

his piety, but his piety sanctified and regulated his business, he but grew to more commanding spiritual stature. The more his employments grew, the more his character was exercised and developed through them. What was the secret of it? Undoubtedly, that he did not allow his business to displace his devotions and the girding of his soul by spiritual communion with God. Witness his regular habits of prayer. The more business he had on hand, the more he had recourse to God, thus quickening his soul for its task.

It is not always so. Many persons permit the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches and honor to choke the action and growth of the spiritual. "In the world," they get entangled by too much love of it. Their vision is filled, their whole horizons are bounded by the desires and things of time and sense. In all such cases, diligence in business grows into worldly-mindedness; as the earthy rises, the spiritual sinks. There is a difference between a man's being in the world and the world's being in a man. A man gets into the eager chase for money, for instance, for money's sake, and as he grows to the riches of Dives outside, he grows as poor as a beggar in the inner life. Or, a man lets in on himself the canker of ambition, or a craving for pleasure; the more he gets honor or leisure, the more stifled and fainter comes the breathing of the neglected soul within. It is precisely the danger and fate Christ had in view when he warned against the choking power of the cares of this world if the spiritual life be not strongly rooted in God.

But it need not be thus with any of us. In the ordering of God, earthly employments are not designed to be burial places for souls, but opportunities for exercise and training in character—a spiritual gymnasium for the muscle and fiber of manhood climbing out of and upon these things into heavenly places. —Lutheran Observer.

IN PARTING WITH FRIENDS.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell
may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How can'st thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere
that tomorrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn
the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and
months to lagging years
Ere they have looked in loving eyes
again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears
and pain,
Therefore, lest sudden death should
come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure
firm
The hand of him who goeth forth.
Unseen, Fate goeth, too;
Yea, find thou always time to say some
earnest word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with these henceforth, night and
day,
Regret should walk.
—Coventry Patmore.

Von Bulow, the Chancellor of the Empire, in a recent speech declares that Germany is for peace. We all know that, remarks the Herald and Presbyter. The policy of Germany is to stir up as much trouble as possible among other nations, stopping just short of going to war herself. She has made great trouble in Morocco, and her course has cost the lives of many French soldiers, as well as of multitudes of the natives; but she has no intention of going to war with France. She is for peace.

The true cross of the Redeemer was the sin and sorrow of this world. That was what lay heavily on his heart.

A FEW EXPERIENCE.

It was near the hour of service at Blank street church. The bell, an importation from abroad, pealed musically. The doors of the massive stone edifice stood invitingly open, and the music of the great organ swelled and vibrated. Singly, by twos and threes, in carriage or afoot, the audience came. The congregation was composed of the moderately wealthy and of the different classes of wage earners with exception of the very poor. The millionaire and the man who had no reasonable expectation of tomorrow's dinner were alike absent.

Save for the opening and shutting of doors as the members passed on their way to their respective pews, the ushers were unemployed, so it chanced that a modest little person in shabby black entering the church gate was at a loss which to address, and let fate in a measure decide for her by asking the one nearest to how her a seat. Now this very natural request put the usher in a quandary, for his particular aisle, the centre, was by virtue of the view it afforded, the coolest, and therefore the one selected by the wealthiest and most fashionable members of the church. Having rented their respective pews they considered, not without reason, that this entitled them to their exclusive use, and they took various ways of showing their resentment and indignation in the rare instances when an unfortunate stranger had been placed there. There were, it is true, hospitable members who considered that their consecration to God included their church pews, and who held them, like their houses, at the service of the Master.

Not a desirable pew on this usher's aisle remained unrented. He had but little experience, having been lately appointed to the position, and he possessed the courage of his convictions. Up the aisle he escorted the lady to a place where she could both see and hear.

"Jack, where in the name of common sense did you put that woman?" demanded a companion energetically on his return.

"Number twenty-three, I think," responded Jack carelessly. The other whistled.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter enough! I don't you know that Stanley's seat!"

"Well!"

"Well, you'd better get her out again."

"Not if not for a church full of Stanley's."

Then the head usher came hurrying out, a worried look on his face.

"There's someone in Stanley's pew," he said. "Won't one of you fellows show her another seat before they get here?"

"Jack put her in," explained the other usher. "It's up to him to get her out." The head usher turned inquiringly to him.

"Am I to turn people away?" asked Jack, hotly. "There's not a seat unrented on my aisle, except the two last, where they can't see or hear anything."

"There are the side seats," hesitatingly said the head usher.

"Oh, I understand, to the next person that asks for a seat I'll say, 'the pews in this aisle are reserved for superior people, please walk over to the side and the usher will show you a seat better fitting your station!'"

"Stanley pays nearly one-quarter of the salary," explained the head usher, "and we have to humor him. The church can't well get along without him."

"Is it Stanley's church or the Lord's?" inquired Jack. "Because I should think that if it's the Lord's, he would be able to take care of it even if Stanley did leave."

The expression on the other ushers' faces caused him to stop suddenly, as a very pretty girl entered the church door in company with a slender, stately woman and hook-nosed, gray haired man.

"Now it's too late," said the head usher when they had passed out of hearing. "I'm sorry for that woman."

"You don't mean —?" questioned Jack.

"That they'll turn her out," interrupted the other usher. "They will, or else make her so uncomfortable that she'll wish she was miles away."

"I didn't once think of that," exclaimed Jack in consternation. "I —" He stopped, for out through the door from the middle aisle came the shabby little woman. Her face was white, her eyes flashed, while her lips were one thin straight line. Jack hurried forward.

"I ask your pardon for placing you where I did," he said. "I am new at the business, and I did not know that there were such people in the church. May I show you a seat where I know you'll be welcome?"

"No, thank you," she answered. Then more gently, "It was not your fault. You made the same mistake that I did in thinking that the Lord's people would be welcome in his house." Then she was gone.

CURRENT LITERATURE FOR OCTOBER.

Current Literature for October achieves what newspaper men would call a "scoop" in presenting to its readers the first account that has appeared in any magazine of Charles Dickens's letters to his first love. They are of prime importance, whether regarded as literary or biographical material, and will be read with deep interest throughout the English-speaking world. This article on Dickens is only one of many engrossing features of the new issue of Current Literature. There is the usual brilliant "Review of the World," covering all the latest and most important political developments at home and abroad. The editor remarks that this is the "most saccharine" of all presidential campaigns in the memory of living voters, and points out that the nearest approach to a "dominant issue" is Mr. Bryan's plea for a federal guarantee of bank deposits. The "Campaign Chauffeurs of 1908"—Frank H. Hitchcock and Norman E. Mack—are treated in vivid personal sketches, and articles are devoted to Mu'at Hafid, the new Sultan of Morocco, and to President Castro, of Venezuela. Tolstoy's eightieth birthday lends timeliness to a discussion of "What Tolstoy Means to America." The art figure treated this month is Henry O. Tanner, an Afro-American painter, who has become famous in Paris. The renaissance of interest in spiritualism is covered in a lengthy article, "Has Spiritualism Made Good Its Claims?" There are also religious articles bearing on "The Alleged Decay of Responsibility in America," and "The Present Status of the Modernist Controversy." In the Music and Drama department the rival productions of "The Devil" and "The Vulgarization of Salome" are described. The Science department gives first place to an illustrated account of the Wright aeroplane. The story of the month is by John Glasworthy, a new English writer who is hailed as an author with a big future.

Bishop Tugwell, of West Africa, says that in seven years the imports of rum and gin in Southern Nigeria have increased from 2,500,000 gallons per year to 4,000,000 gallons, giving an increase of revenue of nearly half a million dollars, while the revenue from cotton, salt, linen and foods has largely decreased. The traffic is rapidly spreading into North Nigeria. Christian Africans who sell liquor are not admitted to the communion.

I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify, to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God all our privacies are open—Anon.