

mere mediocrity or dullness! Again, the chances of training and the opportunities for improvement are as diverse as the innate powers of man. If, therefore, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune," it can only be true in the sense that fortune is as diversified as the minds and conditions of men. Adventitiously, as well as primordially, man's fortune is often outside his own making. For instance, the death of a rich relative may put a man in possession of wealth without special effort or merit on his own part; a spring of oil or other fortunate strike on his farm may make him a magnate, while his neighbor toils on in comparative poverty. This latter phase of the drama of life is being exemplified in my locality at the present time.

In this thesis, however, no pessimism is intended. While every man should endeavor to advance his fortune by legitimate means, and earnest, hopeful effort, yet, why should one, by mere assertion or by sophistry, distort or falsify facts? Even great discoveries and inventions have often resulted from apparently accidental circumstances. Had not Galileo lived at Pisa, with its leaning tower, some of his wonderful discoveries might not have been made. In this tower he discovered and established the laws of motion, of falling bodies by dropping over its side balls of various weights, and finding that they all occupied exactly the same time in falling. Also, the isochronism or equal-timed vibrations of the pendulum, from the oscillations of a lamp suspended from the ceiling. In some out-of-the-way hamlet those achievements in science would have been unlikely, if not impossible. The form of the leaf of a plant in his garden suggested to Joseph Paxton the design of the famous Crystal Palace.

Environment may be providentially ordered as a shaping factor, no less than the end, in the drama of life.

Kent Co., Ont. W. J. WAY.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

What some of the leading papers are saying about it:

"'Carmichael' is essentially a home story—a little corner of humanity furnished with characters and surroundings that, while isolated, are concerned with problems which arise in every community."—[New York Times.

"Discerning readers will welcome this excellent piece of literary work, and Canadians will receive it with the heartiest of greetings because of its home origin. The art that conceals art is visible in the graceful ease and simplicity with which the homely story of 'Carmichael' is told. The style of writing is slightly reminiscent of Cranford, which is saying a good deal. . . 'Carmichael' comes up to a calm level of excellence that has seldom been reached by Canadian authors."—[Vancouver Daily Province.

"In 'Carmichael' the life-interest never flags."—[San Antonio (Texas) Gazette.

"This story, by Anison North—a simple record of country life in Ontario—is so charged with exquisitely wrought portrayals of character, in its psychological significance and social expression, that it affects us as a new message of undeniable power. The reticence of the man who is strong in his innocence, and whose conscience, being void of offence, enables him to endure injustice, even from weak friends, may be persisted in to such excess as almost to justify groundless suspicions. In such cases dramatic intensity is heightened by a laissez faire that imperils the truth. No man, however heroic, has a right to put his friends in the wrong by such a suggestio falsi. Timely revivals do not always force hoary sinners to confess their wrongdoings. But if Mr. North erred, he has erred with Sophocles and Shakespeare, and 'Carmichael' is a backwoods romance of no ordinary merit."—[Montreal Gazette.

The Quiet Hour.

HERE AM I; SEND ME.

I heard the Voice of the Lord, saying,
Whom shall I send, and who will go for US? Then said I, Here am I; send me.—
Isa. vi: 8.

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.
O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet:
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
O give Thine own sweet rest to me.

iquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Then this contrite soul heard God's call for a volunteer messenger: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for US?" and answered with the eager appeal: "Here am I; send me." The request was graciously granted, and the prophet was entrusted with a message from God to His rebellious people.

Surely Isaiah's experience is repeated in all ages. One who has had his eyes opened to the awful holiness of God abhors his own sinfulness, and is filled with fear. Then comes the gracious assurance of pardon, and, in loving gratitude to God and the eager desire to carry good tidings of great joy to other burdened souls, he responds to the call for volunteers: "Here am I; send me."

Do you profess and call yourself a Christian? Then one great test of the reality of your profession is your desire or unwillingness to do God's errands. Mrs. Besant says: "Someone ought to do it, but why should I?" is the ever-repeated phrase of weak-kneed amiability. "Someone ought to do it, why not I?" is the cry of some earnest servant of man, eagerly springing to face some perilous duty. Between these two sentences lie whole centuries of moral evolution."

In some crisis, such as a fire or a railway accident, there are generally many

faith makes little impression on other people, and earnest conviction has far more persuasive force than magnificent powers of eloquence. Like Isaiah, we must have really seen the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up—have seen Him with the eye of the soul—before we can be ready to carry His messages. I was one day visiting a sick woman, and her brother—a professed atheist—began at once to assail me with popular arguments against Christianity. I remarked that, even if he could destroy my faith, no good could possibly result to anybody, while it would mean utter misery to me. If Christ were taken out of my life there would be nothing left worth living for. He seemed greatly astonished. "Why," he said, "I believe you really mean what you say when you declare that Christ is alive."

It was evidently a new thing in his experience to talk to anyone to whom the living, loving Master of men was the very breath of life and spring of joy, and he seemed ashamed of his trite, insincere attack on Christianity. I knew whom I believed, whereas he was stumbling in the dark and knew nothing with certainty. I did not try to argue with him, for he had evidently been "showing off" his superficial acquaintance with the "latest" views on agnosticism. He was not seeking after the God of holiness—how then could he find Him?—but was apparently thinking of his own shallow cleverness. No wonder he was abashed when he realized that he had been treating very flippantly the question of most tremendous importance to each individual soul, viz., the question: "Is there a living God Who loves me?"

That is a question which can never be answered in the negative. While millions can answer confidently, "I know that God lives!" no one can prove that He does not live. The most they can say is, "I do not know Him," which is no proof that others are also ignorant.

The first requisite, then, of one who would be sent on God's errands is "Faith in the Living God."

The second—according to the prophet's experience—is repentance which brings down free forgiveness. How can anyone go out to carry good tidings of forgiveness and peace unless he has himself found the peace of forgiveness? Repentance, of course, includes an earnest fighting against sin, so amendment of life is also a necessary part of the equipment of God's messengers. No one pays any heed to a preacher of righteousness, if the preacher is apparently making no real attempt to carry out his sermons in the battlefield of everyday life. No one need become a saint before God can make use of him, but those who wish to be effective messengers must be trying to become saints, must be fighting a real battle against sin and Satan. Then comes the next great requisite—Love. The prophet's love to God was shown in his instant offering of his services as soon as he heard the appeal: "Whom shall I send?" And his love for men was shown in unselfish readiness to do what he could to win them back from their evil ways.

Are you ready for service? Are you quite sure that Christ is the only Light of a darkened, sin-stricken world? Have you gone to Him for forgiveness for past sins and strength in present battles? Do you earnestly desire to be a light-bearer, brightening the world around you because your face is always turned towards the Sun of Righteousness, and you cannot help reflecting His brightness wherever you go?

Then look to your equipment.

One very necessary part of it is Sympathy. If you only care to influence others because it is a delight to exercise power and brings reflected glory on yourself, then you are not in a condition to do God's errands. You must really want to help—not only to help the world in general, but to help some individual man or woman, boy or girl, thrown in your way. In very truth, "Sympathy is the master key to every soul."

Last spring a friend of mine attended the graduation exercises of some of her Jewish boys. A young man was especially commended by his teachers because he only came from Russia in January, not knowing a word of English, and had already graduated from the High School. My friend went up to him and spoke a few words of appreciation of his rapid progress. He was all alone in a



S. H. Blake, Esq., K. C.

From the painting by E. Wyly Grier, R. C. A., exhibited in Art Gallery, Toronto Exhibition, 1907.

That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee, O
To weary ones in needful hour.
O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy Blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."

When Isaiah had a wondrous glimpse of the glory of Heaven, his first feeling was that of fear, for the vision of that Most Holy made him realize his own sinfulness, so that he cried out: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips." But his penitent cry met instant assurance of pardon: "Thine in-

to say: "Something ought to be done!" but it is not everyone who seizes the opportunity to do something.

Are we desirous of being God's messengers, are we longing to have Him send us on His errands, eager to be channels through which He can touch and uplift souls? Then let us remember that training is required in this profession at least as much as in any other, and let us try to learn the secrets of helping and influencing others so that God may be able to send us on errands of importance and entrust us with delicate missions which call for expert handling.

The first requisite evidently is that the eyes of the soul should be opened to the vision of the Most Holy God. We can never speak effectively for God unless we know Him for ourselves. It is not enough to know about Him, to have been carefully trained and taught, a second-hand