

The Upward Look

Our Treasures—Where are They?

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.—Matt. 6: 19-21.

These words are part of that wonderful sermon which Christ preached on the Mount almost two thousand years ago, and yet they have not been forgotten, but are as fresh and full of meaning to-day as they were at the time of Christ. And we should let these words sink down deep into our hearts to-day just as His followers did. In fact, we sometimes think that in this rushing, bustling life that we live, there is more to tempt us to lay up treasures for ourselves upon earth instead of in heaven, than there was in olden days when Christ lived on earth. And it is an easy matter to deceive ourselves in the laying up of treasures in heaven when we give to the poor or to those in the foreign field or in various ways that we may give of our means and

time. But does it not depend altogether on the motive from which we perform these acts? If we are doing them to be seen of men and to receive their praise and commendation are we not laying up treasures on earth. We read in Matt. 6:1, that Jesus says: "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven."

We have recently read a synopsis of Henry Van Dyke's late book, "The Mansion," and will touch upon it briefly, as it fits in nicely with our discussion of these verses. "This book describes a man who had spent his life in busily laying up treasure on earth; while all the time he imagined he was laying up treasure in heaven. His life was crowded with deeds that seemed to himself to be good, and he admired himself so much that he naturally thought God would admire him, too. He indulged in no vices—nothing that could open his eyes to his own sinfulness was allowed any place in his life. He was a rich man, and gave liberally to many charities, but each gift was really a gift to himself—an investment for his own benefit. He was always looking out for the return to himself of any bread which he cast upon the waters. Nothing bestowed in 'charity' was to be considered to be wasted if it redounded to his own credit, but he was doubtful about money given to foreign missions, because, he said, 'you never

hear from it in any definite way.' He did not dream of putting any money into God's hand, for Him to use for the spread of Christianity—he had no confidence that funds committed to God's care were in safe hands. His boast was: 'I can honestly say that there is not one of my charities that has not brought me in a good return, either in the increase of influence, the building up of credit, or the association with substantial people.'

"One evening he was sitting beside the library table on which was a pile of newspaper clippings in which his name was mentioned in connection with various charitable associations. Falling asleep he dreamed he was in the midst of a white-robed company of men, who were led by a mysterious Guide, each to his own beautiful mansion in the New Jerusalem. When the dreamer begged to be shown the mansion prepared for him, he was led into a bare and lonely field. There stood a tiny hut, built of scraps of material, put carefully together as if to make the most of the poor fragments. There was something pitiful and shamefaced about the hut. It shrank and drooped and faded in its barren field, and seemed to cling only by suzerainty to the edge of the splendid city. When he pleaded that there must be a mistake, that the long and faithful service of one so well-known and devoted could not be repaid like that, the only answer was: 'That is all the material you sent us.' The man

insisted that all his life had been spent in acts which would supply material for a heavenly mansion. He had built a school house, the wing of an hospital, several churches, etc. But the Guide told him these were all marked and used as a foundation for his name and mansion in the world. "Did you not plan them for that?" the Guide asked. "Were not all these carefully recorded on earth where they would add to your credit? They were not foolishly done. Verily, you have had your reward for them. Would you be paid twice? We have saved and used everything you have sent us."

"When the wretched man asked how he could have done better, and what things were of value there, he was told: 'Only that which is truly given. Only that which is done for the love of doing it. Only those plans in which the welfare of others is the master thought. Only those labors in which the sacrifice is greater than the reward. Only those gifts in which the giver forgets himself.' Are we not less liable to make the same mistakes in our lives as did the man in Henry Van Dyke's story? What higher ideal can we have than as one writer put it, "to have an honest determination to be better than we seem, instead of a desire to seem better than we are."—R.M.M.

A hundred men make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.



(15)

May be the dough had forgotten to rise.

Or had risen quickly overnight and fallen again—

To rise nevermore.

Twas weak flour, of course.

Meaning weak in gluten.

But FIVE ROSES is strong, unusually strong.

With that glutinous strength which compels it to rise to your surprised delight.

Stays risen too.

Being coherent, elastic.

And the dough feels springy under your hand.

Squeaks and cracks as you work it.

Feel the feel of a FIVE ROSES dough.

Note the wonderful smooth texture—soft—velvety.

Great is the bread born of such dough—

Your dough!

Try this good flour.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

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