

The Upward Look

The Power of Kindness

B E kindly affectioned, one to another. —Rom. 12: 10.

Here is a story, the contents of which are vouched for as being the truth. At the inauguration of a United States Governor, a large public reception was being held. Two little girls pushed their way timidly through the crowd. They were not well dressed as other children, but their clothes were neat and clean and their faces showed anxiety. The Governor's private secretary noted their presence and asked them if they wanted to meet the Governor. The girls were abashed and showed their confusion, in being paid this attention and shrink back, but the secretary pressed them for a reply. At last the older girl timidly replied: "We don't want that, but we want something else."

"What would you like?" asked the secretary.

"We'd like that flower on your neck," volunteered the smaller one. "Papa is sick at home and couldn't come and we'd like to take him a flower."

She was given the flower—a large American Beauty rose. It made her so happy that she broke down and cried. Then it was that willing hands stripped several of the vases and the two little ones were given all the flowers they could carry home to the sick papa—and to cap the climax, the Governor's auto took them home.

This is a simple story, but does it not contain a world of love and devotion, the like of which we seldom see. A significant feature of the narrative is that these little girls cared not for the great display of beautiful things and richly dressed guests at the grand reception. Their one ambition was to secure a flower for papa. Henry and Becher has said that "flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." And we can easily imagine that the mother of these children would fully appreciate this sentiment when his little girls returned.

How much better this old world would be if more of us would take a lesson in kindness and sympathy from the above illustration. Some one has said that there is more power in tenderness and sympathy than in a hammer. It is of such a different kind and that perhaps no comparison is possible, but if the two are in any way compared, the difference is all in favor of the power of kindness. Kindness is surely worth striving for. —M. R.

On the Way to the Exposition

(Continued from last week)

We passed to Comp Curry's way through the wonderland of the Big Trees. Here are measurements of one 8,000 years old, 104 feet in circumference, 10 feet high, first limb six feet thick, 100 feet from the ground. From there the road leads most of the way by the river and the valley, from which we had grand views now it and down into it. Suddenly a turn we reached Inspiration Point, and there had an indescribably fine view. Even to think of it thrills me. To the left towered old El Capitan with a sheer front of 3,000 feet. In the foreground rose gleaming in the sunlight, Sentinel Dome, the right were Cathedral Spires, for which the Bridal Veil Falls fell shimmering mist thousands of feet. Passed the last named in time to the glory of the afternoon rain-

view, and strange to say, though I never have made any reservations ahead, I have never failed to get either a tent or a room with one. From this one, right straight above me rises Glacier Point, with a straight cliff of 3,000 feet. On the other side are Half Dome and North Dome, while to the front is Yosemite Falls, the roar of whose waters is very distinct.

Next morning I went in a trolley to Mirror Lake to see the sunrise. It is needed at the foot of the mountains. I saw the sun rise four times over different peaks, each time reflected far below in the water. It was wondrously beautiful. Then I started up a mountain trail to Vernon Falls. This trail leads nearly all the way by Merced River, rushing, bounding, roaring, spraying over great rocks. The Falls were grand. I had my lunch and ate it at the very foot in a spot which one of the rangers showed me. That man walks at times 40 miles a day with his camping outfit of 300 pounds on his back. I met people constantly on the trail, but there I had all the majesty and beauty of the whole to myself. I walked eight miles that day, of which, though I took eight hours in which to do it, I am very proud.

Of course, I was from the first very anxious to get to the famous overhanging rock, 3,000 feet straight up above my tent. To my joy, I found I could go up by auto, though we had to go 96 miles to do it. A party of us left at 10 o'clock in the morning and reached the summit in time for dinner. It did not seem right that I had that magnificent view from my tent, indeed, from my bed, as I could open the whole front up, all alone. Across the valley I could see the High Sierras, the peaks all snow-covered; the whole of Nevada and Vernon Falls were to be seen; down fell the valley below me. After dinner, as soon as I could tear myself away from my own view, I went to Overhanging Rock. It stretches a few feet out, about five feet wide, right out there that abyss of absolutely straight 3,000 feet from the floor of the valley, which is itself 4,000 feet high. The first thing I saw was a girl standing straight up on it. I actually turned and fled, and it was a full hour before I could summon courage to go over to the railing to look over. The tents looked like envelopes, and we had

great trouble even with glasses to distinguish people. One gentleman offered to stand on the rock and have his picture taken, but it was too late to be much of a success. That same girl and two gentlemen lay down on it and looked over.

That afternoon I became acquainted with two ladies from St. Louis who were travelling with chauffeur and maid. They have gone around the world four times, through Darkest Africa, interior of China, South Amer-

ica, Cannibal Islands, Arctic Circle, North Cape, Aleutian Islands, everywhere you could imagine. I could take hours describing some of their experiences, about which they told me.

The sunset and moonrise up there were glorious. I know now what the Alpinists glow is. The moon rose there at 8.30 and at 10.30 they telephoned up from the valley to know if it were up. The sun rose at 5.30; at Mirror Lake it was nearly eight. That was a

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