

as happy as you can. Take an interest in the business. Somebody is going to own it in twenty years. Perhaps you will. Anyhow, you own enough of it now to find it a fertile field for the investment of gentle and gracious influences.

Take care of your town's property. Do not walk on the boulevards. Do not throw paper on the streets. Keep your jack-knife off the bark of the shade trees. Keep your home lawn mowed and sprinkled, and the flowers weeded. Do your share to beautify it.

Take care of your town's reputation. When you go away to play lacrosse or football, or to a concert or carnival, you are not known by your own name, but as one of the bunch from X——. Onlookers will judge X—— by you. I remember, in the lacrosse circuit in which I was brought up, that every town was judged by the conduct of the boys who came out of it to play lacrosse. And the judgments thus made were not far wrong.

Now, I have started you thinking, I hope. You can puzzle the rest of it out for yourselves.

Halifax, N.S.

The Voice from Galilee

By Rev. Andrew Robertson, D.D.

This was the name given by the author to the Supplemental Hymn for this Quarter (Hymn 138, Book of Praise). It has long held a foremost place in the esteem of Christendom, and appears in almost every hymnal now in use. Horatius Bonar was a born singer. Those who knew him, cannot help contrasting his manner of speech with his manner of song. When he spoke, his sentences were usually brief,—striking like a hammer blow; in his song, there is a sweet, soft-flowing measure which is a constant surprise. But both in speech and in song he was ever true to the great cardinals of the faith, setting them forth with clearness and distinction. It is not too much to say, that the Voice from Galilee which he himself heard, he has caused to be heard all round the world.

There are three calls. The first call is to the weary. It would be an easy thing to set down the causes of the unrest which seems

to have smitten the world; just as easy to set down the evidences of this unrest; and no less easy to set down the wide-spread sway which it holds. Take these for granted. And then the wonder of the gospel breaks. There was but one among the Twelve who ever crept close enough into the affection of Jesus to rest upon His breast. That one was John; and we call him "the beloved disciple". Yet John's place is not for him alone. There is room for us. Some places have to be won by hard fighting; skill, craft, endurance must be exercised in the achievement. But this—the best of all—is to be had for the asking. Bunyan's "chamber of peace" is in "the bosom of our Lord", and the door is open to all true pilgrims.

The second call is to the thirsty. The gospel had need to say something to the fierce appetites and passions and desires which burn in the human heart like fire. The thirst for love, for power, for cleanliness. There is a sheer ferocity about these thirsts which sometimes fills the world with fear. You need only to read the story of every day in your newspaper to find it illustrated. Heathen sacrifices tell of the thirst for cleanliness, the world's battlefields tell of the thirst for power, and the poet's song tells of the thirst for love. The Voice from Galilee strikes through all that turmoil. "I freely give the living water." It is the divine grace. The best things, the essential things, are free. They are given, not won!

The third call is to the darkened. There are so many things that darken life. Death, sin, disappointment, defeat,—these are the things out of which darkness pours like an evil flood, till all life is buried in night. Yet these, after all, are not final. Victory has grown out of defeat; amplest satisfactions have followed disappointment; sin has been matched by grace; and death is swallowed up in life. Of course it does seem too good to be true! But the Voice from Galilee assures us. The evidence and the explanation are in Jesus. Dawn comes and day is not far when the face is turned to Him. He is the Sun, and you never see your shadow except when your back is to the light. "Turn ye. Why will ye die?"

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