

There is a notable passage on such commonplace things as "Doors," suggested, of course, by "I am the Door." Then, under "The Credentials Offered by Jesus" (The Proof of His Life Method), occur these sentences, which may have a message for many souls:

"In the region of the great things success is never won by short cuts. How has the world ever been won to any true advance? Not by hasty popular movements, nor by public demonstrations, nor by crowds and huzzas; ever by patient, largely secret labour, with frequent experience of failure, but with a fortitude which has arisen after each failure and begun again; shame and disrepute have not been absent, and successes have been visible only to the eye which saw very far."

Towards the close of this portion of the book the writer has some passages which may appeal to doubting and perplexed souls: this for example:

"Men must discern. Discernment is not easy. It was not meant to be easy. It was intended to draw into intense seriousness every power of our nature. It is a large part of the discipline of our life. No man or woman is justified in shirking the question of Jesus' truth; our faith is not our own until we have made it our own."

We unhesitatingly commend this modest, but thought-compelling and satisfying book to the attention of all our readers who have an interest in Christian literature and mind and heart growth Christwards.

—D. A. C.

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Making Life a Success

One is surprised to find so little in the Bible about success. It does not say: "Well done, good and successful servant," but it does say: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Fidelity to duty, loyalty to principle are the conditions for true plaudits at the end.

"I sing the hymn of the conquered who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at; who stood at the
dying of day
With the work of their life around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone;
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith
overthrown."

—E. C. Schaeffer, D.D.