

come next, I sat reading and re-reading my menu-card until my mouth watered in anticipation of the good things that were in store for me—if I only persevered. Next time the waiter attempted to pass me I caught hold of his white coat and said: "See here, waiter; I'm starving, can't you give me something more substantial than dishes and napkins? Do, like a good fellow!" "Yes, sah; yes, sah; very sorry, sah; hab no bread, no meat, till we get to the Forks, sah". And he was about to pass on, but I still detained him. "Well, give me some fruit, or anything else you like, to take the edge off my appetite", I said. He nodded assent and then went after some dishes at the other end of the car. Finally I got hold of a nutmeg melon; then bye and bye, an excellent breakfast, that carried me over nicely until the evening. Rev. Mr. Smith during this anxious period, had been talking continuously. Among other things, he told me that he was an Englishman by birth, an American by naturalization, an Episcopalian by training, a Methodist by conversion, a Baptist by profession, and now was Pastor of a flourishing Baptist congregation in Springville. He was a great friend of Christian Endeavor and had a successful society in his church. He told me that on the day preceding (July 8th) the Baptists in convention at Chicago, had formed a young people's society somewhat on the plan of the Methodist Epworth League, and called it "The Baptist Young People's Society of America and Canada". Personally, he was not in favor of sectarian societies, yet he did not think that this new society would tend to withdraw any from Christian Endeavor work, while it would lay hold of some who were not thus interested. He asked me many questions about Canada: whether we desired annexation or closer relationship with the States, and who our Governor-General was, now that Sir John McDonald was dead.

We had a charming open-air service at Altoona. There were about five hundred Endeavorers gathered together, most of them Pennsylvanians, and as their train drew out ahead of ours, we joined in singing "Blest be the tie that binds", amid a sea of floating handkerchiefs. Soon we crossed the broad Mississippi, pulled up along side of the famous Falls of St. Anthony, and at 3:30 P. M. steamed into the Union Depot at Minneapolis.

We sow the seed, and we may reap  
The harvest flower,  
But God alone can watch and keep;  
Lo! when our eyelids droop in sleep  
He sends the shower.—*Youth's Companion.*

## "One thing Thou Lackest."

Luke XVIII: 18-23.

"Master", said one of old, "I have an inward strife  
To know what I must do to gain eternal life.  
Canst thou this problem solve, this mystery define?  
Canst thou speak words to calm this troubled heart of mine?"  
"Thou knowest what Moses said", our Saviour made reply:  
"If thou dost His commandments keep, surely thou canst not die".

"These laws, good sir, I've kept from earliest years till now,  
No murder, witness false, or fraud, cause me an aching brow;  
And yet I feel a void these laws can never fill—  
A void, a troubled heart, a conscience never still.  
I ask: what must I do, this blessing to obtain?  
For I desire to please my God and life eternal gain."  
The tender heart of Christ with deepest pity yearns,  
He looks with look of love, then toward him gently turns,—  
"Young man, thou lackest one thing, whate'er thou hast go sell  
And give unto the poor, so shall thy soul be well.  
For this I'll give to thee the richest heavenly treasure,  
And that in large degree, and infinite in measure;  
Thy cross thou must take up, and daily follow me,  
Or thou canst not secure a blest eternity".  
The young man turned away, sad, and in great depression;  
His grief was deep indeed, for he had great possession.  
The price to him was high—too high for him to pay;  
He loved too much the things of earth—riches that fly away:  
He loved gold more than God; he lacked in this 'one thing';  
And 'one thing lacking', solemn thought may sadden ruin bring.  
And, yet, alas! how few reflect upon the thought  
That earthly things, however great, may be too dearly bought.  
Then prize not Gold too high, but faithful stewards be,  
For to our God all things belong, in air, or earth, or sea.  
The gold and silver, all are His, the cattle and the land.  
And every comfort that we have comes from His bounteous hand.  
Then yield what Christ demands, His claims are always just,  
And if His ways we cannot trace, believe and pray and trust.

—G. W. ARMSTRONG.

London, Ont.

## Only Second Best.

WHAT shall we say of second best?  
Is it something to be despised?  
One who was animated with an ideal far beyond his ability to achieve might think so, but such is not the verdict of those who are wise and good. It is quite possible to think too much about being first. If we have done the best we can, that should be well enough; and we should be content and be ever ready and willing to try again. There is no doubt that the world has lost much of what was only second rate, because those who were not equal to first quality were not willing to do anything. Those who are influenced thus are not wise. Who would claim that it was presumptuous to venture to paint in a world where have lived the renowned masters of fine art? The experience of one who lived in the past will serve to illustrate this point.