

not so admirable. The real producer of revenue for a church is the spirit of self-sacrifice that people will readily enough obey when they are appealed to in the name of the Lord who gave Himself for them.

HOW SERVICE TELLS.

A chaplain in the army during the war was passing over the field when he saw a soldier who had been wounded, lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man:

"Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?"

The wounded man said: "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water."

The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water, he said:

"Could you lift my head and put something under it?"

The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I am so cold."

There was only one thing that the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so the wounded man looked up in his face, and said:

"For God's sake, if there is anything in that Book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it!"

There is a world of meaning to my mind in this incident. The need of to-day is acting the object lessons that Book teaches.—*Selected.*

THE STORY OF A LETTER.

"Off work so early?"

James stopped in passing a boy who, like himself, was one of the workers on a large ranch. Caleb's stumpy figure was bending over a table in the rough back-porch, and his face was drawn into a pucker which told that his task was no easy one.

"Yes, it's early, I know, but it's mail day to-morrow, and I thought I'd send a letter."

"Folks back east?" asked James.

"Well, I haven't got many folks. Ain't so well off as you are. It's my stepmother; but she is a good woman, and she likes to hear from me, and I think I ought to."

No one ever thought of taking Caleb for an exemplar in anything. He was slow and clumsy in his movements, and never dreamed of making a suggestion of duty to any one. But it had come to be observed that Caleb could be relied on.

"If you look for him where he belongs he is sure to be there," his employer had been heard to say. And some of the boys had noticed that Caleb's quiet "I think I ought to," always referred to something he was sure to do.

James had intended calling upon Caleb for assistance in the turning of water into the irrigating ditch, upon which the crops so largely depended; but he now turned away and went by himself, with a weight at his heart and a shadow upon his brow. If asked the reason for it he might have been slow to admit to anyone else that it was called there by a consciousness of neglect of duty, but it was very plain to himself.

"Just a stepmother. If Caleb thinks it's a matter of 'ought' to write to her about every mail day, I wonder what he'd do if he had a mother and a father and a sister. Heigho! I didn't expect to be gone three years when I got mad and quit."

In the early springtime James had been seized with a spasm of remorse at his long, cruel neglect of those who loved him, and to whom he realized he owed it to be such a comfort.

"I'll write. And some day I'll go back and do my best by 'em."

He did write, his letter carrying all the joy which may be imagined into the old farm-house. Father and mother had answered, the sight of their poor, cramped hand-writing bringing tears to the eyes of the wandering son. And Susan had written:

"Father says he'll never miss driving in to the post-office on the days that a letter could get here after your mail day. And mother stands at the gate watching for him to get back."

It had reached his heart, and spurred him up to writing quite regularly for awhile. Then the intervals between his letters had grown longer, and now for weeks he had not written.

Passing, later, again near Caleb's rough library he paused with a half smile. The sun-tanned, freckled face was now in the throes of an effort to accomplish a fine-looking address to his letter, drawn into a series of knots and wrinkles astonishing to behold. All of a sudden they relaxed into a smile of pride and delight as he held up and contemplated the scraggy result of his efforts.

"I'd rather plow all day," he said, meeting James' gaze with a beaming eye. "Yes, I would. I always feel as though I'd tackled a big job and got the better of it when I've wrote a letter. I feel as light as a feather. When I used to let it slip, sometimes I felt as though I had a stone to carry. I feel that way now when writin' time's comin'. But I've found the best way to get rid of that feelin's just to get right at it and do it. I think that's the way with most things when you think you ought to, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said James, as he went on toward the stables. "And when you know you ought to, as I do," he added to himself.

Caleb followed him with a shout, betokening his unburdened condition of mind, and, leading out one of the shaggy ponies used in herding the cattle, was soon galloping the four miles to the point at which the weekly mail was gathered. Scant and irregular it was; and who can tell how many hearts watched for its news of loved ones, or waited in the weariness of hope deferred for tidings which did not come.

The full moon arose over the wide expanse of rolling, mountainous scenery as the rider's form was lost in the distance. James leaned against a rough cart and gazed half mechanically about him.

"I wish I had written, too. I didn't mean to get into loose ways about it again—as sure as I live I didn't. Mother watching at the gate, Susy said. I s'pose it's the same old gate—the one I used to swing on when I was little and got