producing them makes it impossible for a great many families to subscribe for them. The low yearly subscription price of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, which is only 50 cents, puts it within the reach of all. We ask the friend who reads this notice, to send us the names of TEN people, in different families who would appreciate such a paper as the AMERICAN MESSENGER, if they knew it. To each of those whose names we receive we will later send a sample copy.

In return for your service in furnishing these TEN names, we will send you whichever one of the following pictures you may choose as long as the supply lasts.

LIST OF PICTURES FROM WHICH YOU MAY CHOOSE

The Birth of Christ. 20x27 inches The Child Jesus in the Temple. 18x22 inches
Good Shepherd, in colors. 14 1-2x20 inches Suffer Little Children. 18x22 inches
Christ and the Rich Young Man. 18x22 inches

These pictures have been made by a photographic process which admirably reproduces the exquisite beauty of expression in the original painting. They are all ready for framing. Such pictures as these should be in every home and Sunday School, for they serve as an ornament appealing to the best in every nature, educating to high ideals, and furnishing an inspiration and stimulus to right living.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave. and 40th St., New York City

deepest and sweetest emotions in the hearts of the men are to be given wholesome expression, for example in community singing, which is without doubt the highest and best form of patriotic emotional outlet. Without capitalizing or shamming religion there will be established such contacts for the men that they shall find it natural to be religious, securing confirmation of their faith in God and themselves, facing death when it may come bravely, knowing their own souls and the soul of America cannot die.

It does not diminish the glory of the symbolism of the uniform or reduce the glow of halo that America is happily placing about her enlisted men, to look upon them as human beings with all the natural desires and longing of "regular folks." The War Camp Community Workers remember that the men for whom they are organizing the civic forces are genuine men who want places to go for wholesome amusement, who want the fellowship of young women in happy social ways, who want to see pictures, sing songs, go to lunch and dinner with kind friends, who want to swim and skate and play ball and tennis, who want the privileges of churches, club rooms, libraries, social centers, who want the best influences used for them and a chance to choose the better places and people instead of the worse. Everyone concedes the reasonableness of the work, but it requires ability and experience in the organization of the social and recreational forces of the city to get order out of chaos and with economy secure results.

Therefore, the commission has taken direction of the work in every camp community, placing one representative or more at each camp, who shall adopt the general plan of the commission to the locality and by utilizing present facilities and developing new ones, by getting the business interests, the educational interests, the church and home interests, the fraternal interests together, see to it that the off duty time of the men is conserved for their own and the country's advantage.

"No Home Complete Without It"

In renewing her subscription for the AMERICAN MESSENGER, Miss Balch of Bennington, Vt., writes:

"I find this paper a great help to me in Christian Endeavor work. It is also a spiritual help. No home is complete without it."

The Legend of the Empty Hands

BY E. L. VINCENT

Have you heard the legend of the young woman who came with the throng to worship in a great cathedral and to bring a gift for the altar service?

Some who came, brought the rarest gifts possible—choice laces, rich spices, filling the place with their perfume, beautiful pictures, and even treasures of silver and of gold.

And all, the moment they were placed on the altar, quickly disappeared, leaving the people who brought them pale with wonder and fear. Why had not their gifts been treasured, as had the costly things they had brought in other days?

But when the day was slanting on toward the west the young woman came timidly. Her garments were so poor and her face thin and pinched as if with want. Her hands seemed to be empty, and she walked slowly and hesitatingly down the aisle until she came to the altar. People in their rich clothes watched her curiously, thinking, it may be, that as she came with empty hands, no blessing would be in store for her, any more than for them.

Long she knelt at the altar, her hands reaching out to lie on its sacred top, while she bowed her head reverently. And there was sunshine and peace in her face when at last she rose to go away. Now the people who had been looking on turned their eyes toward the altar. There where the two empty hands had been two beautiful white lilies, pure and lovely in their whiteness, blossomed, their fragrance surpassing all other perfume that had been brought.

It is only an old, old story, but think of the truth it tells. It is the gift of the pure heart which is accepted of God. No other blooms into beauty.

Sometimes it seems to us we have absolutely nothing we can give to our Saviour. What can we do, what can we say that will in any way commend itself to Jesus? Our best gifts are so unworthy and so unlike what we wish they might be!

And yet it is not the things we bring in our hands that God cares for, it is the heart back of the gift. It may be only a word spoken to one of the little ones to point the way to the wayside spring where the weary traveler may quench his thirst; if it is only done with a whole heart out of a sincere purpose, it will bring a blessing.

KIND WORDS.

Christ in Flanders

The following poem, written by a British soldier in Flanders, has been an inspiration in the lives of thousands of men.

We had forgotten You—or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very dearly;
Of course we thought about You now and then,

Especially in any time of trouble
We knew that You were good in time of trouble,

But we are very ordinary men,
And all the while, in street or lane or by-way,

You walked among us, and we did not see;

Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements.

How did we miss Your footprints on our pavements?

Can there be other folks as blind as we?

Now we remember over here in Flanders
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear;

We never thought about You much in England,

But now that we are far away from England,

We have no doubts—we know that You are here,

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—

Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches

You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.

You stood beside us in our pain and weakness;

We're glad to think You understand our weakness—

Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the garden—
Oh God! the agony of that dread garden.

We know you prayed for us upon the cross;

If anything could make us glad to bear it
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it,

Pain, death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—

We feel so sure that You will not forget us—

But stay with us until this dream is past,
And so we ask for courage, strength and pardon—

Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

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Pertinent Paragraphs

War Savings Stamps are within the reach of everyone who conscientiously wants to save.

If the men in our Army and Navy can do without luxuries we at home certainly can.

Secretary Baker says over a million of our boys have gone to the front. Help bring them back quickly by saving to the utmost of your ability and buying War Savings Stamps.

Your patriotic duty is in proportion to the money you earn. The more you get the more you can, and should, invest in War Savings Stamps.

Many of our poorer citizens are undergoing real sacrifices that they may be able to show their patriotism by buying War Savings Stamps.

Remember that the soldier's chance of life depends upon the support given him by the folks back home. Help! Save and buy War Savings Stamps.

How much of your income do you fritter away and how much do you invest in W. S. S.? Remember that many of the men at the front give their lives.

Your part in the war is to produce as much as possible, consume as little as necessary, and loan your savings to the Government. Are you facing your task as cheerfully as our fighting men face theirs?

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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Upholding His Hands

We have selected the striking picture by Jean-Léon Gérôme as an appropriate illustration for our front cover page, not only because of its remarkable merit as a work of art, but because of the timely and practical suggestion which it carries for us all at this trying epoch in the world's history.

The Battle of Rephidim was a fierce struggle between the Amalekites on the one side and the hosts of Israel on the other. It is noteworthy that the Israelites under the leadership of Joshua entered into this battle in response to the direct command of Jehovah. Moses took up his station on one of the adjoining heights, and there he uplifted his hands in prayer to the God of battles that the children of Israel might be victorious over their cruel and relentless foe. So long as Moses remained in this attitude of prayer the Israelites prevailed, but when through weariness he relaxed, the enemy began to gain the advantage. In this emergency Aaron and Hur came to his relief and upheld his hands so that they were steady until the going down of the sun, and the Israelites won a glorious victory over the Amalekites.

The American people are now engaged with their Allies in a life-and-death struggle against an enemy as cruel and relentless as the Amalekites of old. Read the indictment of this ancient nation by Jehovah, as recorded in the Book of Deuteronomy, and see how closely it fits the case of the foe whom we are fighting today. Jehovah speaks through Moses to the Israelites, and says:

"Remember what Amalek did unto thee by the way as ye came forth out of Egypt; how he met thee by the way, and smote the hindmost of thee, when thou wast faint and weary; and he feared not God."

There are many who cannot fight on the battlefield in the present struggle. But there is opportunity for a service similar to that which Aaron and Hur performed. It is our duty and privilege, if we cannot fight ourselves, to uphold the hands of those who are actively engaged and to sustain those who are the chosen leaders of our nation in this battle for righteousness against an implacable and heartless foe.

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War Work of the Salvation Army

In the training camps of this country, we are told, the Salvation Army has erected eleven special buildings for the purpose of extending their work to reach the enlisted men as far as possible. In addition to these buildings the Salvation Army maintains four special dormitories for soldiers and sailors and a large number of rest rooms.

But the war work of the Salvation Army is not limited to our own land, for it has been duly recognized by the Government as an agent for carrying on special work for the American Expeditionary Force in France.

Because of the rapid increase in the scope of its operation the war work of the Salvation Army is taxing all its energy and resources to the limit.

The usefulness of the work which is thus being carried on is unquestioned. In order to meet the rapid development which is now taking place, the Salvation Army is asking for one thousand volunteers to enter its service. Such volunteers will receive a brief season of intensive training, and will then go over to France as special War Time Officers of the Salvation Army without in any way affecting their denominational affiliations.

The Salvation Army is surely doing a noble work, and we trust that its call for volunteers for this special service will not go unheeded.

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Public Health Nursing

The United States Army and Navy have asked for 37,500 registered trained nurses by July 1, 1919, for the care of wounded and sick soldiers and sailors. This will take one-half of the present skilled nursing forces of the United States, and its effect upon public health will be disastrous unless most strenuous efforts are made to supply the needs of the civil population with trained nurses.

In normal times there are approximately 6,000 public health nurses scattered over the United States, caring for the families of those who cannot afford the entire time of a trained nurse. They go into the homes, staying long enough with the sick mother and the ailing child to give expert care, setting things right for the

day, and carrying out the instructions of the physician.

Many of the public health nurses have now volunteered for military service. The campaign for the protection of children and the extension of public health nursing to rural areas is demanding large numbers of these nurses. Child conservation and tuberculosis work in France is using them. All these facts emphasize the necessity of increasing the number of public health nurses in our land.

The War Program Committee of the National Organization for Public Health Nursing have sent out the following appeal, which we present for the earnest consideration of our readers:

"First, and most important, every well educated young woman who is interested in dealing with the many problems in this field, is urged to enter one of the training schools for nurses where she will get a firm foundation for future work while at the same time immediately entering as a student nurse on the serious nursing work of the country.

"Second, private duty nurses, who, on account of family ties or some other reason, cannot join the Red Cross Nursing Service for military duty, are urged to consider most seriously the needs of home service in the public health field. The call is imperative.

"Third, the private patient is urged to utilize the visiting nurse service. The visiting nurse is a highly skilled nurse who is especially trained to supplement the care of the family or the trained attendant, teaching them to care for the patient during the time she herself is not there. By using the visiting nurse, the patient releases the private nurse for duty where the value of her services can be multiplied. She can then enter the teaching field where she trains others to become nurses, or the public health field where instead of caring for one patient she cares for many.

"In addition, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel and help the schools for nurses already established and give scholarships to help those nurses who need financial assistance while taking graduate work. One thing is certain—we must keep trained women in the field for this great war service."

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For the Rehabilitation of Our Soldiers

It is encouraging to learn that our Government is not going to be content with merely re-educating and rehabilitating its soldiers who have been disabled by wounds and fitting them for useful and gainful occupations, but will exert an active continuing interest in their welfare.

This does not mean that these men are to be coddled or treated as weaklings, but it indicates that our Government will take an active interest in securing them work, and in other ways will endeavor to make up to them the opportunities and advantages they lost by reason of wounds received in fighting their country's battles.

Results of the Religious Census

The religious census figures just released by the Bureau of the Census show some interesting and significant facts.

During the ten-year period covered by the Census (1906-1916) church organizations increased from 212,230 to 228,067. The number of church members, including all sects and denominations increased from 35,068,058 to 42,044,374. Sunday school scholars increased from 14,685,997 to 19,951,675.

In the matter of membership the Roman Catholics, as usual, report the largest number. Next come the Baptist denominations, followed closely by the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Disciples of Christ and the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The one disturbing feature of these membership statistics is that the total increase of not quite twenty per cent. only just about keeps pace with the increase in the total population of our country. The Protestant churches, taken by themselves, it is true, show an increase of 26

per cent. But apparently this is not sufficient to materially change the percentage of church members to the total population.

The lesson to be drawn from these figures, therefore, is the need of increased activity on the part of our Protestant forces, so that we may show a larger increase in the next decade.

We must not be content with simply holding our own, but we must advance with far more consecrated vigor, if our land is eventually to be won for Christ.



A Christian Citizenship Institute

The fourteenth annual Christian Citizenship Institute, under the auspices of the National Reform Association, will be held at Winona Lake, Indiana, August 4-15, 1918.

Those who will take part in this Institute include Rev. James S. Martin, General Superintendent of the National Reform Association; Frank J. Cannon, former United States Senator from Utah; Rev. Samuel Zane Batten, Secretary of the Social Service Commission of the

Federal Council of Churches, and several other able and eloquent speakers.

This Institute will devote twelve days to the study of practical Christian patriotism. A world ablaze with war demands an intelligent, energetic, Christian consecration, and this gathering will afford a rare opportunity for the study of vital problems in national life and world reconstruction.



New National Forests

A Presidential proclamation has recently been issued establishing three new National Forests in the East—the White Mountain Forest in Maine and New Hampshire, the Shenandoah Forest in Virginia and West Virginia, and the Natural Bridge Forest in Virginia.

The acquisition and the opening of these forests will contribute materially to the public welfare, not only by the protection thus given to the streamflow and the production of timber, but also by the opportunity thus afforded for public recreation and healthful outdoor life.

Spiritual Needs of the Church

By Rev. JAMES MUDGE, D. D.

THAT the church has other needs besides those which are spiritual need not be gainsaid, but their subordination must be firmly maintained.

When other matters—social, financial or intellectual—usurp a place not theirs by right, then degeneration ensues and destruction is not far away. Even Christian fellowship, sweet and precious as it is, must be accounted only a means to the great end of Christian conquest; for the church was organized, it cannot be doubted to bring all men as swiftly as possible to the feet of its divine Master. Spiritual needs, then, should take precedence of all. And among these we may mention three as of peculiarly pressing importance.

First, there is need of a deeper hatred of sin. "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil." We look far too lightly upon that which slew our Saviour. We are too tolerant of what God abhors. We are too ready to make terms with that which ought to call forth undying hostility. A negative, non-committal attitude toward wrong is fearfully prevalent. Much, it is now found, can be said in favor of almost everything which it has been the custom of good people in the past to denounce. The laxity of the age tends to dull the keenness of our judgments and to steal the fire out of our words and the strength out of our strokes when we come to deal with unrighteousness. Unrighteousness is popular and powerful; it is strongly entrenched behind a bulwark of money-bags; it has the press on its side, and it can make things very unpleasant for those who set themselves conspicuously against it. So the arms are apt to weaken and the legs to tremble, and the church stands irresolute, tongue-tied, faltering and paltering.

There is need of a more sensitive conscience about little sins. With reference to a vast number of actions which displease the Saviour, grieve the Holy Spirit, and draw off spiritual strength, multitudes are prone to cry out, "Is it not a little fault? Why be so Puritanical and particular and straight-laced? What harm is there in going here or going there?"

Alas! The harm is plainly seen in the neglected closet, the comparatively empty prayer-meeting, the lack of relish for the Bible and the

indifference to the salvation of friends and neighbors. Surely everything is harmful which dims the fine gold of devotion and brings a cloud over the sky of communion with the unseen. The piety which is not harmed by these things has already fallen so far below the standard of the New Testament as to be unworthy of the name.

A clearer apprehension of the proper relation between the church and the world is another of the spiritual needs of our times. Few, if any, now believe that Christ wishes His disciples to be hermits or recluses, with an austere and sombre type of religion. Nevertheless, He said, "Ye are not of the world even as I am not of the world." And His apostles commanded us, "Be not conformed to this world," and "Love not the world." All of which shows that there is a decided distinction between the world and the church—a distinction however, which seems in no little danger of being entirely wiped out. Is it not very clear that these texts still have pertinency and cannot be altogether whiffed aside as relics of a bygone age? It is abundantly evident, we think, that the church is suffering from conformity to the world.

A clarion call should be sounded for a separated life, a Spirit-filled life, a fully-surrendered and wholly-consecrated life, on the part of all who claim to be followers of Jesus. Then these chosen and chastened warriors can go forth, not after the hermit but the hero fashion; not into the deserts or mountains, but into the midst of the densest populations with a holy mission. Those parted from the world in the trend and aim and object of their lives are the very ones to influence it most powerfully for good as they mingle freely and safely in its scenes. It is only those who dare to lead a lonely life, so far as the prevailing influences around them are concerned, that can most effectively be a purifying principle among those who should be helped and rescued.

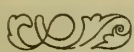
A warmer, keener loyalty to Christ is the

greatest need of our age. Paul said, "I am ready to die for the name of the Lord Jesus," "To me to live is Christ," "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ," "This one thing I do," "The love of Christ constraineth me." John Wesley showed the same intensity of zeal. Some of his mottoes were, "Live to-day," "Up and be doing," "There is another world," "I believe in eternity, I must arise and go," "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another," "The moments fly and must be accounted for." And when he came to die, his language was, "Christ is all. There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus."

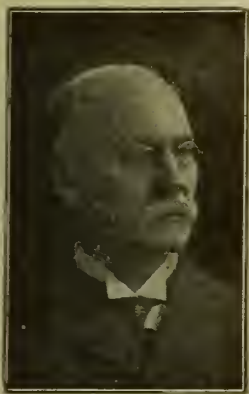
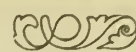
This persistency and whole-hearted enthusiasm which cries out with David, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee," "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times," "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee," ought to be more frequently seen. We may not reach these great ideals, but we could get much nearer them than we do. We are content with a stunted and stunted salvation when marvellous things are provided for us. We are indolent, and we call it humility. We are not ambitious, as the great Apostle declared he was, "ambitious to be well pleasing unto the Lord." We fail to see the close connection between the sanctification of our lives and the salvation of our souls; or, being measurably sure, as we think, of the latter, we pay but little attention to the former.

A new view of Jesus Christ would do wonders for us, leading us to fresh views of allegiance and bring us into closer touch with His plans for the renovation of the earth. We must fall in love with Him over again; we must develop a love that is deeper, higher, broader and warmer than ever before—a love that is dearer than life, stronger than death and more enduring than time. It comes through meditation, consecration and exertion. It is found of those who seek it with all their hearts. And it contains a blessedness beyond words. That church which gains it will prosper in the truest sense, and will be victorious over the world, the flesh and the devil.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. James Mudge was called to his heavenly rest on May 7, 1918. He was a frequent and welcome contributor to our columns, and we deeply regret his departure from this life. This article which proved to be his last contribution to AMERICAN MESSENGER was received but a short time before his decease and carries a very vital and important message.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



DR. DAVID J. BURRELL

HOW LONG WILL OUR COUNTRY LAST?

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City

THE historian Buckle lays down the proposition that nations, like individuals, have their birth, infancy, youth, maturity, old age, decrepitude and inevitable death: in which event, of course, death

ends all.

The ruins of nations along the pathway of the centuries would seem to confirm this view. One after another the great powers have risen, flourished and tottered to their fall.

The nearest approach to national perpetuity was in the case of Israel, the peculiar people, who were "chosen" to keep alive the Messianic hope and pass it along the ages. It was only when that sacred trust was finally and irretrievably broken that "the house of Israel was left unto her desolate."

The wandering Jew has lost none of his ethnic characteristics, but he is a man without a country. The government fell from his shoulders on a memorable day in April, A. D. 30, when the long-looked-for Messiah was led out to Golgotha with the cry, "His blood be upon us and upon our children after us!"

God cannot deal with nations as he does with men, owing to the fact that while a man lives forever, a nation has no existence beyond the boundary of time. Therefore it must be dealt with according to the law of exact retribution here and now.

We are living in a Christian country. Its discoverer called it *San Salvador*, "the land of the Saviour." Its earliest settlers worshipped under the banner of the Cross. The revolutionary fathers on their knees dedicated it to the God who has revealed Himself in His only begotten Son. The framers of its Constitution wove and interwove the Gospel into that historic symbol of peace and freedom. Furthermore on every occasion when the question has been raised before its highest courts they have decided that America is a Christian land. It is for such reasons as these that we consistently join in the anthem:

"Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!"

But how long will God "protect us by His might?" Just so long as we keep trust with Him. As a nation we do not await a reckoning in the remote future; our Judgment Day is every day.

"Therefore thus saith the Lord: As I have made the nations to perish before you, so shall ye perish if ye hearken not unto the voice of the Lord your God." (Deut. 8:20.)

If this means anything, it means that God will stand by us as a nation only so long as we keep covenant with Him in obeying His command-

ments. In the light of this indubitable fact and thus alone are we warranted in claiming for ourselves any tenure of life beyond that of the nations gone before us?

Not long ago we had a day set apart for "humiliation and prayer." Our prayers were fervent, but was there sufficient humiliation to show that we have any adequate apprehension of our national sins?

One of our most obvious sins is *national pride*. "There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes and their eyelids lifted up." No doubt we are a great people; it must be so, since everybody is saying so; but "heavy battalions" did not save the braggart Napoleon, and they will not save us. "Pride goeth before a fall."

Another of our national sins is *pleonexia*. We are rich—"too beastly rich," as Lord Russell said of us—and growing richer every day. A competence does not satisfy us. Our poor men want to be rich and our rich men richer. This yellow jaundice is rotting the American soul. Even while the beacons of patriotism are flaming on the heights, profiteering goes right on. The daughters of the horse-leech lead the waltz. If an avaricious man is shut out of heaven, what hope has a gold-frenzied nation of passing through the needle's eye into the glory of an endless life?

Still another of our besetting sins as a nation is *Sabbath desecration*. When the children of Israel went out of Egypt they were a frightened horde of fugitive slaves; but God took them in hand and transformed them into the most formidable nation on earth. At Sinai He gave them their Constitution and made a covenant with them, saying, "Verily, ye shall keep my Sabbaths; for this is a sign between Me and you, that ye may know that the God doth sanctify you." (Exodus 31:13.)

A thousand years later they were led away into captivity. Why? Listen to Ezekiel: "Thus saith the Lord: I gave them my Sabbaths to be a sign between me and them: but they polluted my Sabbaths, wherefore I poured out my fury upon them."

On repenting they were restored to their own country: but after a brief Indian Summer of prosperity they drifted again into the same sin and as a nation were blotted out.

Is there no lesson here for us? Our disregard of the Fourth Commandment has become a byword against us. We invented the Sunday newspaper, the *Ali Baba* of all the *Forty Thieves*. We have social functions on Sunday in our national capital: there are Sunday saloons, Sunday theatres and Sunday dance halls in our great cities. Our soldiers in camp and on the front are provided with Sunday games and amusement, not infrequently under the sanction and patronage of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. What pious trifling! What hypocritical camouflage! What reckless running on the bosses of the shield of God!

If the Sabbath is the sign of our national covenant with Jehovah it follows obviously that we cannot keep on breaking the Sabbath and praying for victory at the same time. It behooves us either to amend our ways or get off our knees. These things do not mix.

On the 16th of May, 1871, the Column Vendôme in Paris, the memorial of Austerlitz and Marengo, was pulled down by a thoughtless mob. A bystander said that when it toppled and fell he distinctly heard the moan of the frightened city. Woe betide the day when the Sabbath of our fathers should be thus fatuously overturned; for no nation that wilfully breaks its covenant with God has any just claim upon His continued favor.

But the most flagrant of our national sins is *moral cowardice*. All are agreed that a man who believes himself to be a Christian and is afraid to say so is a coward; but what shall be said of a nation that is Christian in its origin, history, principles and institutions, and so pronounced to be by the unvarying decisions of its highest courts, whose official representatives are nevertheless afraid or ashamed to intimate that such is the fact?

The Thanksgiving proclamations and other manifestos of our Chief Executive and of the governors of our several states are usually characterized by an apparently studious avoidance of the name of Jesus Christ. To read such documents one would suppose that America's God has no more to do with the New Testament than the Kaiser's "good old German god." How shall this be accounted for? Far be it from me to intimate that our public functionaries are afraid of the Jewish and other non-Christian vote. The fact is mentioned simply to emphasize the proposition that, if favors are to be asked of the Christian's God it is high time that He were officially recognized as the Lord our God. A little more American courage and much less of German philosophy in our theology and ethics would set well on our prayers for victory and our general confidence in Heaven in these trying days.

If we care for an assurance that our nation will not sometime join the long procession of other principalities and powers that have marched lockstep into oblivion it behooves us to get right and keep right with God.

This is not pessimism but Christian common sense. The saving factor in our American life is the salt of Christianity: and it is for individual Christians to maintain the savor of that salt. This is a matter, therefore, of individual responsibility. "If every one would look to his own reformation how easy it would be to reform the nation." In other words it is for you and me to keep our skirts clear of the sins that jeopardize our national life and welfare. Whatever others may do, it is for us as followers of Christ to refrain from boastful pride, money-madness, Sabbath desecration, moral

paltroonery and other sins that, when popularized, are sure to alienate any nation from the favor of God.

Let us keep on praying for victory on the firing line; but the victory we want is one that will exalt the glory of God above "Old Glory" in our American life. Ours must be that larger patriotism which contemplates the Parliament of man. If we are to justify ourselves for participation in this world's war it must be because America, as a Christian nation, has a mission for the world. "Liberty Enlightening the World" is not enough. For the torch in her hand substitute a cross, and you have it. So ends the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
For God is marching on."

It is with this purpose in view that we shall merit the divine favor, have reason to call for victory on the embattled field and enter upon a warrantable assurance of the perpetuity of our national life.

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Loyalty to the Lord of the Sabbath

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

What does the Christian Sabbath mean to me, a professed follower of the Author and Finisher of the Christian faith? Shall I look upon the day as one that should be made to stand out among the days of the week as one for distinctively spiritual thought and activity, or shall it be to me about as other days, to be given over, if I so choose, to many of the ordinary occupations, under the pressure of a conviction that all days may be "holy days," and that all worthy employment is "holy," and so fitted to any day? Or, if I yield—and, apparently, yield I must—to the tyranny of toil on six days of the week, is it not just to myself that I take the one day which general custom has decreed shall be a time of lessened activity along the restricted way of the common task, and take to the broad avenues of recreation? I am a slave six days in the week—may I not be a man of freedom on the one other day?

But, hold! Am I steering this query craft of mine by the stars or by some false light that may have come flickering before me as I sail the sea of life? This is the *Christian Sabbath*. The Lord Christ is lord of all that bears His name—there can be no other to dictate the laws of His realm. What would He have me to do on His Sabbath day? Where would *He* have me go? This message has just reached me from some unknown source:

"When we in our wickedness grow hard,
The wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;
Make us adore our errors; laugh at us,
While we strut to our confusion."

Am I in danger of becoming a victim of these "wise gods," these usurpers, who have no right to any claim as lords of the Christian Sabbath? This is "the *Lord's* day." The day of what lord? I must not forget that this is the supreme query when I list my questions concerning the proper observance of the Sabbath.

"The most fatal symptoms of national depravity are the absence of a healthy public opinion, indifference to character in politics, neglect of moral education as a means of developing character, and the stifling of the spirit of brotherhood in a desperate struggle for existence. When God is thus forgotten and the gracious influences of His Spirit are no longer recognized in public and private life, a country may well be degraded into the ranks of the wicked nations."

Dare I face that and *not* breathe some such prayer as this?—

"Help me, O God, to take my stand as a patriot, a lover of my country, by spending this day in a manner that becometh one who is committed to the mind and spirit of thy Son, Jesus Christ, the Lord of the Christian Sabbath."

THE SAFE PLACE IN LIFE

By Rev. I. Mench Chambers, D.D.

THE personal longing of the human heart through the ages has been for a place of safety. In these troubled days thousands are wandering through a maze of experiment, while others are taking their burdens through earnest prayer up to God, in the hope of grasping a sense of security. Mankind lost his conviction of security in Eden. A racial wandering ensued. God in his mercy came to man in the person of Jesus Christ to help him find rest. What was lost in Eden was given back to the world on Calvary.

Trust in God is the only rock of the soul. Do we really know what it is to trust? To lean and wait and risk all in His hands? These times demand that we learn this lesson. To trust all—everything absolutely is a hard lesson. The abundance of life and its easy measure of outward blessing have pushed back from many the experience of trusting God for our "daily bread." It is a great thing to be satisfied in calmness of spirit to abide God's issue concerning us.

To trust God is the long hard lesson of life. Many have been trusting Him in isolated experiences, and are lost to repose in the deeper and more trying hours of life. You may think you trust Him, but have you ever sat down calmly and thought out whether you could trust Him anywhere, and under all the exigencies of life? Now comes into human experience an hour which reveals to our surprise the littleness of faith.

Trust is safety. In clouds or sunshine to know the full wealth of His sustaining grace and love is a great heritage. To feel when the shadows fall that even there His eternal all infinite care is yours—this is peace.

To the real Christian life's bitter experiences are the fires which burn out the dross. Here is wrought of God the deep refining of our spiritual natures. Here we learn faith and composure and receive peace, which is the dearest gift of God. The soul thus finds its exodus out of all distress into a deeper and more blessed fellowship with Jesus. In Him we learn to know our safety. Here we learn the spirit which is even deeper than the words of the hymn:

"Anywhere with Jesus
I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me
In this world below."

I have been thinking a great deal of a scene described in the blessed book. It is the Garden of Gethsemane. We perhaps think we know something about that garden. We read of it. We have looked at our Lord as He suffered there. We have read with a sympathetic sorrow of His bitter cup and how He drank it. But we never entered nor expected to enter that garden ourselves.

Yet Gethsemane is a garden we must each enter sometime. Trust in God's help keeps us safe even there. The day will come when Jesus will appear and say to you, "Come with Me." He will take you through Gethsemane's gate. There will be loneliness, the cup and prayer. There will be His sustaining grace. There will be angel help, and out of it all submission and the gift of a deeper peace. Calvary will lie ahead of you as you take your exit from the garden, it will be the place where you will be crucified with Christ, where at last you shall have learned to lay all down for Christ."

Along this road each pilgrim of God must pass. How can we do it? Where can we

find strength for the journey? Listen, God is near. He has said, "As thy day thy strength shall be," "My grace will be sufficient for thee." "I will never leave nor forsake thee." In thousands of lives this fact is recorded each day, and God will not forget you in the testing hour. Safety is the knowledge of His presence, in all the redeeming processes of the soul.

Thus we shall come up through the daily discipline of our souls into the clear and unchanging conviction of His infinite love which holds us fast. Along whatever road you must take these words of God may be read on each mile-post,—"Whoso putteth his trust in God is safe." Let us master and keep this trust. In this sense of safety let us abide, until Jesus shall again return and gather us into the raptures of His presence.

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Unseeing Eyes

BY G. W. TUTTLE

In beautiful thought and language a poet friend of mine tells of meeting a woman amid the most beautiful scenery and attractive surroundings of nature, who complained because "there was nothing at all to see."

Then he paints a word picture of nature's charms which were wooing him every foot of the way; the mountain peaks, and trees, and streams, which made an ever-changing vision of enchantment; the birds which he noted by the wayside, their habits, and plumage, and charming songs. The woodland attractions seemed to him to vie with each other as if they would say; "Just take a look at me first." Still this woman with unseeing eyes, said that there was "nothing at all to see."

How many unseeing eyes there are in the world. Many reasons combine to make people blind. With some men dollars are like the blinders on the bridle of a horse, they have been held so near the eyes that they have shut out from view both the wonderful beauties of nature and the goodness hid in the hearts of men. They look at a beautiful picture but see only a daub of paint. They fail to see or to understand God, because their vision fails to reach beyond the warped shingles on the barn.

The lure of pleasure blinds many eyes to the pain, and sorrow, and need about them. What an illusion and delusion is pleasure; how empty, vain, and unsatisfying the life that vainly and blindly pursues, but never quite overtakes, pleasure.

Then the cares and responsibilities of life multiply; we are so busy, so much is expected of us, the days are so short, and in our haste and in our own need we forget to look out and see the need of a neighbor. We look in, but not out; down, but not up—no wonder there is but little for 'us to see; no wonder that blinded mortals say despairingly: "There is nothing at all to see."

Alas for the blind eyes that cannot see the virtues in the lives about them. Life loses its zest and charm when we become blind and unresponsive to the lives about us; when the fragrance of a good life has no power to charm us; when a neighbor's joy awakens no responsive echo, and his sorrow touches no sympathetic chord, in our hearts.

We need to say; "O Lord, help us to go about with open eyes and responsive hearts, for then will life be rich and luminous and we shall tread the service paths with Thee."



C. REXFORD RAYMOND, D.D.

The Printed Page As A Messenger of the Gospel

A Sermon in Commemoration of the Ninety-third
Anniversary of the American Tract Society

BY

REV. C. REXFORD RAYMOND, D.D.

Preached in the South Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TEXT

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." Isaiah 52:7.



THE very charm of our text and the beauty of its words, may blind us to the thought. These words sound very religious; and they are. They have been applied to the preaching of the Gospel in Churches, and they may be. But they did not mean that at all to the mind of the prophetic writer.

He was speaking to the children of Israel when they were in exile and enduring hardship. He referred to the courier who carried the news of the battle. The Israelites could not send messages to Jerusalem by wire. They could not depend for their despatch bearers on the "wireless" with its swift wings of the lightning. They depended upon the swift courier who could come over the hills of Zion with his message.

What is meant by these words may be illustrated by my own experience in having messages come to me in the mountains of Kentucky. The people in that region even now get the story of the battles of Europe by having someone come over the mountains and tell them how the battle goes. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

If a man should come into the South Church this very morning saying that the Central Powers have been defeated and the Lord God reigneth, how beautiful such a man would appear to us! His face would shine as the glory of the sun.

The prophet, referring to that well known experience of his people, applies it with prophetic insight to their condition in trouble and distress. What the prophet did, we must do. We must be heralds of God. The prophet looked into the future and said, "The Lord reigneth." It is the Christian's business to be witness that God reigns. We say that in so many words when we say that it is our business to preach the Gospel.

The Gospel is the Good News—the good tidings for a world where the forces of righteousness seem to be overwhelmed by the forces of evil. The good news is that God reigneth. So we are messengers. We are heralds of the evangel to carry the Gospel. We are witnesses. It is the business of the Church of Christ to know and witness the truth foreseen by the prophet that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. In spite of the murder of Belgian babies, in spite of the ravages of Armenia, in spite of all this, it is the business of the Christian world to preach the good news that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth and that He will save us from overwhelming defeat.

And so my message at this morning service is good news for the times or tracts for the times. How shall we publish the Gospel?

There are many ways. There are some set apart by Divine order to preach. Some will preach in pulpits as pastors of churches. Some such men have never been ordained. Any man who has the gift of speech, who is the master of assemblies in such an hour as this, if not in a church, then upon a soap box, should preach God's righteousness.

Let us also realize the power of Christian conversation to be exerted by every Christian man and woman. As we go about our business we have the opportunity to radiate a confident faith in God. We must never admit in our conversation that we have a fear that righteousness may be defeated. There is poured out on every side pessimism and we are to be heralds of faith. "For every idle word that a man shall speak he shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." Concerning the power of God to bring about the power of righteousness, you are either wielding a propaganda for righteousness or a propaganda for evil. A man who goes about on the street today with pessimistic utterances is a traitor to his country and his God. We are to be preachers of righteousness at the breakfast table, at the dinner table, in the office, on the street, declaring always that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

There is another thing that we can do. Some of us cannot talk, but we can all help to publish the Gospel. We can help publish the Gospel by the use of the printed page. What is the message that we should radiate from pulpit, forum and office, in our schools and in our letters? The letters that we send out contribute greatly to the morale of our times. One general quality which should be in evidence is our faith that a good God reigns. That means two things. It means, first, that we believe in the goodness of God. People are questioning the goodness of God. They say, "How can there be a good God when we think of the outrages upon the Belgians and the butchery of the Armenians?" The whole message of the cross of Christ can be expressed in the faith of Jesus in His filial consciousness concerning God. We are Christians because we believe in a good God. In the second place, it means that we believe in a good God who reigns. Note the growing spirit of faith in a man like Mr. H. G. Wells. Before the war his writings bore scarcely a reference to God. Now he has come to believe in a good God. One more step may lead him to believe in a God who reigns. Then he may indeed make his writings tracts for our times, to carry comfort and assurance of faith, and to fortify the morale of all English speaking races. We need to say that God is good. We need also to say that a good God reigns.

Furthermore, the tracts of the times must point in the new direction in which God is leading us. When we discover the way in which God is leading us we are led to make new ventures of faith, and can believe that God speaks to us. If he spoke to Moses and to Abraham, He can speak to us. We need tracts which shall direct the thought of the

world to the way in which God is leading the race. It will be a new world when after the war the representatives of all nations sit around the green table and write the covenant of a new civilization. God then will not let us go back to the world of yesterday. With tears of repentance the world will wash away some of the horrors and abuses of an outworn world.

It is the duty of the prophet of the times to prepare for that coming council of the nations. In the shadow God is leading us into a new internationalism, and into a new industrialism. The men in khaki will not come back to any nation, Russia, Germany or America, without exerting a determining share in establishing a true democracy which shall establish not only a freedom of worship but a freedom of politics, of business and of the social order. The prophet who sends out the tracts which are timely must take note of the new obligations of brotherhood and assert the place of the Sermon on the Mount in the business world of today.

After our heroes in service have fought shoulder to shoulder, side by side, with all the races of men for the common ideals of mankind, they will come back to the plow, to the store and to business with a clearer sense of what it means to be brethren. We shall see more clearly than that we are the children of one Father. There is going to be a new attitude of the new world concerning social things which have sapped the morale and poisoned the nation at the center. The coming abolition of the liquor traffic is only a symbol and a sign concerning our new attitude toward decency, morality and virtue.

We must speak aloud in words that shall be followed by deeds to rid the race of the ancient evils under which the race has struggled. I have heard people say that there is no use in proceeding to abolish the liquor traffic, because people have always been drunkards. Others denounce laws against flagrant immorality, because people have always been vicious. But the men in khaki will come back from the battle to give us strength in the fight against these real enemies of the human race.

There is one more thing of which I wish to speak. Our men will come back with a new revelation of Christian unity. Christians henceforth must emphasize unity of effort. The Christian service of the war teaches us this.

The American Tract Society is fitted to help to send forth this glad news of the Gospel. It is world-wide in its activities. It is national in its scope. It is alert to see new opportunities in the hour when this new world begins to dawn upon our vision. One million copies of good literature have been sent to the boys in the trenches and on the seas. I thank God that there was an organization ready to send the timely news.

We are living in one of those great eras of history in the destiny of untold centuries. It is our opportunity to pull an oar in the boat. We must not fail to pull with all our power to maintain the morale of the nation. Do we

believe in God, in a good God, in a God who reigns? Then let us send our faith to the uttermost parts of the world. Fortify every bit of propaganda which makes for faith, which makes for the strength of the nation. God, that God who looked upon a race of martyrs in Armenia, is a God who will use us as instruments to make a world in which these things shall henceforth be forever impossible. And so we are to join our voices and our songs with the chorus of the messengers who go from hill top to hill top publishing the good news of the Gospel, that the Lord God the Father omnipotent reigneth. Let us thank Him that we can put our hands into the hands of others and co-operate in the world-wide mission of the Gospel.



In the Waving Corn

BY L. D. STEARNS.

I've been trying to read the newspaper, but the twittering of the birds, the little love note sounding so clear and sweet that one can almost hear the words, "I love you! love you! love you!" and the flung back answer, quick and clear, from another tree, "Love! Love! yes, sweet, I love you!"—the soft, faint rustle of the leaves, the graceful swaying of the bough overhead, the busy insects hurrying to and fro, intent upon their work, or perhaps pleasure, all call me loudly—insistently—until I put my paper by and wander along with them in their world, listening to the message they bring to heart, and soul, and life.

My heart reaches out with a sudden love this morning to the wide, open sweep of the country—its green fields—its clear, broad stretches of earth and sky. I'm living again those hours when, as a child, I would hide between the tall, straight, waving rows of corn, that seemed to my childish fancy the entrance to a different world from mine, alive with its thousand different voices, as it rustled and swayed and whispered so mysteriously.

I'd pull the green leaves from the corn and lay the silken floss close to my hot cheeks as I sat and dreamed, there in the old corn-field, of other worlds and other lives than my own, and in a strange child-fashion I wondered if some day I would wake and find that school, and home, and church—all the daily, commonplace life I was living—was just a dream, the same as when I woke mornings from other dreams that, while they lasted, had seemed as real as any of my days there in the waving corn. Then I'd go a step further and wonder what, in that case, I would find the other life was like—that life which was no dream.

Ah, those days of mystic wonder—of half-frightened reaching out to the life ahead—of wholly passionate love for the life that was! eager, dreaming, questioning—those days in the waving corn!

But that is far away—childhood, and the country life of dreams, with the lure of the corn, the birds, the fresh, sweet, clinging touch of new turned earth. Now, I have grown to love the city, too—its never-ceasing hum of life and work; the clang, clang of the passing cars; the honk of the automobiles as they go whizzing past with their human freight; the tap, tap of ever-sounding feet, now slow and faltering, now springing and glad, now quick, decided, strong; the thud of the heavy work horses and the prance and toss of the sleek, long-limbed steed as he passes gaily along.

I love the busy life that fills my days with work. I love the mornings, clear and beautiful, seeming almost like a benediction straight from God, before the world begins its day of toil. I love the evening, with its well-earned time for study, reading, companionship.

Ah, friend, the story of life is, after all, simply *Life!* What is the difference whether it speak through the rustle of the corn, the hoeing of the garden, the quiet of field and stream,

or the busy, ceaseless hum of activity and life? The difference, I am thinking, lies all in us. Whether we are here, or there, we will catch an echo of the glory and the greatness if we but pause and listen, until slowly—surely—the full, true comprehension dawns upon us at last and we awaken from our dream to a reality that is wonderful and vast and true—the reality of life as God sees it; for the tale, down at the very heart of things, is always the same—a tale of wonder, and beauty, and love.



Sense, Sand and Sanctity

BY JAMES ELMER RUSSELL.

"There will be thousands of positions open," writes some one of work in the Army Y. M. C. A., "for men of sense and sand and some sanctity."

Sense, sand, and sanctity! Are they not just the three characteristics which all young men need whatever their life work or their form of service may be? The time has gone by when mere piety could be thought sufficient, if such a time ever existed. The young man of the right sort to-day knows how to use his brains. He has sense, he has sand, and will see the thing through which he undertakes; and most fundamental of all, he has sanctity—that is his life is clean, he is a Sir Galahad, a disciple of Him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Sense does not mean book knowledge. It means the power to use the mind to reach right and practical conclusions. Sense is common sense heightened by all of life's experiences. He who knows how to use aright whatever he has learned either from books or without books has sense. Sense is really what the writer of the Book of Proverbs has in mind when he so often commends wisdom, and he truly says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." In other words he who ignores God or forgets Him is really lacking in sense.

Sand in character means staying quality. A man of sand is gritty and determined. Like the bull dog he never lets go when once he gets a grip. Sand is, however, not mainly a matter of muscle, although it may sometimes show itself in great physical strength and endurance; rather is sand a matter of the will. He who has an unshaken and an unshakeable purpose is the man of sand. Sense shows the way and sand keeps a man jogging along, though weariness has come and rest would be sweet.

He who has real sense will have sanctity. At the very lowest estimate an unclean life is an illustration of a lack of good sense which has become foolishness. There is nothing effeminate in real sanctity. Sanctity requires virility and sand. A weakling lives without God, and goes the way of the dissolute, while only he who is strong may climb to the heights where stand the comrades of the Christ.

Who then is a real Christian? He is a man of whom these three things are splendidly true. He is a man of sense, sand and sanctity.



How to Win Friends

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

The Bible is a wonderful book of Friendship. In its story of David and Jonathan there is depicted a model friendship, than which no other is more famous. The same book has presented to us other winsome men, who were ideal friends. Nowhere, in the pages of history or literature, is a more winsome man than Joseph to be found. The way in which he went about doing kindly deeds and making friends all through life, is a charming study in one of the great arts of living. John, the beloved disciple, is another winsome man, filled with the spirit of love. And the Psalmist says of the Son of Man himself, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Besides these wonderful illustrations of

friendship, the Bible contains two recipes for friendship, which are unsurpassed. The first is this:—*The man who has friends must show himself friendly.* It costs something to show one's self friendly. It means oftentimes preferring another's pleasure to our own. It involves the sacrifice of our plans and our comfort, for the sake of others. It means giving to others, sharing with others, and doing for others. If one would widely extend his friendships, then all these favors must be like bread cast upon the waters—bestowed freely and oftentimes with little prospect of return. The habit of mind and life must become generous and almost lavish, like the sunshine.

The other Biblical recipe for making friends is this:—*Love thinketh no evil.* One who would make friends must believe in others. He must impute to them worthy motives. He must give more consideration to their virtues than to their faults. Moreover, he must assume that their attitude towards himself is friendly.

"You have no right," said a minister long ago, "to presume that another's thoughts toward you are less kindly than your thoughts toward him. You have no right to think him less friendly than you are yourself." To at least one sensitive, shrinking hearer the suggestion came as a revelation of the human love which surrounded her on all sides. It brightened life for her and permanently enlarged her sense of wealth in friendships.

Anyone who goes among people showing a friendly spirit and anticipating kindness from others, will gather throughout life a great harvest of friendships.



Reaction to Duty

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH. D.

Action and reaction appear to represent the great law of the world, both physical and moral. By "reaction"—a familiar word at the present time—is meant a reverse or return action, a tendency toward a former state of things, after a diversion of mental interest, or perhaps an interruption due to violent external causes.

Much of the life we actually live is subject to these alternations between opposite poles of thought or feeling. It ought to be the case however that the main movement of our career will be in the distinct line of duty, which means unfolding in loyalty to the mind of Christ. Distractions may come, but the return should be instinctively (like the recoil of a spring that is bent and then let go), to the particular kind of work for which we are gifted, and to which we are called.

After Charles Wesley had suffered a rather serious accident he recorded his personal experience in this terse and significant way: "Gave up writing hymns—until next day." The quiet heroism implied in that simple remark is evident to all. That was Charles Wesley's reaction to duty—for he found his own chief mission in singing the Gosepl, while his brother John preached it. Many another preacher, or Christian worker, has exhibited a similar habitual devotion to his duty. No doubt there were many periods in the experience of David Livingstone when he could do nothing but burn with fever, or rest under the shade of a tree—until next day.

When night falls most of us are very weary with the labors of the waking hours; in such case no more can be expected of tense nerves, or strained back, or tired brain—until next day. Our work below must be done largely in these shifts or watches, now on and again off, but, if we have the true spiritual mettle we will never be found far away from our duty, will continue in love with our job, and, by action and reaction, will win our way finally to the highest and truest success.

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

The Needs of India

The needs of India are manifold. The people of India need medical, industrial, educational and spiritual aid. The aim of the missionary force in India is to minister to all these various needs, and thereby nurture a full-orbed Christian civilization.

An illustration of what is being done along medical lines is afforded in the picture before us, which shows the splendid hospital for women and children established and maintained by the American Baptist Telugu Mission at Nellore, India. This hospital ministers to the needs of a large number of native Indian people, and the help which the sick women and children receive here prepares their hearts for the reception of the Gospel message.

This Mission at Nellore is one of the many foreign mission stations that have been aided in the past by cash appropriations from the American Tract Society which have been used in the production and circulation of Christian literature in the vernacular.

Another organization which has been similarly aided is the Madras Branch of the Christian Literature Society for India, whose Secretary, Rev. J. Passmore, has recently sent this communication to the American Tract Society:

"The present state of missionary work in this country, and the great need and opportunity for work in literature that face us, constrain me to put before you a statement of the situation in the hope that it may increase your interest in the matter, enlist your prayers on our behalf and bring to us something more in the way of money which is necessary if the need is to be met. Our urgent needs lie along the following three lines:

"1. Literature for aggressive evangelism, such as handbills and tracts in various vernaculars. Of these we issue some 70,000 to 80,000 a month in Madras in two languages; and there are at least another dozen languages in India in which almost an equal number is required. These are issued almost gratuitously. We charge only one Rupee per thousand for them, which is not much more than the cost of distribution whether by post or otherwise.

"2. A very pressing need is literature for helping in the teaching of Scripture in Day and Sunday-Schools. During the last year we issued a syllabus of graded Bible lessons. In this we have made an attempt to provide Scripture lessons for eleven years of school life. It has been very well received and will, I think, be extensively used in schools throughout India. But this is only in English and it is only the syllabus. For this syllabus teachers' and pupils' books have to be issued for at least eight school courses and then translated into about twelve or fifteen different Indian languages. Moreover, to make these lessons effective for the lower classes it is important that we should be able to issue pictures illustrating the lessons. We had thought of trying to issue three-colored pictures but have contented ourselves with a single color. We also need helps for Sunday-School teachers in the various vernaculars and notes on Sunday-School lessons which should be published annually.

"3. A large amount of literature is needed in the various languages for the training of men for the work of ministry and for work as evangelists. Among the books required are the following:

"*A Bible Dictionary*. This has been done in Tamil and now requires, or will require in the course of a few months, reprinting. It still remains to be done in many other languages more especially in Telugu, Kanarese, Malayalam, Hindi, Gujerati, Marathi, Bengali, Sinhalese and Urdu.

"*Commentaries on the New Testament*. As far as I am aware there is no single language in India in which commentaries



THE TELUGU MISSION HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT NELLORE, INDIA

on the whole of the books of the New Testament are obtainable. In Tamil we have less than half of the books of the New Testament; in Telugu less than in Tamil, and the same applies to Malayalam and Kanarese and mutatis mutandis to all the languages in India.

"*A Handbook of Introduction to the Old Testament*.

"*A Text-Book of Old Testament History*.

"*A Text-Book of New Testament History*.

"This is the program I have before me for the next few years, the carrying out of which is absolutely essential to the efficiency of evangelistic and scripture teaching work all over the country.

"I am sure I shall be justified in stating that unless this literature is forthcoming the work of evangelism, the teaching of Scripture to the children in our Day and Sunday-Schools, and the training of workers for evangelists, teachers and preachers must be seriously handicapped. We have been struggling for years to try in some small measure to overtake the demand, but the growth of the Indian Church, into which thousands and tens of thousands are being gathered annually, is so rapid and the increase of missionary effort, and especially missionary effort that requires literature for its assistance and support, is so vast that it is impossible to overtake the demand in any degree whatsoever. So much for the need.

"What shall I say of the opportunity? There can be no question that it is growing daily. On the one hand there is a great increase in the number of those who are receiving education, especially in English, and who thereby are being prepared for the Gospel. The education that is being given them whether it be in missionary institutions or non-missionary institutions is acting as a solvent of their religious belief, and in this way a great and effectual door is being continually thrown more widely open for the Gospel. On the other hand great movements are taking place among the masses of India. From among the fifty and sixty millions of out-castes thousands and tens of thousands are actually coming into the Church year by year. In the Telugu country a great movement of this kind is taking place; and unless those who are thus brought in are given some measure of instruction, which it is impossible to give without the necessary literature, nothing can be hoped for but a weak and inefficient church in the future.

"I have known India for many years. For the last nine years I have constantly travelled all over it, from north to south

and from east to west, and never in my judgment has there been such an opportunity for the spread of the Gospel and especially for the use of such literature as we desire to publish in the vernaculars as there is at present. The political situation gives great poignancy to this opportunity. For I believe that unless the possibilities which now present themselves to us are taken advantage of; there is a great danger lest political movements, political prejudices and influences related to them, should draw the population of India away from the approach it is making to the Gospel of the Risen Christ. We want a flood of literature which will present the Christ to the peoples of this country and which will maintain that presentation when the preacher has turned his back and his voice is silent. If, therefore, you can do anything whatsoever, great or small, towards helping us to meet the demand that is being made upon us we shall be profoundly grateful, and in doing this I am confident that you will be serving the kingdom of God very abundantly."

The First Sunday-School Secretarial Conference of the Orient

The World's Sunday-School Association has a group of field secretaries in the Philippines, China, Korea and Japan. Rev. J. L. McLaughlin has been the Sunday-School Secretary in the Philippines for the past five years. Half of his time has been devoted to the work of the American Bible Society. He has just been called home by the Bible Society and while en-route he was able to hold important conferences with the Sunday-School secretaries of China and Japan. Rev. E. G. Tewksbury, of Shanghai, is in charge of that work in China and directs the work of the China Sunday-School Union. Mr. H. E. Coleman is now the full-time educational secretary for Japan. Until recently he divided his time with the Foreign Mission Board of the Friends Mission. These men, together with Rev. Harutoshi Kawasumi, National Sunday-School Secretary for Japan; Rev. C. T. Collyer, Secretary for Korea, and Rev. N. Tamura, Sunday-School author and specialist, of Japan, held a ten days' conference in Shanghai for the study of national Sunday-School problems. Some of the vital topics considered were Organization, Promotion, Literature, Standards, Evangelism, Special Days, Teacher-training, Home Welfare, the Sabbath and Temperance.

Another major subject was that of the next Convention of the World's Sunday-School Association which will be held in Toyko, Japan, soon after the war is over. In addition to the general and in-

spirational meetings where all the delegates will be present there will be many sectional conferences for groups of Koreans, Chinese and Japanese, where specialists from abroad will have an opportunity to give definite instruction along the lines of modern methods. Some meetings will be held in the well-equipped Y. M. C. A. building. This will be the location for the stereopticon and moving-picture demonstrations as well as for many group meetings. For the general gathering of delegates it is proposed to erect a temporary building, possibly along the lines of some of the large evangelistic tabernacles that are now being used in America.

The Sunday-School secretaries in the Orient are not lessening their great work while waiting for the World's Convention, but are projecting numerous summer schools and institutes for the training of native leadership. While Messrs. Coleman, Kawasumi and Tamura of Japan were in China they held several meetings for the Japanese in Shanghai. Then Mr. Coleman went to Nanking and Tsingtau to hold similar meetings with the Japanese Christians in those cities. Thence he passed through Peking and joined Mr. Kawasumi and Mr. Tamura in Manchuria, after which they spent two weeks touring Korea in the interest of Sunday-School work among both Japanese and Koreans. Their Sunday-School tour has just closed with an Institute at Kyushu, Fukuoka, Japan.

Among the Copts

The Ibis, a houseboat used by the American Presbyterian Mission on the Nile for over half a century, is now cruising the Sea of Joseph, an ancient waterway which was once an affluent of the river of Egypt. The missionaries have been received everywhere with kindness both by Copts and Moslems and have been surprised to find so many Coptic churches and monasteries in the region. The priests have received the visitors courteously and have cooperated in the meetings. Thousands of tracts from the *Nile Mission Press* have been distributed. Among the places visited was the ancient city of Oxyrhynchus where "The Lost Sayings of Jesus" and other manuscripts were discovered a few years since.

The Coptic churches have long been in a condition of *coma* and it is therefore all the more gratifying to notice signs of awakening. Mr. Trowbridge who is doing relief work among Armenian refugees reports a contribution of \$32.50 from the Orthodox Copts of the village of Ghanaïm, incited thereto by the generosity of Copts in another village nearby. The village of Aghama made a joint offering combining the gifts of the Orthodox and Evangelical churches,—a quite unprecedented thing. The letter accompanying the gift prays for the peace and presence of the Lord Jesus in the coming year for the Evangelical believers. This is remarkable in view of the fact that for a generation past the Orthodox Copts have felt an intense bitterness for Protestant believers.

Conserving Food in the Congo

The food supply in the Belgian Congo was the subject of a recent conference between Mr. E. de Cartier de Marchienne, the minister from Belgium, and Bishop Walter R. Lambuth, chairman of the war work commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Missionaries of this denomination in African mission fields have been asked to plant and to encourage planting of corn and other foodstuffs, so that the Congo may contribute its share to the world's supply of food. A plan was formulated at this conference whereby the efforts of all missionaries in the Congo will be coordinated.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

AUGUST 4.

All for Christ: II. Our Ambitions
Philippians 3:4-11.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., July 29. Effort to rise. Luke 13:23-30.
T., July 30. To win the prize. 1 Cor. 9:24-27.
W., July 31. Wrong ambitions. Matt. 20:20-28.
T., Aug. 1. Ambitious to serve. Isa. 6:1-8.
F., Aug. 2. Ambitious to build. 2 Sam. 7:1-17.
S., Aug. 3. Ambitious to know God. Ps. 27:1-14.

This is the second in the series of topics under the general title, "All for Christ." A month ago we considered the subject of consecrating all our abilities to Christ. Now we are to think of centering all our ambitions in Christ.

When we consult the dictionary as to the meaning of the word ambition, we find that it is used in two widely different senses. For one thing it signifies an inordinate desire to gain power or distinction, as by obtaining office, military fame, literary eminence or wealth. On the other hand, it means an eager desire or steadfast purpose to achieve something commendable as, for example, the improvement of one's character or abilities.

Napoleon furnishes us with a shining illustration of the wrong kind of ambition and we see in the Kaiser of Germany another living example of this same kind of unworthy ambition.

In every true Christian, who is striving to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour we may see an illustration of the right kind of ambition.

The Question of Motive

We may readily determine whether a given ambition is right or wrong by considering the question of motive. Napoleon's ambition was a curse to the world because he sought power simply for selfish ends. But one who seeks power and influence, in order that he may use that power and influence for the glory of God and the uplift of humanity is cherishing a worthy and commendable ambition.

It is important that the motive which governs our actions be pure and sincere. We must not deceive ourselves by thinking that we are seeking the good of others when a closer inspection of our innermost hearts would disclose the fact that we are really striving to better ourselves.

Paul's Ambition

In his Epistle to the Philippians Paul tells us what was his supreme ambition. He says, "What things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse that I may gain Christ, and be found in Him."

Paul's whole career as an apostle of Christ shows us how faithfully he strove to fulfill this purpose, and how his highest ambition was to be united with Christ in service for humanity.

The Christian's Ambition

Paul's ambition is a worthy one for every Christian to adopt. We should be so united with Christ that we may be said to live in Him. If we live in Christ, we shall follow in His steps. We shall do the things that are well-pleasing in His sight, and we shall give ourselves freely and lovingly in service for others as He gave Himself for the redemption of the world.

The true reward of the Christian's ambition is found in the commendation of the Master Himself, "Well done, good and faithful servant." It is found in the joy of service and in the benediction which comes from the consciousness that we have lived not for self, but for Christ, not for the exploitation of others but for their uplift.

AUGUST 11.

Lessons in Nature's School
Prov. 6:6-8; John 12:24, 25.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Aug. 5. The ploughman. Luke 9:57-62.
T., Aug. 6. The vineyard. Isa. 5:1-7.
W., Aug. 7. The stars. Ps. 19:1-14.
T., Aug. 8. Farmers' troubles. Matt. 13:24-30.
F., Aug. 9. The serpent's cunning. Matt. 10:16-20.
S., Aug. 10. The dead fly. Eccl. 10:1-3.

This topic has doubtless been selected for use at this time in view of the fact that August is the favorite month for vacation purposes. Many Endeavorers are spending this month in the mountains, by the seashore, or in some rural retreat. They are coming close to the heart of nature, and now is their opportunity to learn some delightful lessons in Nature's school.

The Daily Bible Readings suggest a few of the lessons which we may learn from the world of nature, and we may multiply these almost indefinitely from the pages of the Bible, for many of the writers of the Scriptures lived in closest contact with the heart of nature.

The sayings of Jesus Himself abound in references to the world of nature. He spoke of the lilies of the field, and from them he drew the ever-needed lesson of trust in God for the necessities of life. He pointed to the birds of the heaven and from them drew the lesson of God's provision for our daily food. He referred to the sparrows, and from them He drew the lesson of God's protecting care for all His children.

Many of the parables of Jesus are founded on facts in the world of nature. The parable of the barren fig tree taught the danger that lay in the unbelief of the Jewish Church. The parable of the Sower taught the various effects that result from the preaching of religious truth. The parable of the grain of mustard seed emphasized the small beginning and the future growth of Christ's Kingdom. The parable of the Vine and its Branches taught the lesson of Christ's care over the Church, and of the necessity for each Christian to abide in Him who is the true Vine.

These are but a few of the many illustrations that might be given of how Christ drew on the world of nature for facts with which to press home deep spiritual truths.

What Nature Teaches Us

There are some great truths which even a brief sojourn in the country may reveal to us, as we study the world of nature.

One thought that is impressed upon us is that of repose. If we go to the mountains, we look up day after day, and there they stand before us, unchanged in their grandeur and suggesting to our minds a perpetuity which is expressed in the familiar saying, "as eternal as the hills."

If we go to the seashore, we are impressed by the mighty power of the ocean. And then there comes to our minds the word of the prophet Isaiah, who reminds us that it is God alone "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

One of the choicest lessons that we may learn from the world of nature is that of a love for the beautiful. The more closely we study God's handiwork the more we are impressed with its beauty. The flowers of the field, the plumage of the birds, the trees of the forest, all these are a revelation of beauty. And even when we use a microscope and look into the more minute creations of the world of nature we find there still most entrancing forms of beauty.

AUGUST 18.

Using Our Pens for Christ
Luke 1:1-4; III John 1-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Aug. 12. A prophet's pen. 1 Chron. 28:19-21.
T., Aug. 13. Paul's pleading pen. Philemon.
W., Aug. 14. A seer's pen. Rev. 1:1-3, 11, 19, 20.
T., Aug. 15. The pen of God. Exod. 34:1-9.
F., Aug. 16. A warning pen. Jude 1-10.
S., Aug. 17. A poet's pen. Deut. 31:22; 32:1-7.

This is an interesting, practical and timely topic. We cannot be too grateful to those whose pens were used of God for the production of the books of the Bible. Luke's introduction to his Gospel gives us an insight into the mind of the writer of that wonderful narrative. His truthfulness is evident, for as has been well observed, if he had been a forger, he would undoubtedly have claimed to be an eye-witness, whereas he simply claims to give the results of an accurate investigation.

Modern Writing Implements

In these days the typewriter has to a large extent displaced the pen, but in the consideration of this subject we will not limit our thought to any particular kind of writing implement, but will regard any device which serves for the transference of thought into tangible form as coming within the scope of our topic.

Writing Letters for Christ

One of the best ways of using our pens for Christ is to write letters that in some way convey a Christian message. Such letters may be sent to those who are absent from home. The boy who has left the country for the city should not be forgotten, but he should receive letters that will keep old memories alive and will stir his interest in home, mother and heaven.

Write to the Soldier Boys

One very effective way of using our pens for Christ at this period in our country's history is by writing to the boys who have enlisted in the army and navy. We are assured on the highest authority that the ministry of letters is one of the best aids in maintaining the morale of our forces. In writing to these soldier and sailor boys, let us see to it that our letters are cheerful. Let us minimize our own troubles and endeavor to write in such a way as to give inspiration and courage to these defenders of our land and champions of the cause of liberty and democracy. Let us also endeavor, in our letters, to say a word for Christ, which shall lead these boys to look to Jesus as their Great Commander and to surrender their hearts and lives to His service.

Write to the Sick

The ministry of letters in times of sickness is very helpful. The hours are apt to hang heavy for invalids, and letters of the right kind are like a tonic. It cheers those who are sick to realize that they are not forgotten, and to receive messages of comfort and good cheer from the outside world.

The League of the Golden Pen

Some years ago a busy pastor started what he called the "League of the Golden Pen." It was a simple organization with no constitution, by-laws or dues. The only obligation which those who joined this League assumed was to use their pens for Christ by writing letters from time to time which should carry a Christ-like message to the recipients.

We should all be members of the League of the Golden Pen. Every Christian Endeavorer should use his or her pen for doing service for Christ. Every follower of Christ should write letters which shall carry the evangel of the Gospel and shall thus help to advance the progress of the Kingdom to which we belong.

AUGUST 25.

The Power of the Gospel on the
Frontier

Psalms 107:33-43.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Aug. 19. The redeeming cross. Tit. 2:11-15.
T., Aug. 20. Pride of citizenship. Acts 21:35-40.
W., Aug. 21. A pioneer. Gen. 12:1-8.
T., Aug. 22. Dangers of new countries. Isa. 5:8-16.
F., Aug. 23. Churches in homes. Rom. 16:1-5.
S., Aug. 24. Welcoming Christ. John 4:39-42.

This is a home missionary topic. The Scripture selected for our study depicts the power of Jehovah to transform a wilderness into a pleasant and fruitful land. So the results of home missionary efforts show the power of Christ to transform godless and wicked places into God-fearing and Christian communities.

God uses people as the means whereby desert lands are changed into fertile fields. He does not perform miracles by which to change a dry land into watersprings, but He allows human energy working under natural law to accomplish this result.

So in the spiritual life, God uses men and women as His instruments for changing the moral tone of a community, and often these instruments are home missionaries.

As we study the religious history of our country we find that the home missionaries of the various denominations have been the chief underlying cause for the spread of Christianity through the frontier regions. These devoted men and women have gone forth as pioneers of the Gospel into the sparsely settled portions of our land, and they have planted the seeds of that Christian civilization which characterizes our land as a whole.

Opportunities Still Available

The task of home missions is not yet completed. Though much seed has been sown, there are still many regions destitute of Christian influences in which the Gospel message should be introduced.

Mining towns in the far West present a needy field for home missionary effort. Logging and lumber camps present another field for the Christian missionary.

There is still work to be done among the Indians. An Indian chief wrote to the Secretary of a home missionary society: "God did not reject us. I hope His friends will not reject us. Our last and only hope is in the Church of Christ."

"The 'Alaska' number of *World Outlook* tells of the problems met by the 'sky pilot of the dog-sled.' The material in this issue will be very useful to the leader in preparing for the meeting, and it can be obtained for 20 cents by addressing World Outlook, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The existence of the world war has intensified the need for home missionary effort. Dr. Charles E. Burton, General Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society says:

"Now above all times it is important to conserve and foster the moral character of men in America. Without our seeking it the moral leadership of the world has fallen upon us. The nations of the earth now announce this fact. Moreover, the moral leadership of America rests with the church. Many are the agencies which co-operate with the church, but the powerful sanctions of moral life which animate these institutions emanate from the church.

"The expanding life and the deepening vitality of the church very largely depend upon effective home missionary propaganda. It is not simply that the church grows larger by extending its organization, but that its life becomes more vital as it is energized through expression in out-reaching activity."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

When Flora Promised

BY CORA S. DAY

ELSIE stopped in the door of the living room, and looked the surprise that she felt. She had expected to find no one there, for Mrs. Allen had gone out; but there, settled cozily in an easy chair with a book, was her sister Flora.

"Why, Flora!" Elsie began. "I thought you had gone over to Elizabeth's long ago! Didn't you say last night that you and Elizabeth were going this afternoon to see the new girl in your Sunday School class?"

Flora glanced up absently, her smile a bit vague. "Oh, I believe I did," she said indifferently. "We were talking about it, and—yes, I guess I did sort of promise I'd go." She yawned. "But I'm so interested in this story and the book's due at the library tomorrow. I'd rather finish it this afternoon than see a dozen new girls. Anyway, Elizabeth won't mind waiting until tomorrow to go, if I explain; and the girl doesn't know anything about it, so it will be all the same to her."

"She has lived here three weeks, and been in your class every Sunday since she came," Elsie said quietly. "I am afraid she will think you are not very sociable girls here in her new home town, if they are all as slow as you and Elizabeth."

But Flora had plunged eagerly into her story again and made no reply; so Elsie said nothing further. She knew Flora would resent or ignore any additional urging of her duty to keep her promise. It was not the first time Flora had broken a promise, when it pleased her whim or suited her convenience for the time being to do so. Elsie was sorry to see this one as lightly set aside as many others had been.

Estelle Bayard, the newcomer, had enrolled in their Sunday School, as she had just reminded Flora, promptly upon her arrival in the village as a resident; and had been assigned to the class nearest her age, in which Flora and Elizabeth were members. Elsie, who was older and teaching a class of small boys, was glad to see a new member added to the little village school. She had liked the new girl's appearance and manner, and had been pleased at the prospect of closer acquaintance with her for Flora.

"But I'm afraid she will please herself about getting acquainted or going to see Estelle, promise or no promise," Elsie thought regretfully, and went about her own affairs.

The afternoon passed. Flora finished her story just before twilight. She laid the book aside and sprang up with sudden animation.

"I'm going down to Elizabeth's, just for a minute," she announced, getting her hat and hailing Elsie from the hall on her way out. "I want to get a new piece of music that she said I might have to try over." Some prodding of memory—or was it conscience?—made her add: "We will not have time to go to see Estelle now. I'll ask Beth if she can go there tomorrow." Away she went, brisk and alert enough when she was intent upon her own plans and pleasure. Elsie looked after her with a knowing little smile.

"Flora is going to find out some day that she cannot always suit herself regardless of other folk's plans or wishes," she thought. "Elizabeth only makes her worse by giving in to her without a murmur whenever Flora pleases to upset any of their settled plans. I wish she would stand up for her rights and make Flora keep her promises after she makes them so freely. Only, I suspect they wouldn't stay chums long, then."

Flora hurried on her way without stopping, until she reached the last crossing between her home and that of her friend. There she had to halt and wait for a big motor truck to pass. It was

heavily loaded and going at a rapid pace; the driver no doubt anxious to get home before dark. As it swung round the corner Flora caught her breath sharply—for the huge vehicle skidded as it struck a treacherous muddy spot.

The gasp ended in a scream at sight of what happened so quickly that she could scarcely believe her own eyes. A little runaway had turned the corner coming toward the truck. As the big truck slipped, the little car made a frantic effort to dodge it, failed and struck it with a crash that overturned the lighter car and brought startled hearers running in every direction. Of the two people rescued from the badly wrecked car, the man had been driving was but slightly cut and bruised; the young girl with him was taken from beneath the overturned car unconscious, and carried home in a serious condition. And Flora, standing as if rooted to the spot, looking on with horrified eyes, saw that the man was Mr. Bayard and the girl Estelle, his only daughter.

Flora never quite remembered going

break a promise. I'm going to do better. I wish I had begun sooner."

The anxious days of uncertainty over Estelle's chances for recovery—days that lengthened into weeks—helped Flora to remember and grow strong in her good resolve. Then the injured girl began to come slowly back to health and strength; and when she became able to see visitors, she had no more cause to complain that her new girl neighbors were not friendly. Elizabeth and Flora became her close friends. "I've such a lot of broken promises to make up for, and poor Estelle was the chief victim of my worst fault; I feel as if I couldn't ever be half nice enough to her," Flora confided to Elizabeth once. "Do you really think I've improved any in the promise line?"

"You really have," Elizabeth said with a laugh, yet there was a note of real earnestness and satisfaction in the light reply. "Once upon a time, when Flora promised, I always wondered whether she meant it. When Flora makes a promise now, I know it is as good as done."



THE TUG-OF-WAR

on to Elizabeth's home, nor how she told the story. She never forgot how Elizabeth looked at her and said when it was told: "If we had gone to see her this afternoon as we had planned, that would not have happened. For mother called on Mrs. Bayard this afternoon and she was telling her that Mr. Bayard was coming home early to take Estelle out in the car because she was so lonely and nervous and unhappy. Mrs. Bayard explained that Estelle was quite ill just before they moved here, and hasn't yet got back her strength and spirits. She has been fretting, too, because none of us girls came to see her and get acquainted. And now— isn't it too dreadful, to think we—"

Flora stopped her with a tragic little gesture. "It is my fault, not yours," she said, facing the truth squarely at last. "If I had come as I promised, you would have gone with me, no matter what else had to wait. You always kept your part of our plans. I am the one who broke them for any little thing. I've been selfish and careless and untruthful in word and deed." The confession was almost tearful.

"But you didn't know—you didn't think"—Elizabeth began sympathetically. "I know now. I'll never forget again. I'll think of that dreadful scene—that poor girl—every time I am tempted to

A Birthday in a Windmill

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.

MARIA woke up early in the morning and heard the big wings of the windmill creaking dolefully. Her parents lived in the mill, by the side of the canals in Holland. Every time the great wings moved, grain was ground into flour. The peasants and farmers for many miles around in the flat green fields divided by tiny streams instead of fences, brought their wheat and rye here to be made into flour.

The storm beat about the wind-mill the machinery creaked and Maria was greatly disappointed. It was a shame that to-day, of all days in the year, the rain should come! To be sure, there were not many days when it did not either rain in Holland, or else there was a mist.

Maria went to the window at nine o'clock and looked out.

"It's my birthday," she said gloomily, "and now there's to be no picnic or anything!"

"I wouldn't cry about it," said her mother, clattering around the room in her big wooden shoes. She wore a brown dress, very much patched and a head-dress like a white night-cap. "I see the girls coming now."

Maria clapped her hands with delight, as she watched Bertha and Magda walk-

ing over the sand dunes. After all, they would have a party, even if the sun did not shine.

The two girls threw off their dripping oil-skin hoods and coats. They were twins and looked exactly alike, with flaxen hair in flat braids over their heads and gowns that fell to their feet, clad in wooden shoes, which they exchanged for slippers taken from a big lincn bag.

Bertha carried a package, and when Maria opened it she found a large cake, made of raisin bread. On the icing were the letters of her own name, Maria.

"But where shall we eat it?" asked the "birthday girl" in despair, for the rain beat worse than before on the window-panes.

The three forgot how stormy the weather was when they began to play with the dolls, which were much handsomer than any one would have thought to find in a windmill. It was only on festival days, like birthdays and Christmas that Maria was allowed to play with these two dolls which had belonged to her grandmother and had been bought in Amsterdam.

"Now, your birthday feast is ready," the mother said, leading the girls into a very large room that had five walls and five windows. It was just the shape of the windmill.

"Oh!" exclaimed Maria.

And "Oh!" exclaimed Bertha and Magda in just the same tone of voice, with blue eyes, round and big, and exactly alike.

On the walls were blue Delft plates and platters—all very old. The table was set with the best things and there were some cherry blossoms that father had gone out into the storm, to gather.

Best of all, in the very center of the table was the cake that Bertha had carried so carefully through the rain. Around it were eleven candles, all lighted.

"It looks most like a Christmas tree!" Magda said and that made every one laugh and feel comfortable.

How jolly it was to sit around the table and eat such good things! The mother could never tell Bertha and Magda apart and called each by the other's name, creating a perfect gale of merriment.

When the candles had burned down, Maria cut the cake, a big slice for each and just then, father came in for his share. They had some raspberry shrub in small glasses that were said to have been brought from Venice by some great grandfather who was a sea-captain. They were so precious that Maria was almost afraid to touch them for fear they would break. Only on very special occasions were those quaintly formed, rose-colored glasses used; never before on Maria's birthday.


When father stood up and said, "We wish to our dear Maria much health and happiness and God's blessing throughout her life," in the strange foreign way, the "birthday girl" turned red. Everybody stood up around her and touched their glasses full of raspberry shrub to hers and said all sorts of nice things. Maria was beginning to realize that she was no longer a really little girl, because she was now eleven years old, going on twelve.

Days are short in Holland even in the Spring so Bertha and Magda put on their oil-skins, and after curtseying to Maria's mother, went home.

Maria flung the door wide open, and let a ray of sunshine in that peeped between the clouds.

"It was nicer than a picnic," she cried, flinging her arms around her mother's neck. "I thank you so much, dear Mama. After all, I suppose people can be happy in storms as well as sunshine."

And then, the big wings on the windmill waved from side to side and creaked as if they were saying: "Very true, Maria, very true."



Our Fireside

The Lone Starfish

By Ada Lorraine Jex

SELMA flung open the living room door and, running eagerly to her mother's side, she cried, "Oh, darling, look at this letter. It's an answer to mine and every single thing is even better than I hoped. They have taken me into the class, so that part is settled. Next, my room is to be near the University, so near in fact, that the windows overlook the Campus. Isn't that wonderful? Just think, in less than two weeks your country daughter will be living in New York, drinking in information and inspiration. Hurrah! I'll be famous in less than no time," and, laughing at her own conceit, Selma waited joyously for a reply.

But no words came; instead the girl was surprised to see tears in her mother's eyes.

"Why, Lambie, you aren't going to miss me like that, are you?" she questioned anxiously.

"It isn't that, Little Daughter, though, of course, I'll miss you, every minute while you are away. How could it be otherwise? You are my right hand. But I wouldn't let any selfish need on my part stand in the way of your taking the Short-Story Course. Besides, I think the new life will do almost as much to develop your talent as the work itself."

"Then what is the trouble?" Selma asked.

"We won't talk about it now," Mrs. Pemberton answered. "Perhaps things will turn out better than I fear."

But Selma persisted. "Please, if you don't mind, I'd rather know the worst now. Is there any reason why I shouldn't go to New York for the Summer Session?"

"Oh, my dear," her mother answered, "I'm so sorry Aunt Lucy is sick again, too sick this time to come here. I'll have to go to Burlington to take care of her, and I don't know what to do with Margaret during my absence. Lucy is too nervous for me to take Little Sister there. Besides, the doctor said the child ought to go to the seashore for a month or two this summer. A complete change is what she needs to build her up."

"Aunt Lucy will have to hire a nurse or go to the hospital," Selma flared. "The room at Cape Cod is engaged for you and Margaret. It's too late for you to change your plans now."

"Someone's plans will have to be changed," Mrs. Pemberton answered, sadly.

"Minc won't!" the girl stormed. "So much depends on my going to the city!" She broke into tears and left the room hurriedly.

Selma mentally repeated her decision all afternoon and evening. She knew Aunt Lucy couldn't afford to go to the hospital. She knew, too, that Margaret had never been well since that attack of scarlet fever the winter before. These things worried her. But in spite of them she told herself fiercely she would not give up going to the city. It was no selfish desire, the girl reasoned. For in her mind Selma had planned many wonderful gifts to the family when once her stories were accepted.

When night came her pillow was wet with tears. Sleep brought no rest, however, for she dreamed that Little Sister was ill. The doctor pointed a thermometer at her and kept saying, over and over, "She should have gone to the seashore! She should have gone to the seashore!"

A bird singing in a branch of the tree outside the window wakened the sleeper. It was later than usual and the sun

poured into the room, showing up the worn spots on the carpet. With a vague feeling of alarm Selma sprang out of bed. Then she remembered her dream. Shivering, the girl ran to the heaped-up little writing desk and carefully penned a note to New York. Tearing the margin from one of her stories she wrote on the slip of paper, "My address after Thursday of this week will be the same as Sister Margaret's, Big Rocks, Cape Cod, until such time as it is thought best for us to come home." If there was heartache in every word, no trace of it showed in her face as she laid the paper at her mother's place at table.

"What's this?" Mrs. Pemberton asked, as she entered with the coffee pot. Then, as she read, the tears brimmed to her eyes.

"How like my little daughter. Thank you," was all she said. But it was enough.

It was very quiet at Big Rocks. There were no other boarders at the little farm house where the girls stopped. They spent their time in hammocks under the trees or else on the beach. Usually they went in bathing in the early part of the afternoon and then Margaret took a nap on the steamer rug her sister spread for her. At first during such times Selma, having made her sacrifice, was content to alternately watch the waves and the faint pink color which was beginning to supplant the pallor in the little girl's cheeks. But after a few weeks the pleasing sense of responsibility began to wear off and the hours dragged wearily. Selma had lots of time in which to write, but, although ideas flitted through her mind, she put them from her with a feeling of bitterness. "What's the use?" she thought. "I'd make the same old mistakes. If I'd taken the Story Course everything would have been different."

Then one day Margaret woke with a cold. Their mother had warned Selma to take no chances, so she sent for the doctor.

"Keep her in bed for a few days, and see that she is amused," he said.

"I'm so tired," Margaret complained during the afternoon. "I wish I had something to do."

"I'll read to you," her sister suggested. But the little girl shook her head.

"I know all the books we brought with us by heart. Tell me a story, please."

A half-formed idea had been hovering in Selma's mind for several days, so she looked off at the sentinel pine tree which had suggested it.

"Once upon a time," she began, and Margaret listened, open mouthed, until she finally fell asleep.

Very tenderly the older girl tucked the covers closer. Then she pulled down the shade and tiptoed out of the room. By that time she herself was interested in the fanciful weaving of her little tale. So she thought it out to a finish, and wrote it, that evening after kissing her sister good-night.

Every day after that Selma thought and wrote stories, unmindful of whether she knew how or not, so anxious was she to please the child. Those that Margaret liked the best, Selma thought about the most and those that the little girl liked the least were either changed or destroyed.

One day in the middle of the story telling a lady dressed in white came down the beach.

"Good morning," she said. "Do you mind if I sit near you? The tide drove me away from my spot."

Looking around, she spread out a

shawl and seated herself close to the girls, with her back against a rock.

"Keep on talking," she continued, "I have a book and nothing disturbs me when I'm reading!"

After that Miss Beacon came almost every day. She told the sisters that she had been ill and had come to Big Rocks to recuperate at a fisherman's house not far from their boarding place. She was very quiet and sweet, and it wasn't long before the girls watched eagerly for her coming. Sometimes they talked and at other times Miss Beacon read or embroidered, while Selma told Margaret stories. At first the narrator was embarrassed by having a grown-up listener but the feeling soon vanished and Selma's voice flowed on as unaffectedly as if the little girl constituted the sole audience.

"That's pretty," Miss Beacon exclaimed, as the story of the "Lone Starfish" came to an end. "It's very pretty and original, too. Where did you read it?"

"Why, sister doesn't read them! She makes them all up," Margaret cried proudly. "Some day she's going to be a great author."

"Are they really your own?" Miss Beacon queried.

Selma nodded. "They are full of mistakes, I know," she added humbly, patting Margaret's hand as she spoke.

"Yes," Miss Beacon agreed, "there are faults, of course, but they show plot and imagination, splendid characteristics. Now let's see if we can't 'doctor' the 'Lone Starfish.' Have you a manuscript copy?"

Selma opened her portfolio, disclosing a little sheaf of closely written sheets. Miss Beacon ran her pencil over the work, then stopped with an eager look of interest.

"This is the spot I wanted to find," she said. "The story really ends here, where the mermaid says good-bye to the starfish. All the rest is anticlimax," and she went on to give the reasons.

"Oh, yes, I see," the story teller cried. "Won't you please tell me some of the faults in my other things?"

"Gladly, since you really care," Miss Beacon answered.

After that she helped Selma almost every day. The girl wrote and wrote, and made every story as nearly perfect as she knew how. Then she read them aloud. Later, while Margaret took her nap, Miss Beacon criticised and gave informal little talks on story writing.

At first, with so many new things in mind in regard to technic, Selma found it hard to express herself. But by the time September came she knew that she had improved.

Margaret was well and happy and running gaily about the beach when at last a letter came telling them that Aunt Lucy was so much better that Mrs. Pemberton was coming to take the girls home.

Miss Beacon was with them when they read the note.

"My, but I'm glad!" Margaret exclaimed, jumping up and down in her joy.

"So am I," Selma said, "but, do you know, I'm sorry, too, in a way. I've had such a lovely, happy summer and learned so much! How can I ever thank you, Miss Beacon? I never knew anyone could know so much about story writing as you do. Even dear Miss Armstrong at school didn't begin to help the way you did!"

The lady in white smiled. "Well, I should have a little knowledge of the subject," she conceded. "However, the lessons in patience and sweetness you've learned have, I'm sure, been quite as beneficial as anything I've been able to teach you. Nevertheless, I'm glad of any help I've given."

Then her eyes twinkled merrily. "Now, be prepared for the biggest surprise of your life. You will have something to astonish your mother with when she comes." So saying, Miss Beacon took a magazine out of its wrapper. She looked through the index, turned to page twenty-four, and handed it over without a word.

The girl uttered a cry of amazement.

Her own name, Selma Pemberton, stared at her in big black type and above it the words, "The Lone Starfish."

"Oh, Miss Beacon, what does it mean?" she cried in wonder.

"Mean?" rejoined Miss Beacon. "It means you are an authoress."

"And you?" Selma gasped. "Who are you? A wizard?"

"No, just a strong and healthy woman, thanks to the sea air and something to rekindle the fires of my interest in life," Miss Beacon answered, with a laugh. Then her voice grew grave. "Before that I was a broken down professor of short-story writing in New York. Someone else had to take my place at the University this summer while I came to Cape Cod to recuperate."

What Is a Calorie?

Since food conservation has become a vital factor in carrying on our war against Germany, the layman has encountered in his reading the new word calorie. This word, which formerly appeared only in scientific journals now jumps at once from the daily papers, from the magazines, agricultural and trade press. In a way, the Food Administration is partly responsible for the increased use of the word, and, as a result, has received letters from all parts of the country asking "What is a calorie?" Some people have gone so far as to suggest that it is the name of a new breakfast food, while in one instance, inquirer stated he had heard that it was a new type of explosive discovered by the War Department, and wanted to know what the Food Administration had to do with it.

When fuel is thrown on a fire under a boiler, heat is produced. This heat is required in order that the engine may perform its work. To do work of any kind requires energy. Food used or burned in the human machine produces energy to maintain the normal heat of the body and to do its work. Work done by the body comprises not only that which requires muscular or mental exertion, but also involuntary exertion such as the beating of the heart, the expansion of the lungs, etc. The chemical process within the body which transforms our food into energy is similar in nature to the process which takes place when fuel is burned over fire—though, in the body, the burning takes place very slowly and in every tissue, instead of in one central place. The value of food is determined by the amount of energy it yields to the body; and it also has a building and regulating function.

It was necessary that a unit be established for measuring the amount of heat produced when food was completely burned. The unit chosen or universally adopted as the unit for measuring fuel value or energy value for any kind of food is called the calorie. It represents the same principle in measuring as the inch or foot, the unit of measuring length; the pint or gallon, the unit of volume; and the ounce or pound, that of weight.

The calorie is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of 1 kilogram of water 1 deg. C., or 1 pound of water approximately 4 deg. F. Our requirements of food, so far as the amount is concerned, can therefore be expressed in the number of calories needed for each person per day. It must not be forgotten that the calories must be derived from the proper kinds of food.

Flowers for the Sick

Flowers for the sick! What beautiful messages they bear; what radiance they shed into corners of gloom; what a tender and triumphant ministry they perform!

Remember the sick in your prayers. Send them by tongue or pen messages of cheer and hope. See also that their sick-rooms are irradiated with floral sunshine.

"I was sick and ye visited me," said and will say He who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

—SELECTED.

From West to East—From East to West

BY ELIZABETH L. GEBHARD.

STELLA LYMAN lived in what was called in her section of the country "a scattering neighborhood." The original settlers had counted on owning large farms and built their houses accordingly. Stella's own grandfather had walked over three States before he settled on his Michigan home. He had been satisfied that he had selected the best farming site procurable, and when he built his house in the furthest corner of his estate he had not reckoned on the young girl, his granddaughter, who should some day call it "deadly lonely."

There was a second matter in which he had considered posterity, but not the valuation it would place on his effort. On each return trip to New York State in the early years he had brought back with him some young trees from the old homestead, or from the woods he had roamed as a boy. These trees, as they grew and beautified the new home, were a great pleasure to him. It was similar to the joy a skilled workman feels in his handicraft. Stephen Lyman was creating his own surroundings from his head as well as with his hands. His wife and children had helped in this founding of a home in a new State, and their pride and pleasure equaled his own.

It was the third generation, personified in little Stella Lyman, who saw things differently. The trees that stood for accomplishment with her father and grandfather were simply reminders to her of the stories of the life and happenings of the thickly peopled East. The row of poplars stood for an old Colonial home, called "The Poplars," where Washington and other great men of the nation had been wont to gather. The beautifully shaped hemlock in the north lot was a Christmas tree in a great lighted room with many people. The maples shaded a hospital ward in the East.

Stella didn't know it, but she was following the trend of those before her, and longed to create something real and valuable herself. She thought she was simply restless, and one day when a magazine fell in her hands, giving full directions for becoming a trained nurse, she was surprised at the thump her heart gave, and the settling of all her restlessness into the one groove of decision. There were some obstacles to overcome; some preparations to make, and time needed for the family to become accustomed to the idea, but in three months Stella was on her way to New York.

Frederica Lyman, who was called Fred for short, knew it would be additionally lonely for her without Stella in their scattered neighborhood, but it was her presence in the home that made it possible for Stella to leave, and she tried to be brave about the loneliness. It would be fine for Stella to be a real trained nurse, and not every girl would be courageous enough to carry out such a plan just from reading a magazine article.

Stella's first five months were full of new and inspiring experiences. She was absorbing a hundred impressions besides her nursing, and that was enough of itself. Life was full for her. Then came the accident. There had been a moment when she was happily crossing the street, enjoying her time in the open air, then a skidding auto, and the next she knew she herself was in a hospital bed, not standing beside it as a nurse. There were complications, hope lifted high, then zero, and a fresh start.

At first she counted time by days, then weeks, and after that it ran into months. The doctors and nurses were most kind. Letters came often from home, but Stella had to learn to knit patience and courage out of the hours of her days. It was not easy, and she grew to hail with joy the coming of a cheery city missionary, who visited the hospital weekly, bringing with her interesting Christian literature, warm sympathy and courageous words.

The paper which fell to Stella's lot

contained the Sunday School lesson. Other stories and sketches also interested her, but the Sunday School lesson brought work and an object. After a little she began to study it regularly, and look up the references. Miss Larkin, the missionary, discovered Stella's interest and planned that she should have the same paper continuously. Often during her calls they fell into discussions on the notes of the lesson.

One of the things Stella had missed in her old life had been a Sunday School. The countryside had divided, going in opposite directions and at some distance, to both day school and church. There had never been any one courageous enough to override the obstacles to the establishment of a Sunday school in their own scattering neighborhood.

A school house building in the center which they had all attended as children might have held them together for Sunday school and also furnished a central point where the social life of the neighborhood might have gathered and thrown out tendrils.

As Stella grew more and more interested in the Sunday School lessons she began to send the papers home to Fred. With them went comments from Stella. Sometimes these observations were wistful and sad. At other times the writer entered heartily into the life of the Bible characters, made comments that were original and thought producing, with quaint touches of humor.

More than all, something new was creeping into Stella's letters. The Christ life was taking possession of her heart, and often now the longing to recover was coupled with a wish to go on with her work with a new incentive. She wanted to do it "in His name," to carry the gospel message to sick souls as well as to sick bodies.

It was not long before the letters and papers had also fired Fred's heart. "There is no better meeting place in this neighborhood than there ever was," she said to her mother one day, "but we are as central as anybody. At least three neighbors can get here pretty easily. I'm going to ask them if they would not like to come over on Sunday afternoon and read the Sunday School lesson over together. We have the paper and Stella's letters, and they can each bring a Bible."

So the Sunday School started in the Lyman sitting room, with the sunshine flooding its cosy homeliness, and sweeping in streams over its bright rag rugs.

"What does Stella say about that?" came to be a familiar question as the weeks went by. Stella, from her hospital bed in New York was teaching a Sunday School in Michigan, for the Sunday School once started, continued and grew. To those who were near, others were more distant added themselves on pleasant Sunday afternoons. It was not long before the Sunday School became a feature in the neighborhood, which did not seem so scattered now that many of them met on Sunday afternoons.

"Guess we will have to open the parlor, mother," Stella's father said to his wife one Saturday afternoon. "The older people can go in there and the children keep the sitting room. We are getting pretty crowded. Stella's Sunday School is growing."

"Yes," returned his wife with shining eyes. "It seems strange that after all these years, Stella off there in New York, and sick at that, should have discovered that we could have a Sunday School in this neighborhood. It reminds me of your father bringing those little trees way out here from New York State, that every one said wouldn't grow, and now see them!"

"Yes," returned her husband meditatively, "Stella always did favor father Lyman some. They both liked to try hard things."

The doctors reported that the very best thing that could have happened to Stella was that Sunday School in Michigan. It gave her courage and inspiration and a fresh hold on life. Little by little she began to improve, and the improvement lasted. The old sickening relapses ceased to appear. The morning Fred's letter came saying Stella's Sunday School had grown to four times its

original size, that they had a baby organ now and lesson quarterlies for each scholar, though they still read the lesson at the opening of school from Stella's paper with her comments, Stella walked to meet the postman. It was certain now that she could take up her work again, and her heart was singing with joy.

Before she put on her nurse's costume once more, she made a flying trip to Michigan, and attended her own Sunday School. "To think," she said happily, after the session was over, "I thought I had to go East to expand, and all the time a Sunday School was waiting to be planted right here, and so many other beautiful things are growing out of it. This will not be a scattering neighborhood any longer, but one bound together by Christian love. I almost envy you, Fred, but this is your work, and we will each do our best in our own field."

The Superlative In Writing

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

"Yes, I am aware that the book is not in the library, and it never will be, either, so long as I have a voice in the matter!"

"But why, pray tell?" asked the querist who regards the librarian, who made the foregoing remark, as an oracle along such lines, "when everyone is clamoring for it."

"Simply because it is not worthy a place beside the other books of the author whom I greatly admired until I read his latest."

"How do you account for its lack of interest?" was the puzzled query. "For, if I have been rightly informed, the author is at an age when still greater things might naturally be expected of him."

"It is a very easy matter to account for it!" responded the librarian. "It is simply a case of resting on his laurels. His first was good, his second better, and his third should have been in the superlative—best; but, instead, it is mediocre, to say the least, and all that will sell the book is the name attached to it. Though, truly, I would not count it an honor to have written it."

"Speaking of building so much on a famous name," continued the librarian, "reminds me of my memorable visit to Yellowstone Park, several years ago, when I was one of a party belonging to a certain Press Club. And, for the sake of novelty, at the outset we dropped our names, for the time being, and substituted others."

"One author, who had a national reputation as a writer, chanced to be one of our party—through the invitation of one of our club members, and so we dubbed him 'Great Light,' because he so far eclipsed the rest in the literary firmament. Another we called 'Fearless,' because of his fearless criticisms right and left. Still another we called the 'Serious One,' because she saw the serious side of everything, and so on."

"And now for the case in point. One day the conveyance filled by our party broke down, and we were informed that it would be an hour or two before we could go on. We were delighted at the announcement, however, for we chanced to be in the midst of such entrancing scenery that I, for one, was glad of the accident, but as I looked at the marvelous panorama spread out before us as we ascended an elevation where we could get a more extended view I felt too full for words, though bursts of enthusiasm were heard on every side. But no sooner had we seated ourselves to enjoy the grandeur of the scenery than 'Great Light' drew from his pocket a tablet, saying, in a careless tone:

"I will toss off one of my sermons, while we wait."

"He wrote rapidly, and ere long looked up, with the exclamation:

"Well, I have earned fifty dollars while you have been wasting breath!"

"A chorus of 'Read it!' followed, and was so insistent that 'Great Light' read aloud what he had hurriedly written, but when he came to an end of what was disappointing to all, there was not one word of approval, but, instead, 'Fear-

less' voiced a consensus of opinion, I am confident, when he cried:

"Fifty dollars! Why, even I could do as well, and not half try!"

"No doubt of it," retorted 'Great Light,' laughing good-naturedly, 'but you couldn't sign my name to it!'

"I had noticed that the rapt, eager look which had overspread the face of 'Serious One' as 'Great Light' commenced to read had given place to one of disdain, as he proceeded, but she was a person of such few words, ordinarily, that the other members of our party were amazed, at the close of the foregoing remark, to hear her exclaim, in a scathing tone:

"Shame on you, Sir, to trifle with your God-given gift! Why, I have been feeling all day that I would give worlds if I possessed your gift at painting word-pictures! Oh, how could you—with so much to inspire you—do yourself such an injustice as to write that bit of froth!"

"Then, with a shake of the head, and a catch in her voice, 'Serious One' added, pleadingly:

"Oh, look about you, and think what you are defrauding the world of—and do your best!"

"The rustle of the leaves alone broke the stillness for a moment," said the librarian, in closing, "and then 'Great Light' with a purposeful face, and a nod of approval, tore his 'sermonette' to bits and gave it to the winds, but I am glad to say that, later on, our party felt proud of their honored guest, when his impressions of that wonderful scenery appeared, over his signature, written in the superlative."

Can We Refuse?

We expect, as a matter of course, that our soldiers and sailors will do as they are ordered. We oftentimes do not think it necessary to do what our Government asks us to do. Why should we not be just as prompt in our response? Our men are ordered to expose themselves to the guns of the Huns. We are asked only to save and to loan our savings to the Government. Can we refuse this request?

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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During June, 1918

TOTAL DONATIONS (including \$87.75 for Special Objects), \$1,505.26.

- ALABAMA, \$2.00. Mrs. Wright, \$2.
- ARKANSAS, \$5.25. Mrs. Thomason, \$0.25; Mr. Moore, \$5.
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- COLORADO, \$96.70. Mr. Faris, \$96.70.
- CONNECTICUT, \$46.32. Mr. Hawley, \$2; Miss Acton, \$5; Cong'l Church, \$32.32; Mrs. Griswold, \$5; Mrs. Lord, \$2.

ILLINOIS, \$200.85. The following is to constitute Rev. Mr. Figge a Life Member: Mr. Wubben, \$5; Mr. Zundahl, \$0.50; Mr. Tempel, \$2; Mr. Wubben, \$5; Mr. Greer, \$2; Mr. Tempel, \$1; Mr. Simons, \$1; Mr. Sneek, \$5; Mr. Tempel, \$1; Mr. Moring, \$2; Mr. Henze, \$2; Mr. Moring, \$2; Mr. Meiners, \$1; Rev. Mr. Figge, \$1; Mrs. Figge, \$1; Mr. Myer, \$1.50; Mr. Moring, \$5; Mr. Martens, \$2; Mr. Moring, \$1; Mr. Groenfeld, \$0.50; Mr. Wubben, \$5; Mr. Miller, \$3.50; Mr. Heiners, \$2; Mr. Moring, \$1.50; total \$53.50. The following additional amount is to make Rev. Mr. Fieselman a Life Director: Mr. Denather, \$1; Mrs. Dillon, \$1; Mrs. Stutz, \$1.50; Mrs. Koch, \$5; Mrs. Koch, sr., \$0.50; Mr. Schlenke, sr., \$0.50; Mr. Bockstruck, \$1; Mr. Maneke, \$1; Miss Struppitz, \$1; Mr. Ulrich, \$1; Miss Koch, \$1; Mr. Wolters, \$1; Mrs. Wolters, \$1; Mr. Von Bergen, \$1; Mr. Koch, \$1; Mr. Zahn, \$1; Rev. Mr. Reinhardt, \$2; Mr. Wenzel, \$3; Mr. Maneke, \$1; "A Friend", \$5; Mr. Tilton, \$1; Maneke Bros., \$3; Mr. Lageman, \$3; Mr. Brecht, \$1; Maneke, \$1; Mr. Staube, \$1; Mr. Schlottner, \$1; "A Friend", \$7.43; Godfrey, Church Collection, \$21.07; total \$70.00.

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INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$1,225. Income for Missionary Work, \$1,161.75. Income for Annuitants, \$63.25.

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Rev. Isaac Pierson, Field Secretary for New England, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 5253 Waterman Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage, Southern Agency, Crichton, R. F. D., Mobile Co., Ala.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of.....dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

Notice to Authors

Authors who submit manuscripts for publication to the American Tract Society are reminded that the Society does not hold itself responsible for the return of any manuscript. If a remittance is sent to cover the full cost of postage and registry, the Society will transmit a manuscript by registered mail upon the request of the author.

Unheard Prayers

Some prayers never reach God. It depends upon us, not upon God, whether our prayers reach Him; for He has shown us how we may be sure of reaching Him. A man was giving a letter to his dictating machine. He had been talking away for a minute or two, when suddenly he noticed that a little lever that must be lifted to start the motor was in the wrong position; the motor was still, the sensitive wax cylinder was motionless, and so all that he had said was unrecorded. The cylinder had not received the vibrations that his voice had made on the sensitive diaphragm. The dictation had been correctly given; but the cylinder had not "heard" the man. It could not,—the connection was not made. So many a prayer, given very earnestly and sincerely, cannot reach God, for the "connection" has not been made. If we want the prayer to "go through," we must work by the laws of prayer that God has explained,—simple, but unchanging. We must pray according to God's will, and with faith, and in the name of Jesus, and we must abide in Jesus as we pray. Spiritual laws are as definite and exact as natural laws. Are we as careful to learn them and then to use them?—SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

From an Old Subscriber

Mrs. S. T. Dinsmore of Vermont has sent this letter to the Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER:

"I believe that I am entitled to a place on your Honor Roll. Father took the paper when I was a child, and I am now past seventy-seven, the last survivor of a family of five children. My father took the AMERICAN MESSENGER as long as he lived. Then I took it in a club, and later I had it come in my own name and have taken it ever since. I could not do without it."

We are glad to welcome the writer of this letter to a place on Our Honor Roll, which contains the names of those into whose homes the AMERICAN MESSENGER has come for the past fifty years or more. We shall be glad to hear from others who have been receiving the paper for fifty years or longer.

Salvation Army Women For France

A group of workers belonging to the Salvation Army in America sailed recently for France, according to announcement made by the general war work committee of the Army. These women will reinforce the 900 trained Salvation Army war workers who have been engaged in relief service in the battle zone since the United States entered the war.

"Our workers are frequently very near the actual front, and often under shell fire," stated a member of the general war work committee. "The work done by these women has had such a telling effect upon the American forces that both the troops in the trenches and the military authorities of highest rank have voiced their unqualified appreciation and approval of the work accomplished."

The leader of the Salvation Army in America, Miss Evangeline Booth, will go to France to inspect the work and equipment of her workers abroad and to confer with her representatives who are making plans for extensions. Speaking of the work abroad Miss Booth said:

"Women are doing a valiant service along the front and when history is written they will be recognized as having performed an indispensable work right up where the shells are bursting, as well as in our communities at home. In the Boer war the Salvation Army gained its first experience in hutment work. To-day we are toiling with the fighters maintaining over 400 huts and hostels. We are operating 46 ambulances in our first-aid work, serving the base hospitals wherever possible. In out hutment service we aim to make the soldier realize the atmosphere of home.

"In our cooking, mending, and serving sandwiches and hot coffee in the dead of night; in our singing, entertaining, reading and writing with the men, we try to take the places of their mothers. It is not a new thing for us to endure hardship and to help the disconsolate and weary. Our women stick to the troops regardless of danger and they will continue thus to serve until the war ends."

French Colors

It is not generally known that the three stripes of color that make up the French national flag are not equal in width. When the tricolor was first authorized, in 1792, the positions and proportions of the three colors were not stated, and such variety of flags was seen, that two years later the national assembly declared that the national standard should be formed of the three national colors in equal bands placed vertically, the hoist being blue, the middle white, and the fly red. For years the flag was made in this way; but, although the bands were equal they never looked equal owing to an optical illusion, the blue appearing wider than the white and the white wider than the red. At last, after many experiments, it was officially decided that in every hundred parts the blue should be thirty, white thirty-three and red thirty-seven.—Ex.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 800,711,975 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$805,466, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$23,191.98. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,676,159.82, which is the equivalent of 5,352,319,040 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 146,056; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 49,584, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-seven years 17,489,750, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,958,862.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish Christian literature to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a One-volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 17,175,163 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, PRESIDENT.
JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary.
Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

TERMS: Subscription price, 50 cts. a year, payable in advance. In clubs of five or more, 30 cts. each. Club subscriptions mailed to separate addresses, if desired. Charge for foreign subscriptions, 24 cents additional. Canadian subscriptions, 12 cents additional. Single copies, 5 cents each.

On account of the additional charge which is made by the New York Post Office for mailing to subscribers in New York and Bronx Counties (Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), no club rates, cash commissions or premiums will be given for subscriptions that must be sent to persons residing in those Counties. Each subscription in New York or Bronx County must be at the rate of 50 cents net.

Remit by Express Money Order, Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. For very small amounts, postage stamps may be sent at the risk of the sender.

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CHANGES: When sending change of address, be sure to send the old address as well as the new one.

OUR ADVERTISERS: We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from responsible advertisers, and it is our intention to admit only such to our columns. Should, however, any of our subscribers find that any advertiser does not live up to his agreements, we would consider it a favor, if they will inform us, and we will at any time give prompt attention to any complaint.

We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made by advertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and also upon us if they will mention the AMERICAN MESSENGER when answering advertisements.

The Comfort of the Woods

BY AMOS R. WELLS

I understand my comrades of the woods,
And they know me completely. Not an oak
But is my brother, strong, reserved, sincere.
Along the happy, peaceful forest ways
That wind so intimately through the trees
I hold a calm communion with my friends,
The pines and gentle birches. Day by day
Insensibly the bond is closer drawn
With beckonings of branches, waftures
Of subtle fragrance, melodies of birds,
Flickers of sunlight on the level leaves,
A thousand sweet enchantments pure and good.
This air dissolves my fretfulness and fears;
They fall into the green depths of the dell,
The cheery brooklet carries them away,
The bushes brush them off. I enter here
With furrowed brow and heavy-burdened heart;
But little unseen hands are softly pressed
Upon the frowns, and little unseen hands
Tug at the burdens till they all are gone.
Ah, what am I that these my woodland friends
Should minister to me so graciously?
Do they not know my follies and my sin?
Yet with a mother's blind, forgiving love
They cleanse the foulnesses they will not see.
Nor do they only wait for me to come,
Withdrawn, expectant; but amid the din
Of cities, and upon the crowded streets,
I feel the brick and mortar fade away,
And find the woods around me once again,
Tall, shadowy, protecting. Once again
I hear the woodland murmurs like a hymn,
And on my troubled spirit lies once more
The peaceful benediction of the trees.

—CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD.

Edible Fruits of Forest Trees

It is said that Daniel Boone and some of our other early pioneers could go into the wilderness with only a rifle and a sack of salt and live in comfort on the game and other wild food which the woods afforded. While few people want to try that sort of thing nowadays, persons who know the food value of the fruits of our native trees and shrubs are, according to foresters, able to use them to good advantage in supplementing other foods.

Aside from the numerous edible mushrooms, roots, fruits of shrubs and smaller plants, the trees of our forests afford a large variety of edibles which are highly prized by woods connoisseurs. First in importance, of course, are our native nuts—beachnuts, butternuts, walnuts, chestnuts and chinquapins, hazel nuts and several kinds of hickory nuts, including pecans. The kernels of all of these are not only toothsome but highly nutritious and are used by vegetarians to replace meat. The oil of the beechnut is said to be little inferior to olive oil, while that of butternuts and walnuts was used by some of the Indians for various purposes. The Indians, it is said, also formerly mixed chestnuts with cornmeal and made a bread which was baked in corn husks, like tomares. In parts of Europe bread is made from chestnuts alone. The chestnut crop in this country is being reduced each year by the chestnut-blight disease, which in some sections is gradually killing out the tree.

Acorns are commonly thought to be fit only for feeding hogs, but many kinds of them can be made edible and nourishing for people as well. The Indian custom was to pound or grind the acorns up and leach out the tannin, which makes most of them unfit for eating when raw, by treating the pulp with hot water. The resulting flour, which contained considerable starch, was made either into a porridge or baked in small cakes of bread. As a rule, the acorns of the various white oaks having less tannin are the ones best suited for food, but Indians also used those of the black oaks, even though they contain much tannin. The acorns of the basket or cow oak, the chinquapin oak, shin or Rocky Mountain oak, live oak, and of several other species, are sweet enough to be eaten raw.

Another nut which is not suited for eating raw, but from which a palatable food is said to have been prepared by the Indians, is the buckeye. The kernels of these nuts were dried, powdered, and freed of the poison which they contain when raw by filtration. The resulting paste was either eaten cold or baked.

Several Western pines have seeds

which play an important part in the diet of the local Indians. Perhaps the best known of these is the fruit of the nut pine, or pinon, which forms the basis for a local industry of some size. Not only is it extensively eaten by local settlers and Indians, but large quantities are shipped to the cities, where the seed is roasted and sold on the street. The similar seed of the Parry pine and the large Digger pine seeds are eagerly sought by the Indians. The latter tree is said to have gained its name from its use as a food by the Digger Indians. The seeds of the longleaf pine are edible and are improved by roasting. Indeed, it may be said that most nuts are more digestible when roasted than if eaten raw.

One of the best known fruits, the foresters say, is the persimmon, which is edible only after it is thoroughly ripe. As this is usually not until late in the fall, it is commonly thought that the fruit must be frostbitten. If the persimmon is eaten before it is well ripened, the tannic acid which the fruit contains has a strongly astringent effect, which justifies the story of the soldier in the Civil War, who said he had eaten green persimmons so as to shrink his stomach up to fit his rations. The pawpaw, or custard apple, is also best when thoroughly ripe. The fruit of some species of haws is eaten or preserved in different parts of the country, while those of several different kinds of wild cherries have a food value and are used for various purposes. Wild plums are abundant in certain sections and occur in particularly plentiful quantities along the streams in the Eastern and Middle Western States.

Several varieties of wild crab apples make delicious jellies. Some of the largest, which attain the size of small apples, are more or less abundant throughout eastern North Carolina. Elderberries are frequently used for pies and for sauce. Those found in the West are sweeter and have a better flavor than the Eastern varieties.

The berries of the hackberry, or

sugar berry, as it is called in the South, are dry but have an agreeable taste. Those of the mulberry are sweet and juicy when ripe. The mulberry is valued in some sections for feeding hogs and poultry and some species are occasionally cultivated.

Many people like the fruit of the shad bush, "sarvice" berry, or June berry, as it is variously called. In parts of the country this fruit is used to make jelly.

The French Canadians are said to use the acid flowers of the redbud, or Judas tree, in salads, while the buds and tender pods are pickled in vinegar. Honey locust pods, often locally called "honey-shucks," contain a sweetish, thick, cheeselike pulp, which is often eaten. Those of the mesquite furnish the Mexicans and Indians with a nutritious food. The Creoles of Louisiana, famous for their cookery, are reported to use the young buds of the sassafras as a substitute for okra in thickening soups.



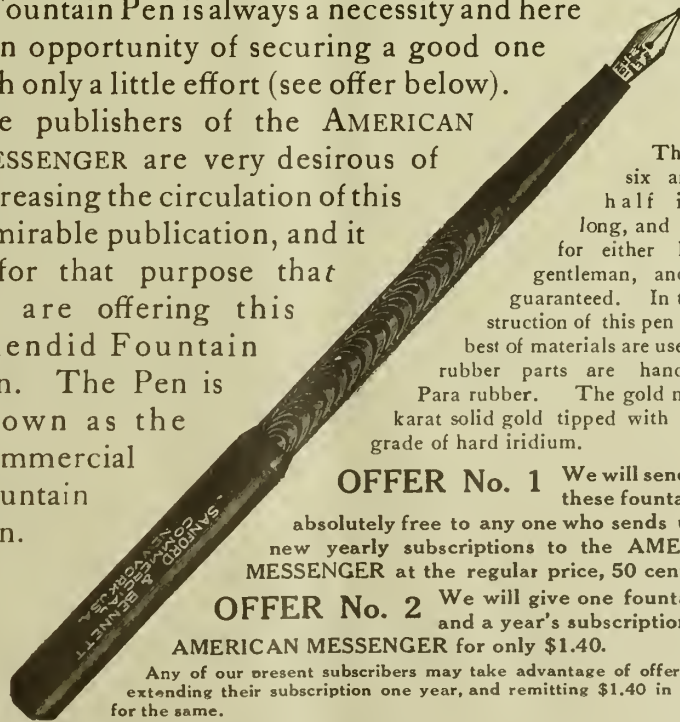
With the Smile

Smiling can be done without the face being seen. "It is our constant aim," says the Bell Telephone Company, "to promote the 'voice with the smile.'" The public knows how effectively this great service corporation has trained its army of operators to use "the voice with the smile." Business letters can often be written "with the smile," and usually they ought to be; such letters create good will and sell goods. We who are Christians ought not to be behind the most capable business people in using "the voice with the smile," and in bringing a genuine radiance into all our work and relationships. The Christian can have supernatural power in this all the time, by simply yielding to and believing in Him who sheds abroad the love of God in our hearts. The smiling life is the winning life; and habitual winning is the Christian's first business.—SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

A Pleasant Way to Obtain a Good Fountain Pen

A Fountain Pen is always a necessity and here is an opportunity of securing a good one with only a little effort (see offer below).

The publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER are very desirous of increasing the circulation of this admirable publication, and it is for that purpose that we are offering this splendid Fountain Pen. The Pen is known as the Commercial Fountain Pen.



The pen is six and one half inches long, and suitable for either lady or gentleman, and fully guaranteed. In the construction of this pen only the best of materials are used. The rubber parts are hand-turned Para rubber. The gold nib is 14 karat solid gold tipped with the best grade of hard iridium.

OFFER No. 1 We will send one of these fountain pens absolutely free to any one who sends us four new yearly subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER at the regular price, 50 cents each.

OFFER No. 2 We will give one fountain pen and a year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for only \$1.40.

Any of our present subscribers may take advantage of offer No. 2 by extending their subscription one year, and remitting \$1.40 in payment for the same.

Our young friends will find this a very good method of securing a Fountain Pen for themselves. Try it and see how easy it is to secure only 4 new yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

Just For Fun

"I am never afraid of losing my job so long as I keep straight," said a bright pin.

An Irish lady one morning took her servant to task for having boiled the breakfast eggs too long. "Why, Bid-dy," she said, "they are as hard as stones." "Sure, ma'am," replied Biddy, "it's not the boilin' that made them hard; it's the fault of them new hens—the Plymouth Rocks."

Mrs. Smilax: "Henry, I really believe Freddy is going to be a doctor when he grows up. I heard him tell Mary that she must be careful of her health, and that pie was considered hurtful." Mr. Smilax: "It looks to me as though he is more likely to become a lawyer. I noticed that he had two pieces of pie at supper."

"How do you like your teacher, dear?" little Mary was asked after her first day at school.

"I like her real well," said Mary; "but I don't think she knows much, for she just keeps asking questions all the time."

A gentleman riding with an Irishman came within sight of an old gallows; and, to display his wit, said,

"Pat, do you see that?"

"To be sure Oi do," replied Pat.

"And where would you be to-day if the gallows had its due?"

"Oi'd be riding alone," replied Pat.

"Good-night, you precious lamb!" said the mother with the liberty one sometimes takes even with one's son, at bedtime.

"Mother," said the small boy, beseechingly, "if you *must* call me something, wouldn't you just as soon call me a billy goat?"

Uncle Joe: "Yes, Tom, it is quite possible that there are people in the moon."

Tom: "Well, what becomes of them when there isn't any moon?"

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggin's, and I'm for law enforcement. We've got an ordinance which says no saloon shall be nearer than three hundred feet from a church. I gave them three days to move the church."

"Good-morning, parson."

"Good-morning, deacon. As I was coming along just now I saw a fight between a brindle bulldog and a mastiff; and, upon my word, deacon, more than fifty men were standing around. How can people take an interest in such things?"

"I dunno, parson; which dawg won?"

An Irish provincial paper printed the following notice:

"Whereas Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings, this is to give notice that if he does not return at once and pay for the same he will be advertised."

While a motorist was trying to repair a punctured tire on a country road a farmer came along in a trap. Said the former:

"Is your horse afraid of motor-cars?"

"No," answered the farmer; "he's hauled too many of 'em home for that."

The banquet had proved very unsatisfactory. The committee in charge, however, were hopeful as the guest of honor was introduced by the toastmaster.

"Gentlemen," said he in a stentorian voice, "we have with us tonight Professor Haxworth, who will tell us some of his biggest and best after-dinner stories."

Amid rousing applause Professor Haxworth arose.

"Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen," said he, "to begin with my biggest story, let me tell you how thoroughly I have enjoyed your banquet."

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Friends, it is unnecessary to say that we cannot hold this library at \$7.50 for very much more time. Frankly, two of the books are low in stock and we therefore cannot offer it for very much longer without reprinting. If you want to secure your library today while it may still be had at the old price, fill out the coupon in the lower corner of this page and send it to us.

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AMONG THE HOLY PLACES

By James Kean, M.A., B.D.

The author takes the reader with him in his journey and enables him to see in the most vivid manner the scenes visited. One can from this book obtain all the advantages of a personal visit to the places described and probably with still greater profit, for the reason that the author has the ability to see all that is worth seeing. Fully illustrated, and with index.

THE ATONEMENT

By James Stalker, D.D.

The Atonement is a master subject and takes a master hand to treat it so that it is understood. Divided into three parts this book deals in a striking and scholarly manner with the New Testament situation, the Old Testament preparation and the modern justification. The book will work wonders in clearing up many of the questions on the subject.

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By Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D.

Here is presented the Godhead of Christ on evidence taken from the New Testament. It is an unanswerable plea based on the designations which the New Testament writers apply to Jesus when concurrently speaking of Him. When Dr. Warfield comes to the end no doubt remains that Jesus Christ was indeed the "Lord of Glory." The book has index of designations, passages of Scripture and authors cited. As an aid to the study and preaching of this subject it is without equal.

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By Charles P. McIlvaine, D.D.

This is one of the standard works on the Evidences. The material as set forth in this volume proves clearly, decisively and conclusively a sufficient basis for faith in the divine origin, nature, methods and results of Christianity. After reading this book a believer in God and His kingdom would become a stronger man with stronger beliefs. An unbeliever would turn from his unbelief to the earnest and continued following of Christ.

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Jesus was a teacher and a preacher with methods, a personality, themes and a success of His own. His methods and themes could he followed with success today if it were only known how. Dr. Bond knows how, has done it successfully, and presents in this book for your benefit practically every phase of Christ's method. Its careful study will well repay any minister.

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This is a critical study of the books of the Bible in four parts. Part 1 treats of the evidences of revealed religion. Part 2 examines and classifies the books of the Old Testament. Part 3 examines and classifies the books of the New Testament. Part 4 takes up the principle of Biblical interpretation.

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THE WONDROUS CROSS

By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

We could not resist the temptation to have the twelfth and last volume of this library one of Dr. Burrell's. The Cross is such a vital factor in every life when properly understood that this book seemed more than appropriate to lend dignity to a library intended first of all for the Christian reader and student. It is most acceptable with its pointed truths full of significance.

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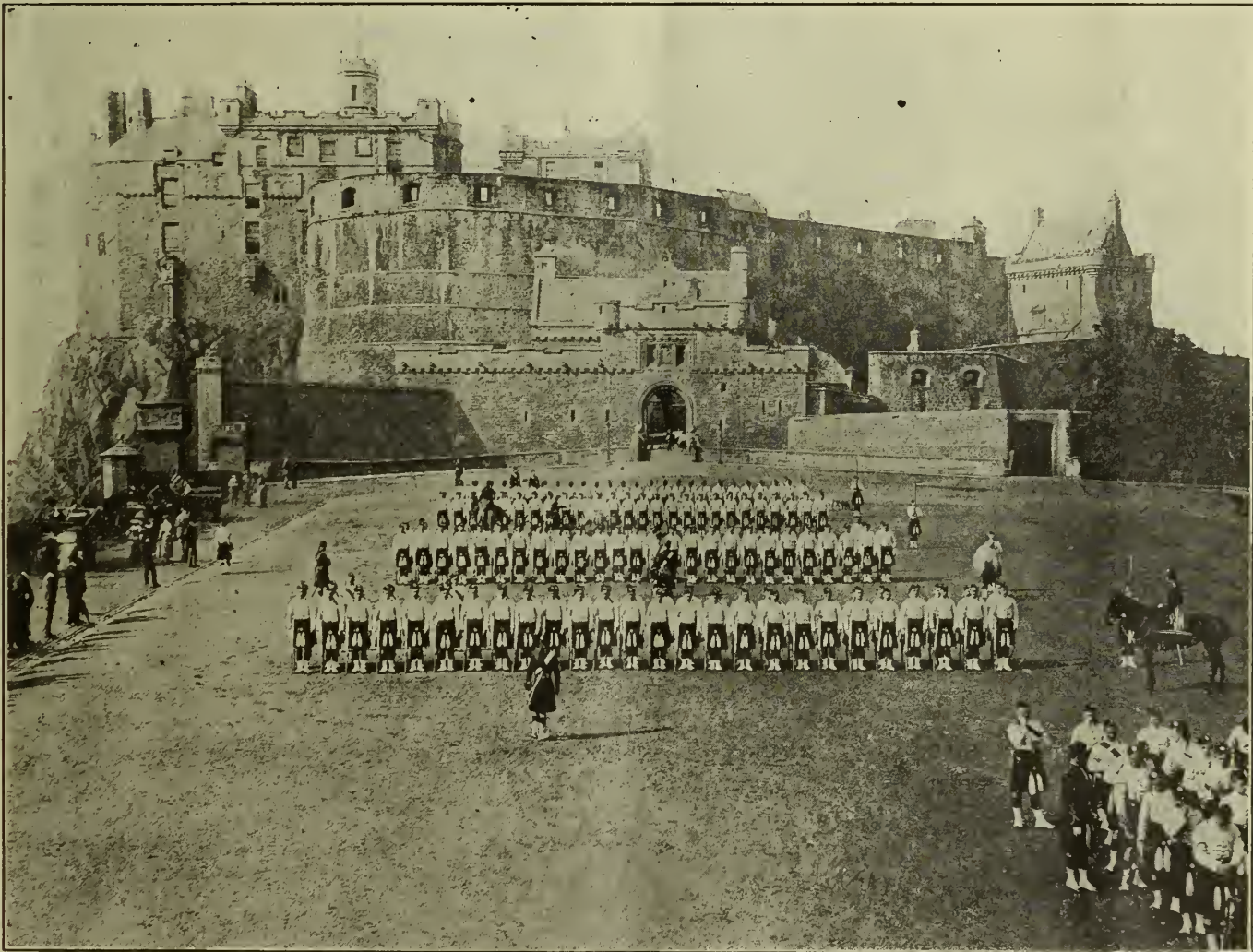
Vol. 76



SEPTEMBER, 1918



No. 9



SCOTTISH SOLDIERS DRILLING IN THE ESPLANADE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.



The Celebrated Edinburgh Castle

BY W. G. P.

THE famous Edinburgh Castle is one of the most interesting castles in Europe, and its history dates back over two thousand years, according to the best authorities. The Castle is built on a huge rock, which rises 443 feet above the level of the sea.

In the seventh century Edwin, King of Northumbria, built a fortress upon this rocky eminence. The name of Edwin's burgh was given to the little town below, and in time, both the Castle and the two became known as Edinburgh. There is plenty of land on the top of this immense rock, for it contains seven acres, affording ample space for all the buildings erected on it. In front is an esplanade 350 feet long, and 300 feet wide; and here the Scottish soldiers in their picturesque kilts may be seen going through their regular military drill. The Half Moon or Morton Battery was built in 1574. Its row of cannon appears very threatening, bristling down upon the old town.

Malcolm the Second made Edinburgh Castle his royal residence in the year 1004. The beautiful queen of Malcolm the Third died in the Castle in 1093, and her Chapel, called Queen Margaret's Chapel, is a monument to her piety. This Norman Chapel, built by her, is over 800 years old and is the oldest building in Edinburgh. It stands on the top of Castle Rock, commanding one of the most magnificent views in the British Isles. In 1124 Edinburgh became a royal city, the residence of the kings of Scotland, and Holyrood Palace was founded.

The portcullis of the Castle is fitted with four gates, and above stands the famous Argyll Tower. From the Half Moon battery the royal salutes are fired when the kings or queens of Great Britain visit Edinburgh.

On the highest plateau of rock at the Bomb battery is the famous Mons Meg, a big cannon which is historic. Some historians claim the big gun was forged at Mons in Flanders, about 1476, but others claim that it was made by a blacksmith of Galloway at the order of James the Second. This old cannon boomed at many sieges in past history, but it was burst by a too big charge of gunpowder in 1682, when it fired a salute in honor of the Duke of York, who made a visit to the city. Two years after this it was removed to the Tower of London. For many years it was mourned by the Scottish people, but it was restored to Edinburgh Castle in 1829 by George the Fourth, through the powerful intercession of Sir Walter Scott.

The Argyll Tower is historic. It rises over the portcullis, and is reached by a small door to the east of Queen Margaret's Chapel. This tower was the prison cell of many famous people of rank, among whom were the Marquis of Montrose and the two Marquises of Argyll. It acquired its name from the last named family. In this tower the great Argyll passed the last night before his execution. The tower was destroyed in the terrific onslaughts of the siege of 1573. But it was restored in 1892.

From the Half Moon battery there is an entrance to the Palace yard, which contains the Crown Room, in which is kept the priceless Scottish regalia. Here is the crown said to have been worn by the celebrated King Robert the Bruce, Queen Mary, James the Sixth, and Charles the First.

Here is also the sceptre of James the Fifth, the sword of state, presented to James the Fourth by Pope Julius II, and the Lord High Treasurer's silver rod of office.

The crown jewels have a strange history. They were captured by Cromwell and sent for safekeeping to the Castle of Dunnotat, and afterwards they were buried under the Mearns Church of Kinneff. At the time of the union of England and Scotland in 1707, they were again lost sight of and remained concealed in an old oak chest for over one hundred years. But finally a search was made, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, and after a long hunt

they were discovered. By the treaty of the union between the two countries, the crown jewels, or as they are called, "The Honours of Scotland," must always remain in Edinburgh Castle, and must never be used.

Queen Mary's room, where her son, James I of England, and James VI of Scotland, was born in 1566, is part of the palace built for Queen Mary in 1565. From the balconies outside her windows the Queen could enjoy magnificent views, as fine as any to be seen in all Europe, according to many writers. Underneath the Queen's room is a vaulted dungeon, and in the rooms above many of the Jacobite nobles were confined as prisoners.

In the celebrated banqueting hall or Old Parliament Hall, Charles the First gave his great coronation banquet in 1633, and in this same hall Oliver Cromwell entertained various friends and dignitaries in 1648. The boy, William, the sixth Earl of Douglas, sixteen years of age, and his younger brother, were enticed into this castle, and near the end of the banquet, the old symbol of death, a black bull's head, was brought into the hall and placed on the table. The two boys realized their peril and drew their swords upon the whole crowd of powerful warriors, but they were overpowered, given a mock trial, taken outside the hall and beheaded.

Edinburgh Castle has been a celebrated fortress in history, and is still capable of accommodating thousands of soldiers. When Edinburgh became the capital of Scotland, about the year 1436, the Castle was selected as the only safe place for the royal household and for the Parliament. It was enclosed by strong walls in the fifteenth century. The great hollow between the central ridge and the northern ridge was filled with water, and called the North Loch. It is very interesting to see this historic Castle towering over the splendid city of Edinburgh, and to imagine the days of the fifteenth century when the Scottish kings sought refuge from their turbulent and warring nobles in this strong Castle, which has been closely connected with Scottish history for hundreds of years.

The Bank Is Solvent

The United States Food Administration is the food bank of the Nation. In commercial affairs you put your money in the bank knowing that the multiplication of many small accounts gives stability and makes possible larger transactions in the world of business than could be handled with any small fund. No depositor expects to see his money all the time. It is sufficient to know that it is in good company, in other words, that the bank is solvent. What is in very much the same situation as money in the world today. Large transactions are necessary if the world war is to be fought to a successful conclusion for ourselves and the Allies, and yet these large transactions must be based upon the multiplied savings of millions of people. Each one can deposit in the general store only a small amount. What is very important is for every saver of wheat to know that the Food Administration is protecting his interests, that sufficient reserves will always be kept to guarantee the support of American citizens. This knowledge begets confidence, and confidence eliminates hoarding and "runs" on the bank. The Food Administration is your food bank, and it is solvent.

The Day of Prayer for Schools

In keeping with its annual custom, the National Reform Association again offers to all pastors this year who will discuss the subject of public education in their pulpits on the Second Lord's Day of September—the Day of Prayer for Schools—or a contiguous Sabbath, appropriate literature, free of charge. This literature is in advocacy of the training of our youth in Christian morality and includes a complete program for the proper observance of the day. Address, National Reform Association, 602-604 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pray and Pay

In a few weeks we shall be asked to contribute to the Fourth Liberty Loan. Let us prepare now to meet the call.

These are days when we realize the power of prayer. We know that when all is dark and days are long drawn out hours of anxiety, with each casualty list feverishly scanned, we find solace only in communion with the One who knows. We cannot know or see our way, but we can trust, and in trusting we can find peace.

Let us not forget, as we pray for ourselves, to pray for America, that she may continue to be worthy of the great mission she has undertaken; that she may be exalted by righteousness.

And having prayed, let us pay.

Huge sums of money are needed to equip and protect our soldiers at the front. We have promised before the world to keep them there until the cause of righteousness is triumphant if it takes all that we own.

It is a great privilege to have individual part in this work, to know that we have helped some American soldier by what we have done at home. Therefore, if we pray fervently, making our petitions real, actually wrestling with God, we shall be ready to pay.

In the case of some of us, it will involve considerable sacrifice to do our full share in the campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan. We must face this fact, and begin now to plan what shall be sacrificed. We cannot begin too soon. The more complete our preparations, the more satisfaction shall be had in making new records of devotion when the campaign is made.

Girls' Welfare Clubs

Girls' welfare clubs are being organized by the woman's convention auxiliary to the National Baptist Convention, according to a statement of Mrs. M. A. B. Fuller, corresponding secretary of the auxiliary.

With the assistance of city councils the convention is working to have lights placed in dark places in cities, to prohibit as far as possible loitering around army camps, parks and other public places, and to insure investigations of all questionable neighborhoods, boarding houses, hotels, cafes, parks, and soft-drink stands. There is also an effort being made to have special police in citizens' clothes patrol questionable neighborhoods and to secure public nurses for populous districts where living conditions must be safeguarded.

"We find that welfare clubs working with the city councils accomplish untold good. They keep the proper authorities informed of the conditions of health and morals of boys as well as girls," said Mrs. Fuller.

The Value of Letter Writing.

Some one has said, "Letter-writing keeps friends. Business parts us; we drift away to distant cities. The letter-writer keeps in touch, keeps alive, perhaps in the other, youth's ideals. This, too, is a ministry."

Let us beware of the poisoned pen which writes gossip and suggests harmful and wicked things. Let us rather use the Christian pen, which indites messages of comfort, good will, gentleness and love.

Special Offer of Tithing Literature

During the year 1918 the revised and enlarged pamphlet, "How to Tithe and Why," will be sent gratis, postpaid, to all ministers who ask for it, in sufficient quantities to supply one copy to every family in their churches and congregations.

Please mention the AMERICAN MESSENGER; also your denomination. Address The Layman Company, 143 North Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Are You Doing Your Bit?

He is a poor sort of a patriot who can not find some way to economize in order that he may buy War Savings Stamps, and in so doing give the Government more money, labor and materials with which to fight the war.

FOR OUR SOLDIER BOYS

WOULD you like to send a copy of a fine religious periodical to some soldier boy who is at one of the various cantonments, encampments or officers' training camps? Multitudes of young men will be in training for several months to come, and they will miss many of the comforts of home.

Why not send a copy of that favorite, long-established periodical, the AMERICAN MESSENGER to your soldier boy friend and thus provide him with some splendid reading which he will be sure to enjoy in his leisure moments in camp?

We believe that there are many of our readers who would like to send the AMERICAN MESSENGER to one or more of the soldier boys, and we therefore make a **Special Short Term Subscription Offer**, whereby, in return for the sum of Twenty Cents we will send this paper to the address of any soldier stationed in the United States for Four Months, that is, from September, 1918, to December, 1918, inclusive.

Such a subscription will ensure to your soldier boy friend a message at Thanksgiving and at Christmas time which will be brought to him through the columns of our special Thanksgiving and Christmas issues, and he will be sure to appreciate it.

A copy of the AMERICAN MESSENGER may prove a Godsend to some lonely soldier boy, who is far from home amid strange surroundings and unknown companions. Think over the list of the boys and young men of your acquaintance who have gone into training camps to fit themselves for heroic service for their country, and then send us a goodly list of names, accompanied by a remittance of 20 cents for each Special Short Term Subscription that you wish to send.

Perhaps some of our friends would like to supply several copies of the AMERICAN MESSENGER to a Y. M. C. A. Reading Room in some particular regiment or encampment. For five or more Special Short Term Subscriptions to be sent to one address we offer a Special rate of only 15 cents per copy for the four months' period, from September, 1918, to December, 1918. On this basis, five copies would cost 75 cents, 10 copies, \$1.50 and so on.

Please address all Special Short Term Subscriptions to

AMERICAN MESSENGER,
Park Avenue and 40th Street
New York.

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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Honoring Our Heroes

The Mayor of New York City has issued a proclamation designating the first day of September as Heroes Day in honor of those soldiers of New York who have died in France.

There is no doubt that this suggestion from the Mayor will meet with a most hearty response, for, as he says: "It is altogether fitting that we should honor those brave men who have died in arms for the cause of human liberty by setting aside a day on which to celebrate their valor, their achievements, and their supreme sacrifice."

While it is very appropriate that we should set apart this first Sunday of September as a Heroes Day, yet in a certain way we cannot escape the conviction that in these times every day should be a Heroes Day, not only in the matter of remembering those who have fallen bravely fighting under their country's flag but also in sustaining those who are now performing deeds of heroic service, both on the battlefield in France and in the homeland.

We do not wish to minimize in the slightest degree the heroic value of the deeds of those who have given the supreme sacrifice of their lives on the battlefield. Of all such it may be said that they have done what they could, and angels themselves could do no more. But what we desire to emphasize is the necessity for deeds of heroic service in every sphere of life, in order that as a united nation we may win the victory over our foes.

The complexity of modern life is just as existent in these days of warfare as in times of peace, and the longer this war continues the more evident does it become that the struggle is to be won, not simply by the efforts of those

who wear the uniform of the Army or the Navy, but by the united endeavors of the whole nation.

Every day should be a day of heroic service, whether our appointed task is in the field or the office or the factory or the home. Whether we are engaged in business or a profession or in some form of special war work, we should consecrate our highest abilities to the service of our country, and dedicate both ourselves and all that we have to the performance of the task upon which our nation has entered, and which will not be completed until the ruthless enemy that we face has been entirely vanquished.

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Labor Sunday

Labor Sunday this year falls on the first of September, the same day which in New York City has been designated as Heroes Day. This is quite a happy coincidence, since true heroism may be displayed by workmen at their daily tasks as well as by soldiers who are fighting on the field of battle.

Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, has sent through the Federal Council the following very pertinent message to the churches of America with regard to the present condition of the labor situation:

"The needs for production for the creation of war necessities are forcing an industrial expansion upon the country which must be accomplished in as many weeks sometimes as years would be required under ordinary circumstances.

"Under such circumstances there is a very great responsibility, both upon the Government and upon the people of the communities in which these war industries are developed, that there shall be no lowering of the standards which have been acquired so laboriously through years past, but that rather those ideals toward which we have been working shall be conformed to as promptly as possible. Our thinking for the safeguarding of industrial workers against unnecessary hazards ought to act under as great stimulation as does our thinking in regard to creating new and great industrial processes.

"There is no point at which such thought ought to be applied more carefully than in regard to the responsibilities which attach to the greatly increased number of industrial processes by women, who are thus rendering their war service.

"The Government is doing what it can in regard to all these matters, but no amount of supervisory work can take the place of a genuine community interest in such problems. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America will be making a very real contribution if it can give its emphasis to the responsibilities which rest upon individuals and communities in regard to vital matters of this sort."

These are wise words from one who is in a position to know the vital part which labor must

bear in winning the great conflict in which we are engaged. The interests of womanhood must be conserved under the new and trying conditions which now exist, and childhood, too, must be protected against the evils of premature and exhausting labor. On the other hand, it cannot be too strongly stated that our country has now come to a place where every citizen who is physically fit, should either fight, work or study in order that the rights of humanity may be preserved and that we as a nation may maintain our life as a free and independent people.

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Lafayette's Birthday Anniversary

Among the notable days that occur in the present month we should not overlook the anniversary of the birth of Lafayette, which occurs on September 6.

From the earliest days of our Republic the name of Lafayette has been honored and beloved, and at the present time the memory of this brave French patriot comes as an inspiration to the young men of our land, who are seeking to repay, at least in part, the debt of gratitude which our nation owes to this distinguished soldier for the aid which he rendered to the United States in achieving its independence.

The words of our honored General Pershing at Lafayette's grave will go down in history as epitomizing the attitude of American citizens toward the people of our sister republic. Freely translated General Pershing's utterance was, "Lafayette, here we are!" And the truth of those words the developments of each successive day is making increasingly clear.

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The Fourth Liberty Loan

Before the next issue of this paper reaches our subscribers the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign will have been launched. The Government proposes to float this new loan during the last days of September, and according to present indications it will be the largest of its kind ever offered to the public.

The necessity for this Fourth Liberty Loan is self-apparent. We now have over a million men in France, and it is purposed to speedily increase this number until our forces have reached a strength sufficient to crush the military power of the autocratic nation whose aims threaten the life of every other nation that will not subserviently bend to its will. To maintain this ever-increasing army there must be a large increase in the financial resources of the Government, and for that reason every loyal citizen is asked to do his or her utmost in subscribing to this new Liberty Loan.

The Importance of Education

There has never been a time in our country's history when it was more necessary to maintain before the American people the highest standards of education and to impress upon all young people and especially upon the boys of our land, the fact that the better we are educated the more valuable the service that we can render to our country.

At this season of the year many will face the question whether to continue their education in school or college or to engage in some form of war work that is directly connected with the present conflict.

Young people need to be reminded that in many cases they can render the most valuable service to their country by continuing their education, so that later on they may render far more skilled service to their country than if they were to drop their attendance at school or college at the present moment.

President Wilson has wisely said in this connection:

"I am pleased to know that, despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war, they have maintained their schools and other agencies of education so nearly at their normal efficiency. That this should be continued throughout the war and that, in so far as the draft law will permit, there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges is a matter of the very greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over.

"So long as the war continues there will be

constant need of very large numbers of men and women of the highest and most thorough training for war service in many lines. After the war there will be urgent need, not only for trained leadership in all lines of industrial, commercial, social, and civic life, but for a very high average of intelligence and preparation on the part of all the people."

A Suggestion for Rally Day

Though many will necessarily be absent from Rally Day services this year, still the churches and Sunday Schools will do well to observe this day, for the very absence of so many emphasizes the greater need of rallying those who remain to a vigorous campaign for the advancement of the Kingdom.

One large Sunday School of which we have heard, has used the following method in recruiting its members for Rally Day, and smaller organizations may easily adapt whatever modification of the plan is needed to utilize the idea. The whole Sunday School, containing about a thousand members constituted itself as a regiment. The superintendent was designated colonel of the regiment, and he appointed ten captains, who in turn appointed ten corporals, each of whom was responsible for a squad of ten. Each company had a different color for flags and other emblems. The entire regiment was called to the colors on Rally Day. The program was of a military character, and included a regimental roll call by companies. Special awards were given to the squads and companies having perfect attendance.

Give Them a Lift

Realizing that our soldier boys have a great deal of walking to do and that they would appreciate a "lift" now and then, some of the automobile owners and users in various parts of the country have entered into an agreement to carry men in uniform who may be going their way and some sign or token to this effect is pasted on the wind-shield of the machine. In the vicinity of Fort Lee, Virginia, the symbol thus used is a red heart. Whenever a tired soldier sees an automobile so marked going in his direction, he understands that he has a personal invitation to stop it and get in.

Another beneficent movement that has been started is called the "White Star Hospitality Service." The symbol of this service is a white star surrounded by a blue circle, and pasted on a wind-shield or lamp. This emblem tells the public that the owner of this automobile has taken a convalescent soldier, sailor or aviator for a ride or is willing to do so.

A Gift for a Whole Regiment

A friend, who is interested in the ministry of Christian Literature recently sent this letter of one of the Field Secretaries of the American Tract Society:

"Your letter received. After reading it I decided that I could not spend a hundred dollars of the Lord's money better than to use it in sending copies of the Soldier's Text Book to an entire infantry regiment, and I shall not fail to pray for these 3,755 men who receive them."

"Something for the Church"

By ELIZABETH L. GEBHARD



YOU want to do something for the church. Wouldn't you like to do this?" It was a young minister's wife, charming and lovable and full of a warm-hearted Christian enthusiasm, who brought this talismanic sentence with her as she went with her husband to a new parish. Perhaps it was not an original thought on her part, but an ingrained idea, born and trained in a family which had always been doing "something for the church."

To the congregation to which she brought her sunny call to duty, the thought was new. They had long been acquainted with the conscientious few who gave themselves generously to the church, the impulsive members who worked when some special effort appealed, the careless people who let others carry the burdens, and the overworked, tired members, who could of necessity do so little, that they regretfully passed everything by.

Before the eyes of the people who exhibited this mixture of Christianity and human nature, the golden sentence of the minister's wife lifted a veil that revealed the possibilities of both small and large service, and accumulated results that were both surprising and heartening. In these days she might have said: "Of course you all want to do your bit," but in the days when the minister's wife was young, the great war phrase was not yet born, and still the thought was in her heart. Little by little it cast a ray of light into strange and unaccustomed corners.

The young mother of a baby boy found she could be treasurer of the missionary society, recording the money handed to her, and stopping with the baby carriage on sunny afternoons for other dues. She felt she was doing

"something for the church," and no longer worried about the things she could not do. With the thought of "something for the church," one after another of those who had felt they could never serve in such a capacity, became officers of the missionary society. A day school teacher, who could give very little week day service, became leader of the Junior Christian Endeavor on Sunday afternoon. Busy homemakers, who must be with their families at meal time, found they could so arrange their household affairs that they could give real practical help in the way of church sociables between meals, and perhaps bring the whole family with them when the sociable occurred.

With the lift in the spiritual atmosphere of the church, one good Sunday School teacher after another found that Bible teaching and the leadership of the boys and girls was what he or she could give to the church. The Pastor's Aid and the Willing Helpers, the Fresh Air work, all grew and flourished. Never had such missionary boxes gone to the Home Mission parsonages. Everybody could and did have a hand in filling them full of practical comforts, conveniences, pretty things, toys for the children and the latest books and magazines for the minister. There grew to be a very personal and loving bond between the home church and its mission stations at home and abroad.

Everyone did "something," and the accumulation of Christian effort made a live church, with an output of practical results which was surprising. Each individual member became a magnet that drew others. The members of the Junior Society found they could make scrap books and dress dolls which brought joy to little folks in hospital beds. The Seniors developed an earning capacity that conduced to a gener-

ous support of foreign mission schools and colleges.

There never had been so much sociability in the church, for there had ceased to be any dead wood. Everyone was doing "something for the church" and the common interest tied the members close together.

Nor did it end with the spiritual uplifting of those who were already church members. More and more, the children and young people, drawn into the service of the church, found themselves closer to the Fountain Head of all loving service. Christ and His life became more real to them. They were glad to enlist under his banner, proud to be the soldiers of the King. More young people became members of the church than ever before, and to each new member came the message that was like a call to highest duty, "You want to do something for the church."

What a difference it would make in all our churches if every incoming member voiced their allegiance to Christ and the church with this slogan! Suppose every member in a church did something for the church, what a live church it would be! If every member in each church of a town did something for his church, what a live town would result! If every member of every church in our land did something for Christ and the church, what a Christian nation we would have, and how that spiritual life would spread to the lands over the seas, where Christ and His love are unknown!

Never has the world known as it does today what an accumulation of service will do! Everyone doing his bit, everyone doing something for the church, would lift the whole world to a higher level of Christianity, and make this earth a veritable vestibule of Heaven.



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



REV. G. ERNEST MERRIAM.

"A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY"

BY

REV. GEORGE ERNEST MERRIAM

Minister of Calvinistic Congregational Church, Fitchburg, Massachusetts



NOT many martial figures are enshrined in the pages of the New Testament. Two of the Gospel writers, however, have saved from oblivion one such personage, a most interesting personality indeed, though nameless. Tradition speaks of him as Marcellus and again as Quirinus; but the sacred authors leave him nameless, as though nomenclature were unimportant compared with character.

Nameless, then let us consider him. Enough to know him as the Roman Centurion, or simply as a man "under authority." How significant a phrase is this—"under authority." It is the man's own description of himself, an autobiography in brief, a thumb nail sketch, a self-painted miniature, a self-made cameo. Not an unnecessary word or line, not a wasted stroke of the brush; only an outline, but how clear-cut it stands, in bas-relief—this strong white soldier spirit, this man under authority.

And stepping out of the remote past, how he enriches the present and how in keeping with it he seems, this decade the most tumultuous and terrific time of all history and the most wonderful as well, a period potential and pregnant with promise. I feel sure that this military hero of old would have a keen interest in the world struggle, were he alive today. He would be playing his part therein, were he here. Nay, he is doing that, for he has a message for the man at the front, for the man in the cantonment and for the men and women who in the rear are doing their part in the rank and file of service.

According to Matthew and Luke he was a Roman Centurion—of a race hated by the Jews, in their eyes the representative of a tyrant. Yet Jewish elders are his messengers, seeking the cure of his sick servant. They speak of him as one who is "worthy," one who "loveth our nation," one who "hath built us our synagogue." Later he sent his more intimate friends, and finally he came himself, and in either case the note of humility is struck in "Lord, trouble not Thyself" and "I am not worthy that Thou shouldest enter under my roof, neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee. But say the word and my servant shall be healed."

Is it any wonder that Jesus marvelled, saying, "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel." Whence came this faith, we ask. And the Centurion answers, that it is by virtue of the fact that he is under authority, saying to one soldier, "'Come,' and he cometh, and to another 'Go,' and he goeth, and to his servant 'Do this,' and he doeth it."

Nor is this all. The keyword of the account is "also"—"I also am a man under authority," that is—as well as you—as well as Jesus. It is a recognition of Christ's authority. Therein was his faith.

The most significant word is "under." You or I would have said "with"—with authority. The Centurion had authority, physical authority, at times of life and death; Jesus had authority, spiritual authority over body and soul. But the Roman was right—such power comes through humility; sovereignty is the result of submission; first under authority and therefore with authority is the law of life.

It is so in the Kingdom of men. The Centurion was a captain, the leader of one hundred men. Yet he was in command not because of his strength, not because of his skill, not because of his personality, save as these helped to prove him a man fitted for the honor. His authority came from Rome. It was conferred by the Emperor. Doubtless he had been promoted as we would say "from the ranks"—first obeying, then obeyed.

We honor the hero not because he knows how to command, but because he knows how to obey. Witness the "Charge of the Light Brigade"

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

It is the knowledge that one is under authority, and not that he possesses it over others, that gives him irresistible might in the onset. Cannon to right and left and in front of them cannot stay such in their course. They know that horse and hero must fall—but they obey—simply obey, having faith in those over them, those who like them are under authority.

And so we obey those who represent the law. Fire rages near where we live. The fireman comes to our door, knocks with authority, and orders us to vacate until danger is past, and we obey. The policeman speaks to the citizen, who loiters on the crowded corner, and he obeys. The teacher sets definite lessons for the pupil because under authority and, therefore, with authority from city and commonwealth, and the pupil listens and studies in the spirit of faith rather than of slavish fear. The physician or member of the health board comes into your home and removes to asylum or to hospital the dear one, young or old, who is a menace to home or community because of some dread disease. This is a free country, but we soon learn that we cannot in our amusements act without restraint, or by our speech threaten riot. Everywhere in our civil life we find the man under authority and we respect him and say of him as the famous pupil said of his old teacher, Arnold, "All that I am, from foundation to roof tree, I owe to that man."

It is the same in the realm of nature. The elemental forces are under authority and we learn not to fear, but (if we may verbalize a noble noun) to faith them. Water, in the narrow crevice, freezes; and its expansion shoves to either side the massive rock; or again as steam and water expands too suddenly and the

boiler bursts, dealing destruction and death on every hand; or again gravitation takes it in hand and the water, now slower, now faster, speeds on its way to the sea, ever downward, ever onward, from spring to rivulet, from brook to stream, over the rocks and through the grasses, in shade and sunlight, turning wheels and irrigating the fields, but ever, ever journeying toward the sea. Electricity lifts its hand, the thunderbolt of Jove is cast and the monarch of the forest lies low in death. More quietly the principles of life work—the tree straightening toward the sun—the sap mounting from rootlets through roots and trunk and branches to endmost twigs with their leaves and blooms and fruit, the seeds germinating beneath the warm soil and sending forth first the tender stalk, then the leaf, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

Man takes advantage of all this. He reservoirs the water and pipes it to distant cities with their hydrants and faucets, and so through gravitation quenches fire or thirst as circumstances may demand. He sets the water wheel in the stream and builds over it his mill; later he converts the water to steam and, changing his motive machinery, he gains the same results through expansion instead of gravitation.

With gravitation as his agent he stands by the pile driver and lifts the weight to the very top, then releases it and as the weight falls, again and again, the mighty log trembles and sinks through mud and ooze and sand to the hardpan beneath. With expansion as his servant he sits in the pilot cab, opens the throttle, and the locomotive glides out upon the track which may span a continent, drawing behind it the long line of cars loaded with freight or with human beings. With atoms of electricity organized into obedient cohorts he lights the city, heats the home, transports the man near or far, or bears the message around the world.

Studying the laws of growth he gives the spur to nature and irrigating, fertilizing, ploughing, harrowing, weeding, he finally harvests thirty, sixty and a hundred-fold. Or in times of war he deals in explosives and with under-the-sea and high-in-the-air inventions, resists the foe and seeks peace through war, calm through confusion, construction through destruction, unity through enmity, weal through woe, life through death.

Then it is that we realize the weak, wavering, wayward humanity which is our legacy and also the glorious divinity which is our heritage. We climb with struggle and strife over cliffs and through sleet and snows to Alpine heights and like the great scholar, when we reach the summit and the vision is horizon wide and heaven high, we forget the earthly menace and woe beneath and spring to our feet with a cheer upon our lips. But, as with him so with us, some guide catches hold of our coat and restrains us as he exclaims, "On your knees, sir,

on your knees! You are safe here only on your knees." We are playing with titanic forces, we are reaching undreamed-of heights, and tired and worn and almost doubting, we are blinded by sudden visions of God's plans and purposes. We need the "gift of the knees" or our position will be precarious and our fall will be, like that of Lucifer of old, from heaven to hell.

Not otherwise is it in the realm of the intellectual. Man obeys and commands his fellow. Man obeys and commands the forces of nature. But in all this it is the idea which is dominant: its sceptre is regnant. Man becomes an exile to write his book or to formulate his doctrine, that is under the spell of the ideal—the high, selected, selective idea. Man risks death rather than pay a tax on tea, thrilled by the rights of liberty. Man holds other men in his grip as a Garibaldi, saying, "I can offer you nothing save rags and wounds and death, but let him who loves his country follow me." Still we see the influence of authority and of those under authority. But conscience is king, and moral rather than civil law is in the ascendant.

Out of skies black as midnight comes the blinding, blasting bolt of lightning. It strikes. A home is ablaze and before man can act it is burned to ashes. But the owner rebuilds on the same or other foundations, and this time he erects the rod of Franklin above his roof and shakes his fist in the face of the storm and challenges the powers that be, saying, "Come again if you will, but next time travel my roadway to dungeons prepared for you beneath."

Again, man looks upon the burrowing mole and through the sightless sees a vision; he looks upon the spider and from its gossamer thread he spins cables of steel. Forthwith he tunnels beneath the river and erects his bridge above the river. He looks upon the bird with envy; he looks upon the fish and emulation stirs in his heart. He frames the aeroplane and designs the submarine. So he makes his conquest of land and water and air.

The idea with him is no idle dream, but an instrument of reality. He conquers not only the world of things, but the hearts of men. His genius speaks through music and art and literature. Through harmony and through color and through the printed page he makes men hear and see and feel, for is he not *also* a man under authority? Book follows book in sequence, in science, economics, ethics, religion. One builds upon another. It is the survival of the fittest—a battle of brains, a warfare of wits.

Sometimes we worry and wonder and speculate as to what we should think and say and do. Let us remember the artilleryman who, when asked in the midst of his description of the mighty conflict, "What did you see?" answered, "Nothing but confusion and dust and smoke," and when further questioned, "What did you do?" without hesitation replied, "I stood by my guns!" They also serve—and we might add, save—who only stand and wait.

There is one, and one only in supreme authority—God. It is with His universe that we have to do. It is in His universe that we live. Back of the nations are the cumulative ideas of men; back of the universe is the creative idea—the fiat of the Almighty. Yes, back of man himself is the Alpha and Omega—God. As the Persian poet wrote:

"Angels, elements and skies and men
Are parts of One whose law the whole enfolds."

It is under His authority that nature acts and reacts. Under His authority also man breathes, thinks, wills and performs.

Many and strangely unlike are His agents with varying authority, according as they have learned to know and obey His laws. But there is only one supreme agent, of Whom it has been said that He was "with God" even "in the beginning" and that "by Him were all things made and without Him was nothing made that was

made." He was the Word—the expressed idea. He was the Light by which men might walk in safety and with known destiny. He it was who said to men without hesitation, "Follow Me," and of Whom men said with unanimity, "He spoke as one having authority." He it was who quieted the stormy sea with His "Peace be still." He made the cross the sceptre of the world. He impressed the Centurion as one "under authority." What if, perchance, this Centurion was one and the same with him who stood beneath the cross and there gave his testimony—the later verdict of all who came after—"Truly this was the Son of God."

And He it was, the Christ, who gave authority to His disciples just as long as they should abide in His word and "love one another." There is no authority like that of love, swaying and swayed by affection. Napoleon employed the power of armament and he failed; the power of Christ was that of love and love only, and millions would and will die for Him. The battle is on; not only in Europe but in the hearts of men, between right and wrong, between God and the devil. He who has gained our pardon demands our allegiance and our unquestioning obedience.

The Centurion was a man of responsibility, a man of power, and therefore a man of pride; but, paradox of attributes, he was also a man of humility. "I also." How that "also" speaks of a sense of peerage, a justifiable consciousness of position, of vested authority. Yet—note again the "under"—knowing his position, as we sometimes say. With authority? Yes, but because under authority. Sovereignty comes through submission.

Not otherwise is it in the Kingdom of God. Christ, we read, "humbled himself" and became "obedient unto death, yea, the death of the cross," and hence "in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

The great Livingstone, the first time he stood in a Christian pulpit, became so frightened that, after announcing his text, he actually fled from the church. Yet see him entering, crossing and recrossing the wilds of Africa, praying ever, "O God, help me to paint this dark continent white!" At his death faithful natives bore his body in its rough coffin thousands of miles through trackless forests, until they reached the inland sea and the ship that was to bear what was left of the missionary author and scientist to England and Westminster Abbey. Even *Punch*, the comic paper of London, while playing upon the name in commenting on his death, preaches a sermon in miniature upon his deathless character.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary, come of weaver kin,
Made great by work that brooks no lower wage.
He needs no epitaph to guard his name,
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good, be that his fame.
Let marble crumble; this is Living-stone."

Theseus of old at last was able to lift the stone and secure the sword and sandals, placed there before his birth by the expectant father. At once he started on the long journey to that capitol where he should be trained for the throne, clearing as he went the roadway of all robbers and tyrants who menaced the people. So God has placed in the Scriptures the sword of the Spirit and the sandals of Peace—that we may be armed and shod. When will we get our spiritual growth, push to one side the boulder of indifference, seize upon our divine trust and begin the life-long journey of service, seeking to reform and transform the world and they who dwell therein?

In this year of sacrifice, of Red Cross and Red Triangle giving, of utter loyalty and patriotism, are we acting not merely for the good of temporal kingdoms, but for the eternal kingdom of God and for the advancement of Christ's banner of love?

Beyond the Mystic Veil

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

Somewhere away from the noise and stir of the city, there stretches a vast plain, where the wind sighs softly through the trees and the little birds sing joyous songs to each other. And somewhere, afar, too, from the brilliant, artificial lights that brighten the heart of a great metropolis, the stars, God's own lights, shine down over quiet hills and valleys, and looking up to the far-off heavens, one is filled with awe at the majesty and splendor of His mighty work.

Thus, seeing the beauty of the trees and birds and flowers of this world, who can conceive of the grandeur that lies where that beauty "fadeth not away?" Somewhere, we feel quite sure, there awaits apart from the artificialities of the world, a land of perfect peace, "beyond this vale of tears," and there the flowers that faded here, will lift again their drooping heads and bloom with an unknown beauty. The songs that were begun and broken off on earth, will live on and on, and blend in a glad harmony in the heavenly realm throughout all eternity.

We cannot see between "the here and there," though there stretches but a thin veil between—we cannot hear the gladness of that broken song, to which we've listened with mortal ears. The discordant chords of what seemed the end on earth, are ringing still in our hearts, but, "just over there," "when the mists have rolled in splendor . . . from the beauty of the hills . . ." the silver tones reverberate in a far grander symphony of an endless song.

"We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand."

Let us live through the span of years below, with that faith which will admit of the mist curtain arising for us on the glory of that beautiful beyond—there where there'll be no fading away of the flowers, no close to the song of immortal life, and where we'll come no more to the end of a perfect day!

Vision is too feeble, imagination too cramped, and words too limited to describe the peace and glory of that coming day, and yet, we do know, that,

"Far out of sight, while sorrows still infold us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
Than these few words—I shall be satisfied."



The Last Adventure

BY JAMES TERRY WHITE.

*All forms of life are endless; each frail vase
Is emptied o'er and o'er—but filled again;
And never tangled is the wondrous maze
Of Nature's melodies through endless days—
And yet forever new and sweet to men.*

*Gleams hint that life upon some future waits;
The worm cannot forecast the butterfly—
And yet the transformation but creates
A step in the same Nature which now mates
Our own—and may life's mystery untie.*

*Mayhap the butterfly this message brings:—
"The law, uncomprehended, I obey;
Although the lowliest of earth-bred things,
Even I have been reborn with urgent wings,
And heavenward fly—who crept but yesterday."*

*In life's fair mansion I am but a guest;
And life will bring fulfillment of the gleam.
I trust this last adventure is the best,
The crowning of this earthly life's behest,
The consummation of the poet's dream.*

PREACHERS IN PRINT

Among the Miners

Rev. Henry W. Pratt has for many years circulated Christian literature as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in Utah and the adjoining States. He meets with all classes and conditions of people, and often his travels take him among the miners.

The illustration on this page shows us a coal tippie at Castle Gate, Utah, which Mr. Pratt visited some time ago, and where he distributed good, Christian reading among the men there employed.

In a recent report Mr. Pratt gives the following account of his work for the month:

"The first town I visited this month was Stockton, Utah. Some mines are adjacent to it, and it may be properly called 'a mining town.' Some people there value good books, and in past visits I could count on circulating many publications there. In one home I sold 'White Fire' to a young lady. This missionary narrative is a splendid book to leave in homes. In another home I found that the mother liked poems for the children, and she took 'Home Songs' and 'Songs for the Little Ones at Home.' Most of the books I disposed of were for children.

"Since my last visit to this town a Union Sunday School has been started, but it makes slow progress. I called on a lady who was said to be the superintendent, but she told me she was not attending now, and evidently she had lost interest. I urged upon her the need of Christian work in such a town, especially in view of the fact that the Mormons keep up their work there.

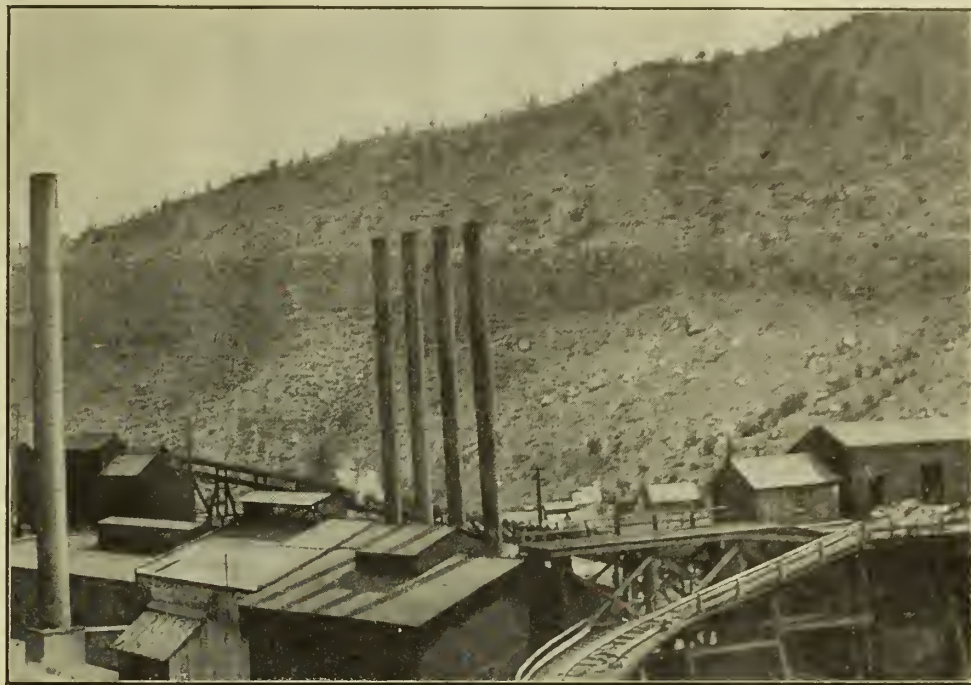
"The next town I visited was Delta, whose population is mostly Mormon. There is, however, a Presbyterian Church, which has a good pastor. I called on him, as I have on previous visits, for he usually buys books for the Sunday School, and this time he took a copy of 'Naomi.'

"A new sugar factory has been built since I was last in Delta. The unusual thing about this is the fact that it is owned by Eastern people, whereas almost all the other sugar plants in Utah are owned by Mormons, and Utah has more such factories than any other State. This new factory in Delta has brought a number of good families to the town who will undoubtedly help to carry on the Christian work.

"The next town I visited was Oasis, well named, because it lies on the desert. It is an all-Mormon town. I visited every family in the place and was kindly received. In some cases the people purchased books.

"Another town I visited was Deseret, one of the oldest towns in Utah. It is all-Mormon, and located several miles from the railroad. The people were cordial to me. A young man who likes to read bought 'The Boy Next Door.' Another boy bought 'A Boy of Today,' which reminds of the fact that a lady in Salt Lake City, who bought that book for her boy, said, 'A friend told me that this is the best book of its kind for boys that I ever read.'

"I find in a good many homes very sad people, for so many have gone to the war. In such cases I often distribute the tract, 'Looking Through Your Troubles,' saying 'If instead of looking at our troubles, we look through our troubles to Christ, who is our Burden-bearer, the troubles will be easier to bear, and the trials will work out for our own good.'"



A COAL TIPPLE AT CASTLE GATE, UTAH, VISITED BY COLPORTER PRATT

In one of his letters Mr. Pratt calls attention to the perils of Mormonism, and issues a note of warning in these words:

"The Mormon Church has 5,000 missionaries now and at least three-quarters of them are at work in the United States at the present time.

"Mormonism is on the increase in our country. Utah is of course largely Mormon, but there is a constant increase through the growth of Mormon families. 'Increase and replenish the earth,' is the Mormon teaching. In addition to this natural growth there is a constant increase through the work of the Mormon missionaries in New York and other states.

"Missionary work of the right sort for the propagation of the true Christian faith is sorely needed in these dark days of warfare. I pray that I may be able to do good to the tried and sorrowing ones."

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Personal Work in Oregon

Rev. Samuel Mueller, who has been distributing the Gospel message for many years as a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society in the far Northwest tells of some of his recent efforts in these words:

"One day I met a poor, drunken soul in the car. When he got off I stepped out with him and on the sidewalk I told him how Jesus so loved him that He died for him on the Cross to save him from that terrible curse of strong drink.

"At Hillsdale it was my privilege and joy to receive an order from each of two Italian women for a Bible in their own mother tongue. Some time ago I had distributed tracts to these dear souls, and this was the welcome harvest, for which be thanks, glory and praise to God.

"Somebody, whom Jesus loves, has made it possible for me to distribute some hundreds of copies of the Soldier's Text Book to our

boys in the streets of Portland before or after the service on Sundays. May this effort result in an abundant spiritual harvest!

"One evening I was sitting beside a soldier of the sea as we travelled together in the car. I spoke to him about the great love of the Saviour, and told him that only His precious blood can cleanse us from sin. God knows what the fruit of the harvest will be in this and in the many other cases in which I have spoken personally to various souls concerning their salvation."

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Among the Mountaineers

Rev. J. M. Carter, a missionary colporter of the American Tract Society, writes from Pembroke, Va.:

"I am doing what I can to spread the word of the Master in destitute homes. It seems to me that the only hope that can be held out to these people is to read the Word of God and to ask His protecting care. Our services and the Christian literature provided by the American Tract Society are fulfilling a mission of which the world stands in much need now. I would to God that all nations would feel the need of the divine Word as do these humble mountaineers. Then we would have a better earth for men to live in."

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A Message From Korea

In a recent communication, Mr. Gerald Bonwick, the efficient General Secretary of the Korean Religious Book and Tract Society, whose headquarters are at Seoul, writes:

"War conditions and war prices have caused us a great deal of anxiety and extra expense, and yet the work has increased in spite of all the drawbacks, and we are able to report a larger circulation for the past year than ever before. Indeed there seems to be no limit to the demand for good books, if only we could publish them."

THE WATCHER IN THE DOORWAY

By Edgar L. Vincent



HERE is one thing that God cannot do for His lost children. Think for a moment of the parable of the lost sheep. Out of his flock a shepherd missed just one. There were ninety-nine more, but this one was gone when the evening shadows came on and it was time to gather the flock inside the fold. It may be before now the shepherd had noticed that this was a wilful sheep. Often he had brought it back from its straying. Did some one say when he spoke of the missing creature, "Let it go now. It is only seeking one more last bite of choice grass before the day is over. It will come back in good time. Let us not be troubled now. It is so young, and when it has awakened from its pursuit of life's pleasant things, it will find its way to the fold." If so, then may we not fancy that the shepherd would answer, "But the shadows are falling. Soon darkness will settle over the hills. The straying lamb will linger too late, and then in its haste to be back with its mates it will run and tear its tender flesh on the cruel thorns and cry in terror. I will therefore go and seek my lost sheep!"

And the shepherd goes and he climbs the mountain paths, calling, calling, everywhere for the wandering sheep, "until he finds it." Then, laying it on his shoulder he bears it back home, rejoicing. Because the lamb was so weak and so foolish and so helpless, the shepherd thought for his sheep, he had pity upon it and sought it until he found it, perhaps lying torn and bleeding, suffering and tired unto death under some pitiless thorn-bush!

Of the ten pieces of silver, the woman missed one. She counted her little store over again and again, to be sure that she was not mistaken. It was true; somehow through her fingers the little coin had slipped and disappeared. With quick-beating heart, for this was a loss she could not afford, she hurried to light the candle and to sweep the house from top to bottom, seeking diligently "till she found the lost piece of silver." What a day it was when at last she held her treasure in her hand! No wonder she felt like calling her friends and neighbors together to rejoice with her! Why should they not be glad that their friend had recovered the precious piece she had lost! So, declared the Master, is there rejoicing in heaven over every sinner who repenteth. The coin never could have been recovered, had not the woman made diligent search for it! Silver is cold, senseless, inanimate! It cannot think; it cannot act for itself. Once lost, it must remain forever missing, unless it is gathered up from the dust and the litter of life and brought back to its owner.

Now pause for a moment to take in the deep meaning of the son who was lost. When the prodigal demanded of his father the portion of goods that fell to him and went away from home, he did it with deliberate purpose. He had the choice, and he took it, of remaining under the sheltering roof-tree, happy in the love of the dear ones, or of taking his way out into the world. Was it not just as the shades of evening were falling over moor and fen that the young man took his way down the pathway from his father's house, out upon the road to the world which looked so big to him? It is the dark which so charms the young away from home! So brightly shine the lights yonder! So alluring are the things which lie beyond the range of the eyes blinded by passion!

Did the old man stand in the doorway, wide open so that the warm light of the home lamp

might stream out over the way the son was taking, if by any chance he might look back and after all come back to his father's house, where there was bread enough and to spare? Did the father watch until the form of the boy he loved so well had passed on and out of sight, and then go in and sit down by the side of the companion of his heart, his eyes running over with tears, his heart torn with sorrow? Did he grieve with the mother as they thought over together the days when he was pure and sweet and innocent? Did not the mother whisper to the strong man bowed there in grief, "He is a good boy, father! We will love him as we always have loved him, and love him to the end?" And did not the father draw her to him and bravely answer, "Surely, we will keep the light in the window for him! We will watch for his homecoming together!"

Now, those were hard days which came after that for the old folks waiting in the home. They knew more about the ways by which sin leads men than did the boy who had gone out into the far country. They tried the best they could to follow him in their thoughts as he went up and down, up and down the primrose path, looking everywhere for something sin never gave and never can give. They felt the sting of the awakening when at last the substance, wrought out in the fields so slowly and so carefully, had all been wasted and the boy with the once clear eye had been turned into the man with the bleared vision and the seared conscience, and something else must be done. Where now must he take his way! God only knew! Surely, it would be something that would shame and humiliate their boy, for that must be the common lot of every man who turns out his manhood and lets devils into his soul! But all they could do was to kneel together and ask God, the Father, to keep watch and ward over their boy!

All they could do? And why not do as did the shepherd when his wee lamb was gone astray? Why not seek him, as the housewife did her piece of silver that was gone, with lighted candle and swift-flying broom? Why? Because man's will is his own, and not even God Himself may touch it against his choosing! Man thinks for himself! Man says for himself, "I will or I will not!" Man sits on the throne of his own soul and arbitrates between life and death! What if the father had gone out to seek his boy? What if he had found him down there in the haunts of evil, or even out in the fields with the swine, and brought him back home. Could he have been sure that the son would have stayed? Might there not have come another day when he would demand still more from his father and have gone out to still deeper shame? Would he have been always happy and satisfied had the father gathered him out of his unrepentant disgrace and set his feet again in the quiet lanes of the home life?

No. What the father could do, and all he might do, was to wait and watch in the doorway for the homecoming of his son. He could pray for him. He could write him letters from home. He would in ways the son might never know or understand throw influences about the one he loved which might play upon his heart and lead him to a saner way of thinking? He might pray God to send the Holy Spirit to guide and to quicken and to convict the heart of his son, but the boy must come back of his own accord. It might wring the very blood out of the father's heart while the experience of the fields and the swine and the husks were tugging at the life of the erring son. He might

feel all the shame, all the suffering, all the remorse over the years which had been wasted; but all he could do was to pray and to watch and to wait for the dear one to come to himself! It is best that that should be so, for there is only one master of the will, and he is the one to whom God gave it!

But after he came to himself, how the sunshine comes in to flood the young man's pathway! God has kept alive in his soul the sweet memories of the past! How often as he did that menial and distasteful service out there with the creatures he hated so, his thoughts went back to the brook where he had built his little dam or listened in fancy to the twitter of the birds in the trees by the side of the old home door! How good those days were! How happy he had been until the lure of sin caught him in its swirl! How good it would seem now to just lay his head down once more on the snowy pillow mother had made for him! Thanks be to God, these wooings never lost their power; and at last—at last—he said unto himself, "I will arise and go to my father!"

The little one in our home came to a time when it seemed to him no longer fitting that he should ask grandfather to excuse him from the table when his meal was done. When the father urged the duty of making this little plea, the will of the three-year-old grew stronger and he would not yield. Lifting him in his chair the father took his little one away into a room that was dark and there alone the two fought out the battle.

"Say, 'excuse me, grandpa,'" the father urged over and over again, patiently. Then a long silence, out of which the grandsire still waiting at the table heard a whispered, "Excuse me, grandpa!" "Say it louder; grandfather did not hear," went on the father; and at last a stronger voice came up to the old man's ear, "Excuse me, grandpa, if you please!" But the grandfather had caught the first faint pleadings of the little one; and just so God hears the slightest whisperings of the lips that are stirred by a will brought into subjection to His own!

For what do we read? Is it not this:

"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him!"

A long way off! Blessed watching at the doorway! Gracious manifestation of the love that never faileth!



The Visitor

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

*Pale Sorrow came to dwell with me,
And Joy went on her way.
I welcomed not my mournful guest,
And begged sweet Joy to stay;
But, laughing, Joy went from my door—
And all the sky was gray!*

*I hid my face within my hands,
And wept—how bitterly!
I grieved that Sorrow should have sent
My childhood friend from me;
For Joy had never left my side
Since life began to be.*

*Then Sorrow took my hand in hers,
And spoke in tones so sweet
That I could only heed her words
And fall before her feet;
She told of life and love and God—
And months and years were fleet!*

*Then Joy returned—no more a child,
But now a woman grown;
Her eyes were lustrous with the light
Of those whose hearts have known
The hurt of life, but who, made wise,
Have ceased to walk alone.*

*She spoke: "I too have learned of life,
And thus return to you
To dwell with you through all the years,
A comrade tender, true."
Then Sorrow, smiling, left my door—
And all the sky was blue!*

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

Native Workers in the Congo

One of the most important and desirable features of missionary work is the enlistment of native workers. Indeed it may be truthfully stated that, other conditions being equal, the more effective the native workers are, the more effective will be the work of the mission as a whole.

The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society maintains a large and active mission in the Congo, and here the missionaries have learned to avail themselves of the services of many native teachers and evangelists.

The striking picture on this page shows us a group of native workers in the Congo Mission. These are teachers and evangelists, who were sent to various outposts to carry on their work for a period of three months. The photo from which this picture was reproduced was sent by Rev. Joseph Clark.

The Congo Mission was adopted by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society in the year 1884. Its field is the Belgian Congo, comprising 900,000 square miles and containing a population estimated at 9,000,000 souls.



NATIVE TEACHERS AND EVANGELISTS IN THE CONGO

Fifty Years of Spanish Evangelization

The World's Evangelical Alliance calls attention to the fact that October, 1918, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of permission to preach the Gospel in Spain.

Until the year 1868 it was a crime for Spaniards to possess a copy of the Bible in their own tongue; the practice of the Inquisition was continued after the nominal abolition of that institution, and Queen Isabella succeeded in uniting fanatical hatred of Evangelicalism with grave irregularity of private life. In 1868 she was driven from Spain, and the Evangelical Alliance, that consistently advocated religious liberty in Spain, rejoiced to know that the exiles for conscience were permitted to return to their native land. The late Bishop Cabrera was told by General Prim that he could go wherever he wished with "his Bible under his arm." Since that time the story of Evangelical work has been marked by years of persecution and times of tolerance. Hopes have been shattered by political changes, and have revived when governments saw and did their duty by the Bible readers. Today many branches of the Evangelical Church work in godly union and concord, under conditions of greater freedom than they ever enjoyed. The World's Evangelical Alliance is the center of inter-communion and the organization for joint action acknowledged by them all.

The Growing Disregard of Caste Lines

"When the first little outcaste boy in India crossed his brown legs on the floor of a mission school and began to puzzle out the strange marks made by the teacher, he unconsciously began a social revolution," says a writer in the *Centenary Bulletin*.

"The mission schools lived up to the ideals of Christianity by opening their doors to all castes alike. It took considerable courage to begin the education of the outcastes; there was a strong popular sentiment against it and threats to boycott the schools entirely followed the innovation.

"But the Hindu did not succeed in changing the schools; the schools changed the Hindu. Democracy will have its harvest time in India when the war is over, just as in other parts of the world. Caste lines are wavering and growing dim; in some cases they have been entirely obliterated."

In addressing the Madras Provincial Social Conference recently, S. Srinivasa Iyengar, president of the organization, called attention to the new social attitude which is developing in India.

"Caste is no longer what it was, except as regards inter-marriage and widow marriage," he said. "In almost all other matters and amongst considerable sections of the population, it is steadily losing strength and influence with both the educated and the uneducated; for the latter readily and intelligently cooperate with the former.

"Interdining has become common and open. Food prepared by hands and in ways not sanctioned by custom is freely partaken. Dining with those who have broken the rules of caste attracts little or no attention and entails no inconvenience in the caste. Sea-voyage is no longer visited with the customary pains and penalties. Excommunication is infrequent and has ceased to be effective. The old tyranny of the priest and pundit has been replaced on their part by a creditable spirit of tolerance and even of active help.

"Again, the castes come together now far more frequently and intimately than before. The tables of pollution and purification no longer regulate social intercourse in the larger towns and cities. And occasionally the Brahmin and non-Brahmin stay in each other's houses as guests for a day or two.

"Above all, with the rapid spread of education amongst Hindu women, association of Hindu ladies of all castes are formed for divers purposes of mutual benefit. These draw, as nothing else would, the castes closer together and prevent the great and in many cases decisive influence of woman from being available to uphold the law of caste."

A Large Gift by a Mission Convert

"If a Body Meet a Body" on a train in Japan, the one a young Japanese adventurer returning from an unsuccessful expedition, and the other the president of a Methodist mission school, who ventures to predict the result? About thirty years ago Ginjire Katsuta met President (now Bishop) Honda as described above, and as a result of the chance conversation entered Aoyama Gakuin, the Methodist Anglo-Japanese mission school in Gokyo. Katsuta was graduated from the academy in 1892. During his studies here he was converted and baptised. After graduation he entered business, and his shipping interests have made a multi-millionaire of him since the beginning of the war. He is very popular and is featured in many newspapers and magazines of his land.

In 1915 he heard that the roof of Goucher Hall at the mission needed repairs; he immediately contributed \$5,000 for the purpose. In the summer of 1916 President Takagi laid before him

the plans for expansion so urgently needed to accommodate the greatly increased number of students; he pledged at once a new college building to cost about \$40,000, but desiring to see it the most complete of its kind he has since increased the sum to nearly \$100,000, besides giving \$5,000 for a residence for the president on the school campus. In the words of the annual report, "it is the largest gift of its kind ever made by a mission-school graduate in Japan."

A Modern Paul in San Salvador

In San Salvador a quiet man of God preached Christ and Him crucified. He told of the life hid with Christ in God. He pointed the way to purity and righteousness. And the woman, a Catholic who kept the *cantina* (saloon), found that he interfered with her trade.

"For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, who made silver shrines for Diana, brought no little business unto the craftsmen; . . . and said, Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth."

The quiet preacher was arrested and brought before the judge. His accusers were the priest and the woman who kept the *cantina*.

The judge said, "Tell me what you have been saying to the people on the streets."

"And Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth his hand, and made his defense."

Then the preacher took from his pocket his Bible and preached as his custom was: "Wherefore, O King Agrippa . . . I declared unto them that they should repent and turn to God."

The judge in San Salvador, looking kindly at the preacher, said: "I see nothing wrong in this. You may go on preaching."

"And the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: and when they had withdrawn they spake one to another, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds."

Wayside Sunday Schools in Korea

Many Sunday-schools in Korea have been started by methods similar to the following, we are informed by a correspondent of the World's Sunday-School Association:

"A missionary well supplied with brightly colored pictures or text cards goes to some village and sits under some tree or by the side of the road. Very soon one child and another gathers in front of him to examine him and hear

what he has to say. The missionary says a few words and perhaps sings a verse or two of 'Jesus Loves Me' and gives each of the children a card and tells them to come again next Sunday and bring others. Next Sunday he comes to the same place and the children are there to meet him. A few will perhaps spell out with him a verse or a text. Some Sundays later the children will learn to look for his coming and the class will take on regular proportions, and quite a number will join shyly in the singing. It may be that a child or friendly neighbor will offer his house, yard or room and from that time more or less regular work may be begun. Some 'Schools' have met Sunday after Sunday through a long bitter winter under a tree by the roadside, but the good done was not to be measured. Since these schools started only a few years ago thousands and thousands of children have been reached. Just the other day a Korean said, 'It is curious that when I used to go to such and such a village the children sang all sorts of heathen songs, but now I only hear, "Jesus Loves Me."'"

First the children, then the home and then the church. This is the story in thousands of cases in the Orient.

The Making of a Japanese Evangelist

In *Men and Missions* we find an interesting statement concerning the remarkable case of the Japanese evangelist, Mr. Kanamori, which is as follows:

"Mr. Kanamori is one of the oldest Christian pastors in Japan—a man of great ability and experience. He was the first one, some twenty-five years ago, to translate German theology into Japanese. By this not only did he open the flood gates for a vast amount of harm to the Japanese Church, but he lost his own faith as well and left the church. Now, however, in his old age—he is sixty-one—he has heard the call to come back into the work of the Kingdom. He has become a common soldier in the Salvation Army, but devotes his whole time to touring the country helping all churches in their evangelistic efforts. During his years of truancy, as he now calls them, the government employed his rhetorical powers and his pen as well in certain popular educational schemes, so that today there is not a town or village in the empire where he is not well known. This is a great asset in his work at this time."

Patriotic Lepers

Molokai, the leper colony in the Hawaiian Islands, set its own quota to be raised toward the Third Liberty Loan, and then cabled a subscription for \$3,000 worth of Thrift Stamps. There are only a few hundred individuals there, all lepers, but they are loyal to our country none the less. The man who is now in charge of the colony is a New Englander—Ira Jones Dutton, or Brother Joseph Dutton, as he is called there. He has been for thirty-seven years in Molokai, going there as an assistant to Father Damien, to whose work he has succeeded.

Japanese Missionary Zeal

The Congregationalist Churches of Japan, we are told, have their own Japanese missionaries in Korea, who have enrolled 20,000 Koreans in their body. Now they are sending the well-known evangelist, Mr. Kimura, to the Marshall Islands to do evangelistic work among the Japanese soldiers and sailors at present garrisoning this former German colony.

Looking Ahead

The American Board of Foreign Missions is getting ready to send over a hundred missionaries into Turkey as soon as peace is established.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

SEPTEMBER 1.

All for Christ. III. Our Tongues

James 3:1-12.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Aug. 26. Testifying for Christ. Acts 1:1-8.
T. Aug. 27. The tongue in leash. Ps. 34:11-16.
W. Aug. 28. Praising God. Rev. 7:9-17.
T. Aug. 29. Warning men. Ezek. 2:1-10.
F. Aug. 30. Wise words. Isa. 50:4-9.
S. Aug. 31. Gracious words. Gen. 50:15-21.

If we have consecrated all our abilities and all our ambitions to Christ, then we shall not fail to dedicate the use of our tongues to His service also.

The Bible has much to say about the use of our tongues, and throughout both the Old and the New Testament we find frequent suggestions applicable to our topic, as is shown in the Daily Readings.

The passage in the Epistle of James which has been selected for our special study is a spiritual classic, and from it we may derive a great deal of instruction and of inspiration on the subject before us.

Tongues for Teaching

As it is with our tongues that we teach, the Apostle warns against assuming the office of teacher too hastily. He implies that the office of teacher is a noble one, and clearly indicates that unless we can bridle our tongues, we are not fitted to exercise the function of teaching. Of course there are many other characteristics that are requisite for those who would become teachers, but the requirement of controlling the tongue is fundamental and indispensable.

A Little Member and a Large Influence

No one has ever brought out more clearly than the Apostle James the great influence of that little member of our body which we call the tongue. He has emphasized the power for evil which is inherent in the tongue, but let us remember that the power for good is equally inherent, and it depends upon our own choice as to whether our tongues shall be an influence for weal or woe.

Witnessing for Christ

One of the best ways we can use our tongues is in witnessing for Christ. If we are to be true to our Master, we shall not be silent, when the opportunity is given to testify for our faith.

In a certain sense we testify as to our faith every time we speak. In his Epistle to the Ephesians Paul writes: "Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth, but such as is good for edifying as the need may be, that it may give grace to them that hear." This means, as Findlay well remarks, that the apostle does not merely forbid injurious words; rather he puts an embargo on all that are not positively useful. It is not enough to say, "My chatter does nobody harm; if there is no good in it, there is no evil." Paul replies, "If you cannot speak to profit, be silent till you can."

SEPTEMBER 8.

Training Conscience and Trained by Conscience

Proverbs 20:17; Psalms 51:1-13.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 2. The voice in the heart. Rom. 2:12-16.
T. Sept. 3. The stings of conscience. Gen. 42:21-24.
W. Sept. 4. Conscience commends. Acts 24:10-16.
T. Sept. 5. The trainer of conscience. Heb. 4:12, 13.
F. Sept. 6. God's inner light. Prov. 20:27.
S. Sept. 7. The illuminating word. Tit. 3:1-8.

In the treatment of the topic before us we must be careful to get a clear conception of the meaning of the word "conscience." It may be defined as "the process of consciousness which surveys one's own past, present, or contemplated action, and judges that it comes up to or falls short of a moral standard," or it is "the power or faculty in man by which he distinguishes between right and wrong in conduct and character, and

which imperatively commands and obligates him to do the right and to abstain from doing the wrong." More briefly, we may say it is man's moral nature, his moral faculty or his moral sense.

It is clear from these definitions that conscience in itself is not a sufficient moral guide. What is needed is a conscience illuminated by divine grace and irradiated with the divine wisdom. In other words, it is only as the Spirit of God controls and directs man's conscience that it becomes a safe and reliable guide.

How Conscience May Be Trained

The human conscience may be trained in a variety of ways. In the first place, the study of God's Word will be a most inestimable help in training our conscience to rightly perceive the moral issues of any question that arises in our lives. In our study of the Scriptures for this purpose let us make sure that we rightly discern the word of truth and that we do not draw wrong conclusions from a hasty or incomplete perusal of the Word of God. In the second place, we shall find that prayer is a most valuable aid in the training of conscience. It is by prayer that we are privileged to commune with God, and when we seek for light on the moral issues of life, we may rest assured that our prayer will not be unanswered. In the third place, human experience is often of great service to us in determining the moral quality of an action and thus training our conscience to a clear perception of what is right and wrong. In illustration of this last statement we may instance the matters of slavery and of dueling, which are now repellant to our conscience, but which required the illuminating experience of many centuries before they were seen to be morally wrong.

Obedying a Trained Conscience

Every Christian rests under the absolute obligation of obeying the dictates of his conscience when he has used every possible means of illuminating his moral judgment. To act in opposition to what conscience prescribes as the right course of action is to invite the divine condemnation. When David sinned, he acted in defiance of his own conscience, and that made his moral anguish the more poignant, as evidenced in the words of the Fifty-first Psalm.

"Conscience," some one has wisely said, "is like a compass. To be of any use, it must be kept in good repair. A false compass and a false conscience are worse than nothing."

SEPTEMBER 15.

The Saloon Power and How to Overthrow It

Habakkuk 2:1-17.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 9. Shun the evil. 1 Thess. 5:22.
T. Sept. 10. Resist the devil. Jas. 4:7-10.
W. Sept. 11. Bind the evil one. Rev. 20:1-3.
T. Sept. 12. Rescue the lost. Luke 7:36-50.
F. Sept. 13. Educate the people. Prov. 23:17-23.
S. Sept. 14. Warn the people. 1 Cor. 6:9, 10.

The passage from Habakkuk which has been chosen for our study is not primarily a dissertation on the evil of strong drink. Rather is it a strong protest against the cruelty and rapacity of the Chaldean conquerors of Israel. Yet the prophet gives clear intimations that strong drink was one of the potent causes of the moral degradation of the Chaldeans, and that it would also be one of the effective causes of their final overthrow.

A Timely Topic

Our own country, in common with some of our allies, stands face to face with the saloon power, and one of the most important questions of the day is how to overthrow this insidious evil, which has already impaired the efficiency of our nation, and which, if not overcome, might result in preventing our winning that final victory for which every patriotic soul is longing.

This is no time for temporizing with the saloon power, which has shown itself, in time of war as well as in time of peace as the most lawless and treacherous foe that we have within our borders.

The time has come when our country should take its stand boldly and unreservedly for the principles of total abstinence for the individual and complete prohibition for the nation.

In every State a drive should be made for prohibition, both by State enactment and by ratification of the Prohibition Amendment to the Federal Constitution. A goodly number of States have already adopted prohibition as a State policy and have ratified the amendment to the Federal Constitution. But in order to win the day for temperance a far more vigorous effort must be made in the States which have not as yet taken a definite stand in favor of this vital reform.

An Opportunity for Action

The fall elections are rapidly approaching, and during the month of September in many States the primary elections will be held to determine who shall be the candidates to be voted on in the November elections.

Here is an opportunity for action which should be seized by every friend of temperance. Let us see to it that the candidates who stand for prohibition are given a clear majority over those who either oppose or ignore this issue. Let us select as candidates men who are pledged to work for prohibition and who will demonstrate their patriotism by fighting to the death the saloon power which is the most dangerous foe with which our nation has to deal.

The saloon power is inextricably associated with the worst evils that curse humanity. To fight it effectively, we must abolish it, for it cannot be reformed.

SEPTEMBER 22.

Lessons from Bible Characters

Hebrews 11:32-40; 12:1, 2.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 16. Greatheart, Barnabas. Acts 9:26-29.
T. Sept. 17. Simon's ambition. Acts 8:5-12, 18-24.
W. Sept. 18. Joseph's magnanimity. Gen. 43:24-34.
T. Sept. 19. Moses' discouragement. Exod. 5:20-23.
F. Sept. 20. A child's faith. 2 Kings 5:1-10.
S. Sept. 21. Elisha's vision. 2 Kings 6:8-23.

This topic affords great scope for a most interesting meeting. The Bible is so full of characters from whose lives we may derive lessons of inspiration, emulation and warning, that it should be easy for every one to take part and to cite at least one character from whom a helpful lesson may be drawn.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews has mentioned a long list of Bible characters from whom he draws the lesson of faith, and unquestionably the men and women that he names, despite various infirmities of mind and heart, all displayed to a marked degree the noble quality of faith, which is the foundation stone of a religious life.

It would be interesting to prepare other lists of Bible characters from whom we might draw lessons of forgiveness, heroism, love and other noble virtues. The Apostle Paul would doubtless head the list of Bible heroes, the Apostle John that of Bible characters of whom love was the most distinguished mark, Joseph would stand at the head of those who have shown the spirit of forgiveness, and so we might go on multiplying illustrations.

Lessons of Warning

The Bible is an absolutely truthful book, and so it tells of men's follies and frailties as well as their virtues, and depicts the lives of sinners as well as saints.

Many a needful lesson may be gained by considering the evil characters of the Bible, whose careers give us warning of the sins we should avoid. For example, the life of King Ahab warns us against

the sin of covetousness. Samson warns us against yielding to the seductions of voluptuousness. Demas, who turned back from his Christian profession warns us against the folly of preferring the present delights of the world to the future joy of eternal life in Christ.

Pilate warns us against the misuse of a great opportunity. Had he been a righteous governor he would have freed Jesus from the false accusations made against Him, but he feared the people, and his name has come down to us in history as the type of a moral coward. Judas, the Apostle who is so often described as the one who betrayed the Master, gives us a most impressive warning against the sin of infidelity to Christ.

Incentives to Noble Living

The poet has said:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

So the study of the noble men and women of the Bible should serve as incentives to noble living. And while we think of the great characters of the Bible, let us not forget the noblest of them all—the Lord Jesus Christ, who has given us the most sublime lessons of truth, love and self-sacrifice that humanity has ever known.

SEPTEMBER 29.

Lessons from Favorite Hymns

Acts 16:22-25; 2 Chron. 5:11-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M. Sept. 23. Reverence in song. Ps. 33:1-12.
T. Sept. 24. Our faith in song. 1 Tim. 3:16.
W. Sept. 25. Comfort in song. Ps. 42:1-11.
T. Sept. 26. Memory stirred in song. Exod. 15:1-6.
F. Sept. 27. Worship in song. Ps. 100.
S. Sept. 28. Gratitude in song. Isa. 44:21-28.

Christianity is a singing religion. The Israelites of old sang their praises to God in inspired psalms of adoration, and the followers of Christ have ever found the use of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs a means of grace and edification.

Paul and Silas, in the Philippian jail, found joy and strength in praying and singing hymns unto God, and in all ages Christians have found comfort and inspiration in singing the songs of Zion.

Probably the most helpful book that can be found to aid us in the study of our topic is "The Story of the Hymns and Tunes," by Theron Brown and Hezekiah Butterworth, which is published by the American Tract Society, Park Avenue and 40th Street, New York. (Price, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.58).

This volume gives us the story of the origin and use of hundreds of the favorite hymns of Christendom, and in connection with the hymn is given the story of the tune to which it is usually sung.

Missionary hymns have ever been a power in the life of the Christian Church. The hymn, "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," was written by Isaac Watts. This hymn, it is said, has been sung by the missionaries in every land, if not in every language. One of the native kings in the South Sea Islands, we are told, was converted through the ministry of English missionaries, and substituted a Christian for a pagan constitution in 1862. There were five thousand of his subjects gathered at the ceremonial, and they joined as with one voice in singing this splendid hymn.

In times like the present we must not overlook the value of patriotic hymns. During the Civil War the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body," proved itself a power for good, and the same hymn is now proving an inspiration during the present world conflict. And this is only one of many hymns that might be mentioned from which we can learn lessons of devotion to our country and to the cause of liberty and humanity which it has espoused.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Away to Sleepy Land

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

*Away, away to Sleepy Land,
Across the Slumber sea,
Come little comrades one and all,
Go sailing off with me.*

*The shining stars look kindly down,
They'll brighten up our way,
The boat is waiting now for us,
Step in, ere dawns the day.*

*Away, away to Sleepy Land,
Just close your tired eyes,
And listen while the night winds sing
Their soft, sweet lullabies.*



The Sunshine Class Party

BY ANNE PORTER JOHNSON.

"I'm sorry, Helen, but I feel as though I must go! I don't know how we would ever have pulled through when you had the fever last fall, if Aunt Lou hadn't helped us out. Now that she's down with the grippe, I can't feel right leaving her all by herself. It's too bad for you."

"Well, mother," replied Helen, "You'll have to go and see to Aunt Lou. That's sure! I'll never forget how her cool hand felt on my hot forehead. Don't worry. I'll get along all right. I'll finish the breakfast dishes, sweep the dining room and kitchen and do the upstairs work. Why, I'm big enough for that, mother! Then I'll eat a bite. You know Miss Bennett has invited our Sunshine Class to spend the afternoon at her house. I'm to stop for Marie. Miss Bennett wants every member of the class present, sure!"

"Oh, I had forgotten about the party!" said Mrs. Martin. "I'm afraid you—"

"Yes, I'll get along fine, mother. Don't worry a minute."

Mrs. Martin hurried off, and Helen started to work. It was a nice, bright day, and with so much to do on hand, Helen had no time to feel lonely. All the forenoon she sang merrily to the accompaniment of dishes, broom, duster, and pan. Everything went beautifully. A jolly tune helps a great deal. Dishes, brooms and dusters seem to enjoy a rollicking song—it puts them on their good behavior. Work, set to music, turns into play!

After an early dinner, she went upstairs to fix up for the party. Just as she was ready to start down, the door-bell rang.

"Oh dear! I do hope it's no one to stay long," she thought, as she went downstairs.

She opened the door, and a middle-aged woman stood smiling at her. "Ah, I know you!" said the woman. "You have the Martin eyes and hair. Besides, I have your picture, but I guess you've grown a good deal since it was taken. You're Helen, I'm sure! You don't know me—I can see that. Well, I'm your father's Aunt Mary—your great-aunt, dear."

"Oh!" gasped Helen, taking her hand. "You're Aunt Mary! I've often heard father and mother talk of you. Come in. I'm sorry, but father and mother are both away to-day."

"You and I will get along all right," replied Aunt Mary, as Helen took her hat and gloves. "You see I took a sudden notion to surprise your father—we haven't visited together since you were a baby. My, my, what a big girl you've grown to be! It's hard to believe."

Aunt Mary chattered on, but Helen heard only a word now and then. She was trying to decide what to do. Aunt Mary, according to her father and mother, was a wonderful woman. She had been abroad twice. Over and above this distinction, she was the favorite

aunt of her father, so that nothing was too good for her.

"It wouldn't be sensible to ask anyone who had been abroad twice to spend the afternoon listening to the chatter of the Sunshine Class party of twelve-year-olds," Helen argued to herself, while she tried to keep the drift of Aunt Mary's talk. "It would not do," she went on to herself, "to go off and leave her alone—father's favorite aunt."

Well, what should she do? Marie would be waiting—she must let her know, some way. "There is no way but to telephone, and Aunt Mary will hear every word. How will I manage to get her out of hearing while I explain things to Marie?"

Aunt Mary broke into her thoughts. "Helen, I'd like to brush up a little. My dress is so dusty."

Helen took her upstairs to the spare room, and then ran down again. The telephone was in the sitting room, and if she talked real low, maybe Aunt Mary would not hear. She took down the receiver quickly, and was soon explaining to Marie all about Aunt Mary's sudden coming. "So I can't come to the Sun-

What Laddie Shared

BY KATHLEEN HAY.

LADDIE had been quite sick with fever, but he was convalescent now, and sat up among the pillows of the lounge. The windows were all open and the sweet afternoon air stole softly in through the white curtains.

Laddie's mother had let a small boy into the sitting room for a little visit. He often came on errands from "The Orphans' Home" that was on the block below them. Laddie and himself were busily engaged in an animated conversation as she came into the room a few minutes later with something in her hand.

"O, mother, must I keep on taking that same tea, now that the fever has all gone?" Laddie gave the cup that had been placed on the table nearby an impatient little push. There was a sudden crash as it tipped over and fell to the floor.

"O, I'm so sorry, mother—I didn't mean to push it so hard, and now it's all spilled after you've made yourself tired making it."



A LITTLE MOTHER AND HER FAMILY

shine Class party this afternoon. You needn't wait. Yes, I'm disappointed, but I want to be polite to Aunt Mary, and I can't leave her alone." This last was spoken in a half whisper.

When Aunt Mary came downstairs she said, "Helen, do you know a lady over in town by the name of Bennett—Miss Margaret Bennett?"

"Why, yes!" gasped Helen. "She's our Sunshine Class teacher."

"Oh!" exclaimed Aunt Mary. "Well, a friend of hers lives in Brookville, next door to me. She made me promise to look her up while I was here. Your folks won't be back until night, and so if you'll go with me, I'll make that visit this afternoon."

"Why, Aunt Mary, how funny it is! Our Sunshine Class has a party there at two o'clock. I thought I couldn't go—why, it's all turning out just fine!"

On the way Helen couldn't resist the temptation to tell Aunt Mary the whole story.

"Well, that's quite interesting!" laughed Aunt Mary. "Why, I wouldn't have kept you from the party for a farm. But I shall never forget how you were willing to stay home to entertain some one you had never seen before. You have the right spirit, Helen, and I'm sure you'll make friends wherever you go."

"Never mind, Laddie," she answered, smiling down upon him, "It isn't much trouble to make again, and so you need not worry about it at all."

She passed out of the room, the fragments of the broken cup in her hand. The small boy from "The Home" looked on wonderingly.

"Is she like that always?" he asked presently.

Laddie's answering smile was radiant. "Sure—my mother's—great."

"W-h-e-w—" The other gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"Down there," he nodded his head toward the street below—"down there if we had done that, we'd be punished in a hurry—'course though—we're lots there, and it's harder, I guess—and it ain't like you really belonged. Say," he continued, drawing a trifle nearer, "don't you obey your mother?"

"Of course," answered Laddie, "I always try to."

"Are you scared when you don't?" "Scared?" Laddie's eyes had grown larger and it was his time to look wonderingly at the small visitor.

"She's not that kind—I obey because I love my mother—because I hate to make her sorry when she trusts me—that's the worst thing I've ever struck, making her sorry."

The other little boy was looking out of the window thoughtfully.

"It's different with me—I—I—have to do things—" he paused, as if hunting for expressive words to finish his sentence. "Well, because they've got to be done—but there's no caring at the end about making any one glad or sorry either."

"Well, I wish you had a mother like mine!"

Laddie's small visitor leaned over, an inspiration suddenly illumining his face.

"Do you reckon," he began in an awe-struck tone, "that you might give me a little share in her?—if—if—she's willing? Then I could belong a little bit, too."

He paused abruptly as Laddie suddenly drew away from him, a dull crimson overspreading his face. The room was very silent, until at last he straightened up, and began to speak.

"If—She—says so, I'll be willing to share her with you—only—only—you are not to make her sorry—ever—if you do, you can't stay, and when I grow up I'll do most of the work for her."

He was swallowing hard between the words, and his mother's eyes were wet with shining tears, as she turned away from the door where she had stood unobserved.

"I'll let him belong, too," she whispered—"The poor little chap with his hungry heart."

A few minutes later Laddie drank his nourishment slowly, and Laddie's mother, with her arms around their small visitor, stood in the doorway seeing him off.

"I'll try to make it all right, little boy, for you to share our home," she said gently, looking down into his radiant face.

"Won't it be great—belonging to you," he cried, "and doing things to make you glad. Laddie says if I make you sorry ever, I can't stay—you'll teach me how to never make you sorry, won't you?"

Her arms tightened suddenly around him.

"I'll teach you," she replied very softly, "as I have taught my own Laddie."



Japanese Use Knots for Buttons

The Japanese have no use for buttons, buckles or hooks and eyes. Cord serves every purpose of fastening, and furnishes artistic possibilities seemingly without end.

The Japanese have hundreds of knots, made necessary by the ornamental use of cord. Some are as old as the time when history was recorded by a series of knots, just as it was in China and Peru before writing was invented. There are dozens of knots in common and ceremonial usage, and these every child can tie.

In one educational museum of Japan is a great frame of the most beautiful knots, tied in silken and golden thread. This had formed a part of Japan's exhibit at a certain world's fair. For six months this wonderful collection had hung upon the wall, and only two visitors had noticed and inquired about it. Even these thought the knots must be industrial samples intended for dress trimmings. No one offered to buy the unique exhibit, no museum begged for it, and the wonderful knots were taken home again.

There is an appeal to the imagination even in the knots intended for common use. There are plum blossom, cherry blossom, iris, chrysanthemum, and pine-tree knots. There are fujiyama knots, turtle and stork knots, and the "old man's," which is easy to tie, and the "old woman's," also.

There is one way of knotting a cord when sending a New Year's or birthday gift, and another for doing up a funeral offering. There is one way to tie the brocade bag of the tea-jar when it is full, and another when it is empty. A sword-bag, a flag or spear bag, a dispatch-bag, or the box containing some precious piece of porcelain or lacquer, must each be tied in a certain way.

Our Fireside

The Purse-Bearer

By the Author of "Preston Papers"

YOU will need to have lots of patience, and some 'gumption' in money matters, especially in these war times," said Mrs. Price, almost wistfully, looking over her glasses at the newest member of the "Home Interests Club" of the very prosperous village of Derby.

The club had been organized as a "village betterment" society, with home interests as the pivot on which all meetings would turn and around which all discussions would revolve.

Mrs. Herbert was but a recent comer to Derby, with her husband, and a bride of but a few months. This was her first meeting with the club since election as a member; and the discussion today, as shown by the white-and-gold-covered Year Book, was to be about "Money—The Family Purse—Who Shall Be the Bearer?"

Already the one "paper" which each meeting called for, and which was arbitrarily limited to five minutes, had been given, and the meeting was now open for the free discussion of any point on this most interesting topic.

The paper, prepared and read by Mrs. Samuel Johnson Richards—who always signed her name in full, and with seeming pride—had brought home the following truths to the interested listeners:

"The Family Purse furnishes many a serious problem to the inexperienced. In some families it proves a bone of contention more troublesome to dispose of than any political question, any religious controversy, or the traditional difficulty of neighborhood chickens.

"Some men are far sighted enough to see that if a woman is capable of managing a home, she must be capable of administering its financial affairs—even if this is not always true—and they turn over their entire incomes to their wives, reserving not even their own daily expenses from the general fund; thus, often, leaving themselves in the same pitiable condition of the woman of the last century—who, too often, had to almost beg for money needed for the children or household purposes.

"At the other extreme is the man who knows that his wife is 'long' on expenditures, and 'short' on planning and accounts, and who, therefore, relegates her to the financial background and never even consults her as to what is needed nor what is best.

"Between these two extremes lies the path of safety which each wife and mother should seek for herself and her home. How to find it is a personal problem—as conditions vary. So do men and women, and each case becomes a law unto itself."

"But why?" demanded Mrs. Herbert. "Henry and I had a long talk, early in our engagement, on just this question; and we decided, then and there, that, even with but one actual wage-earner, both would be equally interested in making the best possible use of what is earned. So we planned a division of money, for each pay-day, with a division of financial responsibility—which does not mean a division of interests, by any means, but a saving of effort for each."

"You are young yet, my dear; and you will find that men love power almost more than they love beauty; and most family men find their power lessening, receding, when their wives become economically independent," and Mrs. Price sighed audibly as she gave vent to her rather pessimistic opinions.

"I'm sure there's little need of anyone making that discovery, unless she happens to have married that sort of a man," said Mrs. Hubbard, the village dressmaker, cheerily. "I have been financially independent ever since my in-

vention of the Mother Hubbard wrapper; yet my husband and I have no financial fracas. We each earn, as we can, and spend carefully, save regularly, and deposit in a savings bank, to a joint account, from which either may draw at any time. When we get ready to invest any surplus, we talk it over, and buy together. My husband is neither a tyrant in money matters, nor a boor in his home," and she smiled hopefully at Mrs. Herbert.

"You are better off than some of us, then," said Mrs. Jenkins sadly. "My husband doesn't even give me an allowance for household needs, because he believes in paying everything by check; so I never have money, although I have unlimited credit, for Mr. Jenkins is not only good pay, but he is, also, prompt pay—and I have authority to open as many 'charge' accounts as I please, as long as I tell him what and where they are, that he may be prepared to meet them."

"It must be hard never to have any ready money for any purpose," said Mrs. Hubbard; "and it is a great temptation to a woman to do wrong, as I happen to know through one of my customers, who is married to a man of that sort. She asked me to advance \$25.00 to her, and then add it to my next bill. 'He will pay it,' she urged; 'and you can put part of it against material, part to findings, and the rest against work.' I didn't feel that I ought to do it; but she's one of my best customers, and I didn't want to lose her; so I compromised by loaning ten dollars and charging it as a separate item."

"Did he pay?" asked Mrs. Herbert, with interest.

"Yes; but she told me that there was a dreadful scene, and that he forbade her ever to do it again."

"I know a man," said the President, "who says that no woman ought ever to have to ask for money. His salary is small; but he divides it in halves on pay day, giving one to his wife, with which she pays for service in the house, food, and clothing for herself and the children. He pays the interest on their mortgage, from his half, whatever he can on the principal, and for fuel and light. Each agrees to put by ten per cent. from each sum for an emergency fund from which either may draw in case of need. Benevolences, church work, reading, travel, and amusements, are provided for by each, after all this is proportioned—or they do without; yet they are considered liberal givers to public purposes."

"That shows just how much can be accomplished by careful management," said Mrs. Herrick; "and I think it's every wife's duty to manage economically just as it is her husband's duty to provide liberally, within his means. I don't believe that that woman throws out moldy bread nor burnt or sour vegetables."

"Well, she doesn't," admitted the President; "but, on the other hand, some women waste time, nervous energy, or strength, who would cry out against material waste as extravagant, forgetful that sickness—with all that it means—may be the greatest sort of extravagance, entailing enforced idleness, extra help, doctor's bills, and medicine, to say nothing of discomfort and wasted strength, all of which is often preventable."

"I'm sure of that," said Mrs. Merriam, a wee woman with a large family. "I used to suffer from the most dreadful headaches, that lasted three or four days at a time, finally sending me to the doctor for a remedy, then to bed for a rest. The doctor only charged a dollar; the medicine half of that; and I had to have a woman come to help me out, at a dol-

lar a day, for a day or two more; so that each time the expense actually incurred was not less than two or three dollars, often being more. Rest being essential to the cure, I decided that it could be more economically used as a preventive; so, when I find the old-time headache threatening, I simply go to bed, in a cool, quiet, dark room, for two hours—regardless of what I have on hand as duty, my first duty being to keep up to grade physically. I have been putting aside, as a special fund at four per cent. interest, all that I have saved in this way for three years—now nearly \$90.00—and shall let my husband invest it for both in something that will be an incentive to the family."

"Didn't I tell you that you'd need to use some 'gumption' in money matters?" asked Mrs. Price, of Mrs. Herbert. "Now here's health sprung as a definite asset. If one woman saves by keeping well, why shouldn't the professional invalid pay her share of the money lost to her family through a protracted sickness that might have been prevented?"

"In China that theory in another form is quite prevalent," said Mrs. Harmon, the minister's wife. "There the doctors are paid by the year to keep their patients in good health; and as the cost of sickness reduces their pay, they are watchful of cause and effect."

"So far as mere money is concerned, I think that the ordinary man means to be absolutely just; but no one except the house-manager knows how much real money it takes to pay for the little things—brooms, brushes, lamp chimneys, kitchen towels, fixtures and equipment of all sorts; so I am not surprised if the man who gives to his wife irregularly is surprised at the frequency of her demands. I was a teacher, before I married, boarding with a friend whose husband refused to let me pay for my board until I planned to go elsewhere. Then he said: 'All right. Give it to Helen for pin money.' 'Pin money!' she exclaimed. 'I could never use five dollars a week for pin money.' Frank smiled, for he knew—better than Helen—how short a time five dollars would last, even for 'pin money' a liberal spender with rather luxurious tastes. And even a careful housewife is sometimes careless in the small expenses, who is careful in the main."

"That is true," said Mrs. Stewart, the druggist's wife; "and how I know is because I'm guilty. I have saved pennies and wasted dollars. But I'm reforming," and she smiled cheerfully.

"I take it as the sense of the meeting," said Miss Powers, the Secretary, "that it requires energy and ability to earn money; wisdom and discretion to spend it; care and self-denial to save it; and that each in the family has his own special duties to the family treasury, no matter who does the earning," and she looked about for corroboration before completing her minutes of the meeting, as she wanted to keep her minute-book clear of erasures and of interlineations, so far as these were preventable.

"If there are no objections, you may so record it," said the President, Mrs. Scott; "and I would like to add one or two further thoughts: All money, all ability, all power of happiness, is from God. Owing to Him for all these gifts, we might well devote at least one-tenth of our income, be it small or great, to His service, in the promotion of His work, among His children. Let us sing the Doxology, after which a motion to adjourn will be in order."

As they stood and sang "Praise God," each, whether professing Christian or not—for this club was not organized within the membership of any one of the several churches of Derby, drawing from each, some members having no connection with any of the denominations represented, as yet—each, singing the old familiar words and tune, felt that her home had gained something of inspiration, something practical for its future conduct, from the suggestions offered and the experiences recited.

True Wisdom

"Wisdomen lay up knowledge," and if we would acquire true Wisdom, we must cultivate the acquaintance of Him, whom to know aright is eternal life.

Will Prayer Stop Bullets?

This was the question sneeringly asked a British officer of a fellow soldier in a railway compartment as he overheard his companion in saying good-by to his friends ask them to pray for him.

It receives a pointed answer in the following double deliverance of one who knew how to pray at the battle's front. It is printed by Pastor Findley of Glasgow in his monthly Church "Evangel," as he received it directly from one of the boys on the field of battle. He wrote: "One man who was down at the time you were with us (a Canadian farmer before the war), and who received a great blessing then, was telling me some wonderful stories of God's working and answers to prayers. I cannot do better than pass one or two on to you and the praying friends. He and a number of others were clearing out wells; one of them over 160 feet deep was suspected of being poisonous, and the officers decided that one of the men should go down by rope and investigate. W— was chosen. He got down safely, did what was required, then knelt down and had a few moments' prayer. While kneeling God told him to ask for another rope to be lowered. He did so, and was scoffed and jeered at by officer and men alike. However, he quietly told them that God had told him not to attempt the ascent on the rope he descended on, and would not come up until they grudgingly sent down another. A few yards from the top the first rope snapped, and if he had not had the other to cling to he would have fallen and been killed. This made a great impression, and afterwards when they were sent out on special duty the other men always asked to be allowed to go with him. This happened so often that the officer who had jeered was interested, and asked W— if he really believed that God had nothing else to do than listen to him. The day following this conversation two parties had to go out on a very dangerous piece of work. They were told it meant death to some, if not all. W— and his company got together and before starting he asked them to bow in prayer. Every man did so, and he commended his men to God. The other company went out laughing and swearing. The work was done, and the men in charge had to report to the officer. Nearly all the men in the first company were killed. When W— reported 'all safe,' the officer would not believe it at first. Some time after he came to W— and another Christian corporal and asked them if they would come to his dug-out and pray for him and with him. On entering they found other officers there, but before them all they knelt, and the major gave his allegiance to God and accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour (he is Major C— from Bristol). Thank God for a fearless testimony, and thank God for your message in our hut on 'Putting on the whole armor of God.' It not only helped me, but made others fearless in witnessing for Christ. Shortly after this incident he and others were having a meeting when a captain came along who had been a backslider; he joined them, and before the meeting ended had returned to the Lord."

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Something Gone

BY E. L. VINCENT.

A young man dropped the keen-edged tool with which he was working. It struck on a piece of iron and when he came to pick it up a great nick had been made in the edge.

He took it to an expert and he ground and ground until the broken place was all gone and the edge was good again.

But something was gone out of the beautiful tool. It was shorter than before. It seemed as if the temper of the steel was not quite as good as it used to be. It no longer endured work upon hard wood as it had in the past. It was indeed changed; changed and not for the better.

What was it the friend you loved said when he kept out of the bundle of bank bills he deposited in the bank a few notes? Ah, you remember the words well! They stung you to the heart when he spoke them!

"I need a little money this morning. I will put this money back before night. It is only borrowing it. I am sure the house would not object if they knew how much this means to me."

You plead with your friend not to do it. You try to show him that it is the first step on the downward path, but he does not heed. He withholds the few bills and goes on with the rest to the bank.

And he does pay back the so-called

loan. He makes the amount good before the evening shadows fall. And yet—

There was the flaw in his character! The subsequent act did not, it could not make the fault good. Something was gone from the beautiful blade! The temper of the soul had been lowered. It would be easier next time to do the wrong thing!

Look out for the first nick in the steel! Watch out against the first tendency to depart from the straight road of right! You may get back where you started, but it will be through tears and loss. Something will surely have gone out of your heart that will keep you from ever being the man you might have been.

How shall this be done? There is just one way—no other is known under heaven among men. In the hour of your sore trial stop and think, "I am not alone. Right here by my side is my Friend, my Helper. He knows all about it. If I give myself wholly into his keeping he will not let me suffer for lack of any good thing. He would not do the unmanly, wicked thing of which I have been thinking. Neither will I. For I am his and he knows it."

Saved from the fall! No break in the blade of character! All is well! You have strengthened your soul for all the rest of life's sharp contest!—KIND WORDS.



Historic Lessons in Food Conservation

The *Hotel Monthly* recently carried the following:

"Four thousand years ago Food Commissioner Joseph, in the land of Egypt, commandeered one-fifth of the wheat crop of Egypt each year for seven years and stored it in the cities nearest the wheat fields. His drastic action at that time saved the world from starvation.

"Two thousand five hundred years ago Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, instructed that certain men whom he wished to have attached to his court be fed on king's food and wine to give them a well-nourished look. One of these men, named Daniel, persuaded his caterer that himself and friends could be better nourished on pulse and water, and requested that he make a test covering a sufficient length of time; the others to be fed on king's food and wine. The test showed that those who lived on pulse (lentils) and water were better nourished than those fed on king's food (luxuries) and wine.

"Two thousand years ago Bible history records the miracle of feeding five thousand with a few barley loaves and fishes. The people were commanded to sit in rows of 50 to the row, and the servers passed before each and gave to everyone his portion, so that all were served. It was an instance where a little food went a long way, and the fragments that remained were gathered up so that no food was wasted."



Toughened in Life's Storm

Some one tells of a noted violin maker who always went into the forests himself and chose his violin woods from the north side of the tree. Is not this a precious suggestion to those living in the north rooms of the school of experience, working out the problems of faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity?

Therefore, be of good cheer, beloved! The work of the world is being done by those toughened in the storms of life. God knows where his choice bits of timber grow.—RECORD OF CHRISTIAN WORK.



College Men in the White House

Of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States it is said that all but eight of them were college men—a fact that greatly emphasizes the value of the collegiate training. It is further stated that sixteen of the nineteen college men who have occupied the White House were trained in Christian Colleges—a fact which speaks volumes for the colleges which have wrought under the religious impulse.

Across the Lighted Sea

We sailed away in the twilight
From the crowds on the sloping sand,
And the darker shades of the gloaming
Crept upward toward the land;
And many a dear companion
Waved us a gay farewell,
Though the rhythmic boom of the waters
Sounded a solemn knell.

We looked at the brooding darkness
Over the hills which crept;
And the sighing winds of the evening,
And the voices of those who wept,
Threw magical spells around us,
But One was calling away,
And the beckoning hand above us
We dare not to disobey.

So we sailed with Him o'er the waters,
Half dreading the deepening night;
But lo! as the hours moved onward,
The sea was a path of light;
And the ship rolled over the billows,
And the winds were cool and strong,
Till our hearts were filled with laughter
And our lips were filled with song.

Oh, what of the fading faces
And the joys we have left behind?
We have not had time for sorrow,
The Master has been so kind.
Hands clasping our own in silence,
Eyes looking across the sea,
Are telling of dreamed-of gladness
In the land where we soon shall be.

Dense and deep is the darkness
Hanging about the shore
From which we are swiftly sailing,
So we look back never more.
But forward our eyes are peering,
And as later grows the night,
The sea is becoming quiet,
And broader our path of light.

Oh, sweet is the waters' music
As they join in the praiseful psalm,
Our hearts that were filled with longing,
With the comfort of love grow calm;
And we say, if the night be glorious,
What will the morning be?
For we're sailing away to heaven,
Over the lighted sea.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

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By David James Burrell, D.D.

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Dr. Dodge, \$50; Mrs. Dwight, \$10. The following three contributions for "Daily Readings for Soldiers and Sailors": Mrs. Kennedy, \$50; Mrs. Schaffler, \$25; Dr. Schaffler, \$25; Miss Belloni, \$1; Mr. Auchincloss, \$10; Mr. Small, \$1; "A Sister in Christ," \$5; Mr. Aikman, \$10; Mrs. Nowack, 65c; Mr. Havemeyer, \$25; Mr. Van Brunt, \$10; Elmira, Church Collection, \$15; Mr. McClair, \$5; Mr. Smith, \$1; Mrs. Sonkey, \$1; Mrs. Yeisley, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. Ham, \$10; Mr. Howes & Son, \$2; Mrs. Goldsmith, \$5; Miss Lockwood, \$10; Mr. Wegner, \$3; Brooklyn, Church Offering, \$31.50; Miss Hitchcock, \$2; Lyons Falls, Church Collection, \$2.40; Mrs. Backus, \$1; Mr. Wright, \$2; the Misses Curtiss, \$3; Warwick, Church Offering, \$27.94; Mrs. Strong, for Colportage Work, \$2; Mr. Brown, \$5; Mr. Bosworth, \$5; Mrs. Whittemore, \$10; Miss Bookstaver, \$1.15.

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Washington, D. C., Estate of Mary I. Banks, on account, \$50; Philadelphia, Pa., Estate of Robt J. Wright, \$875.97; Newton, Mass., Estate of Samuel M. Jackson, on account, \$1,000.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$538.07.
Income for Missionary Work, \$494.40.
Income for Annuitants, \$43.67.

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Rev. Isaac Pierson, Field Secretary for New England, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of.....dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order.

Notice to Authors

Authors who submit manuscripts for publication to the American Tract Society are reminded that the Society does not hold itself responsible for the return of any manuscript. If a remittance is sent to cover the full cost of postage and registry, the Society will transmit a manuscript by registered mail upon the request of the author.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 800,711,975 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$23,191.98. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,676,159.52, which is the equivalent of 5,352,319,040 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 146,056; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 49,584, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-seven years 17,487,750, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,958,862.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish Christian literature to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a One-volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 17,175,163 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, PRESIDENT.
JUDSON SWIFT, D. D., General Secretary.
Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

Work of the French Protestant Committee

How the Protestant churches in France work with the Army and Navy through a committee embracing all denominations is told in a recent letter.

"Our committee is working on very similar lines with your own," writes Andre Monod, corresponding secretary of the French Protestant committee, from Paris to Henry A. Atkinson, executive secretary of the national committee on the churches and moral aims of the war. "Democracy and international justice," says Mr. Monod, "are the French committee's basic principles."

Mr. Monod's letter, in part, follows: "Our own committee was formed as early as June, 1915. Its first aim was to vindicate what was to us the right and the truth before the Protestants of neutral countries. The appointment of this committee, which united the most prominent representatives from all our churches with men belonging to or having done fine service in the army, the navy, or in the business circles, had been fully approved by the 'Conseil de la Federation des Eglises Protestantes,' our Federal Council of Churches.

"The Protestant committee has been one of the most active of our organizations during the war. It has extended its scope of action in a great number of different countries by means of literature and the sending of delegates to Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, the United States, and Canada.

"We have been able by our close relations with the United States and by the mission of our delegates, to make our people more fully realize the moral significance and the value of American friendship and American support in the war."

Noon-Tide Prayers

The people of Washington, D. C., observe 12 o'clock each day as a special time to offer prayers for victory and peace. A committee, so formed as to be representative of all the people without regard to religious denominations, creed, sect or race, promoted this observance, according to John G. Capers, chairman of the committee.

The President has authorized the heads of all Government departments to sanction this observance through their chief clerks. The Secretary of War permitted a signal to be fired from the top of an office building for the ringing of the bells. The District Commissioners issued a statement giving their sanction to the observance. "This sanction carried authorized through the Public Utilities Commission for the observance of the movement by street cars and traffic, which stops on specified days, during the time of prayer," said Mr. Capers.

Posters similar to those of the Liberty loan drives and the Red Cross campaigns have been made and will be hung in all churches, Sunday schools, clubs, hotel lobbies, banks, and restaurants. "Give a moment to God" is the suggestive phrase of the posters. These posters call the attention of the public to the necessity of prayer for the success of our allies and an enduring peace.

What Faith Will Do for You

You will not be transformed into a perfect being all at once, because sudden changes are contrary to nature's law. With most of us faults are so imbedded into our characters that it will take a long, hard pull to get them out.

It is not easy to reform the habits of a lifetime, but have you ever found any worth-while thing that is easy? I have not.

Try taking five minutes a day for character-building. Take it at the same time each day, if possible, and be sure to go where you can be alone. Where does not matter at all—up in the attic or down behind the woodpile—anywhere, if you can only be quiet.

Try to leave behind, for this little time, all your cares and anxieties. Try to take with you your faith in Almighty God, and faith in yourself, the child of God. That means you, you just as much as the greatest man in the land.

This is your first lesson: Faith—"the substance of things hoped for." The more you cultivate faith, the more successful you will be in getting the thing you want, whether it is a perfectly rounded character or any other good thing.—FARM AND FIRESIDE.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

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Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and also upon us if they will mention THE AMERICAN MESSENGER when answering advertisements.

A Sermon

BY GRACE H. BOULETTE.

His back was bowed; it was a trembling voice In which he spoke, plain, simple, quiet words;

And yet it seemed as if the very birds Without drew near to listen and rejoice That such as he should wear a human guise; For every wrinkle marked brave, kindly deeds,

And glad and patient serving others' needs, And counsels lived as taught, strong, loving, wise.

Above his spotless robes his whiter hair Flowed soft and thin, all shining silverly, As if, of his soul-springing purity,

God's tender hand had set the signet there. Scarce was there need for speech; if he but stood

And smiled, his faded eyes still held a light Of deep thanksgiving, and a faith so bright That all hearts prayed, and life seemed wholly good.

He told great truths—but what he was, wrought more Than all; through him our eyes were raised to see

Ungessed-at beights—his old hand turned a key That let heaven's sunshine flood earth's open door!

The Sunday-school and a Patriotic Opportunity

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

To "keep the home-fires burning;" To prevent a slump in national idealism; to maintain patriotism on the highest levels; to save America to essential religion; to help Christians to be big and brave enough for any changes in conventional religious forms that the war may bring to pass; and to preserve the soul of the nation from becoming calloused or embittered or darkened or otherwise hurt by the war—this is the clear present task of the Christian Church and all her agencies. "New occasions teach new duties." This grave hour of history seriously summons all leaders in religious thought and activity to great and unusual efforts.

Some uncertain spirits may falter and ask whether the Gospel has any word for this unprecedented day. Such know neither the times nor the Gospel. The eternal contemporaneousness of the Message of Jesus was never more clearly manifest than now. The war itself has unleashed for all the nations, in newness and practicality, the principles and spirit of the Saviour. Our present need is for alert interpreters of the Gospel and of our times. The clamant query is not "What?" but "How?" Methods of pressing home to the hearts of all the people—especially of those outside the normal reach of the Church—the pertinency and power of the truth should engross us now.

Even more persuasive perhaps than the outreach of the pulpit is the influence of the Sunday School. It goes to every village and cross-roads of the nation. The Sunday School Lesson is possibly the most potent single educational or character-shaping influence in the whole world today. Its message is multiplied ways and times without number: what the teacher reads is carried to classes and homes and into conversation, growing like a snow-ball as it goes. I wonder if even the Sunday School workers have realized the full potency of the Lesson? For these Scripture portions are all related to life. They are selected for their character-forming qualities. They contain the truth which, if pressed home with regularity and with interest, will keep the nation itself steady.

There are surprising potentialities for patriotic and Christian propaganda in these Lessons. Every qualified commentator and teacher will interpret them in the light of the world war and its implications. They offer a rare opportunity for presenting the reality and workability of the teachings of Jesus. As one who has been treating the Uniform International Sunday School Lessons for daily newspaper readers, I can testify that I have found them aglow with messages of fortitude for our fighters, of comfort for their kindred, of illumination for patriotic service, of inspiration for new ministry to the world, and of vindication for the ideals

A SPECIAL REQUEST

It is the desire of the publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER to add many new names to the subscription list of this helpful religious monthly periodical during the coming months, and thus increase its usefulness.

There are many other good religious papers published, but as most of them are issued weekly, the high cost of producing them makes it impossible for a great many families to subscribe for them. The low yearly subscription price of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, which is only 50 cents, puts it within the reach of all. We ask the friend who reads this notice, to send us the names of TEN people, in different families who would appreciate such a paper as the AMERICAN MESSENGER, if they knew it. To each of those whose names we receive we will later send a sample copy.

In return for your service in furnishing these TEN names, we will send you whichever one of the following pictures you may choose as long as the supply lasts.

LIST OF PICTURES FROM WHICH YOU MAY CHOOSE

- The Birth of Christ. 20x27 inches
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These pictures have been made by a photographic process which admirably reproduces the exquisite beauty of expression in the original painting. They are all ready for framing. Such pictures as these should be in every home and Sunday School, for they serve as an ornament appealing to the best in every nature, educating to high ideals, and furnishing an inspiration and stimulus to right living.

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of America and the Allies, as expressed by our honored President Wilson. These Lessons bring the Eternal Word of God to bear on present perplexities which will never be satisfactorily solved in any other manner. When the Lessons are linked with life, the throbbing, thrilling, tremendous life of the present crisis, they are as absorbing as dispatches from the battlefield. By them, the purposes and principles of the people may be maintained at the lofty levels which the occasion requires.

Patriotism summons editors and writers and teachers to utilize the Sunday School Lessons as a vehicle for conveying the highest interpretation of our country's cause. In times of great feeling, like the present, the public is most sensitive to spiritual appeals. Therefore, if the sincerely religious aspect of this war for righteousness is clearly and consistently presented to the people, their spirits will be strengthened and their resolution will be established. Patriotism is unshakable when founded upon faith in God. Surely this is the hour wherein all the tides of national feeling may be purified and directed by religious conviction. Both State and Church may greatly be served now, if Christian leaders are alert to the occasion.

The present is an opportune time to press for the publication of a Sunday School Lesson in the secular newspapers. Hundreds of dailies run this as a weekly feature. It carries the truth to the eyes of the men and women who never see a church paper and never hear a sermon. Properly treated, the newspaper Sunday School Lesson may be the best of preventives for the religious vagaries which for a time made headway in Great Britain, during the first years of the war. For the only Lesson which a wise editor will print, as representative of the desires of his readers, is one that is sincerely evangelical, though entirely undenominational. It should also be popular and journalistic in style, and interesting to the average reader. In our new pursuit of a closer relationship between all of life and religion, Christians who feel their larger responsibilities should seek to secure the publication of a Sunday School Lesson, or kindred religious feature, in every daily newspaper.

What our Lord sought in His beneficiaries should also be found in those Christians with a public mind who seek to promote the general cause of truth—

the grace of saying "Thank you." When a daily newspaper publishes a Lesson, or any other really helpful religious feature, the church folk should be at pains to express their appreciation. Incidentally, they will thus prove themselves an alert and present-day force. To help in any wise to publish the clear teachings of Christ upon the problems of the present time is to serve the State as well as the Gospel. For the principles of patriotism are established in the eternal verities of the Christian religion.

That is the note which should be dominant during these heart-hungry days, in Church press, Sunday School publications, and wherever else the truth may be told. Religion and patriotism should be inseparable. A reverent and teachable respect for the truths of religion can keep patriotism from deteriorating into mere blatant nationalism and militarism. So it becomes the task of all who write or speak in the name of the Gospel to pour into the day's spirit of patriotism the great impulses and inspirations and inhibitions of the Christian religion. Thus shall we not only help to win the war; but also we shall help the nation to win our own souls.

The Cedars of Lebanon

There are only about four hundred of the Cedars of Lebanon left. The Maronite peasants almost worship them and call them the "Cedars of the Lord," and a recent governor of the Lebanon has surrounded them by a great wall, so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet, century by century, their numbers grow less.

But the few remaining are of royal blood. They are not the largest of trees, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide-spreading limbs, which often cover a circle two or three hundred feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical, with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted with inviting seats in the great forks, and charming beds on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs. The wood has a sweet odor, is very hard, and seldom decays. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except when lightning or the axe has been at work. Often a great bough of one tree has grown into a neighbor, and the two are so bound in together that it is impossible to say which is the parent

trunk. Perhaps the unusual strength and vitality of the cedars are due to their slow growth.

When a little sprout, hardly waist-high, is said to be ten or fifteen or twenty years old, one cannot help asking, "What must be the age of the great patriarchs of the grove?" It is hard to tell exactly. There have been counted, with the aid of a microscope, more than seven hundred rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Those who have studied the matter deeply think that some of these trees must be more than a thousand years old. Indeed, there is nothing wildly improbable in the thought that perhaps the tree called the Guardian of the grove, for instance, may have been a young tree when Hiram began cutting for the temple at Jerusalem.—EXCHANGE.

The Gospel of the Odd Sparrow

In Matthew, Jesus inquires: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" In Luke, He inquires: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" We have here what John MacNeill calls the Gospel of the Odd Sparrow. So eager, says he, were the vendors to see, so small a consideration is the single sparrow, that the man who buys two farthings' worth will have an extra bird thrown in. He continues: "It was to prove to us the Father's care that the Saviour gave us this picture of the market-place. Sparrows slain by the hundred, are brought in and sold for a mere nothing. Yet our Lord says that all goes on under the watchful eye of God. And more than that! Even the odd sparrow, so insignificant that it does not count in a bargain, so worthless that it is thrown in as an extra—even the odd sparrow does not fall to the ground without the Father's notice. Which things were written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come!"—KIND WORDS.

The Minister's Handicap

By J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

"When trials are many, when burdens are heavy, when tears are blinding, when the heart is almost broken, then, as a rule, ministers come to an experience where effective preaching is possible." THE MINISTER'S HANDICAP is filled with the interesting incidents and experiences in the life of the noted divine, J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. If you would comprehend a minister's work, read this interesting, colorful book, filled with striking remarks made by noted men to the author, and the views expressed to him by famous preachers and business men at various times. The book is vibrant with sympathetic comprehension of the minister's work. It contains a world of friendly helpfulness for any reader. If you are a clergyman, do you ever preach "your own doubts?" Are you ever touched by "discouraged lassitude?" Do you ever "substitute an ethical address for a sermon?" Read what a great business man says about these points, pages 31 and 32. No clergyman will read THE MINISTER'S HANDICAP without acknowledging a benefit received.

The book is new and is now appearing on sale for the first time. It is hoped that this book will help to a clearer appreciation and understanding of the minister's work than has prevailed in many communities.

It measures 5x7 1/4 inches, 145 pages. Cloth-bound. Price, net, 75 cents. If you would be sure of obtaining your copy from this first edition, sign your name and address below and mail it to-day, if possible.

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The author takes the reader with him in his journey and enables him to see in the most vivid manner the scenes visited. One can from this book obtain all the advantages of a personal visit to the places described and probably with still greater profit, for the reason that the author has the ability to see all that is worth seeing. Fully illustrated, and with index.

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Here is presented the Godhead of Christ on evidence taken from the New Testament. It is an unanswerable plea based on the designations which the New Testament writers apply to Jesus when concurrently speaking of Him. When Dr. Warfield comes to the end no doubt remains that Jesus Christ was indeed the "Lord of Glory." The book has index of designations, passages of Scripture and authors cited. As an aid to the study and preaching of this subject it is without equal.

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By Charles P. McIlvalne, D.D.

This is one of the standard works on the Evidences. The material as set forth in this volume proves clearly, decisively and conclusively a sufficient basis for faith in the divine origin, nature, methods and results of Christianity. After reading this book a believer in God and His kingdom would become a stronger man with stronger beliefs. An unbeliever would turn from his unbelief to the earnest and continued following of Christ.

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By Albert R. Bond, A.M., D.D.

Jesus was a teacher and a preacher with methods, a personality, themes and a success of His own. His methods and themes could be followed with success today if it were only known how. Dr. Bond knows how, has done it successfully, and presents in this book for your benefit practically every phase of Christ's method. Its careful study will well repay any minister.

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A wonderfully enlightening book for the mature person, but peculiarly acceptable and attractive to those of more tender years. Dr. Burrell's book has shown many "Young Christians How to Keep on in the Good Way," and has held the seed of amplified understanding for men and women of fuller years.

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There is not a dull sentence in this whole book, much less a dull page. Full of terseness and vigor, replete with sound thoughts, the book goes to the root of the Christian religion and tells why this religion is so solid and satisfactory. Young and old may read it with profit. Young ministers may well take it to heart.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS
By H. B. Pratt

This is without doubt one of the best commentaries on the book of Genesis. There are so many doubtful points, overlapping events and apparently conflicting circumstances in the first book of Moses which need satisfactory explanations that this volume meets a demand of students of the Old Testament. It is especially valuable because the subject is handled by a man who gave a lifetime to its study and research. The book makes an excellent companion volume to "Evidences of Christianity."

THE TWO ST. JOHNS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT
By James Stalker, D.D.

Did it ever occur to you to make a study of the two Johns in the New Testament? Dr. Stalker with his remarkably original method, clarity of style, comprehensiveness of view and suggestiveness of matter contrasts the lives and characters of John the Evangelist and John the Baptist. Full information on a vitally interesting subject.

THE WONDROUS CROSS
By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

We could not resist the temptation to have the twelfth and last volume of this library one of Dr. Burrell's. The Cross is such a vital factor in every life when properly understood that this book seemed more than appropriate to lend dignity to a library intended first of all for the Christian reader and student. It is most acceptable with its pointed truths full of significance.

American Tract Society
New York
Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$7.50, for which please send **THE CHRISTIAN WORKER'S LIBRARY** to the address below:
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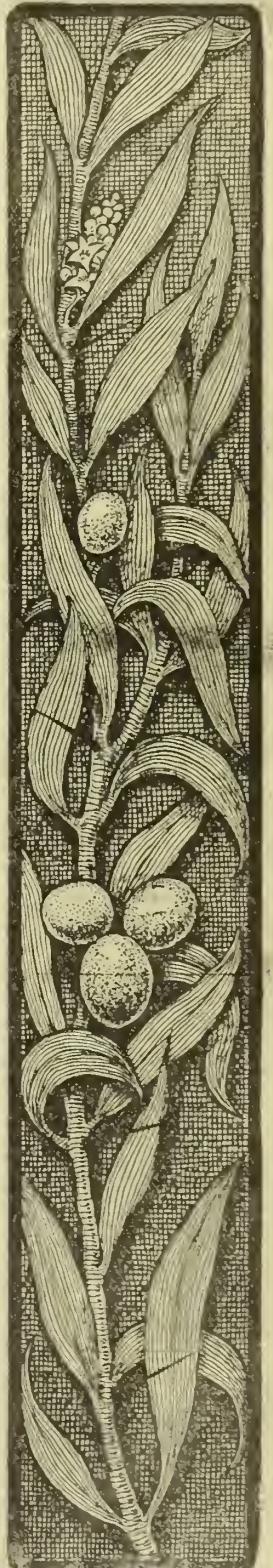
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THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

Vol. 76

OCTOBER, 1918

No. 10

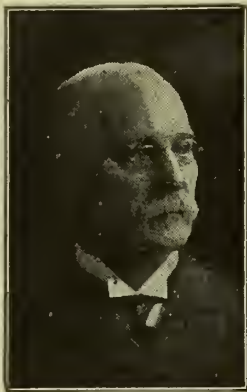


PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER AND THE INFANT MOSES



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

A Look Ahead and a Special Subscription Offer



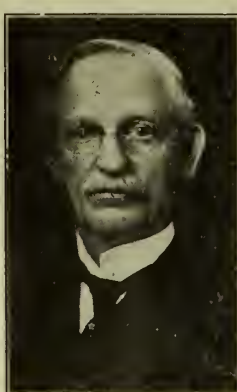
DR. DAVID J. BURRELL



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REV. HOWARD W. POPE



MRS. GRACE B. SANDERS



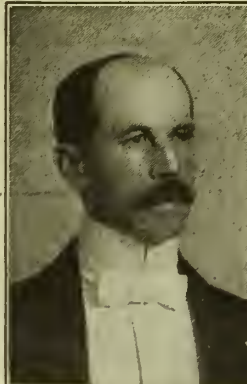
EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.



WILLIAM NORRIS BURR



MISS J. L. GLOVER



C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.



GEORGE S. PAYSON, D.D.

ABLE CONTRIBUTORS

We are glad to announce that the Editorial Contributors who have served the *American Messenger* so acceptably during the past will continue to write for its columns during the coming year. These Editorial Contributors are Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City, who is a great preacher, the author of many helpful books and a forceful writer for the religious press; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, known as a successful Evangelist, both in this country and abroad; Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in New York City, the author of "The House of Chimham" and many other delightful volumes; Dr. Charles Carroll Albertson, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, New York, a man of large vision and a thoughtful and scholarly writer; Rev. George Ernest Merriam, pastor of the Calvinistic Congregational Church of Fitchburg, Mass.

FASCINATING ARTICLES

Among the attractive features of our Thanksgiving issue will be "The Harvest Joy" by Julia H. Johnston; "Her First Thanksgiving" by Miss J. L. Glover and a beautiful Thanksgiving poem by Rev. A. M. Quick. Our Christmas issue will include an article, "Followers of the Star" by Kathleen Hay, a capital story, "A Christmas Tree That Grew from the Seed of Love" by Margaret F. Harper, and other timely features.

Delightful stories which will appear in "Our Fireside" include "Marcia's Inheritance" by Pearl H. Campbell, "Mary's Smile" by Anne Porter Johnson, "Miss Ophelia's Class" by Mrs. Grace B. Sanders, and "The Height of Giving" by Miss L. D. Stearns.

Among other striking articles to be published are "The Laughing Man" by Clarence E. Flynn, "Norway—Before the War and Since" by Annette L. Noble, and "The Assurance of Immortality" by Rev. George S. Payson, D.D.

STRONG DEPARTMENTS

The Prayer Meeting page gives a suggestive treatment of the Topics used in Christian Endeavor and other Young People's Meetings. These notes are prepared by Rev. Henry Lewis, Ph.D., who has had large experience in Christian Endeavor work. Daily Bible Readings are printed in connection with the topics for each week.

Our Young Folks' page is a most interesting feature of the *American Messenger*. On this page there is always a beautiful illustration, reproduced from an original photograph and depicting varied phases of life at home and abroad which are sure to delight the young folks. In addition there are entertaining stories and charming poems.

"His Vineyard and Ours" is the title of a department dealing with the progress of the Kingdom throughout the world. The pictures on this page are reproduced from photographs that come from the ends of the earth and illustrate the unique conditions of life in India, China, Japan, the Philippines and other parts of the missionary field.

DESIRABLE FEATURES

The Editorial Notes in the *American Messenger* give a broad outlook on the whole field of Christian activity. Timely comments are made upon events of international importance. The great subjects of Social Service, Child Welfare, National Conservation, Church Progress, Evangelistic Effort and kindred themes receive sympathetic and illuminating treatment.

Christian Literature is a topic that receives special attention. For nearly a century the American Tract Society has been a pioneer in this field, and through the columns of this paper the Society seeks to set forth the most pertinent facts concerning Christian truth in the printed page.

Choice poems are a characteristic feature of this paper, and among the beautiful verses to be published later are "Suggestions" by Major A. W. Peach, "The Victory" by Thomas C. Clark, and "Honor the Brave" by Lizzie De Armond.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS

In this issue of our paper will be found an admirable illustrated article setting forth some of the activities that are being carried forward on behalf of our soldier boys by that splendid organization known as the Y. M. C. A.

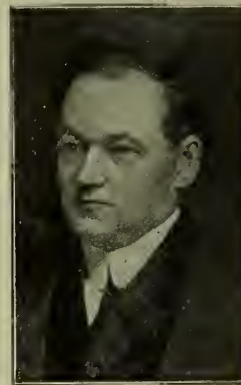
Other items of interest concerning the work that is being done for the soldiers and sailors will appear from time to time, and it is hoped that these glimpses into the life of the men of our Army and Navy will prove to be of supreme value in "keeping the home fires burning."

Christian News from everywhere finds a place in the columns of the *American Messenger*. Its publication office being situated in New York City, it is in close touch with the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., the Federal Council of Churches, the World's Sunday School Association, and other great inter-denominational and international organizations, and it is thus enabled to receive advance information concerning the great religious movements of the time at the original sources of information.

CHOICE YEAR BOOK

We are offering to our subscribers this year an opportunity to secure a copy of the beautiful little book entitled "A Threefold Cord." This contains a carefully selected Precept, Promise and Prayer, taken from the Scriptures, for every day in the year. The book is neatly bound in cloth, and is of convenient size for carrying in the pocket or handbag, if so desired.

We will give a copy of "A Threefold Cord," postpaid, and one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the *American Messenger* for 60 cents. We will give the book as a premium to any subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1918, and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all. If the new subscriber in the last-mentioned case desires a copy of "A Threefold Cord," \$1.10 must be remitted. For every Canadian or foreign subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted to cover the cost of postage on the paper.



REV. G. E. MERRIAM



MISS L. D. STEARNS



CLARENCE E. FLYNN



MAJOR A. W. PEACH

OUR SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER: All those who subscribe now to the AMERICAN MESSENGER for one year at fifty cents will receive the paper until January 1, 1920. New subscribers will thus receive both the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers for 1918, free of cost, if they subscribe at once. They will also be entitled to receive a copy of the book entitled "A Threefold Cord," upon the payment of only ten cents additional.

AMERICAN MESSENGER, Park Ave. & 40th St., New York

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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OCTOBER, 1918

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EDITORIAL NOTES

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D.

Rev. George Ernest Merriam.

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A Look Ahead

On another page of this issue of our paper will be found an announcement of our plans for the future and a Special Subscription Offer to which we bespeak the careful attention of our readers. We are confident that our present subscribers will be more than pleased at the attractive features that will be provided in coming issues of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, and we trust that a large number of those who receive this number for the first time will avail themselves of the opportunity presented to become subscribers on very reasonable terms.

Limitations of space have prevented a fuller statement of the good things in store for our readers during the coming year. It must be remembered, also, that as the AMERICAN MESSENGER seeks to keep abreast of the times, it is impossible to forecast all the timely and attractive features that will appear in future issues. We have tried, however, to give some idea of the general character of this paper and our aim will be to furnish a religious monthly which no Christian family can afford to be without.

In this connection we desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that owing to the increased cost of production it will be necessary to make a slight increase in the price of the AMERICAN MESSENGER beginning on January 1, 1919. On and after that date the price of a single subscription will be sixty cents a year instead of fifty cents. The club rate for subscriptions sent in clubs of five or more will remain at the present rate of thirty cents apiece until further notice.

We regret the necessity of making any increase in the subscription price of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, but the rise in the price of

all the elements that enter into the making of this periodical make some increase inevitable, and we have made it as slight as possible in the confident expectation that our friends will be willing to share with us to this extent the increased cost of production. One of our subscribers has recently written, "I would be willing to pay \$1.00 per year rather than lose the AMERICAN MESSENGER," and we believe that our subscribers will readily respond to the call to help by paying the small additional amount needed.

Remittances at the present rate of fifty cents a year will be accepted both for new and renewal subscriptions up to the end of the calendar year, that is, until December 31, 1918. We therefore urge all our readers to remit in payment for their own subscription at the earliest possible moment, and to co-operate with us in enlarging the usefulness of this paper by securing as many new subscribers as possible.

A subscription blank is enclosed in this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER for the convenience of our readers in forwarding their new or renewal subscriptions. If your own subscription is paid up for the coming year, we should be glad to have you use the blank for sending the subscription of some friend or neighbor whom you can induce to become a subscriber, or for making a gift subscription to some one who would appreciate the monthly visits of this paper for the coming year. Such a gift, we believe, would be highly appreciated, especially since the friend for whom you subscribe will receive the Thanksgiving and Christmas issues of this year free, as stated in our Special Subscription Offer.

Two Noteworthy New Publications

Two new books have just been issued by the American Tract Society which are deserving of special mention. One of these is "The Minister's Handicap," by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, and the other is "Paul's Campaigns," by Rev. David James Burrell, D.D.

In "The Minister's Handicap" Dr. Chapman has embodied the secrets of his successful career as a beloved pastor and as an evangelist of world-wide renown. This volume will be of special interest and helpfulness to ministers and theological students, and yet it contains much that will be suggestive to Christian laymen who are desirous of promoting the progress of the Kingdom and of co-operating with their pastors in upbuilding the work of the Christian Church.

In "Paul's Campaigns" we have a fresh study of Paul's missionary journeyings which will prove of vital interest to all Bible students. Dr. Burrell has always been a close student of the Word, and in this volume he has given the fruitage of long years of Biblical investigation.

Four specially drawn charts accompany the book, which will be found of great value in tracing the footsteps of the great Apostle.

A full announcement concerning both these volumes will be found on the last page of this issue of our paper.

To Protect the Children

A bill has been introduced into Congress by Congressman Edward Keating, which is designed to eliminate the evil of child labor by invoking the war power of our national legislature. Under the provisions of the proposed law an interdict would be placed upon the labor of children under the age of fourteen years at any time, and children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen would not be allowed to work more than eight hours a day or at night, and no children under sixteen would be allowed to work in mines or quarries.

It is believed that this prohibition of child labor would be effective as a war measure, and after the war is over it is hoped that a way may be found to eliminate the evils of child labor by some Federal enactment that will meet all Constitutional standards.

The protection of childhood is a matter of the most vital importance to the nation, and it is to be hoped that Congress will speedily pass this or some similar measure so that child welfare may be properly safeguarded.

Moving Toward Church Unity

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the trend toward church unity which is apparent in various ways. For example, it is announced that the General Council and the General Synod of the Lutheran Church and the United Synod of the Lutheran Church of the South have completed plans for a merger which is to take place in November, and will be marked by a special jubilee celebration to be held in New York City.

At its last General Assembly held at Columbus, Ohio, the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America devoted considerable thought to the question of church unity. Resolutions were passed expressing the conviction that the time had come for an organic church union of the Evangelical Churches of America, and a strong and representative committee was appointed to prepare a tentative plan and to carry forward the movement.

One of the marked effects of the war has been the union of all denominations in concerted efforts for the spiritual welfare of the men of our Army and Navy. Indeed, in the work as carried on at the various cantonments and camps both here and abroad, denominational lines have been obliterated to a very large extent, and a

degree of religious unity has been secured, which under ordinary circumstances would have been deemed unattainable.

It is to be hoped that this movement for spiritual unity will grow stronger and stronger and that it will result in a far closer union of the various branches of the Christian Church than has ever been known before. It is an old saying that in union there is strength, and this truth applies with special force to the religious world. It is certainly the duty of every true Christian to promote in every possible way this growing spirit of unity until the prayer of our Lord is realized, "that they may be one."



For Prison Sunday

For many years the last Sunday of October has been observed as Prison Sunday, and though the war is occupying so much of our attention at the present time we should not overlook the recurrence of this day which is set apart

for special prayer on behalf of prisoners. No more helpful message could be found for those in prison than is contained in the little book prepared by Judson Swift, D.D., entitled, "Looking Forward Day by Day," which has been published by the American Tract Society within the past year. This admirable booklet contains a Scripture verse, a prayer and a meditation for each day of the month. In addition there are prayers for special occasions, such as "On going to Trial," "Before Sentence," "After Sentence" and "On the Day of Release."

A single copy of this book may be procured for ten cents. In quantities it may be obtained on the half grant basis for only five cents a copy.



The Fourth Liberty Loan

This issue of our paper will reach our readers just as the campaign begins for the Fourth Liberty Loan. The importance of a successful flotation of this loan cannot be over-emphasized,

for it will furnish to the world and especially to all enemy nations the most unmistakable evidence of our determination to see this war through to a triumphant conclusion.

The Central Powers have chosen to use force in their effort to bend the world to their will, and they have not scrupled to use the most brutal and savage means that were ever devised by human malignity in order to attain their selfish ends.

As the United States entered upon the war with Spain with the high and holy motive of freeing Cuba from despotic misrule, so now our country has joined its forces with those of the Allies in order to preserve the rights of humanity and to maintain democracy in the world. So let us give our most generous support to this new Liberty Loan, so that the world may know that our nation is a united whole in this battle for righteousness and that we are willing to give all that we have to win the victory.

Why Join the Church?

By Rev. HOWARD W. POPE



WHY does a soldier enlist in the army? Because there he can render the most effective service; there his influence will help, and not hinder; there he can have the sympathy and co-operation of other soldiers.

In every war, however, there are some soldiers who refuse to join the army. They prefer to fight independently. They are called guerillas. But guerilla warfare as a rule is ineffective, demoralizing, and disreputable. It damages the very cause it tries to help.

In like manner there are some people who claim to be Christians, but who refuse to join the church. Like guerillas, they unconsciously damage the very cause they ought to help. They cannot give a single good reason for their position, but there are many reasons why every Christian should join some church.

In the first place it is there that he can render the most effective service. He is one of many, who are all working under one commander and for the same end, and who, collectively, can accomplish what could not be done separately. If it is a good thing to have churches in a community, then Christians should support them. If all Christians were guerrillas, Jesus Christ would not have a church on the face of the earth, or even a single acknowledged follower.

Remove the churches from a town, and property would depreciate, business would decline and all good people would move away. Sunday would become a mere secular holiday, life and property would be unsafe, and the town would soon have such a bad reputation that no decent person would move into it. For this reason every Christian owes it to himself, his family, to society, and to his God, to join and support some church.

In the second place it is the only consistent position for a Christian. In the church his influence will help and not hinder; an outsider, who ought to be in the church, damages the cause of Christ just as much as an insider who ought to be out. A Christian who refuses to join the church practically says to the world that the commands of Jesus are not binding or important, which is not true. The Master distinctly commands His disciples, saying, "Believe and be baptized," and, "Do this in remembrance of me," referring to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. What right have we to disobey

these commands? Furthermore he says, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," and "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

These plain passages show that Jesus does not reckon as His friends those who disobey His commands, and does not wish to have them call Him Lord, unless they do the things which He says. Besides, the world refuses to count one as a Christian unless he joins the church. In the matter of loyalty to Christ there is no neutral ground. We are either for Him or against Him. We either count or discount.

A Christian who does not join the Church will soon lose his joy, and perhaps his hope. If, knowing his Master's wish, he refuses to comply with it, he cannot be a happy person. He may be a saved man, but he will lose the joy of his salvation. And if he loses his joy he will also lose his power, for "The joy of the Lord is your strength." His words will have no weight with others, because he has not come out from the world himself. Furthermore he is in danger of losing all interest in the matter of salvation, because the habit of disobeying those commands which are irksome to him, will soon lead him to disregard all Christ's commands, and drop back into Christless life entirely.

To be a member of Christ's Church is the highest honor this world affords. Its sacraments are the most sacred, its literature the most sublime, and its fellowship the most sweet and enduring. All lodges and other organizations are man-made affairs, but the church is a divine institution, founded by Jesus Christ, guided and guarded by the Holy Spirit, having for its mission the evangelization of the world, and for its destiny eternal fellowship with God in Heaven.

The purest and noblest people in all ages have belonged to the church, and it will ever gather to itself those who love righteousness and hate iniquity. Pass a magnet through a pile of dust and it will draw to itself every bit of iron and steel. Why does it not attract the dirt? Because it is dirt, and has no affinity for the magnet. Even so Jesus Christ is a magnet who in all ages has drawn to Himself the best people. Why does He not attract the others? For the same reason that the magnet does not attract the dirt. Would you rather remain in the world with worldly people, or be in the church with Jesus Christ?

If it be objected that there are some hypocrites in the church the answer is: "Yes, it may be true, but Jesus Christ is no hypocrite, and He is the life of every church." Even if half the members of the church were hypocrites, still we ought to join the church, because it is our Master's wish and prayer. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am that they may behold my glory."

Remember also that when the church goes through the pearly gates there will be a sifting, and the hypocrites will be left on the outside of the gate, and, unless you obey Christ, you will have to spend all eternity with them. Would it not be better to live with them a few years in the church, than to spend all eternity with them elsewhere? You must spend some time with those hypocrites somewhere. Where shall it be?

The Christian who refuses to join the church dishonors Jesus Christ. It is like proposing a secret marriage. He is willing that Christ should die for him, but he is not willing to live for Christ, or even to acknowledge his relation to Him. He desires to be saved, but is not willing to serve. He wants the benefits of Christianity without the sacrifices, whereas the sacrifices constitute nine-tenths of the benefits.

The meanness of this attitude is well illustrated by the following incident: Dr. Lorimer once asked a man why he did not join the church. The reply was that the dying thief did not join the church and he was saved. "Well," said the minister, "if you do not belong to a church, you help support missions of course?"

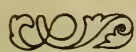
"No," said the man. "The dying thief did not help missions, and wasn't he saved?"

"Yes," said Dr. Lorimer, "I suppose he was, but you must remember that he was a dying thief, whereas you are a living one."

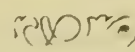
Do not deprive your Saviour of the honor which belongs to Him.

A woman once asked her husband how to obtain her church letter. He replied: "Write to your former pastor, and tell him that there is a vacancy in the church where you now worship, and you had thought of applying for the situation, and that you would like a letter of recommendation."

Quite likely there may be a vacancy in the church where you worship, my dear reader. Suppose you apply for the situation, and do your best to fill it!



EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTION



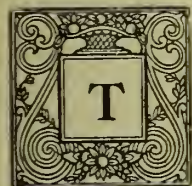
CHARLES C. ALBERTSON, D.D.

PAYING THE FULL PRICE

BY

REV. CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D.D.

Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church Brooklyn, New York



THE story of David and Ornan as told in the First Book of Chronicles is simple and beautiful. David would build a place of worship—an altar and a temple. It was made plain where he was to build it. A man named Ornan owned the site, and used it for a threshing-floor. Upon that site ultimately the temple was built—Solomon's Temple, beautiful and magnificent. When we think of that stately structure, let us not forget the name of the man a part of whose farm was the spot on which it rose—the name of the man who was willing to give the site and with it his oxen for burnt offerings, his threshing instruments for fuel to feed the altar-fires, and his wheat for the meat-offering.

Ornan was a liberal soul. David wanted only the plot of ground; Ornan offered to give much more. People are of three classes—those who do their duty, those who fail to do their duty, and those who do their duty *and more*. This surplus of obedience, of liberality and of sacrifice is the beauty and blossom of life. It is the very essence of love. Love always does more than it is expected to do. What mother ever "struck" for an eight-hour day?

A Type of the Liberal Soul

Ornan is a type of the liberal soul. And he had his reward while he lived. As virtue is its own reward, so is liberality. The soul that "heapeth up more than is meet" shrivels and decays. The liberal soul preserves its sweetness in the face of age and death.

It is the old, old story of the selfish pool and the generous streamlet. You know what became of the pool that received but never gave: it grew dark and foul and pestilential "until God, in pity, smote it with a scorching August sun and dried it up." And what of the generous streamlet? It hurried with its crystal water to the sea. It gave its coolness and moisture to the earth. Birds bathed at its edges, and beasts slaked their thirst in its current. It reached the sea, and God sent His winds and clouds to replenish its sources, and from year to year it blessed the earth.

The secret of Ornan's willingness to surrender his threshing-floor was in his vision. He, too, saw the angel that spoke to David. And the secret of his vision was in his open-mindedness to the Eternal. This was the secret of Moses' vision. Only the open-minded see. It is one thing to look, another thing to see.

The Soul of Honesty

If Ornan is a type of the liberal soul, David represents the honest soul. He would not take what was another's property to give the Lord, nor would he offer the Lord "an offering without cost"—without full cost. No bargain-counter religion was his. He sought no discount, no

special privilege for his faith. That was an honest religion. That was faith of the right kind. It looked facts in the face. Religion demands sacrifice. Sacrifice that costs nothing is not sacrifice. The sacrifice of another could not avail for him. He must pay the full cost. His soul's integrity demanded nothing else.

That is a high type of mind and character. Only the noblest among men attain it. When Samuel Johnson knew he was dying and was offered a narcotic he refused it, saying, "I prefer to yield my soul to God unclouded." He would pay the full price. Perhaps Browning had this in mind when, in his "Prospice" he said:

"I would hate if death bandaged my eyes and forbore—
Bade me creep past. No, let me taste the whole of it,
Fare like my peers, the heroes of old."

A Lesson for This Crucial Time

What lesson has an incident like this of Ornan and David for a world at strife, a crucial time like ours? It has a very patent one in every way. There is much talk about the cost of the war, but it is doubtful whether any man can estimate its full cost, or whether, if it could be estimated, any human intellect could comprehend it. Six millions of men have been slain in battle. The economic value of a man in modern industry is \$3,000. So this great war has cost the world in the economic loss of manhood alone, \$18,000,000,000. It is estimated that the nations at war had spent up to the end of the year 1917, \$75,000,000,000. The daily cost is not less than \$130,000,000. Two and a half days of such expenditure would build a Panama Canal!

Remedial and Redemptive Suffering

There are those who say this is not a *price* we are paying, but a *penalty*. And there is a sense in which the war may be regarded as the penalty the world is paying for its sins—for sins of pride and ambition and hatred and greed. But the sad thing about every penalty, however just, is that the innocent must suffer with the guilty. There is a law of vicarious retribution running through life. But the thing which lifts all suffering above the plane of the animal—indeed above the plane of the human—is that it may be remedial as well as retributive. It may partake of the nature of redemption. Redemption marks the point of the conversion of suffering into discipline, into moral strength and spiritual value.

If the suffering of the world during the last four years shall result in personal and social reform; if we already begin to see with clearer vision the truth of the saying that the nation that forgets God shall perish; if we have been purified by the very fires that consume our idols; if in the light of these fires we perceive as we had not before, the beauty of chivalry, the nobility of unselfishness, the divinity of self-abandon, then is our suffering remedial, our

anguish restorative: then are we paying the full price which must be paid for the prize we seek—which is nothing less than the freedom of the world from the fury of the oppressor.

It is written, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." It is written in the very nature of things that without the expenditure of blood there is no social progress. What civil or religious rights do we possess, what charter of industrial or political franchise, that was not blood-bought? "With a great price obtained I this freedom." We must remember this when we confront our daily losses in the war. The reflection that we are paying the price of blood for human uplift may not dry our tears when we see a familiar name on the casualty list, but it will dignify with noble pride the hearts that bleed and break. Unnumbered Gethsemanes lie before us, in which God wills we should learn to suffer and grow strong.

The Cost of Character

Do we not know how pain and progress, suffering and strength, go hand in hand? What is the full cost of education? "Days of labor and nights devoid of ease." What is the full cost of character? "Pride deposed and passion slain and the vanquished ills that we hourly meet." And how is holiness attained, save by the sacrifice of what we once held dear? "How else but through a broken heart may the Lord Christ enter in?"

The spirit of these patriotic days calls on us all again to confront the old, old—yet ever new—demand voiced by the saying, "They that would wear the prophet's mantle must choose the prophet's portion." And the portion of the prophet is ever anguish, ever, ever loss.

"Life evermore is fed by death,
In earth and sea and sky,
And that a rose may breathe its breath
Something must die."

He whom we call Master—Whose we are and Whom we serve—paid the full price of Saviourhood. He looked Death in the face and scorned to "creep past." It is our triumphant faith in Him that tells us "these rivers of pain shall not flow fruitless over the earth." And none that follows after Him will hesitate to pay the price—the full price for the honor of His discipleship.



Soul Purified

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

How many troubles hard to bear
Have wrung my soul from day to day;
How oft beneath a weight of care
I've struggled up the rough, hard way!

But oh, I see the earth arrayed
In magic beauty like a flame!
And though my soul by grief is stayed,
I can but praise His mighty name.

Just for the glory I have seen
I thank the Lord with joy divine,
And thank Him, too, in faith serene
For all life's portion that is mine.

What a "Y" Man in France Does By J. M. Moore



WITHIN A Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT AN ARMY CANTONMENT

A FRIEND wrote me from America recently and said: "You have written me of your wanderings, about the wonderful qualities of the French, about the fine fellows you have seen, about the wonderful work, but what do you do? Do you help them physically, mentally, or morally?"

If one wants to know all things that a man in a *Foyer du Soldat* (as the American Y. M. C. A. serving the French is called) does, the answer can be found in the dictionary—by looking up all the verbs.

I am an adopted member of a French artillery battery now, and they even trust me to bring my iodine and absorbent cotton and scissors when they are hurt. They want to know if I have anything for the "grippe."

When the American colored troops came by and flooded the little French shops, the shopkeepers ran to me to straighten things out. One old lady thought she had lost 300 francs and I must straighten that out.

As refugees went away by my place, so discouraged and crying and some hardly able to travel and too discouraged to eat, I robbed the canteen a little and gave the children and some old women some chocolate to munch on the way.

One old lady was so grateful she wanted to give me some champagne. One family had two little pet birds that they wanted me to keep. The keys of houses and cellars were given me to guard their possessions for them and to use what I would.

I met one bunch of American negro soldiers who were most wonderfully glad when they found I could talk the same language they use back in Virginia.

I was the rescuer of the babes in the wood. Soon I could give them some chocolate and cakes and chewing gum and matches. I could ask what was the price of an egg. I could stop a gun or a fight. I could write a letter for them in French or in English. I could explain to them what they were doing with the French and with French equipment, how long the war would last and what street they lived on and how to spell it, and why they hadn't gotten an answer to a letter a couple of weeks ago, and what was their address.

I had an orderly to paste their money together again that had worn out or got torn. I

could change their money and take what was so bad no one else would take it. I could give them boxing gloves and prizes for the winner. I could give them horse-shoes and footballs.

I found five, one time, in a war railroad junction point trying to go from the hospital back to their regiment. It was nearly night. They had nothing to eat since morning, could not speak a word to the people, had no place to sleep, not a cent of money, did not know where to get a train or when.

I found their train did not leave till morning; walked with them across where the town had been and showed them where to find their train and at what time; bought them their supper, found them a bed, bought them a couple of loaves for their breakfast, left some money at a canteen for coffee next morning and showed them where to get it, found a Foyer run by a Frenchman and took them there to rest and see moving pictures till bedtime and got about all the gratitude that there was in the world, and also my train.

If you want the world to pass by your door, go to a Y. M. C. A. hut in the French Army. I have been able to serve the Senegali and the American negro, the Anamite and the Arab, the Poilu, the Tommy and the white American. I have had to deal harshly with a very few and gently with a few more, and as an ally with the great bulk.

I have had every duty from playing policeman and putting an Arab out of a picture show to presiding over a Sunday negro service; have arranged concerts and quartettes, football games and croquet grounds; have seen that men had letter-paper, magazines, newspapers, picture shows, music, games, services, warm drinks and a place to loaf.

More than ever now, the poilu are looking to the Americans; the perfect trust they have in President Wilson and the Americans and America is touching. I have had some British ambulance men in the Foyer and they were almost as glad to see the Foyer as the Frenchmen. They found a place where they could sing, and whether it was for me or not they sang the same things that even I could sing. They sang "Marching Through Georgia" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

At the end of one concert, we had a chorus, the "Marseillaise." No one stood till I did, and then everyone stood. It was not that their patriotism is past, but they are at the time when all things are in dead earnest; there is no shame, but they like to have recalled the sacred nature of their national hymn.

But the Frenchman also smiles before the battle and perhaps with much less emotion covered up than many of us. The evening before we expected a big attack was one of the pleasantest dinners we have had at the popotte. And there was nothing forced about it. I believe that everyone had forgotten all about going up to stand by the guns afterwards. I asked a lieutenant, a good friend, to make a speech on a certain "fête de jour" to encourage the men and arouse their spirits. He said he would talk to them, but that they would fight all right without that.

It is true that they are good fighters. But they are also gentle and polite always, like children in their gratitude for kindness.

Paris, September 1918 (by mail).



MESS TIME FOR A GROUP OF AMERICAN Y. M. C. A. SECRETARIES IN FRANCE

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BEAUTIFYING THE CHURCH GROUNDS

By E. I. Farrington



It is a curious fact that many church bodies will pay a liberal sum to an architect to design their edifices, but hesitate to give even a small commission to a landscape architect to plot and plant the grounds. Yet much of the

beauty of any church structure depends upon its setting. Oftentimes a building which cost only a small amount as compared with some of its neighbors is more attractive because of the trees, shrubs and vines which have been used with good taste and discrimination over and around it. Practically every church can be improved by a little planting, but brick and stone churches in particular need the contrasting effects produced by the free use of green shrubs. Many times the harsh lines made necessary by some architectural problem can be subdued by the generous use of climbing vines.

Many churches because of their height need base planting to tie them to the ground as it were. On the other hand, it occasionally happens that a low, rambling church structure needs to be surrounded with upright growing trees and shrubs to increase its apparent height. Oftentimes the homelike appearance as well as the value of the church property can be enhanced by obtaining the advice of a competent local landscape man. Nevertheless, a few simple suggestions will help any committee to improve the appearance of its church building and grounds.

If the grounds are rather extensive, and especially if they are surrounded by a large collection of other buildings, it will help to plant a hedge around the boundary line. All too often a church committee puts in a Privet hedge, because Privet is the hedge plant with which they are most familiar. This, however, is likely to be a mistake, because Privet requires constant trimming to be kept compact and symmetrical, and this trimming is rather expensive. Moreover, California Privet, most commonly used, is very likely to be winter-killed in the Northern States. Iboya Privet is more hardy, and is to be recommended if Privet of any kind is to be used.

The best hedge plant, all things considered, is



GOOD PLANTING AROUND A SUBURBAN CHURCH

Japanese Barberry. It is very ornamental, grows compact, and requires but little attention. Moreover, it is almost as attractive in Winter as in Summer because of the wealth of red berries which it carries until Spring. Of course it is a rather low-growing hedge, but it is not expected that a church will present too exclusive an appearance. The native and the purple barberry are sometimes recommended, but are to be eschewed now, because they are under the ban of the agriculturist, who has found that they spread the spores of wheat rust. In many sections these plants are being destroyed.

In the Northwest one of the best hedge plants is the Buckthorn. It will stand the most severe Winter, but it, too, requires considerable attention to keep it trimmed to a formal shape. A

new hedge plant for the North is *Cotoneaster Acutifolia*, which resembles Privet but is absolutely hardy.

Occasionally when the boundaries are not enclosed, a pretty effect is obtained by making a very low hedge along the walk from the street to the church door. This is especially likely to be the case when the walk is straight and not very long. In the South the best plant is dwarf Box, but in the North where Box is not hardy, it is better to use *Euonymus Vegetus*, which is really a vine but if cut back closely will make low, upright growth. It is perfectly evergreen, keeping its leaves in good condition all Winter.

If your church grounds are extensive, do not make the mistake of scattering trees and shrubs all over them. The effect is bewildering, and it makes the grounds look smaller than they actually are. Correct planting calls for an open lawn with shrubbery around the borders to serve as a frame. This rule applied to church grounds usually means that a group of shrubs should be placed in the corners, and wherever there is a wide curve in a walk or a drive. Of course there is no reason why one or two specimen trees or shrubs should not be planted on the lawn itself.

The most important planting is that to be done at the base of the church structure. It should break the severe base lines so that the eye will sweep naturally and quietly from the level lawn to the upright walls. Sometimes it is possible to plant all along the base of the building, but usually the planting must be confined to the front and especially to the corners about the entrance. If more extensive base planting is adopted, care should be taken that the light is not cut off from the lower windows, and it is always wise to leave an occasional glimpse of the foundation.

Do not plant your shrubs in a perfect circle or in a straight line. An uneven or undulating effect is much better for lawn borders or base planting of any kind, and where there is a group at the front of the church, it is well to have one or two particularly fine plants standing a little apart from the others.

If you are wise, you will plant shrubs which



TALL SHRUBS MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE SCREEN FOR THE FOUNDATION OF THIS CHURCH

will carry color of some kind the year round. You can easily have a succession of bloom all Summer. For Winter color you must depend upon plants which have attractive berries or warm colored stems. There are great numbers of flowering shrubs from which you can make a choice. Take care to select those, however, which do not spread unduly by underground stolons or stems, and use those which are known to be hardy. Usually the upright growing forms are to be preferred. Of course you will plant the tall growing kinds in the back and the lower ones in front, but this must not be done too arbitrarily or in too stiff a manner.

Among the taller shrubs most suitable to use are Lilacs, Deutzia Pride of Rochester, Fragrant Honeysuckle, High Bush Cranberry (*Viburnum Opulus*), and the various Syringas. Plants to use at the front of the group include Flowering Currant, Flowering Almond, Spiraea Anthony Waterer, Snowberry, Spiraea Callosa, and Weigelia Eva Rathke.

this Ivy, and has come to be one of the landmarks of the city.

A much newer vine, and one which gives great promise is *Euonymus Radicans Vegetus*, often called the Evergreen Bittersweet, because the berries which it bears in the Fall and carries well into the Winter are very similar to those of common American Bittersweet. This vine does not grow very rapidly for the first few years, but will eventually reach a height of fifteen or twenty feet. It clings to any rough surface, keeps its leaves throughout the Winter and will grow in either shade or sun. When it is desired to cover only the foundation walls of the church, the common *Euonymus Radicans*, also evergreen, can be used advantageously. These are altogether the best vines for a building; but if there happens to be a fence around the church buildings, and especially if it is not an attractive fence, cover it with Dorothy Perkins roses, or with Hall's Honeysuckle.

It will be seen from all this that no great

most commonplace material and ugly shape. Yet each holds its oil, and the oil may seem to be of no use, save to fill the lamp.

Suddenly a lighted match is applied. The flame streams up. In whatever position the lamp may be placed, its bright glow serves to dispel the gloom. The room is made cheerful, the student bends closer over his book, the household tasks go on, and the family gather, with smiling faces, around the table, for the evening meal.

All is well with the lamp; it is doing that for which it was made. What of the oil? It is being consumed. The Indian sage says, "It is freely sacrificed to feed the flame." Yes, sacrificed, for it is only by sacrifice that its work can be done.

Mental attainments and spiritual graces are of little value, either to the individual or to the world, unless they are used. Its using may waste away the treasure, but it has played its part, it has done that for which it came into being, and the influence of its sacrifice may go on through ages yet to be.

The law of sacrifice is the glad, free use of what one has to use, the generous giving of what one has to give. Self-preservation is called the first law of nature, and self-sacrifice may well be called the highest law of Christian grace.

This was the law governing the gift of the Christ. We, his disciples, can follow His example of giving in spirit even though our gifts be small. And to give freely means to give wholly, even if the giving consumes the gift.

The Essential Point

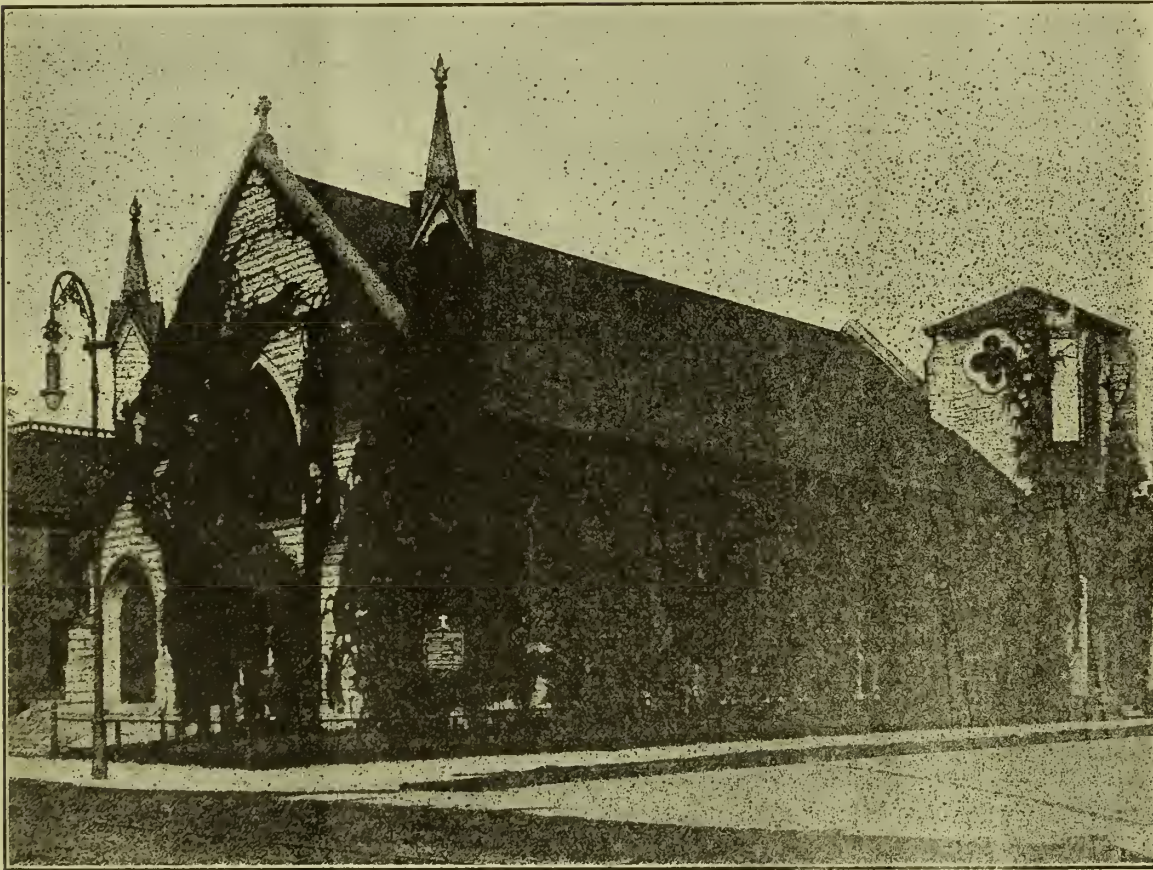
BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH. D.

Education is a subject of many varying aspects and phases, but in brief it may be said to be a process of finding out just how much there is in a given pupil.

An English nobleman once sent his son to Rowland Hill in order that he might be "educated." Along with the boy the perhaps too admiring father sent a note, containing these words: "I am confident he has talents, but they are hidden in a napkin." After the boy had been under his charge a few weeks the eccentric clergyman sent him back to his parent with this terse but rather insulting comment: "I have shaken the napkin at all corners, and found nothing in it." This bright simile, descriptive of a cursory examination of the mental furnishings of a backward pupil, does not exhaust the whole meaning or duty of pedagogy.

The sifting process has its place—one of the first offices of an expert educator is to expose the ignorance of his students, as Socrates long ago tried to do in Athens. A great many people would know more if they could only be induced to know less. If there is trash in the napkin let it be thrown out as speedily as possible, or if there be (seemingly at least) nothing in it, let that fact be brought to the attention of the possessor, in order to induce in him a mood of humble docility, which is the first pre-condition of all real knowing. Keeping still to the Scriptural figure it may be practical to put something into the napkin, even if it at present contains no values—not indeed in order that the imported treasure be thereafter hid in the ground, but invested in good enterprises.

In many dull and inert natures there reside, did we but know it, many seeds of good, or possibilities of noble achievement, if only their presence can be perceived, and timely assistance be rendered by the sympathetic teacher in their "education," or "drawing forth." Of course, the seeds of the weeds are there, as well as of valuable growths of character, but a discerning pedagogy will eradicate the one while it encourages the others.



CLIMBING VINES ARE BEST FOR A CITY CHURCH

The best plants to grow for Winter berries are Japanese Barberries and *Viburnum Americanum* (sometimes called *Viburnum Opulus* in American form). Both plants have red berries which remain until the leaves come in the Spring. They are very bright and cheerful throughout the Winter months. Additional color can be obtained by including the red twigged dogwood (*Cornus Sibirica Alba*). By way of contrast, also, it is well to include *Cornus Aurea*, which is the golden stalked dogwood.

Of course vines are indispensable, if the church is built of brick or stone. In the southern and middle States there is nothing to compare with the English Ivy of classic fame, which is beautiful alike in Winter and Summer. In the North, though, this Ivy is not hardy and something else must be substituted. Perhaps the most satisfactory vine for extremely cold sections is *Ampelopsis Engelmanni*. This Engelmann's Ivy is a type of Virginia Creeper that has smaller and thicker foliage. It is the only Ivy that is perfectly hardy in Minnesota and that will cling to brick, stone or plaster. It grows very rapidly, and in the Fall its green foliage turns a deep crimson. Grown on stone, this is a very handsome Ivy. It is not so well adapted to brick. Christ Church, in St. Paul, Minnesota, is almost hidden under a tremendous growth of

difficulties enter into the proper planting of the church grounds if one has some understanding of the shrubs and vines best calculated to obtain the desired effects. It will not cost much to enhance the appearance of the grounds by proper planting, and it is safe to say that every member of the church will approve the expenditure when the results are to be seen.

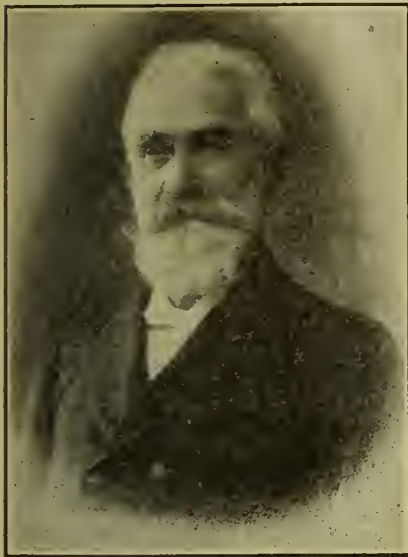
The Law of Sacrifice

BY HOPE DARING.

We cherish life with infinite care. It is not so much our own existence that we safeguard with every possible precaution, but the lives of those who are dear to us. Nor is life the only immaterial thing that we seek to guard from waste. There are our cherished mental acquisitions, our hard-won accomplishments, even the grace and strength that are ours.

Rabindranath Tagore, that noted Oriental who visited our country not long ago, likened these things to the oil in a lamp. The lamp, he said, was the individual life, and, he continued, "The lamp contains its oil, which it holds securely in its close grasp and guards against the least loss." He called attention to the fact that there is a wide diversity in lamps: some are of wondrous beauty, others of the

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS



REV. ODOARDO JALLA

The Italian Tract Society

Rev. Odoardo Jalla is the honored and efficient secretary and treasurer of the Italian Evangelical Publication Society, also known as the Italian Tract Society, whose headquarters are in Florence, Italy.

This society has been providing evangelical Christian literature for the Italian people for sixty-two years, and the record of last year is full of interest and encouragement.

"The past year, memorable for the prompt help brought to Italy by our faithful allies, both British and French," writes Rev. Mr. Jalla, "has also been remarkable for the increase of Christian fellowship inspired among hundreds of thousands of our Italian soldiers, and due to the reading of almost a million copies of Gospels distributed among them.

"Very encouraging and promising this work has been. Whoever has read our two last annual reports knows how welcome the 250,000 copies of Holy Scriptures, Bible Almanacs, books and tracts have been among the men at the front, in the barracks and in the hospitals. In the year just ended, the Lord has enabled us to send them through the post, to no less than 700 addresses of different soldiers, who had asked for them and were ready to spread them among their comrades. Besides, more than 20 colporters or friends have distributed 30,000 copies, either to soldiers in the trains, or at the exit of the barracks or on the highways.

"A year ago, we spoke of twelve Soldiers' Halls which had been provided with Christian Literature by us. This year the number of the halls which we have helped is now thirty-five and the number of copies thus placed is about 50,000 Bible cards, Gospels, books and tracts. The special Institutes for Blind Soldiers rarely permit copies of Holy Scripture or other evangelical books. We have, however, been able to introduce some copies of St. Mark in Braille type and some tracts copied by the Braille Literature Society in London, in no less than six such institutions, and we hope soon to be able to do more in that line.

"Thanks to Italian and Swiss friends, we are actually undertaking to send to our Prisoners of War in Austria, Germany, Bulgaria and Turkey, some thousands of copies of books, of a healthy and instructive kind, which may help them to pass agreeably the long days of their painful exile."

Here are some extracts from letters of soldiers received by the Italian Tract Society during the last few months:

From a convalescent soldier in Sicily:—"I was a man without faith, and useless, when the hand of God led me to

a hospital. All the books sent me there, spoke of the Saviour, who gave His precious blood on the Cross to redeem my sins, and such reading brought me to the Light. I could not express to you all my joy in having known the way of salvation."

An artillery man at the front:—"With great pleasure I have received the New Testaments and the Traveller's Guides. I have distributed them among my comrades, so that they may know the Love of God."

An infantry corporal:—"I have received the Psalms and the book 'Teach Us How to Pray,' which have been a great comfort to me. I seem to be born again. Before reading them, I felt lost and miserable, although every day I prayed to God."

Another:—"The Lord has blessed me. During many evenings my comrades asked me to read and explain the Gospel. Send me a few more copies, please."

The Italian Tract Society works in close co-operation with the American Tract Society of New York. For many years the latter society has sent foreign cash appropriations to the Italian Tract Society. The grand total of the appropriations sent to Italy by the American Tract Society now amounts to \$17,580.00.

The Christian literature published by the Italian Tract Society has been used extensively by the American Tract Society for distribution among the Italian immigrants who have come to the United States. Thus these two societies are working together in happy union for the evangelization of the Italian people both in their own native land and in the new home which so many have found in the United States of America.

Jews Are Calling For the Bible

Mr. Mell, of the Pacific Agency, of the American Bible Society, in an article in the *Christian Advocate*, calls attention to an unusual demand for the Bible by the Jews. "Many of them have been stirred by the military operations near Jerusalem and are interested to learn what the Old Testament prophets said about their native city."

In connection with the above we quote from a British source: "The advance of the British troops into the Holy Land has moved and impressed all lovers of the Bible to an extraordinary degree. The place names of Palestine sound like no others in our ears. Words like the Plain of Mamre, the Valley of Hinnom, the Cave of Machpelah, the Brook Kedron, are full of sacred and homely echoes. We rejoice, not without a strange awe and reverence, to hear that the British soldiers have advanced to Bethlehem and encamped on the Mount of Olives and entered the very streets of Jerusalem. It will be strange, indeed, when these regiments return and settle in their own village homes to find that thousands of young soldiers will know more about Palestine than the parson."

Work of the British and Foreign Bible Society

In the summary of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, presented at the last annual meeting of this society, are stated these very interesting facts: Despite disturbed conditions due to the war, the issues for 1917-18 totaled 9,387,182 volumes, a decrease of only 152,053, as compared with the previous year. Of the year's issues about 1,000,000 volumes were distributed in India; but a still more remarkable fact is that nearly one-third of all the books issued were sold in China. Never before has the society put into Chinese hands in a single year 3,000,000 copies of the Scriptures.

During the last four tragic years of the war the society has sent out 40,000,000 volumes—an output that far exceeds anything ever done in the same space of time. Amid the raging of the nations there has been no pause in the work of translating the oracles of God. During these last twelve months the society has added Scriptures in seven fresh languages to its long list (504) of versions.

In connection with its war circulation the society has provided over 8,000,000 volumes, in seventy-five languages, since the war began. Its depots at Berlin, Vienna and Budapest have never closed their door. At Constantinople, Belgrade, Bucharest, and Rustchuk the colporteurs have not ceased their mission. At Monastir the depository lived for months in his cellar. The society's work in Jerusalem reads like a page of romance. An American resident, since 1915, took charge of the depot, lived in the building and slept behind the counter to protect the stock. When the British entered Jerusalem about 30,000 volumes, in fifty languages, were safe at the depot, and all the English editions were quickly purchased by the British soldiers.

Baptized 155 Hindus Within a Single Day

Baptizing folks until his back ached was the unusual experience of S. W. Clemes, a Methodist missionary at Meerut, India, who writes of a service in which he baptized 155 souls in one day. These people were from all ranks and stations in life, from the sweeper's caste to the leather worker's; mere infants and their mothers whose faces were covered but who were anxious to enter the Kingdom.

The missionary writes of an interesting incident which followed the service. "After giving them a short talk I started across the field. On the way we met a man coming back to the village. He had been one prepared for baptism, but had missed the service. So there we stopped on the canal bank, and stooping down I baptized him in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I was reminded of Philip and the Ethiopian."

A Spanish Evangelical Church in New York City

Rev. A. B. Carrero, pastor of the Spanish Evangelical Church of New York City, states that in the membership of that church are sons of all the republics of South America, Spain, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico and many others from the ends of the earth who speak the Spanish tongue.

"You can imagine," he writes, "what a profound current of power and sympathy is established when all these believers pray for their own peoples. The Church is a great Christian family. We have prospered abundantly this year. Seventy new members were received into the bosom of the Church last year, and our enthusiasm increases. I have had occasion to observe the faith, the simplicity, and the fidelity of the Spanish Christians. They are in truth an inspiration to me. There are in our congregation Asturians, Andalusians, Valencians from Majorca and the Canary Islands."

The Gift of an Indian Prince

A wealthy native prince of Delhi, India, has executed a deed of trust, devoting his entire personal estate to founding an institution for the education of Indian women. The property is said to be valued at about \$7,000,000. In view of the greater purchasing power of money in India, this gift will probably accomplish as much as a gift of several times its size in England or America. All liabilities of the estate are cared for and dependent members of the Maharajah's family have been provided for,

so the gift is clear. The prince himself was one of the first native chiefs to fight in France, where he has spent two years on the battlefields. He was brought up under English tutors in India and has traveled widely. His wife is heartily in sympathy with the institution to be founded. Girls are to be received from five to eighteen years of age, and there is to be no bar of caste or creed. A site for the college has been given by a native lawyer.

A Glimpse of India

The picture on this page which shows us a native of India, equipped with an ingenious umbrella gives us a quaint glimpse of one side of life in that vast country. The photograph from which this unique picture was reproduced was sent to the American Tract Society by Rev. J. Passmore, secretary of the Madras Branch of the Christian Literature Society for India.

Another glimpse into the moral and spiritual conditions that prevail in the land of India is given by Rev. Alden H. Clark, a missionary of the American Board who has recently returned on furlough from his field of labor in the Marathi Mission. He states that there is every indication of a mass movement towards Christianity in the Marathi field, that only the men and money are needed to bring it to pass. He says that such a movement would be more significant than those in North India (where not less than 200,000 converts await baptism) from the fact that his work lies among the energetic and thrifty farming class rather than among the outcasts as in the north. These farmers are already convinced of the truth of Christianity and might speedily be brought over if they had the proper attention. One native pastor told Mr. Clark he could receive a thousand converts each year, if he had teachers for his villages.

Mr. Clark is impressed by the rapid strides Christianity is making throughout India. He estimated the Christian population at 5,000,000, a growth of 1,500,000 since he went out thirteen years ago. He finds a corresponding development of character and ability in the Indian Christians. In self-expression, in powers of leadership and in the willingness to support their own institutions they are gaining in a way to gratify the supporters at home. He prophesies that India, with her rich intellectual endowments and her mystical qualities, when properly disciplined by western education, will make a noteworthy contribution to the Church Universal.



AN INGENIOUS UMBRELLA

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

OCTOBER 6.

All for Christ. IV. Our Money
I Timothy 6:6-10, 17-19.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Sept. 30. Gifts to Christ's poor. Prov. 28:17.
T., Oct. 1. The right spirit. 2 Cor. 9:6-11.
W., Oct. 2. Parents first. Mark 7:9-13.
T., Oct. 3. Abraham the tither. Heb. 7:1-8.
F., Oct. 4. Gifts at His feet. Matt. 2:1-12.
S., Oct. 5. Gifts for the gospel. Phil. 4:10-20.

Money is a medium of exchange. It furnishes a standard for material values. But money is more than this. As some one has wisely said: "Money is a symbol. It stands for our time, if we have earned it; and time is life. The price we pay for money is time, effort, life. And life comes from God."

In other words, money may represent our very selves. It is that into which is transmuted our toil, our ability and our genius. Money is the reward of our effort—not only reward, and often indeed not the chief reward. Nevertheless it is the visible result of our labor, and as such, it may be truly said to represent us. And it is for this reason especially that the call comes to us to consecrate our money, as a part of our all, to Christ.

The Power of Money

Many years ago a famous lecturer chose as the topic of one of his lectures "The Almighty Dollar," and in the opening part of that lecture he made the statement that money was the most powerful thing in the world. In proof of that assertion he instanced the wonderful things that could be done by the use of money. He spoke of the magnificent buildings that could be erected by the use of money, of the mighty bridges that could be swung across great rivers, of the marvelous tunnels that could be dug beneath lofty mountains, of the comforts and luxuries which money could procure and of a multitude of other illustrations of the power of money. Then the lecturer suddenly electrified his audience by the statement that money was the weakest thing in the world, and he called attention to the things which money could not do—how it could not buy genuine friendship, how it could not silence the voice of truth, nor purchase health, nor redeem character, nor secure salvation.

So we can look at this subject of money from two points of view. And yet, despite all its impotence, let us remember that the right use of our money is one of the sure tests of the genuineness of our Christian profession.

"Money and the Kingdom"

In his admirable book, "Our Country," the late Dr. Josiah Strong set forth the principles which he felt should guide a Christian, in a chapter which he entitled "Money and the Kingdom." He says:

"When the Scriptures and reason speak of God's ownership in us they use the word in no accommodated sense. It means all that it can mean in a court of law. It means that God has a right to the service of His own. It means that, since our possessions are His property, they should be used in His service—not a fraction of them, but the whole. When the Lord returned from the far country, to reckon with His servants to whom He had entrusted His goods, He demanded not simply a small portion of the increase, but held His servants accountable for both principal and interest—'mine own with usury.' Every dollar that belongs to God must serve Him. And it is not enough that we make a good use of our means. We are under exactly the same obligations to make the best use of our money that we are to make a good use of it; and to make any use of it other than the best is a maladministration of trust"

OCTOBER 13.

Weak Points in Our Society to
Be Strengthened

I Chronicles 22:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Oct. 7. Weak in participation. I Cor. 12:1-11.
T., Oct. 8. Weak in prayer. Luke 22:39-46.
W., Oct. 9. Weak in democracy. Jas. 2:1-10.
T., Oct. 10. Weak through worldliness. I John 2:12-17.
F., Oct. 11. Weak through strife. Jas. 4:1-5.
S., Oct. 12. Weak in new work. Jer. 1:4-10.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. So in order to make our Young People's Societies thoroughly effective we must look for the weak points and endeavor to strengthen them at just those points.

The pledge is the distinctive feature of every Christian Endeavor Society, and the strength of any society may be determined by the measure of fidelity which is shown in the keeping of that pledge. If there is any weakness in this direction, a prayerful and earnest effort should be made to bring the members to a fresh realization of their obligations, for this is a matter of the most vital importance both to the welfare of the society and the spiritual life of every Endeavorer.

Lack of Attendance

At the present time there is good reason for the absence of many young men from the Endeavor meeting. They have responded to the call of their country, and it is physically impossible for them to be present at the weekly prayer meeting. But there are many young people who are careless in the matter of their attendance and who have no sufficient reason for absenting themselves. This is one of the points where the work in many societies needs strengthening.

Ineffective Participation

There are some young people who never graduate from the "verse readers' class." They never give an original testimony or present an original thought on the topic. Herein is a point of weakness in many societies. In order to have a good meeting there must be variety and originality in the method of participation, and the mere reading of a verse of Scripture is not effective participation, according to the highest Christian Endeavor standards of efficiency.

It takes study, thought and consecration to participate effectively in a Christian Endeavor meeting, but it is worth all the effort that it requires, and a rich blessing will most certainly follow every sincere effort to strengthen the society's work along this line.

Loyalty to the Church

The Christian Endeavor Pledge exalts loyalty to the church. Yet it is just at this point that some of our Young People's Societies fail most lamentably. Loyalty to the church is not manifested when the young people go out from their prayer meeting and ignore the church service that is just about to follow. They are not showing their loyalty to the church when they are absent in large numbers from the regular weekly church prayer meeting. Many societies need strengthening just at this point, and the leaders of these societies can do no better work than to endeavor to influence their fellow-members to show a larger loyalty to the church.

Better Organization

Some societies are weak because they are not properly organized. As has been well said, "A loose pile of stones does not constitute a house. The stones are good material out of which a house may be built or organized. Mere members do not make a strong society. We must organize, drill, encourage, build."

OCTOBER 20.

What Is Christian Citizenship?
Isaiah 62:1-7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Oct. 14. Obedience to law. Rom. 13:1-8.
T., Oct. 15. Obedience to God's law. Isa. 10:1-4.
W., Oct. 16. Hatred of mob rule. Acts 19:23-41.
T., Oct. 17. Sympathy for people. Matt. 23:37-39.
F., Oct. 18. Cleaning up wrongs. Mark 11:15-19.
S., Oct. 19. A city of God. Isa. 2:1-5.

There never was a time in the history of the world when the question of Christian citizenship was as important as it is today. Indeed it may be truly said that the hope of the world today lies in the fact that we have Christian citizens who are determined to see wrongs righted and the principles of righteousness re-established as the law of nations.

Love of Country

Christian citizenship pre-supposes true patriotism. Every Christian citizen must be a lover of his country—if right, to keep her right, and if wrong, to set her right.

Isaiah exalted the idea of patriotism among his own people, and every true prophet of God has ever upheld devotion to one's country as a sacred obligation.

At the present time there is no room in our land for one who is indifferent to his civic obligations. A lukewarm patriot is an unthinkable proposition. Christian citizenship demands our utmost loyalty to our country, and asks us to lay our all upon the altar of our country's welfare even to the giving up of our own lives as the "last full measure of devotion."

Christian citizenship claims the country for God. It belongs to Him and should be ruled in conformity with the principles that He has revealed in His Written Word and in the teachings of His Divine Son.

The City of God

One of the famous treatises written by the great St. Augustine was entitled "The City of God." Though we cannot agree with all that is said in that treatise, the conception which Augustine presented to his readers embodied a high and noble ideal, for it meant the realization on earth of the divine principles set forth by Christ in His life and teaching.

Every Christian citizen should endeavor to make the city in which he dwells a city of God. There are many things that are found in most of our cities which are foreign to Christianity. There are abominable evils that need to be eradicated, and great reforms that need to be inaugurated. But we must not be discouraged by the vastness of the task but must press forward in the effort to cleanse our cities and make them fit to be habitations of the Most High.

Privileges and Duties

Christian citizenship carries with it splendid privileges. It is a precious right to be enrolled among the children of God and to know that we have a part in that City of God which is slowly but surely coming to be a reality. The liberty of the Gospel which we enjoy as Christian citizens is better than the freedom of any city that could be bestowed upon us.

There are also vital and binding duties that rest upon us as Christian citizens. We must preserve the purity of the ballot, the purity of the home and the purity of the individual. We must uphold the observance of the Sabbath, the integrity of the family and the sacredness of the marriage tie. We must fight the evils of divorce, intemperance, gambling and social impurity. We must work for the protection of womanhood, the welfare of childhood and the evangelization of our country.

OCTOBER 27.

The Power of the Cross in Latin
America

Luke 15:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Oct. 21. Superstition. 1 Kings 18:25-29.
T., Oct. 22. Perverted ideas. Col. 2:16-23.
W., Oct. 23. Teaching the way. John 14:4-14.
T., Oct. 24. Error and truth. Amos 5:4-6, 21-27.
F., Oct. 25. Personal religion. Heb. 2:1-4.
S., Oct. 26. Returning to God. Hos. 13:1-14.

By Latin America is meant that portion of the American continent inhabited by people of the Latin races or their descendants. The principal languages spoken by these people are Spanish and Portuguese. Geographically, Latin America includes Mexico, Central America, South America and parts of the West Indies.

Several things have contributed to bringing the United States into closer relations with Latin America during recent years. The opening of the Panama Canal, the Pan-American Exposition, the growing commerce between our country and these Latin American States, and the substantial unity of thought and feeling in regard to the great World War have all helped to bring Latin America nearer to us than ever before.

As we have become better acquainted with Latin America we have become more painfully impressed with the spiritual destitution that prevails in that portion of the world. Porto Rico was once described by a Roman Catholic priest as a Catholic country without religion. The same description, unfortunately, would apply equally well to almost all other parts of Latin America.

The white population of Latin America is nominally Roman Catholic, but the essential elements of true religion are almost wholly lacking. The Indian population of Latin America is still living largely in heathenism.

Missionary Effort in Latin America

The Committee on Co-operation in Latin America has done splendid work in endeavoring to coordinate the various lines of missionary service that are being carried on in the South American Republics. This committee represents all the different evangelical agencies that are doing missionary work in Latin America, and it has already done much to unify and strengthen the missionary forces which are endeavoring to redeem Latin America from the darkness of superstition and ignorance.

The Ministry of Christian Literature

The power of the Cross has been exemplified to a remarkable degree by the ministry of the Christian literature that has been published in the Spanish and Portuguese languages.

As many of our readers know, the American Tract Society has been a pioneer in this line of effort, and its list of Spanish publications furnish the main supply for the missionaries who are in Latin America.

As Dr. Judson Swift has well said, "The peoples of Latin America are becoming increasingly approachable, and the hour has arrived when every possible effort must be put forth to make them truly Christian. Without doubt they are beginning to understand the attitude and spirit of North America toward them better than at any time in the past, and without doubt the opportunity is presented for the United States to recover much that they have lost through neglect of our Southern neighbor, and to be of service in establishing and building religious life and character in all the Republics. Nothing is more needed than standard Christian literature for the educated classes who are not accepting the teachings of Christian, for the less educated non-Christians, for the building up of evangelical church members, and for the training of ministers and Christian workers."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Glad Morning Light

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

*Glad Morning Light
Is sweet and clear,
And fresh and bright,
And full of cheer;
All things are still
Through hours of night,
But greet the thrill
Of Morning Light.*

*Glad Morning Light,
With magic power,
Makes all things bright
As fairies' bower;
The dew-pearls shine
Like diamonds bright,
So fair, so fine,
'Neath Morning Light!*

*Glad Morning Light
Brings Happy Day,
So fair, so bright,
For work, or play;
And girls and boys
Forget the night,
And hail the joys
Of Morning Light!*

The Badge of Honor

BY MARION L. TENNEY.

NATALIE and Bobbins knew where it was. They had known for several long beautiful summers, and now after a winter of waiting they were on their way back to "Heartsease."

Father had given it that pretty name. He said it made his heart feel happy as soon as he came in sight of the farm. It looked so quiet and peaceful.

Jerry was driving the cows home, just as they turned into the lane, so the carriage containing the Maynard family waited.

"There's Brindle and Ladyfoot!" cried Natalie excitedly. "And there's faithful old Rover, keeping the herd together," said Mrs. Maynard.

"I see Mrs. Price and Sarah Ellen!" cried Bobbins, jumping down from the seat. "I guess they'll say I've grown since last summer." And he clapped his hands in happy anticipation.

The children were brimful of excitement. Hadn't the farm been the theme of many a whispered confab all winter? After being snugly tucked into bed, they would call back and forth from adjoining rooms: "It'll soon be time to go," "Do you remember Mrs. Price's cookies?" and such like remarks. Bobbins generally ended the conversation, as his voice was trailing off into slumberland, with "Won't it be 'licious!" But somehow it wasn't as "licious" that summer as usual, because father wasn't there. Nothing could be quite the same without him.

True, they had his letters from France. But that wasn't as nice as having him.

The day he went away he held them so tight in his arms that they felt like crying out. He told them to take care of mother. And then he had put his hand on Bobbins' head and had said: "Bob, you be father's soldier at home and I'll be yours in France."

Bobbins didn't just see how he could be a soldier at home. He guessed he'd better ask mother about it, which he did that very night at bed-time.

She said father meant for him to be brave like the soldiers; to do hard things, whether he wanted to or not, and to mind mother, just as the soldiers had to mind their captain.

The next morning Bobbins didn't care to play. So while Natalie was arranging her doll family for the day he hurried down to the orchard and lay on his back, under an apple tree.

"Well, I started in all right," he remarked to himself, "for I didn't cry when father went away. And I wanted to, awful bad. That was being brave, I guess. Now I've got to do more soldier work, somehow."

At last, a happy thought came into his mind. He would save his pennies and send them over to father, for the little boys and girls who had no homes. He heard Mrs. Price tell Sarah Ellen about them.

All summer Bobbins was true to his word. Mr. Stubbs, the grocer, had fine lollypops and lemon sticks—just the kind of candy Bobbins liked. But not a cent would he spend on them.

Mother gave him a quarter every week, and when Uncle Bob came he gave him a whole dollar to buy a drum with. Bobbins had wanted a drum more than anything else. So when mother went up to the city one day, she offered to buy it for him. But she was surprised when he remarked that he had changed his mind.

It was so unlike him to refuse candy and toys that Mrs. Maynard wondered if he could be well. He looked the pic-

"I can't be a soldier any more," Bobbins answered tearfully. "It's too hard work. I wanted the drum and the balloon awful bad, and I had to give 'em up and be a soldier."

Mrs. Maynard gathered her small son into her arms, and the story was soon poured into her waiting ears.

"How proud father will be of you, Bobbins," she said when it was finished after many tearful gulps. "You have proved yourself to be a real little soldier." Then she added, "I've just received a letter from father, and he has been given a little cross because of a brave deed that he did. I think his son ought to wear a badge because of his bravery, too. Suppose I pin a red, white and blue bow over your heart, Bobbins, and I'll write father that you are his soldier boy at home."

"And will you send the money for the children?" inquired Bobbins anxiously.

Mrs. Maynard gladly consented, and it was a very happy Bobbins who sat on his mother's lap that evening while she counted out four dollars and twenty-five cents, his summer's savings.

"Oh, Bobbins, let me take your pic-

into the sunlight before any one dreamed they had started.

Harold spied them first.

"My radishes are up, up, up," he shouted happily. "They've beat papa's and everybody else's."

After that they grew by leaps and bounds. Soon their green stems changed to fat red bodies that showed above the ground. The small gardener watched them with anxious care, pulling the weeds and watering them with his sprinkler when the rain forgot to visit them.

Then one day all the factory whistles in town began to blow. The bells took it up and pealed out the joyous news, "The troops are passing through, through, through."

Harold's mother dropped her knitting, packed a basket of goodies and whirled the motor car out into the street.

"Want to go down to the station to see the soldiers, son?" she asked.

Did he? He had been waiting and hoping for this very thing.

"Wait a minute," he called back, "I am going to give the soldiers some of my radishes."

He gathered two great big handfuls of the crisp globes that were red as the stripes of the flag and as white at their tips as its gleaming stars, washed them well, wrote his name and address on a scrap of paper and fastened it to the general of all the radishes, then away he sped with mother.

The train shed was full of people who were talking to the soldiers and giving them fruit and magazines. Harold went up and down the long line of cars. At last he paused under an open window.

"Wouldn't you like some radishes, sir?" he asked the soldier who leaned out of the window. "They grew in my war garden."

"Indeed I would," the soldier answered. "We will have them for mess. Thank you, little Home Guard."

The radishes went in through the window, the car rolled away to a distant camp and Harold went back to his garden, very happy to think he had given a treat to his country's brave defenders.

Then one day there came a letter on camp stationery from Corporal Harry Brown.

"I am writing for the boys in the car who received your radishes," said the soldier. "They were a great treat and were the first we have had. We hope soon to go across, but we shall not forget the little Home Guard. The very best of success to you and your war garden."

It was wonderful how much easier that letter made the weeding and the hoeing seem, for it made Harold feel as though he and Uncle Sam were real partners in helping to feed the army.

The Blind Girl's Gift

A blind girl came to her pastor and gave him a dollar for missions. Astonished at the large sum, the minister said to her: "You are a poor blind girl. Is it possible that you can spare so much as this for missions?"

"True," she said, "I am blind, but not so poor as you think; and I can prove that I can spare this money better than those that see."

The minister wanted to hear it proved. "I am a basket maker," answered the girl, "and as I am blind, I can make my baskets just as easily in the dark as with the light. Other girls have, during last winter spent more than a dollar for light. I have no such expense, and so have brought this money for the poor heathen and the missionaries."

The Face a Reflector

The face is a reflector, reflecting quite perfectly what is in the heart. If there is love, kindness, and purity, the face will show these. In like manner hatred and impurity reveal themselves.



TAKING BOBBINS' PICTURE

ture of health, however; so, like a wise mother, she decided to bide her time.

One day, toward the close of the season, the story came out.

A traveling peddler stopped at the farm with gorgeous red and blue balloons. Natalie and Bobbins danced with delight. Suddenly Bobbins' face became sober.

"I don't want any," he said quickly.

"Why, you do, too, Bobbins," said Natalie; "you love balloons same as I do."

But no amount of persuasion could change Bobbins' mind.

Mrs. Maynard was in the city that day, so Sarah Ellen and the children were having a happy time together. Toward evening Bobbins could not be found. Sarah Ellen called and called, but no Bobbins answered.

Mrs. Maynard, just arriving, was told the news, and she started at once in search of him. Through the house she went, into the barn, over the meadow, across the brook, but no Bobbins was to be seen. Just as she was retracing her steps, she caught sight of a little sandal on the ground in the meadow. Glancing a little further she saw Bobbins lying fast asleep in the long grass. His face was covered with tear stains, which his grimy little hands had tried to brush away.

"What's the matter with my little soldier?" said mother tenderly.

ture with the bow on!" cried Natalie excitedly, the next morning.

"If you'll have yours taken with me," replied Bobbins generously.

"Oh, let me take you and my doll Mary Elizabeth instead!" said Natalie. "Father hasn't seen her."

So Bobbins' picture, with Mary Elizabeth in his arms, traveled across the water to delight the heart of a captain in an army camp in France, whose eyes became suspiciously moist when he read of the sacrifice made by his little son back in the homeland.

A True Story of a War Garden

BY PEARL H. CAMPBELL.

They were only plump little brown seeds when Harold first held them in his moist hand. Yet each hid within its heart a happy secret, and when the little boy planted them in long, straight rows in his war garden, they began at once to grow.

There were other things in that garden, sturdy beans, crinkly lettuce, fat, green peas, and over in a corner by itself where it could stretch and grow in lazy content, a squash vine. Yet none of these grew like the radishes.

Perhaps the sun shone warmer on their bed; perhaps the dew that fell upon them was sweeter and the raindrops clearer. At any rate, they burst their brown rinds and pushed their wee green leaves



Our Fireside

Differing Gifts

By Cora S. Day

MISS MARTHA and Miss Amy Colman lived together in the old homestead. Years ago the village had spread out until it quite surrounded the place; indeed, had encroached upon the farm of their grandfather's day, until there remained now only the ancient orchard and a bit of kitchen garden. These with the house had been the chosen "share" of the two when the estate was settled up. Now, both past middle age, they lived serenely content in the childhood home they had never left.

Miss Amy was a frail little thing, a semi-invalid all her life. Her small, thin hands shook a little always, as if in sympathy with the pathetic quaver in her sweet voice. Miss Martha, broad-shouldered and a head taller, was the younger by ten years; brisk and capable, yet with a curious gentleness about her, too—learned from life-long carefulness of "Amy's nerves." She was house-keeper for both, and mothered the older and weaker one with exquisite faithfulness and love.

Into this peaceful, orderly household there came one morning a bustling, well-meaning neighbor with a request that created almost as much consternation as a bomb would have done.

"Don't you want to take a couple of orphans for a week? I promised I'd ask you. I am to ask everybody on this street, as far as Main Street. Mrs. Titus has the other end to canvass. I've found places for six—eh, hadn't you heard about it? Then I'd better start at the beginning," nothing loth to tell the tale anew.

"The Penn Orphanage, in town, had a country place where they sent the children every summer for a few weeks, turn about. It was too small for them all to go at once, but a good bit better than no outing at all. But it burned down last winter; and this summer they are getting good reliable people to take the children, two at a time, for company for each other, on a week's visit. It's the country week idea, you know, only these are orphans instead of slum children. I'd a sight rather have these clean, orderly, healthy ones. I guess you would, too. They'll do you a world of good—liven you up, here where you're always so quiet and lonesome." She paused for breath and an answer.

Martha glanced at Amy, then at the well-meaning neighbor, and shook her head.

"We would like to help them, of course. But I'm afraid we can't have any here. Amy is used to having it quiet here. She couldn't stand the noise and excitement of having two children frolicking about. I'm sorry, but I guess we can't undertake it." Her tone was pleasant but held a note of finality that told the woman the matter was settled.

She as well as Martha had seen the startled look in Amy's eyes at her proposal. She saw now the unmistakable relief that took its place as Martha calmly decided the matter for them both. She rose somewhat stiffly, her assured tone instantly chilled.

"Well, I must be going, and finish this street. I'm sorry you don't feel able to help these deserving children. There's a blessing for those who are good to the widow and the fatherless, you know," she said tactlessly, and took her departure rather abruptly. Martha turned to her sister with a smile that ignored the hurt tears in Amy's eyes.

"Hannah Butler never did have as much sense as zeal," she said placidly. "If she thinks Doctor Harris would allow us to have two lively youngsters in this house for a week, upsetting your rest and nerves, she's very much mis-

taken. We wouldn't dare, if we wanted to ever so much—which we don't."

"It seems as if we ought to do something for them, if we could," Amy said in troubled tones. "Surely it is the Lord's work to care for and make happy these little ones."

"Not to your own harm," Martha contended firmly though still in her trained-to-be-serene tones. "Besides, Amy, no child would be real happy here with us. It—or they—would be like fish out of water. Our quiet, orderly ways would make them as miserable as their lively ways would make us." Then, out of her own sincere echoing of the desire to help—out of the regret in Amy's eyes, there came to her an idea. She laid her strong, capable hand upon Amy's thin one.

"I know something that we can do for the orphans," she said. She smiled until the still girlish dimple in her cheek showed plainer than ever. "Something possible for us, that will last longer than a week's visit. Something for the whole orphanage, instead of just a couple," she ended triumphantly.

Amy's eyes were as eager as a child's. It must be something wonderful to meet all those conditions. She could not imagine what it was. But if Martha was going to do it, it was nice. She was all attention as Martha unfolded her plan.

"You know our old orchard, and how the fruit is mostly so small and gnarly that it is unmarketable?" Martha began. Amy nodded. "The trees should be trimmed and sprayed. But is scarcely seems worth while, we have more than enough."

"Yes—and can't give the surplus away because most everybody has better fruit of their own," added Martha. "But, Amy, those little knotty apples are all delicious kinds—Astrachan and Transparent and Blush—loads of them all summer."

"Yes," agreed Amy. "But—"

"Wait," interrupted Martha. "There's a regular tangle of blackberry vines along the orchard fence. Our grape arbor is loaded. And down cellar are dozens of jars and jelly glasses that we no longer use or need. Mother filled them all years ago, every summer, when we were small. Children love sweets—and nowadays they've discovered that the craving is right and natural and ought to be gratified. So, as we can't turn our house into an orphanage, we'll do what we can for all those little sweet-tooth cravings for next winter when their country weeks are all over."

"You mean we can—" Amy began eagerly.

"Fill every extra jelly glass and fruit jar in the house with jelly and jam and marmalade, and send to the orphanage," Martha finished for her. "They'll never know there was a gnarly apple in the lot when they eat their sweet spreads. They make just as good jelly as big fair ones. Oh, we'll help make life sweeter for the orphans if we can't do it just in Hannah Butler's way," laughed Martha.

"It will be lovely to help," Amy agreed. "I can do a lot—pare and cut up apples, pick over grapes and berries, and label the jars and glasses," with eager readiness to give of her frail strength to the uttermost.

"Of course you can," wise Martha agreed heartily. "It won't hurt you a mite, for we'll do a little at a time, when the fruit is ready. We have all the rest of the summer."

"Yes," said Amy. "But the Astrachans are just at their best now. Let's do some today," and Martha promptly gathered up her sunbonnet and basket and started for the orchard.

So the good work started. Before the first orphan arrived in the village, a row

of glasses filled with beautiful pink apple "jell," neatly labeled in Miss Amy's fine, shaky script, adorned a shelf in the Coleman pantry.

In the midst of the making of that first "batch," two neighbors dropped in, and were unceremoniously entertained in the kitchen. "This jell has just ten minutes more to boil before it's ready for the sugar," Martha explained. "When it's done, there's another half basket of apples to be cut up and put on to cook, so's they can drain overnight."

"That's all right—go ahead," said one of the callers. "And if Amy'll get us a couple of knives, we'll help her get those apples ready. But what on earth are you doing with so much jelly? You can't eat—"

Then Martha laughed and explained. When she ended, the callers turned to each other with one impulse.

"I've a lot more jars than I need—and a sight more tomatoes in my garden than I can use," began one.

"I've just been counting up the jars of cherries and strawberries that I put up this spring, to save them from wasting," said the other. "I can spare half of them, easily."

Martha beamed upon them and Amy. "Those orphans are going to get a lot of good out of our not taking any to visit us," she declared. "It strikes me that there are lots of folks in this place that couldn't take the children—but can do for them in other good ways. Now, if we've given you the notion of how you can help, suppose you pass it along. It needn't always be just eatables. Clothes or mittens and caps, or bed clothes—I wouldn't wonder if old Grandma Brown wouldn't love to piece them a quilt or two. Let's work it up for all it's worth, now we're started."

"Indeed we will," agreed the callers, and one added, "I'll be glad to. I just couldn't take any children, with my own and my poor old helpless father,—but I felt mean about it after Hannah Butler was there asking me."

"Never mind Hannah," smiled Martha. "She's doing her part and we'll do ours, even if it's a bit different. You know the Good Book says there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. That blessed twelfth chapter of First Corinthians is certainly a comfort—after Hannah." Whereupon the callers went straight home, read the comforting chapter and set to work; convinced now beyond doubt that whether it be having the children to visit a week, or the work upon which they were entering, it would have the approval and blessing of Him who inspired the words: "But all these worketh that one and the selfsame spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." Would not He look kindly upon the efforts of these faithful servants, as He had upon those of old upon whom had fallen varying gifts: "Gifts of healing, of prophecy, of miracles, of teaching and tongues," and all the rest? To these had been given the homely household gifts. They laid them now upon the altar of charity, confident of their acceptance.

Nor did they forget to enlist others. Many a busy housewife that summer cheerfully sacrificed a part of her small leisure to prepare something to send to the orphans. Nor did it stop with them, nor the surplus of things at hand. Jellies and jams and all such goodies take sugar and spices and such things to make them. So the young folks, even the children, took it up. They gave a generous part of the money that usually went for candy and ice cream and "movies." The good leaven spread until it leavened the whole lump of former indifference to those and other worthy charities. Martha and Amy saw it all with sincere joy.

"Martha," said Amy one day, her soft voice a bit more quavery than usual with the thrill of her thought, "it is wonderful, what the dear people of this village are doing for others—not only the orphans, but the church missions, the destitute abroad and at home, the needy far and near. It reminds me of the story of the loaves and fishes. A few people gave of their hospitality; we gave of our bit of fruit—just what was at hand; and the Master has blessed and increased it all and made it sufficient for many."

Martha nodded and smiled. "Hannah Butler is getting up a sub-

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scription now to help rebuild the orphans' summer home on a larger scale, so they can all be there throughout the summer. She says she is sure everybody will be glad to give; because they all seem so interested ever since she brought some of the poor children out here," she laughed.

"I'm sure we will all do as much as we can," Amy smiled back, "in spite of our differing gifts."

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"Just Call Up Father"

BY HARRIET HUNTING PIERSON

It was the rush hour in the big city terminal. Scores of people thronged the general waiting-room; other scores were continually coming and going, each one absorbed in his own errands, intent on his own goal.

Seated for a long wait between trains, I watched this stream of humanity surging to and fro. Presently my attention was drawn to a man who had taken a seat directly opposite me, a middle-aged man with a plain, kindly face. His keen gray eyes were fixed intently upon something or somebody at my right, and involuntarily I turned to see what it was that attracted and held his attention.

Near me, alone at the end of the seat, a girl of perhaps twelve years sat weeping silently. Others cast glances at her, careless, curious or sympathetic, and while I sat wishing I might do something for her, the man opposite me rose, crossed over and quietly took a seat beside her. A moment later he turned and spoke to her gently.

"Has something gone wrong? Can't I help you?"

The girl looked up shyly through her tears. The benevolent face must have won her confidence, for after a moment she said in a choking voice:

"I don't—know what—to do."

"Perhaps if you tell me about it, I can help you," the man suggested again.

The steady voice seemed to calm the girl's distress, for she lifted her tear-stained face again to his and answered readily:

"I thought Mr. Waring was going to meet me here, but he hasn't come. He's father's secretary. Father promised to take me to the museum this afternoon. He has never let me come into the city alone before, but he said he'd send Mr. Waring to meet me and take me up to the office, and if he wasn't here, I was to sit right by the door till he came. I didn't think father would forget, but I've waited a whole hour, and nobody has come. And I've lost my return ticket, and I've only got ten cents, so I can't go back home, and I don't know what to do."

Tears had rushed again to her eyes, and she brushed them away furtively with a very wet handkerchief.

"Well, well; you are in trouble, that's a fact," the man said sympathetically, "but I think we can find a way out. Do you know your father's address, or his telephone number? If you do I could—"

"O yes!" she cried, and her face lighted as if the sun had suddenly flashed upon it. "Why, yes! If you'll only just call up father!" Every word seemed to be weighted with a feeling of deep relief. "I remember now he told me to do that if anything went wrong. The number is Kensington 4728. It's Avery and Company. Father is Mr. Avery."

The man went to a telephone booth and, after a brief space of time, returned with a message.

"Your father will be here in twenty minutes. He says he started Waring off over an hour ago, and he's been wondering why you didn't come. He's been sitting by the telephone, ready to answer on the instant if you should call."

"Oh, thank you!" the girl cried joyously, and her eyes were misty with happy tears. "I don't know what made me forget."

"I'll stay with you until some one comes," the man promised. And stay he did, although I suspected that he missed his train by so doing.

Scarcely twenty minutes had passed when a big man with a bluff, hearty manner came striding toward them. The girl sprang forward with a welcoming cry:

"Oh, father, I'm so glad you've come!"

"Well, little girl," he said as he stood looking down upon her, his arm about her shoulders, "you did have hard luck, didn't you? Too bad! I sent Waring down to meet you but they say there's a block in the subway, so I suppose that's why he hasn't got here. I took the ele-

vated. Is this the gentleman that helped you out? Let me thank you, sir." He held out his hand to the stranger. "Sorry to have put you to so much trouble. If this daughter of mine had only kept her head and thought about telephoning to me in the first place she would have saved herself a good deal of anxiety. You'll remember next time, won't you, little girl?"

My train was called and I hurried away, but this little incident left its indelible impression on my mind, and the girl's words have never ceased to ring in my memory: "If you'll only just call up father!"

Trouble comes to us—our money is lost, our friends have failed us; we are alone in despair. We sit and weep, wondering if God has forgotten us. Ah, never! It is we who have forgotten. He has told us to call upon Him when we need help. He knows our danger, even better than we know it ourselves, and all the time He is thinking of us, waiting for our call, ready at the first word to come to our relief. There is no occasion for doubt, for fear, for worry. One moment will set everything right. In every time of trouble let us just call upon our Heavenly Father.

A Big Brother

BY MARY S. STOVER

The right sort of a big brother is a wonderful help to a boy. Fathers, mothers and other people may have the best of intentions, but it is natural to expect a fuller understanding and more practical advice from somebody who has been over the same way himself—and not too long ago. Because older brothers are such a help to growing boys, some folks have begun to draw sorry pictures of what things will be like at home when most of our best young men are in the training camps or across the sea as soldier boys and Red Cross workers and "Y" men.

Not everybody that is rejected or excused by the draft boards is a second-rater by any means, but there are too many of them who are pretty poor third and fourth raters. So it is true that having so many of the best older fellows away cannot but leave a bigger proportion of those that are not first class.

In other words, our home towns are something like a bin of apples in January. If you take out a big basketful of the choicest fruit it can't help leaving a bigger proportion of rotten ones than there was before; and everybody that knows anything about rotten apples understands what a danger they are to the sound fruit around them.

But people aren't exactly like apples. Every clean, healthy-minded Christian boy has within him a power that no apple has; he can both resist the influence of evil upon himself and he can help other boys to fight the good fight to a triumphant finish.

And those two things are among the foremost duties now of every Christian youth.

You know how much you have looked up to your own soldier brother or cousin; but did you ever think that he may have served as a model for several other boys whose own families do not offer them much that's worth patterning after?

Perhaps you know who these boys are and perhaps you don't. But be sure that there's somebody not far away who hasn't the thought of a manly big brother "somewhere in France" to help stiffen his backbone at the weak places.

Will you meet the challenge of these times by being a wise, steady sort of big brother to yourself and to all the neighbor boys? You can, if only you will not try to do it all by yourself.

General Foch would never have had the strength nor the faith to keep pegging away all these months if he had had nothing to depend upon but the men in his front line trenches. Nothing more than a brief skirmish can be fought without reserves. It is the army's reserve power that turns the tide of victory.

Don't forget that it is God who commands your reserves, and that there are plenty of them. Never hesitate to call up the reserves when needed.

Idols as Kindling Wood

One could hardly imagine a more revolutionary proceeding in the life of a home than to chop up the household gods and build fires with them. Yet this is what happened in many places in heathen lands to-day under the influence of Christian teaching. Some time ago a citizen of a town in Central China told his neighbors that it was absurd to worship the idols in the Buddhist temple. After a number of others were convinced that he was right, they took community action and transformed the temple into a workshop and the idols into stove wood. And an American missionary had part in the feast in which the food was cooked over a fire of burning idols.

Character and Cruelty

The real character of a man shines out even more clearly in the little things of life than in the great crises of his career. And it is manifest not alone in his relation to his fellowmen but also in his treatment of the dumb creation. Some one has said: "Doubt the Christianity of a man who kicks a dog, who lets a cat go unfed, who keeps chickens in the cold, neglects to blanket a horse or even tortures a rat in a poorly constructed trap." Even farther went another great writer in his assertion: "He who needlessly tramples upon a worm is no gentleman!" Long ago the wise man declared: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

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Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 800,711,975 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$23,191.98. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,676,159.52, which is the equivalent of 5,352,319,040 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 146,056; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 49,584, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-seven years 17,487,750, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,958,862.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish Christian literature to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

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A General Assembly for All China

The Organization of a General Assembly for all China was decided upon at the Fifth Meeting of the Federal Council of the Presbyterian Churches of China. The ten churches of Presbyterian order,—Northern and Southern Presbyterian, Dutch and German Reformed, English, Irish and the two Scottish Presbyterian, Canadian and New Zealand Presbyterian,—have gradually united themselves into six synods covering the country from Manchuria in the North to the Southern Province of Kwangtung. The organization of the Assembly will complete the work of unification. The united church will number 76,000 members. Proposals were made at the same meeting by representatives of English and American Congregationalism to enter the merger.

Polyglot Service

Fifteen years' service in Hawaii has just been completed by Bishop Restarick of the Episcopal Church. Among the interesting bits of information he has sent home is the fact that in his work he uses these different language prayer books, American, Japanese, Chinese and Hawaiian.

The Use of Hymns

Hymns have always been a great power in revival work. There is a wide difference between the style of the hymns that were used in the old-time camp-meetings and those that are employed by our modern evangelists, but in times, both past and present, the use of hymns and tuneful melodies has been found one of the most effective ways of bringing souls into the kingdom of God.

Our Veteran Subscribers

To the long list of those who have been receiving the AMERICAN MESSENGER for a period of fifty years or more, we are pleased to add the name of Mrs. Garrison, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who writes:

"I enclose fifty cents for the renewal of my subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER. I am eighty-two years old, and have been a reader of it from the time when it was only a four-page publication. I could not have been much over ten years old."

We should be glad to hear from others who have been readers of this paper for the last fifty years or more, so that we may add their names to Our Honor Roll of Veteran Subscribers.

From a Soldier Boy

A soldier boy in one of the wards of a base hospital at one of our Army Camps has sent this letter to the American Tract Society:

"DEAR FRIENDS: I received a letter from my mother yesterday in which she enclosed one of your tracts entitled 'To a Son in the Army.'"

"I have been in the army over a year now, and have gotten away from doing the things that are right. But deep in my heart I wish to thank you for the contents of that tract, for I believe it has made a new man of me. I wish that every man in this army could get hold of one of them. From now on I will do the things that tract asks of me to the best of my ability."

Faith in America's Food Saving

The following from *The Grocer*, London, gives an insight into the implicit faith which the allies have in America's ability to solve the food problem:

"It is believed that as the primary solution of the food problem every effort will be made in North America to insure greater production. There will be an increased acreage shown in bread grains, and no care will be relaxed to insure a greater output of provisions. The situation is critical, and it is recognized that the successful prosecution of the war by the allies depends in a large measure upon the extent of food production and food conservation this year by our friends on the other side of the Atlantic."

This is a plain and strong statement of our obligations.

Outlasting Steel

BY E. L. VINCENT.

Outlasting steel? What can do that? It is the question which engineers have been asking for years—can anything prove more durable for the construction of bridges or buildings which are exposed to the weather? For it means the expenditure of vast sums of money to span the streams of a world like ours and to house its swarming masses of people.

More and more of the hard metal has been used every year as the demands of railroad traffic have increased, until now the resources of mines and rolling mills are taxed almost beyond their power to supply the needed material.

But now comes a startling disclosure. The tooth of rust is never satisfied. Even should this mysterious force for a single moment sleep, the still more wonderful agency of chemical action would take up the work and little by little the strength of the steel would be undermined.

So over and over again the question comes, "What can outlast steel?"

And now engineers are going back to look at the bridges made of wood in years gone by. Out in Oregon they have found a bridge over the Willamette River, two hundred and thirty feet long, which has stood for thirty-seven years, irresistible alike to the heavy traffic which has passed over it and to the action of the weather. Not far away are two other bridges of a similar length which have withstood every strain of storm and tooth of worm and stress of weather, the one for forty years, the other for only a few years less.

But what is this wood? Tell us the name of a tree which can furnish beams and plank and timbers that will outlast the finest steel.

Write it down to the credit of the fir tree that it has this power to endure. And why? Because its grain is so close and it is filled so full of its own fragrant oil that no worm will attack it, no decay weaken its strength.

Shutting out the things that hurt. Put the lesson into your own heart. If you would withstand the assaults of foes of every name and nature that come upon the heart, shut them all out. But how? Fill your whole soul with good. Drink it in out of God's Word. With every breath take it in from the books you read and the men with whom you associate.

Let God be the very strength of your life and nothing can dig the foundation stones of your life down.

—KIND WORDS.

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Self-Adjusting Instantly Ready
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The six blades in each standard outfit are arranged in highly nickeled metal sheaths. The case is most compact and durable, velvet lined, with solid wood base, and covered with a waterproof texture as durable as leather and of leather-like surface.

This is the outfit that all the world is using. It is said to be the biggest selling razor, and the most advertised safety razor in the world. Because it is the most advertised it is the biggest seller, as well as the most popular.



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By J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.



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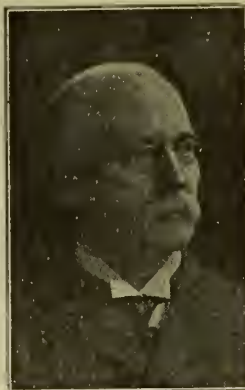
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By David James Burrell, D.D.



DR. DAVID J. BURRELL

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MANUAL OF DEVOTION

for SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

By JUDSON SWIFT, D.D.

So many people were buying a package of them, to distribute to enlisted men. We have had to charge 35 cents a copy and it came very hard, indeed, friends, on those who wanted to give several departing Soldiers a good book. Thirty-five cents was more than we wanted to charge, but we simply couldn't sell it for less. The binding of the book was too expensive—entirely too expensive.

So we have done this: we have bound a quantity in heavy, stiff, strengthened paper covers. We have reduced the price to 20 cents—and, mind you, without changing the inside of the book at all.

When the Soldier or Sailor Boy that you know is waiting for the word for the battle to begin, let him have this little book in his pocket. Let him open it to page 94—to the "Prayer Before Going into Battle." It will comfort him. The book will have earned its place in his kit at that moment.

Then there is the Prayer for the Wounded; the sweet, beautiful Prayer for the Loved Ones at Home, etc., etc., and a reading for each of 31 days.

It is bound in waded blue for Sailors and waded brown for Soldiers, beautifully lettered in gold, durable and strong. It is easier to pay 20 cents than 35 cents for a book that will strengthen and hearten some Soldier or Sailor, to place in his kit or in his pocket this cheering, friendly, devotional book; but it is still easier to pay 10 cents—and we can and will sell it for that sum if you will take 5 or more copies. We can and will make a half grant, a gift of one-half the value, to any quantity distributor of 5 or more copies. If you would rather see a copy first, send 20 cents, friends. You will be convinced then, at any rate.

The books are just in—just fresh from the binder. Remember: brown for soldiers, blue for sailors. State which you require.

American Tract Society, Park Ave. and 40th St., New York:

Enclosed please find for which send me copies of "A MANUAL OF DEVOTION FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS," by Judson Swift, D.D., at 10 cents per copy as advertised in October American Messenger. Send me blue (for sailors) and brown (for soldiers).

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ANNA COOPE, the Sky Pilot of the San Blas Indians, has just come from the Pacific coast to New York. First, she boarded a small boat which took her from the San Blas Islands over 100 miles of open sea to the mainland of Central America. A short time ago she came up from Central America to the Pacific coast. Now she is in New York. In October she will return to her native charges on the San Blas Islands.

With this wonderful book, her history in New York, modestly telling us of the work of the General Tract Society, listeners can hardly realize to be possible, we determine to again announce her book detailing her work on the San Blas Islands.

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Utterly alone, Miss Coope has brought the sweetness of home-life and civilization to this isolated tribe. Can you imagine 800 untutored Indians—and ten liquor huts? Under their thatched roofs rum worked its havoc until her patient, ceaseless labors bore fruit.

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Send for this new book: ANNA COOPE: Sky Pilot of the San Blas Indians. It will give you hours of delight and a rich fund of information. It is a rare addition to your library. 180 pages and beautiful photographs of native life. Cloth, 5x7½. By mail \$1.30.

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NOVEMBER, 1918



No. 11



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE EAGLE Y. M. C. A. HUT IN BRYANT PARK, NEW YORK CITY

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.



When Is a Child Well-Behaved?

BY MRS. MAX WEST.

When is a child well-behaved?

Children's Year has called attention to many needs of children which are problems for their mothers. Malnutrition and the bearing on the child's health of the relation between the inches of his height and the ounces of his weight are questions just beginning to be understood which Children's Year has brought before millions of mothers. But training her child to wear his good manners as if they belonged to him and were not borrowed for the occasion is a problem of no recent origin. Regard for the feelings and desires of others has always been the basis of good manners, but the expression of such regard and methods of inculcating it are very different today from what they were a generation ago. Then "manners" in children consisted in paying rigid deference to their elders and superiors.

Nowadays children are treated more humanly and given much wider latitude in their relations with grown people. Older standards of conduct have very largely changed. Pessimistic observers are prone to regard the change as not altogether favorable, and to attribute to this same loss of deference to the presence and opinion of parents, teachers and other adults a corresponding loss in manners and behavior, and even a real loss of moral fiber.

It must be remembered that the rule "other times, other manners" applies generally. Life is a very different thing for most children of today than it was for their parents, certainly for their grandparents. With the wholesome and desirable growth of comradeship and association between growing boys and girls and their elders, the old rules of proper behavior must necessarily have given way to something less formal. The change has probably been in the direction of the development of strength of character and independent judgment in children. But that they have also lost something is perhaps equally certain. To remedy this loss by teaching them the rules of true courtesy is the business of thoughtful parents. Such an achievement may well be one of the valuable by-products of the Children's Year campaign which the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor and the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense are conducting.

Good manners in children as well as grown people are the expression of an innate consideration for the rights, privileges and opinions of other people. Years of experience have crystallized this feeling into certain conventional

forms of expression, which every child should be taught. The little habits of courtesy, which should be a part of every day life, are really the "outward and visible sign of inward grace." Few acquisitions are more valuable to anyone than that charm of manner which wins the immediate regard of everyone with whom they come into contact. To teach children good manners must be the work of every day and hour. "Line upon line" they will learn the little courtesies. Children are so imitative that very much of this will be unconsciously acquired through imitation of the habits and manners of their elders. "Thank you," and "If you please," and "Excuse me, please," come easily to the tongue if they are frequently heard, and the boy who sees his father rise when a lady comes into the room will instinctively follow that example even with very little direct instruction. Good manners at table are so necessary to the comfort of everyone concerned that mothers will hardly neglect to watch and direct their children most carefully in this respect. It is very easy to teach children the right use of the knife and fork, to ask for what they want politely, and to chew their food quietly. To fail to do these things has condemned many a man as a boor and a nuisance. In other words, manners often make the man; certainly the lack of manners may unmake him.

Conservation and Christian Comity

BY REV. ROY B. GUILD, D.D.

In view of the successful co-operation of churches in order to conserve manpower and fuel, it is being suggested with increasing frequency that this be done in preparation for the coming winter, for the period of the war—or, in many cases, for all time to come.

One of the strong influences at work in bringing about this co-operation has been the demand that the war so imperatively brings to our attention for united action between the denominations. A visitor to communities where such co-operation is taking place is impressed with the response that has been given to the appeal for getting together, because the larger interests of the Kingdom of God required it. Often the sentiment against the proposed union was evidently strong, but clear explanation of exactly what was proposed, a patient answering of questions, the making of some comparatively unimportant concessions, and the strong appeal to the consciences of the people and to the loyalty to the Kingdom has prevailed to change this sentiment.

Vermont has a group of home missionary secretaries who have successfully grappled with this problem and who have effected eighteen unions or federations in which Congregational, Baptist and Methodist churches were concerned, during the past year.

One of the methods employed in seven of the cases was the exchange of fields. In one instance there has been permanent and complete withdrawal, the Congregational house of worship will be repaired with the proceeds of the sale of the Congregational parsonage and placed at the disposal of the United Church, and the Methodist house of worship will be changed over into a community house. Two other towns are illustrations of what union arrangements can bring about in the way of securing stronger men and increase of salary. In the first each church had been paying \$800 to its minister and had received only passable service. Now the minister is paid \$1,200 and he is reputed to be one of the stronger men in the Methodist conference. In the second the one minister was receiving \$900 and the other about \$600. Now the minister of the United Church is receiving \$1,200 and is an unusually competent community minister. A marked increase in attendance at these united churches has been noted.

Federation, the other method employed, means that nothing is said about the withdrawal of either denomination, and in the agreement the suggestion is that there may be an alternation of ministers between the denominations. It is not unlikely that some of the e-

erations will lead to the withdrawal of one or the other denominations.

A most important agreement has been entered into by state denominational secretaries and superintendents, the notable thing being that the responsible executive officers of three denominations entered into this agreement and formed a permanent organization for the particular purpose of carrying it out. These executive officers themselves are taking the initiative.

The secretary of the Vermont council, Rev. C. C. Merrill of Burlington, Vermont, is able to report some very interesting results. Ministers and laymen who are seeking information along this line, if the facts here recorded are not sufficient, will do well to write to Mr. Merrill or to Rev. E. T. Root, 53 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., who has had an active part in bringing about many combinations in Massachusetts. The Home Missionary secretaries in that state have been very aggressive in bringing about wise co-operation and combination.

What the Y. W. C. A. Does

The immediate protection and assistance of women and girls affected by the war is the task undertaken by the Young Women's Christian Association. All the resources of the society, its fifty years' experience with girls, and the co-operation of more than a thousand Associations from the Atlantic to the Pacific are directed toward this end.

The general lines followed in this emergency work are Hostess Houses in the camps, emergency housing for employed girls, foreign community work among women who cannot speak English, work in colored communities affected by the war, and extended recreational work among girls in the vicinity of the cantonments.

Five hundred and eighty-one association workers are employed on war work in the United States. They are social workers, both white and colored, club and recreation leaders, physical directors, dietitians, business women, household and employment experts, educationists, and physicians. Association members now number 361,320.

From the beginning the War Work Council planned to include not only American women affected by the war, but because of the pleas from France and Russia, the first budget contained an item for work in Europe. Administrative, industrial and recreational secretaries were sent to place their experience at the disposal of the Russian women. In France the activities have fallen into two general divisions—social work among American war relief workers and co-operation with French women in work for their own people. The object, in France as in Russia, is to co-operate with the women of these countries developing such phases of social service for women as will meet war conditions and at the same time become permanent foundations for future work.

Hotel Petrograd has been opened in Paris, for American women war relief workers, at 33 rue Caumartin. Another hostess house has been opened at Tours. A room in each recreation hut for nurses established at all the American base hospitals, is provided with a Y. W. C. A. social worker. Three hostess houses to lodge the American Signal Corps women have been organized at the request of Army officials.

The Foyers des Allies are recreation centers for French munition women workers, for women otherwise employed by the French government, and for French women, established by the American Y. W. C. A. at the request of the French Government.

The War Work Council, now numbering a hundred and thirty members, was called into existence in June, 1917. The members are chosen from the whole United States. Its officers are: Mrs. James Stewart Cushman, Chairman; Mrs. John R. Mott and Mrs. William Adams Brown, Vice-Chairmen; Mrs. Howard Morse, Secretary, and Mrs. Henry P. Davison, Treasurer. Among other members are: Mrs. Robert Lansing, Mrs. Josephus Daniels, Mrs. Leonard Wood and Mrs. John French.

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Park Ave., and Fortieth St., New York.

The American Messenger

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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A Matter of Vital Moment To All Our Subscribers

The War Industries Board at Washington, D. C., has requested all publishers of periodicals to eliminate the practice of continuing subscriptions after the date of expiration, unless subscriptions are renewed and paid for.

The object of this request is to conserve the use of paper by putting all subscriptions upon a paid-up basis and thereby saving the amount of paper which would otherwise be used in sending out periodicals, which in the end might not be paid for.

In common with other publishers we wish to honor the request of the War Industries Board, and we therefore ask all our subscribers to see to it that their subscriptions are paid up, both for the current year and for the year to come.

This is a matter of vital moment to all our subscribers and of very great importance to the publishers of the AMERICAN MESSENGER. There are not many on our list who have not paid up to the beginning of the current year, while there are a great many who have paid for the present year and a considerable number who have paid for the year to come.

There are, however, a certain number, who have not yet remitted their subscriptions for the year 1918, and who are therefore nearly a year in arrears. We wish to impress upon these friends the vital importance of sending us at once the amount due for this year, coupled with the amount due for next year, so that we shall not be compelled to drop their names from our list.

In this connection we wish to call attention to the fact, that up to December 31, 1918, we will

accept renewal subscriptions for the coming year at the present rate of fifty cents, whereas after that date it will be necessary to remit at the new price of sixty cents per year, which will go into effect on January 1, 1919.

We have been much encouraged by the steady support of our subscribers in the past, and we look to them now with the confident assurance that they will respond to this appeal, and will at once adjust their subscription accounts in accordance with the request of the War Industries Board and keep them hereafter on a paid-up basis.

Loyalty to our Government and consideration of the best interests of the American Tract Society alike, call for prompt compliance with this urgent request that all our subscribers see to it that their subscriptions are renewed and paid for well in advance of the date of expiration.

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Food Conservation

The approach of Conservation Sunday, which it is hoped will be observed on December 1, 1918, calls attention to the vital importance of compliance with the program for food conservation which has been issued by the United States Food Administration under the direction of Mr. Herbert Hoover.

When the interallied food council was held last summer, the needs of the Allies were computed and the resources from which they could be met were reckoned. Having been corrected as the returns from the harvest were ascertained and the shipping possibilities were developed, these schedules show that America for this coming year must send to our armed forces and to the Allies, half as much again of food supplies as last year. Instead of 11,750,000 tons the shipments this year must be increased to 17,500,000 tons. As we are pledged to send abroad fifty per cent. more food and from substantially the same stocks as last year, there must be increased conservation to accomplish the result.

The interallied council was told that whatever the war-food program of the Allies requires the United States will endeavor to meet. This is an obligation measured in the terms of human life that rests on every American.

The program for the future is less specific, but no less definite than that of last year. Then the Food Administration was meeting one emergency after another as it rose. This coming year it will be a long, steady pull directed to the whole food situation and not so much to particular commodities.

As the result of a year's experience the Food Administration is on a new footing both here and abroad. New ways have been learned and better methods have been developed. The war

conscience is active everywhere, and we may surely count upon the loyalty and patriotism of the American people to see to it that the new program of the Food Administration is carried out cheerfully to a triumphant conclusion.

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The Great Combined War Drive

By direction of President Wilson seven organizations doing work for our soldier and sailor boys will issue a combined appeal for funds during the week, November 11-18, 1918.

These seven agencies are the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the American Library Association, the War Camp Community Service, the National Catholic War Council, the Jewish Welfare Board and the Salvation Army. Of these organizations, that doing the largest work is the Y. M. C. A. and it will therefore receive the largest share of the fund to be raised, the total of which for all seven agencies has been put at \$170,500,000. The amount to be allotted to the Y. M. C. A. out of this total is \$100,000,000.

In last month's issue and also in this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER we have had presented to us through the courtesy of the Publicity Section of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., a vivid picture of just the kind of service which the Y. M. C. A. is rendering to our boys both in the training camps at home and on the field of battle in France. Yet this is but a glimpse of the sum total of the work which the "Y," as the soldier boys love to call it, is doing for the men who have entered the service of the U. S. Army and Navy.

Though the appeals for aid are constant and pressing, the work done by the Y. M. C. A. deserves our generous and loyal support. In the person of its secretaries and various other workers it is exemplifying the spirit and the teachings of the Master Himself, for it is rendering a service of ministry to the physical and spiritual needs of our boys, the value of which cannot be over-estimated.

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The Lutheran Merger

One event scheduled to take place during the month of November, which is of vital interest to the Christian Church, is the merger of three separate bodies of Lutherans into one denomination to be known as the United Lutheran Church. The three bodies that unite to form this union are the General Council, the General Synod, and the United Synod South. By this union of forces the Lutherans will make one of the strongest denominational bodies in the country, and we may well anticipate for the United Lutheran Church a larger career of usefulness than ever before, for the old adage still holds good, that

in union there is strength, and this applies in spiritual things as well as in other matters.

We trust that this happy union is the earnest of other mergers to come. It is a distinct weakness that the Protestant Church should be split up into scores of different denominational bodies, many of which differ from each other in no essential particular. Already there are several other movements under way, the aim of which is to promote union between the different branches of Protestant Christendom.

As followers of the Master, we ought to do all in our power to strengthen these movements for Church Unity, for we cannot doubt that our Lord Jesus Christ desires the union of all His disciples in one bond of Christian fellowship.



Reconstruction Work for Soldiers

The stream of wounded soldiers now beginning to arrive in our country emphasizes the importance of the work of reconstruction which our Government has planned for the rehabilitation of those who have been disabled in the great conflict now in progress.

What this work means is set forth in the pages of a little magazine called *Carry On*, which is issued from the office of the Surgeon General of the United States Army. A perusal of the articles that have appeared in this magazine brings to us a wonderful revelation of the possibilities of reconstruction for men, who to the ordinary observer would seem to have been hopelessly disabled.

While at the outset this work of reconstruction must be carried on by skilled doctors and nurses, there comes a time when the disabled man is considered sufficiently restored to be returned to civil life, and then it is that the general public must aid in this work by helping the reconstructed veteran to a place of self-support, and giving him the opportunity to prove his usefulness to the community.

These wounded men who are returning to our shores are deserving of our utmost consideration. They have fought a good fight, and we should spare no effort to make them feel that their sacrifice and devotion are fully appreciated by their fellow citizens, whose lives and honor they have defended at great personal cost to themselves.



Died In the Service

We regret to record the death of one of the members of the Board of Managers of the American Tract Society, Rev. William Du Bose Stevens, D.D. When the United States entered into the war, Dr. Stevens was rector of the First Reformed Episcopal Church at Madison Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City. On August 17th of this year he sailed as a Red Cross Chaplain attached to the Expeditionary Force under General Pershing. On September 29th he died and was buried from the Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris on October 1st.

Dr. Stevens was elected as a member of the Board of Managers in the year 1915. He had

shown a warm interest in the welfare of the Society, and we shall miss his aid in the work to which he gave his loyal and sympathetic support.



Home Mission Week

The week November 17-24 has been designated as Home Mission Week, and the Home Missions Council have developed excellent plans for its fitting observance. The slogan of the week will be, "Christian America, the Lasting Liberty Bond." The theme of the various programs suggested is "Christian Americanization, Our National Ideal in Missions."

Already we are told, the Council has in hand a bulletin for pastors, a Sunday School program entitled, "They Come Bringing Gifts," a striking poster showing the immigrant and his American home, to be accompanied by programs and topics appropriate for young people's societies, and an attractive pamphlet for women's meetings which outlines a definite program for women's societies.



Why This Issue Has Been Delayed

We wish to explain to our readers that the delay which some of them have experienced in receiving this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER is due to a strike in the printing trade in New York City, which has made it impossible to mail the paper at the usual time. We ask all our friends to bear with the inconvenience they have thus suffered owing to causes which have been entirely beyond our control.

Christian Idealism

By Rev. FRED L. KINGSBURY

George Francis Train once wrote, "There is no credit in knowing how to spell, but positive disgrace in being ignorant on that point: so there can be no credit in doing right, while it is infamous to do wrong." St. Paul voices the same truth, but in a higher sphere, when he writes in four consecutive epistles his conception of Christian Idealism: "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." (Eph. 4:1.) "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ." (Phil. 1:27). "That ye might walk worthy of the Lord." (Col. 1:10). "That ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto His kingdom and glory." (I Thess. 2:12.)

There is a character which harmonizes with the position in which everyone is placed, and it is our chiefest work to see that it is maintained. Redemption comes to us, its hands full to overflowing with blessings, of which character is the outgrowth.

No man need be called either saint or hero, nor need he think himself to be either the one or the other, in order to do, in the ordinary walks of life, the work that makes men both great and good in the sight of our dear Lord. Paul was keenly aware of the danger that environed the converts from heathenism; he knew how easy it would be to dishonor their profession by their life. They were not required to be worthy of redemption before receiving it. Their most appropriate language, as well as ours in these later times, was, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and am no more worthy." He saves men freely. He throws open His treasures to those who have no merit. This He does through the infinite worthiness of His Son. But His word to us is, as of yore, "Sin

no more." Not alone in our repose, in our devotion, in our hopes, in our time of spiritual elevation, but in the busy, thronged, and often rough and miry ways of daily life, we are to "walk worthy." While we are by no means to omit the records of the high days of the soul, in the closet, in religious circles and activity, we must ask what we are in the home, on the street, in our business, in all our varied contact with our fellow men. We have received more—much more than the world has; we owe more, we profess more, and necessarily Heaven asks, and Earth is always asking, sometimes in scorn, and may God help us honestly to ask ourselves this day: "What do ye more than others?"

No words can describe the honor to which we are raised by faith in Christ. We think of how He deigns to say, "I call you not servants but friends," and of how He surpasses that when He is "not ashamed to call us brethren." And we rise still higher when we read, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. . . . now are we the Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." Neither in heaven nor on earth can we conceive of higher promotion. Our dear Lord stoops to us in our low estate, and weeps over our fall, gives Himself to the restoring of our souls, and almost as a suppliant pleads that we accept His favors, and then raises us to His very bosom, lavishing His love upon us, rejoicing in our joy, sorrowing in our sorrow, drawing us into most intimate communion, and forming, cherishing and working out the grandest designs for our future—does He not crown us with honor inconceivable?

He has not only raised us to such high honor, but in giving us Christ, He has freely given us all things. God's word is not to be interpreted in an intangible or unreal sense. The God of truth does not mislead us by what He says: the God of love would not use words of vast import of what is really little. Unto us are given "exceeding great and precious promises"—promises of answered prayer, of the supply of every need, of grace to sustain and deliver in every trial, promises that our sorrows shall end in praise and thanksgiving, promises of a salvation maintained on earth and perfected forever with God and the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven.

Not only have we these promises, we have the Divine Promiser. If we are children, then we are heirs of God. Ours are His love, His resources, His consolations: on our behalf are all His attributes and purposes. His desire for His children is that they be where He is: no child can be more free with a parent than can the child of God with His Heavenly Father.

What, then, shall we say to passing through life constantly despondent; dismayed when things seem wrong; wearing a harassed look as new needs arise; complaining and murmuring as though there were no Helper, no relief, no hope, no God. It is hard to think of anything more unchristian than a careworn face, and a manifestly burdened spirit, or of anything that impresses the world with the unreality of the Divine gifts. Our walk is surely unworthy of our calling, till, in our look, our step, our tone, our whole bearing, it is seen that "the peace of God which passeth all understanding keeps our heart and mind."



EDGAR W. WORK, D.D.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKFULNESS

BY

REV. EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City

GOD is always looking for grateful men down here in the world. He must know that if men are grateful, if they have the spirit of thankfulness, they will be open-hearted toward good of every kind. When men have real gratitude in their souls they are preparing the way unconsciously for the coming of the Kingdom of God. Gratitude is the open sesame to the heart of God and to the whole kingdom of righteousness. It is ingratitude that bars the way to the greater coming of the Kingdom.

Gratitude, moreover, is one of the pivotal things in the Kingdom. One cannot conceive of a Christian without gratitude. Faith might exist without distinct gratitude, but it would be a rough and unbeautiful thing—like a marble statue carved with hatchets. It is quite clear that all the Christian faculties and virtues must be shot through and through with gratitude, else there is no touch of grace upon them and they are left hard and unfinished.

A distinguished critic was once asked to pass judgment upon the work of an artist. After scrutinizing the painting closely, he announced his decision: "It lacks *that!*" In like manner one who is without gratitude lacks an indefinable and beautiful *Something*. Something of vast importance is missing from a man's character, when gratitude is left out.

A Book of Thanksgiving

God is so interested in seeing a thankful spirit in us men here in the world, that He has given us a Book that overflows with expressions of praise. Whole sections, books even, of the Bible are given up to the gracious art of being grateful. Almost every page breathes gratitude; the vocabulary of this Book is rich with the language of thankfulness. The subject never grows old; there is always something new to be said about it. This is the value of the Psalms. They furnish a liberal education in praise. Speaking of our English Protestant Bible, Faber once said: "It lives on the ear like music." This is due in part to its lofty spirit of praise. From the Song of Miriam in the Old Testament to the *Magnificat* of Mary in the New Testament and on to the choric outburst of John's Apocalypse, the Bible runs over with song and thanksgiving.

Not only so, but God gave His people under the Old Covenant a special discipline in praise and thanksgiving. The thank-offering, the praise-offering, the heave-offering—what is the purpose of these provisions of the Mosaic ritual if it be not that God was here laying emphasis on gratitude? It was not that He delighted in animal sacrifice, but that He desired to train His people in the spirit of thankfulness. Those great choirs with the accompaniment of many instruments which the royal singer David organized—do we not see here how God was leading and training His people in the spirit of

praise? It was as if He laid His finger upon the latent power of song in the hearts of His people and said: "Learn to sing unto Me; put praise in every note; wrap gratitude in every measure!"

Training in the Spirit of Gratitude

God's discipline in praise has not ceased even to the present day. One function of the church is to train men in the spirit of gratitude. Our forms and methods of worship must not be permitted to harden into routine. It is always a bit dangerous to follow forms of worship. History has proved this. Non-liturgical churches nowadays are quite as open to this danger as others. The chief danger in the habitual use of forms is that they may hamper the spirit of praise. Thankfulness cannot be made to order. One cannot make it run in grooves. Gratitude is something free and overflowing. There is a sense in which we must leave it unfettered and unhampered. If there is hallelujah in your heart, let it come forth! There must be a certain freedom and spontaneity about gratitude.

There ought to be meetings now and then in all our churches in which the stately restraints of worship are set aside, and the worshippers, unhampered by forms and rubrics of worship, open their hearts freely to God in thankfulness. There is not enough praise in our churches. We have limited and bound our worship so that it lacks somewhat in spirit, exhilaration, and exuberance. It does not blossom out as it ought. It does not flow and overflow. God is still looking for grateful men here in the world, men whose hearts are bursting with gratitude, men who sing because they must, whose spirit of thankfulness is too rich and full for the mere formulæ of praise.

"In Everything Give Thanks"

It is just this thought of the exuberance of gratitude that the apostle Paul has in mind when he says in one place: "In everything give thanks." He is thinking of hearts that are full and overflowing, souls that are eager and impulsive in their gratitude. This is the kind of gratitude that contains the joy of mountain-climbers, "the joy of leaping from rock to rock." "In everything give thanks!" It seems a large order, does it not? But our Gospel is not limited or cramped. The Apostle is telling us what the true spirit of thankfulness is. It is broad and inclusive, it takes in everything. You cannot set metes and bounds to gratitude. You must give it room. You must let it sweep through life like a flame. You must let it touch everything all around the circle and leave its mark everywhere. "In everything give thanks!" Oh, it is a great word, containing as it does the very breadth and comprehensiveness of God's own thought!

We have a tendency to make a half-measure of gratitude. We are apt to say, "Stay in that corner of my life, but come not hither into this

corner." It is just because we are often quite selective in matters of gratitude, and often self-contained and gingerly in our thankfulness, that we need a text like this to sweep us off our feet. We are so apt to limit and define gratitude, to pick our steps, so to say, in being grateful. Then God comes by the pen of the apostle Paul and says: "In everything give thanks"—no half-measures in your thanks—no gingerly gratitude—no cautious hand upon your outpourings!

A Free Overflowing of Gratitude

It was just this spirit of exuberance in gratitude that our Lord commended in Mary who came with her costly alabaster box. It was the free overflowing of her gratitude, its unrestrained and unhampered plenty that touched Him. Our Lord was never wasteful. Once He called upon His disciples to gather up the fragments after a miracle. But when Judas complained of waste on this occasion, our Lord praised the wastefulness of one who loved with spontaneity and abandon. "The poor ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always," which is as if He said, "You will still go on doling out your gifts to the poor, but when you come unto Me you must come with a bursting heart," like this sister of the risen Lazarus, whose gratitude could only be expressed by the rich alabaster box broken at the feet of her Lord. It was the exuberance of her praise that touched Him.

But I hear someone say that to give thanks in everything is too broad and too inclusive. How *can* a man give thanks in everything? It is a real difficulty, no doubt. I hear one say: "How about my mistakes and trippings and fallings? Surely God does not expect me to give thanks for these!" I hear another say: "How about my sins, my moral lapses, my oft missings of God's true mark for men? Surely it is impossible to give thanks for these! The word is too broad—it says too much." And I hear another say: "How about my sorrows, the tearful chapters in life's book, the times of upheaval when the anchors seem to have fallen away? Surely God does not expect gratitude for these heart-breaking and soul-shattering troubles! How *can* a man thank God for the sorrow that has laid him low?"

Thankful in the Midst of Sorrow

The apostle does not say that we are to give thanks *for* everything, but *in* everything. Your sorrows, for example: you can be thankful in the midst of your sorrows—thankful that God is with you—that the touch of His hand is upon you—that His manifold presence is round about you. You can be thankful for the new and open way of access to God, for the new vistas of truth, for the very sense of dependence, for the sweetness of prayer and for the fruits of righteousness that follow after. The text omits nothing. "In everything give thanks."

Moreover when one yields himself fully to the spirit of thankfulness, something wonderful comes into his life. There comes to him a spirit of discovery. The man who has a thankful spirit begins to see new reasons for thankfulness. It is like going out in the springtime. You had not supposed that there were so many flowers! But if you have the spirit of discovery, your pathway is full of flowers. "He that hath a bountiful eye is blessed," says the Proverb. "A bountiful eye!" That is, a free and generous eye, one that does not see in stingy or niggardly fashion. It is tight eyes that make tight fists and tight hearts.

That rare poet whose life went out in the great war, Rupert Brooke, has said some fine things about this spirit of discovery in the world. "Half an hour's roaming about the street, or village, or railway station," he says, "shows so much beauty that it is impossible to be anything but wild with suppressed exhilaration. And it is not only the beauty of beautiful things; it is the flicker of sunlight on a fallen wall, or a reach of muddy pavement, or the smoke from a chimney at night. There is a sudden significance and importance and inspiration that makes the breath stop with a gulp of certainty and happiness."

When Paul says, "In everything give thanks," he means that we must look about us with the spirit of discovery, look into the nooks and crannies, into the by-paths of life, and find reasons for thankfulness. No day is so dark that we cannot find reasons for rejoicing. The number of our mercies always exceeds the number of our troubles. What most of us need is the habit of dwelling upon our blessings, and having bountiful eyes for the reasons for thankfulness.

Days of Good Tidings

How many days of good tidings there are! Days of recovery from sickness; of escape from great peril; days of completion of long journeys; of love's dawn in the heart; of restored friendship; of the return of loved ones; days of gracious invitation; of fruition of toil; of returning prosperity; of sunshine after rain; of open doors of opportunity; days of a friend's success; of discovery after long search; of wise decision; of unexpected results; of hope's reward! Time would fail to tell of the days of good tidings in life. "In everything give thanks." God forbid that our life should be stuffed with forgotten benefits!

The usefulness of most men can be measured by their spirit of thankfulness. God can do anything with a truly thankful person. The heart of such a one is open, receptive and ready. The finest asset any community can have is a company of souls that have learned the art of gratitude! There was an old man in a village long ago who lived in a shanty at the back of the town, surrounded by a small potato-patch. He was the poorest man in the town; yet he was the most distinguished citizen of the town. His sole art was the art of gratitude. He walked the village streets and men felt the fragrance of his presence everywhere he went. He taught men to open their hearts to God and their fellow-men. After many years I pay my tribute to that old man who walked among us with bowed shoulders, but with tender and open heart.

The Crown of All Our Blessings

The apostle adds something else to his word about thanks: "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." Every lesser reason for gratitude is carried up to this high level. It is the will of God in Christ Jesus! Here is the crown of all our blessings. In everything give thanks because Christ has touched everything. He has gone all round our life and left His mark of love and sacrifice upon everything. He has touched our sins, and mistakes, and short comings, our sorrows, our joys—and He has transformed them all! "This is the will of God in Christ Jesus."

The Harvest Joy

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

What is the motive power that sends men into fields and gardens, and the incentive that keeps them faithful in the cultivation of the soil. It is the joy of the harvest time. An entire season lies between the planting and the ingathering, but the look forward sustains the toiler, till hope is fulfilled and he receives the recompense of reward which overpays his weariness. It is so in the natural world, and no less so in the spiritual. When the reward comes, the workers whom the Lord of the harvest has strengthened, "joy before Him according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide great spoil."

But who ever gathered sheaves without a seed-sowing? "Doth the plowman plow all day to sow? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast in the wheat? For God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him." There is an inexorable law of connection between sowing and reaping. The Lord has made plain the path to the harvest. It is along the furrow of the dropped seed. Whether it be seedcorn for the field, or the seed of the Word for the heart, God is the gracious Giver, but some human hand must prepare the ground and scatter the seed.

Then comes the Divinely-ordered mystery of the increase. The seed grows, but "the sower knoweth not how." It is not an instant development, as impatience may crave. It is "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Sun and shower minister to the growth, but how the husbandman must guard and aid, and preserve from injury, the blade and ear, and wait for the full corn. Is there always the assiduous care given the tender growth that it needs, especially when it is in the heart of youth? There is a waiting time as well as a working time. But "when the fruit is put forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is ripe." Then woe to the harvester who leaves the grain ungathered, and the sheaves outside the garner. To what purpose is such waste?

Think of the increase which the Heavenly Husbandman bestows. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." And how small the seed, compared with the fruit. Whereunto is the Kingdom likened? "It is like a grain of mustard seed—less than all seeds, but *when it is sown*, it becometh greater than all herbs" and "fowls lodge in the branches."

Sometimes our Lord shortens the seasons and "the plowman shall overtake the reaper," that they may rejoice together, even before the four months that men say must elapse and "then cometh harvest." "Paul may plant, Apollos water but God giveth the increase." The promise standeth sure.

He who gives the joy of reaping
Unto us where others sowed,
Bids us scatter good seed broadcast,
That this joy may be bestowed
On the reapers coming after,
When we drop beside the road.
In the Harvest Home, hereafter,
We together will rejoice,
Plowmen, sowers, reapers, gleaners,
Lifting up exultant voice
Unto Him who gave His servants
Grace to make His work their choice.



Belief and Action

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

I remember reading quite a number of years ago an article by Mr. George W. Cable, the Southern novelist, headed "Professional Christianity." We often hear of "professed Christians" whose daily lives are thought *not* to tally with their "profession;" but Mr. Cable's purpose in that article was not to make the customary attack upon insincere Christians. It was rather a thoughtful man's appeal to *all* Christians to

regard the Christian life as a business, a profession—to be entered upon as the doctor or lawyer takes up his chosen profession and "makes a business of it."

The appeal to begin the Christian life is an appeal to the heroic. To "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" is more than a movement of the intellect favorable toward Him. It grips the whole man and starts him out along the road with the Mighty Master of Life who alone can be trusted to keep him in safety. And some considerable heroism is demanded of the man whose believing on the Lord Jesus Christ impels him to "deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Him."

Our ears tingle in these days with war-notes. We go about our daily business stepping to martial music. Our hearts are aflame with patriotism. We are talking of "sacrifice" as a commonplace. That reminds me of a sentence of Coningsby Dawson's, whose letters from the trenches in the little book, "Carry On," I have just been reading. "Sacrifice" he writes, "was always too noble to be sensible." But the spirit depicted in his book, of sacrifice in the trenches and sacrifice too, in the homes of the world, reveals the fact that noble sacrifice is now coming to be regarded as "sensible"—it is no longer so extraordinary as to appear fanatical. But—*is* patriotism shall be regarded the supreme virtue; if sacrifice be confined to "winning the war," humanity will still be left to make its way along stony highways, instead of enjoying the green pastures and the waters of quietness to which God would be leading His people.

A formalistic believing on the Lord Jesus Christ is inadequate. It lacks life, vitality. Like mere ritualistic observances that end in routine there is no resultant healing or upbuilding of the soul. The man who makes a profession, a business, of his belief in Jesus Christ will so yield himself to the gracious power of his Lord as to be receiving day by day a supply of life in the inner man, that can be illustrated no more clearly than it was set forth by the Master Himself in His beautiful figure of the Vine and the branches.

Those who walk in closest comradeship with the Master may find encouragement in many evidences, that there is gradually emerging into the consciousness of men and of nations a finer sense of the fact that only the *reality* of the Christian religion can save. It is a quickened soul-life that places one among the "saved," not merely a formal "believing" on the Lord Jesus Christ.



Thanksgiving

BY REV. A. MESSLER QUICK

With penance and prayer, to our Lord we must go,
For blessings unbanded He has bestowed;
And hearts with thanksgiving responsive must be,
When His love so graciously answers our plea.
For since its sweet reign at the Throne first began,
Love evermore rules in Jehovah's wise plan,
And all through its range of age, place and mood,
With love and with gratitude the soul is imbued.

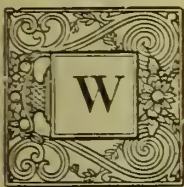
Thanksgiving we offer for God's loving care,
In castle or camp, of his people everywhere,
For the loves of the fireside, deep-rooted and pure,
Mid the joys and the sorrows, unfeigned, secure;
For intercourse sweet, in communion with kin,
For the peace that abounds from contentment within,
For the hearth and the home, and a generous board,
Thanksgiving we offer to our Sovereign Lord.

Thanksgivings arise from the altars of prayer,
When faith and devotion with the people are there;
When souls are enriched by the gospel of love,
And quickened by power transfused from above.
For benefits greater, in vain shall we search,
For souls are imbued divinely by the church,
Assured from the sphere by mortals intrud,
The voice of the church is the mandate of God.

For a prosperous realm, thanksgiving we owe,
Now battling for right, 'gainst a sinister foe,
For her genius and power, and the wealth of her stores,
As masterly weapons in the bloodiest of wars,
For the chivalrous pride, and the patriot zeal,
Investing her sons, in woe as in weal,
We rally, Our Father, at Thine altars today,
And offer thanksgiving, and fervently pray,
That victory be ours, and the battle flag furled,
With the herald of peace encircling the world.

RELIGIOUS WORK for OUR BOYS IN FRANCE

By Clifford E. Hayes

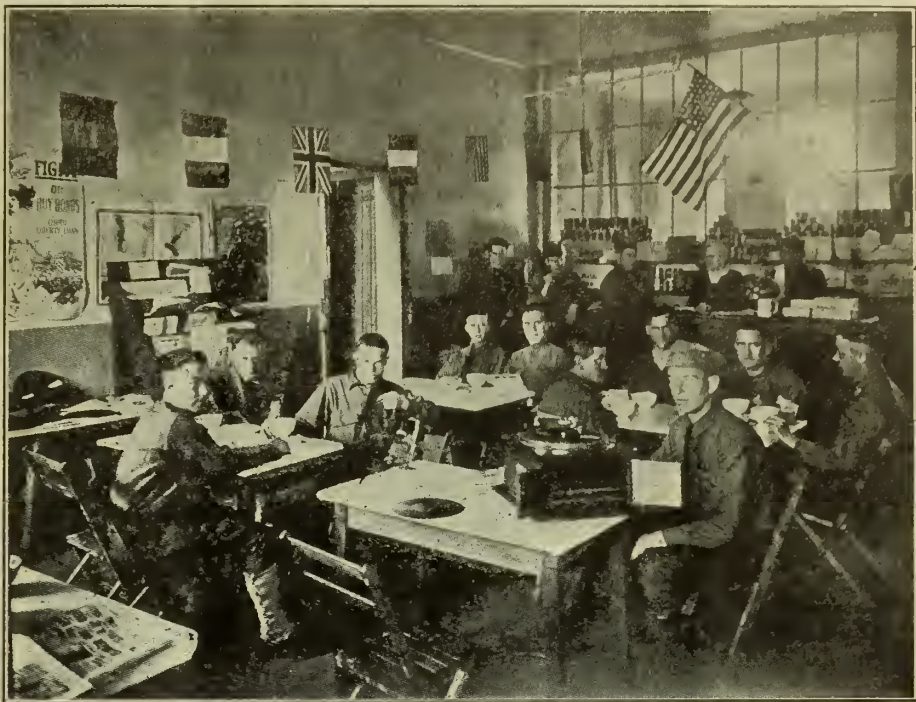


WHEN I came overseas I left an attractive pastorate in Philadelphia. After resigning this pastorate which had been gotten into good shape by two years of hard work I wondered continually on my way over here and after I had arrived if I were on a fool's errand and whether it were worth while to give my personal service in this particular field during these tragic and critical times.

I take my ordination to the ministry very seriously and feel that I have but one thing to do in life, that is to minister the gospel of Jesus the Christ to men so that they may learn to know Him and to share His life. I considered that this must be done in order that I might be of use to Him in building His kingdom on earth.

For this reason I came to my work in a very critical spirit, and for a while when my duties were mostly serving the canteen, cleaning the hut, cutting my own wood and doing errands for the boys in the town I scarcely felt that it was worth while. Then I began to ask the boys what the "Y" meant to them, and I found out for myself what it meant by going into one of their barracks and sleeping with them. There is very little light, the men are crowded of necessity: at that time there were over a hundred in a barrack sleeping in double tiers on bunks made of slats with clothing hanging all about and the ventilation coming all from the sides and ends and none from the roof. These barracks are the best that can be provided under the circumstances. They had small stoves but not enough to heat them as we are accustomed to have our houses and shops heated in America.

I can understand why the boys say that where there is no "Y" they surely would be "out of luck." I knew very soon after I began work that there was a reason for their coming to the hut in the evenings in such crowds. There they found an atmosphere free from army restrictions to a large degree, there they had a free and easy companionship, there they found heat, light and the daily papers, and how they grabbed them during the times that drives were



A Y. M. C. A. CANTEEN USED BY OUR BOYS IN FRANCE



on! We had hardly any time to eat evening mess because the boys were so eager to get the papers.

In the "Y" they found magazines, games, writing materials and tables, a canteen supplied with candies, cakes, tobacco in form for smoking and chewing, soaps, towels, handkerchiefs, shoe strings, etc. In the winter they were offered cheese sandwiches and hot chocolate or cocoa. The place was crowded every evening and the men had to be driven out at closing time.

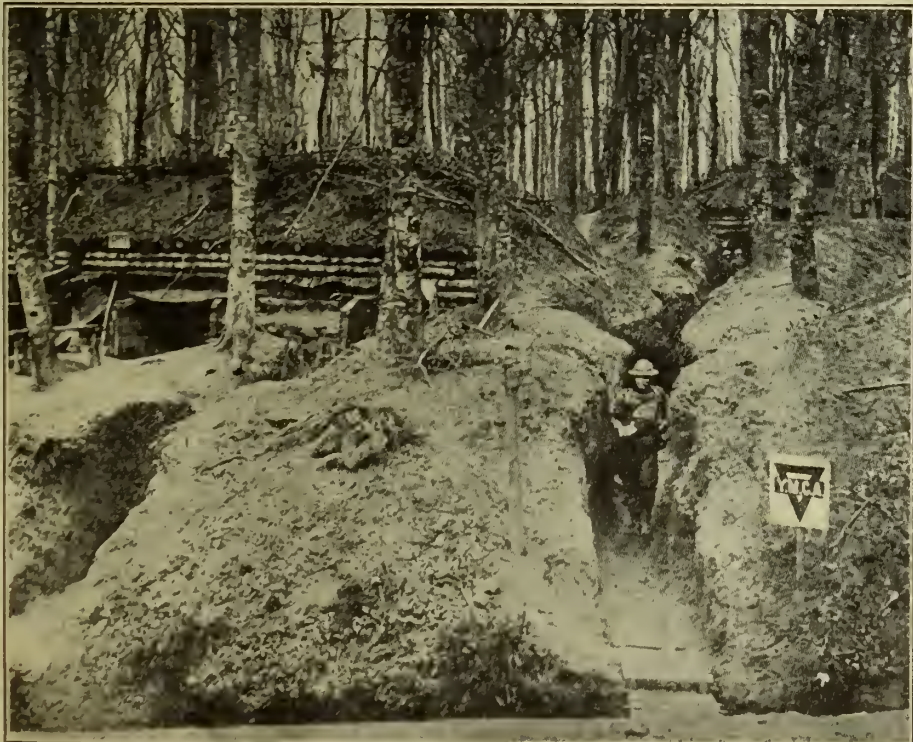
Sunday always brought a change in the program, for then we had the service conducted by the chaplain in the morning and a song service conducted by the secretary in the evening. Those were the times when the boys could choose what they wanted to have sung, and they kept us busy singing the old favorites and the new gospel songs that were brought into popularity in the past few years. At those times we were able to get close to the men's hearts

and they began to ask us questions which we would do our best to answer for them. Whenever the announcement was made of an evening song service with some definite topic touching on life problems here a good crowd was assured.

One splendid feature I had in our hut was the evening word of Scripture and prayer. Five minutes before closing time we announced the little reading from the New Testament and prayer. We had good audiences and frequently the boys spoke their appreciation of those little quiet times of devotion.

One song service that I held was quite interesting. A new unit had come to our camp and the old boys were all gone. This bunch had been up front and were what might be called regular "hard boiled guys" and they wanted everyone to know it. I started the song service one Sunday night and a bunch of these boys rushed in on their way to the barrack, determined to break up the prayer meeting. They sang parodies of the hymns, but we kept right on till one of the new bunch asked for "Softly fades the twilight ray," and then a spell passed over the whole crowd. From that time on both the ones who had a "little too much on" and the others sang their heads off for an hour. And after that time we had good meetings.

At most of the camps where I have served there was no chaplain service as the units over here are frequently broken up and scattered over a wide territory in more than a half dozen camps, which prevents the chaplain from holding the services for the boys as he would. In such cases when he found the secretary to be an ordained man the chaplain would ask him to conduct the services. Our best service was the Communion Service. Officers and privates came in great numbers to pledge their loyalty to the Great Captain and to receive that communion of the broken body and shed blood, and greatly did they appreciate the privilege. We made quite a bit of Mother's Day, and that brought the men out in great numbers. Most of the camps would be without these ministries, were it not for the Y. M. C. A. secretaries. Business men, traveling salesmen, and other classes of men conduct these services in the huts, for the secretary is a man of many lines of activity. Whether he ever led a meeting before matters not, and out of the necessities



A Y. M. C. A. CANTEEN DUG-OUT ONLY 150 YARDS FROM THE GERMAN LINES





A GROUP OF Y. M. C. A. HUT WOMEN IN FRANCE

of the hour the "Y" men are becoming able workers who will make their impress upon the churches back home where they were attendants before and will hereafter be able to take active part in the work from the training which was forced upon them here.

But my impression of the value of the "Y" is not derived so much from the services which the secretaries or other workers hold in the huts and tents as from the general living out of an interpretation of the life of Jesus as one of unselfish service for others.

The secretaries and the "Y" places are serving the men in every way possible, from supplying their need for chocolate to that of a friend who will listen to their tale of woe concerning the way the "best girl" back home does not write as she should, which may involve even the writing of a letter for him to her. It supplies the movies and the athletic games and other entertainments that occupy the dull hours and make life livable under these circumstances.

Here in the town of Nevers, the chef-lieu, or, as we would say, the capital or county seat of this department, are many interesting places, for this town was in existence from the beginning of the Christian era and has been the scene of many battles. Here resided the duke of this section and here is a cathedral dating from the time of Charlemagne and connected with him very intimately. Cæsar himself was here.

Twice on Sundays parties of the boys are conducted about the town on tours to the interesting places. Old chateaux five or eight hundred years old are toured with "Y" workers as guides. These things help the men to an extent that cannot be measured.

And then mention must be made of those blessed American women whom the "Y" is sending out here. Already several hundred of these women have come overseas. They act as hostesses in the huts, and also have charge of the canteen refreshment counters. They serve long hours and not infrequently do their work within range of the enemy's guns. In a multitude of cases these canteen workers are the last American women seen by our soldiers before they go into the tense activities of the front line trenches. No wonder the boys cheer themselves hoarse over these women. One fellow said he would give his month's pay to look at an American girl. Just the sight of one of these fine women such as we have loved and left behind us—that is a wonderful privilege. I certainly believe in the "Y" service to the men overseas.

Nevers, France. (By mail.)

Finding Your Work

BY CORA S. DAY

There is a card gotten out by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, which is to be filled out and filed for reference. It is a card of registration for service, and it covers that field of service most completely. More than a hundred lines of work are there enumerated, from peaceful dairying to perilous aviation; and you are expected to mark the things you can do best. There is meant to be no wasted time or effort by any one who would help in these help-needed times. Everybody is to serve along familiar lines by doing the things she knows and likes best.

It is a practical application of the truth:—"No profit grows where is no pleasure taken," and a carrying out of the advice that follows: "In brief . . . study what you most effect." For truly you can best serve in your own way along the lines of the talent that God has given you. The dairy maid would make but a poor aviatrix, yet in her own work she is valuable indeed, helping to feed the world.

So God does not ask us to go into unusual, unfamiliar, perplexing work in order to serve Him best. He wants us to do whatever has become, through choice and liking and practice our best medium of expression of skill; and He wants that work, our own familiar task, so consecrated, so filled with the desire of honoring and glorifying Him, that it will show forth our love and His grace, whether it be the humblest or the highest task.



The Colleges in War Time

BY PAUL V. D. HOYSRADT

Grim War has settled down on the colleges both in our own land and abroad. The atmosphere is tense with hope and expectancy, for the hearts of those who remain behind is with the hundreds of "old boys" now in the training camps or at the front "somewhere in France."

Among the many poets who have tried to express the feelings of those now lingering about the campus, few have succeeded quite as well as Miss Winifred M. Letts in her poem, "The Spires of Oxford," which appears in the volume, "Poems of the Great War." Being an Irish poetess to begin with, it was natural that Miss Letts should cling to Irish precedents in writing verse. The following stanzas certainly fall under that classification, for what they lack in color and high-sounding phrases, they make up in directness and depth of feeling:

"I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

"The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

"They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

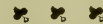
"God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town."

Hardly any less haunting, however, is the poem, "The College, 1917," which appeared in Scribner's Magazine for November, 1917. The author of this poem is Hamilton Fish Armstrong, who is the son of Maitland Armstrong, the noted American artist. It seems a significant fact in view of the sentiment in these lines that the young poet became a member of the heavy artillery in one of the Southern camps. When Mr. Armstrong wrote this poem, he evidently had one particular college in mind, but the thought he draws forth might be applied quite as appropriately to the average American institution:

"The darkness is full of well remembered sounds
And smells of vanished spring,
Old North's calm clock is making his tuneful rounds,
The echoes leap and sing
In the old, old way from the star-topped tower to tower—
I pause in the shadow and strain
For the voices that now will arise to salute the hour:
But they come not here again.

"Cradled along the tops of the ancient trees
Swings autumn's newest moon—
The shadows shiver before the silent breeze
Heralding Night's high noon.
Scattered lights gleam out through the leaded glass,
Where the lowest leaves begin:
But many a window is dark, and I turn and pass
Where I used to enter in.

"On the edge of night when still is seen no morning,
Princeton, you stand and smile,
Glad to give when the call followed the warning,
Your sons for a little while.
And if they come not again, as before some came not,
Heart-free and young and whole,
They know their names, like their fathers' fathers', shame not
Your ghostly honor-roll."



The Good Shepherd

BY Z. IRENE DAVIS

Jesus came to seek and save the lost. There is no place where He is not searching. In the great city, in the byways of the country, under the starlight, and the gas light, in the darkness, at high noon, in the trenches, on the deep, and in prison, He is seeking out the lost.

Gipsy Smith tells this story of a dying soldier boy. "Here was a dear boy on a stretcher—I had led him to Christ. He was so broken I took the blanket and lifted it from his face, and then I got down and kissed him, and my lips and hands got covered with his blood. I kissed him for his mother, for I knew she would never kiss him. I thought he was unconscious, but he asked me:

"'Gipsy, Gipsy, does it mean Blighty?' (for Blighty means home and mother), 'or does it mean West—and West means death.

"So I said: 'It means West: you are too far gone for Blighty; you will never see mother again. Can I tell her anything?' and he said to me:

"'Tell her I am not afraid to die; I have found Christ.' And then he pointed to his head and said to me: 'Yes, it is battered and broken, but it will be all right when I get the crown.'"

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

A Guitar Player of India

The interesting picture which appears on this page is reproduced from a photograph sent to the American Tract Society by Rev. E. M. Wherry, D.D., of the Punjab Mission of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. It shows us a typical native of India, and reveals the fact that music is one of the recreations which the people of India enjoy.

The Punjab Mission, with which Dr. Wherry is connected, has done much for the cause of Christian literature in India, and it has been the privilege of the American Tract Society to send many cash appropriations for this branch of the work, which for several years has been under the direct superintendence of Dr. Wherry.

Through the printed page the music of the Gospel is making itself heard throughout the length and breadth of India, and there is every promise of wonderful developments in the immediate future, if only the missionary enterprise is supported with vigor and consecration not only by the workers in the field, but by those in the homeland to whom the missionaries look for generous gifts and constant and prayerful sympathy.

In South Africa

Rev. E. A. M. Harris of the Chisalala Station of the South Africa General Mission writes:

"It is with great joy that we record, after four months, we are still 'Bringing in the sheaves.' In fact we are in the thick of harvesting. God gave us the privilege of telling the story of the first breaking down of heathenism in Kaonde villages, a privilege that only the pioneer missionary can fully realize. Hitherto all our converts had been drawn from the school and from those who were working on the station. The years of breaking up that fallow ground and of seed-sowing were about to yield their increase, and since the 12th of November, 1917, it has been our joy to see village after village yielding up its fruit to the Master. It might well be recorded of our Teacher-Evangelists: 'And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following.' 'What were the signs?' you ask. Old men and women, young men and maidens, those of maturer years and little children coming out of heathen darkness to walk with the Lord in light. What more? Changed lives, the difference can already be seen, both by word and deed, the new life from the 'True Vine' welling up and causing the old dead leaves of heathenism (customs centuries old, and dear to the heathen heart) to drop off. At first the converts were to be numbered by tens, then twenties, and now by hundreds."

The Scripture Gift Mission

Among all the sad stories that come to us from the battlefield, surely the saddest is that of the wounded soldier who has had to lie helpless and suffering for hours, days even, unprotected from sun and rain by day; his pain-stricken face upturned by night to the silent stars of Heaven. Happily, so perfect is the Red Cross organization, so thorough the search of the ground after a fight, that such cases are rare, and then due chiefly to the swaying to and fro of the battle-line, and the isolation of some member of a unit. Who can tell what passes between God and the soul in the case of a wounded man lying thus alone, especially when his sole companion is a copy of the Word of God? A Scotch worker writing to the Secretary of the Scripture Gift Mission, tells a remarkable story:

"I heard the other day of a soldier who was wounded, and was lying out for seven days before he was brought into the hospital. He had a Gospel of St. Mark with him, and he said how



A GUITAR PLAYER OF INDIA

he enjoyed reading it. He sent it here for his aunt to see it; it's all mud, but he told her to send it back, as he would not part with it as long as he lives."

God's children have for years been crying to Him for Revival; instead of the answer we expected, there came upon us War! But war has brought the greatest opportunity of all time for the distribution of the Word of God, and the total of copies of the New Testament and Gospels distributed among the fighting nations since the war began, by the Scripture Gift Mission alone totals some twenty millions. The same testimony comes from every land, that there was never such an eager desire to possess God's Word as now. What more sure way of preparation for revival can there be than a knowledge of the Word of God, which alone can make wise to salvation!

A Messenger of Democracy

In a recent issue of the "Asia" magazine, which is the official organ of the American Asiatic Association, Mr. Tyler Dennett writes of "The New Type of Missionary," and pictures the American missionary as a messenger of democracy in these words:

"It may be many decades, even centuries, before democracy appears in its noon-day splendor among the backward nations, but none the less the day of the common people is dawning. The most marked feature of the Orient today is the drift toward democracy. In the creation of this movement the missionary, particularly the American missionary, has had a very large part. He

teaches the people to read and to think together. The Methodist Episcopal Mission in Hinghwa, China, for example, publishes the only newspaper for more than three million people. The American missionary is himself a democrat. He usually has been born on a farm; he worked his way through a small college in the Middle West. He fairly exudes democracy wherever he goes. He demands religious liberty, preaches the brotherhood of men high and low, gives himself to the care of the unfit and the weak which are so often trampled under foot by the backward races, and sets before people the Bible which ever has been the inspiration of democratic movements. The missionary becomes unconsciously the builder of a new civilization or at least of a new social ideal. Whatever he builds is democratic. It must be from the very nature of the instruction. The missionary not only reaches the influential people of the community; he creates them."

Conditions in Bombay, India

A vivid picture of the conditions that have resulted from the war is presented in a recent letter from Rev. James Smith, Secretary of the Bombay Tract and Book Society. He writes in part as follows:

"I am very sorry that we have not been able to send out a copy of our audited accounts for the year 1917. Every European of military age in India was called up a year ago for drill, while a very large number of the best young men have enlisted in the Indian Army. The result is that our Auditors are

behind with their work, and many of the leading houses in Bombay are still waiting for their audit.

"We have, of course, made up our accounts. We do that every month, and send out to our General Committee a statement of sales. We were able to report a steady growth in business which amounted to 36 per cent. for the whole year. We have done still better in 1918, and at present prospects are very bright.

"We continue to sell large numbers of English religious books to educated natives of this country, and of course the presence of a large army in Mesopotamia has brought many demands for religious books of all kinds.

"A very considerable demand has also sprung up from East Africa, not only from British East Africa, but also from the late German East Africa. We expect therefore this year to be able to record a very large advance over last year's work, though last year's sales were the highest in the history of the Bombay Tract and Book Society."

Hindus Reached Through Applied Christianity

Mr. F. S. Brockman, associate general secretary of the International Y. M. C. A., tells in a recent issue of *The Missionary Review of the World* a story of the first Y. M. C. A. secretaries to accompany Indian troops:

"Among Orientals the lowest man on earth is a barber. In China the only man whose sons are not eligible for the public examinations is the barber. At first there was nothing for the secretaries to do; but finally the hair of the Indian soldiers began to grow and needed cutting; and although they themselves were of the lowest class, there was not one of them who was low enough to act as barber to another. And then came the time of these university men, who were called 'sahib' by the Indians. They said: 'This is the thing for us to do.' And they started around serving as barbers. It was not long before those soldiers began writing home, saying: 'When we left home there was no Mohammedan who cared for our souls; there was no Hindu priest on the boat; there were no Buddhists who looked after us; but these Christians, they have been brothers to us; they have acted as if they were servants to us. There is nothing they have not done for us. Put my daughter or my son into the missionary school. We want to know what the Christian religion is.'"

"That brings us back to the words of our Lord: 'I am the life.' And any man who lives the life, though he may for a moment keep his mouth shut, can bear the testimony that needs to be borne. There is no work that we have seen anywhere more successful in direct spiritual results and Christian propaganda than that we are doing among the Indian troops."

Christian Endeavor Abroad

In the union church at Pedro Miguel, in the Canal Zone, an Intermediate society was recently formed which has re-organized into a Young People's society. This society has given generously toward the salary of the preacher, has given to Belgian relief, and not only gives to mission work, but sends Bibles to children in a mission school.

Hindoo and Mohammedan friends paid part of the expenses of a Christian Endeavor convention held at Rauri, near Bombay, India. One man contributed a dinner to several hundred guests.

An Endeavorer in India made up his mind some years ago to attend the great Christian Endeavor convention at Agra, India. The missionary told him that the speaking would all be in English, but the man said that he had sold his buffalo and hired an interpreter to tell him what was being said. Who of us would sacrifice his best work animal to attend a convention?

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

NOVEMBER 3.
All for Christ. V. Our Time.
Ecclesiastes 12:1-7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Oct. 28. Life's little span. Ps. 39: 1-5.
T., Oct. 29. Wasted time. Acts 17: 21.
W., Oct. 30. New use of time. 1 Pet. 4: 1-9.
T., Oct. 31. At Christ's disposal. Phil. 1: 19-26.
F., Nov. 1. Full consecration. Luke 1: 67-80.
S., Nov. 2. Letting time slip. 2 Chron. 24: 1-5.

Time is a commodity in which every human being must deal. Whatever our talents, our abilities, our ambitions or our possessions we are all responsible for the use of the time which we have, and while we may have varying amounts of money, we all have exactly the same amount of time at our disposal.

In a certain sense time is the most valuable commodity that we possess, for time is the stuff of which life is made, and therein lies its priceless value.

The Use of Time

Because time is so valuable, we should use it as we would use a precious jewel. Every hour is a golden hour, if we but fully realize its significance, and the use to which we put the golden hours of each day will furnish the surest index to our characters.

Some one has said, "Every day is a clean leaf in the book of life, the hours being the ruled lines. What shall we write on these lines?" In answer to this query let us write lessons of truth, industry, patience, hopefulness and service on the lines of the passing hours. Let us so write that when the record of each day is ended, we shall not have a marred and blotted page to confront us, but a page that shall merit the "Well done" of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Waste of Time

To waste time is a crime. Never was there a period in the world's history when time was so valuable or fraught with such momentous issues as it is today. It goes without saying that to spend time in vicious or evil practices is a sin. But is it not also sinful merely to fritter away our time in idle pursuits when there is such a loud call to engage in occupations that will be for the benefit of humanity?

Time spent in needed resting or in healthful recreation is not time wasted. But time that is spent in idle frivolity or in questionable indulgences is time that is worse than thrown away.

Consecrated Time

Beyond the time that we spend in useful toil, in healthful recreation and in needful rest we should consecrate some definite time to Christian service. There are many lines of opportunity open, and every Christian should devote a part of his or her time to some definite form of endeavor for the support of the church, for the uplift of humanity and for the progress of the Kingdom.

Let us give a stated time to the study of God's Word and to our private devotions. Time spent in prayer and meditation is not time wasted, for every moment that we spend in communion with God will make us stronger to do His Will and to help the world to a higher and better plane of living.

Our Scripture portion reminds us of the fact that at last time itself will end. The duty therefore rests upon us of so using the present time that we may be fitted for the eternity that awaits us. A famous man in his dying moments murmured the words, "So much to do, so little done." Perhaps he had not laid up in heaven the treasure that he realized he should have done. He had accomplished great earthly achievements, but that counted for little as he faced eternity.

NOVEMBER 10.
Are You Afraid?
Luke 12:1-12.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Nov. 4. Are you afraid of offending God? Heb. 12: 25-29.
T., Nov. 5. Of wronging any one? Mal. 3: 1-6.
W., Nov. 6. Of death? Isa. 38: 1-8.
T., Nov. 7. Of judgment? Rom. 8: 28-39.
F., Nov. 8. Of lack? Matt. 6: 25-34.
S., Nov. 9. Of temptation? 1 Cor. 10: 11-13.

The word "fear" has widely variant meanings. The Scriptures teach us that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, yet Jesus said, "Fear not." So in the study of our topic we must use careful discrimination, and learn what is the fear that God requires and what the fear that Jesus would have us cast aside.

"Are you afraid?" is a question to which we should always be able to answer No. Sometimes mere physical weakness makes us afraid, but a well, strong man or woman who is striving to do what is right should never be afraid.

Fear Not the Light

If we will study the words of Jesus as recorded in our Scripture lesson we shall learn some of the things of which we should never be afraid.

We should never fear the light. Those who are evil-minded love darkness rather than the light, but those whose consciences are clear rejoice in the light. Let us remember the words of Jesus: "There is nothing covered up, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known. Wherefore whatsoever ye have said in the darkness shall be heard in the light; and what ye have spoken in the ear in the inner chambers shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."

Fear Not Earthly Tyrants

"Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do," said Jesus. In other words, fear not earthly tyrants. It was the following out of this injunction that inspired the early Christians not to fear Nero or any of the other Caesars. It is the same spirit today that has animated the heroic Belgians not to fear the Kaiser or his minions but to stand against almost overwhelming odds for the defence of their homeland and for the inviolability of that solemn treaty which the German Chancellor scornfully described as a mere "scrap of paper."

Our Master teaches us to fear Him, "who after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell." Some commentators have thought that this referred to the devil but that seems to be a wiser interpretation which makes it refer to God Himself. We are bidden to defy and resist the devil but never to fear him, and assuredly Satan has never been given the power to decide the destiny of a single human soul.

Blasphemy Not the Holy Spirit

Our Scripture lesson refers to the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, which is often spoken of as the unpardonable sin. It is not wise to speculate much on the character of this sin. As Dean Farrar has said, "On the exact nature of the unpardonable sin theologians have speculated in vain, and all we can say is that it must be the most flagrant degree of sin against the fullest light and knowledge."

Fear Not Persecution

Jesus clearly teaches us not to fear persecutors of any sort. We should not be afraid of earthly rulers, nor should we be in any anxiety as to what we should say when called in question for our faith. If we are thoroughly persuaded in our own minds of the truth of the Gospel which we profess and if we are filled with the Holy Spirit, we shall always be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in us to any inquisitor.

NOVEMBER 17.
Reforms That Need Our Aid
Amos 8:4-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Nov. 11. Temperance reform. Job 22: 22-30.
T., Nov. 12. Sabbath reform. Isa. 56: 1-2.
W., Nov. 13. Peace. Ps. 46: 1-11.
T., Nov. 14. Government reform. Isa. 33: 13-17.
F., Nov. 15. Evil language. Matt. 12: 31-37.
S., Nov. 16. Labor reform. Jas. 5: 1-6.

There are many evils existent in the world today, and every reform movement that aims at the elimination of those evils should have the earnest and enthusiastic support of every member of every Young People's Society in the land.

The Temperance Reform

There is great ground for encouragement in the splendid progress that has been made in recent months by the temperance movement. We must not rest satisfied, however, with the present gains, but we must push the battle against the liquor traffic until prohibition is established as the law of the land and total abstinence as the principle for every individual not only for the duration of the war but for all time.

The Labor Reform

Much has been done to ameliorate the conditions of labor during recent years. Yet there are still things that need to be done in order that the laboring man and woman may have what they are justly entitled to, namely, reasonable hours of employment, fair wages, sanitary conditions and such a system of representation that labor and capital may meet on equal terms in the discussion of matters that are of common interest.

Child labor is one of the evils that remain to be eliminated, and we should lend all possible help to those who are striving to banish this evil from our land.

Careful attention should be given to the conditions surrounding the employment of women. Proper treatment for negro laborers is also one of the reforms that need to be accomplished.

Sabbath Reform

Here is a great field for effort. The tendency of the present war conditions is greatly to disturb the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship. Yet the Sabbath is a priceless boon to humanity, from a physical, social, economic and religious point of view.

What we need to do is to strive to protect the sanctity of the Lord's Day in every possible way. In recent years the lure of the automobile has kept many from the services of divine worship. Yet at the request of the Government the use of automobiles for pleasure was wholly discontinued on several recent Sundays. Shall we not urge the American people to listen to a voice that is higher than that of any earthly ruler and to make any sacrifice of personal pleasure that is needful in order that we may conserve the Christian Sabbath.

International Reform

There are other important reforms that need to be prosecuted in our own country such as the movement for an absolutely honest ballot, and the effort to eliminate all dishonest weights and measures. But there is one reform of an international character which needs the support of Christian people all over the world. That is the movement for a League of Nations. As Bishop Gore has well pointed, this is a reform to which the Christian Church in all lands should commit herself unreservedly, for it furnishes the only feasible solution for the problems that face the nations today.

NOVEMBER 24.
"Count Your Mercies"
1 Chronicles 29:10-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Nov. 18. Grateful for salvation. Rom. 5: 1-11.
T., Nov. 19. For God's care. Ps. 115: 9-18.
W., Nov. 20. For homes. John 19: 25-27.
T., Nov. 21. For friendship. Eccl. 4: 9-12.
F., Nov. 22. For enlightenment. 1 John 2: 1-11.
S., Nov. 23. For rest. Matt. 11: 25-30.

As we think of the mercies for which we should render praise to our Heavenly Father at this Thanksgiving season we should recognize the personal blessings which He has sent into our lives. Whatever our lot in life, there are some things to be thankful for in our own personal experience. We should be grateful for the measure of health granted unto us, for the comforts that we have in our homes and for the multitudinous tokens of the Divine love that crown our daily lives.

We should thank God for the blessings which we enjoy in common with our fellowmen. In other words we should gratefully recognize the blessings which come to the community in which we dwell and the church of which we are members.

God has so ordained human life that there are many things which we have in common with others. These we call the common blessings of life and often we forget to thank our Father for these gifts. Thanksgiving comes to remind us that every good and perfect gift cometh from above and that we ought to thank God for everything that we have.

National Blessings

At this Thanksgiving season we think especially of our country, and we raise the query, for what should we be thankful as a nation?

Though we are involved in the awful conflict which has devastated so much of the world and that has brought sorrow to so many homes, including many in our own land, still there are developments in our national life for which we should be devoutly thankful.

We have had bounteous crops, which is in itself a cause for thankfulness. But a still greater cause for gratitude is the fact that we are learning to share with the needy ones of the world the gifts of nature which Providence has so bountifully bestowed upon us.

Another cause for gratitude is the unity of spirit which has pervaded our nation in support of the high aims which have been set before us by our honored President, who has become the spokesman of all the Allies in their struggle with the powers of autocracy and militarism. This national solidarity is a matter for deepest congratulation, for few, if any, ever dreamed that our nation could be welded into such oneness of thought and action within such a brief space of time.

Spiritual Blessings

Chief among the mercies that demand our grateful acknowledgment are the blessings of our spiritual life. The great truths of our Christian faith call for constant recognition, and for every revelation which God has made of Himself through His Holy Word and in the Person of our Lord and Saviour we should offer a song of praise.

The year that is now drawing to its close may have brought some great sorrow or bereavement into our lives. There may be more than one vacant place at the table as we sit down to our Thanksgiving meal. But if our hearts are fixed upon God, we shall learn the blessed truth that all things work together for good to them that fear Him, and in spite of all our tribulations we shall rejoice by faith in Him who doeth all things well.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Rosemary

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*Dear little plant with the beautiful name,
Growing in Grandmother's garden,
I thought you were homely when first I
came,*

But I humbly beg your pardon.

*Never a blossom that Summertime weaves
Has odor half so witching
As the fragrance that dwells in your cool
green leaves,*

The drowsy air enriching.

*Rosemary meek, you have taught to me
This lesson sweet and holy:
That treasures rare and pue may be
Within a dwelling lowly.*

When the Sun Went Away

BY L. D. STEARNS.

ELIZABETH was baking mud-pies in the sunniest corner of the yard. A little way back, underneath a great tree, Big Brother Jim had fastened a board to a couple of chunks of wood, making a very good table, indeed, and as Elizabeth carried her pies from the sun-oven and placed them upon her cool, shaded table she felt very proud and happy. Her curls were golden, and her eyes were blue, while her cheeks were as pink as the two great roses that swayed back and forth with every breeze on the bush at the opposite side of the yard.

Patting fresh pies into shape, she sang happily, stopping every now and then to dance a little. And then, quite suddenly, with a soft thump, Puss-Purr landed squarely on the table, straight in the midst of the pies. "Meow-ow!" said she.

The pink in Elizabeth's cheeks turned suddenly to red. "You horrid, horrid cat!" she cried emphatically, and catching Puss-Purr up boxed both her ears. "Scat!" she cried, spitting her hands.

"Cluck, cluck!" Turning sharply, Elizabeth saw the Little Red Hen and her four small chicks pecking busily away at the two remaining pies that were baking in the sun.

A moment she stood quite still—too angry to say a word. Then, with a stamp of her foot, she started forward and shooed the little hen quite around the other side of the yard. "I don't like you, even the tiniest little bit, you had hen!" she choked.

When she came back into the little square of sunshine she did not seem like the girl who had been singing so happily there only a few moments before. Every trace of brightness had left her face. Sitting down on a big stone she kicked one foot crossly against its side.

Next moment, whistling a merry tune, Big Brother Jim came into the yard. "Where's the sun?" asked he.

Elizabeth colored. That was what Brother Jim always said when she was cross. She tossed her curls. "Puss smashed all my pies but two, and the Little Hen spoiled those," she said, looking the other way.

"So," laughed Big Brother Jim, "you got cross and drove the sun away."

"I didn't drive it away," she declared dismally. "It just went."

"Let me tell you something, honey," Brother Jim sat down beside her. "It doesn't make one bit of difference whether you're big or little, when you've hurt anybody, or anything, you are going to feel just as bad and maybe a good deal worse than they do. And if you want to feel good again—awfully good, you know—you've got to do the best you can to make it—right!" Without another word he jumped up and went off toward the barn.

A little longer Elizabeth continued sitting on the stone; then all at once she sprang to her feet. "The Little Red Hen laid eggs for me all that long time I was sick," she said remorsefully, "and Puss-Purr came in and visited me every day." With a sober face she went toward the house.

"Mamma," begged she, "can I make a

party for Puss and the Little Red Hen?"

"Why, yes; I guess so," smiled her mother. "There's a bit of milk in the little gilt pitcher, and you can get a big handful of grain for the Little Hen."

Pouring the milk into Puss' dish Elizabeth carried it out and placed it in the shade beneath the great tree. Then she piled the grain in exactly the same place where the two spoiled pies had sat baking in the sun. "Puss-Purr! Puss-Purr!" she cried softly. "Puss-Purr!"

A yellow head peeped from the barn, and stooping, Elizabeth held out her

have her," remarked her mother, stitching busily.

"But—it's raining now and we may not be able to play outdoors," said Lela, still serious.

"Well, can't you have a fine time upstairs in your play room?" asked her mother, rather puzzled.

"Oh, mother!" Lela burst out, "don't you remember how things look after Marie has been here? Just as if a whirlwind had gone through the place. It takes me days to tidy up again!"

Mrs. Lynn stopped sewing and looked thoughtfully at her grave little daughter. "That's true," she admitted. "Marie's

So Marie left the doll family scattered here and there and pulled out half a dozen story books which she looked through with interest. After that she took all the cunning "Quaddies" from their box, and laughed over Sammy Jay and Uncle Billy Possum. Tiring of them, she looked about for something new.

She found a whole drawerful of bright beads in Lela's doll bureau, and suggested that they string them. So Lela got two needles with long threads and the girls enjoyed seeing the gay beads slide down to the end. Marie spilled most of her beads, however, and did not bother to pick them up, for just then it was time for the tea party.

Lela served lemonade in her pretty Japanese cups, and ginger cookies in her painted bonbon dish. After that Marie thought she had better go home. To her surprise Lela said, "But first we must set things to rights. We've had such a lovely time and we mustn't spoil it, must we, by leaving work to do later!"

Marie blinked, then with her good-natured laugh cried: "Of course. Give me a cloth and I'll dry the dishes." After that she picked up the beads, and chattering gaily the two girls soon had the play room in apple-pie order, and it was more like a game than real work.

The next week Lela took her favorite doll, Babette, and went to play with Marie. Marie's mother was away and there were toys scattered all over the house. Lela, interested in some large picture books, found one of them on the piano and several on the stairs. But of course the little girls had fun all afternoon, dressing up with long, swishy trains, and having a lunch in the kitchen, where the breakfast dishes still stood unwashed. After that Lela said, "Now I'll help you put all your things away, Marie. Mother says the rule that keeps our fun going is to set things in order when we're through playing."

Marie looked rather confused as she surveyed the untidy house.

"There's a big chest in the bedroom," she remembered. "Maybe it would surprise mother if I did put my things away altogether."

It meant real work this time, the girls soon found, especially as Lela insisted on washing the dishes too. But things looked so nice that they felt amply repaid afterward.

"Isn't it lovely to look around now?" sighed Marie as Lela started home. "Mother will be so glad I'm learning to help her."

Her tired mother was happy indeed when she saw what the girls had done for her, and after that she realized that her little daughter was quite old and big enough to observe the rule of order.

A Sunday School Kindergarten in South America

The children of South America are coming into their own. Rev. George P. Howard, Sunday School Secretary for South America, reports a remarkable Sunday School workers' conference held recently in Buenos Ayres. It was a stormy day, but that evening nearly 200 Sunday School teachers, superintendents and pastors gathered together. They had an address on the work of the superintendent and after that a demonstration of a model kindergarten class with the use of a sand-table. This demonstration was in charge of Miss Hardynia Norville, representative of the World's Christian Temperance Union in these countries. Miss Norville is an expert kindergartner and is taking great interest in developing and strengthening this phase of Sunday School work. She has established a model kindergarten in one of the Mission schools and has planned to admit as teacher students a number of young girls from the different churches who will get splendid training in watching and helping Miss Norville with her kindergarten.



THE YOUNG SHIPBUILDER

arms. "I do love you, Pussy," she whispered, and with a loud meow-ow, Pussy sprang straight into her arms.

The very next moment, with a questioning "cluck, cluck!" the Little Red Hen came around the corner of the barn.

Elizabeth's eyes were all a-shine once more. "I love you, too, Little Hen," she called.

"Cluck, cluck!" Ruffling all her feathers, the Little Red Hen marched straight for the pile of grain.

Down the path flew Elizabeth. "Brother Jim! Brother Jim! You were right, right, right!" she cried.

Their Play Room Rule

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"Mother, Marie says she is coming over to play tomorrow afternoon," and with these words Lela's blue eyes sought her mother's face anxiously.

"Well, I'm sure you will be glad to

mother is so busy making a living, sewing from house to house, that she has little time to keep things in order. Perhaps we can help Marie to understand—and help her mother as you help me, dear." Then she told Lela a little plan that occurred to her just then.

The next afternoon Marie romped in, bringing her doll Winona in a very soiled frock.

"Oh, how pretty and clean your dolls look!" she exclaimed as she began lifting Lela's beloved children from doll carriage and bed.

"I wash their clothes every week," explained Lela. "I have a little tub and washboard and even my own clothes-line and iron."

Marie was all eyes and "ohs" as she inspected these treasures. "I think I'll wash Winona's things tomorrow," she decided. "Wrap her in a blanket while I work. Oh, what lots of picture books you have! May I see them?"

Our Fireside

Her First Thanksgiving

By J. L. Glover

"I DON'T see, myself, why people make all this fuss about Thanksgiving," said Miss Elizabeth. "Why can't they be thankful all the year round, if the Lord has prospered them? It seems ridiculous to me, to have just one day for it, and then show their thankfulness by eating a great deal more than is good for them. For my part, I'm just as thankful as I need to be, with all my troubles, and Peter and I can make out well enough with our everyday dinner."

Peter, the big grey cat lying before the fire, curled up his tail and gave a responsive mew at the sound of his name. Miss Elizabeth stroked him with her foot, and he subsided into satisfied silence.

"I don't think we eat the dinner to show our thankfulness, Elizabeth," ventured the visitor, gently.

"Why, then? For we don't seem able to be thankful without it!"

"Well, it's a feast day—a day of joy and gratitude; there is something symbolical about it, don't you think?" Mrs. Harold mildly persisted.

Miss Elizabeth only sniffed. "All the more reason, then, I shouldn't indulge in it. Little enough I've got to be grateful for!" she snapped.

"Oh, Elizabeth! You say that, with all the Lord has given you!" her friend remonstrated. "This beautiful home, and your farm in the country with such good tenants, and your nephew at college, doing so well, and such a credit to

you. Suppose you had had to give him up to go into the army, like Mrs. Lee, across the street. Her boy will spend Thanksgiving day in France."

Miss Elizabeth turned pale. "Yes," she said, hastily, "I'm glad Tom is too young, yet, to go. But houses and farms cost a deal to keep up, and a boy at college means a big expense to keep him in cigarettes and class suppers, and the like. I guess it's as broad as it's long."

"Then there's the good health you've always been blessed with," persevered little Mrs. Harold, timidly, "and our quiet life here, compared with the dreadful experience some are living through, 'over there.' Doesn't that make you realize that we have cause for gratitude, Elizabeth?"

Miss Elizabeth only grunted. "I don't know that other people's troubles make me feel any better over my own. But I gave five dollars to the Red Cross, the other day, if that makes you feel any more comfortable."

Little Mrs. Harold sighed hopelessly. She had known Miss Elizabeth ever since their childhood's days. They had been playmates and schoolmates, and their lives had been spent side by side ever since. She knew all her friend's good qualities—her free-handed giving, her kindness to the poor, her generosity to the orphan nephew whom she had adopted and was educating. All this she knew; and she knew, also, that never in all these years had Elizabeth Chester ever expressed a word of gratitude to the Giver of all these gifts and opportunities of hers.

"Well, Elizabeth," she said, rising to go, "you always did live on 'Grumble Corner,' as long as I've known you. I'm sorry, for I think you'd be happier if you'd move; but if you won't be thankful, you won't, I suppose. Well, goodbye. I must go and feed my Thanksgiving turkey. I want him fat, for the children wouldn't think it was Thanksgiving, without turkey!" she laughed. "I'll be glad if you'll come and dine with us, Thanksgiving Day."

"Always did live on Grumble Corner! Now what did she mean by that, I wonder?" said Miss Elizabeth to herself, as her friend went out of the gate. "Mary Harold always was odd. I shan't worry with any nonsense about Thanksgiving, I'll warrant—unless Tom should come home for it. That boy does justice to a good dinner, I will say."

Her face softened as she thought of the boy whom she loved better than anything in the world.

The day before Thanksgiving brought Miss Elizabeth three letters.

She took up the topmost one, expecting to find her usual payment of rent from her tenant. Instead of the anticipated check, however, she opened a letter, painstakingly written.

"DEAR MISS CHESTER: I am very sorry to have to write this. I have never before failed to pay my rent on the appointed day, but this year I have made a poor crop, and had a run of bad luck, besides. I lost two mules and several cows, and got behindhand; and the long and short of it is, I can't pay it now. If you are willing to wait, I hope to make good next year, and pay all I owe, but just now I can't pay you a cent. I'm short of labor on the farm, too, for my boys have gone in the army, and while I don't grudge them to their country, I miss their help. I would send you a turkey for Thanksgiving, but I haven't one. Foxes caught them all. Hoping for better times next year,

"Respectfully yours,
"JOHN TAYLOR."

Miss Elizabeth caught her breath a little. She had counted on this rent money to send to her boy Tom, at college; for highly as she disapproved of his cigarettes and suppers, she did not stint him. But she was very just. John Taylor had never failed her before, and she had no thought of pressing him. Perhaps the long envelope from her lawyer might contain a check which could be sent to Tom.

She opened it hopefully. No check appeared. Instead was a letter, couched formally in legal language, telling of the failure of certain investments which had seemed perfectly safe, but had turned out worthless. "I trust that if these losses cause you any embarrassment, it will be only temporary," the letter ended, consolingly.

Miss Elizabeth read it over twice before she fully grasped its import, but gradually the truth forced itself upon her consciousness, that but for the house in which she lived, and the little farm which had just failed to pay its rental, she was penniless—she, who had felt herself so secure in her rightful share of this world's goods.

It seemed hard, when she had always been so careful, and had tried to make a good use of her means, that all should be taken from her. Yet so it was.

"We must make up our minds to it, Peter," she said, addressing her confidant on the hearthrug. "We shall have to sell this house and find a smaller one, so that Tom need not leave college. And we won't tell him about it, Peter!"

Suddenly Miss Elizabeth remembered that there was a letter from Tom himself lying in her lap. She had forgotten it.

"More bad news, I suppose," she muttered, as she tore it open. "Much cause for thanksgiving the mail has brought me, so far."

She braced herself for a third shock, as her eyes fell on the opening lines.

"Dear Auntie," the letter began, "I have some news for you—"

"I knew it!" groaned Miss Elizabeth. "Might as well hear what it is, at once."

"I don't know whether you will consider it good news or bad; but the fact is, I've been going it a bit too strong lately, and a bunch of us fellows have got into a peek of trouble. Nothing dishonorable, you understand—but just a frolic too many, and the Profs don't like it, and say we must go home and rest a while. Too much excitement is bad for our constitutions. So the plain truth is, Auntie, that I'm rusticated for a month, and you'll have the pleasure of my society for that time. I'll be at home for Thanksgiving, and, being a prodigal, I hope you'll have the fatted turkey all ready. Till then,

"Your penitent boy,"

"TOM."

"P. S.—I'm afraid it's your fault, anyway, for you have always been too generous, and kept me too flush of funds. But if you'll forgive me, I'll promise not to do so any more."

Miss Elizabeth laid the letter quietly down. Her face was very white. This was the hardest blow of all. She had been so proud of Tom; so liberal to him, thinking with pride that her boy should be able to hold up his head among his fellows, and never feel the pinch of poverty. And so she had spoiled him, and this was the result. Rustication—his college career ended under a cloud—for he could never go back and make good—his life blighted at the very outset by failure. And it was all her fault—he had said so himself, jestingly, but only too truly.

Miss Elizabeth's head bent low. She had never known until now how proud she had been of Tom—how she had loved him.

"My boy, my boy—my fault! Oh, I am punished for my pride and unthankfulness," she whispered, so low that not even Peter heard her.

The gate creaked, and she raised her head and saw him coming up the path—a handsome, stalwart young fellow, with the bright face and brown eyes she loved so well. She had forgotten that he had said he would be at home in time for Thanksgiving. He waved his

cap, and running in, threw his arms around her.

"Here I am, Auntie, your prodigal boy! You had my letter? Have you a welcome for me?"

"A welcome—yes; but Tom, Tom, what have you been doing? I have just read your letter, and it has come near breaking my heart!"

He looked at her, and saw that she spoke the truth.

"It was only a foolish, boyish frolic, Auntie," he said, more soberly. "The truth was, it was the last straw. They had to make an example of somebody, and it happened to be us. I'm sorry, for your sake, but it will all blow over, and I'll redeem my laurels when I go back."

"No, Tom, no, my dear, those things don't blow over; they are remembered against you. It is the end, Tom, the end of everything. You cannot go back to college. I have no more money for you or myself. It has all been taken from me!"

She put the two letters into his hand. Tom read them, and then tossed them away to put his arm tenderly about her shoulders.

"It is not the end, Auntie," he said tenderly. "It is only another beginning. I wanted to volunteer before this, but was held back by the feeling that I ought not to disappoint you, when you were paying for my education, and I had decided to wait until after my graduation. Now, it is different. It's up to me to do my bit, and not be a slacker. You wouldn't hold me back, would you, Auntie?"

Miss Elizabeth burst into sudden tears.

"No, Tom, not if it's your duty. The Chesters were never 'slackers,' and you are a chip of the old block. You must go, if you feel it's right; but it's a judgment on me. Only last week, I said to

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All those who subscribe now to the American Messenger for one year at fifty cents will receive the paper until December, 1918, inclusive. New subscribers will thus receive both the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers for 1918 free of cost, if they subscribe at once. They will also be entitled to receive a copy of the book, entitled "A Threefold Cord," upon the payment of only ten cents additional.

The offer is not good beyond December 31, 1918, as the subscription price of the American Messenger will be advanced to 60 cents per year beginning with the issue for January, 1919.

AMERICAN MESSENGER Park Ave. and 40th St., New York

Mary Harold that I hadn't anything to be thankful for, when I had; and now the Lord has taken it all away, because I was a foolish, ungrateful old woman, and never thanked Him at all. All gone, and I'm a beggar, and must give up my boy besides! Mary Harold said I always lived on 'Grumble Corner,' and now I see exactly just what she meant."

"Lived on 'Grumble Corner,' did you? Then we'll just move to 'Thanksgiving Street,'" said Tom, decidedly. "And we'll have a good Thanksgiving, Auntie, in spite of everything. I haven't gone to France yet, and you can be thankful you've got me at home for a little while, even if I am a bad penny," laughing to cover his deeper feeling, as he always did.

Later in the day, little Mrs. Harold came hurrying in, full of sympathy for Miss Elizabeth's misfortunes, the news of which had traveled in the mysterious way that news always does travel in a small place.

"Oh, Elizabeth, oh, my poor dear, I am so sorry!" she said breathlessly; but Miss Elizabeth met her with a brave smile.

"You need not be sorry for me, Mary. I've learned my lesson. I've been a thankless old—old—" she paused, searching for a comparison, but finding none strong enough—"hippopotamus!" she finished. "And so the Lord punished me by taking it all away from me—all I had. But He has made it up to me by showing me what I've still got to be thankful for, and I'm going to make the most and best of that. I've got my boy, and that's the best of all, and we are going to have a real Thanksgiving together tomorrow—my very first real one, Mary Harold, though I've lived to be sixty years old, and had my fair share of comfort and prosperity. But I'm going to do differently now; and even if I am poor, Tom shall have one good Thanksgiving dinner before he goes—"

"Turkey and all," added Tom from the background.

"Praise the Lord!" said little Mrs. Harold fervently. "I always knew you hadn't but one fault, Elizabeth, and now you've been brought to see that, you'll be just perfect!"

"Oh, no!" deprecated Miss Elizabeth, modestly, while Tom clapped his hands softly, and cried "Hear, hear!"

And Peter, perhaps scenting tomorrow's turkey in his dreams, stirred and uttered a gentle "Me-ow" of benign approval.

Canning Sunshine

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

"I'M just tired to death, Mumsey; but, oh, we had a just glorious meeting!" and twelve-year-old Dolly Hayes sank in a heap on the big comfortable couch in the cosy living room of her attractive home.

"Dolly, dear, I hope you're not so tired as you say, for that would really be serious! It doesn't hurt to get tired, even very tired, if one knows how to rest, and will rest; but to allow one's self to get tired to death is another matter," and Mrs. Hayes stroked Dolly's brown curls so lovingly that Dolly was almost in tears at the implied criticism of her English.

"What did you can today, dear?" she questioned, tactfully, sure that her correction of careless speech had taken root, and not wishing it to have a morbid effect, for Dolly was especially sensitive to her mother's rebukes.

"We did up corn, tomatoes, and beans; and they do look perfect! Miss Palmer said that she hadn't seen any 'Junior Red Cross' canning that could compare with it. There were twenty of us, and we each did a dozen cans—four of each kind!"

"Yes, and you canned so much else, daughter," said Mrs. Hayes tenderly.

"What, Mumsey?" and Dolly settled herself for one of her mother's "sermonettes," which were so delightful to Dolly and her chums.

Apparently ignoring the question, though Dolly well knew that she was really leading up to the answer, Mrs. Hayes asked:

"If the boy who gets a can of corn has been short-rationed for a day or so, he'll be doubly glad of the substantial food; if his appetite has been a bit fickle, he'll enjoy the tomatoes; and if he's been a little homesick for the home garden, the beans will make an appeal. So you have canned appetite, gratitude, and memory, for 'the boys over there,' while canning industry, self-denial, patriotism, faith, and benevolence, for yourself."

"How lovely!" exclaimed Dolly. "I verily believe that we should have canned sunshine, too, in spite of the pouring rain, if you had been with us, Mumsey, dear," and Dolly gave her mother the affectionate squeeze on her waist that always expressed her sheer delight.

"You made a wonderful start, without my help," replied Mrs. Hayes. "It only takes a little imagination to see the far-reaching effects of today's work, not only on the recipients but on the girls, whom I hope to see extending the work and canning sunshine every day, for themselves and others."

"Just a hint as to the how, Mumsey. The girls' hearts are especially tender, just now; so many have brothers over seas or in camp; and I know that whatever is said just now will be as the Wise Man says in the Book of Proverbs, like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

"Your quotation is a good example of one way. We cannot pack away too many Bible verses—or chapters—for sunshine to comfort us in days of storm and cloud. Read the 119th Psalm if you want to get a good impression of the value of God's Word."

"And?" interrogatively.

"Other good books, poems, essays, and some stories, furnish food for future happiness. So do deeds of kindness, not only the 'Junior' work, but the individual work in the home, school, club, church, city, state, and nation. The radiation of kindness in the home and the world is as beneficial as sunshine itself; and blessed is her old age who has shed kindness all along the path."

"And?" even more seriously.

"Every friendship is an additional power for future happiness, even though trouble lowers and threatens to blot out the very sky. Can your sunshine, while you may, along all these lines. It will not spoil, nor break the containers; but will give happiness to all within its influence, as surely and as benevolently as your canned fruits and vegetables of

today will give comfort and aid to our boys 'over there'"—and Mrs. Hayes planted a kiss on Dolly's rosebud mouth, as a sign that the "Amen" period had been reached!

Can sunshine today, for tomorrow's need, you who still have youth, enthusiasm, time, and opportunity, for lo! it will all be needed in the world's mart, as a "first aid" to many in sorrow, and for your personal use when life's shadows begin to lengthen, and the sun of today sinks in the west.

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A Song of Patience

BY MARTHA ARNOLD BOUGHTON.

Live on, O life of mine!
Though often thou dost yearn to be at rest,
He who hath lent thee life hath thought it best
Thine to prolong till more through thee are
blest;
Live on, and cease repine.

Work on, O hands of mine!
Ennobling thought that even thou canst share
A part with God in making earth more fair;
Then labor calmly on, and to complain forbear,
Fulfilling his design.

Trust on, O heart of mine!
Though dark the way and rough the angry sea,
Thy Pilot holds the helm, thy Father beckons
thee;
One guides the course of every songster free
To Him thine all resign.

Sing on, O soul of mine!
Sing songs of faith and hope and joy and
cheer,
Outsound the discord grating on thine ear,
And bring celestial music, sweet and clear,
To lonelier hearts than thine.

—THE RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE.

Teachers Training in Japan

Quite recently a Christian Japanese of Osaka gave \$100.00 to the Sunday School Association of Japan, with which to purchase a teacher's circulating library of the best Sunday-school books in English, these books to be loaned by the association to English speaking Japanese workers. These books cover general and departmental work, conduct of the Sunday School, Bible study, religious education.

This gift indicates the deepening interest in the religious education of the youth of Japan.

Sunday School leaders have been well in advance of this movement, have been fostering it in fact, for years past. Already some twenty-five Sunday School books have been produced in Japanese, a number of these written by Japanese. The teacher training course has now twenty-two classes enrolled and provides for recognition of complete work by certificate.

For some years a most successful Sunday School training institute has been held with four weekly lectures, at Tokyo. The course has been thorough, the lecturers men of talent, and the interest strong. Recently a similar training school was organized in the great city of Osaka.

The summer training school at Karuizawa, is very successful. It is attended by missionaries and Japanese. Every province in Japan was represented last year. Eighty-four were then registered. A dormitory for students is in process of erection. Scholarships are sought to promote attendance of worthy delegates. The subjects of school organization, Sunday School pedagogy, etc., are presented by Sunday School experts, notes taken and recognition given. A Sunday School exhibit adds to the effectiveness of the training.

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Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 800,711,975 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$23,191.98. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,676,159.52, which is the equivalent of 5,352,319,040 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 146,056; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 49,584, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-seven years 17,487,750, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,958,862.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish Christian literature to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a One-volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 17,175,163 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

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All Saints

So lately here, so dear they are,
That land is neither strange nor far
Where they have gone;
And can you fear they have forgot
In that new home, that happier lot,
Though we love on?

Dear saints of God, they are not gone,
But only passed from night to dawn
Forever blest;
They all are one, believe it still,
All, all who do the Master's will,
In toil or rest.

From that sweet peace of Paradise
Our loved ones look with longing eyes,
Waiting His will;
Praying for us, who need their prayer,
Caring for us, who need their care,
Rememb'ring still.

Oh, blessed peace, God's perfect rest,
To know His will was always best,
To doubt no more;
To view life's storm without its fear,
Through eyes with heavenly wisdom clear
Forevermore.

Not to forget—nay, that were death—
To read all truths that lie beneath
The chast'ning rod;
To find all journeys short that bring
His child, through weary wandering,
To Home and God.

—CORA WHITTLESEY GREGORY.



A Harvest Concert

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

For many years the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, in Boston, has made much of its harvest concert—so much, in fact, that the fame of these concerts has gone abroad in the land, and there is rarely a vacant seat in the church on the evening the concert occurs. This is always on the Sunday evening preceding Thanksgiving, and for this reason: This Church gives away at each Thanksgiving season from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five turkeys to the poor, and the Sunday school is expected to "do the rest." The "rest" consists in the school providing all of the fruit and vegetables and a part of the groceries needed to go with the turkeys that the Thanksgiving feast may be complete. The church is in one of the congested tenement house districts of Boston, and there is always need of being helpful to the poor every day in the year. The harvest concert always takes the place of the Sunday evening church service. Each class in the very large Sunday school is expected to make as large a donation as possible. On the evening of the concert the superintendent of the school stands on the platform and calls out the name of each class,

and one or two members carry forward the class offering. This is usually put in a basket trimmed with gay-tinted tissue paper. There are always a number of barrels of flour or vegetables to be brought forward, and the barrels are also elaborately decorated. The decorations on the baskets and boxes and barrels make a great riot of color when all of the gifts have been ranged along the front of the pulpit platform.

At one concert the gifts of the kindergarten department were wheeled forward in a baby carriage by several little tots dressed in white. One class created a good deal of merriment by contributing a barrel of flour and a yeast cake! The organized Bible class of men can always be depended upon to make a large and generous contribution. The cash offerings usually exceed one hundred dollars, and this money is used largely for the purpose of buying shoes for the children of the Sunday school. Following the bringing forward of the gifts there is a program suitable to the occasion. All of the various departments of the school assemble in the large auditorium for the harvest concert. It is one of the happiest occasions of the entire year, and who can doubt that it sows the good seed of Christian generosity in many a heart? The offerings are often an illustration of the kindness of the poor to the poor, for the members of this Sunday school are nearly all poor people, and many of them are very poor, but this does not keep them from being generous to others less fortunate than themselves at the Thanksgiving season.

The harvest concert, when it is all that it should be, serves the good purpose of giving the school and the members of the congregation a happy evening, in which the Christlike lesson of generosity to the poor is taught to the young in a helpful way.



"Did You Pray?"

Mr. Moody once related this incident concerning his own little son:
"My wife came down one evening and said she had had some trouble with one of the children. He was not willing to obey, and he had gone to bed without her forgiveness. I went up and sat down by the side of the little child, and said 'Did you pray to-night?'"
"I said my prayers."
"Did you pray?" "I said my prayers."
"Did you pray?" "Well, papa, I told you that I said my prayers." "Yes, I heard you; but did you pray?"
"The little fellow was struck; he knew he hadn't prayed. How was he going to pray when there was something wrong in his heart? He could not do it."

"Well, now," said I, "are you going to go off to sleep without praying?"
"After a struggle he said, 'I wish you would call mamma.' She came up and was glad to forgive him, and then he wanted to get out of bed and pray. He had 'said his prayers,' but now he wanted to 'pray.' Lots of people say their prayers, just as a salve to their conscience, and go out and do some mean, contemptible thing after they have said their prayers. But they hadn't prayed, and that's the difference."

It may seem a little simple to kneel down and talk thirty minutes or more with the Lord; but those who love to pray and are trying to live a life of prayer find out after awhile that it requires strength from the Holy Spirit to pray effectively. To pray Scripturally and in the Spirit, requires a divine touch upon our wills to give us patient perseverance, and another touch upon our attentiveness to concentrate our perceptions on God and spiritual things, and another touch upon our imagination to form spiritual images or ideals of heavenly things or of states of experience, and another touch upon our affections that we may pray with a proper feeling and intense desire after God's glory. Without divine strength to pray with, our prayers will wither just like flowers without water. So at the beginning of a season of prayer we should ask our Heavenly Father to impart to us by the Holy Spirit special strength all through our faculties, that we may pray acceptably and effectively.—SELECTED.



Paying As We Go Along

What a happy world this would be if only love and friendship would pay their debts as they go along! If the words of appreciation could come now while they are due, and the little gift brightens the way while it is hard, how much more they would be worth than when held back to become a part of the estate!

FORWARD.



The End of Earthly Ambition

Earthly ambitions often fail, and instead of receiving a crown of glory they end in such an experience as that of Napoleon in his lonely exile on St. Helena. Ruskin has well said: "So far as you desire to possess rather than to give, so far as you look for power to command instead of to bless, so far as your own prosperity seems to grow out of contest or rivalry of any kind with other men or nations, so long as the hope before you is for supremacy instead of love, you shall have death's crown, with the worm coiled in it, and death's wages, with the worm feeding on them."

Just For Fun

He was earnestly but prosily orating at the audience. "I want land reform," he wound up with; "I want housing reform, I want educational reform, I want —"
"You need chloroform," interrupted a bored voice in the audience.

A three-year old miss became interested in a peculiar noise, and asked what it was.
"A cricket, dear," replied her mother.
"Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."

The other day a young woman teacher took eight of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History.
"Well, my boy, where did you go with your teacher this afternoon?" asked the mother of one of them on his return.
With joyous promptness he answered: "She took us to a dead circus."

The pupils in an Alabama school were asked to construct a sentence containing the word "amphibious." As quick as a flash the son of a local preacher gave out the following: "Most fish stories am fibious."

A city official of Chicago has a son who was boasting one day of his father's official position.
"My father," he said to a companion, "is an alderman."
"Hugh!" snorted the other boy; "that's nothing! My father blows the whistle at the mill!"
That settled it.

"Tommy, do you want some nice plum jam?"
"Yes, mother."
"I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key to the pantry."
"You don't need the key, mother. I can reach down through the window and open the door from the inside."
"That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait till your father comes home!"

I believe there's a story told of Mark Twain that in youthful days, being sent out by his mother to weed a certain flower bed, and finding more weeds than flowers, he came back in and asked if he might not "flower the weed bed."
Our little Alfred probably has as great an aversion to work as had the youthful Clemens. Admonished to pull some rather large weeds in the back yard, after a faint-hearted lift on one of them, he shouted: "Mamma, how do you think I'm going to pull these weeds when the whole world is hitched onto them?"

"I kept my head when I fell into the water," observed the young man.
"How fortunate," replied the caustic maid; "it must have helped you so nicely to float."

John was home from college for the winter vacation, and before long was infatuated with the beauty of a neighbor. His father noticed his evident admiration.
"Did ye notice how ole Mason's daughter have shot up, Jack?" he asked his son one day. "Seems to me she's gettin' quite a handsome young critter."
"Father," said Jack, enthusiastically, "she is as beautiful as Hebe!"
"As he be?" ejaculated the old man. "Joe's got a face like a pig in a fit. It's her mother she gets her looks from. She's as beautiful as she be!"

Visitor (at private hospital): "Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please?"
Matron: "We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?"
Visitor (boldly): "O, yes! I'm his sister."
Matron: "Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

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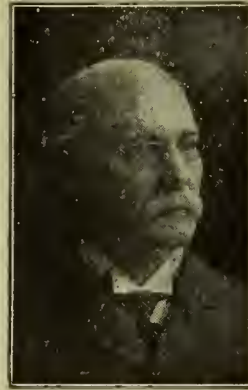
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No. 12

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DECEMBER, 1918



THE ADVENT OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

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1918

The Pocket Testament League Military Campaign

BY GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

We have just completed a tour of the military camps in Texas and the adjoining states. Whether we have spoken to men from Kansas or Arkansas, from Missouri or Louisiana, from Michigan or Wisconsin, from Illinois or Oklahoma or Texas, there has been the same eagerness to possess and read and carry the beautiful Testaments presented by the Pocket Testament League; and the same heart-hunger for the old time Gospel. They do not want any gospel of Ethical Culture, or of New Thought, but how hungrily they drink in the message when the old, old story of salvation through the blood of the Lamb is proclaimed!

To say that we have had wonderful times is to put it mildly. As was to have been expected from the conditions under which the men were assembled, the audiences have been composed of men of all types, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, Roman and Eastern Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Christian Scientists, Mormons, atheists and others. One soldier who joined the League said he was born in Russia, and had three brothers fighting in the Russian army. When another man received his Testament, he told with joy how he had received Christ a few days before, and presently I learned that he was born in Tyre in Syria. Another, who gave splendid assistance in enrolling soldiers in the League during the meeting, told how he had been in England when the war broke out, and for a year later—as a missionary of the church of the Latter Day Saints!

At one camp we learned that there was a company composed almost entirely of Indian soldiers. Through the kindness of the Lieutenant and the Indian top-sergeant, arrangements were made for us to address the entire company in their mess hall. It was an inspiration to address that gathering of reverent, attentive, real American soldiers.

When the opportunity was given to enlist in the League, and better still, to receive Christ as a personal Saviour, the response was far greater than had been anticipated. Nearly all of the Indians present received the Testaments, while more than three score signified their decision for Christ. A number of the Indians declared their intention of forming little groups for Bible Study and prayer, and the next day when a picture was taken of ten of these group leaders, it was found that eight of them had decided for Christ when they had received the Testaments. One of them said he and others had been reading

together, and he had reached the twelfth chapter of Matthew—in less than twenty-four hours!

Praise God, we are beginning to see signs of real revival. God's spirit is moving upon the hearts of the men. At the close of a meeting in one of the camps, a soldier came up, full of new found peace and joy, and said, "I don't know what it was that brought me to this building tonight. I was here throughout the meeting. When it closed I got up and went out. I got as far as the railroad track. Then I turned and came back and took a Membership Card of the League and signed it. I handed in the card and again went out. I fidgeted around outside the building, and at last came back, found my League card and marked on it my decision for Christ." Before the man left the building he also decided to try to gather a little group of soldiers who would meet together daily for Bible reading and prayer.

At one meeting the Y. M. C. A. camp building was packed to the doors. Not only was every available seat taken, but men were standing at the front and back and sides and even on the tables. God's spirit was present in power. When the Christian men were asked to give a silent testimony for Christ before their comrades by rising to their feet, nearly two hundred men responded. The sight was so thrilling that one of the Y. M. C. A. leaders applauded them. Then those who were making their decision for the first time were asked to stand with them. Singly and in twos and threes they stood, until probably three score or more of recruits had joined the ranks of the Christian Army. Still we waited and presently a tall, strong-faced soldier, perhaps the handsomest man in the audience, rose quietly to his feet, determination written on every line of his countenance. Then with all heads bowed, we were lifted to the portals of Heaven by the prayer of the Y. M. C. A. leader, praising God for those who had the courage to thus boldly confess Christ before their comrades.

Then for nearly half an hour the men who were joining the League filed by the platform while we had the privilege of grasping their hands, of giving them a hearty "God Bless You," and of speaking a word of cheer and encouragement to those who were accepting Christ.

At length after the procession had passed, the Y. M. C. A. leader exclaimed, "It was the biggest, finest and grandest meeting we have ever had!" We were grateful for his words and for the night of blessed victory, not because of anything we had said or done, but because, it was another evidence that *God's people are praying, and that God is hearing and answering prayer.*

Transformed Misfortunes

BY PEARL H. CAMPBELL

One of the most wonderful characteristics of the soul is its power to take a seeming misfortune and triumph over it. The Psalmist tells of those who passing through the valley of weeping make of it a place of springs.

Instantly there comes to mind the thought of that unshapely block of marble cast aside, so the story says, by a sculptor as worthless. But Michael Angelo, passing by, saw it and fashioned from it the figure of David, one of the most beautiful statues in the world.

Stories of this same spirit continually drift across the Atlantic from the war-tortured lands where the shackles of autocracy have been forged. Now we hear of some invention which will make the maimed soldier able to take his part in the world and become once more a useful, self-supporting citizen. And again we are told of some other difficulty overcome, or of an obstacle surmounted and made a stepping stone to higher things.

One of the most illuminating stories for the light it sheds on French character comes from Paris. Long ago when the air raids first threatened the city and the sound of the alert signal warned the sleeping citizens to take shelter under ground, the people were told that strips of paper pasted over the panes of dwellings and over the windows of shops would prevent much breakage and damage by averting too great a pressure of air on any one spot.

But so long as those enemy birds of the night, the Gothas, were the only visitors, Parisians refused to listen to the wise advice of dwellers in cities at the front who knew from bitter experience how uncomfortable are shattered windows.

But when the long-range guns were trained on the city and the shots fell at regular intervals the need for precaution was renewed. Strips of paper pasted in lattice fashion began to appear in the windows. The people accepted them good naturedly as a part of the price to be paid for defeating the tyrant of Berlin.

But because they were useful there was no reason for their being ugly. The mind of the Parisian, calm and confident, in spite of the unspeakable horrors of the past four years, set to work to transform what may have suggested prison bars into things of beauty.

A writer in a current periodical tells us that a haberdasher pasted large half-opened shears over his panes. The windows of a chocolate shop were decorated with scrolls and with the coat of arms of the Sevignes. A curiosity dealer imitated a large bird cage. There through bars of paper a paper cockatoo swung and peeped at the world with little regard for shrapnel or bursting bombs.

A music dealer in the quaint old street whose name is rue Ste. Placide scattered music keys over his window, decorating the upper part with all the different musical signs. The clever device pleased the popular fancy, and the little shop began to do a thriving business.

Then there are private homes where the artistic taste of the mistress or the master back on his brief furlough, thought out the charming designs. There were trellises of ivy in long, graceful loops, but perhaps the prettiest of all was one in which the strips of paper seemingly exist only for the purpose of displaying the roses of France which nod and smile at the beholder in the most friendly way, "symbolizing, perhaps unconsciously, but in a truly charming manner, the everlasting beauty of Paris, to which measures of protection serve only as a pretext for enhancing her beauty."

Turning from these window gardens of glass and paper one recalls how the urgent need for food has reclaimed and turned to good account in our cities many an unsightly vacant lot and back yard. The plots though small in themselves are rich in the aggregate. Their harvest has helped to keep at bay the gray wolf of hunger and to release for the men over there a considerable store of precious wheat.

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The American Messenger

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To the Former Readers of the Amerikanischer Botschafter

A MESSAGE FROM REV. ARNOLD W. FISMER, PH.D.

The American Tract Society, having for sufficient reasons suspended the further publication of the German monthly periodical, the *Amerikanischer Botschafter*, edited for several years under my special supervision, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity, by courtesy of the AMERICAN MESSENGER, to address a word of good cheer and farewell to my former readers.

While I personally regret the discontinuance of a Christian paper which for nearly a century has been helpful in kindling the light of Christian faith and life in the hearts of many thousands of strangers within our gates, yet I rejoice in the fact that the good work of this periodical as such is by no means to be discontinued, nor even suspended, but is to be happily merged in, and vigorously carried forward by, the AMERICAN MESSENGER and, it is confidently hoped, will thus reach a larger number of readers.

The ultimate aim of the manifold evangelistic efforts put forth by the American Tract Society, especially in behalf of *New Americans*, is *Christianization* and *Americanization*.

The temporary use of a foreign language is but a means to that end. We believe that all our loyal patrons and friends of German descent can now be reached effectively by our publications in the English language. Moreover, the increasing need of a *community of civic and religious interests* made all the more imperative by the present perplexities of a changing order, and the great, new task of reconstruction that is now laid upon us as a Christian nation, demands, more than ever before, a *community of language*

in order to secure a mutual sympathetic understanding and a united, harmonious co-operation.

In order to meet the Germans coming to our land a generation or two ago, the use of the German language was obviously necessary, but to-day it is quite as obvious that the spiritual needs of the great majority of this people can be fully met on American ground in the use of the American language. Furthermore, the national demands of the present age require the rising generation of foreign parentage to master more thoroughly than was deemed necessary in former generations, the language of the land which they are justly proud and thankful to own as their native land. We believe, therefore, that the former readers of our German publications, one and all, for themselves, as well as for the sake of the younger members of the family, will welcome our sending them the AMERICAN MESSENGER in order to complete their unexpired subscriptions to the *Amerikanischer Botschafter*. The AMERICAN MESSENGER is the English counterpart of the *Amerikanischer Botschafter*, and like it stands firmly for the truth of the Gospel, for the integrity of the Scriptures, for Christian unity and for world-evangelization.

It is confidently hoped that this arrangement will be perfectly acceptable, and that the AMERICAN MESSENGER may be welcomed, in due time, as an abiding household friend, so that the good work hitherto carried on by the *Amerikanischer Botschafter* may continue uninterrupted in working out the Master's mission to bring the good tidings of great joy, of peace and good will to all the people.

A Word of Welcome

The Editor of the AMERICAN MESSENGER extends to all the readers of the *Amerikanischer Botschafter* a very hearty welcome. He has had the pleasure of knowing Dr. Fismer for several years past, and has come to esteem him as a brother beloved in the Christian ministry and a valued co-worker in the American Tract Society. It is our earnest hope that the former readers of the *Amerikanischer Botschafter* may find in the AMERICAN MESSENGER a paper which will bring to them each month a message of inspiration and helpfulness and that they will continue their warm and generous interest in the work of the Society of which the AMERICAN MESSENGER is the official representative.

Our New Field Secretary for New England

After several years of faithful service, Rev. Isaac Pierson has retired, and in his place Rev. Edwin Noah Hardy, Ph.D., has been appointed as Field Secretary for the New England District.

Dr. Hardy was born in New Hampshire, was prepared for college at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., and graduated from Amherst College, from which institution he received the degree of Master of Arts. He received his theological training at Hartford Theological Seminary, and when he received his diploma from the Seminary he was also awarded the Senior Prize in the department of Practical Theology. He won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Boston University in 1906.

Dr. Hardy began his ministry as Associate Pastor of Phillips Church, South Boston, Mass., and has since held two pastorates in large and influential churches, one of which was in Quincy, Mass., for sixteen years and the other at La Grange, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, for five years. During his ministry Dr. Hardy has held several important administrative positions in school and church, and served recently for two years as President of the Illinois State Congregational Home Missionary Society.

Dr. Hardy is the author of three volumes, entitled, "The Churches and Educated Men," "The Story of the English Bible," and "A Century of Temperance Effort," and has done much writing for the secular and religious press.

Dr. Hardy is well fitted for service in the New England field, for he has a wide acquaintance throughout the whole district, he has lectured and written extensively on the home and church life of Colonial New England and is thoroughly conversant with present conditions. The officers of the American Tract Society rejoice in the accession of Dr. Hardy to its work, and bespeak for him a most cordial welcome from all friends and donors.

The Ending of the Great War

November 11, 1918, will always be a memorable day in the history of the world, for on that date the armistice was signed which put a stop to the great war which had involved almost all the nations of the earth.

Words can hardly express the joy and thankfulness which fills our hearts as we realize that the cruel war which has raged for over four years is now a thing of the past. And now as we look forward to the future, we do so with the fullest confidence that divine wisdom will be given to enable us to meet the responsibilities which coming days have in store.

One thing for which we should strive is that a sense of human brotherhood may be established among all the peoples of the earth, so that we may have an enduring peace, which shall be founded not on mere physical force but upon the eternal principles of righteousness, justice and mercy.

More Bibles for West Point Cadets

On the first of November the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., graduated two classes, numbering 511 men. These were classes which in normal times would not have graduated until 1920 and 1921. During the past twelve months four classes have been graduated, thus making an unprecedented record.

The American Tract Society presented each one of the men who graduated on November first with a New Testament. Lieutenant R. B. Ogilby, Chaplain of the Academy, wrote:

"The occasion of the presentation proved to be most successful. Colonel Fieberger read to the classes selections from that excellent little book, 'The Student in Arms,' and then from the depth of his personal experience, added such

words of wisdom as the Cadets will not soon forget. Many of them expressed their appreciation of getting Testaments rather than Bibles, as they would take up so much less room in the field kit when they go on active service. So please be assured that the Society has met the needs of the case of this sudden graduation in a most acceptable way."

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An Urgent Appeal

We desire to remind all our subscribers of the imperative necessity of keeping their subscriptions well paid up in advance, in view of the request of the War Industries Board that all publishers discontinue sending periodicals to those who have not renewed their subscriptions. A large number of subscriptions to the AMERICAN MESSENGER expire with this December

issue, and we therefore urge all our friends to see to it that their subscriptions are promptly renewed.

Renewal subscriptions will be accepted up to December 31, 1918, at the present rate of fifty cents per year. After January 1, 1919, all subscriptions, whether new or renewal, will be at the new rate of sixty cents per year.

We would like to suggest to our friends that when sending their own renewal they would do well to send a new subscription as well, (making \$1.00 in all), for this will entitle them to a copy of our beautiful little Year Book, entitled "A Threefold Cord," and we believe no more acceptable Christmas remembrance could be found than a year's subscription to the AMERICAN MESSENGER.

A Call to Prayer for a Nation-Wide Revival

By JOHN R. GUNN



THE end of the war is at hand. Peace will undoubtedly be declared at an early date. Millions of our young men now in the camps and overseas will be returning to their homes in a short time.

Thoughtful people everywhere realize that the return to peace will bring us face to face with conditions, needs, opportunities and responsibilities not less serious than those we have been facing during the war. In recent months there has been much talk about post-war problems—political, industrial, social and religious. The governments of the nations at war have for many months had specially appointed commissions considering ways and means for economic and industrial reconstruction following the war. With deep concern and high hopes the leaders in all the great religious denominations are making plans on a large scale for their after-war activities. There is a profound consciousness everywhere that the world will never be again what it was before the war, that we are passing through the gravest crisis ever experienced by the human race and that this is the most potential hour of all history.

In view of these things, the writer has for some time felt that in some way the Christian people of America should be led to turn their prayers and hopes unitedly towards a great nation-wide post-war revival of religion. As I have thought and prayed about the matter I have experienced a deepening conviction as to the need of such a revival. Let me set forth in brief outline some of the reasons and considerations that have led me to this conviction.

More than anything else such a revival would serve to clear up the atmosphere for the right kind of thinking about the new conditions and problems we are now facing, especially with reference to the proposed revision of the creeds and policies of the church. It would safeguard us against the danger of being turned away from "the Old Book and the Old Paths." It would bring about a certitude of faith, a balance of mind and conviction that would give us great fortitude and steadfastness in the presence of the chaos and confusion brought on by the present world upheaval.

Such a revival would renew and strengthen our devotion and attachment to the church. During the war the church has freely given of its strength and means to foster the war programs of outside agencies. Many have failed to recognize this, and consequently they have magnified these agencies and minimized the church. Besides, these agencies have necessarily been made most conspicuous before the minds of our young men in the army, and in such a way as possibly to lessen their former

regard for church affiliations. Along with all this there has been much talk about merging all denominations into one or turning over their control to some federated body. These things, all taken together, have undoubtedly had a tendency to detach, if not to alienate, some people from the church. I have no fear that the church is going to be forsaken, or that it is going to be superseded by other agencies. But this confidence does not blind my eyes to the danger suggested by the above considerations. If the church maintains its place of primacy in the hearts and affections of the people, it must not stand aside in this hour of opportunity. If the church is to conserve its forces and continue its great missionary program, local and foreign, it must hold and strengthen the allegiance and devotion of its constituency. Nothing would enable the church to do this so fully and completely as a thorough-going revival of religion.

Such a revival would help in a great way to prepare the church for its post-war opportunities. These are coming upon us faster than we realize and in ways which we have not suspected. It would therefore be difficult at this time to catalog them. But of one we are sure, and that is the one with which the church is most directly and deeply concerned, namely, the immediate and speedy evangelization of the world. To carry forward this great program of world evangelization in a way commensurate with the need and opportunity is going to call for tremendous effort and unprecedented sacrifice. Our best preparation for this mighty task would be a revival of spiritual religion. Revivals always foster the evangelistic and missionary spirit and always create an atmosphere favorable for extraordinary effort and sacrifice.

A post-war revival would do more than anything else to restore us to our normal feelings and soberness of mind. We have all been more or less excited by the war. In this state of excitement many have become reckless in their thought and speech. It has caused them to "loose wild tongues that have not God in awe." Some glory in their hatred of the enemy. The war seems to have engendered in them a spirit of bitterness and vindictiveness. As a remedy for all this I can think of nothing that would be more effective than a revival of religion.

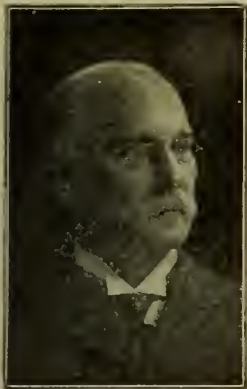
A post-war revival would furnish a balm of healing for the wounds and sorrows caused by the war. This is a day of multiplied sorrows throughout the whole world. The countries of Europe and Asia are overwhelmed with unspeakable sorrow. Devastation, tragedies, horrors, indescribable sufferings and death are on every hand. Thousands of our own boys have fallen on the battlefield, and this has brought grief and gloom to thousands of American

homes. Along with all this has come the Influenza epidemic which has ravaged the whole country, spreading sorrow and desolation everywhere. Religion is the only thing that can heal all these wounds, and that being true, a revival of religion following the war would be most opportune.

Not least among the benefits of such a revival would be the creation of a warm spiritual atmosphere in which to receive our boys when they return from the war. Religious influences have been deeply impressed upon our boys in the army. Most of them have thought more seriously about religion than ever before. Their hearts have been made warm and tender towards religion. Religion has become real to them, and has been the one vital, sustaining force in their lives as they have faced the perils of war. Coming out from the warm, wide-awake and stirring atmosphere to which they have become accustomed in the camps and trenches, it would be a spiritual calamity to have them come back into a formal, dull and cold atmosphere in the home churches. Besides, upon their return home our boys will need as never before the right kind of religious influences during that period when they are becoming re-adjusted to their normal life and when at the same time they will be facing the new ideas, conditions and problems of the new era that will follow the war.

These are some of the reasons why I believe we should turn our thoughts and prayers toward a nation-wide revival following the war. I believe we should in some way plan for a series of revival services to be held simultaneously in the churches of all denominations throughout the whole country. Simultaneous meetings have been successfully carried on in local communities and I see no reason why the plan could not be broadened out to take in the whole nation. It would be a fine thing if every church would observe a week of prayer and thanksgiving as soon as peace is declared. A simultaneous series of evangelistic services might be held either immediately following the week of prayer or at some future time. It would probably be better to set the date for these services several months in the future. If the idea meets with general favor, I am sure some practical plan can be devised for bringing about such a united nation-wide effort.

In the meantime, whether a general organized effort is made in this direction or not, let me ask all who read this to join in earnest prayer to God that He may open the windows of heaven and pour out a revival blessing upon our beloved nation. I am confident there are many earnest Christians throughout the country already praying to this end. Let it be remembered that revivals come only through prayer.



DR. DAVID J. BURRELL

CHRISTMAS ALL THE YEAR

BY

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City



It was a great day when Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. He was the Heir-apparent of the Kingdom; yet no bells rang, no trumpets blared, no heralds announced His advent. Only a few shepherds watching their flocks and a little group of Oriental star-gazers were prepared to welcome him.

It was a great day when Christ was hung up betwixt heaven and earth to die for us men and for our salvation. Then and there a fountain was opened for uncleanness, where "whosoever will" may evermore be purged of sin. Yet in that bitter hour of anguish his closest friends forsook Him and fled, and the people for whom He was dying hid as it were their faces from Him.

The Day Bringing Life and Immortality to Light

It was a great day when Christ rose from the dead, bringing life and immortality to light. He thereby set the seal of divine authority upon the franchise of our salvation, proving Himself to be the Son of God with power and therefore able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto Him. Yet, save for a little company of mourners in an upper room and certain women who had waited upon Him in His ministry, there was nobody who seemed to grasp the tremendous issues which were involved in this supreme triumph over death and hell.

It was a great day on Olivet when Christ, having finished His redemptive work, returned to His heavenly throne. The clouds opened to receive Him; angels and archangels thronged His chariot wheels and bore Him aloft shouting, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and let the King of Glory enter in!" But, with the exception of a few hundreds of people who stood on Olivet with upturned faces, the now salvable race was apparently indifferent to the fact that its Saviour was going back to the glory which He had with the Father before the world was formed.

The Day of His Second Coming

There is another great day coming when Christ will reappear "on clouds of glory seated" and all the holy angels with Him, to claim His inheritance in the dominion of this world. Then every knee will bow before Him; and ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of angels and saints triumphant will join with saints on earth in singing "All hail the power of Jesus's name!"

But in the long meantime are there no great days? Aye, every day that marks the progress of Christian civilization is a great day: and every day that dawns is such a day because it plants a milestone in the onward march of the King. The hands on God's dial never turn back. "All things obey His first propulsion from the night: wake thou and watch; the world is gray with morning light!"

It is the greatest of mistakes to suppose that Christ is not present all the while, supervising and controlling among nations and the children of men. *He came to stay!* "Lo, I am with you always," literally "all the days," He said. That means today. His name yesterday, today and forever is "Immanuel, which being interpreted is God with us."

Christ with His People

Christ has promised to be with His people; even with the least of His little ones; and we have nobody to blame but ourselves if we do not have fellowship with Him. Hear Him saying "I will not leave you as orphans are left; I will never leave you nor forsake you."

He is with us in our happy days; and blessed is the Christian who shares all pleasures with Him. And He is with us when the sun goes down. There is a saying, "Laugh and the world laughs with you: weep and you weep alone"—but it is not so with this divine Friend of ours. We have an High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities; who not only comes to our wedding feasts but enters when crape is on our doors. Wherefore if we are ever alone it is because our hearts are closed against Him.

"There's not a friend like the loving Jesus;
No, not one!
There's not an hour when He is not near us;
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,
No, not one! No, not one!"

Christ with His Church

Christ is present with His Church: just as really as the head with its intellectual powers is inseparably in control of the body.

This is true not only of the great churches where throngs of worshippers assemble to pay tribute to Him; but of the little lonely places by the crossroads and on the remote frontiers where services are maintained only by the self-sacrificing devotion of a faithful few. It is blessed to realize His presence in the great congregation, but thrice blessed and enheartening beyond measure is it when only "two or three are met together" to worship Him.

A vivid apprehension of this immediate Presence would give a tremendous impulse to the great enterprises of the Church. Suppose that when the next offering for Foreign Missions is announced in your congregation you should see Christ standing beside your minister and hear Him say, "Go! There are twelve hundred millions of people in the world who never have heard that I died for their salvation: go tell them!" What would you do? Of a certainty if you could not go personally, you would give generously to send somebody to represent you.

This is what the Church needs above everything else; to believe that Christ meant what He said when He uttered the words, "Lo, I am with you always." It is easy to remember when

Christmas is in the air that He once came into this world of ours; it is easier to practically forget that He came to take up his abode with us.

Christ in History

Christ is perpetually present in History: making all events converge toward "one supreme divine event," namely, His return to reign from the river unto the ends of the earth.

The progress of Christian civilization is in evidence. At the time of Christ's advent all civilization was embraced in a strip of sunlight along the Eastern borders of the Mediterranean. Now take a map of the world and draw a circle around the civilized nations, and what have you? *Christendom!* Within that circle designated by the Saviour's name are substantially all the schools and hospitals, orderly communities and enlightened governments on earth. Beyond it lie "the regions of darkness and the shadow of death." What does that mean? It means that progress and Christianity are synonymous and interchangeable terms. It means that the world grows better where—and only where—the luminous shadow of the Cross falls over it. It means that Christ is in the forefront of current events.

The Meaning of the World War

This is the meaning of the World War. The Armageddon through which we have been passing is a demonstration of the fact that the Knight-errant who came to save the world nineteen hundred years ago has not been unmindful of things going on. He has been here all the while. There was a time when it seemed as if wrong and oppression were destined to drive everything before them. Then came the rally. The Knight-errant of Justice and Humanity has been leading the way; his white plume waving and beckoning his people to go forward like a Spartan phalanx against the principalities and powers of sin. And now we gratefully cry, like Cromwell at Marston Moor, "I do protest, we win! In the name of the Lord we win!"

Let us not forget it. We have been witnessing a controversy of the gods. It has been Christ against the gods of Valhalla and the Pantheon—and as at Carmel the multitudes cry "The Lord, He is the God!" But danger lies in the piping times of peace which are now drawing on. Never since the beginning of the Christian era has there been a Christmas like this one. As the roar of artillery dies away and we gather at our firesides to keep the happy holiday let us rejoice that when Jesus came into the world by way of Bethlehem He came to stay, and that He is with us all the days.

A Merry Christmas to All

A merry Christmas to all who read these words. A merry Christmas it will be, if we practice the Presence; for our hearts will burn within us as our best Friend talks with us along the way.

AS THE EBB-TIDE FLOWS OUT

By Kathleen Hay

THE sunlight sparkled and shone across the beach, as the tide slowly receded farther and farther back from shore, leaving bare many indentations upon the long, white beach. Some of these footprints reached out steady and straight, while perhaps near by, there lay impressed others not so strong, more rapid and daring, more careless, until reaching out too far, a large wave had hurled itself heavily forward, and the footprints had then ceased.

The brightness of a glaring sun shone down alike on the prints upon the sand—it also touched caressingly the dark waves, as inch by inch they receded, the small laughing wavelets mingling in with the large ones to help swell the volume and roar of the restless and boundless sea.

And the tide was ebb.

The sun sank slowly down, and evening came—evening with its starlight and calm. Far from shore great waves dashed against the stone walls of a lighthouse, breaking themselves into hundreds of pieces. And afar out on the deep, fathomless ocean, two boats tossed side by side in the storm. The billows washed against their sides and splashed high on the decks above—angrier and yet louder grew the roar of the sea—then from afar the welcome gleam from the lighthouse window, sent its shaft across the troubled waters, and out into the darkness of the night.

Slowly, but steadily and surely, one of the boats turned eagerly toward the beckoning gleam. She would fight on through the storm, following ever the guide light, to anchor safe at last!

But the other, seeing too the light that would lead them both home, turned away—the excitement and danger of the restless sea as it rose and fell held her all too firmly in its stormy grasp.

Turning away from the beautiful light that stretched out protectingly across the dark waters it flashed back and forth, lingering long in the storm, one moment struggling madly amidst the strength of great, strong waves, and then rising triumphant above the surging mass. And thus, night with its shadows wore on, until across the far horizon gleamed a fair dawn. The lamp from the lighthouse window burned steadily on, and down beneath it, safe from all storms, lay a boat, rising and fally gently on the breast of a quiet sea.

In the dim distance the other came slowly on—torn and storm-tossed and tired from the long, weary fight in the dark, but coming home to anchor at last.

And the night was gone.

And so time passes on, the ebb-tide of the years leaving bare the impression of our lives. The noonday glare of a scorching sun streams down—we sometimes seek to shade the light, but the prints burned deep into time, cannot be effaced. The impressions are left, and even the shadows of on-coming night will not blot them out forever.

Far away in distance, and sometimes in years it seems, gleam the lights from Heaven. There are some with eager faces that ever press steadily on, the greatness of satisfied souls shining in their eyes, even though blinded at times by a mist of tears. They are homeward bound, but pilgrims for a little while in scenes below, as calmly and patiently they struggle on through the deep waters, to anchor in glory, at last, "in the land of the Unsetting Sun!"

The beautiful light beckons on and on, to those other, storm-tossed, and soul-weary pilgrims, while they beat their lives against the

rough waves, trying in vain to find amidst the rush and excitement of a glittering world, satisfaction for the cravings of tired hearts.

That glimpse of light that they catch sometimes, seems far away down the vista of years. And yet—who knows?

Why not with that band of faithful ones, press on and on, with faces turned ever toward the goal. For thus, through the years, as the ebb-tide flows out, we may leave impressions worth while, burned into the memory of other lives, perhaps to help along the way, some faltering, storm-tossed soul safely across the shadows and into eternal light.

Lead Thou me on, the way is dark
Across the sea.

The lighthouse gleams so far away,
God holds the key.

I would my soul could reach that shore
Of peace and love,

Far from earth's pain and ceaseless care
In heaven above.

Somewhere where stars will always shine
And not grow dim,

Where tired ones can raise their eyes
Beholding Him.

Oh, toiling souls though waves are rough
Hold on,

Soon shall thy weary eyes behold the light
Of glorious morn!

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The Lord's Mercies

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

"The Lord hath done great things for us," greater things, we may be sure, than have ever yet been revealed fully to any of us. There are spiritual souls, however—men of keen eye and clear brain, of devout and receptive heart—who have walked so closely with God that they have been able to sense the forces of the spiritual universe and to discern the divinity shaping our ends above the discernment of their fellows. God has always had His prophets, and "by the mouth of His holy prophets" He has spoken to men, and thus enabled hosts of them to be catching gleams of His accomplishment and of His further purposes that have strengthened their faith, and quickened their hope, and

—————held them true

To the highest thought and the broadest view."

For all true prophets of the Lord are optimists. They run through the world carrying messages of cheer. Black storm-clouds may cover the sky; the rain may fall fiercely, as in a passion of anger; the winds may howl like hungry beasts of prey about the door; but above the wail of the storm may be heard the songs of God's interpreters: "Be of good cheer." "God's in His heaven—all's right with the world." "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him."

"Day after day He showers us with blessings,
Night after night His bounty overflows,
Joy unto joy His boundless love is adding,
Gift unto gift His faithfulness bestows.

"Behind us all the past with good is studded,
Star-points of light in memory's darkening skies,
And, faring onward to the unknown future,
Before us still new constellations rise."

"The Lord hath done great things for us" by sending among us men and women of the finer vision who can impart to us, in terms that we can understand, some knowledge of the things which they have seen, to which we have

been blinded by fear and distrust and too much brooding over "the shattering fury when the tempest breaks."

"The Lord hath done great things for us," too, which possibly we have not regarded with high appreciation until they have seemed to be slipping away from us. He has even given us Himself, and we have, perhaps, taken that supreme Gift as a matter of course, scarce heeding it at all, until on some day of unusual experience we suddenly waken to our need of Him. A little boy who was traveling a long way from home with his mother became pensive and serious the second day. After a long silence from which his mother tried in vain to rally him, he suddenly burst out saying, "I know what is the matter with me: I want my father!"

When this world, in some strange, unusual hour, begins to feel a sense of lack in its life, and realizes that it has been traveling away from the Great Heart of the universe that has been doing great things for it, which it has been receiving thoughtlessly; as the world gets lonesome, homesick for its Father, and turns about and runs to fling itself eagerly into the Everlasting Arms, it will be comforted, as never before. For, as Augustine said, "The soul of man was made for God, and is restless until it finds rest in Him."

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Why Are You Here?

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.

Bernard of Clairvaux, the noted French monk kept hanging in his cell a coarse piece of parchment bearing the inscription, "*Bernard, why are you here?*" The musing monk could not enter his cell without facing that penetrating inquiry as to his fundamental purpose in life. It is a question which pursues every thinking man. He may try to let it alone, but it will not leave him alone.

Why am I here? What is the general purpose of my being in this rushing, covetous, distracted, sometimes we think half-crazy world? Perhaps no better answer can be given than that of the Catechism, "The chief end of man is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever." This is a kind of "blanket" explanation, which covers all of life's activities, so that any man can say: "I am here because God put me here, to fulfill His will, and to achieve my own best self-development." We are God's workmanship, as the apostle put it, "created in Christ Jesus unto all good works." But further than this, we should each of us also ask, what particular purpose am I meant to serve in this world? Why am I here in this special position, in this cosy nook, in this hard field, or in that crowded and clamorous arena?

"To every man his work" is the Scriptural principle of duty allotment. No one individual can occupy another's peculiar niche in history, but every one is expected to do his or her duty *here* or *there*. There is always some particular task which calls to us at any moment, or some sphere in which just then we are to live and move and have our being. What is needed in the world today is more reflection on the ends of all living, and as well on the nature of the little, chink-filling tasks and *agenda*, commissions and compulsions, which are to make out the program of any one consecrated life. Why are we here? That question will follow us all our life through, and upon its proper answer depends our destiny for eternity.

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CHRISTMAS, 1918

By Paul V. D. Hoysradt

Out of the night, a star,
Out of the dark, a light;
Out of the cloud, an angel-song,
Out of the shadow, a fadeless hope;
Out of the silence, an endless joy,
Out of the grave, life beyond life—
Out of earth's travail, the CHRIST.

NORWAY—BEFORE THE WAR AND SINCE

By Annette L. Noble



ON THE sixteenth of August, 1914, a fortnight after the beginning of the great war, a significant ceremony took place on the frontier between Norway and Sweden. It was the unveiling of a monument in commemoration of a century of unbroken peace in Scandinavia. But no one present was likely to forget the ominous future, while recalling pleasant memories of the past. Realizing, even then, the sad conditions existing in other countries, an agreement was entered into that in no case would any of the Scandinavian peoples take arms against another nation. They knew well that any policy but neutrality might easily involve them in war among themselves, for the three (Norway, Sweden and Denmark) differ socially and politically, according to their locality and previous history.

The situation in Norway seemed simpler than in any other neutral country, because it is a small nation, its population is the smallest of any in Europe, with the exception of Luxemburg and Montenegro, and it has been friendly with all other nations. Nevertheless in a social and economic sense, Norway is the most democratic country in Europe. When Germany attacked Belgium, Norway saw to what any other small state might be exposed, and Norwegian sentiment openly declared its horror of such a military policy. She could not enter the war; to have done so would have been to bring disaster on her own people and to be of no special help to the Allies. But it was far from easy for Norway to maintain her neutrality and she has suffered much.

Norwegians have always been sober, industrious and economical—a people to whom were given neither poverty nor riches, but the willingness to live by hard work. In the past they have been content. Now, only one who has spent considerable time in Norway and has studied the character and habits of her admirable people will be able to realize the existing changed conditions. The peaceful beauty and the calm sublimity of its glorious scenery are so remote from the hideous tumult of war that its wonderful fjords, its lofty mountains, its quaint cities and tiny hamlets seem to belong to a different world. A lover of Norway never tires of telling of her high green hills and higher ice peaks; of great cataracts thundering down from unseen glaciers or the beautiful lesser cascades tumbling over mossy rocks and breaking apart into silvery streams. Persons who know little of Norway imagine it cold and sunless, forgetting that in summer it is really a land of radiant beauty. Its lower hills and sunny valleys abound in wild flowers: forget-me-nots, blue-bells, yellow and white violets

silky bog-cotton and purple heather. Of course, all this natural charm exists today as always, but great is the contrast between the present life of the people and their comfort and plenty before the war.

In no country is living now so expensive as it is there, because of the enormous prices asked for articles of necessary consumption, as well as the fact that few of these are to be had. Salaries and wages have risen, but money is of little use under the circumstances. In cities like Christiania where many people can earn so much more than ever before and yet can buy very few articles needed, some are wasting in gambling or senseless prodigality, without thought of saving for the future, as once they would have saved. But the most tragic disasters have been the losses in human lives, as well as in ships, brought about by Germany's

the war, at all picturesque points might be hired small mustard colored horses hitched to queer little *stolkyaerre* or two-wheeled vehicles, for use up hill and down dale and through the fragrant pine forests. The large towns are interesting, but the rural hamlets are more charming. In pretty valleys, will be red-roofed cottages, clustered around a white wooden church, for church-going is universal and the pastor is a village oracle and the people's most valued friend. On the near hillside may be one or two more pretentious villas, painted bright squash color, each with a garden of gay flowers. Often the cottages may have birch bark stretched over their roofs and next soil, with a short growth of grass and springing out of this—buttercups, violets, daisies, even little spruce trees. Such a roof garden is said to make for warmth in winter and coolness in summer.

The interiors of these Norwegian homes are very neat. The walls and ceilings will be of oiled pine and on the floor bright rag-rugs. The table will have an elaborately crocheted cover, on which is sure to rest the family Bible and an album with photographs of the sons and grandchildren "in Wisconsin" or elsewhere. Often all the wooden furniture of the house has been made by the good-man of the family during the long winter evenings. The sideboard, cupboard doors, clock case and mirror-frame may then be green, with pink or red roses painted thereon. White curtains shade windows and blossoming geraniums stand in rows on the sill.

If you had entered such a home, prior to the war you might have found the house-mother running a little hand sewing machine. Busy, too, would have been

her yellow-haired daughters, wearing the prettiest costume seen in Europe—a scarlet bodice, dark skirt, gay striped apron, and low shoes with white stockings. Had you been an invited guest what a nice dinner you would have enjoyed! It would have included fresh salmon or lobster, generous slices of a big, mysterious ball, saffron tinted on the outside, white like angel-cake inside, made of pounded fish, flour, eggs—who knows what?—but delicious. Then for dessert, pancakes thin as a gauze veil, dozens in a pile and cut in quarter-sections, and perhaps honey-colored "molte-berries," suggesting a dream-berry of Mr. Burbank's. But today in many such homes, want and sorrow must be the only guests, for husbands and sons, once strong fishermen and brave sailors, are under the sea.

Such an upright, kindly people we always found the Norwegians, and very intelligent, too. The men almost always spoke English. Many landlords owning the little summer inns had taken college courses in Christiania; one had studied nine years at Oxford. They welcomed strangers so cordially and were so upright in



SCENE ON THE SOGNE FJORD, NORWAY

submarine warfare. Norwegian sailors have always been carriers of goods between all the ports of the world. But during the war exporters and importers, with all shipping interests, have been hindered by blockades. Ships have been long delayed in foreign ports and fishing industries have suffered immensely. Of course the sinking of valuable cargoes has meant great trouble to the little country. Even if the ship-owners were insured, so that they did not lose their capital, the shipbuilders in many cases have been unable to carry on their business.

In past years, Norwegians made money in their hotels and the little rural inns also in various ways from the tourists, especially from the English, who year after year used to visit the same little hamlets on the shores of the deep green fjords. Wherever visitors stayed they were sure to insist that no other spot, in all Norway, was quite as beautiful.

The best way for one to see the whole country was to start from Bergen by steamer for the North Cape, because the boat entered each fine fjord *en route*. Coming south again, one could drive through marvelous scenery for, before

all their dealings! Indeed one finds them comically honest sometimes. Once, in paying a small bill for a dinner of several courses, the host said, "I noticed you did not take any—, I'll deduct for *that*, because folks should not pay for what they don't eat."

Then the country inns are so quaint! If you stayed for the night, you slept in a wooden box-bed, built against the wall. When the sheets met your chin they were half a yard from your toes; but that did not matter because summer nights were never meant for sleep in Norway. The people were sure to be out of doors, visiting, singing, the old ones resting, the younger ones might be haymaking on some hill where the grass grew horizontally. Men cut the hay, tie it in huge bundles and shoot it down long wires to the valley. Daylight conservation is no new thing in Norway. Trouble comes when the stranger, unused to the prolonged sunshine, gets confused and wonders if he is eating his breakfast, his afternoon tea or, like somebody in Alice in Wonderland, "dining on the following day."

Formerly, in the cities, there was little poverty, for no liquor is sold and the needy were cared for by friends or wise charities. Young people are well educated in excellent schools where Bible instruction is a marked feature. Bergen is a quaint, pretty city, once thronged with tourists all eager to visit its shops, full then of costly furs and curiously wrought silver, or to see the national curios like the old Hanseatic Museum. Molde also is a beautiful town. The gulf stream flows so near it that summer there is almost tropical while the brilliant foliage and flowers suggest Nice or Mentone. Trondhjem is the largest northern city in the world and was founded in A. D. 996 by Olaf, the first king of Norway. There the chief interest is a truly magnificent cathedral where every later Scandinavian king has been crowned.

Sogne Fjord, a view of which appears in the illustration that accompanies this article, is an inlet in the Province of North Bergenhus, in the eastern part of Norway. It pierces the land for a distance of nearly ninety miles, and in some places has a depth of nearly 4,000 feet. The region through which it extends is remarkable for its many glaciers and the wild grandeur of its scenery.

On all the Scandinavian nations the war has laid many burdens, under which they must suffer for years to come and they have all been troubled, more or less, by internal problems. But they realize that they have not suffered as those living in the invaded countries, and their sympathy and active help have not been refused to the Allies. Especially have the appeals in favor of Belgium met with a generous response.

The Seed of The Kingdom

BY Z. IRENE DAVIS.

The good that results from distributing Gospel tracts cannot be estimated in this world. The one who engages in this blessed work, and the one who reads the leaflet, are both helped. We can take courage and thank God that the Holy Spirit has not left the world. This way of scattering the truth is a means of bringing many people in China to Jesus.

A husband and wife, who were recently examined and accepted for baptism in a Chinese Mission, first learned of the Christian religion through two missionary colporters, who visited their village a few years ago.

At that time, they had a very sick child. In despair, they besought the colporters to pray for its recovery. In reply they told the anxious parents they would do this, if they would first take down their idols and put them away.

At first, the parents were afraid to move their gods, for fear more trouble would come upon them. The colporters started on their journey, but they had not gone far, before the mother and father followed them, saying that if they would come back and pray for their little one,

they would surely remove their idols. And this they did.

After the colporters had offered prayer, the child began to grow better, and it was not long before it was entirely well.

The parents, glad that they had heard of a God who could answer prayer, began attending services at the Mission. Now they are eager to learn more, and are walking in the light, as best they can.

The Bible admonishes us not to despise the day of small things, and so let us not doubt the effectiveness of the little printed messengers of truth which are called tracts.

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Wings

BY CORA S. DAY.

Whom God would make great, He first makes wise. A glance through the Bible and a study of history and biography, will show this plainly. The truly great have been truly wise; and where great men have failed or fallen short of what they aimed for or should have attained, that failure has been because their wisdom fell short; because they did not know the best ideals, or lacked knowledge of the best ways of reaching them. For knowledge, says Shakespeare, is "The wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

To make that true, however, we must seek the right sort of knowledge. A certain bright young man, temporarily idle, in a spirit of fun spent his spare time in learning tating, just then the favored fancy work with his sister and their girl friends. He turned out a beautiful and intricate piece of work, triumphant proof of his cleverness of brain and hand. Another young fellow, under similar circumstances, took up a course of study, passed a government examination and was appointed to a post of responsibility and good salary.

What kind of wings of knowledge are you growing? Are they frail, inefficient, worldly wings that will keep you fluttering close to the earth all your days? Or are they the widespread, powerful wings of knowledge of things of the Kingdom; things that will make you wise in the wisdom of God and give you wings "wherewith to fly to heaven?"

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The Faithful Few

BY G. W. TUTTLE.

The faithful few do not stop to complain of the heat or cold; they start out for the sanctuary on Sunday just as regularly as they start out to their business on Monday morning. Yes, they make a business of serving the Lord, and they do not need to consult the thermometer, or a barometer, or a weather forecast, before they make a decision.

Many a pastor sticks to his parish and has great confidence in the final results of his labors, because of the faithful few in his church. The faithful few do more to encourage a minister than a multitude of lukewarm people. When he puts all that is in him into a sermon, he sees the eyes of the faithful sparkle, and he knows that they are saying, "Amen," in their hearts, and he knows that they will hasten to practice what he preaches.

What would become of the world of business if the bulk of church members ran their secular affairs as they perform their religious duties? Strange how keen, how resourceful and how tactful, a man may be from Monday morning until Saturday night; then, when the blessed Sabbath is at hand, how he lets his ability fall from him like a garment, and appears to be stupid and useless, without resource or tact. When asked to do anything, he says, "I can't!" And yet that same individual can do almost anything on a week day, when a dollar is at stake. Alas for a man who is one of the dollar workers, but one of God's drones!

Is this too strong? Am I unjust? Is the picture untrue? I have intense admiration for the man who is always in his place, who is always ready; the man who has elements within

him that defy the elements without; the man who is sure that God will do His part of the work if he only does his.

The faithful few have confidence in God. They expect results. If there is no apparent fruitage just now, they believe it will surely come, for God is faithful and they never let go of God. They have learned to take God at His word, to trust Him for the increase and to be patient. They always have a forward look.

Faithfulness looms large when computed by the arithmetic of Heaven. The faithful few use that which they have; they never waste time in boasting of the great things they would do, had they the ability or talent of their neighbors. They pass on what God has given them; they divide their blessings and they are multiplied; their oil and meal never fail.

The faithful few never have just religion enough to make them miserable. Their measure overflows because the Master has come in in His fulness. Theirs is no selfish joy; they do good works, not in order to be saved, but because they are saved. What rejoicing there would be in Heaven if we were all numbered with the faithful few who are the burden-bearers, the light-givers, the winsome men and women of this old world.

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Seeing Things in Their True Proportion

BY EMMA YOUNGLOVE.

Spiritual things are of more value than physical. The honor of Christ is priceless, beyond all things earthly. Perhaps we are not slow to admit these truths in theory, but in practice they are often ignored. Even in many churches today the tendency is strong to put the emphasis upon social service rather than upon the worship of God, upon human betterment in a material sense rather than upon preaching the gospel of salvation from sin.

Probably the pendulum swung too far in the opposite direction in a previous generation and people needed to have their attention called back to the brotherhood of men. But now the material world is pressing hard upon attention. Easy communication has brought the ends of the earth to every man's door. The calls of humanity are heard daily from the far places. Opportunities for ready response to suffering at the antipodes are ever at hand. This is well; the need is real.

But all these things should contribute to the extension of the kingdom of our Lord and the honor of the Saviour of men, and they should by no means take the place of these supreme interests. It may even be needful at times to forget the poor who are always with us, in order that we may exalt with due honor the Lord Christ. The Dutch artist Rembrandt threw into deep shadow most of the details of his pictures that the more expressive parts, the human faces and hands, might stand forth strongly in contrasting light. And how wonderfully expressive the faces and hands are in his pictures!

So should the individual Christian place in the strong light in his life the divine Saviour, and the Church should exalt and glorify the crucified and risen Lord.

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The Deathless Life

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

The man who lives for self

And selfish ends

Shall age and die, and none

Shall know his fate.

The earth shall him devour

As ill-spent clay,

And none his wasted years

Shall contemplate.

But he who gives his life,

To faith and love,

And serves his fellow men,

Nor counts the cost,

Though early he may fall

Into his grave,

The treasure of his life

Shall not be lost.

HIS VINEYARD AND OURS

In Golaghat, India

One of the stations maintained by the Assam Mission of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society is at Golaghat. At this point Rev. O. L. Swanson has done a splendid work, which is described by one of his fellow-workers in these words: "He has cared for the church, kept in motion extensive evangelistic organizations, won the straying Christians back to the fold; he rearranged the commissary and culinary departments of the Bible Conference, and attracted two hundred and fifteen workers to attendance at the same conference; besides this, he has baptized the living, buried the dead, and done a hundred and one other things, all resulting in the onward march of the churches and schools of his district, and above all inspiring others to live and work more nearly as Christ did."

Through the courtesy of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society we are enabled to present a characteristic scene, in which Mr. Swanson is seen conducting a baptismal service at Golaghat.

It may be of interest to note in passing that the American Tract Society has often aided various stations of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society by foreign cash appropriations, and that the total of such appropriations sent for the production and circulation of Christian literature in Assam amounts to \$5,000.00.



The Bible in Japanese Prisons

The American Bible Society has placed Bibles for 25,000 prisoners in the twenty-seven prisons of Japan. These Bibles are of good size and large print. Mr. Aurell, the Society's agent, visited the prisons shortly after the grant had been made and discovered that the Buddhist chaplains connected with them had cunningly succeeded in preventing the proper distribution in the cells. Tactful interviews with the governors of the prisons, however, soon corrected this intrigue. Among the conversions of criminals resulting from Bible reading has been the following remarkable one which Mr. Aurell writes:

"Not long ago a lawyer friend of the writer was eating in a restaurant in the business part of Tokyo where a number of lawyers gather at noon for lunch. This friend was paying no attention to the conversation going on about him, being at a table by himself, when his attention was suddenly arrested by hearing a certain name. Four or five lawyers, were discussing a notorious criminal case which at that time was filling the newspapers. Sensation had followed sensation when almost at the moment when another man was to have been hanged for the crime, the real criminal appeared and confessed, giving as his reason for doing so that he had learned to know God. The lawyers in conversation were exclaiming about the extraordinary occurrence of a man untouched by evidence giving himself up to an undoubted death. None of the lawyers were Christians apparently. One of them, however, who happened to have charge of the case, closed the discussion by saying:

"Well, you may say what you will but there is some power in Christianity. The man is utterly changed. When one sees him in prison one feels that one is comforted by the sight of the radiant face he bears rather than that one goes to comfort him. He is not an educated man and has lived a whole life of crime. He is facing inevitable death. But what does that matter? He says, 'God has given me life,—His life, and nothing can take that away.' He has his Bible by him constantly. He reads other Christian books but reads them once and then lays them aside. The Bible is sufficient for him and Christ his Saviour is all in all. The other day a certain verse was read to him as someone visited him in



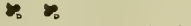
REV. O. L. SWANSON CONDUCTING A BAPTISMAL SERVICE AT GOLAGHAT, INDIA

prison and his face lit up with a radiance, the source of which belongs to another world than this. Here it is: "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."



An Example of Christian Unity

"China," says Tyler Dennet in the "Asia" magazine, "is pre-eminent in the extent to which the spirit of church union and inter-church co-operation has been carried. This is due—one may state it humbly—in large measure to the fact that in China the missionary leadership is most frequently in the hands of Americans. New methods of work are also easier in China because the work itself is often new. Some of the more recently established mission stations have been definitely planned with a view to fostering a spirit of church union and independence. Out in West China they have not only entered into comity agreements to prevent overlapping and duplication of effort but have even arranged to have a common designation for all chapel buildings in which the denominational label does not appear. In West China a church is simply a Christian Church, not a denominational church. I have sometimes been so amazed at the spirit of the missionaries, toward church union in contrast to the apathetic attitude of the denominations in the West, as to draw forth this statement: 'Out here we are moving toward church unity just as rapidly as our denominations at home will permit us to move.'



China's Need for Christian Literature

"Most Chinese ministers do not understand how to study the Scriptures or how to interpret them." That this appalling fact is the tragedy of the Chinese ministry, is the opinion of George W. Hollister, in his article "China Preachers and the Bible," recently published in the *China Christian Advocate*. Mr. Hollister states that this evil may be remedied by a more adequate distribution of Christian literature to the young theologians of China.

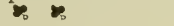
"Nothing will contribute more to the uplift of the Church than the creation of suitable literature for our preachers," says the author. He goes to show that the misinterpretation of the Bible made by Chinese ministers is a drawback to their people, when the training of these men is given for the enlightenment of their race.

Every Picture Means a Scholar

During these war days fewer Bible picture cards have been sent to the missionaries for use in their work. The effect is clearly noted in a photograph that recently came to the World's Sunday School Association from India. A Sunday-school was shown and 15 were present. In former days, when a larger number of picture cards had been received, that same school had an average attendance of seventy-five.

Missionaries from every field abroad state that "every picture means a scholar." A picture card is a large reward and is given often not merely for attendance but for committing verses and even chapters from the Bible to memory. In a certain city in China the missionary was able to obtain a real clean-up in one of the sections by giving a picture to each woman who would remove all rubbish from in front of her house.

Our home land is rich with pictures. Every Sunday-school class or individual member can help forward the Sunday-school work abroad by sending used post cards and left over Bible pictures to the missionaries. The pictures will win scholars and the teachers will seek to win souls. For all information write to the Surplus Material Department, World's Sunday School Association, 216 Metropolitan Tower, New York City. Be particular to indicate your denomination, distinguishing between "North" and "South" if necessary. You will receive a card of introduction to a missionary and a leaflet giving all details of the plan. More than 28,000 introductions have been placed in this manner.



Clannishness Hinders Full Acceptance of Christ

Thousands of people in one district in India on the verge of entrance to the Christian Church and yet not ready to take the last step leading to baptism, is the semi-tragic report which comes from R. I. Faucett, missionary on the Moradabad District of the North India Conference. The workers, however, are looking forward with great hope that they will soon be able to receive these multitudes in a body.

As a result of special evangelistic work throughout the district for a month, when more than fifteen hundred villages were visited, there has been a distinct movement toward Christianity. Six hundred people were baptized by the Methodist workers, but this does not begin to tell the story. Literally thousands of people have accepted the teaching of Christianity, have put away

their idols and begun to live according to Christian practices.

That they have gone no further is but another instance of the power of social custom and tradition. For a man to accept baptism means to be cast out of the brotherhood of his village and to be altogether excluded from all the rights and privileges. The value of the Mass Movement is seen in its bringing whole communities into the Christian fellowship, so that the brotherhood as a whole is Christianized. The missionaries in Moradabad are hopeful that this is what will happen there, among the thousands in the different villages who are ready for baptism but who are waiting for others to join them in entering the Christian Church.



Liberian Missionary Knighted

"Knight Official of the Humane Order for the Redemption of Africa" is the title of knighthood which the President of the Republic of Monrovia has conferred on Walter B. Williams, Methodist Missionary at Nan Kru, Liberia. The honor was conferred while Mr. Williams was attending the annual conference at Monrovia.

While he felt the moment of so ponderous a veneration, the fact that he influenced the President to pass some welfare laws for his people, really counted much more. The Sasswood and Devil-Doctor laws, whereby severe punishment can be administered to all people mixing up with the Devil-Doctor's profession or administering sasswood, by which so many natives often unjustly lose their lives, are real steps toward civilization.

The mission where Mr. Williams is located is on the only road to Cape Palmas and is famous for its hospitality. In three months there were just 523 guests who stopped there. Some were hungry, some were sick, some were weary, and some came seeking God, and only two of the number were white people, but none were turned away, no matter their need or condition.



A Sunday-School Enthusiast

A recent visitor at the office of the World's Sunday School Association was Bishop Hiraiwa of the Methodist church of Japan. When the commissioner of the World's Sunday School Association went to Japan in 1906, to co-operate with Japanese Sunday-school leaders in organizing their work into an association, one of those who was most active in arranging the new organization was Bishop Hiraiwa. The church of which he is Bishop has put a very strong emphasis upon the Sunday-school work in Japan through an active Sunday-school committee and by the employment of a Sunday-school secretary, Rev. K. Mito who is a genius in Sunday-school methods.

Under the stimulation of this Sunday-school leadership, the Sunday-school membership of the Methodist church of Japan had grown last year to the large total of 38,000, while the church membership was 21,000. Bishop Hiraiwa says that the largest factor in the growth of the Methodist church is the Sunday-school, and this large Sunday-school membership is the best promise for the future strength of the Methodist church of Japan.



A Chinese Bible Concordance

From the *Missionary Herald* we learn that a Chinese concordance has been printed. It is in three volumes; was prepared and issued by Rev. H. G. C. Hallock, of Shanghai, and contains 400,000 direct or indirect Bible references, using 5,000,000 Chinese characters. It follows a plan similar to that of Cruden's Concordance, contains a Bible dictionary in Chinese and a text-book of Bible names.

Notes upon the Topics Used
in Christian Endeavor
and Other Young People's
Societies.

THE PRAYER MEETING

By
Rev. Henry Lewis
Ph.D.

DECEMBER 1.

All for Christ. VI. Our Pleasures
1 Cor. 10:23, 24, 31-33; 11:1.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Nov. 25. Christ invited. John 2:1-11.
T., Nov. 26. Social life. Luke 5:27-32.
W., Nov. 27. Dancing to death. Exod.
32:1-6, 28.
T., Nov. 28. Idle pleasures. Amos 6:1-6.
F., Nov. 29. Rest-time. Mark 7:30-32.
S., Nov. 30. Joys of song. Rev. 5:7-14.

The Christian who consecrates his all to Christ must consecrate his pleasures. In order to have a well rounded life there must be some provision for relaxation, and a consecrated Christian will find in wisely-planned recreation the needed relaxation.

Let us glance briefly at some of the characteristics that should distinguish the pleasures of a Christian.

In the first place pleasures of the right sort are healthful. No Christian should indulge in pleasures that result in impaired digestion, sleepless nights or weakened physical powers. The pleasures of a Christian should be healthgiving. They should restore tired nerves, invigorate wearied bodies, and furnish a tonic that will help to recuperate rather than to exhaust our physical nature.

A Christian's pleasures should be recreative in their effect. They should be restful in character, for "rest is not quitting one's career; rest is fitting oneself for one's sphere."

The pleasures of a Christian should be harmless. They should not in any way impair the morals nor injure the spiritual nature of those who engage in them. They should be essentially unselfish, for pleasures that are selfish are almost sure to have in them an element of mischief that cannot fail to work some injury either to ourselves or to our fellow-man.

A Christian's pleasures should be of a kind to benefit the mind. Inane and foolish frivolity should have no place in the life of one who is consecrated to the service of the Master. The Christian's pleasures should strengthen the body, stimulate the mind and refresh the spirit.

Our pleasures should be free from the appearance of evil. It is wise for the Christian to avoid debatable or doubtful ground. Any pleasure that savors of gambling or that appeals to what is sensual in human nature should be sedulously avoided.

Let us test our pleasures by asking the question, "Is this what Christ would have me do?" In other words let us indulge only in those pleasures in which we feel that we would be willing to ask Jesus to join us.

What are some of the pleasures in which a Christian may indulge? The answer to this question is for each one to decide for himself in the light of Paul's teaching, as recorded in our Scripture selection.

Among those beneficial pleasures that may be suggested we may mention reading which is surely one of the choicest and most easily accessible pleasures of life.

Music furnishes to many a very satisfying and uplifting form of pleasure. Good pictures are a delight to many discriminating souls and constitute one of the most informing and attractive pleasures that can be named.

The contact gained with nature through travel is another of the choice pleasures of life, which serve to broaden as well as to delight the mind.

DECEMBER 8.

Begin Now
2 Cor. 6:1-10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Dec. 2. Put Christ first. Matt. 8:18-22.
T., Dec. 3. Begin to serve. Eccl. 11:1-6.
W., Dec. 4. Begin to worship. Ps. 95:1-11.
T., Dec. 5. Begin to think. Eccl. 7:11-29.
F., Dec. 6. Join the church. Acts 16:1-5.
S., Dec. 7. Begin to give. 2 Cor. 8:1-15.

Now is the time to begin to confess Christ. We are called to pledge our allegiance to the Master not tomorrow or next week or next year, but this very moment.

There are no deferred calls in the Master's service. We are summoned to serve Christ to-day, and there are no valid claims for exemption from this service.

Now is the time for us to begin to imitate Christ. We should endeavor to follow in His steps immediately. Nothing is gained by delay and there may be incalculable loss if we procrastinate in this most vital matter.

Now is the time to begin to help humanity. Never was there a time in the world's history when the call for assistance was louder or the opportunity for lending a helping hand to our brother man was so inviting as now.

The ending of the world war opens up larger avenues of service for others than we have ever known before. We are now called upon to feed the starving peoples of the world, and if by self-sacrifice and liberality we provide sustenance for those who are ready to perish, we shall win the world by kindness and thus gain the greatest victory we have ever achieved.

Now is the time to begin to strengthen the Church of Christ. The church needs our help, and we need the help of the church. Whatever weakness in the church has been disclosed by the War it should be our endeavor to remedy. The church is a divine instrument for the blessing of humanity, and now is the time to make this instrument more effective than ever before.

Now is the time to begin to evangelize the world. The massing together of large bodies of men for war purposes has furnished an opportunity for evangelistic service which has not fully been realized. Now that the war is over and the soldiers will have so much more leisure time in the period that must elapse before demobilization, we should be alert to use to the utmost the opportunity for evangelistic work that is thus presented.

Now is the time to begin to do all that is in our power to establish the Kingdom of God here on the earth. We are entering upon a new era in the history of the world. May it be an era in which the Kingdom of God shall make larger progress than ever before. Christian Endeavorers and young people in all the churches may do a great deal to help to make this new era upon which we are entering an era of the expansion of the Kingdom of God.

DECEMBER 15.

The Power of the Cross in the
Philippines

Psalms 72:1-19.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Dec. 9. Light to the people. Isa. 9:1-7.
T., Dec. 10. People to the light. Rev. 21:22-27.
W., Dec. 11. Natural kindness. Acts 23:1-10.
T., Dec. 12. Ready for light. Ps. 43:1-5.
F., Dec. 13. Loving the stranger. Deut.
10:12-22.
S., Dec. 14. Strangers brought near. Eph.
2:11-22.

Nine out of every ten Filipinos, apart from the Moros, are said to be nominal Christians. The Moros are mainly Mohammedan. These nominal Christian Filipinos are of course chiefly Roman Catholic, having received from Spanish Roman Catholicism a Christian tradition, which is usually very superstitious, but which has nevertheless made some impression, so that their lives are not the same as those of the non-Christian element. In too many cases, however, this Christian tradition is like a thin veneer, and there is need of a radical change of heart before we can

say that these Filipinos are truly Christian.

It is encouraging to be able to state that the power of the Cross is being abundantly demonstrated in the Philippines. In the city of Manila, for example, we are told that one missionary has seen his church grow from two hundred to more than two thousand members, who are now worshipping in eleven chapels built by the converts themselves.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown says, "Such ripeness for evangelism has never been seen in any other Roman Catholic field. The people are restless, discontented, and ready to listen. Men and women walk every week fifteen miles in a hot sun, and spend two nights on a hard floor to attend a Protestant service. There is more than curiosity in their hearts."

Christian literature is one of the effective instrumentalities that are being used for the conversion of the Filipinos. The Evangelical Union, whose headquarters are at Manila, has already put out several volumes in the native languages of the Philippine Islands, and the American Tract Society by means of its foreign cash appropriations has had an important share in furthering this branch of work.

DECEMBER 22.

"Peace on Earth"

Luke 2:8-14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Dec. 16. Peace in the heart. John
14:25-27.
T., Dec. 17. Peace of brotherhood. Gen.
45:24.
W., Dec. 18. Keep the peace. Mark 9:41-50.
T., Dec. 19. War that ends war. Rev.
19:11-21.
F., Dec. 20. Peace brings prosperity. 1 Kings
4:24-34.
S., Dec. 21. A true principle. Matt. 26:52.

When this topic was selected some months ago, the world was at war. Now as we come to our Christmas meeting, the world war has ended, and peace on earth is a blessed reality.

Now that peace has come, it is the duty of Christians everywhere to do all in their power to make it a permanent and abiding peace. It is for Christian statesmen to so readjust the relations between nations that another world war will be utterly impossible. The plan of a League of nations to assure and maintain peace is one of the best suggestions that has been brought forward, and Christian people should lend to this idea their heartiest support.

Science has been employed in the past to make war more and more terrible. Now let men of science bend their energies toward making peace more and more attractive.

Diplomats in the past have ever been quick to look for occasions for war. Now let a wiser diplomacy seek for reasons for peace.

In order to perpetuate peace on earth, let us emphasize the idea of human brotherhood. National ties are strong, and they should ever be so, but let international ties be made still stronger.

Let us remember that modern inventions have made the whole world practically one vast neighborhood, and let us be mindful of the injunction of Christ to love our neighbor as ourselves.

William E. Gladstone once said, "The ships that pass between one country and another are like the shuttle of the loom, weaving a web of concord among the nations." And in these modern days not only the ships that sail on the ocean but the ships that fly through the air should serve to link together the people who dwell in different lands.

Let us remember that Christ came to establish peace on earth not only between different countries but be-

tween people who live on the same street, it may be, and yet who are estranged from each other.

At Christmas time we should see to it that we are at peace in our own households, in our own communities and in our own churches. In order to bring peace it may be necessary to exercise the grace of forgiveness, but let us always remember that peace is a blessing for which it is worth while to make some sacrifice, provided that no essential principle is violated.

The Christian Endeavor Peace Union is one of the many organizations which are working for the establishment and maintenance of peace on the earth. Let us lend to all such organizations our heartiest support, for there is need of concerted action in order that we may enjoy the blessings of that peace which Christ came to establish among men.

DECEMBER 29.

"Happy New Year." Rules for It

Philippians 3:12-16.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Dec. 23. Pray. Phil. 4:1-8.
T., Dec. 24. Trust. Jer. 17:5-8.
W., Dec. 25. Work. 2 Thess. 3:6-16.
T., Dec. 26. Help. Ps. 112:1-10.
F., Dec. 27. Be grateful. Deut. 8:1-9.
S., Dec. 28. Be content. Heb. 13:5-6.

We are soon to enter upon another year. This is a good time in which to think of some ways in which we may endeavor to make it a happy New Year both for ourselves and for others.

First, let us pray every day for help, and we shall find vouchsafed unto us daily strength for daily needs. In prayer we may find a power that will make us victorious over every foe. We shall find in it a source of consolation in every time of sorrow. By prayer we may talk with God, and in so doing we shall receive divine wisdom with which to meet every problem.

In the second place let us trust in God for His guidance. Dr. J. R. Miller has beautifully said, "God has a definite way for each one of us. Every mile of the journey He has chosen, and every place where I pitch my tent He has selected for me."

"Sand in the bearings of a machine destroys the machine's efficiency," says another writer. "So does worry in the soul. To be happy, live one day at a time. That is all God asks us to do."

In the third place, let us cultivate the spirit of thankfulness. If we are thankful for the blessings we receive we cannot fail to be happy, for a thankful soul cannot be discontented. Gratitude and joy go hand in hand.

Rev. R. P. Anderson, in the Endeavorer's Daily Companion gives these excellent suggestions for making a happy New Year:

"Rule 1. Begin the year with an act of consecration, offering all powers and possessions to God, without exception; then try to live in keeping with that rule.

"Rule 2. Avoid strife and quarrels. There is no happiness in criticism, in envy, in harsh words, in bitterness. Turn from them.

"Rule 3. Seek contentment. This does not mean that ambition must be killed; it means that ambition must not obsess us. Do the work of each day gladly, with praise, and trust for days to come.

"Rule 4. Attend to spiritual matters. Read the Bible; pray; give time to God and divine things. Support the church; do some practical Christian work."

May we enter upon this New Year with the high resolve that by God's help it shall be the best year we have ever had because we shall make it a year of communion with Christ and of service for others.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

A Christmas for All

BY MARION L. TENNEY

MOTHER, do you suppose every one in Merryvale will have a Christmas present this year? Santa Claus will be dreadfully busy, with so many soldiers across the ocean. Maybe he won't have time for everybody."

Before Mrs. Marsh could answer, Dorothy continued:

"I was talking to Melinda about it yesterday, while she was hanging out the clothes, and she said that Santa Claus could leave her out, if only he'd remember her Tommy in France. And I told her I'd give up my new doll if Harold and Joe could have a present. But, mother, I do want that doll. Do you think Santa Claus could possibly squeeze it in, and send the other presents too?"

Dorothy's lips trembled, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks. Then Mrs. Marsh laid her mending aside, and gathered her small daughter into her arms.

"I wouldn't worry about that, little daughter," she said, "for I know Santa Claus will do his best to give a little girl what she wants, especially since she only asks for one present."

"But, mother, how about Harold and Joe, and all the people in Merryvale?" she asked anxiously.

"Suppose we start with your brothers," said mother reassuringly, "and then we'll talk of the other Merryvale people. Everybody is just as anxious as you are, that all the soldiers shall have a happy Christmas. Last year, so many presents were sent to France, that it took until May to distribute them all. How would you like your new doll to reach you in the spring, instead of on Christmas day?"

"Why mother, that wouldn't be any fun at all," replied Dorothy.

"Well, that's just what Santa Claus thinks, so this year he says that he will send just one box to every soldier. He hopes, since there won't be as many packages to handle, that they may all arrive by Christmas."

"But mother, what a lonely day it will be for Harold and Joe in France."

"When do you have the nicest time, Dorothy—when you make somebody happy, or when somebody makes you happy?"

Dorothy hesitated a moment and then she answered:

"I guess it lasts longer to make somebody else happy."

"I'm sure it does," said Mrs. Marsh, "and that's what our soldiers are going to try to do for the poor French people, who have been made so sad by the war. In all the towns and villages where our soldiers are there will be Christmas trees and candy for these poor people. Our soldiers will give out the presents, and beside this, they will entertain the people in some simple way. This will help them to forget their troubles, and our soldiers will be less lonely."

"Oh, mother, what a beautiful plan! Now I feel better about Harold and Joe. But how about Molly Perkins, and all those factory people, down on the river road? Do you think Santa Claus will remember them, mother?"

"I'm sure he will, because I know a little of his plans. He's going to let some of us grown people help him this year. You'll hear all about it very soon, so run away now, and let me finish my mending."

"Is it going to be surprises, mother? I just love them. They always give me such a smiley feeling inside. I'll go and tell Buttons all about it. She understands everything, even though she can only meow and blink her eyes," and off Dorothy ran.

Mrs. Marsh had been made president of the Parents' Association, in the school, that year, and it was through her efforts that a beautiful evergreen

tree had been planted on the school lawn early in the fall. It has aroused much curiosity among the young folks who watched its arrival with much interest.

Early in December they learned why that particular kind of a tree had been planted, in such a conspicuous place, on the school lawn. It was to be lighted by electric lights on Christmas Eve for everyone in the village to enjoy. It was called a "Community Christmas Tree." Further than this the school children were asked to sing carols under it on that evening.

But loyal Katie didn't hear her little mistress after all, for a few days before Christmas Dorothy contracted a heavy cold.

"Oh, mother, won't I be able to sing at the Christmas tree?" she asked anxiously. "They all expect me."

Mrs. Marsh knew what a keen disappointment it would be to Dorothy, if she could not go, so she wisely awaited developments, and said nothing. The cold yielded somewhat, but the hoarseness continued. When Christmas Eve arrived poor Dorothy could not sing a note.

"It was wonderful!" cried Dorothy, excitedly, when the last carol had been sung and the people were fast making their way homeward. "I'm sure all Merryvale was there. I saw Molly Perkins and Melinda, and I know all the factory people must have been there, by the crowd. Mother, wasn't the tree beautiful with the lights? It looked as if the stars had dropped down on it. But best of all was the singing. Do you know, mother, I believe I enjoyed it more than if I'd been singing myself."



A Christmas Tree That Grew from the Seed of Love

BY MARGARET FRAMPTON HARPER

THE cold, bracing air of the December afternoon, and the beautifully tinted sunset sky, was not noticed by little Charlotte Ramsey as she sat in the swift, moving car wrapped in her furs.

It was just four days before Christmas, and though she had already purchased her usual presents, one for mamma and papa, and dear Aunt Alice so far away, there was still a feeling of something left undone, in her tender little heart.

Ever since Sunday, and now it was Friday afternoon, she had been thinking constantly of little Bobbie Wells, for she could not forget the wistful expression on his face when Miss Melton, their Sunday School teacher had asked him to come to their Christmas tree, and he had said that his mother was sick, and the weather so cold that he was quite sure he could not come—and yet the longing that was in his heart showed pitifully in his wan, little face.

Charlotte was sure that her eyes had grown a little moist when one of the class had carelessly asked Bobbie if he had ever seen a Christmas tree, and he had answered, "I know they are the beautifullest trees in the world, but I have never seen one, because when I asked mamma if they grew from seed, and if I could plant one she said, 'Yes, they grow from seed—the seed of love, but it is only the rich that have time to plant them,' and so I don't guess I will ever see one."

The idea of Christmas trees growing from the seed of love, and the thought that she had never grown one was what was troubling Charlotte this cold, wintry afternoon, but as Mrs. Ramsey asked the chauffeur to stop at Mrs. Wells' house so that she could get some sewing that Mrs. Wells had promised to have ready, Charlotte knew at once that she was going to grow a Christmas tree for Bobbie, in fact, there it was, the dearest little cedar tree, right in the middle of the yard encircling the house; all it needed was a few gifts and it would be beautiful indeed.

Those were busy days for Charlotte, for there were mittens and games and toys for Bobbie, and a warm shawl and overshoes for Mrs. Wells to be marked and wrapped in bright, attractive packages, and tinsel and candles to be bought, because Bobbie's tree must look like other Christmas trees that had grown from the seed of love.

The Christmas stars were shining bright when Mr. Ramsey and Charlotte silently turned in at Mrs. Wells' gate laden with many packages, then after they had worked busily, and all of the candles had been lighted, making the whole scene a veritable fairyland, Charlotte stole softly up to the door, and Mrs. Wells and Bobbie were startled by a knock and the sound of hurrying feet.

"Oh, mother, look, look!" cried Bobbie, as they opened the door and beheld their beautiful Christmas tree all aglow with tinsel and candles—and love, "it just grew up in the night for us."



DOROTHY AND BUTTONS WATCHING THE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

When Dorothy heard the news she ran home from school, her eyes shining like stars.

"Mother, I know the surprise," she cried, "and it's beautiful, and I'm to be in it! Now, Molly Perkins and all the factory people, and everybody, will have a fine Christmas!"

Dorothy practiced the carols faithfully. She started while dressing in the mornings, kept it up during her spare moments in the day, and even carried it into bed-time hours.

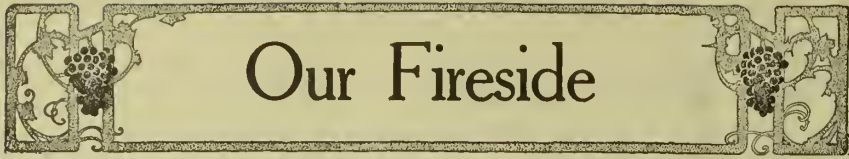
"Sure that child knows her singin'," said Katie, as Mrs. Marsh was passing through the kitchen one morning. "She'll lead 'em all, or I'll be beat. I wouldn't miss hearin' her for anything."

"Now, Christmas is all spoiled for me," cried Dorothy, "and I've been waiting, and waiting, for to-night."

"I wouldn't say it was spoiled," said her mother soothingly, "when you can sit by the window and see it all. I think you're a very fortunate little girl to live so near. And I'm very happy to think you can be around for Christmas."

"I guess that's so," said Dorothy, after a pause, "and I can tell just who is there, better than if I was singing, can't I, mother? Buttons and I'll watch from the window while you all go."

So Dorothy and Buttons watched the Community Christmas Tree celebration from the window, and had a good time all by themselves.



Our Fireside

Her Christmas Joy

By J. L. Glover

IT WON'T be a very merry Christmas to me, this year," said Miss Ellen FitzHugh to herself, a little sadly, but bravely too, as one quietly accepting the inevitable. "It's not to be expected," she went on, moving gently about her little parlor and setting it to rights.

It was quite neat already, but she put away a stray magazine, and dusted the table with her handkerchief, and then went to the mantel and re-arranged the group of photographs in neat little ten-cent-store frames, gazing lovingly at the young faces as she did so. They were the pictures of a handsome, sturdy lad, and two pretty, fluffy-haired girls. The bright faces smiled at her, and she returned the smiles, tenderly.

"Who would ever have thought they would turn out so well—my dear children!" she mused. "When my poor Mary died a widow, and left me her three little ones to bring up, it seemed at first, as if I could not do it—not at my age. But I couldn't bear to separate the little things and put them in orphanages—though some of them are nice places, I don't deny. But they'd have grown up strangers to each other, and it seemed lonely for them, and I thought I'd try to keep them together, if the Lord would help me. And He did. I never could have done it without His aid. It was wonderful how I managed to get work, one way and another, and to keep those children warm and well and fat. And it wasn't till they were all through school and old enough to work that my strength gave out, and I had to sell my own little home and take this room in the Old Ladies' Home, and I'm sure it's been a comfortable place to me, with the children all doing so well, and paying my board, and coming in every week to see me. I can't believe it's my Violet and Mabel that have those fine positions down town, and Rob studying law, and so clever. I know the Lord helped me. I never could have raised such clever children alone."

She had made the round of the room. It was perfectly tidy, in case one of the old ladies should "take a notion to drop in." She sat down before her tiny stove, and poured out her cup of tea, dreaming still in the warm twilight.

"I wish they could have seen their way to come to see me this Christmas—but there! I know they would have loved to

come, but Violet said in her note that they were going to such a nice house party for Christmas and how could I be so selfish as to expect them to give up such a pleasure, just for me! I haven't room for them all here, anyway, at once. They'll come one at a time to see me, after Christmas. Bless them! they won't forget their old Auntie! But it's funny Rob hasn't sent me his usual check. He never forgets it. There I am again! Of course he needs all his money just now, and he'll send it later. It will do just as well, and he knew I would understand. There's the postman—maybe it's come!"

But the postman brought her only a greeting card from one of the old ladies in the Home. She swallowed her disappointment, and fell to musing again.

"I thought perhaps Mabel would send me a pair of worsted slippers—she always does! But of course she knows the last pair can't be worn out yet. I'm very easy on slippers, and she needed the money. They have so many friends, and they have to give some presents. No, I'm not complaining a bit; I'm only so glad I've got such loving children, and glad they are having a real good time at that house party. They deserve it; and they knew I'd understand."

She sat on, fancying how lovely Violet and Mabel would look in the beautiful dresses their own hard-earned money had bought, and how handsome her boy Rob would be in evening dress, bending over some pretty girl, at the party that night.

"They are young things, and gay, and they want to be happy," she excused them, tenderly, to herself. 'T'd be a selfish old woman to mind their not coming, or writing. They didn't mean anything unkind."

So, with unselfish, trusting thoughts of her "children," she went to bed on that Christmas eve, happily not hearing the indignant comments of some of the old ladies:

"It's a shame, I say! She is so patient, and those selfish children not caring a thing about her, after she slaved herself to death for them, all their lives! And now they are independent of her, not even to send a Christmas card, to show they remembered she was in the world!"

But Miss Ellen, sweetly asleep, was dreaming that she was telling the Christmas story to two rosy little girls and a curly-haired boy, whose bright eyes gazed

entranced into hers; and she smiled in her dream.

Christmas morning came, bright and sparkling and crisp. Through streets "dumb with snow," people hurried with bright Christmas faces and hands filled with holly-decked parcels. A group of girls came to the Old Ladies' Home, bringing gifts for every one of the old ladies, and went merrily about the house, delivering them.

"Thank you, dearie," said Miss Ellen, smiling gratefully over her lapful of gifts—a soft grey shawl, a pair of pink worsted slippers, a box of mints, prettily tied up. "How kind it was of you to remember me," she said, putting down in the bottom of her heart, out of sight, the little sore feeling that her own girls were not among this party of joy-bringers—that they had not remembered her need of shawls and slippers and mints.

The postman would bring some token of remembrance from them; she felt sure he would; and she watched eagerly from the window as he came down the street presently, laden as a Christmas postman should be.

But none of his many packages was for her. She had expected something then, and her eyes dimmed in spite of her courage. The next instant she was upbraiding herself:

"Ellen FitzHugh, you are a self-seeking old woman! Expecting the children to have time to send things by mail, when you know they are visiting, and have so many things to take up their time! You just wait, and you'll find they haven't forgotten you. They'll just spread out the Christmas happiness, that's all!"

She wrapped her new shawl about her, put on the pink slippers, and with the box of candy in her lap, sat down by the window to watch the pleasant stir of Christmas in the streets. A big automobile slid up to the gate of the Old Ladies' Home, and stopped.

"It's old Mrs. Lynwood's grandchildren: they always come to see her," thought Miss Ellen, watching with interest from her window.

Two girlish figures, wrapped in furs—a broad-shouldered young fellow in a big overcoat, helping them out. It looked like—but no, it couldn't be—

But it was. Up the stairs light feet were springing; young voices whispered and laughed outside her door. A tap—then, before she could say "Come in!" they were all around her, the girls' arms about her neck, the boy hugging her from behind—all crying at once,

"Merry Christmas, Auntie! Oh, Merry Christmas, and lots of them! In our own home, Auntie! Hurry and get your things on. I can't wait!"

"My dear children!" Miss Ellen, bewildered with joy, tried to catch her breath, which had been squeezed out of her by their vehement hugs. "I don't understand. How could you get here? I thought you were at the party!"

"Tell her, Violet, while I get her cloak and things?" ordered Mabel; and Violet and Rob together tried to tell the story coherently.

"You see, Auntie, darling, we were talking it over one day, and we found we were tired of boarding and being scattered, and having you vegetating here by yourself. And so we just thought we'd try to get a home together once more—a home with you in the middle to make it a real one. And Rob managed to find the dearest little house, just big enough to hold the four of us, and a stove; and that's our Christmas gift to ourselves and to you, Auntie, and we are going to eat our Christmas dinner this very day in our own little home. There! what do you think of our Christmas surprise?"

"Think!" Miss Ellen gasped. "Oh, my darlings, to think I could ever have doubted you for one single instant, or fancy that it was possible you could forget me on Christmas!"

"Forget! oh, Auntie!" Mabel was on her knees beside her, the tears rolling down her face. "Violet! Rob! I told you we ought not to deceive her, even for a minute! That we let her think we forgot her!"

"Dearest!" pleaded Violet, "it was only for a Christmas surprise. You didn't really think so?"

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(Continued on next page)

Her Christmas Joy

(Continued from page 188)

"No—no! I trusted you all through," sobbed Miss Ellen. "But about the house party? How could you get away so soon?"

"It was our own house party," laughed Mabel. "We spent yesterday fixing up the house, and today the party comes off—our very first in our own house, Auntie. Everything is ready. Here's your cloak and bonnet. Come on, we can't wait another minute!"

And presently the big automobile was gliding smoothly over the snow with its load of Christmas happiness, and Miss Ellen was saying joyously to herself.

"A home with the children again! It seems almost too good to be true, except that it's Christmas, and nothing is too good to be true, then. And they did not forget me, and that is the best of all, for

"With all the joys of Christmas blest
To be remembered is the best."

Saying "Thank You"

BY MARY S. STOVER.

When I was a very small child I remember noticing how our chickens lifted their heads in drinking. Mother told me then about a little boy who thought this was the chickens' way of saying grace. The pretty fancy stuck in my mind, and I have often recalled it while watching the chickens at feeding time or when I have sat near some little pool where wild birds come to drink. I also think of it when I see a meadow lark or a brown thrasher mount to some tree top or fence to pour out a flood of melody.

It does look as if the birds are saying "Thank you" to God, and I feel like giving thanks with them. It doubles my

enjoyment of a glorious sunset or the view of snow topped mountains or some other great outdoor picture if I lift my head and whisper a hearty "Thank you."

I believe that God would be glad to have more children utter their thanks while enjoying the beauties of which Paul tells us that "God giveth us all things richly to enjoy." Why should not He like a word of appreciation just as you and I do? At least, it gives us a big, happy feeling inside to say it.

Begin now the habit of saying "Thank you" to God. It will make you a finer, better boy or girl; it will open your eyes to much that you would otherwise miss in life, so that the less you think that you have to give thanks for the more important it may be for you to try. You are never going to be able to thank God enough, but if you only try, it is sure to show you how really rich you are.

"A Friend to Man"

BY EVA J. DE MARSH

Doubtless you have all heard the story of the man who lived in a house by the side of the road and was "a friend to man," and as you heard it, you, too, have resolved you would be a friend to man, but are you?

"A friend to man!" Means a good deal, doesn't it? You and I have friends, perhaps scores of them; we serve on committees, give of our substance, perhaps do social settlement work. All very well, but when it really comes to getting close to "the great unwashed," do we do it? I once heard a missionary say that the reason most people fail in their efforts to help others is that they reach down to aid them, instead of getting down and helping. That man had been in the field a long time, and I rather think he knew what he was talking about. We are afraid of the conventions, afraid of what "they" will say, afraid of being "taken in." Of course it is neither wise nor sensible to follow any and every one up dark alleys, and it is sometimes best to help from a distance, but had Dickens and Henry been afraid of the downs-and-outs, the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, where, think you, would have been those marvelous tales of theirs?

But, you say, Dickens and Henry were geniuses and they would have given us something interesting anyway. Interesting, yes, but never those pages filled with the pathos and the pain, the beauty and the glory and the sweetness of life. To others, London slums by night and those Madison Square benches were subjects fit only for the Law and the Church; to Dickens and Henry, they were filled with Humanity, with all its hopes and all its fears.

"A friend of man!" With the words comes the remembrance of one whose sunny smile never failed. For her, all was right with the world, or soon would be. Freely she gave, freely she received and because she lived today the world is a brighter and a better place. God bless that sunny smile of hers. Methinks He has found a use for it up yonder.

Being friendly! Such a simple little thing, and yet it may mean all the difference between the making and the breaking of a life.

Big things appeal to us. They are so real and vital, we say. Yes, but it is "the little unremembered acts of kindness and of love that keep us in touch with the Infinite."

People used to be less self-centered, more hospitable, than they are today. Sometimes they made mistakes, but that didn't cause them to waste time in idle regrets, nor did it destroy their faith in human nature. One who has lived long has said there is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us that it behooves none of us to say too much about the rest of us.

Was it ever your good fortune, I wonder, to pilot a bewildered old lady through the mazes of a crowd, and did you go home with her to hear her say,

"God bless you, my dear! Some day you will be old and God will send somebody to take care of you." And didn't you sleep the sweeter for it?

Or, possibly, you have met one so sad and lonely, so beset with life's

harassments and hardships, that you could not resist the impulse of a friendly greeting, and for your pains you were simply "frozen stiff," and you said, "Never again!" But you will, for you and I know it is infinitely better to have hearts tender enough for the daws to pick at than organs so infinitesimally small and crusted over that no one can find them.

Sometimes we wrap a mantle of exclusiveness about us, because we really believe that is the thing to do. More often, however, it is only an evidence of selfishness. I like Margaret Sangster's "Friends-o'-mine." There is something so warmly human about the way she takes us to her heart. I wonder if you and I couldn't do just a little more of it?

Not so long since, I attended a pageant given in honor of our soldier boys who were soon to leave for camp. Beside

me sat a woman, little and faded and brown. She wasn't especially attractive, but, oh, how her eyes lighted up when her boy came marching in! She didn't want to let him go, but she knew she couldn't keep him and have the world free and true and clean, so with a smile on her lips and a sob in her heart, she sent him forth. Only one of thousands, but I was proud and glad to be at her side that day.

"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you,"

sings the poet. Yes, and
"Count that day lost
Whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done."

Life is one long give and take. It is "more blessed to give than to receive," and what finer way of giving is there than just by being kind?

The New Testament

With Notes, Instructions and References

The Prefatory Note is by J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.



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THE TREASURY

SPECIAL NOTICE

OWING to occasional losses of letters, containing money, we would request friends and donors of the American Tract Society to remit by check or Post Office Money Order, which latter can always be duplicated in case of loss.

Receipts of the American Tract Society During October, 1918

Total Donations (including \$510.54 for Special Objects), \$2,200.13.

ARKANSAS, \$5. Mr. Caldwell, \$5.

CALIFORNIA, \$15. Mr. Harwood, \$10; Mr. Gaylord, \$5.

CONNECTICUT, \$150. Mr. Guild, \$3; Mr. and Mrs. Shedd, \$5; Mr. Mix, \$5; Miss Norton, \$5; the Misses Norton, for Patriot Library, \$15; Mr. Fitch, \$1; Mrs. Congdon, \$2; Miss Dudley, \$1; Mrs. Harral, \$15; Mr. Scudder, \$5; Mrs. Britton, for Patriot Library, \$15; Mrs. Rossiter, \$1; Mr. Mansfield, \$10; Miss Daggett, \$2; Miss Manning, \$25; Mr. Anschutz, for Soldiers' Text Books, \$15; Miss Ely, for Soldiers' Text Books, \$10; Mr. Hoyt, \$2; Mr. Brown, \$5; Mrs. Danforth, \$5; Miss Andrews, for Patriot Library, \$3.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$60. Miss Shaw, for Patriot Library, \$5; Washington, Church Collection, \$5; Washington, Church Offering, \$50.

GEORGIA, \$10. Way Station, Church Offering, \$10.

ILLINOIS, \$20.67. Eureka, Church Collection, \$0.67; Mrs. Quackenbush, \$5; Mr. Blosser, \$1; Mr. Navland, \$2; Mr. Springer, \$1; "A Friend," \$5; Mrs. Campbell, \$1; Mrs. Reineback, for War Work, \$5.

INDIANA, \$13. Mr. and Mrs. Onyett, \$5; Elkhart, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Miller, \$3.

IOWA, \$427.54. Mr. Stahl, \$1; Mr. Meyer, \$5; Mr. Schulte, \$1; Mr. Smit, \$2; Mrs. Vierenga, \$1; Mr. Groot, \$2; Mr. Harberts, \$2.50; Mrs. Meyer, \$3; Mrs. Schmidt, \$2; Mr. Enenga, \$1; Mr. Dirks, \$2; Mr. Schmidt, \$3; Mr. Schmidt, \$3; Mr. Venega, \$1; Lincoln Center, Church Collection, \$24.67; Wellsburg, Church Offering, \$31; Stout, Church Collection, \$32.46; Holland, Church Offering, \$7; Staceyville, Church Collection, \$6; Ackley, Church Offering, \$8; Mr. Knock, \$1; Mr. Paterni, \$5; Mr. Ruter, \$5; Mr. Jasper, \$5; Mr. Hook, \$5; Mr. Kruse, \$3; Mr. Peters, \$2.50; Mr. Tjaden, \$2; Mr. Neessen, \$2; Mr. Kockstra, \$1; Mr. Strickler, \$0.50; Mr. Loots, \$3; Mr. Niederhoff, \$5; Mr. Okones, \$7; Mr. Okones, \$5; Mr. Hook, \$5; Mr. Rust, \$2; Mr. Olthoff, \$2; Mr. Olthoff, \$1; Mr. Meyer, \$2; Mr. Lutterman, \$2.50; Mrs. De Neiss, \$1; Mr. Kuper, \$2; Mr. Thomas, \$2; Mr. Peters, \$2.50; Mrs. Bonger, \$1; Mr. Terfele, \$5; Mr. Meyer, \$2; Mr. Reekena, \$2; Mr. Schmidt, \$1; Mr. Murra, \$5; Mr. Lutterman, \$1; Mr. Meyer, \$3; Mr. Weichert, \$1; Mr. Hodjer, \$1; Mr. Neessen, \$2; Mr. Weitkamp, \$1; Mr. Kelly, \$1; Mrs. Nielander, \$10; Mrs. Mathews, \$1; Miss Shaw, \$5; Mr. Saathof, \$5; Mr. Kruse, \$5; Mr. Meyer, \$1; Mr. Meester, \$5; Alexander, Church Collection, \$18.62; Buffalo, Church Offering, \$52.39; Mr. Riekema, \$1; Mr. Bunger, \$1; Mr. Lutterman, \$2; Mr. Neessen, \$5; Mrs. Peters, \$25; Mrs. Neessen, \$1; Mrs. Snittjer, \$1.50; Mr. Lindaman, \$2; Mr. Jaspers, \$1; Mr. Rust, \$1.50; Mr. Schoolman, \$3; Mrs. Tjaden, \$2; Mr. Knock, \$2; Mr. Myer, \$5; Mr. Snittjer, \$1; Mr. Flessner, \$0.50; Mr. Riekema, \$1; Mr. Beving, \$5; Mr. Neessen, \$2; Mr. Meyer, \$1.50; Mr. Lindaman, \$5; Mr. Frichs, \$2; Mr. Lutterman, \$1; Mr. Peters, \$2; Austinville, Church Collection, \$11.90.

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KENTUCKY, \$3.00. Miss McGinniss, \$1; Miss Shaw, \$2.

MAINE, \$10.42. Mr. Southworth, \$10.42.

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MINNESOTA, \$5. St. Paul, Church Offering, \$5.

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NEW YORK, \$484.84. Mr. Sherman, \$10; Mr. Westlake, \$25; "A Friend," Bibles for West Point Cadets, \$10; Mr. Stuart, \$25; Mr. Crosby, \$200; Mr. Francis, \$10; Miss Knowles, \$10; Pleasantville, Church Offering, \$5; Mr. Murray, to constitute his son, George Alexander Murray, a Life Member, \$30; Brooklyn, Church Collection, \$25; Mr. Osborn, \$5; Mrs. Motley, \$20; Miss Van Duzee, \$1; Mr. Wood, \$10; Mr. Kouwenhoven, to constitute Jean Kouwenhoven a Life Member, \$30; Miss Cole, \$1; Mr. Van Keuren, \$2; "A Friend," \$1; Miss Rainey, \$1; Middletown, Church Offering, \$6.64; Mr. Shepard, Bibles for Cadets, \$10; Southampton, Church Collection, \$17.86; Mr. Whittemore, \$10; Brooklyn, Church Offering, \$18.34; Mr. Spaulding, \$1.

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LEGACIES, \$1,049.17. Washington, D. C., Estate of Mary I. Banks, on account, \$55; Jamaica, N. Y., Estate of Susan B. M. Holder, \$100; New York, N. Y., Estate of Annie M. Atwood, \$894.17.

INCOME FROM TRUST FUNDS, \$1,224.58. Income for Missionary Work, \$1,174.58. Income for Annuitants, \$50.00.

Donations

DONATIONS for the missionary work of the American Tract Society may be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

FIELD SECRETARIES AND COLPORTAGE SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Rev. E. N. Hardy, Ph.D., Field Secretary for New England, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. W. Reinhard, Field Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage for the Western and Northwestern States, 19 Parkland Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. George Whitefort, Superintendent of Colportage, Southern Agency, Crichton, R. F. D., Mobile Co., Ala.

Form of Bequest

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the City of New York, May, 1825, the sum of dollars to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declares this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

Life Members and Directors

THE donation of \$30 at one time constitutes a Life Member of the American Tract Society; the addition of \$70, or the donation of \$100 at one time, constitutes a Life Director. Life members may receive annually copies of the Society's own publications to the value of \$1; Life Directors to the value of \$2; if applied for within the Society's year, from April 1st to April 1st, in person or by written order.

Notice to Authors

Authors who submit manuscripts for publication to the American Tract Society are reminded that the Society does not hold itself responsible for the return of any manuscript. If a remittance is sent to cover the full cost of postage and registry, the Society will transmit a manuscript by registered mail upon the request of the author.

American Tract Society

THIS SOCIETY was organized in 1825. Its work is interdenominational and international in scope, and is commended by all evangelical denominations.

It has published the Gospel messages in 178 languages, dialects and characters. It has been the pioneer for work among the foreign-speaking people in our country, and its missionary colporters are distributing Christian literature in many languages among our foreign-speaking population and making a home-to-home visitation among the spiritually destitute, both in the cities and rural districts, leaving all kinds of Christian literature, also the Bible or portions of the Scriptures.

Its publication of leaflets, volumes and periodicals from the Home Office total 800,711,975 copies. It has made foreign cash appropriations to the amount of \$802,966.39, and grants of electrotypes to the value of \$61,177.96, by means of which millions of copies of books and tracts have been published at mission stations abroad.

The gratuitous distribution of the past year is to the value of \$23,191.98. The grand total of its gratuitous distribution has been to the value of \$2,676,159.52, which is the equivalent of 5,352,319,040 tract pages.

The total number of family visits that have been made by the Society's colporters during the last year is 146,056; the total number of volumes distributed by sale or grant is 49,584, making the total number of volumes that have been circulated by colporters in the last seventy-seven years 17,487,750, and the total number of family visits that they have made during the same period 18,958,862.

A large distribution of Christian literature is being made among the soldiers and sailors, and the Society aims to furnish Christian literature to every Cantonment in the Army and to every battleship and cruiser in the Navy.

The Society is making very special effort in behalf of Latin America, having entered upon the publication of a One-volume Bible commentary in Spanish, a long-needed and earnestly prayed-for publication, and several other important volumes in both Spanish and Portuguese. Its total publications for Latin America now reach 17,175,163 copies. Its work, ever widening, is dependent upon donations and legacies, and greatly needs increased offerings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, President. JUDSON SWIFT, D.D., General Secretary. Remittances should be sent to Louis Tag, Treasurer, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

A Sermon From A Lamp

A Japanese missionary preaches the following sermon from a lamp, which was sent him as a gift:

"We have learned the following lessons from it: (1) We must be a light for others as that lamp. (2) To keep the light burning, we must be pure ourselves as the chimney of that lamp. (3) We must pour the words of the Lord from the Bible into our hearts, as we do the oil for the lamp from a can. (4) That lamp needs a fire so it can give light. So we must get the fire of the Holy Spirit to light ourselves for others. Unless we are burning with the Spirit's fire, we will be a useless vessel for our Lord, as a lamp without fire. Christ has said to us: 'Ye are the light of the world.' We have learned a new meaning from this verse since we received your gift. We hope we will be a true light for Christ. Pray for us."

God intends to have a people for His name. He cares not where they are gathered from; be it from the so-called "civilized nations," or from the dark mines of heathenism. God has promised that Jesus shall be satisfied with the results of the travail of His soul. The crown of the blessed Saviour's rejoicing must have its complement of jewels, and blessed be His holy name, there are some precious ones that are being gathered in these parts of the earth, who, "in the day of His coming" shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Christian Endeavor in Japan

During the past year fifty-seven new Christian Endeavor societies were organized in Japan. The Methodists lead with 107 societies, the Congregationalists follow with 53, and the Presbyterians come third with 30 societies. Christian Endeavor societies are found in fourteen different denominations in Japan.

Our Choice Year Book and Special Subscription Offer

We are offering to our subscribers this year an opportunity to secure a copy of the beautiful little book entitled "A Threefold Cord." This contains a carefully selected Precept, Promise and Prayer, taken from the Scriptures, for every day in the year. The book is neatly bound in cloth, and is of convenient size for carrying in the pocket or handbag, if so desired.

We will give a copy of "A Threefold Cord," postpaid, and one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the American Messenger for 60 cents. We will give the book as a premium to any subscriber who renews his or her own subscription for 1919, and sends one new subscription, remitting \$1.00 in all. If the new subscriber in the last-mentioned case desires a copy of "A Threefold Cord," \$1.10 must be remitted. For every Canadian or foreign subscription 12 cents additional must be remitted to cover the cost of postage on the paper.

All those who subscribe now to the American Messenger for one year at fifty cents will receive the paper until December, 1919, inclusive. New subscribers will thus receive both the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers for 1918 free of cost, if they subscribe at once. They will also be entitled to receive a copy of the book, entitled "A Threefold Cord," upon the payment of only ten cents additional.

The e offers are not good beyond December 31, 1918, as the subscription price of the American Messenger will be advanced to 60 cents per year beginning with the issue for January, 1919.

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We do not, of course, guarantee that all persons will take the same point of view with the advertisers, and it must be borne in mind that the claims and statements made by advertisers are their assertions, and not ours.

Our readers will confer a favor upon advertisers and also upon us if they will mention the AMERICAN MESSENGER when answering advertisements.

SPECIAL COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

This is the time when many people make a selection of the periodicals which they wish to receive during the coming year. We accordingly present herewith some unusually attractive magazine combination subscription offers which afford an excellent opportunity to save money. The subscriptions may be either for yourself or for your friends; they may be either new or renewal. The AMERICAN MESSENGER may be sent to one address and the other periodical to another address.

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When a copy of our beautiful little book, entitled "A Threefold Cord," is desired, 10 cents additional must be sent with each subscription.

These Special Offers apply only to subscriptions in the United States and its possessions:

On account of impending changes in subscription prices, these offers will not hold good after December 31, 1918.

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American Messenger, Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York

An Important Reminder

In this issue of the AMERICAN MESSENGER we are enclosing a bill to those subscribers who have not as yet paid their subscriptions for the current year, and who are therefore a year in arrears.

In accordance with the request of the War Industries Board, it will be necessary for us to withdraw the names of all those who are one year in arrears from our list of subscribers, unless payment is received prior to December 31, 1918.

We therefore urge all those who receive a bill in this issue to adjust their account for the current year and also to send us their renewal subscription for the year 1919. Such renewal subscriptions will be received at the rate of fifty cents until December 31, 1918. After that date the subscription price will be increased to sixty cents per year.

We presume that the matter of adjusting your subscription account for 1918 has been unintentionally overlooked, and we feel confident that this reminder will be gratefully received. Kindly give this matter your immediate attention, so that you will not miss a single number of this paper.

American Messenger
Park Avenue and Fortieth Street, NEW YORK

Just For Fun

A Canadian named Casey was appointed to a government place. Technically, it had to be held by a lawyer, which Casey was not. The Benchers of the Law Society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality. "Well, Casey," said the examiner, "what do you know about law, anyway?" "To tell the truth," replied the candidate, "I don't know a single thing." The examiner reported in his affidavit "that he had examined Mr. Casey as to his knowledge of the law, and, to the best of his information and belief, he had answered the questions that he had put to him correctly." The aspirant was thereupon admitted.

When the lady passenger asked the man at the wheel what the captain meant when he said he should have to beat to windward, "He meant," said Bill, studying to put his reply into a form the lady would comprehend, "He meant he would have to sail on a bias, mum."

The food faddist and the average man were discussing diets.

The former was telling how he had lived on a strictly vegetarian diet and had gained in weight and health.

"Yes," said the average man, "and I had a rather interesting experience, too, along that line."

"What did you do?"
"I lived on milk only for a whole year and gained every day in weight and strength."

"Remarkable! How did you manage to do that?"

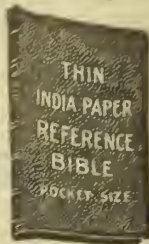
"Oh, just about the same as other babies did!"

At the end of three weeks of married life a Southern darkey returned to the minister who had performed the ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not grant divorces the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention of getting one, saying: "You must remember, Sam, that you promised to take Liza for better or for worse."

"Yassir, I knows dat, boss," rejoined the darkey, "but—but she's wuss dan I took her for."

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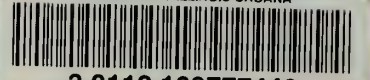
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