

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

A Good Man and a Good Guide

In a quiet little burial place at the foot of the Apennines there is a lonely grave with this modest inscription graven upon the tomb, "He was a good man and a good guide." It is enough. Would that I as one ordained and commissioner, to serve as a shepherd of the sheep in the church of God might be found worthy at the last to have inscribed upon my tomb an epitaph as simple but as definite and as eloquent in its spiritual appraisal!—Dr. Charles R. Brown, in *The Congregationalist*

How Prohibition Prohibits

The following comparative statement of the arrests for drunkenness in Toronto during 1915-16 and 1916-17, respectively, illustrates in a very striking manner the results of prohibition, which came into force in September, 1916:

	1916-1917	1915-1916
September.....	192	423
October.....	303	931
November.....	302	947
December.....	344	992
January.....	298	784
February.....	334	811
March.....	420	882
April.....	415	845
May.....	419	1,039
June.....	339	1,013
July.....	349	1,027
August.....	370	1,146
September (to the twelfth).....	200	543

"Pass It On"

An "Ever-Ready" class of girls have for their motto Henry Burton's poem, "Pass It On." One of the practical applications of this spirit is their monthly "correspondence course." The names and interests of shut-ins and invalids, especially those connected with the church, are secured and listed. On a set day each month every girl writes to one of these persons. Some write cheery greetings, others nonsense verse and rhymes, some send clippings of interest, and one girl with artistic ability usually contributes a clever sketch, illustrating one of the other contributions.

The girls save all clippings, articles and poems that they find that may interest any of their "students." On Easter and Christmas they make a special effort, remembering each name on these days.

Needless to say, this silent way of cheering house-bound friends is greatly appreciated, and the girls are indeed many times over "a star in some one's sky."—*The Pilgrim Teacher*

How James Wilbur Chapman Was Won

"I was a scholar in a Sunday School in Richmond, Indiana, when some one was making an appeal to the scholars to confess Christ by rising. The most of my class of boys were standing, and I was saying to myself, 'Why should I stand? My mother and father are both Christians. I think I believe in Christ. For me to stand is not a necessity,' when suddenly I felt a touch on my shoulder, and my teacher, Mrs. C. C. Binkley, was saying, 'Hadrn't you better stand?' And somehow she got her hand just under my elbow and seemed to lift me up. I shall never forget my standing that day. Whether I had been accepted of God before that day or not I cannot say, but I do know that the deepest impression of my life was made at that minute, and under God my Sunday School teacher was the channel through which the blessing came."—*The Sunday School Magazine*

Times or Seasons

I went into the factory where men were making shoes and watched them work. This one was trimming soles. I said to him, "For whom is that shoe intended?"

"I do not know," he replied.

"For what will it sell? When will it be marketed?"

To all my several questions he returned the same answer. He did not know.

"It is my business," he said, "to trim soles."

I went out to the farm. I saw them sowing wheat. "Who will buy your wheat?" I asked.

"We do not know," was the reply.

"Will there be a good stand of grain? Will you get a good price?"

Again to all my questions I received the same answer.

"It depends on the season. It is not for us to know times and seasons."

Then I stepped into the private room of a Sunday School teacher. I found her blue and