

tan family with that young face, so honest, gentle and brave?

Then came the long evening around the huge and glowing hearth-fire. How soon we felt 'acquaint'; how fast we talked in French or German, minding little how the moods and tenses went askew so that we got and gave ideas.

The Father turned from side to side answering with solicitous attention every question that we asked, so that a mosaic of his chief replies would read something like this: 'Mademoiselle asks the indications of the thermometer this August evening? I learn the mercury stands already at forty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and the boundary line of Italy is but five minutes distant. Here, Brother Jean, please provide the beds of all our guests with warming-pans.'

'Yes, lady, our Hospice was founded nine hundred years ago, by Count Bernard of Savoy, who devoted forty years of his life to entertaining and protecting, as we will try to do, the many travellers who annually pass through these mountains between Switzerland and Italy. About twenty thousand were cared for each year in older times, without the smallest charge being made to rich or poor. Now we have not so many, the facilities for travel having so greatly improved. But a great number come over the pass who are out looking for work, and there are also many beggars. These we limit to three days' entertainment. We would gladly keep them longer, but cannot. Our dogs are a cross between Newfoundland and Pyrenean.

In winter travellers are obliged to wait at a place of refuge we have provided at some distance from these buildings, which is on the very top of the pass, until we send out a man and dog, with refreshments fastened to the neck of the dog, who never once loses his way, though the distance is long. The snow is often thirty feet deep, and the only guide the man has is the banner-like tail of the dog waving through the storm.

The monks always go out in the most dangerous weather. I lead them at such times. They are not obliged to go—we make it perfectly voluntary.'

Here Kate broke in with an important question: 'How do you occupy your time in summer?' 'Oh, mademoiselle, we study and teach—we had fifty students last season.' 'What do you teach?' 'All that a priest ought to know—theology, philosophy, the laws of the church. We know contemporaneous events, except politics (!) which we do not read.' 'What is your age?' here chimed in the practical Jones. 'Monsieur, I am thirty-one.' ('But he does not look a day older than twenty-three,' whispered practical Sophie, and we all nodded our energetic acquiescence in her figures.) 'How long have you been here?' 'Eleven years, and I remain in perfect health. My predecessors in the office could not endure this high altitude—three of them left in a period of four years.' 'Why are you here?' persisted Jones. The scene was worthy of a painter—that shrewd Yankee, whose very figure was a walking interrogation point, and the graceful, urbane monk, in his long cassock, as leaning in his easy chair and looking forward and a little upward, he answered with slow melodious emphasis, 'Brother, it is my calling, that is all.' So simple was his nature, that to have heard 'a call' from God and not obeyed it would have seemed to him only less monstrous than not to have heard any call at all! At early dawn we were awakened by men's voices in a solemn chant, led by the Hospital Father—and never did religion seem more sacred and attractive than while we listened as through the chapel door came the words of the Te Deum, consecrated by centuries of Christian song, 'We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.'—Frances E. Willard's 'Glimpses of Fifty Years.'

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## Growing Up for God.

A Word to Our Young People.

(Mrs. H. J. Hinkamp, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

Suppose a sculptor sees before him a rough shapeless piece of marble or granite; he says, as he looks at it, 'I see no beauty in that marble as it is, but I see real beauty hidden in it, and I'm going to bring it out.' So he considers for a time what he shall bring out, and no sooner has he decided upon something, man, woman, child or animal, than the idea grows within him, and he is filled with enthusiasm to see the outcome of his idea, and then he starts work with his hammer and chisel.

Can we not compare ourselves to that shapeless piece of marble, and say, I see no beauty in myself as I am, but God can help me make something better of myself?

Like the sculptor, we must first consider what we want to make of ourselves. Let us set before us some lofty and ideal character whom we wish to imitate. Let us 'aim high.' Let Jesus Christ be our model!

With such a perfect model before us, ought we not to accomplish something? Now, if we compare ourselves to the shapeless marble, what shall be our hammer and chisel? We will need these quite as much as the sculptor does, for we will find ourselves quite as stubborn and hard to mold as the sculptor finds his rock or marble. Let us compare our will power to the sculptor's hammer and chisel, and bend all our might and power to do the work. Now, the first work the sculptor performs is to strike off some of the ragged, irregular, rough corners, so as to put a little shape to his marble. We must follow his example and strike off some of our ragged rough corners, which could be called boisterousness, wilfulness, selfishness, sulking, deception, use of bad words, and especially disrespect and disobedience to parents, while, last, but not least, we must strike away all irreverence in and around the house of God while others are trying to worship.

A pretence of worship and irreverence at the same time are considered mockery by God.

With some of these rough corners gone we may say we have given a little shape to ourselves, and, like the sculptor, we are ready to commence developing some of the finer points. For this work we must look continually at our model; we will be obliged to keep one eye on Him and the other on our hammer and chisel.

So we will try to have first gentleness, calmness and kindness.

We must chisel away our irritability, vehemence, discord and dislike if we would grow like our model. Next we notice when we look at Christ's character how lovely and patient he was, and so we must chisel at our hatred and restlessness. We look again and we notice meekness and lowliness of spirit, and we must chisel at our haughtiness, pride and self-conceit, and we will find this hard and often unpleasant work.

We look again and we notice such self-denial, such heavenly obedience, and such a complete resignation or submission to the will of God, that we say with fear and trembling, how shall we imitate Jesus in this?

The Bible teaches only one way, by saying farewell to self and sin, and living close to God. If we are doing such carving daily we can safely say we are on the right road towards growing up for God.

Once more we turn to the sculptor; does he complete his work in a day or week or month? No, he works many months amid drawbacks and discouragements, but practice makes perfect, and finally he sees his reward. Let us again follow his example and work and carve at ourselves each day and we will receive our reward in due season.

Just as soon as we stop our work of carving, or cease to look at our model, we are off the track to God, and we are side-tracked, and some agency will have to pull us on the main track again. There is a very wise old saying, rather homely, but very true, 'Satan tempts most men, but an idler tempts Satan.'

To crowd out Satan we will be obliged to work at ourselves steadily, and so keep on the main track.

There are many agencies at the present time to help us grow for God, and bring us back when we are off the main track. They are: Public worship, the Sabbath school, the Christian Endeavor, besides many others, but there is one agency that strikes the key-note for all these mentioned, and that is a prayerful reading of God's holy word, not merely to gain knowledge, but to gain help and food on the road to God.

I'm afraid we slight our Bibles too often for the sake of a story book, or worldly pleasure, and treat our Bibles like we do our party clothes, something too choice for daily use. To make something of ourselves in this world requires work, brain, endurance, practice, etc., etc., and if we do it willingly, regardless of cost and time, what does the Bible teach us? 'What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

To make good Christians of ourselves, or

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