

He has been thinking of the profitless toll of the disciples on the sea, and the rich harvest gathered in from the nets when Christ owns and controls all. Here it is. Can you realize its beauty for yourself?

"I owned a little boat awhile ago
And sailed a Morning Sea without a
fear,
And whither any breeze might fairly
blow
I'd steer the little craft afar or near.

Mine was the boat,
And mine the air,
And mine the sea,
Not mine, a care.

"My boat became my place of nightly
toll,
I sailed at sunset to the fishing
ground,
At morn the boat was freighted with
the spoil
That my all-conquering work and skill
had found.

Mine was the boat,
And mine the net,
And mine the skill,
And power to get.

"One day there passed along the silent
shore,
While I my net was casting in the sea,
A man, who spoke as never man before;
I followed him—new life begun in me.

Mine was the boat,
But His the voice,
And His the call,
Yet mine, the choice.

"Ah, 'twas a fearful night out on the
lake,
And all my skill availed not at the
helm,
Till him asleep I waken, crying, 'Take,
Take Thou command, lest waters
overwhelm!'"

His was the boat,
And His the sea,
And His the peace,
O'er all and me.

"Once from his boat he taught the
curious throng,
Then bade me let down nets out in
the sea;
I murmured, but obeyed, nor was it long
Before the catch amazed and humbled
me.

His was the boat,
And His the skill,
And His the catch,
And His, my will."

John Wesley's Maxims

I have no time to be in a hurry.
God begins his work in children.
The best of all is, God is with us.
I look upon the world as my parish.
I dare no more fear than curse or
swear.

God buries his workmen, but continues
His work.

I save all I can and give all I can; that
is all I have.

Loyalty (to rulers) is with me an
essential branch of religion.

It is a happy thing if we can learn
obedience by the things which we suffer.

It is plain God sees it best for you fre-
quently to walk in a thorny path.

When I devoted to God my ease, my
time, my fortune, my life, I did not ex-
pect my reputation.

Be punctual. Whenever I am to go to
a place the first thing I do is to get
ready; then, what time remains is my
own.

Working Training Class

The prayer meeting committee might
organize a worker's training for drill
in methods of prayer meeting work. The
spirit of such a class should be one of
great seriousness, and much prayer should
be given over its labors. A wise and ex-
perienced worker should lead the class
where the leaders for the coming meet-
ings should gather to discuss these ser-
vices.

Methods of leading as well as methods
of participating will be discussed. Differ-
ent kind of prayer meetings and their
fitness with the topics of the next few
meetings, different ways of obtaining
thoughts on the subject, the use of quota-
tions, the use of the Bible to illustrate
the subject, the telling of experience, per-
sonal testimony, the use of the hymn
book, how to open the meeting, how to
close the meeting—these are samples of
subjects that such a class might study.
—Amos R. Wells.

Things a Leader Should Do

—Insist on ventilation and pure air.
—Seat the audience for physical com-
fort.

—Treat each meeting as a great occa-
sion.

—Arrange that even the weakest may
assist.

—Think hard and pray much before
meeting time.

—Aim at strength rather than enter-
tainment in the programme.

—Endeavor to create a wholesome
spiritual atmosphere.

—Spring a surprise occasionally in the
manner of service.

—Study human nature and be tactful in
personal approach.

—Remember that a good meeting is the
Society's best advertisement.

—Judge a meeting by what it accom-
plishes rather than by set or formal rules
of routine.

—Cultivate an attractive manner as
well as seek for valuable and helpful
matter.

—Dismiss while the members are in-
terested, and so send them away hungry
for a little more.

—Bear in mind that if the audience is
to be alert the platform must palpitate
with life.

—Encourage personal statements by
those taking part rather than too much
quotation.

—Follow up each meeting through sys-
tematic committee work to ensure some
measure of permanent results.

—Expect that if he does his best to use
the meeting for the glory of God, the
promise of blessing stands secure, and
will be fulfilled.

Hammered Home

A nail stuck in a board is not of much
service when the big wind comes. To be
of service, it must be hammered home.
The board is then held tight to the stud,
supports it, and is supported by it. To do
its best work, the nail needed to be ham-
mered till it was all the way home.

Like the nails, a good idea is no use till
it is hammered home. Merely stuck on
the outside, it affects no one's heart or
mind. What it needs is hammering—
careful and judicious hammering, but
hammering.

Place the nail on the board, give it a
tap over so adroit, stop there, and the re-
sult is valueless. One tap will not drive a
nail home. But a man strikes an idea one
tap, and then feels himself aggrieved be-
cause it did not do the work. Some boards
are thick, and some are hard, and per-

haps the nail is a trifle blunt. A good
deal of hammering is sometimes neces-
sary.

But the nail will go home, and so will
the idea, if the hammering is kept up. A
heavy tap may start the nail wrong, and
injure the wood. It is quite as possi-
ble to be maladroit in introducing even the
best idea. But care in the tapping—
gentleness of manner, respect, and sym-
pathy—and the good idea may be driven
home.

Sometime—Somewhere

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;

It cheered a life that was sad the while,
That might have been wrecked without
it.

And so for the smile and fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometimes—some-
where.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm sometime—some-
where.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A life in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a heart for heaven.
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy sometime—some-
where.

The Sun in Other Windows

An old woman was busy in the single
room that formed her home—an upper
room with only a north window. Her
visitor commented sympathetically on the
lack of sunshine.

"You don't get it any part of the day,"
she said, "and you are shut away from
all view of the sunrise and sunsets."

"Eh, ma'am, but it's a fine, wide win-
dow," interposed the old woman eagerly,
"An' it's a big bit of the sunrises an'
sunsets I do be gettin', too—through
other folks' windows. Look there,
ma'am!"—and she pointed to a row of
houses across the street. "When the
sun comes up of a mornin', then windows
over there do be that rosy and shinin'
with it, I can tell well what kind of day
is comin'. An' at evenin' then other ones
is all a glory of red, like fires would be
burnin' in 'em. Oh, but my big window
is a comfort, and never fear but it gives
me a share of all that is doin' in the
skies."

The spirit that can be glad in the sun-
shine that glorifies other people's win-
dows, though no ray but reflected
from its own, is indeed so sweet and
strong that it can scarcely miss "what is
doin' in the skies." But how many of us
see in the light that falls on other lives
only an added bitterness to the gloom of
our own!

Kindness and Truth

True worth is in being, not seeming;
To do each thing as you see it.
Some little good thing—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.

For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

Have you sent in your new officers'
names and addresses yet? If not, do so
quickly, please.

"A man may give without loving, but he cannot love without giving."