

Vacation.

"Well, Donal, when we get past this ross or bog we'll take a pull at the oat meal and water, likely it'll last till Glasgow comes in sight.

"What do you think of them over in Canada now then? Sir Wilfred he's a Frenchman, they say, and its unco' like for his straight forwardness. The people, they say, are to lead the world in prohibition. Such a vote as they polled is no getting over at all, at all. Ten to one, they do say, I'm telt those who didn't vote thought they were going to work a sly game, but they were made no more count of than the members of our parliament, who sink out the door when some question comes up they can't get gumption to say aye or nay til.

"You'll min' the time we were down at the castle for the shooting and Devon was away with his hunting party, potatoes took a rise and people were hauling them in like anything, and Lady Devon, who took a great interest in the tenaigs, was all for having them loaded up for market. Some one was objecting that it might be a bit too frosty for the like, just then a neighbor and his wife drove in the yard and the latter joined in with, 'Well, Aunt Clarry, its very frosty. Pah's eyes and nose and mouth ran a stream all the way coming down here.' 'Well let it run. They have got to go,' was the cool rejoinder. So if the government comes out like that Canada will lead us all in a prohibitory law sure enough, spite of those who oppose it, paradoxes as they are pouring cold water on it.

"Hiat! Wha may this be moving along so cannily. Well now I'm mistaken if he would mind seeing a neighbor just now. Is it the glint of the sun gives his hair such a cast. He's motioning to a cabman, but he seems not to hear him. I see you are off to hail him along. I'll bide and give him a bit of advice. He maun be the worse of liquor. Well we got him safely on the road and its very well we didna' pass by on the other side. He told me he had been delegated to some meeting and starting to come away the others were coming down the steps and he felt so elated that he slipped down the stair rail and landed on the floor, and it was that instead of the whisky, gave him such a shaking up. You'll no have forget our acquaintance of yesterday, the gentleman who joined us in our reading. I min' we went to fill our bit can at the brook and he was sitting on a stane along side taking from his lunch the daintiest oat cake, as I live, and helping himself to the sparkling water. Said he was just free from parliament and was taking a vacation in the Highlands and he thought he should enjoy it fine. His wife had been up there staying with a cousin all the spring."

"What were you saying Donal."

"Why, Richie, I don't know that I have been saying much of anything, but I have been thinking of what you were telling me of those who did not vote in the plebiscite; and as they were not anxious enough to speak out for fear their silence would be interpreted as an affirmative, it would appear reasonable to sum them up with the yeas. And it seems that, although we have led the great republic in some civil questions, Canada, as you say, is to lead us all in temperance reform. And in that case, I don't know whether it is because, as a rule, she takes her precedents from the mother country, or that there are so many noble women identified with the temperance movement—but I know not how more fittingly and piously the event could be celebrated, than in the words of the princess of England. When freed from the dangers of the tower, and the sceptre passed peacefully to her hand, she exclaimed: "It is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes." Her accession as well was the signal for reform. "Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her, with Cecils aid and others," statesmen brave as wise, she made England great. Sung by poets, her name adorns the page of our greatest novelist; and her reign stands in relief among the most illustrious in our annals. But especially is it, when we take into account the place she occupies as the central figure in the literature of her age—an age which is said to bear a similar relation to English literature as a whole, as the Augustan age to Latin—that we appreciate the womanly and queenly virtues which inspired and made such a literature possible, and more than realized the bright hopes with which her accession was hailed.

So in the present crisis in Canada, it argues none the less for its successful issue that, as we are led to believe, the premier feels the gravity of the question the taking of the plebiscite has laid upon his hands. "No man could undertake it rightly without being in danger of having his hands shortened by dread of his tack and mistrust of himself." And although there be not wanting some to blame and it may be, suggest possible Armadas, still the most unsanguine may well feel that a nation comparatively few in years successfully settling the temperance question perhaps, as many believe the question of the times, will not fall of her due need of praise, although that may be least in the minds of those who are at the helm of state.

Look here is where we left off reading with your friend yesterday:

"Many points weathered, many perilous ones.
God guide us lest we lose the way."

R. E. BRADSHAW.

The Christian's Duty to be Happy.

BY GRO. W. TRUETT.

It is not only the privilege, but it is also the unyielding duty of every child of God to be continually happy. No Christian has the moral right, anywhere, under any circumstances, to be given over to depression, discouragement and unhappiness. "Rejoice in the Lord alway" is a divine injunction to every Christian, that may not be put aside. All through the Divine Word this duty of Christian joy is mightily magnified. Christianity came to give joy to men—deep, peaceful, unchanging joy. This was the message of the angel to the shepherds: "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Though Jesus was pre-eminently the Man of Sorrows, yet at the same time there was a great deep joy within, that completely filled His life. Of this joy He often spoke to His disciples, and when He came to die He bequeathed His own joy to them, and prayed that their joy might be full. It is not, then, some fanciful dream that Christians may and ought to be happy, but it is a glorious reality that ought to be in every Christian's experience.

And by this happiness is not meant that merely temporary happiness that comes from some passing pleasure or successful attainment—an experience that any may have—but it is that deep, steadfast peace of the soul that knows its true anchorage amidst all the disturbing elements that appear on the surface of life. Once during a great battle it was noticed that a bird, perched on a tree, sang during the hush and the silence that now and then came to the battle, but was silent all during the noise of the conflict. So it is with mere worldly joy. But the joy of God's redeemed child is not to be so affected by the things of time and sense, but is to sing even in the hottest battle and in the darkest night.

May this really be the experience of the Christian? Ah, yes; here is the glory of Christianity. It whispers to us that which enables us to endure, because we see Him who is invisible. It sees beyond this "light affliction, which is but for a moment," to the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It knows that there is such a thing to the Christian "as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." But it is urged, then, with all possible emphasis that this deep, Christian joy is not only the privilege of the believer, but it is one of the fruits of the Spirit, and should be unceasingly sought for by every Christian.

Indeed, here is the great note of victory in our Master's religion. A joyful Christian is a victorious one. A joyful church is a victorious church. The singing, joyful church is invincible. No foe can stand before it. Paul was master of his manifold trials and difficulties, because he was able to sing joyful songs even in the jails and in all the most troubled experiences of his eventful life. He knew whom he believed. Christians are the right of the world. Joy is the symbol of this light, and every Christian whose life is given to gloom and shadows, thus far utterly misrepresents his Saviour and Master. Surely there is need for much serious meditation just here, upon the part of every child of God.

Joy is ever a source of measureless power to its possessor. The happy heart can dare the stoutest difficulties. Labor is easier, burdens are lighter, all life's relations are brighter and better, when the heart is happy. This is especially true of the Christian. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Once let the Christian give way to moping and general disheartenment, and his heart is chilled, his enthusiasm is gone, and he is as Samson shorn of his strength. Then he also owes it to others to be joyful. The unhappy man, though he may not intend it, yet he adds that much to the burdens of his fellows. Christ's law bids us to bear one another's burdens. To bear about an atmosphere of discouragement is to make the road somewhat steeper for our fellow pilgrim, and make still heavier his already grievous burden. This is to sin against both man and God, and surely we have no such right. This is a species of selfishness we should continually seek to avoid. There is a more excellent way. Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes:

"Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
Whom you pass and meet;
Frowns are thorns, and smiles are blossoms,
Oft, to weary feet,
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face;
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place."

This is the spirit of Christianity, and this spirit will give just the inspiration needed for many in the perplexing battles of life. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that many years ago, while he was walking among the graves at Mount Auburn, he came upon a plain, upright white marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four little words, that were more meaningful to his mind than any other inscription in all the vast cemetery. These were the words: "She was so pleasant." That one note revealed the music of a beautiful, noble and useful life.

Two things are to be had in mind as we aspire to this life of abiding Christian happiness. Its object is the Lord Jesus Christ. We are to rejoice alway "in the

Lord." There can be no deep abiding place elsewhere. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." It is just here we so often forget and therefore fall. This story is told of an old mother in Scotland: She lived in abject poverty. It was understood by all her neighbors that she had a son in America, greatly prosperous in business, and the neighbors wondered why the mother should be thus allowed to suffer. One ventured to ask at last, "Does your son never send you any money?" With tearful eyes and reluctant speech the mother answered, "No; but he writes me long, nice letters, and he sends me a little picture in every letter." The neighbor asked to see the pictures, and the aged mother took down the old Bible and there were the "pictures" between the leaves. What were they? They were bank notes, each one for a gracious amount. And so it turned out that during all the loneliness and wonderment and poverty of the dear old mother, she had abundant riches, if only she had known it, to satisfy her every wish. Just so it is with many of God's children—they go on and on, with lonely, restless, joyless lives, and all the while the great Master yearns to give them all that they need, from the inexhaustible storehouse of His peace and love. It is for us daily to remember: "I will go unto God my exceeding joy—the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song."

And again, the Christian that would be joyful must give himself in unselfish ministry to others. Extreme selfishness and peaceful joy do not and can not live in the same heart. The truly happy soul is the one that lives for others. Nothing shall so heal a great sorrow as for its possessor to give himself to the service of relieving the sorrows of others. Look about you and you will see this truth daily illustrated. An Eastern legend tells of a Hindoo mother who lost her only child. Overwhelmed with grief, she implored her prophet to bring back her child from death. He listened to her pathetic story, and when she had finished he said: "Go, my daughter, bring me a handful of rice from a house into which death has never entered, and I will do as thou desirest." With hopeful heart the mother went out to begin her search. Speedily she went from house to house, and upon her request for rice it was given at once. But when she asked, as the prophet directed, "Are all your loved ones here?" in every instance she was met with sighs and tears that told of the vacant chair. And at last it was seen that the broken-hearted mother was weeping with others who sorrowed, and doing her utmost to comfort them, and thus was secured unto her a redemption from her own sorrow, because she sought to redeem others. Selfishness is sin and sorrow and death. Unselfishness is Christianity and joy and life.—The Baptist Standard.

Who is Lost?

Not once nor twice but many times Christ referred to the "lost." It was probably a word often used in both private and public discourse. The house of Israel were as lost sheep. The word has passed into the common currency of religious speech, but though often on our lips, we do not always have a defined idea of what it means. Repeated use, too, has made it commonplace, and commonplace truths fail to impress and gain attention.

There are different senses in which we use the word. We speak of the lapsed classes, the men and women whose instincts and habits lead to the gutter, the idle, depraved and vagabond people, who are a reproach and burden to society. They are socially lost. There are others who may not be low down in the social scale, but whose faces know shame, and whose word commands no respect or trust, and we say they are lost to virtue and purity because they are abandoned to a life of sin. It is common to speak of the wandering church member as lost to the church. In speaking of a lost coin or any material thing of value our first thought is of the loss sustained by the owner. He has suffered a loss. But when we refer to a lost person, we have another thought respecting the suffering, danger or degradation that comes to him. If the lost one is a child, our sympathy and anglish go out in double direction, first for the child and then for the sorrow-stricken parents. Jesus had pity for the lost sons of men, but he also implies a loss sustained by the Eternal Father whose children have gone away from the home. He understood this better than any of us can. In reading the parable of the younger son who went into sin, we think chiefly of his want and suffering, but we miss the deeper truth if we fail to see the grief of the father over the loss of his child.

It is not to be overlooked that Jesus speaks more of the lost in this world than of the lost in the world to come. The earth is the abode of lost souls. Here are men and women who are lost to God because they are alienated and astray from him. Degradation and immorality are not the only marks of a lost condition. When Jesus went to the house of Zaccheus he explained his going by the fact that he came to seek the lost. Zaccheus was a lost sheep of the house of Israel, though he was not a bad man as we understand the term. He was probably a good sort of man in spite of his position as a Roman tax collector. The history indicates that he had returned fourfold any taxes wrongly levied before Christ came to his house, and brought salvation to it. He was a better man than people supposed he was; better than his occupation implied. Yet he was lost until Christ found and saved him. Jesus said very little of those things which we designate sin, very little of immoralities, but he taught in many ways that the state of estrangement, ingratitude, unfilial and unbecoming conduct towards God was a lost condition. The child who has left the Father's house and alighted his love is a lost child. Dying in this condition does not make him lost, for he is lost already.—Commonwealth.