

which God is the great Instructor. He was a leader in the University Young Men's Christian Association, and conducted weekly prayer meetings in the college hospital. At last he graduated, and was again president of his class of three hundred students, and editor of the university publication.

A few days before graduation Push sent Lift the following letter:

Dear Lift: You know I graduated this week. I find that for two hundred dollars I can finish my studies here in literature and languages, in a post-graduate course. What about it?

Your loving brother, Push.

He received this reply:

Dear Push: Take the post-graduate course. Don't you come home till you get all the literature and languages which that institution can crowd through your skin. Still have my job. Got a raise, too. Get \$4.50 a week now. You stick.

Your brother, Lift.

Push 'stuck.' He completed the post-graduate course and received his degree, and the faculty made him university librarian at a thousand dollars a year. However, he was still unsatisfied. He wanted to be a missionary. He was a good linguist, and wanted to do God's work in the foreign settlements, and among the newsboys of some of our great cities.

But God had other fields of usefulness for Push. One day the Governor of the State said to the president of the Crown Point University: 'We want a man for a special mission. He must be an expert linguist and possess other essentials of mind and heart to qualify him for the position. Pick out your man, and send him to the capitol for instructions.' In a few days Push was at the capitol getting 'instructions.' He was appointed to represent his State at the 'Universal Exposition.'

A few weeks after the exposition closed the President of the United States said to the Governor of the State: 'The government wants a man from your State University to go on a special mission to China. He must be an expert linguist, and possess other qualities to fit him for an arduous position. Pick out your man and send him to Washington.' In a few days Lift received the following letter:

Dear Lift: I am asked by the Governor to go to Washington to get instructions for position as interpreter at the United States legation at Peking, China. What about it? Shall I go?

Your loving brother, Push.

Here is Lift's reply:

Dear Push: Yes; go on to Washington. That's your missionary opening. It's the call of God. Wire acceptance, and go at once.

Your brother, Lift.

Push was soon at the office of the Secretary of State, receiving instructions. One day in autumn he left Chicago, westward bound. At the Union Station he was handed this message:

God be with you till we meet again, in earth or heaven.

Lift.

Could you have seen the government transport which sailed out of the Golden Gate a few days later, somewhere on deck you would have observed Push, looking over the broad Pacific toward that country where he is trying to extend the kingdom of God to-day. If his mission in China were merely an official one, I never would have told you his story. But he will be there a real missionary of God in spirit and in service. Even now, in addition to his regular work, he is assisting in

translating the International Sunday School Lessons into the Chinese language.

And what of Lift? He is an honest member of the Church in a certain inland town, and is none the less loved because he serves in the valley while his brother lifts the standard on the heights.

History proves by a thousand witnesses that the sons of poverty, coming up through the pathways of a humble life, are the people whom God is using to move the world. It looks like a long and tedious journey from the dry goods box in the alley to the imperial court of China, but 'with God all things are possible.'

'A Failure.'

He cast his net at morn, when the fishers toiled,

At eve he drew it empty to the shore;

He took the diver's plunge into the sea,

But thence within his hand no pearls he bore.

He ran a race, but never reached his goal;

He sped his arrow, but he missed his aim,

And slept at last beneath a simple stone

With no achievement carved about his name.

Men called it failure; but for my own part.

I dare not use that word, for what if heaven

Shall question, ere its judgment shall be read,

Not 'hast thou won,' but only 'hast thou striven?'

—Kate Tucker Goode.

Friendly and Loyal Hands.

The friendly hand is a beautiful hand. The shy young man who had slipped into church that Sunday morning did not smile because the woman extended him a hand that was white and comely, for it was not. It was the work-stained hand of a mother in Israel, who ministered to a large family. The boy smiled because it was the first hand held out to him in his loneliness. He caught it gratefully, and he clung to it so hard that the good mother was moved to ask him home to dinner. It was that hand, beautiful in its friendliness, hospitality equally beautiful in its simplicity, which saved that stranger boy, and made him feel that the church held more attraction for him than anything else possibly could.

It seemed such a little thing to raise the hand in the Christian Endeavor meeting, that evening, when the leader called for that kind of testimony, but one girl kept her hand in her lap. Then the girl behind kept her hand down, too, and that week she forgot to pray as often as usual. By little and little she left off reading her Bible. Her interest in the meetings began to wane; she even came to question the good of going to church at all. She decided, finally, that she could get along very well without God. All because one girl thought it was too small a thing to do for Jesus—just to put up a loyal hand for him.—'Wellspring.'

The Beautiful Will of God.

'I'm afraid of it,' the girl cried. 'God's will means such terribly hard things! Just think of the things good people have to bear! When I get to thinking about it sometimes it seems as if I can't stand it another minute. I know I shall shock you, but I'm going to tell you the truth. I don't want God's will for me; I'd rather go without the blessing than to have to suffer so to win it!'

The older woman did not look shocked; she only laid her cool, quieting fingers on the girl's

nervous ones and smiled down into the excited face.

'Do you love your little sister?' she asked.

'Oh, Miss Tremont!' the girl cried reproachfully. And she added with a little catch in her voice, 'I don't believe that I could live without Allie.'

'Yet you have to punish her sometimes, just to teach her things—you've told me about it. Does she love you less for that?'

The girl's sensitive mouth quivered. 'No,' she answered, 'no matter how I punish her, she wants to keep close beside me; the worst thing that I can ever do is to go away and leave her. It hurts so to have to refuse her anything!'

'Could you bear it,' the friend asked softly, 'to have Allie remember only the times that you punish her or deny her things? To have her ignore all your care for her—all the little surprises and glad meeting of her baby wishes—all the love and thought with which you fill each day for her, and think of you only as one who put hard things into her life? Why, it would break your heart to have her so slight your love! Child, child, don't you understand? Don't you see how you are grieving the dear Christ whose will for you has been—Allie?'

'Is it that way?' the girl cried in a hushed voice. 'Oh, Miss Tremont, I didn't understand—I didn't think that it was so!'

'It is just "so,"' Miss Tremont answered. 'If I were you and afraid of God's will, I would do this, dear. Every time that I held Allie, and felt her little hands on my face, I would say to myself, "This is God's beautiful will for me." Every time that any friend made my day glad or the joy of life was strong in me, I would say to myself, "It is God's will." Every happy surprise that comes, every sweet, unexpected granting of a secret wish, every rich accomplishment, I would name to myself God's will. When you have done that for a little while you will understand David's cry of gratitude. "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them they are more in number than the sand." You will begin to understand that in all the universe there is nothing so wonderful and rich and satisfying as God's will; you will call it then by its true name whose meaning Allie has taught you; you will know that the beautiful will of God is love.'

The girl looked up at her friend, but the fear had left her eyes.

'Thank you,' she said, and her voice was full of a solemn gladness. She was going home to Allie—God's will for her.

Teach This to the Children.

Just to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through!
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song.
Whether the hour is dark or bright;
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in His promise ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key;
This is God's will for you and for me.
—Selected.

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