

reaches far beyond the old Jewish law—made the disciples feel their inadequacy to meet such high attainment. Yet they saw it was to be reached. And in their utter weakness they cry out for more faith; more faith in themselves—in their possibilities, and more faith in the good and true. Jesus made them see how little they had of it, when He made the small seed of the mustard tree do duty in the parable, and at the same time gave them glimpses of the possibilities of such faith as they had asked of Him.

And this it is which the Christian needs now and ever, in all trying circumstances. The forgiving seven times in a day is only an instance of the manifold demands upon the Christian heart, which requires the loftiest faith.

And nothing short of it is God-like and righteous. Too often there is lurking in the breast of the best disciple, the feeling, that while such lofty reaches of faith are not impracticable in general, still in some particular instance it is not practical teaching, and thus keep themselves far removed from the blessing Jesus intends shall be ours whenever we rise to the occasion, displaying triumphant faith.

We should certainly find if we did thus rise always to faith's demands, that many roots of bitterness, many mountains of difficulty, many obstacles in our path would be removed—utterly abolished.

An old guide in the woods was wont to explain to his party his reason for so often gazing into the clouds, saying: "That when he was not sure of his path on the ground he could frequently make his way by marking the stars." If with the problems of life upon us, we are perplexed as we may sometimes be, nigh unto despair, we can walk by this light of the stars, we shall find our faith not only increased, but triumphant.

Hamilton, N. Y.

Where to Look.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The Household tells of a little incident with a good sound kernel, viz.: "A lady with considerable experience was calling upon a younger lady, who had not been married long, and expected to have all her surroundings in perfect neatness and order. When her visitor rose to go, the hostess went with her to the door and out upon the pleasant piazza, which, however, looked a little dusty in the corners.

"O dear!" said the young wife, "how provoking servants are! I told Mary to sweep this piazza thoroughly, and now look how dusty it is."

"Grace," said the elder woman, looking into the disturbed young face with kindly, humorous eyes, "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice. Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so they will rarely see them. Now if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said, 'How blue the sky is! or, 'How bracing the air is! Then I should have looked up at that as I spoke, and should have gotten you safely down the steps and out of sight without your seeing the dust.'"

Good advice, truly!

It is related of Mr. Astor that, when once fording the Susquehanna on horseback, he found himself becoming so dizzy as to be about to lose his seat. Suddenly he received a blow on his chin from a hunter, who was his companion, with the words, "Look up!" He did so, and recovered his balance. It was looking on the turbulent water that endangered his life; and looking up saved it.

How our hearts ache as we read of the suicides—day after day the records are before our eyes. What is the matter? Only this—the waters were turbulent, and they forgot to look upward to the Mighty One who would have said to the storm-tossed soul, "Peace, be still."

"Look unto Me, upon the Cross,
O weary, burdened soul,
Look unto Me, Thy risen Lord,
In dark, tempestuous hour;
The needful grace I'll freely give,
To keep from Satan's power."

J. Guthrie gave a fine illustration of deliverance from great peril by looking upward. "A lady had a dream," he said, "in which she fancied herself at the bottom of a deep pit. She looked around to see if there was any way of getting out; but in vain. Presently, looking upward she saw in that part of the heavens immediately above the mouth of the pit a beautiful, bright star. Steadily gazing at it, she felt herself to be gradually lifted upward. She looked down to ascertain how it was, and immediately found herself at the bottom of the pit. Again her eye caught sight of the star and again she felt herself ascending. She had reached a considerable height. Still desirous of an explanation of so strange a phenomenon she turned her eye downward, and fell to the bottom with fearful violence. On recovering from the effect of the shock, she bethought herself as to the meaning of it all, and once again turned her eye to the star, still shining so brightly above, and yet once again felt herself borne upward. Steadily did she keep her eye upon its light, till at length she found herself out of the horrible pit, and her feet safely planted on the solid ground above.

It taught her the lesson that, in the hour of danger and trouble deliverance is to be found, and found only, by 'looking unto Jesus.'"

"Anywhere with Jesus, says the Christian heart;
Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part.
Always sitting at His feet, there's no cause for fears;
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears!

"Anywhere with Jesus, though He please to bring
Into fires the fiercest, into suffering;
Though He bid me work or wait or only bear for Him,
Anywhere with Jesus, shall be my hymn."

—Christian Intelligencer.

"O Yasumi!"

[In the rural parts of Japan, where the people still cling to the old ways, the pretty custom prevails, especially among the younger children, of greeting the traveller who comes by toward evening, with the words, "O yasumi!" "May you rest!" Drawing modestly aside to let the stranger pass, the little groups sway down together in the low Japanese bow, uttering this gentle salutation.]

It was beyond Zenkoji, where the road
Winds the swift Shinano, up and up
And far into the Shinshu mountain land;
And all day, in the fierce gaze of the sun
That brimmed the narrow vale with shimmering heat,
Vexed with the hard, rough paths and stubborn hills,
Fared I beneath my burden on my way,
Till the slow swinging shadows of the trees
Preamed the grateful hour of the Bird.
Until outspent and fevered, worn and sore,
From throbbing forehead down to blistered feet,
I bowed beneath the heat and weariness,
Nor marked the river weaving thro' the vale
Her shining bands of silver; nor the hills
Sitting in such high conclave, grave and calm,
Their green skirts brodered past device of man
With wild azaleas and wistaria bloom;
Nor the wide, all-enfolding, placid sky
Pitched for the whole broad earth a Holy Tent.
Nor heard the blithe lark sing his lilt of love,
The uguisu his gay treble, nor the soft
And amorous cadences of forest doves.

And heart-weak with the stress of the long day
I asked, Where is the meed of this sore toil
And weary travail? Wherefore seek my feet
These painful journeys in an alien land?
Or to what purpose is it I have set

The whole wide world between my empty heart
And their sweet faces who are friend and kin;
And may not watch my wife and babe at play
Beneath the orchard blooms, beyond the sea,
Blending their laughter with the robin's song
In the sweet May-tide mornings? All my words
Fall like a foolish song upon the ear
Of the gross heathen, grovelling to his gods
Of wood and stone, insensate as himself,
And flouting the white Christ, who makes his claim
To be more kind than Kwan-on, more august
Than Amida the Ageless, and beyond
The Emperor even to be praised and loved.
And when through long heart travail one is born
Into the truth and kingdom of the Lord,
How soon the wine of joy is mixed with gall,
And the gay garb of praise to sack-cloth changed,
For grief of his scant faith, his stumbling feet,
His barren life, his dull ingratitude
To those whose hands have brought the gifts of God!
The seed falls on the wayside for the birds
To snatch away unsprouted, on the rock
To die of the fierce sun, amid the thorns
To know no strength or beauty of free growth.
Where is the good soil of the Master's tale
Which gave the golden harvest?—So I mused,
Nor saw the shining City of the King
Thronged with the saved of all the east and west,
Nor saw the dear Lord Christ upon His throne
Beholding of the travail of His soul
And satisfied with Calvary's Harvest Home,
Welcoming His faithful servants to His joy
And large rewards beyond the thoughts of men.
But while such questions bare my spirit down
I came upon the groups of little lads
And lassies wending home from school
And straw-roofed hamlets nestled in the hills;
Bare headed, shod in sandals, in loose robes
Of fluttering blue, their cheeks as brown and red
As winds and suns may paint them, and black eyes
That shone half hid behind their lids aslant;
Who seeing the white stranger from the west,
Who treads the mountain roads in such odd guise,
And tells strange words to all the villages
Of one great God, and of a wondrous Cross
On which hang all the hopes of all the world,
Checking their childish prattle, draw aside
To wish the way-spent traveller evening's rest,
With gentle "O yasumi!" and soft smile
And pretty curtsy.

Even as they spake
My soul was comforted. The river sang
In the green deeps below a hymn of peace,
The hush of the great hills breathed in my heart,
A cool air from those snowy heights which wall
The world from Hida, whispered down the vale,
Till all the wayside grasses and wide boughs
Of the strong oaks and maples murmured rest;
And the sky seemed more kind, the earth more fair;
The joy of life more blessed, and its toil
More sure of gerdon. All that is, is God's!
These high-fung hills, these vales of shining green,
These streams that rush unresting to the sea,
Are given to the hands that wet the Cross
With those most holy drops which made us clean.
Beneath those lifted palms all men shall kneel,
When all the lifeless gods in all the fanes
On all the hillsides shall be less than dust.
And thus I came unto the little town
Of Takafuri, goal of the day's march,
Into the shadow of the deep-thatched inn,
Where kind hands drew cool water for my feet,

And led where the white mats invite repose,
And brought me steaming bowls of snowy rice
And cups of fragrant tea. Thus I found rest
And comfort from my travail, and new strength
For days of toil and burden that should be.
And so I say, God bless you, little lads
And little lassies, for your gentle words
And pretty courtesy! May He who loved
To watch the children at their wayside sports
In Judah's cities, and in Galilee,
As He fared forth to preach, and solaced Him
With their unstained affection, laying hands
Of tender benediction on their heads,
Be merciful unto you, and forfend
Thro' his kind grace, ye walk the heathen ways,
The hard, unhappy road your forbears went,
And give you all to know the great, kind God,
And that Good Shepherd who the tired lambs
Doth gather to his bosom! May that Cross
Of which the stranger tells, which once was moist
With such dear rain of blood it grew a tree
Of life, with healing leaves and precious fruits
For all the nations, cast its shade on you,
And give your souls "Yasumi"—peace and rest!

Omachi, June 1st, 1898. C. K. HARRINGTON
In Tidings.

Drank on Wager and Died.

John Barney Vanpelt drank two quarts and a half of the deadly Jersey decoction known as apple whiskey and died speedily. There are men along Park Row who have drunk more than 10,000 quarts of whiskey in their lives and bid fair to live the century out, but they have refrained from Jersey apple whiskey, and they never tried to break records, as Vanpelt did.

In the barroom of the Matawan house, at Matawan, N. J., last week, young Vanpelt was drinking with a party of friends. The conversation turned to deeds of prowess with the bottle and the tankard, and Vanpelt announced that he could drink the same quantity of whisky as anybody in the house could drink beer. A bet was made and another young man took the beer end.

Drink after drink vanished down Vanpelt's throat, he making a point of drinking a big glass of the liquor every time his opponent stowed away a glass of beer. When Vanpelt had put away two and a half quarts the young man who had been drinking beer fell from his chair in a stupor and Vanpelt was declared the winner. He did not show immediately the effects of his debauch, and accepted an invitation to drink a glass of beer. At the end of ten minutes he fell to the floor unconscious.

Relatives of Vanpelt picked him up and carried him to his home in East Matawan. His father, Jacob Vanpelt, was told of the young man's condition, but he said John often drank too much, and would pull through all right. John was put to bed and left alone.

The next day some of the men who had been in the saloon the night before called at the Vanpelt home to see how John was. The elder Vanpelt went to the young man's room and found him dead. He had not moved from the position his body had assumed when he was placed in the bed the night before. A physician made an examination, and said that death was due to alcoholism. The county physician was informed, and an investigation of the circumstances will be made by the authorities.—N. Y. Journal.

Cigarette Smoking.

Selma Severson, M. D. ("Pediatrics"), queries: "What is there about tobacco smoke so injurious to the young?" After referring to the composition of tobacco smoke, the suggestion is offered that the products of such are more readily taken into the lungs when smoking cigars and cigarettes than when a pipe is used, as the stem of a pipe, if porous and clean, absorbs the nicotine. Upon the heart there is a functional derangement producing irregularity of action, due to the poisonous effect of the nicotine upon the nerves controlling its action; thus we have palpitation, dyspnea and cardialgia. Upon the nervous system, nicotine has a decided effect, the pupils often becoming dilated with consequent obscurity of vision, specks before the eyes, and sometimes deep seated pain. Upon the exhausted brain it has a soothing effect, while upon the fully nourished brain it acts as an irritant. Through the sympathetic nervous system the secretions are disturbed, also the regulation of involuntary muscular contraction, as shown by spasm of the stomach and the vomiting produced on the first attempt at smoking. There is also an over secretion of the salivary glands, with frequent irregular secretion of the gastric juice, the result being a loss of appetite, if not dyspepsia. These disturbances being functional, the tissues quickly regain their normal condition when tobacco is discontinued. It also acts as a mechanical irritant to the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, and if a bronchitis be present it maintains an irritable state of the membrane and keeps up the cough. Thus by lessening the bodily vigor the person is unable to withstand disease, and if he inherits weak lungs, may easily become a prey to tuberculosis. From the foregoing, the author suggests that upon the young, tobacco has a decidedly injurious effect, so much energy being wasted through all the years when so much is needed for growth and repair, the whole organism being in a state of disorder.—Journal of Inebriety.