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THE BOOK OF JOY

By JOHN T. FARIS, D.D.

THE BOOK OF JOY

THE BOOK OF PERSONAL WORK

THE BOOK OF FAITH IN GOD

THE BOOK OF ANSWERED PRAYER

THE BOOK OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE

THE LIFE OF DR. J. R. MILLER

NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

THE BOOK OF JOY

BY

JOHN T. FARIS, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE," "THE BOOK OF ANSWERED PRAYER,"
"THE BOOK OF FAITH IN GOD," ETC.

*"That my joy may be in you, and that your joy
may be made full"*

—JOHN 15:11



HODDER & STOUGHTON
NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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FOREWORD

The Book of Joy is a book of experience, not of theory; it tells how joy actually came into the lives of real men and women as they learned the secret of living from Him who came among men that His joy might be in them and that their joy might be full, and how like joy may become the possession of all who will walk with Him in paths of unselfish service.

JOHN T. FARIS

Philadelphia

“Back of the gloom—
The bloom!
Back of the strife—
Sweet life

And flowering meadows that glow and gleam
Where the winds sing joy and the daisies dream,
And the sunbeams color the quickening clod,
And faith in the future and trust in God.

Back of the gloom—
The bloom!
Fronting the night—
The light!
Under the snows—
The rose!

And the valleys sing joy to the misty hills,
And the wild winds ripple it down the rills,
And the far stars answer the song that swells
With all the music of all the bells!

Fronting the night—
The light!”

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ONE
ALWAYS REJOICING

“Yet always rejoicing.”
II Cor. 6: 10

I

THE MINISTRY OF MERRIMENT

WHOLESONE laughter is a boon. It ministers to the whole man. There is more truth than many people realise in the proverb, "A cheerful heart is a good medicine."

Then laugh! You need the blessing God gives to him who laughs. Laugh! There is some one whom your laughter may lift out of the depths. Be God's messenger, and let your cheerful heart be like a medicine.

A wise friend said to an anxious worker: "You do not laugh enough. You ought to laugh heartily at least once a day. Laugh yourself, and get some one to laugh with you. It will be a medicine to you, and it will be medicine to the other man, also."

One who had learned this lesson was always so jolly that others had to laugh with him. After a time there came to him years of suffering. But the cheery laughter was not interrupted one hour. In the days of increasing pain he was always jolly, so that, after death ended his suffering, his friends thought of his cheerful ways and remembered him with a grateful smile.

Of course it is every man's duty to refrain from scowls and snarls. But is this enough? What of the duty of being like the business man whose face led an

acquaintance to say, "When I go to church it is not the sermon that impresses me most, nor the beautiful music, nor any part of the service, but the smile on the face of Mr. Blank"? It would not be out of place for each one of us to ask himself, in all seriousness, "What is my countenance doing for others?"

Christian belief and a downcast countenance are not appropriate companions. A young Cuban Christian, who seldom had a smile on his face unless he put it there consciously, realised the inconsistency. Daily he prayed for a smiling face, and daily he tried to cultivate the habit of looking glad. In his bedroom, near the spot where he was accustomed to kneel in prayer, he fastened to the wall a picture of a laughing boy. Every morning before going to his work he gazed on the lad's happy countenance, until at length he found it impossible to go from the room without the smile he wished his acquaintances to see him wear. At first the smile vanished quite soon, but as he came to realise that all day he needed to gaze on the face of his Saviour the smile grew to be more a part of him. At last came the days when he radiated cheer wherever he went. By that time he had ceased to think of the expression of his face. But his friends thought of it and were helped by it—the face of a cheerful man, whose looks did not belie his profession of belief in Him who came to earth that our joy might be full.

The writer of the introduction to a delightful book of autobiographical essays cites an advertisement that appeared years ago in the *London Times*:

"Wanted, by an invalid lady, a housekeeper; must be a good church-woman, to take entire charge of

house and four servants. A cheerful Christian, if possible."

Then the writer adds: "Evidently, the poor lady had suffered under a succession of depressing, gloomy, sour-visaged, Christian housekeepers, who had made life unbearable for the four servants and added to her own weariness. Her hope was small of finding a Christian with a smiling countenance. That gentle 'if possible' covered much tribulation of spirit."

It is a pity that there are so many gloomy Christians. A Christian, of all men, has no excuse for gloom. He ought to be like the man of whom the Boston daily spoke one day, thus: "The day opened cloudy and cheerless, but about noon Phillips Brooks came down town and then everything brightened up."

Many Christians are just like Phillips Brooks in this respect, and one such Christian is the author of "In the Service of the King." Always he radiated joy and gladness. Early in the first chapter he told how he deliberately made up his mind to do this. One day he was reading Gulliver's tale of the great inventor who had hit upon a device for extracting from cucumbers sunshine which he then "stored away in bottles to be used in the home on dark days to light the house." As he thought on this story "the deacon's mission became clear: he would be the agent of the great inventor, a dispenser of bottled sunshine." So he set out to make his people laugh. "Counting the cost, he deliberately donned the motley. . . . With a persistency that even now he feels a pride in, he determined never to desist till he could say that he had had a laugh from every one of his people. . . . Whatever else he

may have left undone, the deacon knows that in those first days he taught to many a sad heart the long-forgotten trick of laughter. . . . Experience gives him courage to insist that when the sunshine is unbottled in the home of desolation, it discovers a heart of gold that was near to perishing in the shadow."

But this dispenser of sunshine was too wise to insist on laughter under all circumstances. He realised that sometimes when pain and loss give staggering blows, the best way to help the sufferers is by weeping with them that weep. He learned this lesson on a disastrous Sunday, when the farmers in his parish rose to the sight of tobacco fields blasted, blackened, desolated. Only the day before there had been promise of the best crop in years. To some of these the desolation meant foreclosed mortgages; to others it foretold disaster yet harder to bear. When the deacon entered the pulpit he looked on listless, hopeless women and cowed men. He began his carefully prepared sermon before he realised that he was offering them stones for bread. Then "he flung his text away, and blurted out, 'I can't do it, there is but one theme for to-day. I am going to preach to you about frost-bitten tobacco,' and he did. . . . Before he finished his sermon, the parson and his people were weeping together." And as together they sobbed out their pain before God, there came to them the strength they needed to bear their pain like men, so that soon they were able to smile in loving trust in Him of whom Job said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

To the parson who made laughter for others there came a day when laughter for himself was impossible.

He became discouraged because he was shut away in an obscure country neighbourhood when he felt he was fitted to shine in populous centres where thousands would hang on his words. But discouragement was forgotten as he idly picked up a volume on "The Galilean Ministry." The words attracted him, for they told of "The King spending his life and doing his work in Galilee among the rude peasants whose quaint rusticism made the dwellers in the capital city smile. The King making his home in Nazareth, and for all but a few months of his matchless life left to hold a little post upon the hills away from the high road." Shamed by the contrast with his own dissatisfaction with the corner in which he had been placed, he learned the lesson of contentment, and from that day he did his work with added zeal; he smiled with new zest.

The vision of the King compelled him to revise his ideas in many ways. For instance, he was once fond of remembering the advice of the college professor, who said, "Do not waste five-dollar time on a five-cent job." Accordingly he neglected some of the things which, later, he found were vital in his work. Thus he decided that "there are very few five-cent jobs in a village ministry." Some of the very things he had thought beneath his dignity were most necessary to real service of the people among whom he lived. He decided "to study the big problems all the time," but never to "skip a small task, for one of the simple duties holds the key to the big problem." Thus he was ready to think that everything was worth while that helped him "to quicken the feeble interest of some spent life, to hearten the patient burden bearer whose

strength was almost gone, to force the bitter medicine of unwelcome truth through the set life of the wilful one whose soul was sick unto death, to pour the balm on the bruised one who shrank even from the healing touch, to awaken the sluggish young soldier to a living loyalty." And he could rejoice that he was alive.

One great source of contentment to the parson was what he called "his lighthouse philosophy," which was this: "The keeper of the lighthouse does not launch any ships, it is true, but he keeps many a good ship from going to wreck. The light shines farther than the keeper can see, and brightest when he cannot see at all. Two things he has got to remember—to keep the light burning, and never to get in between the light and the darkness he is set to lighten."

Life took on new meaning for him when for the first time he realised that Jesus, in teaching the parable of the Good Samaritan, did not ask, "Who was neighbour to him that fell among the thieves?" but "who became a neighbour?" To him the form of the question taught the truth that any man can get next to any other man. "This, then, was Christianity, to smash the barriers and get next to your fellowman."

This is the religion that makes poverty bearable, love far-reaching, and forgiveness possible. It is "sincere, patient, convincing and friendly." And it is not a religion for preachers, merely; it is for all who would know the joy of living.

II

CONQUESTS OF CHEERFULNESS

LIFE is full of difficulties. No one can make the most of his life unless he learns to rise superior to difficulties, to triumph over obstacles. How is this to be done?

There are those who say they conquer by means of philosophy. "This thing has come. This thing must be endured. Therefore I grit my teeth and bear it." They try to imitate the Stoic of old. This conquest of difficult things is hard, and they let it make them hard and cold.

But there are others who have learned the philosophy of Christ. "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me," they say, with Paul. They have much affliction; but they have learned to rejoice in their affliction because of the presence of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Giver of Joy.

Early in 1916 word came of the death, in a New York town, of Mollie Fancher, who had been for fifty years a hopeless invalid. One morning in 1865 "she left home a handsome, popular girl of sixteen, soon to be married, and was brought back to her room a helpless, hopeless invalid"—she had been dragged a block by a street car. But she clung to life joyously, "she set an example of fortitude and cheerfulness in suffering that heartened and upheld many a weary

man and woman, that salved many a bruised heart, and that put new strength in many a faltering victim of the accidents and tribulations of a world no amount of sociology can make easy for most of us."

In November, 1915, the papers told of the death, at Saranac Lake, New York, of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, who was not different from many another young man until after his physician told him he must die of tuberculosis. But he did not lose courage. He went to the Adirondack wilderness, not because he thought the air would help him, but because he longed for the joy of the out-of-doors life. The air and the exposure were what he needed. As he began to recover his strength he thought of other sufferers whom he might help. During the next forty years he became one of the world leaders in investigations as to the cause and cure of tuberculosis, and he succeeded in building up a great sanitarium for sufferers from the disease, from which thousands have gone with new hope—the first of hundreds of similar institutions, whose builders took their inspiration from him. The secret of his success was optimism, which with him was another name for faith in God. Because of his faith he was able to work with joy, in spite of the slow but steady progress of his disease.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has spoken of a neighbour who was paralysed from his shoulders down. "I never saw him other than cheerful," he says. "He was a dispenser of sunshine. His courage overflowed and became a benediction to every visitor. I quite sincerely believe that his influence in the village was greater than any he could have exerted had he spent in active

life the years he spent imprisoned in his invalid chair. No preacher could have given with half the eloquence of his cheerful heart the message, 'Just keep on keepin' on.' "

A novelist has written of a woman who said, "If you only laugh, things don't come so hard. If you laugh at it, the trouble will not seem so real. I know, for I laugh away a mountain."

Jesus told of the faith that removes mountains. May not cheerfulness in the face of difficulty and privation be an evidence of that wonder working faith?

III

HOW TO SHOW GRATITUDE

THANKSGIVING Day is the most convenient time!" a man was heard to say after the day had been observed in his church. "It gives such good opportunities to square accounts and start all over again. You see, I am always getting things for which I forget to return thanks. The pressure of the world's cares is so great that the necessity of being thankful is forgotten. Thanksgiving Day is a welcome reminder. One is uncomfortable when he thinks he has not been duly appreciative of the good things of life, and he is grateful for the opportunity thus given to settle all scores and so be free from responsibility for a whole year."

There are a good many people who, in thought at least, agree with the young man. They do not realise that there is something to follow thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is but a beginning, a promise and a prophecy, a beginning of service, a promise of helpfulness, a prophecy of usefulness. The Psalmist was sensible of this when he asked, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" His answer was twofold: First, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord;" second, "I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the pres-

ence of all his people." His thanksgiving led to service.

Thanksgiving led a musician of note to perform a difficult service. As the central figure in musical circles in the large city in which he lived, he was in great demand for concerts. But he felt unable to give the time and strength necessary to accept the invitations which were continually coming to him. Large sums were offered him, but to no purpose. Nevertheless, a Christian worker who was arranging a series of entertainments for workingmen sought his assistance. After listening courteously to the request, the musician was about to decline, when his eye caught the name signed to the letter of introduction presented by the worker. Instantly his attitude changed. "Ah! I made a mistake," he said. "You come from Mr. M——, is it not so? Well, I have positively refused to appear in public for money. But what that man asks, I must do. I owe him a debt of gratitude I cannot pay. Name your evening. I am at your command." His eyes were shining as he spoke. He was thinking of his reasons for gratitude to the writer of the note. A few weeks later social leaders were amazed when they saw the announcement that the man whose services their money could not buy was to appear on the platform of an obscure mission church. They did not know that it was a service of thanksgiving.

A few days before the musician's public appearance a thanksgiving sunrise prayer meeting was held in the same church, when twenty-seven stood up and told what God had done for them. How their testimonies

would have shamed many a Christian who feels that he has nothing to be thankful for!

One of the most earnest testimonies was given by a sewing girl who earned five dollars a week. A short time before, when her father was out of work, her pittance cared for the household of four. On Thanksgiving morning she had to rise at four o'clock, prepare her breakfast, and take an owl car in order to be in time for the meeting. From the door of the church she went to her work, for there was no holiday for her. But there was no gloom in her face.

The crowning feature of the hour was the moment when, in response to the invitation, a woman confessed Christ for the first time. The leader knew that she supported herself and her child by toil in a mop factory, and he could see in her face the assurance that thenceforth the factory would be a transformed place to her.

Is it any wonder that the joyful people at that meeting sang the Doxology eight times?

IV

TWO THANKSGIVINGS

ON Wednesday evening we are to have our Thanksgiving prayer meeting," announced the pastor of a city church made up entirely of very poor people. "Let us have a full attendance, and take advantage of this opportunity to tell what God has done for us."

On the appointed evening the room was filled. Smiling faces greeted the pastor wherever he turned. How happy his people were! He had attended prayer meetings in many churches, but never, on a like occasion, had he seen such evidences of eager joy. Many of those before him were almost bubbling over, they were so glad to have some part in what they looked on as the chief prayer meeting event of the winter.

Years have passed since that evening, but the pastor still sees the expressive faces of some of those who spoke and of others who listened. Just in front of him was a young girl, a cripple, for whom the year had been marked by exquisite pain. But there was no evidence of pain on her face or in her voice as she told of the joy that had come to her through her Saviour's presence. A teamster, whose life was full of care, asked the assembled company to share his joy in the fact that during the year he had become a Christian. A woman whose days were spent over the washtub

or on her knees with scrubbing brush in hand, was positively radiant as she spoke of the pleasure she found in making Jesus her Companion as she worked.

The testimonies continued until it was necessary to extend the time of the prayer meeting. Even then there was not opportunity for all who wished to have a word.

Miss Jean Mackenzie, missionary at Lolodorf in the Kamerouns, described in a letter home a Thanksgiving prayer meeting when native women were invited to tell of the mercies they had enjoyed during the year:

“One woman said that her child had died and that she had found comfort in the house of God.

“Another said that, in answer to prayer, the animals no longer molested her garden.

“Another said that when she had visited a distant clan, ignorant of the things of God, and was taunted by them for her belief, she had been given strength to withstand their taunts.

“Another said that while she used to have to work hard and had none to help her, now God had sent her some one from the beach.

“Pretty, smiling Malinga, wife of Ze, was thankful that she and her husband had been given grace to carry loads for the governor, and that God had put it into the heart of the governor to allow them to rest on Sundays.

“There is one old woman who has held my attention from my first sight of her, so unhappy and so poor does she appear, so like an ancient, maltreated orphan. She rose in her bits of rags to say that she had ten

children, five of them were dead, and five scorned her, but God helped her to bear it."

Two questions suggest themselves as the testimonies made at these two prayer meetings are compared. First, is there so much difference, after all, between Christians in America and Christians in the forests of Africa? Second, when those whose lives are so circumstanced are so full of thanksgiving, what are more fortunate Christians to think of themselves when they forget to praise God for His goodness to them, and even complain when everything has not gone to please them?

V

WHY ARE YOU HAPPY?

NOT only does every one wish to be happy, but every one may be happy if he will. When a man fails in his search for happiness this is his own fault, for God has provided a sure way by which he may attain real happiness if he will pay the price. He has only to follow Him who has spoken to his people that his joy may be in them, and that their joy may be made full.

The invitation was given by an editor to his readers to tell the reason for their happiness. The response was gratifying. A number of the writers missed the point of the inquiry. Instead of giving reasons for their own happiness, they told how to attain happiness—a very different thing. Probably they intended to give personal testimony, when they were merely preaching. Yet some of the suggestions are so practical that it will not hurt to repeat them.

One said, "Happiness can only be attained through faith; an abounding faith which trusts our all with God and accepts Jesus as our ideal, our Saviour, and our Redeemer."

A second wrote, "Obedience to Jesus, as a condition of fellowship with him, is the source of abiding joy, even through the darkest days."

A third assurance was, "The keynote to happiness is obedience to God's will."

And a fourth reader gave this as his conviction: "Only by association with God and recognition of the gift of eternal life as a present possession, can real happiness be known."

There was a message that will find a response in the hearts of many: "I am happy because I heard my mother's prayer for me as she bowed in her own room, and because, after wandering, I am on my way to meet her, in answer to that prayer."

The reason stated by a minister might be given by thousands at their Thanksgiving time. He said: "Because as a Christian I was enabled to make choice of a companion in life with whom I am supremely happy."

The thoughts of others turned to poverty and wealth. One wrote, "I am thankful that I have not known wealth." The same idea was stated more positively, "I am thankful because I was born poor." And a third reader enlarged on the idea by saying, "I am thankful because I have to contend with difficulties."

From a contender with difficulties who was not discouraged by failure came this: "Because while life lasts there is another chance to try harder to do my best, to win where I lost yesterday, and to come into close fellowship with Christ."

One who had learned that there is no greater field for discovery than a man's own life, gave this reason: "Because there is so much to learn in this wonderful world; because there are always fresh fields to explore; and new interests to make life beautiful."

Perhaps the reason for happiness that received most emphasis was the joy of labour and service. In various ways this was expressed: "It is a joy to be of use in the world," was one woman's brief word. "The satisfaction of accomplished labour brings happiness beyond expression," said a second writer. "Because I can spend thought and time in trying to help boys and girls who are without a mother's care," another said. The statement of a fourth makes one eager to know him: "Because I am needed." And it would be worth while to peep into the home of the young woman teacher of two Bible classes in London, England, who said that she was happy "because a year ago, on the death of my mother, I gave up a lucrative appointment to become housekeeper to father and brothers and sisters eight. I was not forced to take the step, but I considered it to be God's plan for me."

Sometimes the work on account of which the writer was happy was secular, as when a man rejoiced "because I can engage with enthusiasm in the work in which I am supremely happy." But sometimes the emphasis was placed so there could be no doubt. "I am happy for the privilege to help in bringing in the Kingdom," was one way of putting the thought. "Because of my interest in God's work," one said, while a frontier pastor wrote, "Because I am doing the work God called me to do."

Christians who were learning from suffering and hardship told what part these had in their happiness. "I thank God for every step of the way that has led me to the light of His presence," was the testimony of a mother. "I know that whatever may come will be

for the best," a worker said. "Just to seek His guidance and constant presence and to do the thing that's nearest, spells peace and happiness for me." The third message was simpler: "I am thankful because I have learned to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

A number emphasised the joy of knowing God. "Because I have the peace of God," was one expression. "Because the Lord is my God," was another glad sentence; "when he has forgiven so much, I cannot help but love him." "I rejoice because of the guiding and upholding power of my heavenly Father," was another's psalm of praise. "Because I have the consciousness of God's Spirit dwelling in me," and "Because at certain crises in my life I have not resisted the Holy Spirit," were two statements that should be remembered.

A member of the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association in San Francisco, California, sent a message that should be read as a whole:

"To rejoice at others' happiness and share the burden in one's sorrow are the sources of my happy life; the former, particularly if my own service have rendered it, an unerring felicity which has growth, however, I enjoy in the blessing of continuous discovery of Christian truth among common drudgery of daily pursuit. To me the faith and religious life are instructive interpreters of Scripture often more convincing than commentary. The happiness of life would be a step to its climax at the end of life's journey, the gate of bliss eternal, to approach God and Christ, his Son."

One who was asked to select from the responses

the five letters that gave the best messages had a hard task. But he finally made the choice.

A mother was the author of one of the chosen letters. She said:

“Faith in Christ and a joyous sense of immortality is my deepest source of happiness; its completion will be when I awake in his likeness. Without this, life would be a mockery.

“The constant use of my talents in his service brings me daily joy, as well as the companionship found in Christian work; the satisfaction of duty done, the common blessings of daily life—love and home and rest after toil; sunshine and wind, flowers and ripening fruits. Then I have the traveller’s joy of daily progress; the labourer’s joy in construction; the mother’s joy in seeing her children walking in the truth.”

A second woman said:

“I am happy because I live in my Father’s world, where there is no occasion for anxiety or unrest. Day by day my physical and spiritual needs will be supplied, my work will be placed before me, and strength will be given me to do it; it has always been so. I am happy because I have, in darkness and light, through tears and laughter, toil and rest, the loving companionship of Jesus Christ.”

The third letter chosen said:

“Sorrow, trouble, a testing time of several years’ duration, have come to me, and from a worldly point of view the future outlook is dark. Although a Christian for many years, it is only recently that I have learned true values, and I am happy because I feel God’s friendship. He has made so many delightful

things for me to enjoy: beautiful blue hills, sunshine, flowers, trees, the ecstatic songs of the birds, the sweet, pure air, all fill me with thanks for his goodness. Yet I think, perhaps, First Corinthians 2:9, 10, best expresses my reason for being happy."

The author of the fourth letter wrote:

"I am happy that there is a way of salvation . . . that my name is written in the Heavenly Register; in doing for my own, an aged parent, and for those around us who are suffering or fainting by the way; in telling the wonderful story of Love; in teaching a class of young girls; in receiving strength through severe trials to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

The fifth letter was from a missionary in West Africa:

"My heart is filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory throughout all my waking moments because, after giving me the desires of my heart for more than forty years in the homeland, having been merciful and gracious unto me all the way, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, ever doing for me exceeding abundantly above all that I could ask or think, and always making his grace to abound toward me, he has at length crowned all by giving me the priceless privilege of living and working for and trusting him in this land of midnight darkness."

VI

HOW TO BE HAPPY

WHEN a popular magazine offered a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" the award was given to a woman who said:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory was a benediction."

One whose rhymes please insists that the secret of happiness lies in making others happy:

"I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
As I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell
As it drifts o'er the harbour bar:
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

"The men who were near the grumbler's side,
Oh, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
And they harkened to that instead.

Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star.
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

"If you would be heard at all, my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep hold of the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far."

But the secret of abiding happiness lies deeper than the author of these lines has indicated. It is known only by those who belong to Christ and are trying to live to please him. Then, one after another, the things that some people think can bring happiness may be taken away, but the source of happiness will not be removed, for Jesus can never be taken away. Often the complaint is heard that it is not worth while to be a Christian because Christians are so often deprived of the good things of life. Well, what if they are? What if God sometimes takes things away from one of his children because he sees that there is danger that the heart will be fixed on these things instead of on him, and thus the real spring of happiness be lost? The privation is an added reason for joy.

TWO
GIRDED WITH GLADNESS

"Thou hast loosed my sackcloth and girded me with gladness."—Ps. 30: 11.

VII

SOUL DEEP IN CLOVER

SOMETIMES one hears Christian work spoken of as if it were a disagreeable incident in life to be avoided whenever possible. But Christian work is not a mere incident in life; all of life should be spent in work for Christ. Moreover, that man or woman who looks upon the service of God as disagreeable should learn a lesson from the missionary in Africa who said, "I have dwelt for years by myself in Africa, have been thirty times stricken with fever, have been attacked by rhinoceroses and lions, have been ambushed by natives, have eaten everything from ants to rhinoceroses, but I would gladly go through the same experiences for the joy of teaching those people to know the Saviour."

"Foreign missionaries are the biggest humbug on earth," was the sneering remark made by a business man to his pastor. "But I don't wonder so many of you ministers are ready to go as missionaries," he continued. "The missionary lives knee-deep in clover. If I wanted an easy time in life, I'd go as a missionary."

This statement was repeated to a missionary at home on furlough after his first eight years of service in the interior of China. "I wish that man could see our

clover," he replied. "I should like to take him with me on one of our itinerating trips. I should like to have him for a companion just one night at a Chinese wayside inn. I would take him into the filthy room where travellers, the family, and the domestic animals herd together. I would seat him on the dirt floor by the fire, as the company gathers for supper. I would have him dip with me in the common pot. I would have him sleep with me on the filthy excuse for a bed, and with me fight the vermin which abound there. Yes, I would show him the missionary's life of luxury!"

Then, as if fearful that his words might be interpreted as a complaint, he added, with flashing eye, "But how I wish I could go back to it all to-morrow! Did your friend say knee-deep in clover? He was wrong! The missionary is soul-deep in clover, for God is with him, and his life is so full of peace that he understands the message of Paul to the Colossians, 'Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake.' Yes, I wish I could go back to-morrow."

And as the man to whom he spoke saw the eager longing in the missionary's face, he thought, "That is the spirit which enables God's workers, not only in foreign fields but in home fields as well, in Sunday schools, in city missions, in town and country alike, to remain faithful in spite of discouragements. 'Soul-deep in clover!' Yes, the clover of friendship with Him who knows the way that we take, who holds our hand as we encounter the difficulties of life."

VIII

REJOICE!

DURING the early days of Frank T. Bullen's experience as a lecturer he was asked to talk at the Sunday morning service at a little church in Scotland. He was at a loss to know what to say until he was sitting in the pulpit. He got his subject there, he wrote in his "Recollections."

"The good folk approached the kirk door greeting one another with smiling faces and pleasant words," he said. "In fact, all seemed as if the glorious morning had put them in the best of humours with all the world. And then they turned into the cool shade of the church door and a gloom fell upon their faces, I might reasonably say a blight, as if the news had just reached them of the loss of all they held dear. That sad frame persisted after they had taken their seats, in almost ludicrous contrast to the bright faces outside, still coming in and presently to assume the same lugubrious cast.

"The voluntary ceased, the service commenced. I had chosen joyful hymns and psalms, but they were sung like dirges. At last I came to the sermon, and, facing my audience squarely, without opening the Bible, said in a high, ecstatic voice,

"'Oh, enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise.'

“Another pause, and then I went on to ask them in an easy, colloquial tone, smilingly, what was the matter with them. I spoke of the amazing contrast between their faces outside the building and within, and assumed that they had all been suddenly reminded of some poignant sorrow. And soon, with all the sarcasm I could muster, I lashed their assumed lugubriousness. They sat and stared as if uncertain whether they could possibly be hearing aright, and once a middle-aged man burst into an outrageous chuckle which very nearly infected the congregation. As I proceeded, the time flying all too rapidly, I had the satisfaction of seeing a natural expression beaming on all the faces, and when I concluded with the splendid words,

“In his presence is fulness of joy!
And at his right hand are pleasures for evermore,”

I could see that nothing but tradition, steel-hard tradition, prevented them from sending up a great shout of ‘Hallelujah!’ ”

“I can’t help thinking what a good time our friend is having with the Lord,” said one of the associates of a Christian worker who had been called home suddenly a few months before. The observation was justified, for this man always radiated good cheer wherever he went. Even during the closing months of his life on earth, when pain was a constant companion, he kept smiling and made others happy.

Why should the Christian be anything but happy? “If joy is not predominant in your life, that is a proof that it is not a Christian life,” one writer has said.

A telling comment on this statement was the reply of the host to the visiting minister, who asked him, "Do people here enjoy their religion?" "Them what has it does," was the thought-compelling response.

For the Christian, every day is a day of joy, every place is a place in which to be joyful. Clouds may gather in his sky and difficulties may hedge about his path, but even then the glow should not be absent from his heart nor the smile from his face. Jesus came to bring joy to the world; it is his longing that our joy may be made full. The Christian who wears a gloomy countenance dishonours his Lord.

IX

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

IN a volume of biography a picture is drawn of two fellow students in the seminary, one of whom sighed, "I don't see how I shall ever get through the world." "Why," was the response, "did you ever hear of any one who stuck by the way?" Some time later, when about to go abroad as missionaries, this optimist and this pessimist were in the home of a friend who offered them rocking chairs. One man declined, on the ground that missionaries must accustom themselves to hardship, but the other accepted, saying, with a smile, that missionaries must learn to sit anywhere. The first man looked on the dark side of a missionary's life; his friend looked on the bright side and so was preparing himself both to get and to give all the enjoyment possible as he did his work. Both men rendered valiant service; but can there be any doubt which one was the happier and the pleasanter companion?

A gentle but effective rebuke was administered by a woman to a company of pessimists in a crowded railway train. Many passengers were standing in the aisle, and some were on the platform. When the train stopped at a way station a woman climbed the steps. "Are there no seats in the car?" she asked the men on the platform. Glad he could express his dissatisfaction

at the service, one of the men said, "We have been standing here three hours." Others joined in the complaint. While they were speaking an invalid was carried into the car. "Yes, we have been standing here three hours," one of the men repeated, thinking it a good chance to impress the fact on the trainmen who were bearing the woman who could not hope to stand alone ever again. She looked at the speaker as she passed, and said, simply, "You are fortunate."

Dr. J. H. Jowett tells of a man who had to go down into a coal mine to consult a miner about some evidence he wanted. When he reached the bottom of the shaft he asked the man in charge how he could find his client. "Oh," he replied, "you will have no difficulty in finding him. He is one of your blessed Methodists, and he is sure to be singing." As the visitor passed along the dreary drift, he said to himself, "Surely if a man be singing here it must be

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay."

But soon he heard a voice singing,

"I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine.
Here shines undimmed one perfect day,
For all my night has passed away."

One who attended the commencement exercises of a city school told of a number of graduates who needed to hear that miner. All the members of the class recited quotations of their own choice. Most of the young people chose gloomy quotations; the only quotation that was bright and cheerful was given by a poor

lame girl who had to support herself on crutches while she spoke.

What excuse is there for pessimism in a world where God rules?

X

FOR EVERY-DAY BLESSINGS

OH, those don't count!"

The disgusted comment was made by a boy whose teacher had been suggesting to him things for which he could praise God. She mentioned his home, his friends, his Sunday school, the day school, good health, and the ability to take part in sports.

But he declared that these didn't count "because they are just the common things that everybody has."

Readers may smile, yet it is true that people have more or less of his feeling. How often does it occur to the Christian to praise God for the things that are so ordinary that he looks on them as matters of course? Yet without them life would be barren.

Why is it that "blessings brighten as they take their flight"? The dweller in the city is heedless of the water that flows through the pipes into his home, until there is an interruption in the service, and the boy on the farm gives little thought to the sparkling water from the spring until prolonged drought causes the spring to cease its flow. Why is it that it does not occur to so many young people to thank God for father or mother until God has called the loved one to himself? Why is it that the joy of peace is not considered until war darkens the homes of millions of other nations, and men fear that it may come near to them?

How often does it occur to people to thank God for the strength and the opportunity to do common, ordinary work, not because they are paid for it, but because thus they become partners with the Great Worker? Not long before James A. Garfield was elected President of the United States, he received a letter from Mrs. Garfield in which she told how she learned to be thankful for ordinary tasks. She said: "It came to me this morning while making bread, 'why not consider this a very pleasant occupation and make it so by making perfect bread?' After that the very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the loaves, and now my table had better bread than ever before; the truth, old as creation, is becoming fully mine, that I need not be the slave of toil, but its regal master."

A New England pastor once preached a Thanksgiving sermon in which he urged the wisdom of including in our Thanksgiving list "the satisfaction we've gotten from helping people, for skill in accomplishing something, as, getting a hard lesson, doing a first-rate job of joiner's work, fitting over an old garment to be as good as new almost, balancing intricate accounts, keeping things up in the home; in short, the plain things that make up four-fifths of life, and doing them as if we were trained artists."

It would be helpful if one would sit down and make a list of some of the every-day things for which he seldom thinks to praise the Giver of all good. Let these be as ordinary as the list the minister gave when he spoke of the fact "that you can see the face of the friend you're talking with, or that you can sniff the

fragrance of a rose; that you can hear bird songs old as the world and sweet as Eden, or the home-sounding crow of the rooster; that you can hear the merry laughter of the children, and the call of the Sabbath bells."

And then, when the maker of the list finds that he must stop before completing the tale, let him lift his heart in the words of Joseph Addison, and sing:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise."

XI.

JOY AND GLOOM ON SHIPBOARD

WHEN Dan Crawford was on his way back to Africa after a season in America which he said was to be his last away from the black men and women to whom he has given his heart, he wrote a letter to a friend in America telling of some of the people with whom he became acquainted in what he called "my ocean parish."

How many ocean travellers fail to get more than the most cursory acquaintance with their fellow voyagers! But Dan Crawford is not of this sort. He is a kindred spirit of the American railway traveller who, in one day, learned the story of an old man of seventy who was toiling eighteen hours a day for his daily bread, although he had thought his old age was provided for; of a young woman whose illness had made her one of the vast army of the unemployed; and of three or four others whose surprise that they had told their story was equalled only by their gratification at the wealth of sympathy given them.

Mr. Crawford is always reading the records of breaking hearts and saddened lives in order that he may tell of Him who came to heal wounds and give the joy that lasts. This is what he did during the brief time when it was given to him to minister to his ocean parish.

And these are some of the people to whom he ministered in the name of the Master, as he told the story in the letter to his friend :

“Here is an ailing and embittered dowager, finding no rest in her affluent circumstances. . . . Somewhen, somewhere, all is wrong, wretchedly wrong, yet she is well off. For she is the old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many mercies she did not know what to do. Yes, everything is wrong except herself! Then Christ comes and gives her the softest and sunniest days she ever lived.”

Here is another :

“There is a bold and busy atheist aboard who listens with a contracted brow and tries to neutralise my message. Under soft disguises and calculated euphemisms he slangs the preacher as a ‘wowsler,’ but all this is good for me, the man, and it, my message. However, later, even the heart of this man took a gleam of sunshine into its wintry depths.”

Acquaintance with other passengers led him to say this :

“There are mothers here going home to be near their soldier sons; wives whose husbands are on the North Sea; boys and girls who have lost their fathers and brothers on the red fields of Flanders. Therefore, with time so lightly held and so lightly left, now is the opportunity for Eternity to loom large. And the curious thing is that the very folk who will have nothing to do with God now, whine accusingly, and ask, ‘Why, oh, why, does he not intervene and stop it?’ To all of which we answer, ‘The heaven, even the heavens.

are the Lord's; but the earth hath he given to the children of men.' "

Again the missionary wrote:

"We have first-class passengers here whose life is one dismal yawn. They have no Christ and no 'hope of glory,' so the air is electric with irritation. The run on the ship's library is persistent and some make it their diurnal duty to read a novel before sunset."

Mr. Crawford's final word was the best of all:

"There is a lovely girl here who is a faithful follower of Christ. Even for facial comeliness she bests the whole bunch of aboard-ship beauties, but the 'boys' are exasperated because she does not go the way of the world in dance and cards. Yet she has a royal reason in her attitude and that reason is found in the simple gold locket round her neck. Only on rare-and-dare occasions is this secret locket opened, and what do you think it reveals? The face of a dead lover? No! a thousand times no! I say, when opened, that locket reveals not the usual miniature photo but there you have a little bit of paper with the written words: 'Whom having not seen I love.' No, not the photo of an absent lover, but the pledge of a present Lover who never leaves her or forsakes her."

This is the missionary's record of need and of joy; of need unrecognised until the skilled touch of the Lover of souls was felt, of joy that transformed life for scores of those to whom he ministered.

But the greatest joy came to him who made known to others the privilege of entering into the joy of their Lord.

XII

THE JOY OF FORGETTING SELF

CHARLES KINGSLEY wrote in a letter to a friend: "One has no time to be miserable, and one is ashamed to invent little sorrows for oneself while one is trying to relieve such griefs in others as would kill us, if we gave way to fancies about them."

Three young people in an American city proved the truth of the novelist's words. The three, two girls and a boy, were spending the evening together some weeks before Christmas. It was one of the few evenings when they could meet, for they were all factory workers and frequently they had extra work to do in the evenings. Many times one or two of them were free, but it was seldom that all were free at the same time.

On this particular evening they were talking of poor people of their acquaintance who were having a hard time. One would have thought that the young people themselves had a hard time, for one of the girls earned only five dollars a week, out of which she had her board to pay and all her clothing to buy; the second was an orphan who paid her expenses from a like wage, and the boy was an operative in the shoe factory with only nine dollars a week, which was little enough for his living. But they forgot these hard times in thinking of other people who had still harder times.

As they talked of some of their neighbours who, on account of sickness or some other misfortune, were looking forward to a hard winter, one of the girls proposed that each of the three save fifty cents a week for the purpose of carrying some Christmas cheer into these homes. The others eagerly agreed. Then they spent an hour planning what they would do with the money.

What happy times the three had as they made their purchases and planned the gifts! They learned all about the children and about the parents, too: names, ages, needs, tastes. They bought half a dozen inexpensive dolls, then, sometimes together, sometimes separately, the two girls sewed neat little garments and so prepared an outfit for each doll. Sometimes the boy came in, and read to them while they worked. They prepared other little gifts, some dainty handkerchiefs for the mothers, a muffler or two for the fathers, an apron for the older daughter of the household, or mittens for the boys. Sometimes it was eleven or twelve o'clock before the girls could be satisfied to leave their pleasant work. But they had to go to sleep, or be unready for toil the next day.

The night before Christmas the three had a final meeting. The gifts were tied into dainty, Christmasy packages, and each was labelled with the name of the child or the parent to whom it was to go. Five pounds of candy and five pounds of nuts were brought forward by the boy. These were equally divided into ten lots for as many children.

And on Christmas day, their one holiday since Thanksgiving, they went to the homes for which they

had been planning. Several hours were given to the distribution. And what a joyful time they had! In one home the father was sick, and there were only a few "pretend" gifts for the children. In another home the mother cried for joy as she saw her children's happiness. "I thought they wouldn't have any Christmas at all," she said. "We hadn't a penny to spare from our eating. And I couldn't bear to think of the tears of the children. But now it's all come out right."

The young people felt very happy that night when they talked over the day, and they determined to have a similar good time the next Christmas. But the girls were not able to wait for Christmas. Within six weeks they found a home where there was no coal, and they asked a dealer to take a half-ton there. During the following weeks they did other things to lighten the burdens of weary toilers and sufferers.

And thus, ministering to the needs of others, they forgot their own privations, so that there was room for nothing but joy in their lives.

THREE
IN TIME OF TROUBLE

"For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion."—Ps. 27: 5.

XIII

LEARNING JOY THROUGH SUFFERING

A SOUTH AMERICAN convert, a leper, replied to a Moravian missionary's inquiry after his health, "O teacher, I am doing very well, thanks to the Saviour!" When the missionary expressed surprise, he explained: "Though my sufferings are sometimes fearful, so that for many nights I cannot sleep, still it is well with me, for my Saviour is near and comforts me, and this is so delightful that I can sometimes for a brief moment forget my sufferings. Sometimes the Holy Spirit leads me to Gethsemane, before Pilate and Herod, and to Golgotha; then I say to myself, 'Behold what the Saviour has borne for me! Surely I ought to bear a little pain, for I am a sinful creature.' Nothing delights me more than the contemplation of our Saviour's atoning death, and his words and deeds. O teacher, I cannot say enough about the joy and comfort I derive from them!"

This was not the endurance that grinds the teeth and makes a face, and says, "I will stand it; but how it hurts!" It was the endurance that wears a smiling face in the midst of the greatest suffering, the endurance that is all but unconscious of the pain because of some other influence that deadens and destroys the power to suffer. This was the manner of Christ's endurance, joyful, exultant, unflinching. He must

have felt pain, for he was so sensitive, both in body and mind; but he was unconscious of pain because of his thought for others, his longing to help them. He was so given up to this one absorbing purpose that he endured all trouble and distress and persecution, and even welcomed these because they were necessary preliminaries to the accomplishment of his life-work. He, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame."

If a Christian, simply by the power of will, endures the pain, and the sorrow, and the misfortunes that come into his life, his endurance will be a sorry spectacle. But if, taking his mind away from the bothers and worries of daily life, he fixes his thoughts on Jesus, he will be able to endure the hardest trials with a smile, for the spirit of the Master, who found joy in bearing all things for the sake of his people, will take possession of him.

If the Christian's consideration of his Lord is to be thus helpful, it must not be hurried. He must take a good look at Christ. That he may have this, he has been given an account of Christ's life and works. Many incidents are recorded. These are not to be read once or twice and then laid aside with the remark, "Oh, I've been over that before!" They are provided that they may be dwelt upon until they are in the mind by day and by night; until they are as familiar as the continually changing stock is to the merchant, as the closets and cupboards to the careful housewife, as the library books and business documents to the lawyer. God says, "Consider him that endured." The Christian is to read about Him, and think about his reading.

He is to gaze on Christ's portrait as presented in the gospels, to listen to his words and ponder them.

This is the secret of endurance. Consideration of Christ will cure the Christian of doubt and trouble and will drive from his mind all thought of suffering. Ailments will be forgotten. He will endure "as seeing him who is invisible" except to the eye of faith.

This was the thought in the mind of Charles M. Sheldon when he wrote of one of God's servants who was suffering persecution. He was trying to do God's will, but his actions were misunderstood. His own fellow Christians accused him; his family would not believe in him; his bishop censured him and threatened him with disgrace. It was enough to make him suffer torture; and he did suffer. He could not bear his burden, until he thought of Jesus and what he had suffered. Then he lifted his eyes to the study wall where hung the picture of the Master in the Garden of Gethsemane, offering that prayer in which suffering and submission and faith all were blended, "Let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will but as thou wilt." He took the picture from the wall and bowed his head upon it. Then he saw by the eye of faith a truer picture of that wonderful hour of the Master's agonising prayer. Considering him that suffered, he forgot his own sufferings and his heart was filled with joy.

XIV

THE JOY OF CHRIST

A FRIEND wrote of a man who had for years enjoyed a position to which he had been appointed by political influence. He was a member of the Church and he had attended services as long as he retained his position. But after the election a new board of county commissioners was inducted to office. He applied for reappointment, but failed. At once he withdrew his children from the Sunday school. His pew at church was no longer occupied. And the only explanation he would give was, "I have lost all faith in religion since I failed of reappointment."

The politician's idea seems to have been that religion is a sort of insurance policy to guarantee freedom from all disappointment and suffering in this life. Naturally, then, when he learned his error, his religion was gone.

The error is wide-spread. God's promised good to follow those who revere his name is frequently interpreted as meaning what men in their folly think is good. They forget that God is all wise, and that his choice of what is the greatest good is the choice which should be made. Disappointment and suffering, when he sends them, are part of his good plan for his people. Then those whose idea of religion makes no place for

suffering in accordance with God's will, would do well to revise their notion.

Suffering is the lot of the Christian. If that is not the popular notion among Christians, it is not by any fault of the Divine Teacher. He has proposed that his people should enter on his service with open eyes. He makes no false promises in order to win disciples. He tells them plainly what to expect: "Men shall hate you, and shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil for the Son of Man's sake."

It is reasonable to expect such suffering. For sin is in the world. Sin is opposed to Christ; it is opposed to his followers. Sin will be opposed to Him and His until the promised day when sin is conquered forever.

It has been said that the nobility of a man's character is revealed by his attitude toward suffering. What is the common attitude?

Some turn away altogether. They do not desire to have part in a religion that involves cutting loose from pleasant associates and enduring their scorn and hatred. They want a religion that promises everything pleasant, not only in the life to come, but in this life. And they wish to be the judges of what is pleasant. When they find that the religion of Jesus Christ involves self-denial and suffering, they turn away.

There are many who realise that full surrender to Christ means more of suffering than they are ready to endure. They do not wish to listen to Christ's call to duty, because the performance of that duty will involve the loss not only of cherished purposes but also of the world's good opinion. They bear the name of Chris-

tians; in many instances they share the joys of Christians, to a degree. But they do not know the joys of those who are being made perfect through suffering. Neither do they retain the good opinion of the world, for, while the world hates the name of Christ, it despises the man who is a half-Christian. The world likes earnestness and whole-heartedness, and earnest service commands the world's respect even when observed in the life of a Christian. Of course opposition will increase as earnestness increases, but the world's respect is more surely won by the strenuous life of a Paul than by the fear and suffering that to-day are holding back many from occupying their true places in the Church's activities.

There are many other Christians who devotedly give their lives to Christ with full determination to do His will and choose His paths. They expect to endure suffering. They are resigned to it. It is the lot of the Christian, they say. And they proceed to suffer with the look of a martyr upon their faces. Tears are in their voices. Funereal gloom is present wherever they go. Their minds are so intent upon the suffering that it is impossible for them to realise and show the gladness which comes from suffering.

It is pleasant to turn to those who suffer with joy. They may be mocked and scorned because of duty done, but their hearts are full of joy. They are so peaceful that many are deceived; casual acquaintances say of them, "They do not know what suffering is; look at their faces." The words reveal the careless observer. That look of joy which is such a benediction to all around is not an evidence of freedom from

suffering. It has been won by suffering. It is the mark of victory over sorrow. It is the sign of God's joy. God alone knows the history of the hours of self-conflict, the days and months and years of adherence to Christian principles in spite of the world's opposition, that lie behind that look of joy.

How do they manage to be so peaceful? How is such an attitude toward suffering to be learned and maintained?

Surely those who remember that their life is God's appointment for them cannot but be glad. All Christ's servants are chosen vessels, appointed to service. What if the service does involve suffering? What if the service of Christ does draw upon them the world's opposition? That is no reason for complaint; it is rather a cause for rejoicing, for God has called them to this life.

Then the suffering borne by Christ's appointment is for His sake. Of Paul, Christ said, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." For Christ's sake! Then their suffering is of some use. What if the sufferer cannot see how his suffering can be for God's glory? He says it is for His sake.

Those who suffer for Christ's sake need to remember that thus they have fellowship with the great Sufferer. Paul did not forget this; he wrote of his longing to know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. It was his privilege, as it is ours. So, when we suffer, we are not alone, but Christ is with us. Every moment of our toiling, suffering, joyous Christian life he says to us: "In the world ye shall have tribulation. But be of good courage: I have overcome the world."

XV

UNDER THE JUNIPER TREE

WHEN Jezebel, queen of Israel, heard of Elijah's test on Mount Carmel to determine the true God and learned that he had put to death all the priests of Baal, she was very angry, for the priests were her protégés. She began to threaten the life of the daring man. Elijah heard of her threats and, forgetting the fact that he was God's servant, ran off headlong to the wilderness, where he lay down under a juniper tree. There he prayed to God that he might die; his life was a failure; he was sure it was. Only a little while before he had thought that the display of God's power on Mount Carmel would mark the end of idolatry in the kingdom, but his test had been only a beginning; he was to learn that God's usual way of doing His work and winning men to Himself is not sudden and spectacular, but quiet, steady, persistent. God works quietly, but he is doing his work, and is gradually but surely winning the world.

Elijah did not stop to think out all this. He was discouraged, and he wanted to die. He was not ready for the steady work that counts. He wanted success, and he wanted it at once.

Men and women to-day have a great deal of sympathy for the prophet. They know what it is to get

under the juniper tree. They all have their seasons of discouragement, when they feel that everything is against them and that they might just as well give up trying. Some people seem to have this feeling most of the time; others give way to depressing thoughts once in a while, perhaps when something has gone wrong in business or when the maid has left without warning. But whatever the reason they give for discouragement, the real reason is in the discouraged people themselves; they are not living close enough to God. The heart that is fixed, trusting in God, is superior to discouragement.

It is a duty not only to keep out from under the juniper tree, but to do what can be done to bring others out from under the depressing shade. The sight of one who is discouraged is a call to all who know him to do their best to bring a smile to the face of that one. How shall it be done? It may be that a cheery greeting will do it. Perhaps a letter will be needed. Possibly the remedy that will prove effectual will be a vision of work to be done, as it was in Elijah's case. God wants everybody to be "in the cheering-up business," as Jesus was.

A student who was to preach in a country church ten miles from a railroad was fortunate in finding a man who was in the cheering-up business. He was entertained by a whole-souled farmer.

As he entered the pulpit on Sunday morning, he thought with pride of his written sermon. All went well till he had been reading for ten minutes. Then he turned two pages at once. He was too panic-stricken to stop an instant to correct the error. He

began to speak extemporaneously to fill the gap, and soon was so far away from the subject that it was useless to look back at the manuscript. His heart sank, for he felt that he must speak at least ten minutes longer, or be disgraced. Pushing the manuscript to one side, he went on.

He did not know what he said; perhaps it was no more commonplace than the sermon he had written, but he could not tell. Eagerly he watched the clock. How slowly the hands moved! At last he felt he could stop. He had been talking twenty minutes.

The members of the family laughed and talked all the way home; he took no part in the conversation. When the door yard was reached, instead of going to the barn to help put up the team, he went into the best room, opened in his honour, and sat down before the open fire. There he remained, with his head bowed, until, startled by a hearty guffaw, he looked up to see the old farmer, who was shaking with laughter.

"Elijah! Elijah! Get up from under that juniper tree!" was his greeting. "Don't worry about it any more. I doubt if there were two people in the church who knew that anything went wrong with your sermon."

In spite of this assurance, however, the guest had a most uncomfortable time that afternoon. Next day, on the way to the station, he shrank from the gaze of passing farmers. It was a task to buy his ticket; what if some one had told the agent the story of the awful failure? Even on the train he did not feel safe; what if the conductor, through some traveller, had heard of his discomfiture?

After a while he began to lecture himself. What right had he to think that he was so important an individual that others would be giving his poor performance more than a passing thought, even if they had heard of it? And what was the use of dwelling on a failure? Why not begin to think how failures were to be avoided in future?

At least one valuable thing came into his life in consequence of that Sunday's experience: the ability, when things go wrong, to think of the old farmer's jovial message, "Get up from under that juniper tree, Elijah!"

There is always a place for the man who is constitutionally unable to look on the dark side of life. "I like to go to the factory where I can see that workman," an acquaintance said. "He has a smile for everybody who comes near him, and never yet have I stopped to speak to him without learning what was at the moment back of the smile; he always has had something cheerful to tell me, something which brightened the day for me after I left him."

Of course, Elijah should not have been discouraged. But should he have stood his ground in spite of the threats of Jezebel? Perhaps there was nothing to be gained by staying; if so, he would have been committing sin by running into danger needlessly. If God had wanted him there, and had told him to stay there, to leave would have been a grievous sin. There are times when it is wrong not to stay where one is, in spite of danger, doing duty there in the fear of God, animated by the spirit of the brave ship captain who, when asked after a severe storm, "Why did you not

take to the boats?" replied, "We're not hired to save our lives, we're hired to bring the ship into port."

But while one must always do his duty, even if he endangers his life by so doing, it does not follow that one has a right to be indifferent to his life, to take his own life or to pray that death may come, as Elijah did.

There are some prayers that one has ordinarily no right to make. One of these is the prayer for death. God has given us life. Shall we ask him to take back the gift? How would we feel if a dear friend to whom we had given the most precious gift we could think of should plead with us to take it back? Why should we treat God as we would not like to have one of our friends treat us? Life is ours in trust, to be used for God's glory. It is for him to place the limit to that life.

Once George Whitefield, the great evangelist of early days, declared that he was weary of life and longed to die. So he asked Gilbert Tennant, another pioneer minister, if he did not feel the same. Mr. Tennant replied that he had no wish about it. Being pressed for something more definite, he added, "I have nothing to do with death. My business is to live as long as I can, and as well as I can, and serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home."

There is the philosophy of true living: live well, serve faithfully, and there will be no room for discouragement.

XVI

THREE ANSWERS

IS there ever an excuse for repining and complaining? Are burdens and privations sometimes so great that it is impossible to look up to God in trust and confidence? If these questions had been asked of George Matheson, the famous English preacher, he would have been ready with a decisive answer. He was almost totally blind, yet when he knew his work on earth was soon to end, he said: "My life has been an obstructed life, but a life of boundless sanguineness, a life of quenchless hopefulness, a life which, even at the time of abandoned work, said not 'Good night' but 'Good morning.'" Again, the question might have been asked of a missionary among the lepers in South India who became an inmate of the leper settlement in New Brunswick, having fallen a victim to the dreadful disease. Yet he was not cast down. He said, "The cross seemed too great for me at first, but the longer I have carried it the lighter it has become. Jesus has come to carry it with me, and I have had sweet fellowship with him. My health, no doubt, is gone, as far as this world is concerned; my wife has been called away, and I have had to leave my home and children; I am nearly blind; I have lost my voice so that I can only speak in whispers, and I suffer considerable pain. Nevertheless I am joyful and I am full

of hope; hope for the world, because Christ liveth and he is doing wonderful things."

These answers had the same inspiration as the assurance of the prophet of old, who said, "For though the fig tree shall not flourish, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no food; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in Jehovah, I will joy in the God of my salvation." If these answers are insufficient, what have we to say to the promise of Christ, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid"?

XVII

THEIR THANKSGIVING

ONE Thanksgiving a pastor made two calls in homes to which great sorrow had come, expecting to find the heads of the households in special need of comfort. "What a sad Thanksgiving Day it will be to them!" he thought.

The first call was at the home of a woman who occupied three rooms in a rear tenement. The kitchen opened on a court, which was shared by six other families; the front room looked out on a narrow alley; the building directly opposite was a stable. The middle room was without a window, and required a light at midday.

In this home lived a devoted Christian woman, with her husband, her father, and her two children. The father was a drunkard. His own home had been broken up when the daughter with whom he was living at the time of this visit was twelve years old. She was compelled to go out to service and win her own way. The husband, who had been a good provider while health lasted, was sitting in a chair in the last stages of a wasting disease. One little girl was weeping, while her sister was dusting a table to reach which she had to stand on tiptoe. The mother, who supported this family by scrubbing and washing, was at the ironing board.

A brother was in the penitentiary of a distant state. A few days before word had come that he was under sentence of death, which was to be carried out within a few weeks. This news had led to the visit. It had seemed to the pastor that this cloud would exclude every ray of light from the home that Thanksgiving Day.

When the housewife answered the visitor's knock, it was midday. The Thanksgiving dinner was steaming in a single pot on the stove. A few minutes were spent in talking of the interests of the family and of the brother's sad position. As she spoke, the sister's eyes were full of tears, but her face was full of joy as she asked her pastor to lead in a prayer of thanksgiving for God's goodness to her and hers.

During the prayer the unmistakable odour of burning food was in the air. When they rose from their knees, the housewife hurried to the kitchen. A moment later the pastor passed the stove on the way out, and expressed the hope that no harm had been done. With a bright smile, the answer was given:

"The potatoes are burned a good deal. The joke of it is, we had only kraut and potatoes for dinner to-day, and the kraut was spoiled!"

When the visitor closed the door, the woman, still smiling, was at her ironing board once more. Late that evening she took her finished work home. Her employer thanked her, and said:

"Too bad you had to spend your Thanksgiving at such work!"

Let the answer be impressed on the hearts of those

who are tempted to murmur at what they call their hard lot in life:

"I am thankful I had the work to do, ma'am!"

The second call was at the home of a young minister who had for years been planning to go to the mission field. He had struggled hard for an education. When he was ordained, he took charge of a small church and so secured a meagre support for himself and his wife while they took a four years' medical course. They wished to be fully equipped for the double work of healing body and soul. Their hearts were joyful as they looked forward to the end of their preparation and their entrance on their work.

Six weeks before Thanksgiving, when the final year of the prescribed course had been well begun, the young minister was thrown from a street car and seriously injured. After a few days in the hospital, he was discharged. But he was unable to speak a word. The physicians hoped this was only a temporary suspension of faculty, due to shock. But weeks passed, and still he could not articulate a sound. Specialists were consulted to no purpose. They were all unable to hold out much hope that the lost faculty would ever be regained.

As the pastor rode to the home which had been darkened by this calamity, he nerved himself for what he feared would be a trying call. How could he say anything to help the dumb man? What a sorrowful Thanksgiving it must be for him and for his faithful wife!

But when he entered the room where the young people were, he failed to see any evidence of gloom.

The shades were up, and the sunlight was streaming in. In like manner the hearts of husband and wife were open and the sunshine of God's love was moment by moment finding its way within, as was evidenced by the beaming faces of both.

In answer to words of sympathy the afflicted minister took his tablet, and wrote:

"It is strange, but it is all right. We may never be able to go to the foreign field, as we had hoped, but if God wants us there we shall go yet. I think I know enough of medicine to be sure that human skill can do nothing for me. It will probably take a miracle to restore my speech. God can work that miracle if he chooses. If he does not choose, his name be praised. Isn't that right, wife?"

The visitor turned to the wife. She was looking at her husband, nodding her head in acquiescence.

And the visitor had thought it would be a sad Thanksgiving in those homes!

FOUR
IN PRISON

"But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing unto God."—Acts 16: 25.

XVIII

WHEN SUFFERING SPELLS HAPPINESS

I HAVE been a sufferer from spinal disease for eighteen years, and have been confined to my bed for fourteen years."

One would naturally expect that the next paragraph in the letter written by a shut-in would be a complaint about her difficulties. But this is what she added:

"I am happy in my little corner, and Christ is very near and dear to me. I never let the blues get the best of me, for when I feel them approaching I take my guitar and play and sing until I become so happy it seems I can look right into heaven."

This sufferer was so cheerful that when the young people of one of the churches near her home were preparing for a meeting on "Little Deeds of Kindness," she was asked to send a paper on "Kindness to Shut-ins." It was in the mind of those who planned for this to have her tell not only of kindness she had received, but of kindnesses she was showing to those less fortunate than herself. But she said nothing of what she was doing for others; her heart was too full of gratitude to God and to her friends, and she was too modest to talk of her own deeds. This is a part of the message she sent:

"I know a dear old woman who has gone through a great deal of mental suffering, and who was compelled

to take in washing to support herself and her children. One day, after delivering a basketful of clean clothes, she called on me, and gave me the money that she had received in payment for her hard work. She wanted me to buy something to enjoy.

“Another woman who teaches music, after giving a lesson to one of her pupils, called on me and left the money she had received for that lesson for me to ‘buy a treat’ with.

“Each Christmas for the past four or five years an old gentleman, who is in his seventies, and who is totally deaf, has sent me a little bag filled with dimes, nickels, and pennies. Last Christmas when I counted the change it amounted to eighteen dollars and thirty-eight cents. How rich I felt! And to know it was all my own!

“A woman who has recently returned from a trip around the world spent nearly three hours with me, taking me with her on her journey all the way. She brought many souvenirs and pictures to show me. She left me much food for thought, and when I don’t sleep at night I take a trip through Japan, or Sicily, or some other interesting place and return much refreshed and no worse off for my journey.”

It is helpful to know how she used these gifts. She found her pleasure in treating others and spending her riches on them. In response to a request for definite information, she wrote:

“A few years ago I organised a Sunshine Circle, and I ask friends and those who are interested to put aside one penny every week through the year for my Sunshine fund, and the week before Christmas send or

bring the money to me. Then I divide it among poor shut-ins and very poor people. I call the members my sunbeams. Our aim is to bring a ray of sunshine into those lonely and darkened lives on Christmas. My sunbeams are scattered from coast to coast and some live here."

She gave the credit to others. Yet she herself earned a part of the money she spent. During the year an astonishing number of dainty crocheted articles, embroidered towels, handkerchiefs, and other things, were prepared by her and sold. The money thus obtained was spent in purchasing Christmas presents for those who would otherwise be overlooked.

And this is not all. There were eighty-six correspondents on her list, most of them not those on whom she counts for cheer but people all over the world who count on her for messages of optimism, hope, and love. To one downhearted sufferer she wrote:

"God does not punish us by sending these afflictions, but because he loves us, and can use us for his service this way better than any other."

Of this optimist a local reporter said: "She has learned to turn her own suffering into happiness for others. It is to such as this that One will say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.'"

XIX

IN SPITE OF HANDICAPS

AMONG the volumes announced by a publishing house readers noted a book entitled "Hitting the Dark Trail, or Starlight Through Thirty Years of Night." The title was enough to indicate the contents even before the pages were opened: it was the story of a man blind from his childhood who has faced life bravely, has triumphed gloriously, who has known the meaning of joy in spite of the dreadful handicap that would make many people living symbols of gloom.

At about the same time was told the story of a man who did his best work after he had heard the verdict from physicians that he was the victim of an insidious disease. Painfully he toiled, but he kept still about his pain. Several times he went from his associates to the operating room of the hospital; but he went with a smile, and returned with a smile, although informed that the operation had not been successful.

One of the most famous travellers of modern times was Isabella Bird Bishop, who, as a young girl, suffered from tumours which weakened her and would have made her life miserable if she had permitted this. When she was a little thing her constant cry was, "I very tired." But she would not give way to the pain, but began the athletic life she continued to the end. "Had her courage not risen above her malady," her

biographer wrote, "she might have delivered herself over to confirmed ill-health and adorned a sofa all her days." When she was twenty-six she was a constant sufferer from spinal prostration, and could seldom rise before noon, yet all her voluminous correspondence was done in the morning, as well as many of her numerous articles for the papers and magazines. "She wrote propped up by pillows, a flat writing-board upon her knees and letters or sheets of manuscript scattered around her," her biographer said. In the afternoon and evening she would make calls, attend committee meetings and be active otherwise, and "wherever she went she became without effort the most absorbing person present, and an hour spent with her was worth many dinner parties." She was so popular because she had the power of forgetting herself entirely in the person whom she was seeking to help. When she was thirty-six the spinal trouble had progressed to such an extent that her head had to be supported by a steel net. Yet her biographer told how, just at that time, she was taking pleasure in life, and giving pleasure to others.

Anthony Trollope, in "Barchester Towers," told of a woman who was Mrs. Bishop's opposite. She was a cripple, yet not such a cripple that she could not walk. But she would not walk. She spent her days on a couch, so disposing her draperies that her deformity was hidden, and she insisted on being carried about on the couch, even to places of entertainment. Everywhere she went she talked of her privation and her pain, and demanded pity. She accomplished nothing but the making of herself and others miserable.

Each one has some handicap, something that threat-

ens to stand in the way of usefulness. Is this handicap resented, or is effort put forth to make it a help instead of a hindrance? It is easy to be like the novelist's heroine. It is not easy to be a hero who overcomes. But God calls his people to be heroic. He says to all: "Quit you like men; be strong." He asks them to "rejoice evermore, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." And he makes possible this forgetfulness of pain in joy, for he has given to all who will receive him his Spirit, and "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."

XX

THROUGH PAIN TO JOY

NO words can express how much I am enjoying life just now. What a delightful feeling it is to live in the present, to enjoy everything just as it comes, to wake with the sense that a quiet day lies before me full of inward peace, freedom from anxiety and regret, and luminous with the certainty that I am in the right path."

It was an invalid who wrote these words. She knew she would never rise from her bed, yet she was filled with the deepest joy. Why?

In Lausanne, Switzerland, Adele Kamm was born on October 1, 1885. When she was eight years old she had her first severe attack of illness. For a time the physicians thought they could restore her to health. After a few years, however, they realised that all they could do was to prolong her life. She was suffering from tuberculosis, and the end seemed near.

The invalid heard the truth, but she did not allow herself to give way to gloom. "I will smile when I feel ill," she resolved. And this resolution she kept so well that her sick room became a centre of joy. "Her life was gracious and radiant," wrote Paul Seippel in telling her story in "A Huguenot Saint of the Twentieth Century," a book which passed through three editions in French before it was translated into English and

published in America. "Her gaiety never forsook her, not even when she was worst. She was as jolly as a schoolboy."

For a time she was in a hospital, where she found joy in ministering to the other patients, sympathising with them as she knew how to do, for she understood what they were passing through.

When she was taken from the hospital to her own quiet home, she missed what she called "the sacred joy" of helping them, and she began to look about her for opportunities of helping others. "There lies the way to pure joy," she wrote one day when pain was so great that it seemed absurd to think of doing anything for any one.

For a time she felt that she could do nothing but give joy to others, inspire their courage and hope, and call forth a smile. "We needn't sit up to do that," she said. Then she could pray for others; they needed so many things for which she could plead.

And as she thought that these opportunities were still hers, she wrote to a friend, "Joy and peace have come back, and I feel that I have something to do during all the time that it may please God to keep me in this state."

One day joy was unusual, for she received a letter which asked her to put down on paper her reflections on suffering, that she might use her story for the benefit of other sufferers. At once she began to write a booklet that was soon in the hands of many invalids. "Joyful in Tribulation" she called it, and it rang with a message of joy from beginning to end.

Letters poured into her sick room by hundreds. In-

valids whom she had helped wanted her to know of their gratitude. After receiving some of these messages, she wrote, "God has lavished upon me such a multitude of utterly unmerited blessings; he has turned every hour of my affliction into such deep, pure joy, that I feel absolutely ready to accept whatever he sends in a spirit of quiet confidence."

Before long her joy became even greater, because, with another invalid, she conceived the idea of the "Society of the 'Coccinelles'" (Ladybirds). It was to be their aim "to bind together into one sacred fellowship all lonely sufferers." One after another, invalids were brought into the society. Letters were sent to them, breathing a message of courage, and explaining that there can be no real courage except for those who trust in God. To those who professed belief in faith-healing, she declared firmly her own disbelief. "I do not doubt that God can heal us," she wrote at one time, "but if he does not do so he is only acting for our highest good, and, personally, I cannot understand this terrible struggle which destroys all the spiritual peace and blessing flowing from the entire acceptance of the will of God."

The profits from her booklet were piling up so rapidly that she thought of another opportunity for serving sufferers. As she contrasted her own cheerful room with the untidy, cheerless rooms of many other invalids, she began to dream of an open-air pavilion where tuberculosis patients might go for a few hours every day, a sort of garden in a sheltered spot.

The government provided a site, and the invalid collected the funds, herself giving a large part of the

necessary amount. She made arrangements for the various necessities and comforts for those who were to be helped by the garden. Then with joy she awaited the reports which came to her from grateful patients. Before long she heard that other towns in Switzerland, and even in other countries, were planning similar pavilions.

Once Lady Aberdeen came to see her about her work for invalids. As the visitor was leaving, she asked if the sufferer had any message to send to sick people in Ireland. "Tell them how happy I am," was the reply. "Tell them there is no joy like that of working for others and that I shall die rejoicing in the thought that, by the grace of God, the worst foe of mankind can be swept off the face of the earth if all men everywhere will work together for God and humanity."

A little later she said to the friend who wrote the story of her busy years, "I have had a happy life. . . . Happiness is more precious when it has been mingled with anguish; the profoundest peace comes after storm; the light breaks out more radiantly from behind dark clouds. God gives special grace to those who pass through dark waters. . . . Through my trial my life has been the happiest I know of, and I would not change it now for any other, so wonderfully have I been blessed."

As weakness and pain grew greater, joy increased. The happiest hours were spent when she could not sleep because of the intensity of her pain. She knew what it was to abide in God, and to have him abide

with her, and in the companionship with him her heart was full.

At last her message to her friend was: "Life and death are alike joy to me." And she proved the truth of her words when, after days of fearful anguish, she fell asleep with the smile on her face that had brought visitors to her bedside from far and near, the smile of one who found her joy in God.

XXI

SHUT IN WITH GOD

AN unassuming letter brought the first word of her, a letter full to the brim of peace and good cheer. She said that for years she had been an active church worker, but during the closing years of her life she was dependent on her religious paper for her touch with the outside world.

A second letter came when she learned through her paper of a man in a distant state who was lonely through the long winter. "I wonder if he would not like to have a volume which has meant much to me for many years?" she asked. "Would you be willing to send it to him?"

A year passed. Then she wrote: "I cannot see to read my paper any more. My eyes are funny; they won't read anything but big black letters. I cannot read my Bible, except the Psalms which my pastor gave me. When I was a child my mother taught me verses of Scripture, and I remember them now when I am seventy-five years old. I ask the Lord every day to give me strength and sight, and he does. 'As thy days so shall thy strength be' is the promise; and His promises are true. I have proved this.

"I pray for the poor shut-ins, and wish I could help them. Margaret Sangster would call me a shut-out, for my ears are as bad as my eyes."

A friend who saw this letter took her a large print New Testament. He found her living in dire poverty. But she had no complaint to make. How happily she smiled when the Book was handed her! She looked into it and her eyes glistened as she recognised words which she had thought never to see again. Then a look of sadness came to her face as she closed it slowly and reluctantly passed it back to her visitor. "I wish I could buy it, but I have not the money."

With difficulty she was made to understand that the Book was not for sale; it was for her. Her face was transformed. The sight was one to be remembered.

A few days later there came a joyous letter, speaking of the gift. "Now I can read my New Testament," she said.

Months passed. Then the postman brought a long letter which showed plainly that eyesight had failed more than ever. "I cannot see to read my New Testament," she began. "I am writing these lines without seeing the paper. I hope you can read it. I want you to know that I am reading the New Testament from the tablets of my heart. How the verses come to me that my mother taught me, that I learned at the family altar, that God has brought home to me during the long years of his goodness to me. I can still hold the Testament, and it is a comfort to do this. But, oh! the joy of thinking His thoughts after him, and knowing that 'underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

The last letter came after a few more months. The difficulty of deciphering it was great, but it was worth while to take the time from a busy morning to puzzle

out the words, many of which were written over words in the preceding line. Some of the words were not completed; the pen had gone dry before the blind woman was aware of the fact. But it was possible to make out this message:

"I am sending you this book, for when the Lord takes me home I don't know what will become of it. It has been a great comfort to me. Perhaps you can find in it something you can use.

"Last October we had a Home Department social in the evening. Two friends were going to take me, but it stormed so I could not go. My eyes make me a shut-in, and my ears a shut-out."

The reader turned from the letter of the joyful saint to the little book, which she could not bear to think might fall into the hands of strangers. He wondered what this would tell of the life of the owner.

At first he was disappointed, for it was only a little old-fashioned memorandum book which she had used to preserve fugitive bits of prose and poetry. Some of these were reprints; many others were copied.

But as he turned the pages he realised that the aged Christian had made him the custodian of a bit of her heart history, for when the selections were read in the light of the letters which have been quoted, they gave a message not to be mistaken.

Lines from one of the first poems, by Margaret E. Sangster, told the keynote of her life:

"Then, Christian, be joyful, whate'er may befall,
Accept from Him gratefully, feeling no fear,
The beautiful gift of another new year."

The note of faith was sounded again, thus:

“Out of the depths of affliction,
 Trial and trouble and grief,
 Bring me, by Thy benediction,
 Unto new heights of belief.”

There was hardly a blemish elsewhere in the book. But some of the words of this poem were badly blotted. Was it with the tears of one who, in the midst of deep sorrow, cried in faith, “Thy will be done”?

There were no blots on the glad record on another page:

“What if, though so footsore and weary,
 My path be yet broken and rough,
 I know that the Lord is beside me,
 He holds me, and that is enough.

“And better than wings is His presence,
 And faith than a dearth of alarms;
 ’Tis sweeter in sorrow to falter
 Than ne’er be upheld by His arms.”

The Christian’s growth is indicated by another quotation:

“I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see;
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
 And follow Thee.

“Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
 Like quiet night;
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
 Through peace to light.”

Once there was written a fugitive quotation, thus:

“Thou art as much His care, as if beside
 Nor man nor angel dwelt in heaven or earth.”

Again she marked with her initials and the date the stanzas which she called “My Prayer”:

"As a little child relies
On a care beyond its own,
Being neither strong nor wise,
Fears to take a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide
As my Father, Friend, and Guide."

Years before writing in her heart book this stanza, she copied lines by Mrs. Sangster which were the prophecy of the closing years of her trusting life:

"The aged one wearing a glory of white,
And bearing before-time the heavenly light" . . .

And yet for a moment the reader had thought pityingly of the narrow life of her who had found satisfaction in copying the thoughts of others!

She was not to be pitied; she was to be envied. Her life was not narrow; it was broadened, deepened, glorified by Him of whom she thought through the long hours of the day, who was her Companion when she lay down to rest, who was still with her when she took up gladly the duties of another day, who is waiting for the day when he shall give her abundant entrance to the home prepared for her.

XXII

JOY IN THE DARKNESS

ONE day in 1847 Henry Fawcett, a fourteen-year-old boy in an English school, wrote an essay:

“What can be so beautifully contrived and framed as the human body, where there are innumerable Parts, acting all in unity? . . . If one of the Parts go wrong, the whole Body is put out of Tune. . . . Is there any one Part of our Body which we could dispense with? . . . I think the answer ‘No’ must be evident to every one.”

And yet it was given to Henry Fawcett to prove the possibility of living well, lacking one of the most important parts of the body. Wilfred Holt, in writing Fawcett’s biography, “A Beacon for the Blind,” calls attention to the fact that he showed “not only that we can get along without some of our most precious faculties, but that the law of compensation so works that we may be able to accomplish more by reason of the loss.”

As a boy Henry Fawcett determined that some day he would enter Parliament. After a creditable career at Cambridge, he entered Lincoln’s Inn. But his preparation for the Bar was interrupted by a weakness of the eyes.

One September day in 1858 he accompanied his father on a hunting expedition, wearing tinted glasses

to protect his eyes. Not seeing Henry in the way, Mr. Fawcett fired at a partridge. The shot entered the eyes of the young man, blinding him instantly. But for the resistance of the glass he would have been killed.

Six weeks later he was able to perceive light for three days. Then the light failed completely.

The father said it would be easier to bear the calamity if "the boy" would only complain. But he was never known to complain of the loss of sight; he used to say that "blindness was not a tragedy, but an inconvenience."

From the first he reminded his friends of the phrase put in the mouth of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt:

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

Sympathetic friends counselled him to bow to the will of Providence. "But Fawcett asked what was the will of Providence. Why, without trying, should he suppose that inaction would be the nobler part for him to play?"

In later years he told in a public address how inactive he was:

"I very soon, however, came to the resolution to live, as far as possible, just as I had lived before. . . . No one can more enjoy catching a salmon in the Tweed or the Spey, or throwing a fly in some quiet trout stream in Wiltshire or Hampshire. I can take the greatest delight, accompanied by a friend, in a gallop over the turf; a long row from Oxford to London

gives me the same invigorating exercise that it used to do, and during the recent long frost I do not think any one in the whole country found more pleasure than I did in a long day's skating with a friend. Often in the Cambridgeshire fens I have skated fifty or sixty miles in the day."

Thus he showed how different was his purpose from that of many another brave, afflicted man. Others had thought it a triumph to push on in spite of the handicap of which they were always conscious, but Henry Fawcett made up his mind to disregard his blindness, "and to make good just as he would have made good without it. 'Leave me alone!' he once said to a kind friend who sought to guide his steps, 'I've got to learn to walk without seeing, and I've got to begin at once.'"

One day he was fishing and caught his line in a tree overhead. He exclaimed to his secretary, who came up, "Can't you see it?" Then, with added impatience, "See, it's up there. I can see it." He delighted to walk over the Cambridge Hills. As he walked he would pause frequently "to look at the view," as he said. He liked to ask a friend to describe for him the scenery, "what hills and lakes he saw, what colours they were, where the mist floated." When he met a friend he was as apt as not to say, "How well you are looking," or "I am sorry you are not looking so well today." Of course he judged by the voice of the one to whom he was speaking, but he framed his greeting in accordance with his own advice to other blind people: "Act as if you were not blind, be of good courage, and help yourselves."

Perhaps there is no better indication of his hearty acceptance of his blindness than the story told of his method of arranging his wardrobe. Always a careful dresser, he did not propose to leave the choice of his garments for the day to another, no matter how well qualified that other might be. "He had all his clothes carefully and legibly labelled with numbers, placed so as not to show during wear. In this way his garments might easily be identified by any one not familiar with his wardrobe. If he came home in a great hurry, directions like these were not infrequent: "I must dress quickly. Please help—coat one, vest six, collar one, trousers three, shoes and socks twelve and thirteen."

It is not strange that a man with a spirit like that was able to win his appointment to the Chair of Political Economy at Cambridge, when he was thirty years old. After a brilliant record in college, he sought election to Parliament. Several times he was defeated; the voters found it difficult to realise that a blind man could represent them adequately. But they made up their minds that they had been mistaken, for in 1865 he was elected a member of the House of Commons.

On leaving Cambridge he said that it was decided "to exert an influence in removing the social ills of our country. . . . I regard it as a high privilege of God if he will enable me to assist in such a work."

In Parliament he became the champion of the oppressed. The labourer and the children were sure of help from him. He succeeded in saving for the common people the commons and a large part of Epping

Forest. When the Sultan of Turkey visited England and it was proposed to pay the bills for his splendid entertainment by taxing the people of India because the Sultan had been courteous in the matter of telegraphic communication between India and Europe, he protested. And he won the fight, as he usually won. Once he persisted in a course that threatened to wreck his own party, and so his chances of preferment in the future. But he did not hesitate. "He desired office but as a better means of serving the people; if office could not mean that to him, it meant nothing."

When the Liberals came to power in 1880 he was made Gladstone's Postmaster General. During his term of office he insisted in looking on the Post Office "as an instrument which could be made of service, especially to the poor." The establishment of the Parcel Post, and the Postal Savings Bank were two of his achievements. Above all, he gave "the machine a soul and a heart."

For four years he laboured in the Department. The hard work hastened his death. On November 6, 1884, his eyes were opened to see the light of another world.

"Fawcett's life," says his biographer, "awakens us to the possibilities of happiness and usefulness without the aid of money or position and even despite one of the gravest impediments under which a man can labour. He completely forgot himself and his personal interests, and in so doing found happiness and success. His career was a forceful illustration of that ancient truth, 'He that loses his life shall find it.'"

And *Punch*, the paper that published the wonderful lines on Lincoln, whom Henry Fawcett so much re-

sembled both in appearance and love of the common people, said of him :

**“Darkness enwrapped him, yet with steadfast heart
He sought, unfaltering, the highest light.
His keen-eyed spirit failed not in the sight
Which sees, and seeing, loves the better part.”**

FIVE
LOVING ONE ANOTHER

“This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.”—John 15: 12.

XXIII

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART

IN the story of Robert Louis Stevenson's life on his South Sea Island there is nothing more delightful than the narrative of the building of the road through the jungle to his new house. He did not know how the road was to be built; the natives did not take kindly to work. But the problem was solved in a most unexpected way. The chiefs knew what the white man at Vailima wanted. Neither they nor their men could be hired to give it to him. But because they loved him they would make the road. So they gathered in force and felled trees, and cleared underbrush, and when the way was complete they called it "The Road of the Loving Heart."

It is of another road of the loving heart that Eleanor Atkinson tells in "Johnny Appleseed," a pioneer of the early nineteenth century. We know that such a man lived, and that he devoted his life to planting orchards. We have a few trustworthy narratives of his early experiences. Around these narratives Miss Atkinson has built a story that makes her hero live. With bated breath the reader goes with him as he carves out his road of the loving heart.

In later years that road was marked by luxuriant apple blossoms. But before it could be so marked it was necessary to traverse it again and again, year

after year, setting out his seedlings, tending them with loving care, replacing them when frost or animals or Indians had destroyed them, and in order that in time the solitary place might be glad and the wilderness blossom as the rose. It meant to him that he heaped up no riches for himself; he was making glad countless homes and hearts. He was not discouraged by the thought of peril and privation and loneliness; was he not giving his days to minimising perils for others, alleviating their privations and giving them joy in their loneliness? He knew that for years the pioneers must give their thought to the conquest of the forest and the soil; it would be all they could do to provide for the necessities of their families. He would provide the beauty and satisfaction of blossoming, fruitful orchards.

The first glimpse of Johnny Appleseed is in Pittsburgh of the pioneers. He was a seedsman whose tiny house was in an orchard by the main travelled road. There emigrants halted for water from the never-failing spring, and there the women found joy in the fragrant blooms or in the ripening apples. When they expressed a longing for trees like that in their new home, the host gave them a bag of seeds. But his heart failed him as he thought that their efforts would be in vain. How he wished that some one could give time and thought to the providing of orchards for these hardy men and women!

Johnny Appleseed is presented as possibly the only man then living in Pittsburgh who "would not be counting his gains at the end of the day, although no other had such attractive wares to offer as had he."

The pioneers had little ready money, and what they had they needed for more necessary things than seedling apple trees. They thought to turn away with a sigh when their wives pleaded for little trees, but the orchardist would not have it so; he gave them trees and accepted their notes, though he knew that these could never be paid. Later he burned these notes, not with a sigh of regret, but with the longing hope that some of the seedlings which the notes represented might be giving promise of fruitfulness before long. He would have laughed if any one had told him he was foolish to destroy the evidences of indebtedness; he was sure that the best investment a man could make was in the good-will of his fellowmen; he knew that "the best things in life cannot be bought." That was the doctrine of Louis Agassiz, who felt that life was too full of opportunities to be helpful to tie himself down to mere money making; it was the motive of Nasmyth, the maker of the first steam hammer, who refused to keep to himself an invention that would have made him wealthy, preferring to share it with others; it is the teaching of Him who tells his people, "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth . . . but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

The picture of the young Pittsburger in his orchard is appealing. A pioneer had stopped at the gate. "Before the horses had finished drinking, Johnny came whistling down the path. He was extraordinarily happy because he had so much to share. There were seasons when he had nothing besides cold water and a friendly word. But this morning he had a heap of wrinkled, winey apples, brought up from winter pits,

at the gate, and his orchard was a thing of breathless beauty to delight the eye of all comers."

Then came the day when Johnny no longer stopped with wishing that some one might go in after the pioneers, carrying with him the orchards which they could not plant and tend successfully. "As clear as the bugle that began to blow to announce that the boats were going out, he heard that voiceless call to go and plant orchards in the wilds." There were days of arguing against the call. How could he give up his dream of love and home? How could he be content to sow in solitude and see his harvests gathered to cheer the firesides of other men? "He could have no love but that of mankind, no children besides the tender seeds of his planting. And at the end he must come to some death obscure and lonely?" He could not do it! Yet who else could do it as well as he? He had no ties to bind him to Pittsburgh; no work that a man much older than himself could not do as well.

There could be but one answer for a man like Johnny Appleseed. He sold his orchard and plunged into the forest, beginning the work that was to last all his life. Only once did he falter. He loved a maiden in the wilderness, and he tried to persuade himself that he had already done enough; surely he had earned the right to settle down and reap the fruits of his labours. But he decided that he must do himself as he had told others to do. Once a doctor showed him proudly a tree of Summer Sweetings in full bloom which "reigned over that wild landscape, and had its court of honey bees." The owner was rejoicing in the thought of the fruit so soon to be reaped. But Johnny

Appleseed would not have it so. "It has a more important work to do than bringing you a crop of apples," he said. "You are going to strip it, every season, of its choicest buds, so every householder for miles around can have a tree of Summer Sweetings." Here was duty marked out for himself, too. Resolutely he would pluck the flowers of his own life that the homes of thousands might be glorious. So he helped prepare the home for the maiden he loved when another had won her, making it a bower of beauty, then disappeared into the wilderness when she sought him to thank him.

So his life became a long story of hail and farewell. When the orchards in the river settlements could take care of themselves, he was released to work in the backwoods. He was unconscious of advancing years. He had learned the secret of perpetual youth. "To him time was an illusion of the mind, and seasons existed only in the soul. It was the spring time of life so long as the vision beckoned and the spirit leaped to some task undone."

What if the story is largely fiction? It is based on fact. And into it are woven with cunning hand the realities that make life worth living.

And what if Johnny Appleseed was looked upon as a little queer? Must one be queer before he can learn that joy comes to the unselfish and thoughtful and loving? Then let us all be queer!

XXIV

JOY THROUGH GIVING AND RECEIVING

SUPPOSE a dozen men, taken at random, should be asked to tell of the happiest day they ever spent and the reason for their happiness on that day, and suppose they should answer honestly. What a revelation of character the answers would be!

Once a boy of eight years was asked to tell of his happiest Christmas. "The Christmas father got his gun," was the eager response, a response full of significance to those who knew that he had sacrificed many pleasures in order that he might buy the gun for his father. In like manner Livingstone declared, "The happiest day of my life was the day when I decided to give myself to Africa," and Garibaldi said, "The happiest night I ever spent was the night after I had made up my mind that, let what would come, my life should be spent in the cause of Italy's liberation."

Giving always increases the joy of the giver, if he gives in the right way. There is just one way to look at the question of giving: as a privilege to be welcomed, rather than as a tax to be avoided. When an opportunity was set before a Christian to give to a Church Board, she inserted the word "gladly" in the printed subscription form beginning, "I subscribe."

A man of wealth was seen buying twenty-five cent suspenders. An observer thought the purchase indi-

cated stinginess, until he was reminded that the man made a practice of saving in order that he might have more to give. God wants everybody to realise the blessedness of glad giving, for to every one belongs the right to give freely of his best to and for others.

But unselfish giving is not the only joy-bringing duty. Some people are so persistent in taking advantage of their right to give to others that, daily, they deprive others of the privilege of giving in their turn! They are so full of the thought, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," that they monopolise giving!

A keen author has told of a woman who longed to be thought of as a good neighbour. She was always planning surprises for her friends and acquaintances who lived near her. Then one day she was grieved to overhear a reference to herself as a selfish giver. At first she resented the implication, but as she thought longer she realised with shame that in her eagerness to be a giver she had refused to permit her friends to give to her. At once those whose advances she had discouraged were made to understand that she knew how to receive as well as to give. That was the beginning of new joy in giving.

The right to give belongs to others as well as to ourselves. Receiving is a duty we owe. Unselfishness in receiving is just as much a duty as unselfishness in giving.

OUT OF THE MIRE OF SELF

THE hero of the novel, "The Clean Heart," was called "one of the lucky ones." Everything to which he put his hand turned out fortunately. As a youth he wrote for the papers. Soon he was given a staff position on a popular weekly. Before he was thirty he was famous. He argued with himself that he ought to be happy, and he tried to convince himself that he was happy. But his efforts were in vain. He felt aggrieved; it seemed to him that a man who had made the sacrifices he had made in educating the orphaned children of a relative had a claim on Providence for happiness above the ordinary lot.

He grew morbid. He redoubled his attention to his work. Always he thought of satisfying himself at all costs.

He sought relief in love, but he did not find it. He told the girl everything was of no use; he could not be satisfied. With a woman's keenness she saw, and she told him, that his trouble was self. But he would not believe.

Finally he became obsessed with the feeling that he was pursued every moment by himself. Insanely he sought to come to grips with the phantom that would not give him rest. At length he decided that there could be no relief till he tried life in new surround-

ings. Anything to get rid of his pursuing double! Thinking nothing of his responsibilities to those who were dependent on him, he disappeared from his accustomed haunts and led the life of a vagabond. He hoped that new experiences would make him forget the past. Bravely he tried his prescription. He kept company with one of the most delightful characters in recent fiction, a nondescript tramp, a philosopher, who correctly diagnosed the hero's ailment when he said he was fighting himself; he was opposing a spook; he was in a fair way to go crazy; he was like all other men who have a hard luck story to tell. The tramp could tell just such a story about his own life, if he desired. "We've both led beautiful, virtuous lives"; thus he gave form to his diagnosis; "and we ought to be angels with beautiful wings, 'stead of which here we are, glumphed: folks have got up and given us fat bits and glumphed us."

But this man-who-pitied-himself did not feel that he could agree with the tramp. There was no imagination about it: he had been harshly treated, he did not see that he should be classed with the tramp who urged him, "Up, my loony, and I will teach you to forget yourself—which is what is the matter with you and with most of us."

The man from the city thought he knew a better way. He would set out on a life of adventure. But adventures did not make him happy. He was surprised at this result, for he had come to the conclusion that the secret of being happy was not to care. The tramp told him he was mistaken; he could not be happy till he stopped thinking about being happy. "Think

of some one else, care for some one else," the tramp pleaded. "Care for me."

Within a few hours the tramp proved that he knew the secret of happiness by yielding his life, deliberately, for his companion. He died with a joke and a smile. But still the selfish man did not see the truth.

The hero had a glimmering of the truth when, in the county infirmary, where he was an inmate, a doddering old sea captain depended on him. He took pity on the man and showed him many a kindness. When the captain, dying, said, "God bless you, Matey," there was a bursting feeling in his heart. The truth was knocking for entrance, but he would not let it in.

He had a year's experience as teacher in a boys' school. What a hard time he had! How he pitied himself! How the boys disliked him! Then he told his troubles to Essie, the daughter of the house where he lodged. She was a ray of sunshine, always helping others, never conscious of herself. Listening to his story, she said, "I wish I had your chance." "What chance?" he asked. "Why, your chance to make them happy," she answered.

He saw a light. He set himself to make the boys happy. He filled their lives with joy. And he was happy.

He made up his mind he must have Essie for his own. She had showed him the way to happiness. He must keep her with him. He required her. So he told her his need of her. But his love was not worthy love; it was selfish. And almost in the moment of his revealing to her his selfishness, she saw that he was in deadly physical peril, and she offered her life for his.

Then, at last, he knew the way to happiness. But at what a cost the revelation had come to him! "Look, look, thou vilest," he said to himself, "now that thine eyes are clear, now that thy soul is stirred at last from all the slime of self where thou hast kept it, look now, and count the cost of this thy revelation. . . . All thy life is strewed with sacrifices made for thee . . . thou hast demanded more . . . their broken bodies, he by the sea, she by the cliff, for this thy revelation. . . . O blind, O blind, that all thy life hast thought too much about thyself, and only of thyself; thought only of how to win thine own happiness; realised never till now that happiness is in making others happy, and nowhere else."

By the bedside of the unconscious girl, when he saw the truth, he prayed: "God! Tolerance for none but self, pity for none but self, all within it judged, measured, watched in terms of self! Rid me of that! Rid me of self! Help me to see self. Help me to see with others' eyes, not with my own."

His prayer was answered. For a year he proved by his life that he had learned to live for others. Then the girl who offered her life for him who had proved himself unworthy of her, recovered, in a manner, though she would never walk again. He sought her, and took her to his home, his wife, because he wanted to make her happy.

He had found entrance to the kingdom of the Lord; now he was able to pray:

"Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me."

For he had come into vital touch with Him who came to earth "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." And the secret of happiness is in being like Him. In the words of one who knew :

"Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not a thing to be grasped at to be equal with God, but emptied himself. . . ."

Not self-centred, but Christ centred: there is the secret of joy, and rest and happiness.

XXVI

WITH GRACE

WHEN you hear something good said about an acquaintance, let it be your first business to get word of it to him."

This was the message of a man who had learned that there is so much greater joy in passing on helpful words than in telling of spiteful comments and unpleasant remarks. He had followed his own advice so many times that a large part of the joy of living came to him through sending messages of helpfulness to others. So often he found that the word was received just at a critical time. "I was blue, because everything seemed against me," one man said, "but I could not be depressed after the evidence of your thought for me." "You were used to keep me from giving way to a grievous temptation," another said. "You inspired me to begin all over again, just when a long illness had made me feel that I was of no more use in the world," a third bore feeling testimony. "Yesterday I thought that the world was full of people who wanted to pull me down," said a fourth, "but to-day I feel that there are so many who are trying to help me up that I can ignore the rest."

The world needs the cheer that no one can give so well as we can. There are messages that no one will carry unless we are the bearers. It will not be hard

to find these messages. In fact, if we live up to our opportunities, the time will come when we shall see so many opportunities that we will wish for extra hands to write and additional mouths to speak the good things we long to pass on.

But there are two things we need to be on our guard against as we think of assuming the rôle of bringers of cheer. The cheer must be given just because we feel we must give this message, not for any selfish reason. We must not be dealers in what the children call "trade lasts," expecting and exacting a good word in return for every message of helpfulness. Then we must be on our guard lest we spend so much energy in thinking how fine it would be to say or write something helpful that we forget to carry out our purpose.

A writer in a secular paper tells how a well-known man came to decide that it was not enough to think of passing on good words:

"A noted editor once noticed a particularly fine achievement by a friend, also an editor. He thought he would write immediately a letter of congratulation to his friend. But he didn't. There was a day or two of delay, and then he said to himself, 'Oh, pshaw! he will get hundreds of other notes about it, so I shall not bother him with mine.' Then he met his friend and told him how it happened he had failed to send his letter of commendation. 'How many do you think I did receive?' asked the friend. The editor guessed many scores. But the real answer was, 'not one.'"

From that day the editor was eligible to membership

in "The League of the Golden Pen," because he made it a habit not only to think how fine it would be to write a letter to a man of whom he had learned something good, but he wrote them.

There is another league to which all of us should be eligible, whether or not we apply for membership, "The League of the Kindly Tongue," whose members seek each day to bring help and cheer by speech to some one near us, remembering always that "death and life are in the power of the tongue."

It is not enough to "speak no evil." The tongue was given to people for use. "Let your conversation be always with grace, seasoned with salt," is God's message.

SIX

WALKING IN LOVE

“Walk in love.”—Eph. 5:2.

XXVII

THE JOY OF SERVICE

TOWNSEND HARRIS is known to history as the first envoy of the United States to the newly opened Japanese empire. But to the friends among whom he lived in America before he responded to the call of his government he was known as a kindly, sympathetic man, who was able to work wonders among men and boys of his acquaintance, yet so quietly that few realised what was going on till the changes had been wrought.

An instance of his influence for good, on a most unlikely character in the notorious Ninth Ward of New York City, has been related by his biographer. "In those days of volunteer fire companies, the fights between rival gangs of rowdies were fearful and often bloody. One of the leading spirits in a leading company, a young Irishman, seemed the incarnation of lawlessness, with apparently no desire to become a decent member of society." His father and mother were drunkards.

Mr. Harris' opportunity came when the father was killed. "He went to the funeral, and to the astonishment of his friends rode with the boy in a carriage to the grave, and after a kindly talk invited him to come to see him. He kept his word. Kindness captured the ring-leader in bloody riots. A lifelong influence

was gained, and a complete change of life ensued. Besides pointing out a better way, Mr. Harris lent him books and studied the bent of his mind. In later years, when Mr. Harris was in Asia, the reformed man represented in Congress the state in which he was then living."

It is unlikely that the Irishman would ever have been a useful citizen but for the readiness of Mr. Harris to give time and thought to his redemption. He needed just that human touch to arouse the best that was in him.

Everywhere there are those who, to-day, are ready to respond as he did. It is a fearful thing to take the responsibility of failing to speak the word that will awaken in one of these the faintest desire for a higher life. But how many assume the responsibility every day!

XXVIII

WHAT MADE HIM HAPPY

THE surest road to happiness is the road of service in Christ's name. Happy is the man or woman who learns this early in life!

In a New York town, in the late years of the nineteenth century, lived a boy named H. Roswell Bates, whose widowed mother was struggling to support her family. She rejoiced in the efforts of a thoughtful son to lighten her burden. "She allowed him to undertake the sale of a small folding table," the biographer of this son wrote, years later. "He spent many hours seeking orders. He was wonderfully successful and earned a considerable sum, which his mother deposited to his credit. Not one cent did he spend upon any of those things for which boys of his age always long. When Christmas time came, he gave each member of the family a beautiful and comparatively expensive present. And he was happy then."

In later life he still found happiness in looking out for others. "He had what he called his 'enjoyment fund.' This was for the use of some lad who, working his way through college, was unable to spend anything upon social pleasures. Supplying this lack was his enjoyment."

When the boy was a man he became a minister. He might have gone to a conspicuous church, but he

chose to go to a struggling mission among the poor of the lower West Side in New York City. Here he still found happiness in spending his limited means for the needy. Once he wrote to a friend: "There is something fascinating about the work. When I lie down at night I cannot say the day has been wasted, for each hour brings a task to do for the Master. Can you imagine me playing the part of an express cart down East Broadway, loaded with bags of apples, bundles of clothes, a box with two rabbits and another with a live chicken, and twenty 'fresh air' children running around me like so many colts? Or, do you want a picture of me trudging through the sand at Coney Island, with a baby on one shoulder and one under each arm, and fifteen disreputable looking mothers carrying more babies, as if I were a new edition of Brigham Young? Perhaps you prefer a kodak of me trying to hold up Mrs. Halloran, and to quiet her musical voice as she shouts to every one that 'she's all right,' and staggers nearly dead drunk, with her hat on hind side before, and her skirt dragging behind. What a time I had with her!"

The suspicion of some who, ordinarily, have no use for mission workers, was quieted by his life. They could not question the sincerity of a man who found his greatest joy in living according to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. "One morning after a heavy fall of snow he was late for breakfast, and a friend afterwards discovered that he had stopped to shovel the walk of a frail woman living nearby, who had no one to do it for her. Once when two people were starting for a visit to their old home in Ireland

with their wee baby, and had engaged passage in the steerage, Mr. Bates went down to see them off. When the ship sailed, they discovered that he had secured cabin accommodations for them."

But there were greater expenditures than money. He gave himself for his people. "I know what it means when I read that Christ was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," he said once to an intimate friend, "for I have tried to carry my people's grief and bear their burdens." There was a look of joy in his face as he spoke, for in bearing burdens for others he found happiness for himself.

The happiest people are those who are so busy trying to bring happiness into other lives that they have no time to stop to think of ways to increase their own happiness.

XXIX

THE RICHES SHE WON

SO often those who are poor in men's eyes are rich toward God. They may be counted failures by most of those who think they know them, but those who really do know them thank God for their success in the best things of life.

For nineteen years a woman buried herself in the home of a friend, ministering to the needs of that friend's household. But her readiness to efface herself won for her the deep gratitude of the friend, for after her death it was realised that she had buried herself in the hearts of those who lived in that home. "She has been our joy and inspiration, our help and comfort," is the friend's tribute. "She was the most wonderful person I have ever known. She was a daily marvel to me for her sweetness of spirit, her patience, her gentleness, her true refinement, her sanity and judgment, and her amazing capability in all that it behooves a woman to know and do. For twenty years she was a teacher in a district where sin and want and ignorance do their worst for young girls, and although her heart was perpetually wrung by conditions which she was powerless to remedy, she never lost faith in the goodness of God. As for me and mine, may we live worthy of her."

Better is it to win a tribute like this than to heap

up a mountain of gold or to win mere popular applause for some conspicuous deed that does not leave the world better. Or, as the Wise Man said, "Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich," and, as the Master said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth . . . but . . . in heaven."

XXX

GETTING THE TRUE PERSPECTIVE

MANY people miss the real joy of life because they are so intently looking for the big things on which they think joy depends that they ignore the so-called little things. And yet these little things are in reality the big things!

How one joyless woman learned this lesson has been told by a popular writer:

“Miss Hayden waited impatiently for her change. A fretful frown darkened her brow.

“‘Yes,’ said the little clerk who had served her, to the girl who stood next her behind the counter, ‘I had a mighty nice birthday. I think I’ve got about the best folks I know.’

“‘Did you have a party, Helen?’ inquired Laura.

“‘Yes; it was a surprise party, or I would have asked you. You see, we’re all saving up to get mother a new brass bed for Christmas, so of course I didn’t expect to have any party or any presents. But when I got home, mother told me there was to be company for dinner. She wouldn’t tell me who it was—— ‘I’m sorry, madam, that you have to wait so long; the inspector has to straighten it out.’

“‘I don’t mind waiting.’ Miss Hayden was astonished to hear herself speaking rather pleasantly.

“‘It was Jimmy Pollard. He brought me the love-

liest bunch of sweet peas. The dinner was a present from mother. It was grand, really—chicken, green corn, and everything. Bess gave me a written promise to make my bed for a month. I just hate to make a bed, and I don't like to leave it for mother to do.

“‘Louise gave me her I. O. U. to wear her pink sash whenever I want to. And what do you think brother Bob had for me? He worked as a messenger last vacation, and he gave me a dollar! It was all framed in *passé partout*. He did it himself, and he had printed under the dollar, “In case of emergency, break the glass.” Wasn't that funny? I feel now as if there's never to be an emergency great enough to break that glass. Maybe, though, if we don't get quite enough money for the brass bed, that dollar will come in handy.’

“‘Here's your change at last, madam. It was too bad you had to wait so long.’

“‘It didn't matter at all,’ smiled Miss Hayden, and then with quite an unusual expression on her face she went to another part of the shop and selected a gift. This she handed to Laura who, as Miss Hayden turned away, read the attached card wonderingly: ‘For Helen, who knows the joys of life.’”

These tremendously effective and attractive paragraphs should be read carefully. Then they should be read a second time, and a third time and a fourth. Those who, already, see the world and the people in it through Helen's eyes will rejoice in the message, and those who have not yet learned to see people and things with her clear vision need the schooling afforded by careful analysis of her tale of joy.

That tale reveals far more than one girl's ability to rejoice in what, to many, will seem small things. It tells of a home where a mother's love for her children is appreciated; where brother and sisters plan for each other; where one member of the household knows how to accept loving service; where thoughtfulness of the mother is not confined to gifts won by self-denial, but is proved in the more difficult way of effort to save her from extra toil.

It was in a home like this in which Jesus lived, and it is a home like this that Jesus wants all his people to have.

XXXI

THE JOY OF PRAYING FOR OTHERS

CHRISTIANS glory in the opening words of the Lord's Prayer; it is a joy to think that God is "our" Father. But how far do Christians go in their appreciation of the meaning of this partnership word? They go part way when they include others in their prayers, asking God to fill their lives with His joy. But not until they pray with others as well as for them are they able to understand something of what it means to say "our Father." One who is of kin becomes more dear when the heart is poured out with him in prayer, and friendship is transformed when the friends meet at the mercy seat.

In a recent biography one earnest Christian tells of her indebtedness to a school friend who, on one never-to-be-forgotten evening, knelt with her in a recitation room and prayed aloud for her at a crisis hour in her life. That friendship, hallowed by prayer, became the most beautiful thing in her life, except the friendship of Jesus Christ.

There is no union like the union known by those who approach God together. Only those who use the privilege of prayer in behalf of another are making the highest use of it. This follows, then: No greater honour can be paid one Christian by another than to ask him to join in prayer in behalf of a friend. It

is as if the words were spoken, "Come with me to the God of heaven and earth and join me in a petition for a blessing on this man; just now he is in dire need of God's richest blessing."

Does it seem possible that such a request can be heard carelessly? Yet how often the response to such a plea is made without thought, so that the request is forgotten as soon as one brief petition has been uttered, or perhaps even sooner! The right attitude was that of the busy man to whom the request came on a morning when he was in the midst of an unusually busy day's work, "Mr. X. sends word asking you to pray for his son this morning; it is the day of crisis in his disease." "Right away," was the answer, as the man rose from his desk and turned to an inner room, "and thank you for letting me know. It is good to meet that father at the Throne."

The Christian needs to ask himself how he receives the requests for prayer that come to him. Is definite prayer for others a fixed habit of every day? Is he following in the steps of Him who said, "I pray for them," "I have prayed for them," "Sanctify them through thy truth"? He said, "I have given you an example that ye also should do as I have done to you."

XXXII

THE TRANSFORMATION

THERE is no joy like the joy of service. A man showed a friend two photographs. The first was that of a young man. His face was pleasing, his bearing showed that he was satisfied with the world; but it was the satisfaction of indifference. The second photograph was that of an old man whose face bore the marks of suffering. His whole bearing suggested that he had been a helper of the helpless. He, too, looked satisfied; but his satisfaction was that of one who knows what it is to drink deep draughts of the sorrows of others, who finds his joy in ministering to the needy, who is most content when he is showing another the way to happiness. Somehow a look at this photograph made the observer think of Him whose "visage was so marred more than any man."

"Who are these men?" the question was asked. "They are pictures of the same man," was the reply. "The first photograph was taken when he was in the high tide of youth. He was a Christian, but he had not learned much of what it meant to serve with Christ. The second photograph was taken at a time when men and women by the hundreds were turning to him for sympathy and help, and were never turned away unsatisfied. He gave himself for those among whom he lived. It was his joy to love men out of the

pit, and he did just this times without number. Only a little while after the photograph was taken he gave up his life while ministering to the poor of the section of the city where he chose to live. He was ready then to enter into the joy of his Lord, for he had learned what the joy of the Lord was while he was serving here on earth."

A transformation like that costs heavily. But it is worth while to pay the price and reap the reward.

XXXIII

THE MAN FROM THE PRAIRIES

TWO men were walking through the shopping district of a large city, a business man of the city and his companion from the prairies. The companion was a character; he attracted the attention even of hurrying passers-by. He was fresh from the Northwestern State where he had just finished his thirty-third year as a Sunday-school missionary. His broken English—he was himself foreign-born—had not been a bar to his success among people of any nationality; his genial smile, twinkling eye, and humorous speech had enabled him to win his way to the hearts of men, women and children everywhere. "Nobody gets souls mit long faces," was his own way of explaining his genial looks.

As the men passed the shop windows, with their enticing Christmas displays, the man from the plains looked intently at the beautiful things on which all who passed seemed to be dwelling with longing gaze. The business man wondered whether he could be wishing that he might take some of the trinkets to the wife and children at home. But how could he hope to buy, when his salary was only a thousand dollars a year, and he had to keep a team at an expense of fifteen dollars a month, while he was giving to the

Lord fifteen per cent. of his gross income, "and then some," to use his own words?

"How many, many t'ings!" he said at last. Were the words a sigh? "But t'ings can't make a man happy, can they?" he went on. "What makes us all happy is doing t'ings for Jesus."

That started him. With a little encouragement he told, in his simple, broken way, of a few of the incidents of his varied career. Later the business man made the attempt to pass on some of the things by which he explained his happiness. It is impossible to do this adequately, for the flashes of humour and the drolleries of speech cannot be reproduced.

The first story was about a church whose members wanted to take a vacation of six months during the long prairie winter.

"I heard that a meeting was to be held the next Sunday to pass the motion. I didn't get no gilt-edged invitation, but I said to myself, 'I'll be there.' And I was. They seemed surprised to see me, but that didn't make no difference to me; I knew I was where my Master's business was to be done.

"A prosperous looking farmer stood up and stated the object of the meeting. What was the use trying to keep the church open all the year when a six months' supply of fuel would need to be got ready, the stove would have to be prepared, some one would have to build fires, and there would be the expense of hiring a preacher? Then there was Red Jacket Church, just a piece beyond the creek; they could all go there. He made a mighty good talk, I tell you—convincing, too. That is, it convinced those who had

come out with their minds made up just how they intended to be convinced. They was all ready to vote; a fellow could see that with half an eye.

"But something went wrong with their calculations. You see, I wasn't convinced a mite. I up and had my say. I told those folks they couldn't fool me about going to Red Jacket; they didn't have any notion of going to Red Jacket or any other jacket. It was an easy matter to get wood, and a stove was just as easy fixed. My notion, I told them, was that they only wanted to take a rest in churchgoing, and I knew how that kind of thing would work out. It was a sure thing that, if the church closed its doors for six months, they'd never open again.

"Then I up and moved that the stove be fixed, wood be cut, and preaching arranged for. Well, would you believe it? The people were ashamed to vote any other way but mine. That old farmer and some of the other officers tried to head them off, but they didn't do no good.

"Say, those officers were bound to have their way. They had a private meeting, and passed the motion to close the church.

"I heard about that, but it didn't change my plans a mite. I sent out word among the folks that there would be meeting at the church next Sunday, for they could count on me to be there.

"I was there, too. So were the officers. Just as I was about to begin the service, that same old farmer stood up and said there wasn't going to be no service. I told him to guess again. Then he sputtered, and said the deacons had voted that no minister should

stand in that pulpit for six months. I told him that was all right; they hadn't said a thing ag'in' an elder standing in the pulpit, and I was an elder, a mighty poor excuse for one, but an elder just the same.

"They let me go ahead, then; they had to. I gave them some mighty plain gospel, too, I tell you. When I was done, I said I'd be on hand again the next Sunday. Wouldn't it be a good thing if they'd tinker up that stove before that time? Weather might change, and then we'd need it.

"Well, sir, there wasn't anything more said by the deacons. We had a second service, and we had a stove that worked. By that time the deacons seemed kind of ashamed that they had talked about closing up. 'Twa'n't long till they were all for going on—not as if that made any difference in my plans; I was going on anyhow.

"I didn't have to stay there long. They got a preacher. And soon they had a big revival, and built an elegant sixteen-thousand-dollar church.

"Wasn't my church, you say? Well, what of that? It was my Master's church, wasn't it? And ain't I my Master's man?

"Let me tell you of another place where no one could have said I hadn't any business to be. Nobody else would go there, so nobody cared what I did. It was a new town, where there were six hundred people, and not a sign of a Protestant church or Sunday school. Folks who claimed to know said I'd better keep out of there, but I have a sort of hankering to go to just that kind of place.

"When I struck the town and began to talk Sunday

school, they turned me down cold. They couldn't make me feel bad, though; a turndown like that is like as not to be the first stage on the road to success.

"I won't stop to tell you how I persuaded them to come, but I got a round dozen of the folks into a meeting to talk about a school. We organised in good shape, and took for superintendent the best man in the lot, and she was a barefoot girl.

"That was only a start. Next Sunday we had to move out. Pretty soon I had a surprise for them. I held up a subscription paper, and told them they was respectfully requested to come front and put their names down for the building they'd have to have. The first one come was an old farmer who wrote his name for seventy-five dollars. He had just gone back to his seat when a woman got up on the other side of the room—the men and the women sat on opposite sides there. She got hold of that paper, kind of gasped when she saw what was writ there, then spoke out so's everybody could hear, 'The old man don't get ahead of me by writing seventy-five; I guess his wife is good for a hundred to put along of that.'

"That paper had on it seven hundred dollars before that meeting was out. Then they got worked up, and they didn't stop till they had as pretty a little thirty-six-hundred-dollar church as you ever see.

"They soon had a Christian Endeavor Society there, and it was a good one, too. In five years it took the second prize banner for having the next to the most tithers in proportion to membership.

"But you mustn't think a church always comes out of the schools I see get started. Let me tell you about

one where there was no sign of a church then or any other time. It was in a sort of rough country, with rough people in it. But their hearts were gold, all right. First night I was there I slept in a house where eight were put up in one room. There was one bed. Nothing would do but I must take the bed, and all of it, too. In the morning I wanted to wash. They sent one of the girls for the pan. What pan? Why the pan they had used a while before when they milked the cow. At breakfast we had coffee, or they called it coffee. It was a home-made substitute, and the coffee-pot was a broken jar, and the spout and the handle hadn't sprouted yet.

"We got a Sunday school there. Had a sort of a stick for a superintendent. Stick or no stick, though, he did some good work. Tell you how I know. A few years after I was up North, where I didn't know there was any Christian people workin' at their business. I found a young fellow who had family prayers in his sod cabin, and he was superintendent of a good Sunday school. He told me about two brothers, still further up in the wilds, who were working Christians, too. And I found out that they were sons of that stick of a superintendent in the school that wouldn't grow into a church. Who'll say he hadn't done more for the country than a little church would have done? Who wouldn't be a stick if he could send out a lot of other sticks, every one of them a proof of Christian civilisation in a new country?

"I tell you a fellow likes to give to help people like those of whom I've been telling you. I wish I could give away my whole salary. I try to give a little slice

pretty nearly everywhere I go—sort of encourages the rest of them to give, you see.”

That was the end of the revelation of the things that brought joy to the man from the prairies, for the two had come to a street corner and the missionary was saying, “Well, I go down this road, and to-morrow, praise God! I go back to the prairies.”

SEVEN
SHARING WITH OTHERS

**"Send portions unto him for whom nothing is prepared."—
Neh. 8: 10.**

XXXIV

THE JOY OF THE CHRIST CENTRED

THAT joy is increased when it is shared with others, a ten-year-old child in the country fresh air camp found when she went to the superintendent and said: "I'm having an awfully good time here; I'd like to stay a long time, but maybe I'd better go home. I've got a little brother, and he's just five years old. He stays at home to tend house while mother goes out to work. He's just a little fellow, not half so big and strong as me. Couldn't I go home and help with the house, and couldn't he come out and take my place?"

The Spirit of Christ operates in the same manner all over the world. In Korea a missionary heard two heathen talking about the Christians. One said, "What do you think of this new faith? Are you going to be a Christian, too?" The other answered, "No; how could I? I have to think of myself, and these Christians—they are always thinking of others!"

"I wonder how she manages to give so much thought for other people!" The exclamation was made about a woman who was known for her quiet life of ministry. Every word she spoke, every letter she wrote, every deed of every day seemed to be inspired by unselfish devotion to the interests of others as interpreted by her knowledge of Jesus Christ. "It has become as natural to her as breathing," the answer was

made. "She not only bears the name Christian; she is a Christian—her life is hid with Christ in God."

The knowledge of such Christians makes one long to have a power like theirs. The longing may be satisfied, too, if one is willing to pay the price. To become like Christ, so that others will see Him in us, it is necessary that we fix our thoughts upon Him, take Him as our companion, abide in Him. We must delight in Bible reading and in prayer, permitting nothing to interfere with our approach to God that we may talk with Him and listen as He talks to us. We must be victors in the battle between self and God which comes every day when we settle ourselves for the devotional period. If for one moment the world is allowed to come between us and God, during that moment self is our ruler, not Christ.

There would be so much more joy among Christians if they would realise that it is a life lived with Him that Christ asks for, not an hour, or a day, or a month, or a year, and if, realising this fact, they would act on the knowledge.

Phillips Brooks told of the joy that would follow complete surrender to the Master: "If you will let Him walk with you in your streets, and sit with you in your offices, and be with you in your homes, and teach you in your churches, and abide with you as the living presence in your hearts, you, too, shall know what freedom is, and while you do your duties, be above your duties, and while you own yourselves the sons of men, know you are the sons of God."

XXXV

THE JOY OF GIVING

MANY people whose opportunities are limited mourn because they think it is impossible for them to give anything that will be a blessing to the world, and they make no effort to leave anything. Fortunately there are also people, equally obscure, who determine that although they may be able to give little, they can and will do something. One of these was a Swiss farmer in New York State who brought from the homeland a number of European walnut trees. On his farm he planted these. In later years he distributed young walnut trees to his neighbours and friends. In his old age he had the joy of knowing that in many places his trees were bearing fruit; and he sometimes said that he wanted no better monument. To-day his monument is green, and it will remain for generations to bless those who come after him.

His was a true philanthropy, and he found joy in giving of his best to others.

The word philanthropist suggests the picture of some rich man or woman who gives liberally out of a full pocket. But the truest philanthropist is not necessarily the rich giver. Frequently the giver who adds most to the world's happiness has small means, or is actually numbered among the very poor.

Clara D. Laughlin has emphasised this truth by tell-

ing the story of a poor girl who had her news stand at the corner of a busy street, where the poor and the unfortunate passed her door in large numbers. She longed to do something for them, and she sighed many times because she had not at her command the means of some of her prosperous-looking patrons or of the business men who flashed past her in their automobiles. One day the thought came to her that there was surely something she could do, and it was sinful not to do it. Carefully she considered her home expenses—she was caring for a younger brother and sister—and decided that she could spare a penny a day. But what could she do with a penny a day? At first she could not solve the problem. Then she decided that a gift that cost a penny, when the heart of the giver was back of it, might be of more real use than the check of the millionaire. Carefully she thought of ways to invest her penny a day to the best advantage.

Once she bought a flower and pinned it on the coat of a sad-faced Italian who had passed her stand many times. She did not know him, but she felt he needed the flower. She was right; it was just the thing he needed to keep him from despondency. Another day she bought a postcard and persuaded a young man to use it in sending a message to his mother; she suspected that he had drifted away from her influence and that his mother could do for him just what he needed. Often she would give a paper from her stock to some hungry-looking man who was evidently out of work. His haste in turning to the column, "Help Wanted," showed that she was right. This gave her an idea, and thereafter she pinned to the side of her stand the

"Help Wanted" column of the paper that printed most of these advertisements, and the unemployed learned to make an early morning pilgrimage to her place of business. Thus "the penny philanthropist," as she was called by her friends, learned to do more real good in the city than many of the givers of thousands of dollars.

One who knew some of the secrets of the young men at a certain college in the East, told of a needy student who had secured two furnaces to care for at six dollars per month apiece. Later he discovered that a fellow-student was in greater need than himself, and was unable to secure any work. So he arranged it that the care of one of his furnaces should be offered to the man poorer than himself. Fortunately, both men were able to get through the year in fair condition.

At the same institution a student who had agreed to canvass the campus for a mercantile house in a given time was taken sick. He needed the money sorely, but he knew he could not earn it, as the work could not be postponed. In justice to those who had employed him, let it be known that he was ready to turn over the work to another who might need the income from it. To a friend was committed the task of finding a substitute. To him came a student who explained that he wanted to do the work, but that the commission must go to the sick man, whose need would be all the greater because of his sickness. He made the friend promise not to let the sick man know who had done the work.

In "Through the School," the story is told of how one needy student at a theological seminary gave

needed help to a classmate at cost of great personal sacrifice. The classmate was much surprised because he had failed to give satisfaction at every church to which he had been sent to preach. He felt that he had mistaken his calling; that he had better go back to the farm, and stay there. The man who learned his story saw that something must be done to save the discouraged man from abandoning the ministry. It was evident to him that, instead of being a failure, the man simply needed guidance. For a long time he thought of the best way to help him. At last the right plan came to him. He was preaching regularly for a church near the seminary which paid him ten dollars each Sunday, an amount just about sufficient for his needs. To this church he sent word that he would like a Sunday off, and suggested that a friend (he gave the name of the discouraged man) be sent for. Then he took an officer of the church into his confidence.

The result of his endeavour began to appear as soon as the invitation was received by the man who had thought of giving up. He was radiant, for he had thought that no more churches would ask for his services. He was still more radiant when, at the conclusion of his morning service, an officer of the church came to him with a smiling face and hearty handshake and thanked him for the sermon. His surprise was great when, at the close of the day, he was told the regular supply of the church had requested a second Sunday for himself, and that the officers were unanimous in their desire that the preacher of the day should return a second Sunday.

In all this the officer of the church was only acting in accordance with the urgent request of the student who had written that he wished a rest. Next day he followed instructions still further by writing to his correspondent a frank statement of the reasons, as they appeared to him, why no one wanted to hear the discouraged man a second time.

This letter was shown in confidence to several of the professors, who proceeded at once to take the young man in hand, showing him how to supply his deficiencies, but approaching him in such a natural way that his suspicions were not aroused.

The result was all that was desired. The next Sunday the preacher was not downcast, but full of courage. He did far better than before. Other opportunities were given him, and before the year was past he was looked upon as one of the promising men of his class.

"Twenty dollars well spent!" thought the young minister who had planned the whole thing. He could not well spare twenty dollars, but with it he had bought a fellow student's success in life.

But he had not made the purchase with twenty dollars; it was with twenty dollars plus himself. And it was this "plus" that gives joy to the recipient of a gift, and fills with joy the heart of the giver.

XXXVI

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

MANY people make the mistake of thinking that their happiness depends on getting rich. How many disappointed men and women there would be if this were true! But there is a road to happiness on which all may travel. That road was pointed out nearly sixty years ago by a New York business man who said to a young clerk that he wished to give him a bit of advice. Naturally the gratified young man listened intently to the message. And this is what he heard: "Begin early to give away your money."

Probably he was surprised, but he had the good sense to heed the advice. The more he prospered, the more he gave, and the more he gave the more he prospered. The longer he lived, the more thankful he was to the man who had started him on the giving road.

Those who travel that road find that it is the road to happiness. They may not become rich, but theirs is the only prosperity worthy the name: the prosperity that is shared with others.

A writer who has the knack of saying what is worth while in rhyme that impresses itself on the memory, has put the lesson thus:

"I have lost the road to happiness—
Does any one know it, pray?
I was dwelling there where the morn was fair,
But somehow I wandered away.

**"I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasure
And ran to pursue them when, lo!
I had lost the path to happiness
And knew not whither to go.**

**"I have lost the way to happiness—
Oh! who will lead me back?
Turn off from the highway of selfishness
To the right—up duty's track.'"**

XXXVII

GLIMPSES OF HIM

CENTURIES ago the Psalmist prayed, "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." To that prayer there is need to add another: "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things in the people around me." The eyes of so many are open to the unpleasant things in the lives of others, but they are fast closed to the uplifting and helpful aspects of these lives. Yet how hearts would rejoice if people would always realise that there is in the world less sordidness and more unselfishness than in moments of depression they are apt to think.

A popular weekly has told a story that is true to life. One Christmas the heart of a man who was called the village miser warmed to those who had served him during the year. In paying their December bills he included a gift for each. It was a new thing for him to give, so he made no reference to the extra dollars. Not one of the recipients thought of the money as a gift; all suspected a sharp trick. They hurried to the home of the lonely old man and scornfully restored the extra money. They could not see that there was any good in one whom all called "the meanest man in town."

A writer has passed on the tale of a convict who was

the despair of prison authorities; his heart was hard as flint, they thought. But one day a wise visitor to the prison, instead of lecturing the convicts, spoke of the evils of child labour. He told of one little four-year-old girl that he had found in the darkness and filth of a crowded tenement in New York. The baby had to make five hundred and forty artificial forget-me-nots a day with her poor little fingers. After the talk was over, a life inmate of the prison pushed his way up to the speaker's table and laid a worn brown purse before him. "For the little girl, sir," he said. In the purse the speaker found forty-five cents and a scrap of the edge of a soiled newspaper, with these words on it in pencil: "Jerry L., to little sister." And the prison guards had thought there was nothing good in Jerry!

An editorial writer once called attention to two items of news gleaned from the daily papers:

"The other day a Columbia University student offered and gave a pint of his blood for a sick girl with whom he was no more than acquainted. It got into the papers. It was a noble act. But several others who knew the need made the offer, and a hundred others could have been quickly found to do the same. It was fine, but such generosity is by no means unique. What healthy man would not do as much?"

"A more sensational case was reported the past week. When William Carr, engineer, was running an express train of seven coaches at fifty miles an hour, the steam chest exploded and he was instantly blinded by the outrush of scalding steam and boiling water. Did he fall, or think of himself? No, he stuck to his

post of duty, threw on the emergency brakes, saved the passengers, and when the train was stopped and the passengers hastened to see what was the matter, they found him unconscious and dying. He had done his instant duty; a thousand other engineers would have done the same, nothing less."

Jacob Riis, who devoted years of his life to the needs of "the other half" in New York City, once told of an appeal made through the papers for a twin baby carriage, to be used by a woman who had to be in the air by the order of her physician, yet was unable to obey without the carriage for her babies. The workers who solicited the gift did not have much hope of success; they feared that the readers of the paper would be too much engrossed with their own affairs to heed the needs of a poor woman. But a surprise was in store for the doubters. A worker was just saying to Mr. Riis, "Who do you suppose has such a baby carriage to give away?" when she looked down the street with a fixed stare in which amazed wonder grew and grew. "Following her look," said Mr. Riis, "I saw, turning into the street from the direction of Chatham Square, a procession of baby carriages propelled by men and messenger boys who scanned the numbers of the houses as they went. Three were in sight, and as we looked four more turned the corner and made straight for our door. As they came nearer we saw that it was not a travelling baby show; all the carriages were empty and all of them were of double girth—seven twin perambulators, all labelled and consigned to number 48. It was New York's reply to our appeal."

Not long after this experience Mr. Riis became acquainted with a woman, a native of India, who was dying in an attic. She longed for a parrot. So an appeal was made in the papers. "The morning mail brought checks by the score, and a big, splendid green parrot, with a red tuft, that could talk." The sight and sound of the parrot helped the woman to pass the crisis of her disease, and she lived a long time to enjoy the bird. When Mr. Riis explained to her that the parrot was New York's gift to her, she said, gently: "Heem, New York, he haf one beeg heart."

Here is still another incident as related by Mr. Riis: "The rich one deems so careless give their millions toward their neighbours' needs; the poor sometimes give their all. A poor scrub woman whose child was buried in the Potter's Field saved penny by penny to raise the twelve dollars that is the cost of a grave in consecrated soil, and three times within the year of grace during which she could have recovered her dead did she get the money together, only to lose it; each time some one in the tenement who was 'poorer than she' claimed her hoard."

When men and women are tempted to join the ranks of the pessimists who declare that the rich are losing touch with the poor, that the poor are heedless of one another, and that the world is the abode only of greed and selfishness, let them make the prayer for opened eyes that they may see the good in people. Then they will lift their hearts in praise of Him who has made man in His image, because all about them they see so many glimpses of Him in the lives of men and women and children.

XXXVIII

THE POOR OF THIS WORLD

APASTOR was calling in the home of one of the poorest members of his congregation. It was a very plain little three-room apartment, and he was received in the kitchen. But he was unconscious of his surroundings as he looked into the face of the housewife he had come to see. She had been a Christian for only two years, but they had been two years of earnest service. She could neither read nor write; but she had learned many passages from the Bible, and she was never so happy as when going among neighbours and friends and pointing her appeals that they should accept Christ by quoting these. Then she knew how to give. She had little to give, but she gave that little gladly. A year after her conversion she had slipped a five-dollar bill in her pastor's hand with the explanation, "This is for the meetings. I found Christ in the last meetings, and I have been so happy since that I want to help some one else to get the same blessing this year." The pastor wondered how she had managed to secure the amount. He knew that her income was very small, and that she had given liberally during the year.

While he sat in her kitchen, he spoke appreciatively of her gift. At once she rose, opened the cupboard door, and returned with a mustard tin. "I am getting

another five dollars ready for the next meetings," she said, as she handed it to him. He looked inside, and saw dozens of pennies, nickels, and dimes. "You see, I am able to save a few pennies every day or so out of the money I have put by for the grocer and the meat man, and I hope soon to have the amount made up. And, oh, how glad it makes me every time I can put another coin in here!"

Thoughtfully the pastor left her home. Soon he was on a side street, where, in cramped quarters, he found a family of six: father, mother, and four children. The father drank, and seldom brought home any of his savings. The mother was a semi-invalid, unable to do more than the meagre housework. The wage earner for the family was a fifteen-year-old daughter, whose four dollars a week was all that kept herself, her sisters, and her mother from starvation. "She is a good daughter," the mother said. "She does not complain, but goes on, week after week, at the hard work, brings her money home, and leaves it all with me. I beg her to take some of it for herself; her shoes are in holes, and almost without soles. But she says I need every cent. She has used several pairs of cast-off shoes, but has not had a single pair bought for herself for nearly three years. She is a little heroine."

When, a few days later, the pastor saw the daughter, still in her worn-out shoes, go uncomplainingly to the work which meant so much to the mother and the little ones at home, he thought she was worthy to be named beside a woman of whom the church visitor told him:

"I was in one home of two rooms," she said, "where I found a mother and seven children. Yes, the father also is living; but suppose we say nothing of him; it is better so. The children are all comparatively young, too young to be wage earners. The youngest were in her arms—twins. They were fretful, and she was trying to quiet them. She held them one on each arm as she swung them backward and forward. She looked very tired, for she had had a hard day. I looked about for a cradle, but there was none. There was not even a rocking chair—nothing but several straight chairs.

"'Don't you get tired holding those heavy babies? If you only had a rocker, now,' I began.

"'Yes, a rocker would be fine; but I do the best I can,' was the answer.

"From this poor home I passed to another, where I found the housewife burdened with so many cares that she was ready to give up in dismay. Thinking to help her, I told the story of the house without a rocking-chair. Her interest was excited at once; she forgot all about herself. 'No rocking-chair?' she said. 'Poor thing! Do you think she would object if I sent my rocker to her?'

"Her rocker! She had but one, and she valued it so highly—it was one of the few bits of relief in her bare rooms. But she has offered it, and I let her send it. I know I didn't do wrong, either: she has forgotten her own troubles in planning for some one worse off than herself."

The worker's story recalled to mind an incident of the first cold day just before Christmas. From his

study window the pastor saw two covered wagons. They were rickety affairs, each one drawn by a horse which had outlived its usefulness. Just before the house a front wheel of one wagon fell in the road, and the axle came down with a thump. There was great excitement for a moment. Three small children, their faces and hands blue with the cold, climbed to the ground. The driver of the forward wagon hurried to the rescue. After a search the lost tap was found, the wheel was replaced, and the movers were ready to resume their journey.

While repairs were being made the observer entered into conversation with one of the drivers. They were not beggars, and asked for nothing, though the children were poorly clad. A woman, who sat shivering over a little stove near the seat, was ragged and dirty.

Yet from these dirty, shiftless wanderers he learned a lesson of the joy of helpfulness. It was not an easy matter to secure answers to his questions. But after a few minutes he found that the two families had never been acquainted until a few days before. "We just met up with each other," one man said. "He"—pointing to his companion—"had a pack o' children, and no woman; their ma is dead. I have a woman, but we've lost our children. So we've just been a-going along together. My woman, she looks after the children and cooks, and we get along fine."

As the two wagons jolted on over the frozen ground, the pastor thought of another Christmastide when he was called on to conduct the funeral of a little child. The parents lived in two cheerless rooms. Poverty was written everywhere. The county was

paying the funeral expenses. There was no undertaker. The minister had to close the tiny casket and carry it down to the waiting wagon.

There was an old woman in the room, an invalid, whom the visitor took to be the grandmother. But he soon learned that she was a stranger. She had been stranded in the town some months before. The county would do nothing for her, as she was not a resident. She had no claim on these poor people, yet they took her into their home, and there she remained until the pastor lost sight of the family. "There was no one else," explained the head of the house, "so we took her. We must help each other, you know."

Is it any wonder that our Lord, when He was on earth, loved to be among the poor; that He called His disciples from among the poor; that He preached the gospel to the poor? For among the poor are to be found those who live most unselfishly, who think most tenderly of others, who sympathise most thoroughly with those who have been unfortunate and who are willing to undergo almost any pain or loss that another may be benefited.

Do you seek a cure for the blues? Spend a day in the homes of the very poor. Do you want inspiration for noble living? Make a companion of a poor man who is an earnest Christian. Do you feel that you know little of the real meaning of life? Then learn from the poor man who is sitting at the feet of the Master.

XXXIX

A CHANGED POINT OF VIEW

I CARE not for honour or praise, if I could only really do something to benefit my fellow creatures," was the entry made in her journal in March, 1841, by Anna Jemima Clough, an English girl of twenty-one. The desire thus expressed was gratified. She became a pioneer in the fight for the intellectual recognition of women. After a long struggle she succeeded in opening the doors of Cambridge University to her sex.

Although of English birth, she received American training. Until she was sixteen she lived in Charleston, South Carolina. The impressions made during these formative years of her life revealed their influence later on when she was battling with the conservatism of her English associates.

She became a Christian when she was twelve. Although a member of the Church of England to the end of her life, her religious ideals and purposes must sometimes have seemed somewhat unique to those who knew her, since her first religious impressions were received at "camp meetings in the woods and at revivals among the Negroes and soon among the whites also."

Perhaps it was one result of her American training that she was eager for Christian work while still

young. The opportunity was not found until she returned to England. Then she began to teach in a Welsh school and in a Sunday school, and to gather poor girls in her home for instruction which they could not secure elsewhere. A sense of duty led her to visit these pupils in their homes. In fact, it was a sense of duty which actuated her in all her first labour for her fellows; she intimated in her diary that if she had followed her own selfish desires she would have left the work undone. It is worthy of remark that she did not falter, although she had "almost no help, and very little encouragement."

Conscientiousness led her to examine herself so carefully as to her feelings and actions that she became almost morbid. At one time she recorded this observation: "I have a great deal of indolence to conquer; vacancy of mind; bad thoughts of various kinds; thinking too much of myself and all that I do, and of the faults and failings of others." Again she realised that there was a "want of exertion," and said she was "too cross." On another occasion she was "very lazy," and had given way to "a good deal of conceit and swaggering ways." Once, realising that the cause of all these troubles was laziness in prayer, she poured out her heart in these words: "I am very far from the perfection that I aim at. Nevertheless, O Lord, I will not faint or be distanced; the race is set before me, and in thy strength I will run it. Nothing must or shall stop me. . . . I desire with all my heart and soul to do thy will. . . . If it is thy gracious pleasure, I should desire to do great things; if not, as it seemeth good unto thee, O God."

Her work for those outside her home was interrupted by the coming of financial reverses to her father. At once she began to help by doing some of the household tasks to which she had never been accustomed, at the same time adding to the family income by teaching school. After a few years, the family being in better circumstances, she gave up her teaching and looked for other opportunities of service. The work in Sunday school was resumed. She started a lending library for school children, and spent one hour each week in reading to mothers. Often she took a score of little girls from the workhouse for a walk in the country. A friend had written of these excursions: "My husband and I often met them exploring the banks and the hedgerow lanes for the few flowers growing there, both she and the children looking supremely happy." She had found the secret of happiness. Joy was not to be found in introspection, in carefulness of herself, but in thought for others. She testified once: "The children seemed so happy, it made me happy, too." No wonder she testified: "My vocation is to speak kind words to children, and to do what I can among the poor."

Her desire to do what she could made her a very busy young woman. At one time she told of her work in detail: "I began my new class, twice a week, of old schoolgirls and others whom I knew did not attend school. I went on with the district and the reading, and the old Welsh school class, besides a weekly visit to the girls' and infants' schools. Twice a Sunday I attended large classes. Then I had my German and painting to attend to, and general read-

ing. Thus I managed to get busy, and to begin to be contented and happy."

But she was not content. She wanted more work. The opportunity came when a friend, about to be married, was disappointed because of her father's business difficulties. The young woman was received as a member of the Clough household, and, with Miss Clough's assistance, a little school was started. The two teachers, working, soon had enough laid by to make possible the postponed marriage. Once again Miss Clough found that helping others brought happiness to herself.

But however attractive outside work proved, home duties were always first with this energetic young woman. Her widowed mother's failing health demanded her care, and she gladly gave it. Retiring to the Lake country, she devoted herself to her charge. After a while, finding time for renewed activity, she opened a school for middle-class children who had been sadly neglected in the local arrangements for education.

In 1860, at the age of forty, she withdrew from this school, and passed several years in comparative retirement. But she was not idle. She was planning for her future. She longed to help in the education of girls of the middle class. A beginning had already been made in the opening to them of several minor institutions, but she dreamed of something more. In 1864, in company with other teachers, she signed a memorial to a Royal Commission which had been appointed to consider methods by which education might be improved, "asking that the education of girls might be included in the scope of this enquiry." It

was in consequence of this memorial that the Commission later called attention to the right of girls to "the full participation in educational endowments." This was a decided gain, for "those who desired reforms in woman's education could work with the weight of authority behind them."

In 1866 Miss Clough proposed, as one means of helping girls, that "in large towns a series of lectures on higher subjects should be given to the older pupils of a number of schools." In this proposition was the germ of the University Extension idea. The plan was carried out as a result of her own exertions. A beginning was made at Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and Leeds, where lectures were delivered by a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The North of England Council for Promoting the Higher Education of Women was organised. Under the auspices of this council lectures were given by University men in twelve different centres. "The starting of these lectures aroused interest and discussion concerning the education of women in a great number of places, and other plans were soon devised for providing it. It was found that there was a desire for teaching in many subjects which were not suited for lectures, and in several places classes were started. In towns where there were good boys' schools, the masters were induced to help. At Manchester, some of the professors of Owens College held classes for women, and in 1871 the College of Science at Newcastle opened all its lectures to them."

This led to the organisation of local lectures by the universities for the benefit of those classes in great

towns who are inevitably debarred from attendance at a university. In 1878 Oxford was persuaded to fall in line.

In 1869 Cambridge responded favourably to a memorial from the Council, and founded a system of Higher Local Examinations for Women, with the specific object of furnishing a standard for those about to teach. Lectures to prepare candidates for the examinations were given at Cambridge by members of the University, under the auspices of an organisation called the Lecture Association. Soon there was a demand for a house of residence in the town to accommodate women attending from a distance, and such a house was provided as a private venture. Miss Clough, who had been prominent in the work of the North of England Council, first as secretary, then as president, was placed in charge.

The house was opened in October, 1871, with five students. Within two years there were so many applicants for admission that much larger quarters were needed. Merton Hall was opened, but not even this was large enough. In 1876 Newnham Hall, accommodating thirty students, was built at a cost of ten thousand pounds, most of which was raised by Miss Clough.

Women were so eager to take advantage of the privileges offered that additional facilities were demanded. In order to provide these, the "Newnham College Association for Advancing Education and Learning Among Women in Cambridge" was organised. "This new association was to build a second hall, and . . . also to take over the organisation of

lectures and teaching which had been the work of the old association." This was in 1880, the birth year of Newnham College. Miss Clough was made principal.

It was not long until the new college was recognised by the University. In 1881 Newnham students, in common with those at Girton, were admitted to the University of Tripos (the examination for the degree in honours), and, in lieu of degrees, the successful candidates were given certificates of proficiency signed by the vice-chancellor. This was a distinct advance. During the next ten years, of two hundred and fifty-one students who presented themselves for examination, fifty-one secured first class, one hundred and nineteen second class, and only five failed.

Miss Clough's work at Newnham and her success in opening the Tripos examinations to women were, in part, responsible for similar advances at other universities. In 1884 Oxford began to open its honours examinations to women. A number of the British universities decided to admit women on the same terms as men.

The influence of Newnham was felt in America also. "When it was first proposed to open the college for women at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which is now known as Radcliffe College, the Misses Longfellow, who were much interested in the scheme, came for a year to be students at Newnham, in order to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the plans followed there."

Thus Miss Clough left her impress on women's education in two countries, the land of her birth, and that where her childhood was spent. She had her desire. She had done something to benefit her fellow

creatures. And the answer to her prayer to be of use in great things had come through misfortune, and through her willingness to be helpful in little things.

Her own privations bore rich fruit of joy for herself and joy for others.

EIGHT
BEARING THE BURDENS OF OTHERS

“Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”—Gal. 6: 2.

XL

THE RICHEST JOY

THE editors of a popular magazine offered prizes recently for articles from their readers on the subject, "The Thing I am Proudest of."

A business woman told of the conquest of stuttering. The habit caused her great annoyance. To quote her words: "It made me shy and I was often thought rude, for I was afraid to speak even when spoken to. I was ridiculed by my better favoured cousins and schoolmates."

She studied herself. Finally she realised that the better she knew what she was going to say, the less evidence of stammering there would be. So she learned her lessons perfectly. As for conversation, she decided never to try to say anything she had not just thought over. Naturally, then, she had to cultivate silence; frequently a smile or a look had to take the place of a sentence. And at last the day came when she did not have to stop to think out a sentence.

A mother told how she taught her husband to save, for the benefit of their four children. He received a small salary; during ten years it was never as large as one hundred dollars a month, and sometimes it was less than fifty. Yet, in spite of the fact that they saved nothing during the first two years of their married life, they put by enough to purchase a comfortable

home. At the same time they attended church and Sunday school and gave to others.

A surveyor told of stopping at the home of some Russian immigrants who were living on a homestead in north-eastern New Mexico. They feared their crops would be ruined by drought. The surveyor went to bed, but he could not sleep for wondering how he might help. When he made his plan, he was able to fall asleep. Next morning he hunted about for the reservoir site he felt must be there. He had been intending to leave immediately after breakfast, but he remained long enough to place a dam which would impound sufficient water to irrigate one hundred acres. Then he told the family how to build. As his work was in the neighbourhood for sixty days, he rode over frequently and supervised the work. When he left the district the immigrants were assured of a good crop that year. He has seen them many times since, and their prosperity, he says, is an unfailing source of pleasure to him.

It is interesting to note that the business woman told of an achievement which, while it was worthy of all praise, was purely a personal achievement for her own benefit. The housewife told of an achievement that involved the happiness of her four children and her husband, as well as herself. The surveyor told of an achievement to which he was led by his unselfish thought for strangers whom he had never seen before and whom, so far as he knew, he might never see after the lapse of a few months' time. Not only so, but they were foreigners whose tastes and habits differed from his.

An analysis of the brief articles in which the experiences were told shows that the woman who cured herself of stammering used the words "I," "me," and "my" fifty-seven times in sixty-five lines. The housewife used the words "I" and "my" but twelve times, while the words "we" and "our" appeared twenty-two times in sixty-five lines. The surveyor used the words "I" and "my" eighteen times in sixty-one lines.

The thoughtful reader of these bits of personal experience cannot but reflect that, while an achievement that benefits oneself only may bring joy, the richest joy comes to him who forgets self in helping others.

XLI

FINDING JOY IN GIVING JOY

IT has been said that there is ample material for a three-volume novel of absorbing interest in the life of the most commonplace man. There are many people who do not believe this statement; they are the people who think the world is a humdrum place, that life is a monotonous round and that there is no possibility of adding excitement to it except by sharing in impossible adventures. But there are a few people who nod approval as they hear the suggestion about the three-volume novel; they are continually proving the statement, and in proving it they find joy themselves and give joy to others.

The author of an unassuming little book, "Letters on an Elk Hunt," is one of these joyous joy-givers. Everywhere she goes she finds people whose lives are full of romance, comedy, or tragedy, and she has the sympathetic nature that enables her to learn the story of these humble heroes and heroines who, but for her, and rare spirits like her, would keep these stories to themselves and so rob themselves and others of part of the joy of living.

To this author the elk were mere incidents of the tour described in the volume, precisely as when she attended a Fourth of July cowboys' entertainment she had no eyes for the "doings" that attracted others. To

quote her own words: "I didn't care much for their contests; I was watching the faces."

The scene of the journey of which she wrote was Wyoming. She travelled through a barren, forbidding country, where sand and alkali were prominent features of the landscape. How could she find interesting human material in such surroundings?

Forty-nine people out of fifty would have said at once that the people she met were hopelessly commonplace, dull and uninteresting. For one was a waitress in a forlorn desert hotel, homely, shrinking, ludicrously dressed, wearing shoes which were not mates, one having a high heel, the other a low heel. Then came a large Irish woman who broke so many rules of the Queen's English when she talked that it would have been the despair of one who attempted to correct her. Later appeared a hopeless-looking woman. "The hot winds and the alkali dirt had tanned her skin and bleached her hair; both were a grey brown. Her eyes were blue, but were so tired-looking that I could hardly see for the tears," the sympathetic author says in describing her. Next in the ranks of these ordinary people was a tall, bareheaded man whose clothes and shoes were in tatters, whose arms and shoulders were covered with great sun blisters, whose eyes were swollen and red, and whose lips were cracked and bleeding. Another portrait was that of a stout little ranchman in red shirt and blue overalls, who used one knife in all his cooking operations, cleaning it after each use on the leg of his overalls. Grandma Mortimer was a bustling, motherly woman who seemed to know how to do everything, though it was not ap-

parent that she had any claim to the distinction. A man with an axe on his shoulder, encountered on the road, led the travellers to his cabin, for whose slovenly appearance he apologised abjectly.

There are seven people in the list, which might be enlarged with ease. But it is enough to mention the seven.

Now what did an observing, sympathetic woman learn about these humdrum individuals?

She would have learned nothing of the story of the waitress if she had not offered to help her carry out the dishes, and then to dry them. The homely little woman had an absorbing passion: her little eight-year-old sister. She wore cast-off shoes that she might buy for her patent-leather slippers. She was saving her three dollars a week to give this sister the good clothes she had never had. She had always wanted a doll, but she had been unable to buy it until the previous Christmas, when she gave it to her sister. Her definition of happiness was "wanting something new for Linnie."

The Irish woman had a heart hunger for children. She was happy when she found two lonely children that she could take home with her, for she felt that "the pangs of motherhood make us mothers not only of our own, but of every child that needs mothering, especially if our own little children need us no longer."

The homely woman whose skin and hair had been bleached by the alkali dust, was the wife of a homesteader whose grain had been blown out of the sandy soil by the fierce breezes. Their two horses died, so they had to plough and plant by hand. Everything

seemed to be against them. But they did not propose to give up; they were brave and hopeful.

The tall, bare-headed man, dressed in tatters, was known as Crazy Olaf; in penance for killing a horse by fast driving he spent his days digging wells in the dust that horses might not perish of thirst. In spite of failure he persisted until, just at the time of the elk hunt, he brought in a gushing well, and he was happy.

The ranchman lived alone. Apparently there was nothing of interest about him. But the sympathetic visitor learned that for eighteen years a girl had been waiting for him back East. He had not heard from her for a long time, and he did not know what to do. Encouraged by Mrs. Stewart, he went back and brought the waiting Jennie to his lonely ranch.

Grandma Mortimer was the neighbourhood helper in time of trouble because her heart had been enlarged by the tragic death of the boy in whom she delighted.

The bachelor ranchman who apologised for slovenliness explained that he was expecting his mother from the old New England home. The women of the party stopped a few days to make everything tidy for the mother, and stayed to welcome her when she came. Then Mrs. Stewart learned that the son had been in the penitentiary—the mother knew he was innocent—and that she had been in the poorhouse. He had sent for her as soon as he learned the secret she had tried to keep from him. And for very joy of being in a home of her own once more she announced her determination to make the ranch a refuge for the homeless.

The petty inconveniences of the trip did not annoy

the letter writer because she was so absorbed in the wonderful people she met in a barren, desert corner of Wyoming!

One of the best sentences in the book comes at the end. It is this: "I have had a fine trip; I have experienced about all the human emotions. I had not expected to encounter so many people or to get the little glimpses that I've had, but wherever there are human beings there are these little histories."

Yet so many people say that this is a humdrum world, full of commonplace people!

XLII

LOSING AND FINDING

ONCE they had no thought above money—a farmer and his wife who were the most prosperous residents of their township. Early and late they toiled, spending as little as possible on themselves and giving nothing at all to others, in order that they might have a little more to add to their balance in the bank, or might buy a mortgage on another farm. When they first began to save, they gloated over the thought that some day they would be the proud possessors of fifty thousand dollars. How happy they would be!

But somehow their money did not bring them happiness. Their lives were empty till a child found his way to their hearts and gradually unloosed their purse strings. Then they were almost frightened to note how much pleasure they had in spending money for another. Soon they were unwilling to do without the pleasure, and they gradually became the most generous people of the neighbourhood. The next step was taken when they became Christians. Then what joy it was to distribute their hard-earned dollars to those in need! Of course life had a new meaning for them ever after.

There is a story of a mother who felt that the light of life had gone out with the death of her only child. For days and weeks and months she nursed her grief, refusing to leave the house, to see her friends, or to

take any part in helpful work in which hitherto she had ever been active. "Leave me alone with my sorrow!" was her reply to those who sought to rouse her from her selfish grief. Then, one day, there was dismay in the village because a child had wandered away into the hills. Men left their business to hunt for the lost little one, women forgot social engagements and home work that they might follow. Even the grieving woman noted the excitement and listlessly asked the cause. When she grasped the import of the answer, listlessness vanished. She rushed from the house and joined the searchers. For hours she tramped over the hills, thinking no longer of her own grief but of the anxiety of the mother of the lost child. And when at last she held the child in her arms, the tears of unselfish joy filled the eyes that had grown accustomed to the weeping of self-pity. Then she shuddered as she thought of the old life, and shut the door on it forever. She resolved to give herself up to service of others. In that service her heart was comforted.

The thought of such a transformation as this was in the mind of the author of a recent story. A bride on her wedding day was afraid of what the future might have in store for her. Riding with her husband along the country road she spoke of those who lived in the houses they passed. Here were a husband and wife who never spoke to each other; there, a home shadowed by the curse of drink; over yonder, a quarrelling couple. "All them folks started out with presents, an' a house, like us," she said, "an' with their minds all made up to bein' happy. But just look at 'em. Oh, Peter, I'm afraid!" Then Peter bent down

over her and whispered, "Let's just try to be happy and keep ourselves happy."

But the fears were not all dispelled by the words. She was still thinking of them when, a few hours later, an orphan boy was most unexpectedly brought to them with the request that they find a home for him. They thought of all the homes they knew, and decided that in none of these would he be taken in; so they were forced to the conclusion that the doors of their new home must be open to three people instead of two. With the decision came a new peace to the young bride, and she said, "Peter, I ain't afraid." She didn't put the reason into words. If she had she might have said that her new confidence in the future was due to forgetting the determination to "try to be happy and keep ourselves happy," and the new purpose to bring happiness to the little waif.

Not long ago a woman was writing of her life of struggle and hardship. Once she possessed money and friends, but she was not content, because her life was self-centred. With sorrow and privation came thought for others, and a consequent change in her attitude to life, of which she told thus: "Before I was married my life seemed very useless to me. Now all that is changed. The very sorrows I have known have made life worth more to me. Once, on a stormy night at sea, I thought, sleepily, if the ship goes down I will let every one else be saved first, for I really don't care about living anyway. Now I think I should be in the very first scramble for the life boats. Then I was only a spectator at life; now I am one with the great fellowship of all who have rejoiced and suf-

ferred. I have sloughed off the non-essentials, and life is good to me." Among the essentials she placed the privilege of service, for in service she found things that money would not buy.

When Ion Keith Falconer was a young man at school he was a champion cyclist and athlete, and he was acclaimed by thousands. For a little time he took pleasure in these things; but the pleasure did not last. It was only when he gave himself, without reserve, to the service of others, working first in London missions, and afterwards as a missionary to Arabia where he laid down his life, that he learned how to really enjoy existence.

The contrast between the results of a self-centred, self-seeking life and a life devoted to others was never more clearly shown than in the experience of Royal G. Wilder and one of his college classmates, whose name was Foote. When Wilder, in spite of the fact that he had splendid opportunities at home, determined to go as a foreign missionary, Foote said, "Wilder, why bury yourself among the heathen?"

Foote stayed at home, became wealthy, found that life was empty, and finally sought death by his own hand. His classmate was in India for more than thirty years, the only missionary among four million people. A son and a daughter followed him on the mission field when he closed his life of joyful service, responding to the words of his Master, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world."

Sometimes people wonder what the Saviour meant

when he said, "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Do not the life stories of men and women who are living helpful lives for Christ's sake make the meaning plain?

XLIII

THE CHANCES WE MISS

THERE are two kinds of people in the world, those who are trying to turn everything to their own selfish advantage and those who are trying to turn everything to the advantage of others.

A woman was running for a passing car. A dray came between her and the car just as the door was shut and the motorman started to turn his power lever. The woman was resigning herself to her disappointment, when a business man just behind her caught the eye of the motorman and waved a request to stop an instant longer. As the surprised woman stepped into the car the man nodded "Thank you!" to the motorman for his courtesy. It was a simple incident, but one who saw realised that both the woman and the motorman were pleased by the interest in their affairs that cost only an instant's thought. It would have been easy to miss such an insignificant opportunity; but the world's store of happiness is increased simply because there are those who do not miss opportunities like this.

As the New York express drew into the western terminal passengers on their way to the platform passed a seat in which were two young men. Each one paused an instant to note the scared look in the eyes of the young men, a look explained by the tags

attached to their coats. They were immigrants, and they were on their way to friends with whose address they had been tagged. The immigrant who sat nearest the aisle looked appealingly at every man who drew near, but no one stopped to inquire what the look meant until one of the last men to leave the car approached. He was in a hurry, but he had time to stop to see if he could be of any assistance. The immigrants did not understand his words, but it was impossible to misunderstand his kindly smile. They pointed to their tags. The passenger assured them that he would see them on the proper car to go to their destination. What a look of relief there was on the faces of the young men! Another passenger, looking back from the door, regretted that he had not stopped long enough to be of assistance. He had more time at his disposal than the man who did stop. But he had missed his chance because of carelessness.

The Christian has no right to be careless. God has put him in the world to be a blessing to other people. God expects him to keep his eyes open that he may see their needs, and his heart open to God that he may learn how to supply the needs of others.

The reward of those who are ever missing chances to be helpful is fixed: "He that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." And the reward of those who, in the name of Christ, are striving to let no chances escape them, is just as sure. "He that soweth unto the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap eternal life."

God, who is no respecter of persons, asks his children to be helpful to all men. There is a special re-

sponsibility resting upon them to do good to those who are followers of the King, and attention is called to this, but the Christian has no right to say, "I will help this man, for I feel drawn to him, but I can do nothing for his neighbour for I am not attracted to him." Yet there are those who say that they like to read about and to give to mission work in India, but that they have no use for missionary efforts among the Chinese. How does such a distinction square with the teachings of Christ?

Christ is the Christian's example, in this as in all things. He was never too weary to seek out a sinner and minister to his needs. His ear was ever open to the cry of the oppressed. He went about doing good. There was not an idle hour, an idle moment, in His life. He missed no chances. And in proportion as Christians make Him their guide in this as in all things will they become efficient helpers of others, not once in a while merely, but at every opportunity.

NINE
MAKING LIFE COUNT

**"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things
which he possesseth."—Luke 12: 15.**

XLIV

HOW TO MAKE LIFE WORTH WHILE

IS life worth living?" is a question often on the lips of men who have no serious purpose beyond the gratification of themselves. Each day must be just as full as possible of pleasure, which by some is found in seeking amusement, by others in laying by money. That the search for pleasure does not satisfy was found by a wise man three thousand years ago, after a bitter experience, of which he wrote: "I said in my heart, 'Come now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure'; and behold! this also was vanity. I said of laughter, 'It is mad'; and of mirth, 'What doeth it?'"

That devotion to seeking money is unsatisfying has been found by thousands. The unreasonableness of their search was recently pictured by one who wrote of a young man who had been taught that money was the greatest thing in the world: "He had been taught to chase after it, to grasp it, then hide it and chase again after more. His father put money in the bank every year, and never saw it again. When money was banked, it had fulfilled its highest mission. Then they drew that wonderful thing called interest, money without work, and banked it. Oh, it was a great game!"

The folly of the quest for pleasure and money is apparent when it is realised that few years, at most,

are spent on earth; then there are endless ages to be spent—where? The real joy of living is found by those who, looking beyond to-day and to-morrow, think of the eternity to follow death as a mere extension of the life they are living here. If they are wise, they plan to spend the brief years on earth as they hope to spend eternity: in service.

That purpose led General Samuel Chapman Armstrong to devote his life to help solve the negro problem. He saw, as in a dream, Hampton Institute completed and much as it later became. To the realisation of this dream he devoted himself, refusing to be diverted from his work. Urged to run for Congress, he resolutely turned aside from the temptation, giving as his reason: "This is not because my political chances are not good. They are, I suppose, excellent. But I like less and less the breaking off of one thing and going into another, and besides, the tendencies and dangers of politics I greatly fear."

When there were difficulties in the way he refused to be discouraged. "I must win," he said. "It would be a wrong to humanity to fail, and the way is clear. God has not darkened the way, and his hand points to a steep and craggy height. It must be climbed, and I will climb it." His doctrine of work was expressed thus to his pupils: "Spend your life in doing whatever you can do well. If you can teach, teach. If a man can black boots better than he can do anything else, what had he better do? Black boots! Yes, and if a girl can make an excellent nurse, and do that better than anything else, what had she better do? Nurse! Do what you can do well, and people will respect it,

and respect you. That is what the world wants of every one."

Because General Armstrong carried out his own teachings as he did his life work for love of God and his fellowmen, he has left behind him a noble monument.

Alice Freeman Palmer, the second president of Wellesley College, was happiest when she was doing most for others. When she left the college she gave herself so unweariedly to her self-imposed task of lightening the burdens of the unfortunate, that her husband, a Harvard professor, expostulated. He thought she should give her time and strength to writing books that would make her still more famous. "You are building no monument," he said. "When you are gone people will ask who you are, and no one will be able to say." "Well, why should they?" was the answer. "I am trying to make girls happier and wiser. 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."

It is unnecessary to say that neither General Armstrong nor Mrs. Palmer needed to ask themselves the question, "Is life worth living?" They made it gloriously worth living.

THE JOY OF HONEST ENDEAVOUR

THE story of Isabella Fyvie, the daughter of a London business man, is a tale of heroic self-sacrifice and endeavour; a story long untold, and yet scarcely less inspiring than better known tales of those who assume debts for which they were not morally responsible.

Her father died when she was sixteen years old, leaving his affairs in a tangled condition, and this through no fault of his own. Within a short time after his death there were debts amounting to perhaps four thousand dollars against the business. Of course it would have been entirely possible to appeal to the bankruptcy court, and this would have been done if it had not been for Isabella. She had been her father's confidante, so she knew how he hated debt. "To his mind, the bankrupt was simply a thief," she said later in her autobiography. "At every point of his life he had proved that he regarded a good name as better than riches. How was I to retain this precious heritage?"

The only way to leave her father's honour unstained was to pay the entire sum. And she must do this, for there was no one else. Yet how could she think of earning such a sum in a comparatively brief time? She had been kept from contact with the rough world,

and until her father's death she had not been allowed to go out alone in the evening. More than this, it was before the day when women workers were welcomed. "The middle classes," she wrote, "had gotten into a snobbish way of dropping from their ranks any woman who worked outside her own home, or even actively within it. The daughters of the smaller professional men did simply nothing, the fine embroidery, the pickling and preserving, and all the other handicraft of their grandmothers passing away from them, while nothing had come in their stead."

As the young girl had been praised for her writing, she tried writing for family papers. Having no money for postage, she carried her manuscripts to the publishers. Few of them were published; her work was too immature. When a little was published, she was too poor to buy the papers and magazines in which her work appeared. Fortunately for her, she realised that she was not yet ready for a literary career; that the debt must be paid off by other means than her pen.

She tried needlework. She offered a strip of embroidery at a shop, and was told that if she brought three strips of the same kind they might be sold. As soon as the work could be done, Isabella offered the three strips. They were bought for four shillings and threepence. The material had cost fourpence ha'penny. Many other strips followed. The labour required was enormous. "The average strip," she said, "meant a row of buttonholed scallops, with a little openworked sprig in each scallop." Isabella was unable to earn a shilling by a week's hard application to the task. This would never pay the debt. It would

not even pay the family's living expenses; these had to be met by the brave girl while she struggled to save for the creditors and keep up the business.

Seeing that it would be necessary to work outside of her home, she applied for employment at the offices of the Electric Telegraph Company and became one of a hundred workers who did their best to keep simple books. The noise of the machinery proved too much for her, and she had to give up her position in two weeks.

Her next attempt was made in the home of a candidate for public office. There three young women were addressing envelopes to the voters. The wages of the three amounted to sixteen shillings a day. Isabella was hired for three shillings a day. At the end of the third day the three higher priced clerks were dismissed, because the new girl was doing more work than the three of them. Yet her wages were not increased; she still worked for three shillings a day!

A little later the young worker found it necessary to divide her time among a number of employers, no one of whom required her for the entire day. She worked for one house in the morning, for a philanthropic society in the afternoon, and for a literary woman in the evening. Unfortunately, the distance from one place to the next was long, and as she could not afford even carfare she had to walk. She was happy, however, for she frequently managed to make three dollars and a half a week. "Of course it was tiring, and it was very nasty when it rained," the brave girl wrote, "but each section of my work had its own interest, and if I went to bed very weary,

still it was with a happy sense of 'something accomplished, something done.'"

Fortunately, about this time an editor, who was pleased with her work, asked her to prepare for him Scriptural enigmas for use in his young people's paper. She gladly accepted his proposition, as she could do the work in "the cracks of time." By this means she earned about twelve pounds a year for several years.

One fortunate engagement was a bit of copying work for Sir Edwin Arnold, the famous author. He liked her work, he once told a friend, but he added, "I cannot think how such a well-bred girl dresses so oddly." Miss Fyvie's defence was given later, when she was nearly seventy years old: "When one is piling up shillings to pay eight hundred pounds, one cannot afford to spend a penny save on the boots and small sundries that are absolutely necessary. In all those years I had but two new dresses; one cost sixpence a yard and the other threepence ha'penny, and both were made up at home. The rest of my garments were old articles which I got out and wore. I tried to turn an old shawl into a decent cape. I find recorded in my diary as a joyful extravagance that I bought a jacket for ten shillings. Yet my earnings that year were sixty pounds, everybody who employed me knew they were paying me fair sums, and from all the outward appearance of our fine old shop and house, I must have seemed to be a well-to-do 'daughter at home,' earning a fair private income of my own. I wept bitterly at Mr. Arnold's words, and I hope I

learned that appearances may be deceitful in a good sense."

After several years the struggler secured work as a copyist of law papers. For this work she received a shilling and threepence for fifteen hundred words. The work was not easy, but she was glad to do it; for by it she could earn thirty-two shillings a week, sometimes more. Sometimes there was a rush of work, and night labour was necessary. "Once work came in, as it often did, in the evening," she wrote, "and the time marked for its return compelled me to work through that night, all the next day, the following night, and the day after till about seven in the evening. During that time I paused only to snatch some food and take about two hours' sleep. That was the longest spell of all, but such spells were often long. I remember once, when a heap of work was finished, we could not be released at once lest more work should come in. I was so tired and sleepy that I laid my chair down on the rag rug, used one of its rungs as a pillow, and there I straightway enjoyed an incredibly sweet snatch of slumber. What fun it all was! One felt so much alive."

This is only the beginning of the story of the heroic struggle that lasted from 1860 to 1869. During later years her income was increased by means of literary work and by other means too numerous to detail.

In time the debt was paid, her father's honour was saved, and she continued to reap the fruits of her service in joy that knew no bounds.

XLVI

WHEN ENERGY IS MISDIRECTED

ARUNAWAY horse is not a good thing to have on a crowded city street, nor is a flood of waters let loose by a broken dam a good thing for a populous valley. But when the horse is under proper control of bit and rein he becomes a help and not a menace, and when the flood of waters flows smoothly between restraining banks it is man's friend, not his enemy.

In like manner that individual whose conduct is unregulated by thought of the rights of others is a menace to the community, but when his conduct is directed in proper channels his life becomes a joy to himself and to others.

In the early days of the National Cash Register manufactory at Dayton, Ohio, the superintendent and his associates were much troubled by boys of the neighbourhood who insisted on destroying the company's property. Some wished to curb the boys by law, but a wiser suggestion was made. A club house was opened, an instructor was provided, and the boys were invited to learn from him to make simple furniture from old packing boxes. Suspicious at first, they soon became interested. Later on opportunity was given to make gardens on the ground near the factory, instruction being provided as before. In these and other ways the boys soon became so busy that they lost all

desire for mischief making. Years have passed, and scores of them have become useful men.

The transformation wrought in the lives of those boys tells the story of the work that waits for men and women. Everywhere are people whose activities have been misdirected, so that they are dissatisfied themselves and are making life a burden to others. It is a duty to put a stop to their misdirected activity, but this is only half of the duty. Their activity must be turned into helpful channels, or the work is only begun, and badly begun at that. The world cannot well afford to do without the very things the reckless man may do for humanity, if only he is shown the way. Who can tell that the joy God intends him to find in life will not be his possession till he finds some one whose energies he can, by loving service, turn into some right direction?

XLVII

SOWING AND REAPING

WORK for God counts. He asks His people to do the work; He will take care of the harvest. The promise, "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not," is not outlawed; fulfilment is just as certain to-day as when the words were spoken for the strengthening of discouraged workers. An earnest man told an incident that impresses this truth: In a city Sunday school a superintendent of the Primary Department often found herself longing to have a glimpse of some positive results of her work. Year after year passed, and still she laboured lovingly with the scores of little ones committed to her care, and much of joy in the work was hers. Still, however, she wished that she might know more fully of some result of her labour. She longed for a taste of harvest joy. For twenty-five years her longing was not gratified, except in a small way.

Then she attended a meeting where a number of Christian workers were telling of early influences in their lives. One young minister expressed his conviction that he had been permanently impressed when a little boy in the Primary Department of his home Sunday school, by a teacher who had been led to say what to him was the right word at the right time. He named the Sunday school. It was the school in which

the earnest Primary worker had long waited for word of the harvest. How that Primary superintendent rejoiced! She distinctly remembered having been for years the teacher of a little boy who bore the name of the young minister. A little later, when she was told that he had received a hundred members into the church on profession of their faith in Christ, she thought, happily, "An hundred fold! How could I ask for more?" And with renewed faith she took up her work once more.

God graciously gives the Christian an occasional glimpse like this, and faith is strengthened thereby. But suppose weeks and even months pass without such a glimpse; is our reason for knowing that our work is not in vain any the less because of this fact?

XLVIII

THE SECRET OF DEVOTED SERVICE

THAT'S the fool of a man who chucked himself away on a mission!"

It was a London banker who said this of Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose self-sacrificing work for the fishermen and *live-yeres* of the Labrador coast has attracted the attention of the English speaking world. But the world does not agree with the banker. By "chucking himself away on a mission," Dr. Grenfell has found the real meaning of life, and he is happy.

Some people there are who have seen fit to pity him because of the hardships of his life, but he will not have their pity. "It isn't the environment anywhere that makes living endurable," he said to a company of mistaken friends in Philadelphia who were condoling with him on the necessity of spending so much of his time in an out-of-the-way corner of the world. "It's not necessary to have a stove-pipe hat, or to have ten courses for dinner, to be happy. Happiness comes from service."

To another who asked, "Why do you go to such a place?" he gave the ringing answer, "I go because I like it"—an answer that reminds one of the declaration of General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, the founder of the Hampton institution for the training of negroes: "I never gave up or sacrificed anything

in my life," and the similar words of Stewart of Love-dale, the Scottish missionary, "Sacrifice! What man or woman can speak of sacrifice in the face of Calvary?"

The secret of Dr. Grenfell's happiness is his full dependence on God. He feels that he is always in his presence as he works. Once he was afraid of men and hesitated to speak in public, but he conquered his difficulties once for all by saying to himself, "Christ hears what you say, and what matters it who sits behind Him?"

America owes a debt of gratitude to another native of Great Britain for the lesson he has taught of the meaning of real, consecrated service: Rev. James Robertson, of whose thirty years of labour as Missionary Superintendent in the great Northwest Territories Ralph Connor has told. After spending his young manhood in Canada, he went to New York City for his theological course, intending to go back and do pioneer work on a small salary. But just before his course was finished some who realised his great power urged him to remain where he was, assuring him that it would not be long before he became pastor of a large church. Their arguments had no weight with him; he intended to spend his days, not where he could have the easiest life, but where he could do the most good.

Just at this time he wrote to the young woman who was to be his wife: "We are no longer our own. The time for self is gone with us. When we entered this sphere it was with the understanding that we were ready to do the Master's work wherever he wished.

If true to him, this we must still do, or else bear the consequences. It would be a fearful thing to think of in our future course that we had regarded self and selfish considerations, and not our Master's work."

The man who wrote that ringing letter soon turned his back on New York City and its attractions to become pastor of a little mission congregation in Western Ontario, where he was to have a salary one-fourth that offered by the city church.

But he could not be buried. From the first he attracted attention by his splendid sermons and his faithful work. One of Canada's most distinguished preachers, after hearing him, said, "There's a man who will one day be great, likely a professor of one of our colleges."

In one way the prophecy proved correct. Dr. Robertson did become great, but not as a college professor or a city pastor. He deliberately chose to go to the hard places, and wherever he went he was great because he gave himself up wholly to the work before him, no matter how undesirable it seemed.

Groups of colonists who had gone West in search of cheap lands were calling for ministers to go to them, but few cared to respond. One of these few was James Robertson, who went to Winnipeg in the dead of winter, though the trip involved great hardship, and he knew that it might prove the beginning of a life spent largely apart from the dear ones in his home.

And so it proved. For weeks and months at a time he was unable to go home. Called here and there by his eager vision of the needs of the broad field, he endured difficulties and privations, not only without

a murmur, but with a "quick sense of humour that carried him through with a shrug and a smile."

When, after the unwearying work of a generation, his body was laid to rest, on a stone over his grave was written, "Canada, west of the Great Lakes, was his mission field."

As Christians read of Grenfell and Robertson, let them not sigh and say, "If I had their chance what wonderful things I would do," but let them determine that, God helping them, they will have their spirit of joyful service. Then, wherever they are, they will do the work God wants them to do, and his name will be glorified.

XLIX

THE MARVELS OF EVERY DAY

THE hunger for the marvellous is universal. So many of us are like the Athenians: we are always wanting to tell or to hear some new thing. And in our search for new marvels we are becoming indifferent to the wonderful things that we can touch and see at any time.

A woman, seeking her physician, begged him for some medicine that would give her new interest in life, make her content, pleasant to live with, and satisfied. She insisted that she had exhausted the possibilities of change of air and scene, and that she was in despair.

The wise physician began to tell her of another patient whose case had made special appeal to him—a young man who had been deaf and blind, and whose senses of taste and smell had been greatly affected. Practically all his life he had been an inmate of a charity hospital.

Physicians who examined him decided that a tumorous growth on the brain was responsible for his privations. A successful operation was performed and sight, taste and hearing were completely restored, though bandages were kept on his eyes for a time that they might be gradually accustomed to the light.

While he was recovering from the results of the

operation he was given liquid food, but the day came when, his eyes still bandaged, he was led to a table on which had been placed a glass of cold water, a piece of bread, buttered, a baked Irish potato, with butter and salt on it.

“If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget the look that came into his face then,” the physician said to his patient. “He ate the food slowly, extracting the flavour from every crumb of it. And the water he took in sips, allowing it to trickle down his throat, drop by drop almost. Then he asked, ‘What are these delicious things you have given me to eat? And what is this exquisite drink I have swallowed?’ ”

When he was told, he asked, “Can it be possible that these things are common things—that even poor people can feast upon such viands as these which I am eating?”

Later the bandage was removed and he was led out under the trees in the subdued light of the late afternoon. He stood in his tracks, transfixed and transfigured. He saw the sky and the “sunlight and the earth and the grass and the shadows upon the earth and the trees and the flowers that were about him, and he smelled the good wholesome smells of the earth. And just then a common brown thrush began singing in an elm tree almost above him. At the first note of music from the bird he gave a quick start, and then he threw back his head and uplifted his face.”

When the song was done, he cried, “Did you hear it? Do you smell the earth and the flowers? And the sky—I have seen it! I can see it now. Oh, hasn’t

God been good to give us all this for our enjoyment!"

He looked in amazement at the sunset, an ordinary sunset, the doctor thought. "How often does this come to pass?" he asked. "Every night? Why are there not more of us here to look at it? Surely at this hour all mankind must cease from their tasks to see this miracle, this free gift of the Creator!"

Then he turned to the physician, and said, "At last I have lived, and I have found life sweet."

The physician paused. The patient stood up, transformed and radiant.

"Doctor," she said, "I am going home. I believe I have found a cure for my trouble. You have made me see things I could not see before, hear things I could not hear, for I have been as blind and as deaf as this man was. But now—why I have everything to live for! I do not believe I shall ever come back to see you—as a patient, that is."

And the physician smiled. His parable of the blind man who saw, the deaf man who heard, had accomplished the purpose.

What if the story is only a bit of fiction? It is fiction that is true to life. So often we are like the physician's patient. The good gifts of God are all about us; he showers them upon us, and we see them not, hear them not; we are indifferent to them, and because of our indifference life seems to have no flavour.

The cure? Is it in the mad scramble for some new marvel that palls on us almost as soon as it is discovered, or is it in opening our eyes, our ears, our hearts, to the marvels of every day to which we have become indifferent because they are so common?

L

THE ONLY WAY

A SAYING of Jesus which to many people does not make strong appeal, is, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

That was novel teaching when Jesus was on earth, and it is still looked upon in some quarters not only as novel but also as impossible. Yet the principle is receiving widespread recognition, though many of those who in one way or another act in accordance with it might be surprised to learn that their conduct is, in part at least, an illustration of our Master's meaning.

When Jesus spoke the words he was telling his disciples of the reward awaiting those who are willing to lose their lives in his service. But, as one Bible student indicates, "the passage may also be applied to self-denial in general by which a man loses his life of self-centred worldliness to find it again enlarged and purified."

One who made a practice of reviewing new books noted with interest that one year there seemed to be an unusual number of volumes in which emphasis was laid on this commonsense view of life's opportunities and privileges.

There was Jeffery Farnol's "Beltane the Strong," a sort of glorified King Arthur, who continually taught by word and example that the only way to find happi-

ness is to forget self and help others who are in difficulty. Several minor characters urged the wisdom of seeking happiness in selfish disregard of others. The story emphasises the success of Beltane's policy, and the failure of those who would not follow his example.

A second novel, "The Good Shepherd," told of a young doctor who exiled himself from home because of difficulties that threatened to ruin his life. "He seeks an appointment as community doctor in a remote Austrian village, because he needs work as well as the healing which work brings," one reviewer wrote. "Restless, unhappy, tormented in body and mind . . . he finds the healing he so sadly needs—because you can't honestly try to be of a little use to other people without getting far more than you give. This is a fact as basal as gravitation. Why should it not be as widely acknowledged?"

For contrast, take the novel, "Young Earnest," whose hero rids himself of his troubles by disregarding the rights and feelings of all about him, ruthlessly trampling upon those who had a right to his protection.

The reviewer who has been quoted called the attention of the author of "Young Earnest" to the method followed by the doctor, "not because it is Christian, not because it is decent, not because it has the authority of two thousand years of experiment behind it, but because it is the only way that works."

Jesus taught only things that he knew would work, and he showed his faith in them by doing them himself. Can those who want his blessing do less than follow him where he has pointed the way both by word and by example?

LI

HER ROAD TO JOY

WHAT shall a young wife do when her husband dies and leaves her with no provision for the future of herself and a two-year-old daughter?

A few years ago this question was asked by a woman. For her it was not an academic question; it had to be answered, and at once, for she had been left without resources except her own hands and brain.

Though she was capable of working with her brain, she decided that she must begin with her hands. She went out by the day in the homes of Denver as house-cleaner and laundress. After a time she became housekeeper in an institution, where she had to attend to a furnace built across a large basement from where the coal was thrown in, and it was necessary to carry this across. The heavy work brought on an illness that made her long for the country. On the advice of her pastor she gave up her preparation for the Civil Service examinations, and advertised for a position as housekeeper for a ranchman. It was her hope that her employer's advice and the knowledge of the country gained while in his service would enable her to pick out a good quarter section and to farm this successfully.

She found the ranchman she sought, and picked out her land. Long before the homestead was hers ab-

solutely, she became the wife of her employer, but she persuaded him to allow her to carry out her original plan without any help from him.

The story of the four years of life in the open country was told in a series of delightful letters sent to a woman in whose home she had served as a maid. The simple narrative was unfolded so pleasingly that the letters were desired for a larger audience. They found their way into a book called "Letters of a Woman Homesteader."

One of the chief charms of the chapters is that, all unconsciously, the author revealed the elements in her character that made possible her achievements.

Always she made the best of everything. She believed in taking things as they came though she never waited for something to turn up, and she was never content with makeshifts when she could improve on them by hard work. For her log cabin home she rejoiced in the smooth logs that made the walls, but she was glad of the chance to cut out the roses from two rolls of wall paper so as to make a border. From some broken bamboo fishing rods she made frames for two screens. Her cabinet bookcase was made from an old walnut bedstead. For a floor covering she had a braided rug made of old dresses. When she was sick for a whole winter, she wrote that "even ill health has its compensations out here." Once she told her philosophy of getting along comfortably: "It has always been a theory of mine that when we become sorry for ourselves we make our misfortunes harder to bear, because we lose courage and can't think without tears; so I cast about me for something to be glad about."

It is not strange that the child took after the mother. "She has a block of wood she found in the blacksmith shop which she calls her 'dear baby,'" the mother wrote at one time. "A spoke out of a wagon wheel is 'little Margaret,' and a barrel stave is 'bad little Johnny.'" When she saw her mother working hard on the homestead she begged to have her part, and the year she was six she cut and dropped enough potatoes to raise a ton of vegetables.

She found that the secret of happiness is activity. Of one summer she wrote that it was the happiest she had known, because it was the busiest. That she knew what she was talking about is apparent from her statement that she did most of her cooking at night, milked seven cows, and cut all the hay on her husband's ranch, though nine weeks of hard work was required for the performance. Yet she found time to put up thirty pints of jelly and thirty pints of jam. Once when she was telling of her situation, she said: "It is true, I want a great many things I haven't got, but I don't want them enough to be disheartened and not enjoy the many blessings that are mine. I have my house, chickens, turkeys and pigs which are my own especial care. I have loads and loads of flowers which I tend myself. When I think of it all, I wonder how I can crowd all my joys into one short life."

She found her greatest happiness in helping others. On discovering an old man who had not heard from home for twenty-five years, she secured letters for him containing all the home news and read them to him. When the items of news stirred in him longings to revisit the familiar scenes of his boyhood, she schemed

and arranged until it was possible for him to go in safety. When she learned that her letters were appreciated by her old employer, she asked to be supplied with the names of lonely people and invalids whom she might cheer by her messages. She interrupted an outing to care for a poor woman in a time of great distress, and paused for days to give to her and her children the first Christmas they had ever known.

She did not lack for friends. Having shown herself friendly, others rallied about her in her hours of suffering. One of her happiest times was a siege of illness when neighbours crowded to see her, bringing eager assistance.

She was not conceited, though her achievements would have warranted a degree of self-satisfaction. In speaking of the opportunities awaiting other homesteaders, she said: "Any woman who can stand her own company, can see the beauty of the sunset, loves growing things and is willing to put in as much time at careful labour as she does over the washtub, will certainly succeed."

Finally, the real secret of her success was her dependence on God. From Him she learned to endure; to Him she took her sorrows; of Him she spoke to others. And He was with her in all she did.

LII

PLAY THE GAME

DISCOURAGED men and women can get a needed tonic by reading the story of the struggles against mighty odds made by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the popular author of many wholesome novels.

In "All the Days of My Life," she has told of the trying experiences that paved the way for her fame. Compelled to leave Scotland by her husband's failure in business, driven from Chicago by a second failure, crowded out of Memphis by unpleasant circumstances, and finally forced to leave Texas after the death of her sons and her husband, she began life anew in New York City. There, at the age of thirty-seven, she began to support herself and her three daughters.

The work was not easy. Many times she did not know where the day's expenses were to come from. Finally she was compelled to sell her engagement ring to buy bread.

But she never gave up. Always she was cheerful, and always she worked.

A measure of success came to her very soon, though there were years of privation and disappointment before she began to write the books for which publishers were eager to pay as much as five thousand dollars each.

The autobiography gives two incidents which reveal

characteristics that may well be cited as accounting for her success.

In the course of her work for a religious paper she found her way to the Astor Library, where she began to make investigations for articles she had been asked to prepare. Fellow workers soon began to marvel that she never seemed at a loss for material, no matter what the requirements were. This is her explanation:

"In the halls I frequented, I soon knew where every book dwelt, and if my eyes saw a vacant place on the shelf, I knew instantly what book was away from home. Of the great reviews and magazines I gradually made an index of all the papers likely to be of use to me; so that if an up-to-date article on any subject, commodity or event was needed, I had, at my fingers' ends, a list of all the papers that had been written concerning it.

"I hunted up all the bits of folklore, historical, poetical, and social traditions, proverbs and prophecies allied to it, and in such research I found a never failing delight. Many writers of that day said with a variety of emphasis, 'What luck Mrs. Barr has!'

"Once a despondent young man sitting in my alcove made this very remark to me, and as it was spoken in no unkind spirit, I answered him by showing him the indexes and notes which I had made. I pointed out that the illustration for which I was then preparing the text had been received an hour ago, and must be turned in to the paper for which it was intended early on the following morning; and I asked him if he could find the material necessary and have it at the office by nine o'clock. He looked gloomily at the picture. It

represented an old farmer examining the almanac for the New Year.

“Now what can a fellow know about almanacs?” he asked. “What is there to know about them anyhow? I suppose I could find something in Poole.”

Then Mrs. Barr astonished him by showing him a list of informing articles on the subject of almanacs—a part of her index which had been growing gradually—and called his attention to the fact that it referred to eleven bound volumes of magazines.

It is interesting to note that this private index was always open to other readers who wished to use it, and that many other writers were helped by it.

Once, when she was discouraged, one of her daughters spoke of the fight she was making as a game. At once there came to her mind the rallying cry of the boys of a famous English school: “Play up! play up! and play the game!”

“Many and many a time since that happy hour, in straits of all kinds, I have been encouraged and strengthened by this plucky rallying cry,” she writes, “and I have said to my failing spirit, ‘Now, Amelia, the game is hard, and the odds are against you, but you cannot sneak out because of that. “Play up! play up! and play the game.”’ And the cheerful, resolute noise was like old wine to my heart. I rose confidently, and went to my study, and wrote for nearly three hours, without any feeling of weariness. In that time I got over the hard bit of road that had so discouraged me, and the next morning I could sit down cheerfully at my desk.”

The beginning of Mrs. Barr’s literary career was

the preparation of a description of events in the early days of Texas, events which she witnessed when she was suffering some of the most trying experiences of her life. Other memories of trials and disappointments furnished material for general articles, short stories, and even novels, so that the happiness of her later years was the outgrowth of the sorrows of earlier life.

No wonder she wrote: "I do not believe in chance. The life God guides is not ruled by accidental events; the future is certainly shaped out of the past and all its happenings are but links in a chain."

And no wonder she was able to say:

"I would not miss one single tear,
Heart pang, or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now."

LIII

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE

THERE is something attractive about the phrase, Making the Most of Life. We all wish to do what the words suggest to us.

But we interpret the phrase in various ways. To one hearer it may mean, " Hunt for chances to get ahead. Look out for Number One. Get all you can out of life."

To the next hearer it may mean, " Be on the lookout for chances to help the other fellow. Do what you can for him. Throw yourself with all your might into the fight for purity and truth and lovingkindness."

The popular novel, " Blow the Man Down," tells of two men who had these contradictory ideas of life. With most skilful touches the author described the acts of each through a brief period

One was a leader in commercial life. He was always successful, but he was not particular as to his methods. Of course, if he could make his point without stepping on any one's toes, he did not object, though he found a lack of flavour in such progress. However, if any one stood in his way, he did not hesitate to trample on him hard. Others meant nothing to him except as he was able to make them stepping stones to the things he wished to gain for himself. Yet his triumphs did not content him; he was always

reaching out for something bigger that would require him to trample on more people and trample on them harder than ever he had trampled on any one before. What his hands grasped for he secured. But he was not happy. His associates despised him even though they feared him, and they breathed a sigh of relief when he overreached himself and awoke at last to the realisation that his life had been one long mistake.

The second man in the novel was also successful, until he got in the way of the character who proposed to make the most of life by crowding others on all occasions. Then he lost his position, he lost his property, and he nearly lost his life. This was a favourable time for feeling that life had no more attraction for him. But his attention was attracted to the sorrows of a dozen families who had been evicted from an island off shore where for years they had lived on sufferance.

These people were in despair because no one on the mainland would permit them to find a foothold; everybody was afraid that they would become public charges. The sympathies of the observer were enlisted at once. He put himself at the service of the outcasts, spent on them all he had, provided work for them, and in the course of months showed them the way to the self-respect that comes from honest effort. Not until then did he feel that he could take time to look after his own affairs. Then, with an unexpectedly light heart, he took up once more the battle of life.

It is needless to ask which of these men will appeal to the readers of the novel. But why is it that so many of those who will find fault with the acts of the villain,

and rejoice in the very real conquest of the hero, will fail to see the reasonableness of ordering their own acts in accordance with this judgment? Why is it that so many people deceive themselves by thinking that they become virtuous by approving the virtues of other people? Why isn't our idea of how others should order their lives a good standard for what we ourselves should do? Why should we feel that, for the other fellow, making the most of life means self-sacrifice and service, while for us it means only self-advancement at all costs?

TEN
GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT

"But godliness with contentment is great gain."—I Tim. 6:6.

LIV

DOES RELIGION PAY?

TAKE out of your belief the resurrection of Christ, the assurance of your own resurrection, the knowledge that there is a place prepared for you in heaven; leave nothing but the help to be received from your religion for this world. What then?" The question was asked of an earnest Christian. His eye flashed as he made his answer. "Take all these away," he said, "and I'd say it pays richly to be a Christian." Then how great must be the worth to a man of his religion, when in addition to its promises for this life he has the promises made for the life to come!

"But the Christian has to give up so many things that the one who is not a Christian is perfectly free to enjoy," the objection is frequently heard. "The good things of life belong, for the most part, to those who live carelessly and selfishly. They are not held back by the scruples that keep so many Christians from winning their way to positions of power. What have you to say to this?" the objector triumphantly continues. Just this: that the advantage of the irreligious man is only apparent. That his possessions bring him little real satisfaction will be understood by those who make even a superficial study of his life. Read Psalm 73 and see how one godly man learned this lesson.

Paul had a decisive word for those who thought that

an irreligious life ever pays. They are self-deceived. Surely he knew what he was talking about. If any Christian could ever have the right to insist that religion does not pay, surely Paul would be that man. Think what he gave up for religion's sake—family, position, friends, a future of renown among the men whose peer he was by education and training. Think of what he received instead of these advantages—poverty, obscurity, bonds, imprisonment, hatred, torment, death. Yet what did he say? "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Ask four or five of your friends if religion pays. Ask the mother who has just gone through a long night of watching by the bedside of a sick child who has at last been restored well and strong to his place in the home. Ask the father who has heard the Saviour's call to give up into his arms the child lent to the home for a little while. Ask the young man who has been called on to undergo a grievous temptation and has resisted it. Ask his friend who has yielded to the temptation and is rejoicing in the knowledge that God gives him another chance to fight and win. Ask any earnest Christian you will, and see how faith is strengthened by the replies.

Then ask some of those who do not know Christ if they are satisfied with what they are getting out of life. If they are honest they will show plainly that there is a great hunger in the heart. Again and again instances have been told of men and women who have tried, oh, so hard! to get the best out of a life without

Christ in it, only at the end to give expression to their sense of dissatisfaction and their desire to warn others of their mistake.

Then contrast with the words of regret of those who know not God the heart-felt statement of the Psalmist, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the courts of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Contrast the bitter, hopeless grief at the death of a loved one of the irreligious man with the action of the disciples of John the Baptist, who, when their loved master was put to death by Herod, "went and told Jesus." What does the contrast tell?

Does it pay to be able to be the bearer of comfort to those who mourn? Does it pay to be a partner with Christ in his work of saving the lost?

What does a Christian possess? All things—for he is Christ's, and Christ is God's, and nothing can separate him from the love of God.

LV

WHEN POSSESSIONS BRING JOY

HOW often should men think of money? Is it their first thought in the morning? Do they scheme all day long to get money, thinking more of the money than of the service for which the money is paid? Does money suggest itself to the mind as they read God's word? Does it interfere with their prayers? Do they wake in the night thinking of some new plan to get money or to safeguard the money they have? There is grave danger if these things are true, danger from which there is no escape except as God is asked to take possession of the money and use it as he will.

Money becomes a curse when it is hoarded for self-gratification or used for selfish needs. It becomes a blessing when it is looked on as a trust from God to be administered as He would wish. Not the tenth alone, or whatever portion is set aside to be used for God's work, but the whole of the income should be used for God's glory. How much of what God gives shall be given for the support of His work? How much of the remainder shall be used for personal wants? How much is to be used for members of one's family? How much is to be saved that God's name may be glorified by its use in later years? These ques-

tions should be in mind as God's trust funds are apportioned.

A business man in sending a gift to a needy charitable institution wrote this message: "One of the greatest crises in our business will take place in a few short weeks; but our hearts are stayed upon Jehovah, and we realise that the fear of man bringeth a snare. In the ordinary course of things the events of the near future should give us cause for much thought and great concern, but the business is the Lord's, not ours, and he will guide through all the difficulties that seem to be gathering fast about us. Meanwhile, we wait patiently upon the Lord, knowing he will bring it to pass." God always honours such trust.

One man who was learning how to make his money a blessing rather than a curse, said: "We have been constrained to lay aside fifteen per cent of our profits for the Lord's work, and the resolution, from a worldly point of view, has proved a good investment. Our needs have not increased with our capital, and we have now nearly all we need in our business, so we now propose to devote twenty per cent of the profits to the Lord's work. 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,' and why should we try to hoard up what is not ours? We realise that we need much of our heavenly Father's wisdom to distribute His money in His way. Banks may break, business may decline, but when the soul is stayed upon Jehovah, none of these things shall move us." The proportion of the profits set aside for God's work was later raised to twenty-five per cent, then to one-third of the whole.

The responsibility for the proper use of money is

not dependent on the amount one has. The parable of the pounds teaches this lesson. God will ask an accounting of the man who has but one pound, as well as of him who has five. And the man who has a little to administer for God may have as much pleasure out of it as the man who has large possessions. Everything depends on the administrator.

LVI

THE YOKE OF CHRIST

DO we ever gratefully think how much better off we are than the godly men and women who lived in the centuries before Christ came into the world? They had God's revelation through the prophets; they had the tabernacle and, later, the Temple with its Holy Place and its Holy of Holies. But we have the glorious knowledge that the God of the Temple has spoken to us in His Son, who came to earth for love of us, who died for our salvation, who rose again for our justification.

Jesus told of his eagerness to lead men to the Father and to share with them the riches he had received from the Father by speaking the wonderful invitation and promise, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The people had been learning how grievous was the yoke of the Pharisees' teaching; it gave them no relief in their hard life. But if they would come to Christ he would give them rest, for his yoke was not like that of the Pharisees; it was very light. Joy would be the portion of his followers who, learning of him, the meek and lowly One, would be able to take life's duties with new courage.

The world is full of those who are borne down by the burden of misused opportunities, who find them-

selves thinking, continually, "If only I had been more thoughtful and careful!" and of those who are sorrowing because loved ones are not living up to their privileges and following in the steps of God-fearing parents; of those who feel the weight of their sins, their wilful disobedience of God's commands. To these, as to all who are burdened for any reason whatever, Jesus stands with open arms and pleads, "Come unto me." He wants to bear our burdens for us. Then why will we persist in carrying it ourselves?

We say we have not found the yoke easy, that the Christian life has been anything but a pleasure and a joy to us, so that we are sometimes tempted to wish we had not begun to walk with Christ? Have we ever stopped to wonder if the fault is not with us instead of with him? From the time the words of invitation and promise were spoken to the Jews there have been those who have insisted on bearing a yoke that was not Christ's, finding fault with His cross because it was so heavy. As many Jewish Christians made the attempt to carry the yoke of the law, so modern Christians insist on bearing the yoke of their own mistaken interpretation of God's will.

A man was carrying a heavy basket. His son asked to help him. The father cut a stick and placed it through the handle of the basket so that the end toward himself was very short, while the end toward the boy was three or four times as long. Each took hold of his end of the stick, and the basket was lifted and easily carried. The son was bearing the burden with the father, but he found his work easy and light because his father assumed the heavy end of the stick.

Just so it is when we bear the yoke with Christ; he sees to it that the burden laid on us is light; he carries the heavy end.

Is our yoke too heavy for us? Then one thing is sure: it is not the yoke of Christ.

LVII

LIVING FOR THE FUTURE

LET us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is still the motto of countless multitudes who have no thought beyond the pleasures of the moment. Men shake their heads as they see others sacrificing to-day that to-morrow's pleasure may be greater. Their own way seems to them so much better. "Let to-morrow take care of itself," they say. They misapply the words of Christ, and insist that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Of course, it is a simpler matter to live for the day than to live for the future. It is easier to float with the stream than to stem the current. Self-denial must be practiced by the man who insists on placing a portion of his income in the savings bank. The student who struggles with hard lessons often longs to throw aside his books and rush out into the open air. The manufacturer does not always relish the thought of setting aside a portion of his profits as a sinking fund to cover depreciation in his plant.

Everywhere men are giving way to the temptation of taking the path where there is least resistance. A young man who made a trial trip as traveller for a wholesale house, wished to sell as many goods as possible in order that his commissions might be large. His record was phenomenal. In every town he vis-

ited he sold a bill, frequently by misrepresentation or other unfair means. His commissions were large; but the customers were dissatisfied. He lost his place, and another salesman had to go over the ground in order that the territory might be good for future profits.

If it is considered wise to regard the future of a business, which will last, perhaps, for a generation, how much more attention should be paid to the future of the soul, which lives forever! What a vast difference there would be in our manner of living if men would apply some of the sound principles of business to the life of the soul!

When young people, and older people, too, for that matter, are urged to hear Christ's voice as he knocks at the door of their hearts, the objection is frequently made: "I haven't had my good time yet. Wait till I have enjoyed myself a little more." A young man, in a city where Christians were waging war on Sunday baseball, put in a plea for himself and his companions that they might be allowed to continue the only pleasure they had. A young woman, when urged by her pastor to give herself to Christ, said, "Don't you think it would be fairer to let me alone until I am fifty or sixty years of age? Why should I settle down to a humdrum Christian life when I am still young and full of life?"

These young people had the idea that to become a Christian is to give up all real pleasure in life for the sake of some vague, indefinite future. Christian living does not require the sacrifice of present joy for the sake of eternal life. True Christian living makes

eternal life a present possession. "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life." Petty worries and anxieties cannot vex him; he is superior to them, for he is living "after the power of an endless life."

"How can you look so pleasant to-night?" a man asked his friend. "You have had a score of interruptions this afternoon, when you had hoped to accomplish so much." "That's all right," was the answer. "Every morning I give my day to Christ. I take what he sends. These interruptions came in the way of duty; why should I complain about the service he has appointed?"

Living for eternity, we are not our own, "we are his workmanship," or, as F. B. Meyer puts it, "his poem." There is joy in the very thought of being God's poem, day by day, expressing his love, showing his power, drawing men to him.

LVIII

REJOICE IN THE LORD

IT was an old farmer who whined, "My hay crop is a failure." "Is your potato crop a failure?" he was asked. "No," he answered. "Your oats?" "No!" "Your corn?" "Oh, no! Oh, no!" "Well, why not begin with success and thankfulness, and then put your one failure in parentheses at the end?" There was no answer; he could make no answer to that pertinent suggestion, a suggestion which, if followed, would swell the ranks of those who lift up their hearts in praise to the Giver of all good things.

But the happiest man is the man who can see the blessing in the parentheses, who can thank God for the things he has not seen fit to give. And why not thank God for what we miss? If the belief is worth anything, that God is planning the lives of those who love him in the way to bring them fullest joy, there is sound sense in including in the list of mercies "The Things We Miss." Thomas Wentworth Higginson has impressed this lesson:

An easy thing, O Power divine,
To thank thee for these gifts of thine,
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow.
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank thee for the things I miss?

For all young fancy's early gleams,
 The dreamed-of joys that still are dreams,
 Hopes unfulfilled and pleasures known
 Through others' fortunes, not my own,
 And blessings seen that are not given,
 And ne'er will be, this side of heaven.

Had I, too, shared the joys I see,
 Would there have been a heaven for me?
 Could I have felt thy presence near
 Had I possessed what I hold dear?
 Had I possessed what I hold dear?
 My deepest fortune, highest bliss,
 Have grown, perchance, from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;
 Grief turns to blessings, pain to balm;
 A Power that works above my will
 Still leads me onward, upward still;
 And then my heart attains to this—
 To thank thee for the things I miss.

The author of these lines was a teacher of marked ability, a preacher and lecturer of power, an author whose review articles and poems and books have delighted thousands, a historian who charms the young and old, and a tireless soldier. He was remarkable for his energy, his versatility, his ability to enter into the feelings of all people, everywhere. But perhaps he was most remarkable because of his optimism that never failed, no matter how dark the clouds. He was four years old when he provoked laughter by declaring, one night when on his way to bed, "Now I am going to d'eam something proper funny." Perhaps all but one of those who heard him forgot the incident; but he was really telling the keynote of his life.

Yet it must not be thought that always he was optimistic without a struggle. For years he fought with occasional fits of despondency, but eventually he conquered them completely.

During his years in the theological seminary he was

poor and he hoped for the income from a proctorship, but he was disappointed. Even here he saw a blessing in disguise. To his mother he said :

“It will not alter my plans, and may be useful to me as obliging me to pinch more than I otherwise should.”

He pinched so much that his mother was disturbed. So he made her smile by this confidence :

“Don’t I tell you that we have an unlimited supply of good milk and excellent bread, and haven’t I lived the greater part of my life on bread and milk?”

His philosophy of life was stated when, at twenty-four years of age, he was pastor of his first church :

“The way to prepare for the worst is not to be constantly expecting it, but to be constantly sensible of the superabundance of good and beauty in the universe, a thought which is never for an instant out of my mind and in view of which I cannot conceive of being overcome by anything.”

When he was asked to resign his church because of his position as an abolitionist, he was not dismayed; on the morning of his last Sunday with his people he preached from the text, “Rejoice in the Lord.”

A little later he wrote to his mother :

“I think the one great possession of my life has been the sunny vigour of nature and unfailing animal spirits, which have carried me buoyantly over everything so far, and which I am sure I inherited from you.”

Years passed. He was made colonel of the first regiment of negro soldiers enlisted in the Union Army,

and men and officers alike were inspired by his sunny disposition.

During his army service he had no time to think of hardship. He spoke of patrol duty as a vacation. Wherever he went he found something good to say of his surroundings. "We have happened into the most fascinating region and life," he wrote at one time. He found joy in watching the rising moon, in drinking in the fragrance of wayside roses, or in looking at the orderly white tents in his encampment.

Once on returning to his command after nursing a wound, in which he discovered reason for laughter, he found a dozen officers who were "forlorn, dismal, despairing." But they did not remain so. Then he told of the transformation:

"By some extra-wonderful stroke of my accustomed good luck, I came . . . perfectly buoyant and hilarious, feeling . . . so invincibly cheerful that everybody began to melt before it. . . . Never was there a greater triumph of sheer health and an unalterable habit of looking on the bright side."

Again, when the regiment failed to be ordered for active service, he said:

"Such a set of forlorn creatures as I marched back to camp that day was never yet seen; they were all so doleful, I rose at last into the highest spirits . . . and now, after four cold days, the camp is in some degree itself again."

No wonder one of the men, years afterward, said to him that he was one who when they were in darkness "burst light on their pathway."

When the war was over he was an optimist still.

One morning after breakfast he read a chapter in "Alice in the Looking Glass" to the boarders to begin the day with. When he was roused from a brief dream of comfort by the failure of his publishers, he joked about his disappointment. When his wife died, after years of invalidism during which he was her constant attendant, he silenced his repinings by wondering

... "which of God's angels
Is now at my post, on guard."

When he rejoiced in the possession of his first born, the daughter of his second wife, he thought of the possibility of her death; but said: "If she dies, she will still be my child somewhere." When she died, his face was transfigured as he said, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord." A few weeks later, he said: "I feel a new access of life and joy and hope this lovely spring day." Again he wrote: "I am a truly happy man and can well wait and accept whatever comes." When his second daughter was born, he wrote, "Whenever I think of illness or death, then it seems beautiful to have one child on earth and one in heaven." And when the child was old enough to talk, he rejoiced when he said: "I do like it awfully to live."

He was laid aside by a long illness when he was seventy-two years old, but he did not repine. While on his back he did some of his best literary work. "Cheerful Yesterdays" was written while he was propped up with pillows.

After a year of illness, he was able to work with his old-time vigour. He realised that for him the end

of life on earth was near, but he was at peace. "The silent and gradual withdrawal from the world in which I was once so active does not trouble me at all."

Once he said that he would like to have engraved on his memorial stone the words of Whitman :

Joy, Shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry)
One life is closed, one life begun,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps.
Joy, Shipmate, joy!

ELEVEN
DELIGHTING IN GOD

“Delight thyself also in Jehovah; and he will give thee the desires of thy heart.”—Ps. 37: 4.

LIX

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

IT is not freedom from suffering and anxiety, but the presence of Christ in suffering and anxiety that brings the joy most worth while.

One of the happiest men of his time was James MacGregor, long minister of St. Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh, Scotland. The story of his life tells of his physical disabilities: "He was stunted in his growth by malformation in his legs, which skilful treatment might have remedied," but he never complained because of his deformity. Mrs. MacGregor's health was always frail, but he encouraged her by his own triumphant attitude in the midst of afflictions. When one of his two children died of diphtheria, he wrote: "Things for which to be thankful. Her short life was a bright, untroubled one. She never had a day's illness. She will live in memory like a bright dream." When Mrs. MacGregor died, faith was more than ever triumphant. A few weeks later the second child died of diphtheria, and again the entry in his journal showed only the serenity of the man whose heart is fixed by trust in God. His biographer says: "One who first met him in this year of suffering said it gave him an insight into the meaning of the words, 'marred with sorrow.' In face and mind he carried always the marks of the supreme suffering through which he

had passed. It was an ever-present memory, but one which from the first he determined should not be one of unavailing remorse and regret. He never failed to say that his life had been a long and very happy one, and wherever he could find joy and gladness he took it, and rejoiced in it as from the Father of all good gifts."

The secret of Dr. MacGregor's happiness was constant communion with the Man of Sorrows. But that secret was not his peculiar property. It may be shared by every sufferer, for Jesus said, "Come unto me, all ye that . . . are heavy laden." He assures his people that there is never a night so dark that the light of day does not break after it, that there is never a storm so fierce that it is not followed by peace and sunshine, that never is life so full of bitterness and woe that God does not have waiting some rich blessing for that life. Courage, then! Is the burden heavy? He will help you bear it. Is the heart sad? He knows the heart's bitterness. Is the sky dark? The day will dawn, and you will yet sing for joy.

LX

JOY THROUGH THE WORD

JOY is impossible to those who do not know God. God reveals Himself through His Word. Accordingly those who spend little time with the Bible are shutting the door in the face of the joy God has prepared for them.

It is so easy to make excuses for neglecting the Bible. It is a common thing to hear a Christian say he has no time to read the Bible, so its pages are neglected. No leisure to read of Christ's life, and the vision of the Master grows dim. No opportunity to dwell on His words, and His loving pleas are forgotten, His desires are ignored, His commandments are disobeyed.

Abraham Lincoln was a busy man, yet he found time for the Bible. He had come to depend on it when a boy; when he became a man, with the weight of the anxiety and grief of millions upon his shoulders, he could not give it up.

Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke, was a busy woman, yet she managed to spend a season every day with her Bible. "My head seems full of bread, cakes, pans, dippers, spoons and clothespins," she wrote in the days when she was training the first of her college girls in household work. So she took her Bible with her into the kitchen, and there, amid the

clatter of pans and dishes, she read God's message, thought upon it, and prayed for the interpretation of the Spirit, until she came to see "holiness to the Lord inscribed on the building and everything pertaining to it."

A man who was prominent in the Church and also in the business world, once thought that he was so busy that he must take less time for Bible reading. Soon he saw that there was something wrong. He had not the same delight in serving God; piety was at a low ebb. To quote the words of one who has told the story: "At last he determined to resume the reading of the Bible from beginning to end. He said that the effect of this course was most blessed. His heart was quickened, his soul was drawn out to God, and he had a joyousness which he had not experienced for a long time." Busy or not, he had to read the Bible.

An honoured Christian told how his father gained a knowledge of the Bible which made him a marked man. "The beginning was when he was a boy. He had no leisure. Early and late he worked on the farm, following the plough, clearing the forest, doing the chores. But when he was ten he determined to read the Bible. His only opportunity was when he was at work. The Book was too bulky to carry with him, so he took it to pieces. A leaf at a time it was his companion during the weary days. When he ploughed the field, he would have a leaf pinned to his sleeve; when he drove to market, a leaf was always at hand; wherever he went, a portion of the Bible was kept in sight. The result was that when he became a man he knew the Scripture so thoroughly that he was never at a

loss when asked to quote a passage from any book, whether in the Old Testament or in the New."

David was a busy man, but he had time for reading God's laws. "O how love I thy law. It is my meditation," was his rapturous exclamation. "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"

No one can read the Word earnestly without wishing to become like the Author. And those who strive to become like him know the joy that cannot be taken from them.

LXI

A LIFE LIVED WITH GOD

THE Ninety-first Psalm is a song of triumphant joy, the joy of the man who has known difficulty and danger, disappointment and disaster, but who has learned how to avoid difficulty, how to find the way of escape from danger, and how to have his life crowned with satisfaction and richest blessings.

These blessings may be known to all who put their trust in God, who will dwell with him in the secret place which he makes known to all who really desire to abide with him. There they will find refuge from everything that disturbs them, and will be more secure from every imaginable danger than are those who seek asylum from the attacks of enemies, on the earth. These may fail; never yet has a means of defence been devised but that still other ways for the destruction of the defences have not been discovered. Yet the man who has given himself to God's protection need never fear. Martin Luther found refuge in the German fortress on the hill of Eisenach, but he knew a defence incomparably stronger, and he sang:

"A mighty Fortress is our God,
A Bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

Because God is about his people no evil can come near them. No matter what their difficulty, God's de-

liverance will come to them just as surely as it came to the travellers who were overtaken by darkness while ascending a volcano in the Sandwich Islands. They watched the stream of molten lava as it descended the mountain until they were overtaken by the night. Then they retired to a little knoll on one side of the stream. At daybreak they were startled to discover that a spur of the lava stream had broken out above them and was flowing directly toward their knoll. When it reached the higher ground on which they were resting, it had divided and was flowing around their camp, on either side. There was only a moment left them to escape. When they had found sure standing ground, the little knoll was entirely covered.

It is in some such effectual way that the Lord proves a defence to those who trust him. Dangers come to them, of course, but they are not overwhelmed. Deliverance is given to them from their troubles. It is impossible for real disaster to overtake the children of God. Disasters may seem to come, but they have God's word for it that they are not real disasters, for He is round about His own.

There are no gaps in the Christian's line of defence when he takes refuge in God. The world has found that true when it has tried to overcome the Christian. There is no joint in the harness through which the fiery darts of evil can reach him. Satan can do nothing with those who put their trust in God and permit Him continually to surround them for their defence. When Satan wanted to tempt Job, he told God why he was unable to do anything: "Hast thou not made a hedge about him . . . on every side?"

The Christian does not need to be bothered by the troubles of life or fretted by its disappointments. Resting in God, he can rise above his surroundings. As the Psalmist puts it, "His soul shall dwell at ease," or, in the words of the margin of the King James version, "shall lodge in goodness." Lodging in goodness, dwelling at ease, he who rests in God is content. He is like a man carried away by a flood till he is finally thrown on a rock high above the waters which swirl and eddy around him. But he is safe. And he knows it. That is what God does for His servant who waits continually on him. He puts him on a rock, against which worries and troubles break in vain.

"Because he hath set his love upon me . . . because he hath known my name"—this is the two-fold reason, as God gives it, for the pouring out of these rich blessings upon his people. Deliverance! Safety! Satisfaction! Life! It is an attractive table God has spread for His children. They have only to go in to the feast of joy prepared for them.

LXII

HAPPINESS IN GOD

SOME people declare that there is no happiness greater than that of the man whose life is given up to idle pleasure seeking. They should read in Ecclesiastes the experience of one who sought happiness in these things, and note that he found only vanity and vexation of spirit.

Solomon thought that wisdom was the principal thing and that the wise man must be the happy man. God taught him that he was right, if he remembered that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." So long as the great king of Israel remembered his lesson, he was happy; but when he sought to find happiness apart from the knowledge of God, there was an end of joy for him.

General Chinese Gordon held fast to the conviction from which Solomon in his later life departed. He was like a little child in the presence of God. Once he wrote, "I may as well part with all my books except two, as far as essential knowledge is concerned, and they are the Bible and the Concordance"—the book in which God reveals himself, and the book which is an aid in searching out the treasures of the Bible.

The Bible teaches that worry kills happiness. If one would be free from worry he has only to give his life into God's hand for guidance. A missionary who was

uncertain where his work was to be the next year, wrote to his friends: "I'm glad I don't have to worry about deciding what is best to do. Isn't it fine to know that these things are planned for us, and that we just are to be concerned with doing, to the best of our ability, what is given us to do?"

The Bible teaches that giving happiness to others is one secret of gaining happiness for oneself. A young man wrote to an editor, asking him how he could be sure he was making no mistake in choice of a wife; how he could be sure that the girl of his choice would make him happy. The editor wisely replied that no man has a right to look forward to marriage in such a spirit. His question should be, rather, "Can I make her happy?"

The Bible teaches that God plans for the happiness of every one. One who is giving his life to the service of the lowly said, in answer to the question, "What does life mean to you?": "A place where a Father above deals differently with his different children, but with all in love; a place where true joys do not hang on material pegs, and where all the time the fact that God our Father is on his throne lines every cloud with gold."

The Bible makes plain the lesson that God's people are to enjoy Him. Professor James, in "The Varieties of Religious Experience," told of a man of forty-nine who said: "God is more real to me than any thought or thing or person. I feel His presence positively, and the more as I live in closer harmony with His laws as written in my body and mind, I feel Him in the sunshine or rain; and all mingled with a delicious rest-

fulness most nearly describes my feelings. I talk to Him as to a companion in prayer and praise, and our communion is delightful. He answers me again and again, often in words so clearly spoken that it seems my outer ear must have carried the tone, but generally in strong mental impressions—usually a text of Scripture, unfolding some new view of Him and His love for me, and care for my safety. That He is mine and I am His never leaves me; it is an abiding joy. Without it life would be a blank, a desert, a shoreless, trackless waste.”

LXIII

BLESSED IS THE MAN

SOME one has said, "How abundantly has the word 'blessed' been multiplied in the Psalms! The book seems to be made out of that word, and the foundation raised upon that word, for it is the first word of the book." And when Christ on the Mount opened his mouth to teach the people, the first word he spoke was "blessed"—a prophecy of his ministry, and a promise of what should be the portion of all who give their lives to him.

The Bible idea of the man who is blessed is altogether different from the world's idea. The world thinks that man blessed who has greatest treasure where thieves can break through and steal; where moth and rust consume. But the Bible counts as blessed only those whose treasures are in heaven; whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life; whose lives are "hid with Christ in God." The world, failing to understand the source of the Christian's happiness, scorns him and his professions of joy. But the Christian goes on his way, content and serene. He knows whom he has believed.

The world mocks because the Bible idea of blessedness is so largely negative; Christians are to be happy because so many things are taken from them. But the things taken away are hurtful, for instance, sin,

and the love of it. Then why regret them? Does the smallpox patient repine when he is freed from his disease, and does he long to have it back again? Neither has the feeling of privation any place in the hearts of those who are rejoicing in the removal of sins from God's sight "as far as the east is from the west."

Moreover, the Christian is glad because God's strength is at call to enable him to keep unspotted from the world. This is another negative blessing; but it brings positive blessings in its train. He mourns for sin, grieving because it is displeasing to God, and he is comforted by the knowledge of his forgiveness; he hungers after righteousness, and his sense of want is satisfied by the presence of Christ, the Righteous One, in his life; he strives to cast out all impurity from his heart, and he sees Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; he is meek, or longsuffering in spite of injustice—and he is rich, for he knows how to enjoy the earth; all things are his; through Christ he is no longer quarrelsome, but puts an end to the quarrels of others, and God calls him His child; he is persecuted, but the Kingdom of Heaven is his, and he is content.

The man who loves God finds no delight in the society of those who take God's name in vain, and who transgress his law. But he turns for companionship to the Word. In studying that Word, and in striving to live in accordance with its teachings, he has a blessing the man of the world cannot understand yet would give much to possess.

Then the Christian has no greater joy than to turn

over and over in his mind the messages he has received in reading God's Word, and in seeing the Author himself, who is his Companion as he rises from his bed, as he walks on the street, as he is about his work. "I cannot tell how happy I am to feel that God is with me wherever I go, and in whatever I do," was the testimony of a growing Christian. "It is glorious to know that he is actually by my side, and that I can think of him and speak to him all the time."

Those who have given themselves to Christ know that their lives are firmly planted on the Rock; that nothing can separate them from Christ. They are abiding in the Vine, and are fruitful, according to the promise made in the first Psalm, and repeated by the Master himself. And, to the Christian, there is always joy in bearing fruit.

LXIV

THE CHRISTIAN'S PLEASURES

OF course the world believes, or it professes to believe, that there is no pleasure for a Christian. It sneeringly says that when a man takes the vows of Christ upon him, if he is in earnest, he turns his back upon the only real pleasures of life.

Even in the Church there have been many who taught that the Christian life is all hardness and austerity. According to their teaching, pleasure is to be found only in crucifying the flesh. The Puritans pruned life of much of its softer features, for they said it was sinful for the children of God to indulge in pleasures.

All such teachers are wrong. God has created a beautiful world for his people's enjoyment. He has an eye for beauty. He made his children in his image, and they are therefore able to enjoy the beautiful and to take pleasure in life.

God does not desire to remove pleasure from men's grasp. He merely seeks to have them choose the best pleasures: the pleasures of a life yielded to him, of a heart given to Christ, of a mind filled with his love, of a soul illumined by the Holy Spirit. He has tried for ages to turn men's minds to these pleasures. And for ages the world, looking on from the outside, has insisted that there is no pleasure in them.

The Roman soldiers who besieged Jerusalem heard of the Holy of Holies in the Temple, and their curiosity and avarice were excited. They noted the fact that the Jews spoke of the sacred place with bated breath, and found their pleasure in thinking of it. What could be the reason? "Surely," they thought, "this must be a storehouse of wonderful treasures. Perhaps it was a palace for the gratification of sensual desires." They determined to learn the truth at the first opportunity. When the city fell many of them rushed away on their tour of discovery, only to find a room almost without furnishings. And thereupon the Romans laughed at the Jews and at their pretensions of finding pleasure in their religion. They could not understand that the earnest Israelite rejoiced in thinking of the central shrine of his religion because there was the visible sign of God's dwelling among men, because there the high priest communed with God.

The world's cry to-day is an echo of the sneer of the Roman soldiers who sacked the holy place. "There is nothing in the boasted pleasures of the Christian," men say. "Deceive yourselves if you will, but we are not to be hoodwinked."

The world judges pleasure by the world's standard. The Christian judges by the standard God has given him. The standard is not changed until the heart is changed. A mere visit to a bare church does not qualify a man to judge of the pleasures of religion. Only the man to whom the church is the abode of the living God can appreciate something of the pleasures which God has made ready for his own.

David was qualified to testify, and his testimony as to the reality of the blessings of God's people has no uncertain sound. "I delight to do thy will," he said. "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord." David has his successors to-day in the Christian men and women whose faces glow with the light of heaven, the love of God. Their pleasure they find in thinking of God, in conquering sin, in serving their fellow men.

These pleasures are real. They are far greater than the pleasures of sin. Paul declared his preference for the pleasures of the Christian life, even though that life involved persecution and affliction, to all the pleasures of a worldly life.

But the best thing about the Christian's pleasures is that they are only begun when a man accepts Christ as his Saviour. They are not transitory. Nor do they decrease in intensity with experience. They become greater and greater with years of faithfulness. For the pleasures of God are not for a season. At God's right hand are pleasures forever more—at God's right hand, where Christians stand upon the earth, where they are to dwell throughout eternity. What a heaven of pleasure that is—begun on earth and ended nevermore!

LXV

AND FORGET NOT

I AM thankful for the last clause of the second verse of the one hundred and third Psalm!" a busy man said. "We think of David as a man to whom gratitude seemed almost second nature. But when he said, 'Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits,' I realise that he knew what it is to struggle with the blues and that some of his songs of thanksgiving must have been written after the conquest of doubts and fears."

It is a common mistake to think that some people come naturally by their readiness to praise God in words and deeds. Zeal for God and his service comes naturally to no man. The Christian life is a warfare. David's life was a warfare; he struggled against the evil of his own heart. One of these evils was the tendency to forget to be grateful for God's loving care. He had troubles, and sometimes these loomed so large in his thoughts that he was ready for complaint instead of praise. That would never do, and he knew it. By God's help he conquered himself and began to praise. That clause in the one hundred and third Psalm is a reminiscence of temptation conquered and praise remembered. "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

It is easier to forget a kindness than to remember it.

Gratitude sometimes proves irksome. The story is told of a man who rescued many people from death at the risk of his own life, that he once said, "The saddest thing about it is that I soon lost the friendship, and even the acquaintance of those I was ready to die to save." They avoided him. The sense of obligation was unpleasant, so they took pains to keep out of his way. Gratitude to him might interfere with daily life, so they forgot. They resented the thought that they owed so great a debt to another.

We like to think that we are sufficient to ourselves. The boast is made by many men that they are "self-made." They proudly declare that no one lifted a finger to help them conquer the world. Many of these have overcome obstacles in their path in a remarkable manner, but it is as certain that some of them have made the deliberate attempt to forget the debt they owe to others, after the manner of the character in fiction who hid the mother who had given him many advantages, in order that he might be free to boast of his rise from the gutter by his own unaided efforts. The truth is that no man ever lives a day independent of others. He is debtor to thousands whose names even he does not know, without whose assistance his life would be barren and his success impossible.

Take one of these so-called self-made men who "never was under obligation to any one." Perhaps he did earn his board and clothes after he was ten years old; but he never thinks of the field hands who toiled to cultivate the cotton from which his clothes were made. He enters school, and buys his own books; but does he owe nothing to the men and women who

wrote those books at cost of life-long effort? He attends college, where he pays his own expenses, but he does not stop to think that but for the gifts of those who added to the endowment of the school it would have been impossible for him to meet the bills the college would find it necessary to charge. Thus at every step in life we depend on others. If we are honest, we will acknowledge the debt. But are we careful to do this?

A man on vacation at the seashore was proud of his ability as a swimmer. Day after day he entered the water, and people watched his daring feats. One day he ventured into a dangerous bit of water from which the bathers had been warned. He was all right at first, but soon the watchers on the beach could see that he was in danger. The undertow had caught him, and he was dragged beneath the waves. When he came to the surface his hands were waved in appeal for aid. The vigilant life guards plunged into the sea, and after a gallant fight succeeded in bringing him to land. The company on the shore was ready to congratulate the rescued man, but waited, that he might first speak his gratitude to his rescuers. But, instead of gratitude, what a tirade of complaint was hurled at the heroic men! He wasn't drowning, he declared; he knew how to take care of himself; they were a set of blunderers, and he would report them!

How many of those who curled the lip of scorn at the ungrateful man had themselves showed greater ingratitude to God! Every moment they breathed God's air; every day they depended on God's bounty; their homes were in towns where the gospel of God's Son

made them safe; they were members of households where parents and wives and husbands and children were the gifts of a loving Heavenly Father; at the very moment of their scorn for the thankless man they were enjoying a vacation by God's ocean—yet they were altogether careless of God's benefits.

Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote to his father, who thought so much of resignation he had no time for thanksgiving, a message that should be pondered by every one who is tempted to dwell on sorrows instead of on joys, on trials instead of on comforts: "A man who has gained a store; whose son is better, and—after so many fears to the contrary—I dare say a credit to him; whose business is arranged; whose marriage is a picture! What I should call resignation in such a case as his would be to take down his fiddle and play as loud as ever he could!"

The sure cure for the habit of forgetting God's benefits because of looking too hard at what are called life's trials was given by Samuel Longfellow, the clergyman poet, brother of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "Whatever it is that disorders, annoys, grieves you, makes life look dark, and your heart dumbly ache, or wets your eyes with bitter tears, look at it deeply, look at it in the thought of God and his purpose of good, and already the pain and annoy of it will begin to brighten."

LXVI

ISN'T GOD GOOD TO US?

A MAN thought he had reason to be discouraged. He had not been able to carry out his plans. Everything seemed to be against him.

Then came a succession of the lessons he needed to set himself right.

One Sunday he listened to a sermon by a minister who had been laid aside by severe muscular rheumatism. He had been compelled to resign his church, and had been living in a sanitarium for months. This was the first Sunday he had preached. There was such evidence of joy in his face that those who knew his story thought he must be much better. "I hope you will be able to take a pastorate now," one said in greeting him after the service. "No, I fear I shall never again have another pastorate; but, oh, the joy of preaching even once more of the unsearchable riches of Christ."

The very next day the door of the troubled man's room was pushed open and two radiant young women stood before him. They paused a moment, as if in uncertainty. "How happy they are," was the man's envious thought as he looked at them. Then he asked them to take seats. Still they paused. "Take these chairs!" he urged. "Pardon us for hesitating," one of the radiant young women said; "we are blind."

The next lesson came from a man whose wife had just died. He was heart-broken; the thought of the lonely years seemed more than he could bear. So he shut himself up with God. In the evening he saw a sympathising friend, grasped his hand, and showed that he was master of the situation. The friend expressed surprise and pleasure that he was looking so well. "Yes, it is all right to-night," he said. "I am bathing in the love of God."

It was enough. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" came the question to the heart of the one to whom God had given touch with the invalid minister, the two blind women, and the bereaved husband.

Why should a man ever be cast down? His life is in the hands of One who cares for him. Let him rejoice in God, for from God is his life. Let him remember always the words of Augustine: "This is the happy life, to rejoice to thee, of thee, for thee; this it is and there is no other. For those who think there is another, pursue some other, and not the true joy."

A father decided to take his fourteen-year-old son to Paris in order that he might be treated by a famous surgeon. The boy was suffering from hip disease. He had never known what it was to walk and run like other boys. Physicians at home said he could never walk. But, after the manner of fathers, his father would not give up. When he heard of the wonderful cures wrought by the Paris physician he determined to make one supreme effort for the boy.

Passengers on the ship became interested in the

strong father who was tenderness itself when he carried the sufferer from the deck to the dining saloon or to the stateroom, or back again to the deck. It was known that every movement was made at cost of great pain, and those who watched marvelled at the patience shown both by the father and by the son.

One morning, when the pain was unusually severe, the father tried to be even more careful than usual. Yet he was grieved when he heard from the lips of his son a sigh which he thought expressed pain. "Did I hurt you, my lad?" he asked, solicitously. But there was no answer. The boy seemed unconscious of the vessel. His eyes were on the sea, and then on the sky. Long he looked on God's handiwork. Then, finally, he lifted his eyes to his father's face, and sighed once more. "Oh, father, isn't God good to us!" he said, wondering awe on his face.

He had forgotten pain, sickness, everything, because he was thinking of God's goodness. He had learned the secret of lasting joy.

LXVII

FROM SORROW TO JOY

TWO downcast men were walking along a country road. Their hearts were heavy because they thought they had been disappointed in their expectation that Jesus would rise from the dead, as he had told them he would do. But the appointed time had passed, and they had not seen him. To be sure, they had been told by others that the body of the Master was no longer in the tomb, and they had heard something about the message of the angel who appeared to the early morning visitors to the place of burial. But they had not seen, and they were grievously troubled. All they could say was, "We hoped"; they seemed to have no more hope of anything good to come in the future.

Then came the Companion who walked with them for a little time, who talked with them, who went with them to their abiding place and reclined at the table with them, who then revealed himself to them as the risen Jesus of whose coming they had despaired.

At once joy took the place of sorrow. They did not wait for day, but hurried at once to their friends at Jerusalem and announced, triumphantly, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

From that day they were transformed men. With joy they carried to others the message that Jesus is

living, and that those who trust in the living Jesus have no reason to be downcast, but to be filled with the peace that passes understanding.

Many centuries have passed since that wonderful experience of the man who journeyed to Emmaus, but still so many of Christ's followers have their seasons of gloom and fear. They have no reason to fear, for Jesus has never failed to keep his promise to be with those who put their trust in him. They do trust—when all things are going smoothly, when the days bring nothing but gratification and comfort. But let times of anxiety or bereavement come, and how soon trust is forgotten till despair fills the heart and darkness seems to shut down like a pall.

Then, more than ever, Christians need to take the walk to Emmaus, to listen to the words of the risen Lord, to look into his face, to let the light of his countenance illumine their darkness, and to go on with renewed courage to new conquests in his name.

The life of Isabella Bird Bishop tells of one who had this Emmaus experience. She had been living in a retired cottage in most intimate association with her sister Henrietta, who was everything to her. Their companionship seemed perfect. Isabella often told Henrietta that she was her world.

Sickness came, and God took Henrietta to the home prepared for her. She was an earnest Christian, and her faith supported her through all her pain, and in the hour of death.

But Isabella was dismayed. The loss of her sister crushed her. She thought that everything worth while in life was gone. Even when her publisher sent her

copies of her new book, whose appearance she had long anticipated with greatest pleasure, she did not rouse herself, but put away the parcel without opening it.

Then the sorrowing sister had her Emmaus vision of the risen Jesus. He came to her as she began to work for others. Once she wrote to a friend:

“As days went by and human interests claimed me, and there was help to be given, and dying people to be comforted, the first anguish calmed into a sorrow of exquisite pain and intensity, but without bitterness or repining against him who had sent it. Light surely will break, and whether in the light or in the darkness, there is work to be done, thank God, and in work there is always interest.”

Again she wrote:

“It is wonderful what God does for one when human help is helpless, and one is shut up to leaning on and trusting in him alone. I have felt him strangely strengthen me in my agony and loneliness, and it is worth suffering much to regain the ‘child heart’ and its simple faith, and to know whom we have believed as near, true, and tender, not a dead person, but a living person who has us and our beloved in his keeping for life, or what we call death.”

The Emmaus experience enables the Christian not only to look forward with joy to a glad reunion with loved ones gone before, but it makes him ready for the day when God’s call shall come to him.

When Frances Ridley Havergal was suffering intensely, her physician, on leaving her one morning, bade her good-by, and explained, “I shall not see you

again." The patient asked him, "Do you really think I am going?" "Yes," replied the doctor. "To-day?" she inquired. "Probably," said he. "Beautiful; too good to be true!" she exclaimed. After a pause she smiled and added, "Splendid! to be so near the gates of heaven!" And so she fell asleep.

Only a few years after the marvellous change was wrought on the two downcast men on the road to Emmaus, one whose life was changed when the risen Lord appeared to him on the Damascus road wrote exultantly, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

And during the centuries this victorious cry has echoed from the hearts of men and women who, by faith, have shared Paul's vision.

LXVIII

FOOLISHNESS, AND WISDOM

A COMPANY of travellers, including an American and a Frenchman, were in the Himalaya Mountains, "the roof of the world." At an altitude of eighteen thousand feet they found difficulty in breathing, and were in distress. So were the ponies which carried the baggage, and one by one they died; only a few were left. The food supply was all but exhausted. Water was very scarce. Worst of all, twenty days after they had seen the last shepherd on the heights, they had to acknowledge themselves lost. Abandoning some of their heavier baggage they pushed on for ten miles and camped. The name for this camp showed their despondency; it was called "Camp Purgatory." From here several natives of the party were sent back in search of help.

How long the days of waiting proved! How eager they were for a few books to help them forget their desperate plight, and the eternity staring them in the face! They hesitated to send the weakened ponies even ten miles for the box of books which was part of the abandoned luggage. Finally, however, an ignorant native was dispatched with two ponies to bring in a box which was accurately described. During the two days of his absence the American and the Frenchman looked forward hungrily to turning the pages of

Kant, Spinoza, Descartes, the Koran and Buddha's Meditations.

At length the box came. The weakened ponies died soon after their task was completed. But this seemed a trifling misfortune to the men who opened the box—and found the only book it contained was the Bible, deposited there in some unexplained manner. The native had brought the wrong box. "I could fairly have scolded the poor old stupid," the American wrote. If he had been wise he would have known that the Bible was exactly what he needed. God had sent it to him in his extremity when he had ignorantly reached out for something entirely different.

Perforce, then, the two men turned to the Bible. Day after day they read, beginning with Genesis. The comment of the American indicates their spirit. "Ere a week had passed we felt that the early books of slaughter and the vitriolic prophets left much to be desired as an elevating preparation for probable death. . . . The ante-Abraham traditions were suggestive, even absorbing, to the intellect that would inquire critically into the history of religion. So, also, . . . the childish babbling of the dream-interpreters, down to Daniel. . . . All this . . . could enter into the meditations of those whose chances of living were down to Camp Purgatory measure. . . . To the life of Christ he of Christian childhood, though long since forced beyond the fold, might fancy that he could more confidently turn for inspiration and for solace. But those who were chosen to tell us the story of the great life piled Pelion on Ossa of intellectual difficulty, Pelion of resurrection on Ossa of the virgin birth."

And so the wretched travellers remained in darkness. Like the Gadarenes who besought Christ to depart out of their coasts, or the blind Jews who cried "Away with Him" when One stood before them who longed to satisfy the need of the ages, they spurned the aid a pitying God had sent them in the face of their own foolishness. They shut joy out of their lives.

On the same day that a pastor read of those travellers, he visited a good old Scotch Christian who lay in a little room in a city tenement. There was not much fire in the room—the four remaining bushels of coal had to be carefully husbanded. A sick grandson was on a decrepit couch where, only a few days before, a granddaughter had lain suffering from typhoid fever. In the next room a son-in-law's stertorous breathing told that he was in a drunken stupor. There was little food in the house. A letter, just delivered, had brought word that a son in a distant city, well able to care for his mother, refused to lift his hand to aid her who was suffering intense pain, and who knew that the touch of death was already on her forehead.

The visitor sat by her bedside and took her hand. She turned her already glazing eyes toward him and tried to speak. What was she saying? He moved closer, but still he could not catch the words. Was she complaining? Poor woman, not much wonder if she did complain! Or was she pleading for assistance for the needy household?

In a moment the question was answered. Becoming accustomed to the almost voiceless words, he understood the message: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall

not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters," and on, through the Psalm. Then there was a pause. Again the lips moved. "The Lord said unto my Lord, 'Sit thou at my right hand.'" ("She has been saying that over and over for days," the weeping daughter explained.) Then the hands worn by the toil of seventy years were stretched out, as she repeated the words: "Come unto me! Come unto me!"

She had forgotten her visitor; she was looking into the face of her King, whose words had been received into a confiding, trusting heart. Seeing him, she was unmindful of the dwindling coal pile, the sick grandchildren, the empty cupboard, the drunken son-in-law, the unfilial son. She remembered only God's promise. Is it strange the words of the Psalmist came to the mind of at least one who saw her: "Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage forever; they are the rejoicing of my heart"?

Here is the contrast of the Wise Man: "The heart of him that seeketh knowledge feedeth on understanding; but the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness."

LXIX

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD

SOME two hundred and fifty years ago there lived in France a man of obscure birth named Nicholas Herman. He was at first a footman. Later he served as a soldier in the army of the king of France. But when he became a soldier of the King of kings, he sought and found admission as a lay brother among the barefooted Carmelite monks of Paris, and became known as Brother Lawrence.

Brother Lawrence was remarkable for the simplicity of his faith in God and his eagerness to give his life completely into his hands. In the words of his biographer, "His one single aim was to bring about a conscious personal union between himself and God, and he took the shortest cut he could find to accomplish it." The result of his prayerful efforts he indicated himself when he wrote to a friend: "The time of business does not with me differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clutter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God is as great tranquillity as if I were on my knees at the blessed sacrament."

Our knowledge of the life of Brother Lawrence is gained from records of conversations with a friend

who sought to learn the secret of his life, and of letters to other friends who turned to him for guidance.

Early in his Christian life he determined that "the end we ought to set before ourselves is to become, in this life, the most perfect worshippers of God we can possibly be, as we hope to be through all eternity." Many books told him different ways of accomplishing this purpose, but the instructions of others served only to puzzle him. He had to adopt his own method of approach to God. He therefore resolved, as he expressed it, to give up all for the all. "I renounced, for the love of Him, everything that was not He."

His beginning was the formation of a habit of conversing with God, and referring all he did to Him. In this he found some difficulty at first, but he persisted and found it always easier to talk with God.

It was his habit to ask God's assistance in his affairs just as they happened. "Lord, I cannot do this, unless thou enablest me," he would say. He related that he was once sent on a matter of business for his brethren. His task was unwelcome, as he had no taste for business. Moreover, he was lame, and found it difficult to make the journey. But he was not uneasy about his work. He simply said to God, "It is thy business I am about," and asked for help. In his work in the kitchen of the monastery he followed the same rule. He asked God's help in every little thing, and help was never lacking. He did his work as in God's presence.

So it came about that the set times of prayer were not different from his ordinary hours. "It is a great delusion to think the times of prayer ought to be different from other times," he wrote. "We are as

strictly obliged to adhere to God by action in the time of action as by prayer in the time of prayer.”

His prayer was just a sense of the presence of God. “In prayer I am as a stone before a carver, whereof he is to make a statue,” he said. “Presenting myself thus before God, I desire Him to form His perfect image in my soul and make me entirely like himself.”

When the appointed time of prayer was past, he turned to the business of the day, and said to God, “O my God, since I must now, in obedience to thy commands, apply my mind to these outward things, I beseech thee to grant me thy grace to continue in thy presence.”

In order to live such a life as this, Brother Lawrence insisted that it is necessary to perform every act of every day as to the Lord, for the love of God. Our common business is to be done for Him, and not to please men. He kept this purpose before himself, until he was pleased when he could take up a straw from the ground for the love of God.

He detested his work in the kitchen, but through fifteen years he performed every task there for the love of God, until that kitchen became an oratory in which he dwelt with God all day long, and he loved the work which had been so distasteful.

It must not be thought that these results were achieved without conflict. Brother Lawrence had his difficulties in his prayer-life. He was troubled with wandering thoughts. He found the cure in not letting the mind wander from God at any time. He insisted that we must keep ourselves strictly in the presence of God, that thus, being accustomed to think of

Him often, it may be easy to keep the mind calm in the time of prayer, and to recall it from its wanderings.

In order to keep from wandering thoughts in prayer, we should renounce everything which does not lead us to God. How many such things there are! And how profitless they are! We must give them up, if we would practice the presence of God. What an answer is thus suggested to our questions as to what employments or recreations are proper for the Christian. Do our employments and amusements lead us nearer to God? If not, the duty is plain.

Then Brother Lawrence had his discouragements because of failures. These disquieted him at first; but he learned to seek pardon and begin anew. When he permitted other matters to drive God from his mind, he set himself once more to practice the presence. "Thus," he said, "by rising after my falls, and by frequently renewed acts of faith and love, I am come to a state wherein it would be as difficult for me not to think of God as it was at first to accustom myself to it."

At the end of his life he came to such an experience of the blessedness of living on intimate terms with God that he said: "I cannot imagine how religious persons can live satisfied without the practice of the presence of God. If I dare to use such an expression, I should choose to call this state the bosom of God, for the inexpressible sweetness which I taste there."

Upon one thing the pious man insisted: "It is not necessary for being with God to be always at church. We may make an oratory of our heart, wherein to retire from time to time to converse with him."

No, it is not necessary to be always at church to

practice the presence of God. Wherever one is, whatever he does, he can take God with him : into a kitchen, as the monk took him ; into the shop, as many an artisan takes him ; into the schoolroom, the locomotive cab, or the business house. The man-of-all-work has as great an opportunity as the merchant at his desk or the minister in his study. It is not their surroundings which limit people, it is their will. If we have the will to practice the presence of God, life will be transformed and heaven will be brought down to earth.

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