

### SHINING FOR JESUS.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?  
 Shining just everywhere,  
 Not only in easy places,  
 Not only just here and there?  
 Shining in happy gatherings,  
 Where all are loved and known?  
 Shining where all are strangers?  
 Shining when quite alone?  
 Shining at home, and making  
 True sunshine all around?  
 Shining abroad, and faithful—  
 Perhaps, among faithless—found?

*Francis Ridley Havergal.*

### "HAMLIN, THE BAKER."

The Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, was the first man to establish a steam flour-mill and bakery in Turkey. In spite of the opposition of the whole guild of bakers the enterprise was highly successful, for the reason that Mr. Hamlin sold good bread always above weight.

During the Crimean war Lord Raglan established his military hospital in the Selimieh barracks at Scutari. One day Mr. Hamlin was asked by an orderly to call upon Doctor Mapleton at the hospital. After some demur he did so. As he entered the doctor asked brusquely, without salutation:

"Are you Hamlin, the baker?"

"No, sir, I am the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, a missionary."

"That is just about as correct as anything I get in this country. I send for a baker, and I get a missionary."

There happened to be two loaves of bread on the table, and Mr. Hamlin said:

"I presume it is bread you want, and you don't care whether it comes from a heathen or a missionary."

"Exactly so," answered the doctor.

After some sparring between the missionary and the officer, Mr. Hamlin agreed to furnish bread for hospital use, and taking up the printed contract to do this, in order to sign it, noticed that it said, "To deliver bread every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such other

hours as may be agreed upon." Doctor Hamlin paused a moment and then said:

"It will be necessary to insert in this contract the words, 'except Sabbath,' after the word 'morning.' The bread can be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset."

"The laws of war do not regard Sabbath," replied the agent of the English government, curtly. "I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract."

"Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business."

To the hospital this refusal meant the loss of fresh food, to the missionary a loss of hundreds of dollars for the cause for which the good missionary had given his life. Nevertheless, he did not flinch, so the other had to give way.

"The chief purveyor," said the doctor, after a pause, "is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that." So Mr. Hamlin furnished bread on his own conditions.

Later a large camp of the English army was formed at Hyder Pasha, and again Mr. Hamlin was engaged to supply bread at a rate of twelve thousand pounds a day.

The first delivery at the camp was dramatic. The soldiers were waiting impatiently to receive it. They seized the loaves ravenously and tasted them. Then the bread was hurled high in the air, and the joyful cry rang through the ranks:

"Hooray for good English bread!"

The provost of the camp was overbearing and rude, and some trouble was anticipated over the double Saturday delivery. On the first Saturday at sunset Mr. Hamlin, preceding the long line of carts, saluted the provost and said:

"As it is Saturday, I deliver the supply of bread for Sabbath; as at the hospital, so at the camp."

This was met with a volley of oaths, and the order to take the bread back and deliver it in the morning. Mr. Hamlin, unheeding the order, left the bread, and departed quietly. To the missionary's astonishment, the next Saturday morning the provost wrote on the receipt, "Remember the double Saturday delivery."

This illustrates a fact which is noteworthy—that it is rarely the case, where a man stands conscientiously firm to right principles, that he will meet obstacles to prevent his carrying them out in any enterprise in which he may be engaged.—*Youth's Companion*.