

healthy interest in simple and restful out-of-door vacations. Provide him with fresh-air resources, and you will be giving him the key to simple, inexpensive and wholesome pastimes for his whole life. You will make him comfortably independent of the whereabouts of any particular "set," and you will also strengthen the foundation of his health.

To nearly every adult there comes a time when the doctor shakes his head and says, "You should have a change and live in the open air." That prescription given to a man of indoor habits is not apt to be carried out unless he realizes that he is desperately ill, and if matters have come to that pass results are doubtful. Weak, nervous, in need of diversion, he is sent adrift where he finds nothing to divert. It is not stating the case too strongly to say that life itself may depend on ability to adapt one's self to life in the fresh air.

We Rise Through Effort.

When we ascend a hill, do we rise in spite of it, or because of it? Manifestly we do both. The hill tends to force us back, downward, and so we rise in spite of it. On the other hand, we could not rise without it. Unlimited energy on a dead level will not carry us upward. Our rising in spite of the hill, then, is to be credited to our wisdom in taking advantage of circumstances, and making of them an opportunity for rising. In either case we must do—the hill does nothing. Difficulties, losses, sorrows, tend to depress and throw us backward. They are circumstances which we must regard as opportunities. We can rise in spite of them, and rise because of them.—Patterson du Bois.

Daily Reading.

Mon.,	July 21—The withered hand,	Mark 3: 1-6
Tues.,	" 22—The palsied,	Matt 8: 5-13
Wed.,	" 23—The demoniac,	Mark 5: 1-15
Thurs.,	" 24—The lepers,	Luke 17: 11-19
Fri.,	" 25—The blind man,	John 9: 1-41
Sat.,	" 26—Lazarus raised,	John 11: 39-45
Sun.,	" 27—TOPIC: Missions: a meeting in the interest of medical missions	"Preach, heal," Matt. 10: 7, 8

Life.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and reluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal:
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils: but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:
So let the way wind up the hill or down.
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be
joy:
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.
—The Outlook.

The will of God be done: but, oh, the unspeakable loss for us if we have missed our opportunity of doing it!—Brooke Foss Westcott.

Paul says: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am to be there with content. Enough is as good as a feast." If we can only feel that with what God gives us we have enough, we may be happy, whatever our condition.

Our Young People

"Preach, Heal."

A Meeting in the interest of Medical Missions.—Matt. 10: 7, 8.

Once upon a time there were two young men. Their father was a great king, and he gave the princes each a beautiful casket, telling them that inside were two crowns made all of diamonds as glorious as the day. The caskets were not to be opened until the time when the princes should share the kingdom with their father, but they were to be kept spotless and fair in honor of the crowns within.

One of the young men did this. Every day he cleaned the casket. He spent much time polishing it. He devised a lovely and appropriate setting for it, and he put it in a place of honor among his possessions.

But his brother reasoned that the only thing of value, after all, was the crown within, and it would be wasted time, he thought, to bother with the mere box containing the crown. So he neglected the casket shamefully. It grew rusty and dusty and musty. It lay in a cobwebby corner where the rats could gnaw it, and was in every way despised and ill-treated.

At last there came a day when the king was ready to share his kingdom with his sons, and called them to him. Giving each a key, he bade them open the boxes. The first young man easily opened his, and drew forth a crown so radiant with light that all the people fell on their faces as soon as the king placed it on the young man's head.

But the other prince could scarcely open his rusted casket, and when he got it open, he took from it a crown that, in sympathy with his prison house, had grown so dull, discolored, cracked, and ugly that he was filled with shame and confusion. And when the king placed it on the prince's head the people burst into a roar of laughter—those that did not hiss.

Endeavorers, this story is a true account of our blessed Lord's teaching about our bodies, the caskets of our souls. He bids us care for them, in honor of the crown of life which for a time they contain. The crown is influenced by the casket, and will grow bright or dull, glorious or ignoble, as we care for or neglect the casket. Temperance and purity in our own lives, and medical missions and what they stand for in our great world kingdom, those are simply the Christian ways of carrying out Christ's command and tending the casket of the soul.

How will it be with you on the day when your Father gives you the key of death, and bids you open the casket and disclose before men and angels what lies within?

Our Members Testify.

One poor man, after he had been treated at the hospital in Aintab, Turkey, said on leaving, "I am not afraid of being forlorn, now that I have Jesus."

Medical missionary work is often the missionary's key which will open the most difficult situations. One of these is the problem of work among the Moslems. A missionary who has labored for twenty years in Palestine writes that the only kind of aggressive work possible among the Mohammedans just now is medical mission work.

Christ was a medical missionary, and seemed to spend as much time healing the body as the soul. A medical missionary of Damascus, Dr. Masterman, says truly that to follow Christ's footsteps as a medical missionary is one of the highest privileges this earth can afford.

The editor of *The Missionary Review of the World* asserts that there is no department of missionary work which God has more universally blessed than medical missions, and that there is no part of mission territory where preaching and healing have gone hand in hand without remarkable and far-reaching results.

A beautiful story comes from a missionary hospital in Turkey. The children there came across some missionary periodicals, and from these they learned about the sad condition of the people of China. What did those sweet-spirited little children do—though in such grievous straits themselves—but form a missionary society of their own, and raise money to help some foundling Chinese girl!

A medical missionary, Dr. James A. Greig, declares that medical missions make no demand for conversions in return for their healing of the body. Medical missionaries heal the body because they sympathize with distress, and wish in Christ's name and in His spirit to relieve it. Indeed, this evident desire to do good apart from any return of any kind is one of the chief recommendations of Christianity.

One of the strongest evidences of the power of medical missions is the large number of great gifts to mission hospitals that have been received from wealthy natives that do not in any way profess Christianity. But they recognize the immense benefit to be derived from medical missions, and thus many of them are brought to think seriously of Christ and His claims.

The Lost World.

Vast, we saw, when the sun was low,
A trackless forest where none may roam;
But 'twas not so vast as a wood we know
Across three fields from the house at home.

We saw the peaks of eternal snow,
The summits that foot of man ne'er clomb;
But they're not so high as a hill we know
At the lonely end of a moor at home.

Cities we entered with lights aglow,
On many a palace, many a dome;
But they're not so grand as a port we know,
When the ships come in from the sea at home.

For the seas grow narrow, the hills fall low,
And the world is small when its bounds you roam;

But the wonderful world we used to know
Is still out over the hills at home.
—Sydney Royse Lysaght, in *Living Age*.

The bravest men and women commonly live and die without special notice because they make no fuss about troubles and dangers which send weaker souls into hysterics.

I'll have nothing of this religion of gush, and mush, and slush, and tush, that counts any faith as good as any other faith, if only it is honestly believed. I believe that *fruit* depends upon *root*, that duty is founded in doctrine, and the men who achieve are the men who believe.