

restored to sight. He had lived near to help and healing all his life; but no one had ever been interested to aid him before. The chance visit of a stranger gave him his eyesight.

The young student might easily have passed on and never thought of helping the blind man. Or he might have felt that as he knew so little about blindness, and could not cure the man himself, he was not bound to do anything. But he did not make such excuses. He did just what he could, as well as he knew how, and how blessed was the result! What the visit of that stranger on his vacation meant to the man whom he rescued from darkness and helplessness cannot be computed.

There are many people all round us spiritually blind—in utter darkness of soul concerning Christ and his healing power. We do not need to be able to teach them ourselves, or fully understand their cases. But if, in the spirit of this young student, we do what we can to bring them to those who can help them—our pastors, our teachers, our Christian friends—we will have the joy, in many instances, of seeing them saved. Are we willing to do such humble, faithful work? If we are, we shall find it blessed and fruitful.—*Forward.*

The Bad Weather Prophet.

WE should be glad to see a census of the bad weather prophets. It would make a large volume, for their number is legion. They can be seen on every hand. They push against you on all the highways, and point you to the storms that have brewed and are brewing and are sure to burst over your head before you get home. They carry umbrellas under their arms. They keep their throats well bundled up against the next northeaster. They study the statistics of insurance companies, give themselves great anxiety about their lightning-rods, and, for their Old Testament reading on Sabbath mornings, peruse the Lamentations of the weeping prophet, while for their New Testament lesson they turn naturally to the shipwreck of the great apostle to the nations.

One January evening a friend said, as we walked along the street: "It is getting ready for a storm." "Why so?" we asked. "Why, it is as plain as day that a storm is coming on," he replied; "there are too many stars out. It is altogether too clear a sky for good weather. You never see such a deep sky, with such multitudes of stars, without a storm coming on in twenty-four hours." But the storm did not come. Day after day, for those twelve enchanted days, the sun rose and set, and rose again, in a beautiful and cloudless sky. That is the difficulty with these bad weather prophets—they seldom predict aright. They mean well enough, but their digestion is out of order, or they once sprained an ankle, or their grocer has overcharged them. Therefore, for their pictures they use only the dark colors.

Can anyone who reads attentively the Scriptures doubt for a moment that one of the most steady and forcible elements in the pure lives of the purest servants of God is hopefulness? The greatest heroes of faith are distinguished for their unflinching confidence in the beautiful and rewarding future. Look at the kings of faith whose reigns of suffering and triumph are described in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Their confidence and cheerfulness shone brightest when the horizon was full of enemies.

Nor need this peculiar feature of hopefulness in the true servant in the scriptural periods awaken the slightest surprise. The most cheerful of all characters which fill the great niches in the Bible Pantheon is Christ himself. Where do we see an approach to his calm confidence in the future? His mustard-seed was to produce the greatest of all trees, so that the birds of the air should take shelter under its branches. His sower should not cast in vain, but the harvest should be thirty, sixty, and an hundredfold. Was there ever a blacker sky than when he said: "Blessed are the eyes which see the things which ye see!" This sublime spirit of cheerfulness passed directly and naturally into the early Church. The persecutions lasted three centuries; but the Christians knew they could not last forever. When Constantine broke the chains the deliverance was no surprise to the humblest confessor of the faith from the Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules.

It would not be difficult to recount some of the special grounds of hope in this very hour. Who does not recall the frequent complaints about the hard times? How many have

not declared the ship of state was in danger of stranding? A good deal of this pessimism is only in the imagination. Times are brightening every day. Gold is down, and credit is going up. The North and South are already a mighty unit of intelligent patriotism, and peaceful tides are moving all over our broad land. The reign of passion has merged into the reign of patience. All the benefactions are increasing, and so are the methods and wisdom of their use.

Let the bad weather prophets step aside. They have been talking too much. Now, having done all the harm they can, let them give place to the seers of brighter skies and greener fields and calmer seas.—*Bishop J. F. Hurst.*

The Man Who Carried the Hod.

IT is related that while an admiring group of tourists viewed a magnificent cathedral and remarked concerning its grandeur, a hitherto unobserved individual responded to certain statements in such a manner as to indicate that he had a part in the making of the work which was being so much admired. His remarks led others to observe him, and inquiry was made as to what part he had performed in the worthy work under consideration. The inquiry brought to light the fact that he had carried a hod while the building was in process of construction. Having done this, he considered himself a factor in the result which was being contemplated; and he was right. He was a factor. Not so important a factor, it is true, as many who performed work requiring far greater skill and intelligence, yet he was a factor. Without him, or some other to take his place, the great work could not have been accomplished.

It is thus in all the relationships of human life. Each has his part to perform, and if he performs it well the harmony and beauty of the great result sought will not be impaired. If, upon the other hand, his work go undone, or if it be indifferently done, the result must suffer.

In Christian work and relationships this fact is as operative as elsewhere. In the local church it is faithfulness upon the part of each that brings the best results. Among the officials, if pastor and stewards and trustees and Sunday School superintendents and teachers and choir and class leader and sexton all do their part well, the most gratifying results will be realized. Of course, these may all do their part, and without the co-operation of the full membership there will not be realized the highest results, but with this capable and faithful leadership, supported by a consistent membership, results amazing unto men and most pleasing unto God may be realized. It is pleasing to contemplate what would result if, in the entire Church of Christ upon earth, each one were doing faithfully his or her part. It would be but a little time until the lion and the lamb should lie down together. The fairest pictures painted by the imagination of man cannot quite equal the glories of the conditions which would prevail.

We should then have but little cause to sigh for heaven, for heaven would have come to earth.

We grow discouraged when we contemplate such results and think of the state which must be reached in individual life before these grand results can be realized; but that is the important fact to be considered; that individual efficiency and consecration must be reached before this high ideal can be experienced; and it is for the individual that we are responsible. Is our consecration complete? Are we doing our full part? If not, then to that degree, at least, are we responsible.—*Methodist Recorder.*

The Secret of Happiness.

HAPPINESS is the greatest paradox in nature. It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within; it is the revelation of the depths of the inner life, as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace within itself. A martyr at the stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy. Man is the creator of his own happiness; it is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man has, he may be dependent on others; what he is, rests with him alone. What he obtains in life is but acquisition, what he attains is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible.—*William George Jordan.*