

as cold and hard as the gold he touched. In this progressive age where there is so much competition we find many who use the Sunday mails and trains to promote their interests. When the Hon. John Wanamaker was Postmaster-General he attempted, it is said, to lessen the amount of Sunday mail matter handled, but the busy people loudly protested against any change.

However, there are those, and their number is not small—industrious, shrewd, wide-awake people—who have time even on the busiest day for Bible-reading, the quiet hour, and communion with God. The late Washington L. DePauw was one of these. Ex-President Harrison is said to have once

made the assertion that whatever had been the press of duties, the morning Bible-reading and prayer had not been neglected in his home.

There is no other investment that offers such large returns as time and thought given to the development of the higher faculties. The soul is enlarged. Its horizon is extended, until its view sweeps the universe. Its vast possibilities are discovered. God is seen in His relation to man. Duty becomes a pleasure and His service a delight. Peace like a river fills the heart, and tranquil joy is the reward, infinitely great and satisfying, for He giveth his beloved peace.

A Pastor's Experience

BY A MINISTER OF THE HAMILTON CONFERENCE

ONE lovely day in June I made my first visit to the home of poor old Mrs. Blank. She lived on a corner farm in a prosperous neighborhood, and everything about the place seemed to speak of dignity and prosperity in days gone by. The house was one of those large one-story frame dwellings, so popular with the early settlers in the days when lumber was cheap and when firewood was plentiful. The size and general design indicated that the man who built it had been a person of consequence in the community. Evidently, too, he had been a man either blessed with a large household or given to hospitality. The shrewd observer might say that the house had originally been built for the home of a gentleman farmer. But on the day of my visit everything about the place was in the last stages of dilapidation. The house was almost a wreck. The roof leaked; in the rear windows the glass was broken and the sash smashed; what had once been a verandah was now a few rickety posts and weather-beaten boards. In the room where hospitality and good cheer had been dispensed a forlorn cow and some chickens had taken up their quarters. The surroundings were like the house. The fence had tumbled down. The barn was half stripped of its siding, and the frame had a decided "list." The once fertile sandy loam soil had through lack of cultivation gone back into semi-barrenness.

I approached the front door and knocked. No response. I knocked again, with the same result. Then I went to the window. It was impossible to see through the glass, for the reason, as I afterwards discovered, that soot and grime and dust lay a sixteenth of an inch thick on the inner side. But a hole in one of the window panes enabled me to see within. The interior of that room beggars description. Three things, however, I shall never forget. One was the old-fashioned bed in the far corner, speaking of old and better days, festooned with heavy, and once rich curtains—curtains now torn, faded and filthy. Another thing was the little table against the opposite wall, covered with a few dirty and broken dishes. The third thing was the mass of debris, lying all over the floor, to an average depth of about six inches, through which were worn paths leading from the doors to the table, and from the table and doors to the bed. Needless to say, an oppressive, musty odor filled the room.

Who was this woman, and how did she reach this state of wretchedness? A friend and neighbor of the poor creature gave me her life story.

Forty years or more before the time of my visit, Miss Jeannette ——— was one of the most popular young ladies of the county of ———. Her beauty, her intellectual brilliance, her refinement, her accomplishments, made her the belle of the country side. Many eligible men sought her in marriage, but she finally gave her heart to a certain Rev. Mr. Blank. For a while they seemed to live quite happily. But before long the shadow of what was to be a life curse threw itself over the minister's home. Mrs. Blank's father, in exercising a generous hospitality, had served wine and other liquors on his table. Unknown to her friends, possibly unknown to herself, his daughter had acquired an appetite for strong drink. After her marriage the appetite grew by what it fed on, until, in deepest grief, her husband on her account was compelled to retire from the ministry. Some time after-

wards he died, a broken-hearted man. Mrs. Blank gradually went from bad to worse, until she reached the condition already described.

In abject poverty, on her ruined farm, in her tumble-down house, at the mercy of the mortgagee, on the charity of her neighbors, she still retains one spark of her former pride. Before a casual visitor she could still affect a pitifully grand air, deplore the untidy condition of her house, and express her annoyance over the fact that the domestic help for which she had contracted had left her in the lurch.

They say that drinking is increasing among our ladies. Wines are not uncommon at five o'clock teas. Of course, no lady intends to indulge to excess. But when I hear of our young women sipping their claret and their sherry, I think of the tragedy of the brilliant and accomplished Miss Jeannette ———.

Ash-barrel Jimmy

YEARS ago, when the Salvation Army was a new thing in America, its pioneers came to one of our large cities. As usual, about the first thing they came in contact with was the police, and the police at first had no faith whatever in their mission. One policeman thought he would play a practical joke on these enthusiasts. He found a drunken vagrant, who had fallen headforemost into an ash-barrel half full of garbage, and had frozen into the unsavory mass. The policeman fished him out half-dead and took him to the Salvation Army headquarters. "Here's a convert for you," he said. "You can have him and welcome!"

The Army accepted the challenge. They took the drunken, half-frozen, filthy creature. They washed him, nursed him, fed him, and put decent clothes on him. Best of all, by the blessing of God, they converted him, and the wretched outcast became truly a new man in Christ Jesus.

"Ash-barrel Jimmy" was a joke in police circles for a while. But the change in Ash-barrel Jimmy was too radical and marvellous to remain a joke. This first convert became "a living epistle, known and read of all men." Years have gone by, and he still remains a consistent Christian, and an unwearied worker in the Army's ranks. The miracle of the new life—the old, old story—is shown forth daily and unanswerably in him.

No other religion than that of Christ could have done it. No other religion knows what regeneration is, much less preaches it. In these days of doubt and discussion, it is well to remember this. Buddhism, Mahomedanism, Brahminism, Confucianism, could have had no message for Ash-barrel Jimmy. They would have let him go back to the ash-barrel. Christianity saved him. "Their rock is not as our Rock. Even our enemies themselves being judges."

The heart within you cries out for something and you let it cry. It is crying for its God—for its father and mother and home. And the day will come, when all the world will look dull and gray, till your heart is satisfied and quieted with the presence of Him in whom we live, move and have our being.—*Beautiful Thoughts.*