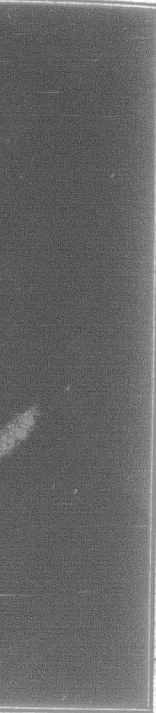


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tempted him to eat of the forbidden fruit because she liked its taste and wanted him to enjoy it also. We must love people in spite of their faults.

One of the commonest sins which we ordinary Christians commit, is the sin of sitting in judgment on those who are not accountable to us for their actions. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth," says St. Paul. It is not an easy thing to control these unruly tongues of ours. St. James says that if a man never offends in "word" he is "a perfect man," and able to control his whole body. Our Lord says that by our words we shall be justified or condemned.

Our neighbors judge the condition of our souls largely by our everyday conversation. If we are bitter in our criticisms and unfair in our sweeping condemnation of the people we dislike, then we are not only sowing seeds of evil in the neighborhood, but we are driving people away from the Master we profess to serve. Of course, the tongue can only be rightly controlled from within. If a doctor looks at the tongue of a patient and finds it is foul, he does not hurry to wash the tongue, but fights the disease deeper down. If we find our tongues running away with us, it is a symptom that our hearts need cleansing. Plant real love in a heart, and it will show itself in loving words as well as in kind deeds: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Scientists have declared that every word we speak is a vibration of the ether which goes on through space infinitely. They say that words spoken thousands of years ago are still vibrating—perhaps they might even now be caught up by "wireless" in some distant planet. Who can tell when the results of words, written or spoken, shall cease to have influence?

A man in Australia left a page of a printed sermon in a lonely hut. A careless wanderer, who had drifted far from God, picked up the crumpled leaf and read it. Back on his memory rushed the forgotten teachings of his mother, and he arose and went home to his Father in heaven.

Never be discouraged about good seed you have tried to sow in your neighborhood. There may be no visible result for many years, but the life in the seed is not dead, simply waiting.

"Our duty to our neighbors!"—and who are our neighbors? A lawyer once asked that question, and the world became the richer by the inspiring parable of "The Good Samaritan." In the city we can, to a great extent, choose our neighbors. The people next door may be almost total strangers and we may be quite at home in the house across the street. But in the country we cannot choose our neighbors any more than we can choose our brothers and sisters. God gives us our neighbors. Then He must have had some special reason for so doing. Are we carrying out His plan and fulfilling the purpose He had in mind when He placed us near each other?

"The trouble, I think, with us all is the lack of a high conceit; If each man thought He was sent to the spot To make it a bit more sweet, How soon could we gladden the world, How easily right all wrong, If nobody shirked, And each one worked To help his fellow along."

If a man lives in a place for a long time, and the place is no better for his presence there, he is a dead failure. I don't care whether he has piled up millions or not. His life is a dead failure if his neighbors are not in the least helped by him. We are all called—as the apostles were—to be witnesses of Christ's Resurrection. We call ourselves Christians, and all who know us should be able to take knowledge of us that JESUS is Living and is our Friend. They should see some reflection of His beauty of holiness in the purity of our hearts and the kindnesses of our words and acts. Speak often to Christ about your neighbors, ask Him the best way of helping them, and He will keep you from blundering in your attempts at doing great things. It is said that one great philanthropist, of world-wide fame, began by teaching two little street-child-

dren to read. He gave himself to others unsparingly, living with his ragged boys, teaching them and trying to satisfy every reasonable want of their natures—"athletic, intellectual, spiritual, and social." He gave his money freely but wisely—it was an outside matter that he was able to pour out about \$25,000 a year to meet the expenses of the great institution he had founded. Far grander than his money-wealth was his character-wealth. Any of the 15,000 members of the Polytechnic Institute could consult him at any time, sure of sympathy and wise counsel in matters of body, mind or spirit.

That is only one out of the innumerable instances that might be cited of the kingliness of men—of some men. Others are content to sit down comfortably in the mistaken conviction that the world can get along very well without them. Why did God make them at all, if the world would have got along as well without them? Each one of us has his own special mission in life which no one else can so perfectly fulfil. If we are not helping our fellows we are harming them. It is impossible to live in the world without doing good or harm to someone. Even if one is a lonely in the universe, and his example can inspire valid, his prayers can reach out and help his neighbors.

The prophet Elisha healed the great General, Naaman, of a terrible disease; but it was the kindly interest of a little for good on the neighborhood.

slave-girl, who had been stolen from her own people, that sent Naaman to be healed.

One very important duty to one's neighbor is honesty. No, it is not likely that you would break into his house and steal his money; but do you always return the things you borrow from him, promptly, and in good condition? What causes so many business failures? It is the carelessness and dishonesty of customers who do not pay their debts. One day a business man showed me a big package of bills he had got ready for the post. "These bills," he said, "will probably be mostly wasted. I have sent them over and over again, and no notice is taken of them."

Dishonest people, who call themselves Christians, do great harm to the cause of Christ in their neighborhood. A cloth manufacturer was accustomed to end his business letters with religious remarks, and one of his customers said: "I wish he would put more religion into his cloth and less into his invoices."

To love one's neighbor as oneself means to treat him fairly. It certainly does not mean to enrich oneself unjustly at his expense, and then exult over a good bargain.

If your religion is only skin-deep, your neighbors will see through it, and will be very apt to despise it and you. If it begins in the heart and is the inspiration of your daily life—on Saturday as well as on Sunday—it cannot fail to tell

"Go, make thy garden as fair as thou canst;
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own."
DORA FARNCOMB.

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[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

"Snags" and Other Things

Now I am just as sure as though I heard it, that some of those who have been reading this series of articles have been saying: "That's all very well for paper talk; there are snags that these journalists know nothing about." "It isn't always so easy—" "It's easy enough to talk,"—and a host of such comments.

"Snags"?—Of course there will be snags. Who said there would not be? "It isn't always so easy."—Of course it isn't always so easy.

But will you answer this?—Has anything worth while ever been accomplished easily, without work and thought,—yes,



Among the "Marguerites,"
Or "ox-eye daisies," according to your point of view.