

make the ascent of the outside of the Pyramid, a task which proved more formidable than we had anticipated.

However, after about half an hour's hard climbing (which, I must say, included two "breathers") we duly arrived at the top and took a look at the surrounding country.

Down below us, looking like a huge rabbit warren, we could see the Harvard and other excavations, and away in the distance Cairo with its scintillating lights, and the Delta of the Nile with its countless rivulets and channels glittering in the moonlight. One is almost involuntarily reminded of the fanciful Oriental comparison of the Delta to a "fan fastened with a diamond stud." But time was getting short and we had other things to see, so we started on the downward journey.

This was, if anything, a more arduous task than the climb up, but in due course we arrived at the foot once more. Keeping to the road and turning away to the left we came to that greatest of all the Egyptian mysteries, the Sphinx. What once must have been a most beautiful piece of work now presents only a broken and disfigured surface, and I cannot do better than quote you Kingslake's splendid description of this famous monument.

"And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Aegean, and in her image created new forms of beauty and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lips should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet there still lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with sad and serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the very Sphinx."

This is one of the best descriptions I have seen or read of this, the greatest of all the old-world marvels.

Having visited in turn Campbell's Tomb, in which were found the four sarcophagi, and the Temple of the Sphinx, famous for its huge blocks of alabaster, we found that our time was at an end, and made our way back to the cars and Cairo well satisfied with our "Moonlight Trip to the Pyramids."

G. T. N.

Hope's Quiet Hour

A Call For Volunteers.

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me. —Isa. 7:8.

From utmost east to utmost west, where'er man's foot hath trod, By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God; "Give ear to Me, ye continents—ye isles, give ear to Me, That the earth may be filled with the glory of GOD as the waters cover the sea."

What can we do to work GOD'S work, to prosper and increase The brotherhood of all mankind—the reign of the Prince of Peace?

A. C. AINGER.

The summer heat is over and the call for volunteers is sent out by the churches in city, town and country. So many have answered their country's call for volunteers that the need of Sunday School teachers and other church workers is greater than usual.

Did you think it was a call you might comfortably ignore? Look at our text. The Great Commander of the Army of God is still saying: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" There is no conscription in His great

army. He is the Lord of hosts—hosts of volunteers, who stand ready to be sent on His errands.

The prophet Isaiah had seen a vision of the Glory of the Lord, which filled him with fear and caused him to say: "Woe is me! . . . because I am a man of unclean lips." Then he was given an outward token of forgiveness; he was assured that his iniquity was taken away, and that the Holy Spirit had touched his lips with divine fire. Was he to sit down and rest satisfied with his own restoration to God's favor? No, his ears were now opened to the great call for volunteers: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and his response was swift and enthusiastic: "Here am I; send me."

to meet it. Of course it is a great mistake to be over-confident, or to think we are quite capable of accomplishing any task however difficult. To go forward trusting in one's own strength is to invite disastrous failure; but to be ready when God calls us to attempt anything he plainly wants us to do—trusting in His power, not in our own—is our only business in this world.

When Moses was told to deliver his people from the power of a cruel tyrant he made all the excuses he could think of. He declared that he was not eloquent and they would not listen to him, and—with apparent humility—asked God to send a more capable messenger. He had tried many years before, to help Israel and had utterly failed. What

If we are subconsciously thinking "I don't want to do such a hard and tiresome task," let us say that honestly to God and see what He thinks of the excuse. A business man once kept on his desk the motto: "Do the hard things first." I have no doubt that he made a success of his business.

Perhaps, like Moses, you have already tried and failed. The children behaved badly and apparently paid no attention to your teaching. Well, what of it! If you judge by any results you can see you are sure to come to a wrong conclusion. Our part is not to count up results, but to tell out God's message faithfully and prayerfully. We are to sow and water the seed—God can be trusted to give the increase. But we are lacking in common sense if we look for the harvest as soon as the seed has been covered out of sight.

When a dying sinner prayed: "Take my influence and bury it with me," he was indeed asking a hard thing. Influence—helpful or harmful—is not easily buried. Even of your children forget your words they will be helped forward—or backward—by the secret yet mighty influence of your character.

You can't tell what you are capable of until you try. God asks for volunteers, but He does not require His soldiers to supply their own equipment. Our power for good will come if we, every day, say heartily: "Here am I; send me!" and then look to Him continually for wisdom and strength. Talking about religion—trying to force our views on other people—may only make them hate the subject. We all need to pray for what has been called "the divine gift of common sense," lest we do harm to God's cause. We must speak the truth in love, not in conceit; and a failure may help to take the conceit out of us. Until we learn to distrust ourselves and trust in God we are like raw recruits, not ready for hard warfare. A man kept constantly before his eyes a wine-glass with its foot broken off. Around the top he pasted a label with this inscription: "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." He said that it was a reminder of his own inability to stand alone, and of the necessity of God's continual upholding.

In the last chapter of the Bible is written the command: "Let him that heareth say, Come." If you have heard the voice of God—that still small voice which is so full of compelling authority—it is not only your privilege but your solemn duty to carry His message to others. The great command to make disciples of all nations is still sounding in our ears. If we are ignoring that command, or if we fancy it only applies to missionaries, and that all God expects of us ordinary people is a little money—perhaps a very little—given annually to the cause of missions, we are making a very great mistake. We are not responsible for the result of our sowing, but we shall have to give account if we withhold our seed-grain.

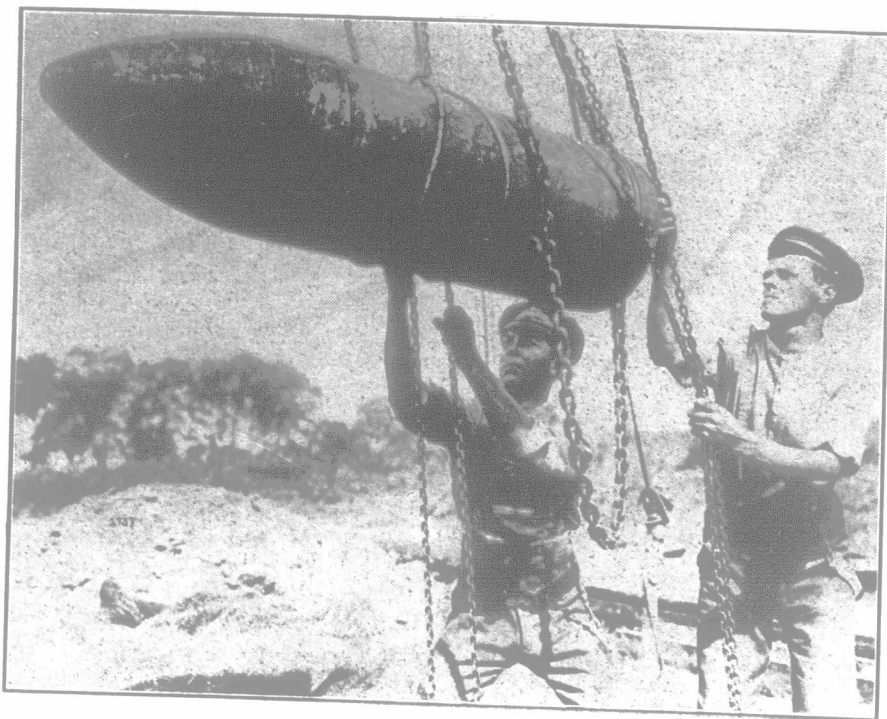
"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Perhaps, like the fishermen of Galilee, you may say that you have toiled for a long time and have taken nothing. Then the Master's command may be: "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets." That doesn't always mean that you are called into a heathen country. It certainly means that your love for Christ is to be so enthusiastic that you can't help letting the people around you know whose you are and whom you serve. There was a man who once said: "I would rise up from the dead to preach." The joy of Christ's service made him eager to share his gladness with those who were discouraged.

Character is marvellously contagious. A director of one of the modern organized play grounds declared that he wanted for supervisors: "Men that are so manly and women that are so womanly that their manliness and womanliness will rub off on the boys and girls and help them to become of the same sort." God wants manly men and womanly women to be His fellow-workers in life's school. He calls us to be pupil-teachers. We must not expect to finish our education before we try to impart to others something of what we have already learned from the Head Master.



Salonika is the Most Cosmopolitan Battle Front in Europe. Chinese soldiers eating a quick lunch in the presence of British and French brothers in arms before Salonika.



British Shells.

This shows something of the intricate tackle necessary to lift one of the big shells used in the British offensive in the West. International Film Service.

Last Sunday I said to a neighbor of ours: "I suppose you will soon have a great deal to do in the way of church work." He answered cheerfully: "I am hoping there will be a great deal to do."

That was the spirit of Isaiah when he eagerly pleaded to be sent out on a difficult task, even to rouse his hard-hearted people to a sense of their dangerous wickedness. "Here am I; send me!" The volunteer was at once accepted, for the Lord said "Go!"

I am afraid most of us are more inclined to shirk responsibility than to go forward with out-stretched hands

was the use of trying again. Yet when he tried to evade God's call, we are told: "The anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses." Which of us dare face that result of trying to shirk our responsibilities?

Teachers are needed in Sunday School. You know this and yet you may be uneasily manufacturing excuses as Moses did. You say, "I am not good enough," or "I have no gift for teaching," or "no one has asked me, why should I offer?" Yet God Himself may at this moment—be saying insistently to you: "Who will go?" Whatever we answer to that call, let it be a true answer.