

Death in the Gold.

BY REV. A. MCKIBBIN, B.A.

A LEGENDARY story is told by Chaucer of three brave brothers who wished to face the shadow of which all men were afraid, *i.e.*, death. They were pointed by an old man to a path in the deep green wood where they would meet him. Following the path they came to a heap of gold coins. They agreed among themselves that two should keep guard while the third went to the town to procure a conveyance to remove the treasure. When he had gone, the two on guard decided that they would do away with him on his return, and there would be only two to divide the gold. Meanwhile the one who had gone away was planning a way by which he might secure all of the gold for himself, and he therefore brought back to the brothers a bottle of poisoned wine along with other food. On his return the two brothers slew him; then they ate the food he had brought and drank also the poisoned wine; and they died. In the heap of gold coins they had met death, although they did not recognize him. This is the parable of mammon, *i.e.*, of wealth not consecrated to God, nor held in a stewardship. It works along just such lines. We see it to-day separating friends, conspiring against love; taking bribes; plotting and executing murders. Before this accursed hunger for gold all the finer feelings of manhood disappear, the fountains of emotion dry up. That which God intended to be spiritualized becomes materialized, brutalized, and vulgarized; the very face of the man is reduced to a metal plate; his voice takes on a sharp metallic ring; his fingers become like crooked claws of silver, never so well employed as when raking in the coins. He has become an every day, every hour, every moment, worshipper at the shrine of mammon. On the other hand, however, there may be a right use of money, and Jesus Christ has shown us how we may use our money, or rather God's money, right. That way is to hold it and use it in stewardship.

Ailsa Craig, Ont.

Wisdom not Measured by Years.

BY REV. C. T. SCOTT, B.A.

WITH all deference to grey hairs, they do not necessarily cover wise brains. Years mark the progress of man towards his eternal home, but they do not indicate how far a man has entered into life, or how far life has entered into him. We must make allowance for natural gifts when we estimate the wise men. David Hume was only twenty-six when he gave

the world his "Treatise on Human Nature." Someone might say, "That accounts for his deism and his dangerous philosophy." But John Calvin was just the same age when he gave to the world his "Institutes of Religion."

We must admit that years usually stand for experience, and experience is a deep fount of wisdom. But even experi-



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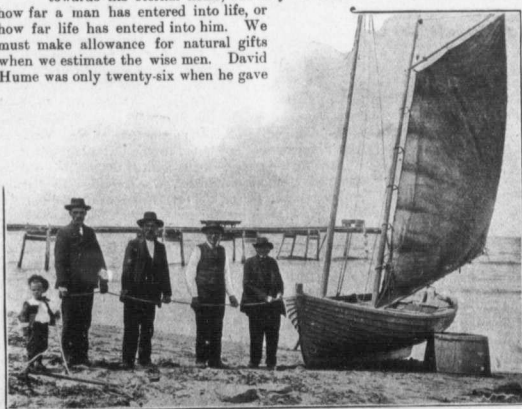
ence cannot be measured by years, for some men touch more of life in a few years than others touch in a score. Luther was only twenty-four when he denounced the errors of the papacy, but he knew more about the human soul and its needs than the lazy, sleek, sensuous priests who peddled indulgences like an article of commerce. Some people take more out of their experience than others.

One American millionaire, who fought his way from poverty to seventy millions, never learned how to pity the toilers or to sympathize with those in distress. John Ruskin, who inherited a fortune, found it necessary to spend it all in trying to relieve the woes of his fellow men. So I appeal to you, young people. Wisdom is not to be measured by years. With your endowment, and such experience as may be picked up at your very doors, you may acquire wisdom that will give you mastery of both men and events. Not only wisdom that will make you shrewd and skilful in the affairs of this world, but wisdom, whose price is above rubies, is as accessible to the young as to the aged. "Let no man despise thy youth."

London, Ont.

Let It Alone.

I ONCE had occasion to call in a physician in St. Louis. I afterwards learned that he was one of the leading physicians in the city. When he came I was suffering greatly, and told him I had been advised to take a dose of whiskey, but I did not want to touch the stuff if it could be avoided. He quietly said it was not necessary. At a subsequent visit, after his medicine had relieved me, he referred approvingly to my refusal to take the whiskey, said he never gave it in his practice, and then said this: "I am a physician, and I see so much of the misery and the ruin wrought by whiskey, that I sometimes feel like laying down my profession, and just going up and down these streets, crying, 'Let it alone! Let it alone! Let it alone!'" He was right.—*Rev. S. A. Stead, D.D.*



FIVE GENERATIONS.
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