

something to make you take my Saviour for yours.'

Larry stood still on the path, entirely dumbfounded; but now a strange thing happened. The great mountain of difficulty against which Lavalette had so long stumbled melted away, and it was no harder to talk about this great matter than about other things. The reasons she had been conning over to urge upon him now came readily enough to her lips. Only from Larry himself no word of answer came; he turned his back and walked heavily away.

He was back at the farmhouse after dark, but not to play checkers. 'I had begun to think,' he said honestly, 'that you all either didn't care much for your religion, or you didn't care much for me, Letty, for nobody ever asked me to be a Christian before.'

And never again did the young girl find it hard, at least so hard, to speak a word for the Master. That victory was for the rest of her life.—'Forward.'

### The Value of Collections.

(By Eugenie Loba Beckwith.)

Referring to a collector who afterwards came to grief through his mania because it swallowed up every other aim of his life, Balzac in his 'Cousin Pons' says: 'Take up the task of collecting something, no matter what—people have ere now collected land bills—and you will recover your ingots of joy in small change. A hobby, a mania is pleasure transformed into the shape of an idea.'

A mild form of this disease is in many ways beneficial.

Balzac's reference to the collecting of land bills as long as fifty years ago is illustrative of the fact that history repeats itself after a certain lapse of time as seen by the present craze for collecting posters.

The value of collections among young people is chiefly in the concentration of purpose and attention which it fosters, and the habit which is formed by looking deeply into things worth knowing.

A gentleman was overheard to say, 'I want my little girl to be interested in collecting something. I don't care if it's dogs or cats, so long as she sets herself diligently to do it.'

The enthusiasm of this parent must have communicated itself to the little daughter, for in two years from the time the above speech was made the air was astir with talk of collections, and of the premiums which were being awarded for them in the public schools.

The child referred to had ranked first in her collection of stones, the prize being for the one who had gathered the greatest variety with his own hands, and his ability to describe the locality, surroundings, and conditions of the soil.

In the same school many children had prepared beautiful collections of leaves and specimens of woods.

Probably one reason why children do not take up natural history studies more earnestly and scientifically is that they have not at home the encouragement they need.

I know a family that goes enthusiastically into all the interests of the children.

Last summer butterflies was the absorbing theme with a boy, so butterflies became for the time the chief interest with his parents. Some one asked, 'What are you studying now?' and the answer was, 'Oh, it's kites with the boy just now, and therefore kites with us.'

An article on 'Scientific kite-making,' was produced that the best light might be brought to bear upon a seemingly trivial occupation. The subject of balance and pro-

portion, light and heavy woods, tails and no tails, and the proper making of paste, all received their due consideration. An observation of different kinds of woods grows out of kite-making, and a collection of the varieties in one's neighborhood is within the reach of every boy and girl.

The collection fever is the most contagious of all epidemics. Last summer a few boys were studying natural history in a field club under the direction of a naturalist. At first only a few nets were to be seen; soon, however, no picnic or fishing outfit was complete unless the collector's bottle, net and bag formed a part of it. If a mother had the laugh turned against her because at her boy's request she inquired at a store for black cheese cloth, she did not mind, since both had thus learned that there was no such a thing.

When from the nodding branches of the elm trees the bags, made from black mosquito netting, caused the passers-by to stop and ask what it meant, they went home carrying to their children the germs of the collector's fever.

Why? Because of the interest they had caught from hearing of the beautiful vaneas that were to develop from caterpillars caged in the netting with the tender tips of elm boughs for food.

No wonder that soon from many trees the gloomy pendants announced the spread of the young naturalist's fever.

Each season has an interest all its own, especially to the collector.

The winter with its daytime study of snow crystals to be converted into delicate, white paper copies pasted on to a black background and thus making a lace work of exquisite forms.

In the long evenings the boy or girl sorting and arranging stamps collects far more than these bright bits of paper or their money value. He is gaining a knowledge of languages, of government, of geography, of the currency of the whole world, of history, and by studying the faces and the minute differences of the various issues, is cultivating the power of keen observation which will serve him well when he looks out upon a broader sphere than the circle of light falling from the home lamp upon his stamp album.

A young acquaintance is collecting padlocks, from the grotesque affairs for fastening barns to the diminutive heart-shaped attachment to a dog collar.

Another little friend has numerous whistles from different countries.

A youthful collector delights in a mimic fleet of boats constructed by himself and his jackknife, and he has learned to describe the rigging of each.

When sickness came, as soon as the weak fingers could manage paper and scissors to cut out from the patterns in his mind, he had the joy of doing as did Robert Louis Stevenson in days of childish illness when he—

'Sometimes sent his ships in fleets

All up and down among the sheets.'

'Tis true that there may arise objectionable fads, as, for example, the present obnoxious and slang-inspiring button craze. But let us be patient. This will have died a natural death and been forgotten while young eyes still grow eager over nature studies everywhere leading them upwards.—'Wellspring.'

### Be Filled With the Spirit.

(Extracts from an article in 'The Conqueror,' by J. G. Hallimond.)

'Have ye received the Holy Ghost?' was the plain, straightforward question Paul asked of the Ephesians, and this is the ques-

tion in the affirmative, you are not—nor, indeed, can be—as strong, or clean, or powerful, or intellectual as you ought to be, and God wants you to be; and it is wrong, positively wrong, to be a dwarf when you might be a giant. It is a crime to be a lazy, apathetic do-nothing when you ought to be a burning, fiery, flaming light. It is an actual sin to be tinkering on with a trumpety tack-hammer when you ought to be wielding the resistless force of a great steam sledge. So, after all, it is not a question of your conversion, of your being engaged in Christian work, as 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost?' Is your work being done with power? Are your influence and words and actions all clothed with power—the power of the Holy Ghost?

The condition upon which the Holy Spirit will enter and abide in a man's heart is that that heart shall be emptied of everything unlike himself.

Commandant Hebert Booth of Canada recently in one of his addresses very simply but forcibly illustrated the law of surrender by the piano which stood on the platform at his side.

It was a thing of wood and iron and bone, and a few pieces of ivory and steel, which had to be surrendered first into the hands of the manufacturer, who put them into shape and tune. Then the instrument was surrendered again unreservedly into the hands of the performer, and only when it was thus given up into his hands could this dead thing be used. But when once it was surrendered, and he was master of it, then at his bidding out rushes the flow of melody and sweetness and charm.

This law of surrender runs like a continuous golden thread throughout the whole spiritual realm. It is seen woven into the warp and woof of the history of every one of God's sons and daughters since the world began. Only when the entire being is placed absolutely and unreservedly in the hands of God does he take it and make it the medium of his divine energy and force. But, oh, how wonderful is the music that God can bring out of a fully surrendered instrument. Paganini played on one string, did he? Yes, but that strangely gifted man never produced such harmony out of his violin as the Divine Musician brings out of this poor, tumble-down, lop-sided, battered, torn, and wrecked human personality of ours.

To surrender is a painful thing. If you read these few lines in the same spirit as I write them, you will not get through them without deep heart searching, and probably much real mental anguish.

You want to know what are the antagonistic things in your case. There is only one way in which you can get this information, and that is by dealing directly with God himself upon the question. It would be absolute folly on my part to attempt to indicate particular things in your life that are hindrances to the filling with the precious Spirit. Of course actual sin—deliberate breaches of God's commandments—habits that are clearly infractions of Christ's express injunctions and precepts I need not specify—but these are probably not the particular things that are keeping the average Christian, and some Salvationists, from enjoying the baptism of power. The obstacles in their cases, are the doubtful, debatable, questionable things, and these you can best discover and appreciate by having the matter discussed and examined in company with the Spirit himself. He will make manifest the source of trouble to you far more clearly than any human friend, however wise or sympathetic he might be, could possibly do.