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The sin of a man just committed to the county jail on the serious, proven charge of bigamy, having wrought a cruel wrong not only to the woman he deceived, but to the baby boy who will have to grow up into manhood under the cloud of illegitimacy, was being discussed in the hearing of the deserted woman's little brother, a bright young messenger boy of the C. P. R. :

"Aw, but he won't know anything about that," said little Sydney Porter. "I joined the Boy Scouts last night, and I read in their laws that we must do what we can for others. And so I made up my mind that my sister's baby won't never know anything about who his father was. I won't be a daddy to him, but I'll be his big brother."

Here is another Boy Scout incident: "Thank you, but I can't take it. I wouldn't be a true Boy Scout if I took money for a service to a lady." This is the spirit which the Boy Scout movement is instilling into London's "men of to-morrow," as shown by an occurrence on Oxford St., Thursday. A lady who had been confined to the house by sickness desired to post two letters. Seeing a boy passing the house, she called to him, and offered him five cents to post them. But the little fellow refused to take the money, although he gladly offered to go out of his way to carry the letters to the post office.—[Free Press, 28th January, 1911.

My third reference is also from one of our London-daily papers, and relates to the holding of a very interesting gathering on January 28th of the Boy Scouts of the city, when Scoutmaster Simpson Parkinson was presented with a Scout's silver medal for his bravery in rescuing a young lady from drowning at Port Stanley last summer. Mayor Beattie, Sheriff Cameron, Mr. G. N. Weekes, of the School Board; Secretary Loveday, of the St. John's Ambulance Association, spoke in the highest terms of the Scout Movement, as "Training boys to true manhood, and expressing the conviction that when the men of to-day had passed away, Canada would be safe in the hands of those who are the Boy Scouts now in training to take up the duties they had laid down. Citizens turned out all along the route to see the lads in their picturesque uniform, and also to watch their excellent exhibition of signalling, demonstrations of first-aid work, including resuscitation from drowning, the improvising of a stretcher, the treating of a broken arm or leg, or fractured skull, what to do in cases of epilepsy and fainting, etc.

Before dismissal, Col. Hodgins, D. O. C., spoke at some length to the Scouts on their work, their obligations and duties to God, their country, and the Empire.

"Let your duty to the Empire be first and foremost with you, and always try to do something good for your fellowmen, and live clean and noble lives. Life is made up of little things, and the little daily worries are more trouble than the big things of life. Always be ready to perform little acts of kindness."

With these words, as being perhaps the most impressive of all spoken on this memorable occasion, and giving, as it were, in a nutshell, the true aims and objects of this grand educational effort on behalf of our Canadian boys, I will close my little article to-day. H. A. B.

Death.

The death-change comes. Death is another life. We bow our heads At going out, we think, and enter straight Another golden chamber of the King's Larger than this we leave, and lovelier. And then in shadowy glimpses, disconnected, The story, flower-like, closes thus its leaves. The will of God is all in all. He makes, Destroys, remakes, for His own pleasure all. —Bailey.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Let Your Light Shine.

Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—S. Matt. v.: 14, 16.

If there is power in me to help, It goeth forth beyond the present will, Clothing itself in very common deeds Of any humble day's necessity. —Macdonald.

The Sermon on the Mount is very high in its requirements, yet it is there that we are commanded to let our light shine "before men." It is Christ who says, to those who want to obey Him and to climb after His sublime ideals, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works." Well, are we not very willing to let men see our good works? Are we not particular about our work when we know it will be noticed by other men and women, and inclined to be careless or neglectful when only God will see? But we must not cut the sentence in two pieces and leave out the living soul of Christ's command. We are not told to let our light shine before men in order that they may praise and admire us. The motive underlying each day's actions must be the desire to glorify our Father which is in heaven. Is that the chief object of our good works? Are we doing home work or church work or social work with the secret desire of making people think we are industrious and good, clever and capable? Then we are trying to let our

filled up the interval by dipping into a magazine that was lying at my elbow. It described the life of Doctor Grenfell in Labrador. It pictured him as the helper of 30,000 people, ready to turn out over the ice and go perhaps 60 miles to visit a patient. Once he tried a short cut, and was adrift for a day or two on a piece of ice as big as a dining-table. He is a hero, living a life of daring self-sacrifice, ministering to the sick, holding services whenever it is possible, fitting out hospitals and looking after them, pouring himself out joyously in splendid service to the poor fisher-folk who are so dear to him.

Though we may feel such good works to be far out of reach, we can catch the inspiration of that strenuous life, remembering that it is the spirit in which the works are done that makes them of value. St. Paul warns us that it is possible to give all one's goods to feed the poor, and yet it "profiteth nothing" without love. Doctor Grenfell is working for love's sake—the love of God and his needy people—therefore, men see his good works and glorify God. When they see the constraining power of his Christianity, they want to be Christians too, and so he helps thousands of people without knowing anything of their existence. They see his light shining, and turn their eyes up to the Light of the world, the Master whose service is Doctor Grenfell's greatest joy.

Then we can be inspired by the good works of another man who has fought a good fight and finished his course triumphantly—Mr. John S. Huyler. He was not only rich in name, but in deepest truth—for he was rich in good works. His private secretary declared that in one year 17,000 men and women had sought



"Jolly Little Dogs Are We."

light so shine before men that they may walk in the light of our little candle instead of looking up to the Sun of Righteousness.

The motive which inspires anyone is the matter of vital importance. Though we find, again and again, that the gifts of service, which look all right on the outside, are only outward signs of our desire to win praise for ourselves, let us ask the King to accept them and purify them from the dross of conceit and selfishness. Perhaps He can find one grain of real love, by careful examination; and we can joyfully ask Him to accept that, to forgive the baseness of our good deeds, and to help us to improve. We don't want to be like the Pharisees, whose lives were declared by the clear-eyed Master to be like white-washed tombs—beautiful on the outside, but loathsome inwardly.

But the command still stands good, the disciple of Christ must shed forth constantly the light of good works. It will bring shame on the profession of a Christian—shame on the Great Name he wears on his brow—if he lives in easy, luxurious selfishness.

Some lives are so magnificent in their good works that they are almost discouraging. We feel that it is impossible for us to do such glorious deeds. Yesterday I was waiting for someone, and

his help, and few of them had failed to get it. One of his saleswomen sent a letter to the "New York Times" in which she mentioned "a few of the manifold kindnesses and thoughtfulness of this great and good man to his employees." The kindness first mentioned was: "He was never too busy to have a cheerful 'Good morning,' and a kind and encouraging word for the humblest of his people." This "good work" is certainly within the reach of everyone. Mr. Huyler provided coffee and sandwiches for the poor men who crowded into the Water-street Mission, night after night; but that was a very easy thing for a rich man to do, so he gave himself with his gifts, which was far nobler. Rev. J. B. Devins describes his first meeting with this merchant prince in that very mission: "'Brother Huyler, just speak to that man,' said the leader, and sitting beside the prodigal, his hand on the dirty shoulder of the outcast, Mr. Huyler talked with him in a tone of great tenderness . . . and finally the two men knelt in prayer, the arm of the man of God over the shoulder of the one 'coming home.'"

He was a humble follower of One Who was called a friend of publicans and sinners, and his affectionate personal sympathy did more to raise them from lives of degradation and misery than his gen-

erous gifts of money. He wanted other people to be good, he did not take pleasure in hearing bits of gossip about their faults, or in "passing along" the stories of sin that he heard.

We may not be able to help others with large gifts of money—though most of us could give far more money to charity than we do, if we honestly cared for our suffering brothers—but we can give real love and sympathy. Our Master did not give large subscriptions to the poor, He gave Himself—a far grander and harder thing, and yet one possible to each of us. Good deeds done for self-glorification cannot be accepted by God, even if they are offered to Him, and men are little impressed by them. They may glitter in the torch-light of forced publicity, but they look worthless in the sunlight of God's Presence. As Lord Chesterfield declares: "Tinsel may impose upon one for a short time, but sterling coin alone will always and everywhere pass current." Have I discouraged you by telling you about some of the work done for God and man, which makes your efforts seem too small to have any great value? Then try to look at things through God's eyes. He measures lives more by inside than outside measurement. It is the motive which makes an act precious or worthless, and the good works which He values are those which are according to His will. A man who despises the duty God has plainly placed before him, who leaves it undone in order to devote his life to some work which seems grander, is a deserter instead of a hero, no matter how the world may admire him. We constantly need to be reminded of the splendor of those quiet years of commonplace work in the carpenter shop of Nazareth, the years which gave great joy to God and the angels. From the age of twelve until thirty, the life of the one perfect Man was unknown to the outside world. Those hidden years were years of beautiful living, and very dear to the Father. Are we giving Him any beautiful years to be treasured in His Heart? Have we any happy secrets with God, any lovely deeds which are only known to Him?

Let us be practical in our Christianity, climbing by every-day effort a little nearer perfection. Do you smile when you feel like frowning, or speak cheerily when things seem to be all "at sixes and sevens"? Then it will be a little easier to let your light shine to-morrow. Have you remembered three or four times to-day that Christ is close beside you, to strengthen you in temptation, to care for you in sorrow or pain, to fill you with joy and peace? Then it will be easier to lift up your eyes to Him six or seven times to-morrow. If you have to-day refused to worry, leaving your large or small cares trustfully in God's keeping, then to-morrow you will find it easier to say with all your heart: "Not my will but Thine be done." Practice leads on towards perfection as certainly in the spiritual life as in worldly business. There is no other way of growing in the likeness of God than by steady, persistent, prayerful effort.

"Souls are built as temples are—

Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar."

DORA FARNCOMB.

On Thinking Glad.

Never mind a change of scene—
Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
Worry gone completely.
Get the habit of looking for
Sunbeams prouetting,
Tapping gaily at your door—
Surest cure for fretting.

—John Kendrick Bangs.