

You must know what service for humanity means. Then the call to duty will be a bugle note of victory whereof that duty may be. You needn't hunt for opportunity to prove this. The opportunity is hurrying toward you now from out of the Unknown."

The fine head with the heavy masses of white hair seemed halo-crowned at that moment. It was as he appeared that night that Thaine Aydelot always remembers him. Two weeks later Thaine enlisted in the Fourteenth United States Infantry, stationed in Luzon. Dr. Carey was also enrolled in its hospital staff. In July the regiment was ordered from the Philippines to join the allied armies of the World Powers at Tien-Tsin in a northern Chinese province, where the Boxer forces were massing about Peking. And Thaine's opportunity for learning his greatest lesson came hurrying toward him from out of the Unknown.

This notorious Boxer uprising, gone now into military annals, had reached the high tide of its power. Beginning in the southern province of China, it spread northward, menacing the entire Empire. A secret sect at first, it was augmented by the riffraff that feeds on any new, and especially lawless, body; by deserters disloyal to the imperial government; by the ignorant and the unthinking; by the intimidated and the intimidating. It enrolled an armed force of one hundred and seventy-five thousand soldiers. Its purposes were fanatical. It aimed by the crudest means to root out every idea of modern life and thought in China; every occidental invention, every progressive method of society, every scientific discovery for the betterment of humanity. And especially did it aim to put to death every native Chinese Christian, to massacre every missionary of the Christ, and to drive out or destroy every foreign citizen in China. Its resources were abundant; its equipment was ample, its methods unspeakably atrocious. Month after month the published record of this rebellion was sickening; its unwritten history beyond human imagining. Impenetrable were its walled cities, countless in numbers, unknown the scenes of its vast plains and rivers and barren fields and mountain fastnesses. Fifteen thousand native Christians and hundreds of foreigners were brutally massacred. At last it centered its strength about the great city of Peking. And a faint, smothered wall for deliverance came from the Foreign Legation shut in behind beleaguered walls inside that city to starve or perish at the hands of the bloody Boxers.

Very patiently the World Powers waited and warned the Chinese leaders of a day of retribution. Fanatics are fanatics because they cannot learn. The conditions only whetted the Boxers to greater barbarity. They believed themselves invincible and they laughed to scorn all thought of foreign interference. Then came the sword of the Lord and of Gideon to the battle lines at Tien-Tsin on the Peiho River, as it came once long ago to the valley of Jericho.

In the mid-afternoon of an August day Thaine Aydelot heard the bugle note calling the troops to marching order. Thaine was fond of the bugler, a little fifteen-year-old Kansas boy named Kemper, because he remembered that Asher Aydelot had been a drummer boy once when he was no older than "Little Kemper," as the regiment called him.

"I wish you were where my father is now, Kemper," Thaine said as the boy skipped by him.

"Where's that? It can't be hell or he'd be with us," Little Kemper replied.

"No, he's in Kansas," Thaine said.

(To Be Continued.)

THE UPWARD LOOK

God's Hindering

First of a Series of Three.

"AS for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do,"—Deut. 18: 14.

For many years I had had a great longing to spend the night on Mount Mansfield, the summit of which is the highest point in Vermont. A party of kindred spirits came together from south, west and north, to make the ascent together. The day set in bright and encouraging, but during the trip, on the trolley, which takes one to within five miles from the foot, clouds began to gather and come down so low that the greater part of the mountain was hidden completely. When we reached our destination it was raining heavily. Driver and carriage men took us to the next stage of the trip. But there arose a discussion about the wisdom of going up. If we went we could see nothing, and was it advisable to take it on the chance of a fine sunrise? The days finally went out, to my bitter disappointment. I felt that in all probability we would never all make the effort again. I was the only one that had ever been to the summit, so I alone had a conception of what they were missing. I would gladly have taken a chance, rather than surely miss it altogether. On the return trolley trip I wanted to cry like a baby.

Then suddenly one of our party, who had felt he could not possibly stay over to try it another day on account of an important business interview, said: "Let us try again Monday. I can telegraph all that is necessary." So it was. Monday proved a perfect day. Again and again, through the hours of the sunset and sunrise, I was so thankful that God had not suffered us to go on the first attempt.

In thinking over experiences of the past, are there not many, many, in regard to which you can now thank God with a full heart, that He did not suffer you to do a certain thing, though even now you can remember how intensely you longed to do it, and what a bitter disappointment it was.

Then when His plan for us was revealed how much wiser and better was it for us than anything we could possibly have planned for ourselves.

Does it not seem now as if we will never fret and worry again when our plans are crossed and thwarted? But when the hour of crossing and thwarting comes will we remember all the lessons learned in the past, and will we have faith to thank Him at the moment of bitter disappointment?—I. H. N.

A Successful Canner's Experience
"Scotia," Norfolk Co., Ont.

ALTHOUGH rather a recent convert to this country I have had very good success in canning both fruit and vegetables. One thing I have found to be essential to success, and that is the sterilizing of the jars. While I am canning I keep my jars in a pan of boiling water on the stove, so that each jar used has at least been boiled a few minutes. Good rubbers are, of course, necessary, and I always use quite new ones for vegetables.

Up until last year I had canned only corn and tomatoes in the vegetable line, but I secured Bulletin 236 on "Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables," from the Ontario Department of Agriculture, and followed the instructions given therein with good results, canning beans, peas, corn, etc. Peas have to be carefully and quickly handled, as they soon gather moisture



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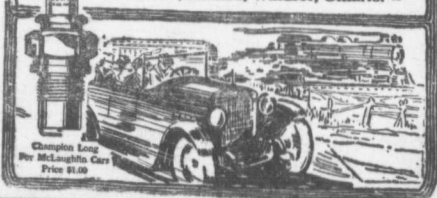
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