

boy that if he had been doing the wrong thing it should be set right. To this his assent was instant and cordial. Now that boy was a regular attendant at class, the Epworth League, all the services of the church and the Sunday-school, played the piano in the League for them and had just begun work as an usher in the church. He was never out at nights and, humanly speaking, had no bad habits. He was growing up into Christ his living Head. He was like a tree planted by the river of waters, going no more out from His presence. Was not that boy moving on right lines and, boy-like, doing his best, if I may talk after the manner of men? He told me he loved the Lord and that he wanted to be good. I am sure that of such is the kingdom of heaven. When I had my talk with him he went away happy and with his mind at rest. What application had conversion to him? Does such a term not apply to sinners only? And are we not warranted in praying for the day to come speedily when there shall be no more conversions in the Church, for there shall be none who have gone astray?

It seems to me that the children are God's children, every one, and that we should accept that fact without reserve even as He does, and if He admits them into the Church above so should we admit them into the Church beneath, always remembering that unless we become as little children we shall in no wise enter therein.

Vancouver, B.C.

Fool-Killer No. 3.

SOME years ago a young Chicagoan became fascinated with the wish to pass through that hell of waters below Niagara Falls which men call "the Whirlpool," and waking or sleeping he dreamed of little else. He constructed after his own designs a closed boat with which he was to float through its roaring maelstrom, and the press of Buffalo and neighboring cities promptly dubbed it "the Fool-killer." But to the joy of the constructor and the chagrin of his censors he came through the ordeal alive, and straightway began the building of "Fool-killer No. 2."

For a second time "luck" favored him; and next he must try his hand at something yet more venturesome. So in due time a great canvas bag, ball, globe, with steel ribs, was constructed, and the designer, waving his hand to his friends upon the Chicago wharves, set out, propelled by the wind alone, for the east shore of Lake Michigan. His rolling bag was seen to disappear far out to sea, and then came the period of waiting. The waiting proved vain. Twenty-four hours later a woman, attracted by the circling of gulls around a surf-worn spot upon the Michigan shore, was drawn thither to see what excited these clouds of water fowl. Tossed upon the leaping and ebbing waves she found the body of a man, and a few hundred yards distant the collapsed frame and torn covering of Fool-killer No. 3. There was to be no need, it would seem, of a No. 4. No. 3 had done its work. Cold and stiff and half-frozen the body was taken from the mocking waves and borne to the shore. After due preparation the corpse was buried and the little, pitiful tragedy was ended. Fool-killer No. 3 has already passed into history.

During the few days that have since elapsed, the daily press has taken the man and his mad projects in hand, seeking some reasonable account for his strange acts. But so far as we have read these philosophizings, they all miss the mark.

The fact is that man is so made up that he craves excitement, craves it abnormally, and seeks it even when accompanied by most immediate peril. Just as the leader in Virgil's epic comforts his half-drowned companions by the thought that their escape will furnish many an after-remembrance of delight,—

"Forsitan haec olim meminisse juvabit,"—

so men will leap from bridges and jump across the muzzles of exploding guns simply for the thrill which accompanies the escape. But that proverb accurately analyzes life which says: "The pitcher which goes often to the fountain is broken at the last." There may come No. 1 and No. 2, but there always comes a No. 3; and then the curtain is rung down upon a new-made grave.

A young man may survive his first spree and even with some difficulty straighten up after his second debauch, but the next drunk is likely to prove his "Fool-killer No. 3," and he sinks under the waves with scarce a cry. Old gamblers never win from a novice upon the first dealing of the cards. But let the young gambler feel the thrill of success following peril, and he is snared for his own destruction. He risks once and wins; he doubles his stakes to increase the peril and augment the pleasure, and he gains once more. He throws all fear to the winds, ventures out in No. 3, and is dragged from the engulfing billows a drowned thing, never more to lift up the head. No. 3 has done its work. The new arrival in the city who must needs see the sights, goes with some hardened companion to the levee and comes home without having given way to temptation. The second time he ventures farther, and still escapes. But No. 3 is his tomb. For the rest of his life he is a wreck, with bitter memories and rottenness of the bones. The only safety, young man, is to let the Fool-killers alone. Leave Nos. 1 and 2 to them.



CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME, KANAZAWA PARK, JAPAN

From "The Heart of Japan."

selves and No. 3 will never slay you. Dandle with temptation and you are lost. We remember a day we spent in the woods as a lad, when we unexpectedly came upon a rustic bridge under which was a pool, crystal clear, and in the middle of that pool a mighty trout slowly fanning himself with his fins. For an hour we tried every known device without avail. We threw in one grasshopper after another, and the insect scarcely had touched the water before it was inside the trout. But the moment we dropped a baited hook in the same spot the trout lay still as a whetstone. At last in sheer disgust we went away and left hook and line hanging unconcealed over the bridge. We came back two hours later and there was the trout dangling on the end of our pole. He knew the danger, but he chose to lie and think about it. That was his undoing. It drew him surely toward the bait and he was hooked past redemption.

No man who contemplates peril is safe. Any man who