

It, for Mary had gotten deeper into the heart of things in her relation to the Lord than had she. How many times we are tempted to that kind of sensitiveness. Some people seem to prosper in a religious way, and yet they don't worship the Lord just as we do, and we are tempted to fret and get sulky about it. All such sensitiveness in mischievous. Let each one of us do his best according to his own light.

One of the most fruitful sources of trouble from sensitiveness comes from a temptation to fear that we will not be given the best things and be made as much of as some other people in the church or community. Now that comes from an entirely wrong idea of the source of happiness. Senator Chauncey Depew, in a speech in London, before the great International Christian Endeavor Society Convention, made this remarkable statement. Said he, 'The way to be happy is, if there is any good thing in you, to let others have it.' That is, we get our happiness not by standing around like a beggar ready to catch what other people will throw to us, but by going forward like a king or a queen, in generous love bestowing the largest of our abundance upon every one who will share with us. The happy man is not the one who is sensitively fearing he will be slighted in the distribution of blessings, but rather the one who is seeking to make himself useful and helpful to others.—Selected.

Six Little Words.

Six little words there are
Which bind me every day—
'I shall,' 'I must,' 'I can,'
'I will,' 'I dare,' 'I may.'
'I shall,' is that high law
Inscribed upon the heart,
Impelling to its goal
My being's every part,
'I must,' the metes and bounds
In which, on every hand,
Mankind restrains my acts,
And nature bids me stand.
'I can'—that is the dole
Of action, strength, and art,
Of science and of skill,
The Supreme may impart.
'I will,' the richest crown
Which glorifies the whole;
The seal of freedom true
Impressed upon the soul.
'I dare,' the mystic words
To be read right, before
My freedom's swinging door.
They'll move the lock which bars
'I may,' the infinite is;
Midst infinites it floats;
Infinite light which gleams
On finite sunbeam motes.
'I shall,' 'I must,' 'I will,'
'I can,' 'I dare,' 'I may,'
These six words bind me just
In life, from day to day,
Only as I am taught,
Know I what every day,
I shall, I must, I will,
I can, I dare, I may.

—Author Unknown.

The Punishment of the Procrastinator

(Ada Melville Shaw, in the 'North-Western Christian Advocate'.)

That is a pretty big word up there but if you have a pretty big dictionary you can easily find out what it means!

Harold was a procrastinator. Rather a big affliction for a little boy but this is a true story—most of it, the biggest 'most'—so I cannot pick out a smaller word.

A boy who procrastinates puts off till by and by what he had a good deal better do RIGHT NOW.

It was a lovely fall afternoon, and everybody in the town felt as though they wanted to be out of doors. The maple trees were red and yellow and some of the branches were pink. The grass had not been greener all summer and in some places where the trees were many, the fallen leaves were knee deep.

'It's just wicked to have to go indoors ever,

when it's like this,' grumbled Harold squirming about the top of the gate post. 'I wonder if mother had to go in always when it was just fine and dandy out of doors? . . . Yes, um?' This last part of the sentence was in answer to mother's pleasant voice calling from inside the house.

'I shall want you in ten minutes, Harold.' 'O mother, what for?' There were at least nine question marks in a row at the end of that sentence, wrapped up in the long whine of Harold's voice.

'Something nice, dearie! Mother has a surprise for you. So if you want to see Benny you had better rush right over now. You ought to have gone long ago, when mother told you you could. Two minutes there, two minutes back, and six minutes to talk. Run, laddie!'

But Harold did not run, he slouched, he kicked leaves, he swung around every hitching post, he leaped up to catch every overhanging branch and it took him six minutes to get to his friend Benny's, whose home was just around the corner.

Ten minutes went by, fifteen, twenty. Mrs. Howard came to the door and called, looking anxiously at her watch. Then she went into the house and put on her hat and walked quickly away. She had indeed a happy surprise in store for her little son, but he must learn to undo this ugly habit of procrastination, so she would have to let him lose part of the surprise.

Half an hour later Mrs. Howard came back, two boys walking by her side, with satchels in their hand and all three looked eagerly to see a slender figure dash madly down the street to meet them. But no figure came.

Then Mrs. Howard herself went to the home of Benny and asked for her son. 'Why, he left here ever so long ago,' said Harold's friend. 'He said you wanted him back in ten minutes, but I guess he stayed here fifteen.'

Where could he be?

The two boys with satchels were brothers and Harold's dearest friends whom Mrs. Howard had invited to spend a week with him. She had wanted him to go with her to the depot to meet them, and it was all to be a complete surprise.

The mother felt anxious in spite of herself and called on one or two of the neighbors but no one had seen Harold. The sun was setting—two hours were gone, three, four. Then a search began in earnest and long into the night, friends, neighbors, strangers, policemen, everyone searched for the missing boy. All too sadly had the surprise ended. The dainty supper provided for the travellers went untouched. By midnight, regular parties were organized. Telegrams were flying here and there and never had 'Central' been any busier. Lights burned in most of the homes of the little town all night. If the boy was found alive, the church bell was to ring fast and hard as ever it could; if dead—for now they began to think of this—it was to toll very, very slowly.

The night was cool and frosty. A really cold wind came up and dark clouds obscured the sky. Lanterns were brought out. Lenny and Horace, Harold's two friends, each with a lantern, wandered about the town, which they knew pretty well from previous visits, looking in all sorts of places, probable and improbable.

At last, they crossed an old tennis court not far from Harold's home. 'What good times we had playing tennis here two years ago—remember?' said one of the boys. His companion nodded without speaking, flashing the lantern back and forth.

'Hark, what's that?'

They stood still, shivering with cold and nervous dread. They heard a hoarse, trembling voice—a very wisp of a voice, singing:

'—to thy bosom fly,
'While the nearer waters—'

'That's him! I tell you that's him!' they shrieked together. 'O Harold! Where are you? Holler! Holler loud!'

'Here! In the locker.'

At the back part of the field was a row of lockers used by tennis players. They were fastened on the outside by strong bolts, easily

slipped into place. This year they had only been used once.

It took the boys only a second or two to dash back the doors one after the other and there at last they found poor Harold, crouched in the cramped floor space, cold, trembling, exhausted with shouting and crying. Like mad, Lenny, the faster runner of the two boys, dashed for the church shouting as he ran 'Found! Found! Alive! All right!' while the searchers turned to the tennis court and Horace stood by laughing and crying and shouting to see them carry the boy in their arms, the crowd increasing while the church bell almost split its sides shouting out the glad news.

This is the story Harold told! Having stayed so long at Benny's he thought he would be too late to keep his appointment with his mother, and he went to the locker to get a tennis racket he had promised to carry to a boy from whom he had borrowed it the summer before, and who had asked it of him several times. While he was in the locker—he had stepped inside to inspect a curious spider nest woven on the wall—a little child toddled by and for fun closed the door and locked it, so quickly that he had not time to turn around. The child, not realizing what she had done, ran on home. She was a foreigner, did not understand what was going on, and no one thought to question her.

'I had just made up my mind I had procrastinated once too often,' said Harold, munching weakly at fried chicken and taking trembling gulps of hot milk. 'I called and called and called. Then—I prayed. But no one came. I was so tired and sleepy, so I thought I'd sing "Jesus Lover" and lie down and perhaps—if I had to die—'

'But you didn't die, darling!' said his mother, once more kissing the precious tousled head. 'These dear boys found you in time. O darling, it was all that old trouble, pro—'

'Mother!' pleaded the lad, 'if you can forget that horrid word I don't believe I'll ever make you remember it again.'

And it hasn't been mentioned among them from that day to this.

The Habit of Skipping the Hard Things.

Some people have the habit of skipping the hard things. It begins in childhood in school. Easy lessons are learned because they require no great effort, but when a hard one comes in the course, it is given up after a half-hearted trial. The habit thus allowed to start in school work easily finds its way into all the life. The boy does the same thing on the playground. When the game requires no special exertion, he goes through it in a creditable enough way. But when it is hotly contested, and when only by intense struggle can the victory be won, he drops out. He does not have the courage or the persistence to make an intense effort. The girl who lets her school lessons master her, who leaves the hard problems unsolved, and goes on, soon begins to allow other hard things to master her. The home tasks that are disagreeable or that would require unusual effort she leaves unattempted.

It is not long until the habit of doing only the easy things and skipping whatever is hard pervades all the life. The result is that nothing brave or noble is ever accomplished, that the person never rises to anything above the commonplace.

Thoughtful men are telling us that the reason so many do not make more of their life in a business way is because they have not fully mastered their trade or calling. As beginners they aim to do barely enough to get along and keep their place. They have no interest in making themselves proficient. They avoid what is hard and get through with just as little effort as possible. As a consequence, they never rise to anything higher. When a better place opens, which might have been theirs, they are not even thought of in connection with it, because they are not competent to fill it. So they are left where they first started, perhaps spending a lifetime in a position which they consider altogether un-