

to such questions, we may believe that we are sincere followers of Christ.

While careful and prayerful self-examination is a vital duty, yet it is sometimes so conducted as to be hurtful. Some good people overdo it. They become too self-conscious, and think too much about themselves. They are perpetually feeling their own pulses, and worrying about their spiritual health, until they grow morbid and wretched. Bunyan describes such unhappy Christians in his "Mr. Fearing," who lay out in the cold all night because he was afraid to knock at the wicket gate, and went all the way to the Celestial City with his head bowed down like a bulrush. Weak nerves and dyspepsia often add to the sufferings of despondent Christians.

The way to be healthy and happy is to take both the *inlook* and the *uplook*. We should look into ourselves to discover our own weaknesses and wants. We should look up to the Source of all strength and peace and joy. Yes, and we may well take a frequent *outlook* also to see how our work progresses, and what our fellow-Christians are doing, and how our fellow-creatures are suffering, and what we can do to help and to save them. While we "look to ourselves" let us also be looking after others. Above all let us be *looking unto Jesus*, the Author and Perfecter of our faith, the Model for our lives, and the Guide into all truth. Beholding him, we may be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

## Training for Public Speaking

THE *Carlton Monthly*, a type-written magazine published by the Young Men's Club of Carlton St. Church, in this city, contains a good article on the value of a Young People's Society as a training school for public speech, which we have pleasure in reproducing, as it applies equally to the League as to the Club.

Amongst the many advantages to be derived from membership in a society of this kind, one of the greatest is the opportunity a member has to acquire the ability to get up on his "hind legs" and address the meeting. It is an achievement which perhaps nine out of every ten speakers have had to struggle for, and is one of the rarest accomplishments of the day.

How few men there are who, when suddenly called upon, can stand up and address a gathering, either large or small, on the subject of the moment. And the few men who can do this have learned by making the many feeble attempts in the beginning.

Consider the numbers of occasions where you have seen men, called on suddenly to speak, get up and make themselves look sheepish and silly, and also make their audience feel equally the same, for it is almost as hard to sit and listen to one of these attempts as to make the attempt itself.

Consider the one occasion in life when a man should have all the faculties of his being in the best condition, where conditions are as easy for speaking as they ever will be, where he has not even to speak for himself—his own wedding. And yet how many men have you heard respond to the toast of the "bride's health" in a manner at all befitting the occasion. One wonders how he ever found words to propose to the girl.

I have attended many weddings as organist, and have not overstated the case in the above paragraph in the least. The very last one that I attended, out of about thirty at the table (the minister not being at this table), I was the only one who could get up and make a "speech" as the occasion demanded. Although I was in no way related to the families of either party, being barely an acquaintance, I was forced, when the silence at the psychological moment was becoming really painful, to get up and hand out the usual line of "gaff."

Now the greatest proof, perhaps, of the rarity of this accomplishment to speak, is the way in which the auditors appreciate anything approaching a successful attempt, as in the above instance.

Now, right in the club meetings and in the talks given by members to the club about their own business, lies the opportunity to develop this *rara avis*. If a man, for instance, is going to address the club on his own business or profession, he has the material in his mind that he has been storing there for years, and could not have a better subject on which to

make his first attempt. And, moreover, each attempt makes the next one easier of accomplishment. Although at first the mind gets at times like a blank wall, and it seems impossible to keep the thoughts connected, still each step along this difficult path makes the light ahead seem clearer and larger, and I may say, from experience, that one or two doses makes one long for more. The experimenter in this new realm soon begins to feel the value of this accomplishment. When once acquired he ceases to tremble in his shoes when he attends any place where he may be called upon as above, and perhaps more important than anything else, is that he feels more confident and as one having authority when speaking with those he meets in his daily business.

Here then is a great opportunity for every member of the Carlton Club; an opportunity which every one would seize and develop if he could but realize the advantage it must surely prove to himself.

## Worth Knowing

FOR centuries women have put away all sorts of odds and ends because "they will come handy sometime." This practice no doubt began with the first good housekeeper of a primitive tribe, and has gone on through the ages, until it is now one of the peculiarities of women's education. A man learns what makes for the particular end he has in view. A woman tucks away in her memory any interesting bit of information and some day produces it, to the surprise of her masculine rival.

This habit makes women especially valuable as librarians. Here is an example of the actual worth of a scrap of knowledge.

A few years ago a shabby old book was sent from a parish library in England to be sold at auction in London. It was seven inches long and five wide. It consisted of thirty-eight leaves of vellum, on which were inscribed the four Gospels. It had four illuminated illustrations, representing the evangelists, each seated on a stool, holding his Gospel, and each having a circular gold nimbus.

The book was bought by the Bodleian Library for six pounds. Months afterwards, when it came to be catalogued, a poem was found written on the fly-leaf containing a reference to the rescue of the book from the bed of a stream, where it had been dropped by a careless servant, and where it lay until discovered by a passing knight. Of course the poet attributed the recovery of the sacred volume to a miracle.

The verses casually referred to the fact that when the book was lost it was being "conveyed to the king and queen."

"What king and queen, I wonder?" mused the librarian. "Why, a story like that was told of the Gospels belonging to Margaret of Scotland," said his woman assistant. Sure enough, a little research showed that there was scarcely a doubt that the book had belonged to Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who died in 1093. This book was fully described by her confessor more than eight hundred years ago. He related its being lost in the brook, recovered and conveyed to its royal owner, and used by her for many years.

So the worn old book which the Bodleian bought for a song is now one of the great library's priceless treasures—identified by a girl's knowledge of a queer story in the life of a queen.