

them up, but it was very difficult to keep a high polish on them after they had been long in use, and the image they formed was very indistinct and imperfect.

### APPLICATION

*Tongues...not love* (Rev. Ver.), v. 1. A few weeks ago one of the splendid palace steamers of the northern Canadian lakes was passing downward through the canal at Sault Ste. Marie. While she was in one of the locks, another vessel upward bound, owing to a mistaken signal, moved forward full against the gates of the lock on the lower side. These were burst open by the impact, and the water rushed out, so that the huge ship was carried resistlessly down to the lower level, with great danger to the lives of her passengers, while the gates were seriously damaged. Here was an instance of the harm that may be done by the use of power wrongly directed. There are in the world few more mighty instruments, for good or evil, than human speech. Words that rush to the lips from hearts full of passion or selfishness or greed may, in a moment, work injury that can never be repaired. While words that flow, like some clear, cool, refreshing stream, from an inner fountain of love may result in blessing that can never end.

*Charity* (Rev. Ver.), v. 2. Tchomi Jokoka was a Japanese colonel captured by the Russians, as he was preparing to wreck a railway bridge. He acknowledged his responsibility, and accepted his doom without a tremor. When asked his religion, he boldly confessed Christ, and declared that he had been converted when a boy. Just before the execution, he took a bundle of Chinese bank notes from his person, more than five hundred dollars, and asked that the money should be applied to the Russian Red Cross work among the Russian wounded. The Russians remonstrated, and said that the money should be applied to the Japanese Red Cross department for the benefit of his own fellow countrymen. But Jokoka remained inflexible in his purpose that the Russians should use it. He asked that the Sermon on the Mount should be read, and when the chaplain had reached the words, "If ye love them which love you, what reward have you?" Jokoka

closed his New Testament, joined his hands, and received the fatal bullets in his breast. He loved his enemies and the enemies of his country, not in word only, but in deed and in truth. His love was patterned after that of the blessed Lord Himself, who sought the good of those who hated Him and nailed Him to the cruel tree.

*I am nothing*, v. 2. A cipher standing by itself has no value or significance. But if one of the other digits is placed before it, the cipher at once gains great importance, and every additional cipher increases the sum tenfold. So we may have knowledge, powers and talents that are doing not the least good to any person in the world. No one about us is a whit the better for our possessing these. But, once there stands along with them, true and earnest love for our fellows, every ability we possess becomes a means of enriching their lives.

*Kind*, v. 4. "The greatest thing", says some one, "a man can do for his heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children." An old Quaker motto runs thus: "I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." And Whittier, the Quaker poet, writes:

"If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant;  
Let me find in Thy employ,  
Peace that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to love be led,  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my nature's habitude."