

## Finding the Way of Duty

REV. G. ERNEST THORN.

IT is a national characteristic to be proud of the country's heroes. Their statues are seen in our public places, begrimed with smoke, they may be, but on anniversary days we make a pilgrimage to the spot. Sometimes we deck the base of the column with floral emblems. We say in effect to Nelson what France says in the Place de la Concorde to Strasbourg, "We love thee still." But it is well for us to remember sometimes that we have other heroes who should live in the land of our memory. Sometimes we let their monuments speak to us; more often we do not.

A young man was walking through an East End slum, and as he passed a little public-house, known as the Rising Sun, a poor woman, with two or three children dragging at her skirts, pushed open the swing-doors, and cried to someone inside, "Oh, Tom, do give me some money! The children are crying for bread!" The man came through the doorway; the only response he made was to knock the woman into the gutter. The young man caught sight of a word over the public-house portals; it was the word "Charrington," and in a flash he realised that he was a party to this brutality, and, to use his own words, he said to himself, referring to the brute who had maltreated his wife, "Well, you have knocked your poor wife down, and with the same blow you have knocked me out of the brewery business."

That young man—Frederick Nicholas Charrington—went out from the warmth of wealth and social position to face the bitter blasts of merciless opposition and misunderstanding.

A hundred years ago, on March 19th, a lad was born at Biantyre, on the Clyde. His name was David Livingstone. In that day the map of Africa was well-nigh a blank, and the conditions of the world to use Livingstone's own historic phrase—was "the open sore of the world." Today civilization has penetrated those unknown regions; but the path-finder was this man, who willingly passed by offers which would have brought him ease and comparative affluence by replying, "I could only feel the way of duty by working as a missionary." Those who know the story best of Linyanti, Loanda, and the Zambesi will accord him his true place in the roll of British heroesism.

Stories such as these should lead us to exclaim with open-hearted admiration, "I, too, would be a hero," and thus use the language of the gallant, one-eyed, one-armed man whose statue stands high above the plinth in Trafalgar Square.

Might it not be well sometimes to tell the rising generation of Tamate, of New Guinea? In other words, of Chalmers, the undaunted explorer of a region given over to cannibalism, whose motto, as he went into these regions where presently he and his heroic companion, Oliver Tompkins, were to lose their lives was, "I place no teacher where I have not first lived myself, and where I should be unwilling to live frequently." Surely parents might call their children around them and tell them this tale of heroism!

And so we might tell of Carey, and Mackay of Uganda, and Luther, and Knox. And much might be told of the men—and women too—whose names are worthy of ranking side by side with those of explorers and the fighting-men like Nelson, and Wellington, and the hero of Mafeking. And the list might be increased by the addition of the heroes of

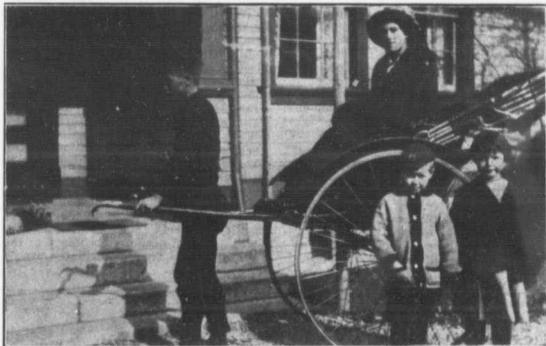
science. Or we might tell the story of the band of men and women who, on July 2nd, 1620, set sail for a new world because they had not freedom to worship here.

Were they heroes? Ay, and of the highest kind! And then our thoughts naturally go back over the centuries to a little place called Verena, where, soon after the time of Jesus, there was the largest arena of its kind. Not less than forty galleries rose one above the other. Here the people assembled to see races, gladiatorial contests, fighting of men with beasts. In every contest there would be the hush of expectancy, the looking down into the arena, the crowning of the victor.

On one occasion a man, small in stature, bent with age, insignificant in

## Reaching the Masses

Some years ago I was present at a meeting in the North of England. A very familiar topic was being discussed—"How Shall We Reach the Masses?" Many suggestions were made, old and new. The meeting became quite enthusiastic in the discussion of plans by which alienated people might be redeemed. We were like a company of fishermen discussing different waters, and the fish, and the particular flies by which they could be caught! When the conversation had gone on a considerable time an old minister rose and said, "Brethren, we have now been discussing for an hour and a half how to reach the masses. I propose we now go out and reach them!" The conversation abruptly ended, and the large company went out into the market-place and held a service in the open air. The old minister preached a short sermon, taking for



THE HORSELESS CHAIRIAGE OF JAPAN.

Amateur photograph. Negative from Rev. G. S. Patterson, Tokyo.

appearance, emerged, and through the iron door on the other side there came a lion, half starved. The man was Paul. Brave enough to fight with beasts at Ephesus, brave enough to give up position and honour for the sake of Jesus of Nazareth!

How long the list would grow, and how great its charm would be, could we continue it! But these of whom we speak have left us not alone the record of their heroism, but also the consciousness that we, too, can follow in their footsteps. It will not be given to all to stand upon the bridge of a battleship, to hold a citadel against an invading army, to penetrate to the frozen fastnesses of an inhospitable region; but it may be the lot of each to do their own part in the world's uplifting, to go like the slum-sisters into desolate homes and make them bright, to follow the gleam of Him for Whom earth could only provide a cross, and at last to meet Him, and hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"—*Sunday Companion*.

## The Queen City of Ontario

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his text, "Zacheus, come down, for today I must abide at thy house." And the masses were reached!

Is not this incident significant of much of our experience? We spend overmuch time in considering plans. We interest ourselves in the study of means, and we do not spend enough time in practically serving the ends. We discuss the flies, but we don't fish! We talk about the masses, but we don't go out to reach them! What we want is more venture—more enterprise, and more sterling confidence in the immediate presence of Christ. Of course, we are not to be thoughtless in our work. We are not to rush at it heedlessly, and make our judgment blind. But we must not spend our life in making plans.

There comes a time when thinking must give place to acting. We must make up our minds and venture upon them. Life must be spent in merely hearing evidence. We must register verdicts, and carry them out. Henry Drummond used to tell young men to think to a decision, and then surrender the life to it. And so I would ask my readers not to waste their life in the crusade of groping, but to heroically venture on some magnificent enterprise for Christ.—*Sunday Companion*.

Do not be content with following good advice; catch up with it.—*The Youth's Companion*.

We only become correct by correcting.—*Joubert*.