

'What book?' They pointed to where it lay, sadly soiled, and nearly covered with the dust they had raised. During this interruption they had stood glaring at each other, and now they rushed together again, each with the grim determination of proving himself right.

The stranger, seeing that interference was useless, turned to the book. He picked it up and examined it. The language was one he understood, and he fell to reading. The farther he read the more interested he became. He seated himself upon a stone by the roadside, and was soon too deeply immersed in his reading to notice what was passing around him.

For an hour the man with the burden sat reading. Then he rose to go. Such a strange sense of rest had come to him that it really seemed as though he must have lost his load. He had not been so refreshed since he had started on his journey. Looking around, he found that he was alone. The sounds of high words and sharp strife, borne faintly to his ears by the wind, told him that his two strange acquaintances had gone leaving the book with him.

A Week School.

(The Rev. Theo. Gaehr, in 'Living Epistle'.)

In my opinion, a weak school is not that which has a small membership, but one which lacks in stability, in character, in spirit, in aggressiveness and in effort, one which shows lack of aim and tact, and discretion in its management, which has no enthusiasm, which never turns anything upside down in the community in an entire year, which runs in the same old ruts year after year. Mark well: Invariably ruts deepen into graves! 'A rut,' says a well-known Sunday-school worker, 'is a track that has been too much travelled and that has been too exclusively used, to the neglect of the road on either side of it.' It would be well for a Sunday-school going in the same beaten, sunken track for a long time, to make a new departure, to lift the waggon out of its course, even at the risk of upsetting the carriage. There is much smoother riding just outside the rut.

And the strong school which I would like to see is the one which has life, and vigor, which has at its command great moral force, which develops intense activity, which is deeply, zealously, and for ever in earnest, which is constituted in the most solid manner, and 'thoroughly furnished unto every good work,' which, though not necessarily large in numbers, concentrates its forces upon its real object, does not pay so much attention to the side as to the main issues, which builds up itself substantially, in our most holy faith, and does its full share in extending the kingdom of our Redeemer. That is the school with a future in the twentieth century, and not one with antiquated methods, dating from the Middle Ages.

Poor Wealth and Rich Poverty

Some years ago a noble woman was studying at our Bible Institute in Chicago.

She said: I had a letter from a dear friend of mine, asking me to come at once and see her. I hurried to her home, and, as I went up the elegant marble stairway and saw the costly paintings on the walls and the magnificent statues that lined the hall, I said to myself, 'I wonder if all this wealth and splendor makes my friend happy?' I did not have to wait long to find out, for presently the lady came hurrying into the room, and, greeting me, dropped into a seat and burst into tears. All the wealth, honor and dignity of her position had not given her joy.

After this I went to visit a poor blind woman in a humble cottage. It was a dark, rainy day, and the rain was dripping through the badly thatched roof, gathering in a pool before a chair in which the woman sat. I turned to her and said: 'Maggie, are you not miserable?' 'What, lady?' And she turned her sightless eyes to me in surprise. 'What, lady? I miserable; I, the child of a King, and passing on to the mansion he has gone to prepare for me? I miserable; no, lady, I am happy!'

Wealth had not brought joy to the one, but a living faith in Jesus Christ had brought joy to the other in the midst of her poverty and misfortune.—The Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, in 'Christian Age.'



The Ideal City.

(The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.)

What makes a city great and strong?

Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right,
And turn its darkness into light

What makes a city full of power?

Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble, still are great,
Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?

Not things that charm the outward sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong cannot remove,
And truth, that faces civic fraud,
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,

A Light upon a nation's hill;
A Voice that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength, not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
But Justice, Love and Brotherhood.

Can You Believe It?

Dr. B. W. Carpenter, a well-known physician, kept a separate account for many years of the money paid to him for medical attendance by the abstainers and drinkers, and this is the conclusion he came to:

For every \$15.00 the teetotallers paid him he received \$45.00 from the drinkers.

Drinkers have to pay a deal more than the actual cost of the beer, wine and spirits they consume. They have to pay doctor's bills, and lose their health in the bargain.

Mr. Grimme, of Hatton Garden, some years ago made a comparison between the five years' experience of sickness in the Sons of Temperance—a teetotal friendly society—and the Oddfellows and Foresters, two non-teetotal societies, and this is the result:

The Foresters averaged 5½ weeks' sickness per year.

The Oddfellows averaged 5½ weeks' sickness per year.

The Sons of Temperance averaged 1½ weeks' sickness per year.

Well done, Teetotallers! Dr. Physicum would suffer if all folk were teetotallers, sure enough! Don't forget, then:

Temperance, exercise, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
—Forward.

Cigarettes.

(Mrs. John A. Logan, in the New York 'Journal'.)

I have watched victims of the cigarette habit of mature years descend the scale of morality and ambition until honor, family and laudable aspirations were sacrificed to the demoniac indulgence of the habit that could not be given up, though everything else had to perish.

Stained fingers, offensive odors, nervousness, irritability, stupidity, infidelity and many other ills can be placed to the credit of cigarettes, but no good things can be enumerated that can be said to come from the use of cigarettes.

One has only to go to Turkey, Egypt, Russia, Spain and Spanish-American countries to be impressed with the power of cigarettes to dwarf a people mentally, morally and physically.

If Americans do not listen to the pleadings of the benefactors of the nation and institute some measures whereby the cigarette mania is arrested and cured, the next generation will demonstrate the fatal work the cigarette is doing for the American race.

Go into the prisons and poll the prisoners and see how many began their downward career

by smoking clandestinely; see how many will confess to petit larceny from their parents and friends to buy cigarettes!

Not long since I happened to see two lads about twelve years of age smoking cigarettes in a drug store. Their manners were so bad and their cigarettes so offensive that I spoke to one of them, saying, 'My boy, are you not afraid to smoke cigarettes?'

He took a long pull at the cigarette before taking it out of his mouth, letting the smoke come out of his nose, and replied, 'Why, no! I have smoked since I was five.'

His companion laughed immoderately. They were well dressed and looked as if they were sons of well-to-do people. They were pert and had been addicted to the vicious habit long enough to seem like old dwarfs.

There is not a human being, young or old, that can smoke cigarettes and avoid the deadly consequences to their minds and bodies. They may be smoked for years, but the insidious poison that permeates every fibre of the human body will do its work effectually.

If they have not effect, why is it the victims of the habit are so seriously affected if they happen to be without them for a little time? The effect of cigarettes is not wholly physical, as everyone knows who has paid the least attention to cigarette smokers.

Sad as the physical consequences are, they are nothing compared to the mental destruction and total moral depravity. Persons who smoke cigarettes may be assured of the deadening of their moral sensibilities.

They lose all delicacy of feeling, and are influenced only by the meaner and lower instincts, and are indifferent to the higher and holier things of life.

'It is Not My Business.'

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he scornfully refused. Being pressed, he said:

'Gentlemen, it is not my business.'

A few days later his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with liveried attendants he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business and planning for the morrow. Hark! Did some one say 'Accident?' There are twenty-five railways centring in St. Louis. If there has been an accident, it is not likely to have occurred on the Mississippi Railway. Yet it troubles him. It is his business now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and on inquiry he finds that the accident has occurred twenty-five miles distant on the Mississippi. He telegraphs to the superintendent:

'I will give you \$500 for an engine.'

The answer flashes back 'No!'

'I will give you \$1,000 for an engine!'

'A train' with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have no other.'

With white face and anxious brow, the man paced the station to and fro. In a half-hour, perhaps, which seemed to him a half century, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled bodies and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay the other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whiskey, which was drunk fifty miles away by a railway employee, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dare say of this tremendous question, 'It is not my business?'—The 'Canadian Royal Templar.'

My Chum's Father.

(R. Stansby Williams, in 'Temperance Record'.)

It was always rather a puzzle to me that my special chum Harry Wakefield never referred to his father, not even when we might happen to speak about his home. I knew he had no brother, and I had often heard him speak of his mother and three sisters, but about his father I never heard a word. Once, meaning no harm, I said to him, 'And how's your father, Harry?' And very much amazed I was when he turned to me as if he'd snap my head off. 'What do you mean?' he began harshly, almost angrily; then seeing my amazed look, he checked himself. 'I beg your pardon, Jack,' he said more quietly; 'but to tell you the truth my father and I don't get on over