

its fellows, but it found it easier to sponge upon its sturdy companion for a living, than to earn it in the regular way. From this loafing practice its degeneracy dated. No longer possessed of any sort of dignity, it is now but a serf of royalty, depending for its life on the bounty of the king's table. Service brought kingship to the one, the lack of it, degeneracy to the other.

A newspaper plebiscite would, without doubt, accord the horse a place in the peerage of the animals, if indeed, it would not elevate him to the place of royalty among them. The lion is now unthroned; ability to destroy is no longer counted kingly. It is his unflagging, cheerful service, that entitles the horse to this dignity.

In human society, wherever the race is seen in its infancy, life is a scramble: "Get all you can, never mind the other fellow", is the watchword. Here a man can get everything he requires without ever having to say, "If you please". There is no interdependence, no mutual service; but as society develops, the highest civilization is seen to go hand in hand with the largest display of service; and the royal palm of honor is given the man who has to the highest degree served his fellows.

The people of Italy saw their king in the midst of their devastated cities, heedless of his life, careless of his comfort, tireless in his efforts, unsparing in his sympathy, ministering to the wounded, the needy and the bereaved. He was never before so royal in their eyes.

About the same time, a hero who enjoyed the acclamation of the civilized world, was the obscure "wireless" operator on the ill-fated Republic. Such royal recognition came to him as the result of his supreme act of service to his fellow men in their extremity.

It is sad, that when men come to deal with spiritual matters, they so often allow a break in the operations of this law. Many a Christian to-day is like one of a jostling crowd in the market, struggling to get as much as he can, and aiming to give as little as possible in return. Instead of being the kingliest of men, as he ought to be, he thus degenerates to the standing of the parasite or the serf.

Under the stress of this temptation, let him turn his eyes to his royal Master. He was

the greatest Servant the world ever knew; at the same time its greatest King. As King, He stipulated a life of service for Himself. Can the Christian do any less for himself? He is not superior to his Master. It is enough that he be as his Master.

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Finding Good in Others

By Rev. A. Wylie Mahon, B.D.

In some cases it is a delightfully easy exercise to find good in others, for some people seem to have nothing but good in them; but there are others who are painfully convincing proof-texts of total depravity. To look for anything good in them, seems a hopeless task.

The thought so often suggested in the Bible, that God is always looking for good in His children, is ever longing to find something of Himself in human life, something hopeful, something helpful, something capable of being redeemed, something that divine love can get hold of, is a most comforting and encouraging one. The whole gospel is a beautiful illustration of this thought. It was because God knew that man was capable of being redeemed, that there was something in his life that divine love could reach and rescue, that He sent His Son into the world to lift these poor weak and wayward lives of ours up into brighter and better manhood, into sweeter and purer womanhood. God sees something good in every life.

We, in our dealings with one another, should follow the divine example, should try to find the good in the life of others, and, by our appreciation of it, help them to live well. This is the only way of helping others into better life. This is God's way, and this must be our way.

A young man who had made a very poor beginning in life, who had yielded to sore temptation and had fallen very low in the estimation of his friends, and who had gone far from home to escape the odium of his past misdeeds, the memory of which haunted him wherever he went, received one day a letter from his mother, a letter which had been baptized with tears, in which she assured him that she could not give him up, and reminded him of how lovingly he had cared