

common in many of the best schools is that of making the way too easy for the child.

He feared that such "made-easy and rapid-transit methods" would produce a crop of intellectually-spoiled children, flabby of mind, weak of will, superficial in character, inaccurate in scholarship, doing nothing well except what they like to do. He urged that they should be trained to do whatever it is their duty to do, whether it is pleasant or not, and that the accomplishment of the needed work should provide sufficient joy.

This is wholesome doctrine to preach to young persons, and to those who are engaged in training the young. It applies to parents, as well as to more formal teachers. Many a parent who has struggled to overcome early obstacles resolves to save his children the hardships of his own youth. The children thus trained bring forth other children who usually go to the dogs.

The rule to find out what a boy likes to do, and let him do that, is good, provided, in addition, you find out what he does not like to do, and make him do that, also. The mind and the will need discipline, as well as the body. A boy gets strong through using his muscles until they ache, and then through keeping on using them until the ache wears off, and flabbiness becomes firmness. Then he can endure.

It is a wholesome sign of the times that teachers are coming back to belief in the value of good old-fashioned mental discipline. —[Youth's Companion.

The Windrow.

Official reports show that 225,000 people attended the fifty-nine performances recently concluded at Oberammergau.

Miss Theodora Josephine Franksen, the blind student at the University of Chicago, who was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society last year, received at the Convocation of the University, in June, the degree of Ph.D., with honors for excellence in Latin and in German, and was awarded a graduate scholarship for excellence in Latin.

The longest novel ever written is said to be a Japanese romance, "The Story of the Eight Days," which comes to a conclusion in 106 volumes. The modern novel seldom exceeds 100,000 words. In earlier days, long stories did not strike so much terror. "Vanity Fair" consists of over 300,000 words, and most of the works of Dickens, Scott and Dumas approximate this number.

On the front of the house in which Professor Goldwin Smith was born, in Reading, Eng., an identification stone has been placed, which was recently unveiled. The house is No. 15 Friar Street, not far from the town hall and St. Lawrence's church. The tablet bears the following words: "This house was the birthplace of Professor Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. Born August 20th, 1824. Died at Toronto, June 7th, 1910."

The schoolboy who, in his essay on "Popularity," laid down the principle that "a popular thing or person is what you see on picture postcards," enunciated a great modern truth. The definite consecration of flying is a pastime is thus to be found in the introduction of the "aerial postcard." A representation of the aeroplane, balloon or airship is already given on one side of the card. On the other a form is provided for filling up, stating the height and situation of the "air-trip," and the time of writing, with a space for the address, and a printed space for the person who picks up the card. So, enthusiastic philatelists and airmen are begging the Postmaster-General to issue postage stamps for such communications. —[P. S. Weekly.

It is true that this is a "made-easy" method, but it is giving

equally true that it is far and away the most interesting and most momentous age the world in its history has yet seen. Let one illustration familiar to everybody suffice. Three years ago there were three men who believed in aviation, and were ready to risk their necks in the pursuit; to-day there are three hundred. This vast process of new science, new arts, new discoveries in every realm of knowledge is going on all around us. Diseases that were hopeless a few years ago, operations that nearly always meant death, have ceased to have even a small terror for human beings. And there is no scourge of humanity, before which previous generations cowered, that to-day is not being assailed, hemmed in, driven to its last fortress by the invading army of science and patient work. —[T. P. O'Connor.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Gladness of Enthusiastic Service.

I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved. —2 Cor., xii: 15.

O, the rare, sweet sense of living, when one's heart leaps to his labor, And the very joy of doing is life's richest, noblest dower! Let the poor—yea, poor in spirit—crave the purple of his neighbor, Give me just the strength for serving, and the golden present hour!"

There are plenty of people in the world to be pitied—among them many mis-called "rich" people, who are finding God's great gift of Time a heavy burden on their hands—but don't let us waste pity where it is entirely uncalled for. Pity, if you please, one whose "soul" is starved and dressed in rags, "a beggar, with a million bits of gold," but never think anyone who is enthusiastically devoting his life to the service of God and man is to be pitied. St. Paul's gladness was not dependent on the gratitude of those to whom he so willingly devoted himself. If he had been working for wages—even the wages of gratitude—he would not have poured out loving service so joyously when it was often met by coldness, indifference, or active opposition. Our Master, who came to be the King of servants, must have found joy in stooping to wash His disciples' feet, the joy of willing service which He calls us to share.

No one can read the wonderful story of the gentle Francis of Assisi without feeling the childlike gladness which was the natural result of his crystal purity of soul and wholehearted devotion to his fellows for Christ's sake. It is only a very shallow critic who will dare to call him a "fanatic," just because his methods are not exactly what we approve of in this century. Though we may not feel that it is our duty to fling away all worldly possessions, and walk the earth barefoot and homeless as he did, yet all Christians are called to copy him in his life of enthusiastic service. No story of romance could be more full of intense interest than his, and if it is interesting to read about his burning zeal, how much more interesting it must have been to live such a life of active love. No wonder he drew hearts after him by thousands when he was continually drinking in the love of God, and pouring it out everywhere with a reckless prodigality that reminds one of the sun that shines alike on the evil and on the good. Each day was a true resurrection day—a day of joy and gladness—for it was crammed with opportunities of service. He saw Christ everywhere, not only recognizing Him in the persons of men, but even in birds and flowers, and to recognize Him was to spring instantly to serve Him in every possible way. His wonderful joy—a joy that rested not at all on external circumstances—has for hundreds of years been an object lesson to the world, a lesson that will never lose its effect. As the writer of "Adventure for God" boldly declares, "The Christian life is not a life of suffering, but a life of consecration." This means giving up only those things as given, it is giving

upward—giving upward of the whole self, its gifts, its present and its future. It is the life of courageous freedom, the life of security in peril, the life of abundance in the midst of want, the life of peace in the midst of care, the life of large fellowship in the heart's loneliness. . . . Let none dare pity the missionary; for that man stands exultant, with the emblem of his vocation bound to his brow as a monarch wears a diadem."

God is faithful, and the promise to those who take up the cross and follow the King is continually being fulfilled: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it." We cannot be happy unless we are climbing up after higher and ever higher life.

A greater light puts out the lesser light—So be it ever!—such is God's high law.—The self-same Sun that calls the flowers from earth, Withers them soon, to give the fruit free birth;—The nobler spirit to whom much is given, Must take still more, though in that more there lie The risk of losing all—to gaze at Heaven, We blind our earthly eyes;—To live we die!"

If life is not interesting to us—if we find in it more prose than poetry—let us try this plan of enthusiastic service. Then, unless the fountain of joy is choked or poisoned by some cherished sin, we, too, shall find life full of glad interest.

One day I was talking to a Jew who has been for fifteen years engaged in relief work among his own people. He is very enthusiastic in his plans for uplifting the poor, flinging himself into the work seven days in a week, utterly regardless of the strain on his own body, mind and spirit. I told him he was following in the steps of Christ, and was a Christian without knowing it. He replied, "I wish Christ were alive now, for He is greatly needed, and if He were alive to-day, every Jew would be a Christian."

"But," I said, "that is just where you Jews make a great mistake, for He is alive and in the world to-day." That Jew is living a life of service, and has found the secret of an interesting life, though he is not as glad as he would be if he knew the Master he is faithfully serving.

The Church is the Bride of Christ, and must rejoice in preparing for His return. "Behold, I come quickly," He says. Why, He may come to-day! Indeed, He surely will come to-day in the person of some of His brothers and sisters. Let us hurry to meet Him, let us minister to Him of our best, and gladness will certainly spring up in our hearts. Bring darkness and light together, and the light must always conquer; bring sadness and joy together, and joy will be victorious, too. And joy is not only a pleasant thing to possess, it is a positive sin to live our lives without it. If we have no joy in our hearts, then there must be something wrong with our Christianity, for we are commanded to rejoice in the Lord. "Always." That means when you are serving Him by scrubbing His floors or washing His windows, just as much as when you are waiting on a sick person, or preparing a sermon. Holiness is health of soul, and should reveal itself by the outward signs of vigorous health—glad activity, a free, quick step, a sunny face, and cheerful voice, and a hearty interest in your everyday work, and in the people around you. Everyone is interesting if you can only get through the shell and touch the person underneath. In every soul we may see something of God. Some are like polished mirrors, reflecting His face, so that the slightest contact with them, or even the thought of them, sends one's heart upwards almost involuntarily; while in others the image of God is very dim and distorted. But even then we know it must be there, know that in serving them we are serving our Master and Lord. With this glad thought in our minds, the ordinary routine of daily work is changed to the grand and glorious sacrifice of a martyr—a true witness for Christ. Then every duty becomes an inspiring opportunity, and every day is a red-letter day, a holiday, because it is a holiday. This

is the Midas-touch which can change common earthenware into bright and shining gold. I have no patience with the pessimists who tell children that youth is the happiest time in life. It is an instinct with us all to press forward to something better than we already have, and it is a true instinct. Those who consecrate their lives to God in childhood, will surely find that their path shines more and more until the Sun of Righteousness floods every day with inner sunshine—deep joy, which is infinitely more satisfying than the gay light-heartedness of childhood. Every day brings fresh opportunities of touching other lives, and of growing in the knowledge of God, which, as our Lord tells us, is "life eternal." Then there is the joy of making real progress in spiritual growth, for it is false humility to shut one's eyes to that progress when there is a steady struggle after God and holiness.

We hear a great deal in these days about a "strenuous life." Well, that is the kind of life we should live. Those who settle down to a half-hearted kind of Christianity, are sure to find life dull and disappointing. Christianity is not just the conscientious doing of one's duty, it is enthusiastic devotion to the only Master who can fully satisfy the hungry heart. Though He is out of sight, He is not a long way off. You can find Him in the person of the dear father or mother, husband, wife or child, in the neighbor or visitor, or you may even serve Him by throwing crumbs to His birds, or watering His flowers. If all other service be denied you, there is the rich field of your own being to cultivate. The body should be tenderly cared for and kept clean and healthy, because it is God's holy temple, and the soul should be held always in the light of His Presence until it glows with the radiant beauty of holiness.

With all these doors of opportunity standing wide open, surely no one should find life narrow, commonplace or uninteresting. And no one can walk through life with the fearless, happy trust of a dearly-loved child in his own father's house, without radiating brightness. Joy is very infectious, and we can render grand service to our brothers and sisters just by being happy. It is no use pretending to be happy. The gladness must spring like a living fountain, ever-fresh from the Christ within the heart, if it is to do real service. We must walk with God every day in the week if we are to be mirrors reflecting the Sun of Righteousness. The Sun is always shining, but the trouble with us is that we don't always walk with faces upturned to reflect His light. We can get to God through serving man, and we can get to man through serving God. Our duty—and privilege—towards God, and our duty—and privilege—towards our neighbor, are so intimately joined together that it is impossible to separate them. We cannot really serve God without serving man too, we cannot really serve our neighbor without climbing ever nearer and nearer to God, where only true and living gladness is to be found.

"There's heaven above, and night by night I look right through its gorgeous roof, No suns and moons, though e'er so bright,

Avail to stop me; splendor-proof I keep the broods of stars aloof: For I intend to get to God, For 'tis to God I speed so fast, For in God's breast, my own abode, Those shoals of dazzling glory, passed, I lay my spirit down at last."

DORA FARNCOMB.

God Send Us Men.

God send us men whose aim 'twill be, Not to defend some worn-out creed, But to live out the laws of Christ In every thought, and word, and deed.

God send us men alert and quick, His lofty precepts to translate, Until the laws of Christ become The laws and habits of the State.

God send us men! God send us men! Patient, courageous, strong, and true, With vision clear and mind equipped, His will to learn, His work to do.

God send us men with hearts ablaze, All truth to love, all wrong to hate; These are the patriots Britain needs, These are the bulwarks of the State.

J. J. Gillman