

when he gives you out of Bedford jail the Land of Beulah, the Palace Beautiful, the shining ones, the country that is green the year round, the city of gold and glass, which when we see wish we were there. Do not wait until you have "spare time," "spare cash," or "spare" anything else; do your best with things as they are, and faith, which is the genius of the heart, will surprise you and the world. If it please God to give Methodism a soul it will continue to find finance where there seems to be none, to make instruments out of the stones of the brook, and to do impossibilities in the service of the race.

A CUSTOM WORTH WHILE.

LAST March, says Mary E. Fletcher, writing to *The Youth's Companion*, I landed in England and remained there until late in July. I visited several pleasant English homes and, of course, noticed many things to which I was unaccustomed. I do not know that anything struck me more pleasantly than the absence of the "nervous," "all tired to death," "all out of sorts" person. At first I accepted it merely as a welcome fact. Later, I began to cast about for a reason.

My English friends certainly sat down to one more meal a day than I had been accustomed to; they sat longer at the table, and I think the average Englishman consumed more food than the average American does. Still I hesitated, as this did not seem an altogether satisfactory explanation.

Then, of a sudden, what seemed to me to be the true solution of the "nervous" problem flashed upon me. There was a large blister on my heel at the time, and I was literally footsore, but in no wise exhausted.

"It is the walking," I murmured. The more I thought of it the more I became convinced that it must be the universal English habit of "taking a walk" which contributes so much to the health and well-being of the people.

They seem to regard the daily walk as much a matter of course as the breakfast. Not a listless, dawdling stroll, but a brisk, business-like, and to the heroic stranger who forebore, for patriotic reasons, to complain, often all-too-long, tramp.

Bits of time, which no definite occupation filled, were eagerly utilized: "Let's go for a walk before dinner!" "We've time to go to the spinney and see the hyacinths before tea," and so on.

My companions made friendly calls at numerous birds' nests—"just to see how the families are getting along," they said. They turned aside to a little pond to show me an immense frog, an ancient acquaintance. They knew every wild flower, and just where to look for newcomers. They recognized by name every bird.

"Young England," then, grows up thoroughly imbued with the principle that walking is a duty, a necessity, and a pleasure. I believe that this is largely the secret of the national sturdiness and strength, and it might be well for us to take a leaf from the lesson-book of the mother country.

MOTHER'S RAINY DAY.

Sometimes there's a rainy day; an' then We lay off for a spell, we men,
Pa talks politics and reads the papers,
And we boys putter 'round and cut up capers,

An' whittle, even down to little brother.
But dunno as I can recollect a rainy day for mother.

Seems as if she worked harder then than any other day.

Trying to keep things straight and put away,

Stirrin' up the fire so it won't seem dreary,

Cookin' something extra then, makin' things more cheery;

Pickin' up pa's slippers, or something or another.

I don't believe there ever was a rainy day for mother.

But then she don't complain. Just keeps workin' on.

Sometimes she has a pleasant word, sometimes a bit of song,

And lots of times I fancy she has a tired look,

An' I'd feel lots better if she'd rest or read a book.

An' then I wipe the dishes, or do something or another,

An' wish with all my heart there was a rainy day for mother.

—Florence A. Hayes.

THE CHURCH SLEEPER.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WHEN you have made saint and sinner as comfortable as ever they were made in any opera-house, then as you preach the Word, cast your eyes round about upon the congregation, and you will observe there, sitting under your able ministry, the sleeper. It may be that he resteth his chin upon the head of his cane, and when the moment of deep sleep cometh upon him, his chin slippeth, and the bang of his head against the back of the other pew awakeneth him and startleth the congregation. Howbeit, the bang upon his wife's head no man can hear, yet, all the same it is there.

Or, peradventure, he sleepeth with his head bolt upright, and noddeth the same in time with his deep breathing, each nod more violent and far reaching than the one that went before it; and at last as he smiteth his breast with his chin, he awaketh suddenly and fixes a reproachful gaze upon you from half-opened eyes, as though he should say, "Don't you push me that way again."

Or, if it be so that he letteth his head decline backwards twenty-five degrees, seeking rest that is not there, until the bill of his head seemeth about to fall off, and his mouth is open like unto the bill of a young robin when it crieth for food, and he playeth fantastic tunes with his nose, whereth the boys in the gallery make merry, and the congregation is much scandalized. And when it shall be that the wife of his bosom shall smite him under the fifth rib with her two-edged elbow, that he lifteth up his head

and openeth his eyes wide and glareth around upon the congregation as one who shall say, "He that sayeth I was asleep, the same is a weather prophet, and the truth dwelleth not in him." But if he foldeth his handkerchief upon the back of his brother's pew, and devoutly boweth his head upon the same as you pronounce the words of the text, then will that sleeper disturb no one, but will slumber calmly on until the time of the benediction is come; and he will awaken refreshed and smiling, and he will clasp hands with the brethren and greatly extol the preacher, and with a loud voice magnify the sermon.

FANNY CROSBY.

THE incident, says *The King's Highway* of New Brunswick, occurred at Northfield, Massachusetts, where Fanny Crosby was attending a series of meetings at Mr. Moody's school. Together with others, she sat on the platform. Mr. Moody, in his characteristic manner, called upon several for personal testimony of their love for Christ. Turning to Miss Crosby, he said: "And you, Sister Crosby, what good word have you for us just now?"

The little blind singer is as quiet and diffident as she is famous, and she shook her head, fearing the sound of her voice. But Mr. Moody insisted, and finally she said, very hesitatingly and in low tones: "There is a poem of mine which I have never written down. I keep it in my heart, and often repeat it to myself for the comfort it gives me. I call it

"My Soul's Poem."

Then she repeated the hymn, beginning:

"Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more, as now, shall sing;
But oh, the joy when I awake,
Within the palace of the King;
And I shall see him, face to face,
And tell the story—'Saved by grace!'"

Those who saw and heard will never forget the emphasis given to the refrain, "And I shall see him face to face."

In the audience was an English gentleman who took down the verses in shorthand, as Miss Crosby repeated them. He sent them to an English paper with which he was connected, and they came back across the sea.

REAL CONSISTENCY.

"I wouldn't be an old change-your-mind cat!" a little fellow called tauntingly after a playmate. The epithet was funny, but the thought was a common one—that change of mind necessarily implies indecision and weakness. Sometimes it does, unquestionably, but never to change one's mind would certainly imply as great weakness, though in a different direction.

All growth creates changes—if we never change we never grow. It would be pitiful, would it not, if our ideal at twenty were no higher than at ten! So all through our lives, as the truths for which we stand change and deepen and grow more luminous, we shall change too. To stand constantly and unflinchingly for the highest that we know is the one splendid consistency.—*Forward.*