

The Upward Look

Good Measure

Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.—Luke 6:38.

If we were to go into a grocer's to purchase some sugar and he gave us good measure, then pressed it down and filled again to overflowing we would certainly think we were getting full value indeed. But how many of us always give good measure, no matter in what way it may be? Are not the majority of us, in our Christian work especially, more likely to give light measure than pressed down and running over? We sometimes hear it said that those who profess to be Christians are not as prone to be generous as those who do not make any profession of Christianity whatever. And we believe in some cases this is true. Our Lord seems to point out that this is too often the case in his parable of the Good Samaritan. The priest and Levite, who professed to be very sanctimonious, paid no attention to the wounded man, while the Samaritan, who was considered worse than a heathen, gave assistance freely without hope of reward.

The most of us are quite willing to give our time and substance towards some object from which we expect something in return, but it is when we have an opportunity to do something for others that means self-sacrifice on our part and nothing (so it appears to us) in return, that we are tempted to give light measure. But we are told if we give good measure, in like manner will it be returned to us. Although we may not see the fruits of our labors, yet in some manner it will be measured to us again.

We cite an instance of where good measure was given: A man was once asked how it was that he had such luck in raising potatoes, for those he sold were good to the bottom of the bag. He replied that in picking over potatoes, if he was tempted to fill up with poor ones, he always turned the transaction round, and looked at it from the buyer's point of view. "If I think," he said, "that the man or woman who buys the potatoes will say when they go to cook them, 'I should think any farmer would be ashamed to sell such potatoes,' I just throw them out for the cattle to eat. I'm none the worse off, and somebody is a little better off and a little happier because I try to do the square thing." Is this not a noble example of one carrying out the Golden Rule and one from which all of us can take a lesson in giving good measure?

Over and above all ways in which we may give good measure to those

around us, we should ever keep before us the thought of giving good measure to God. For did He not show his great love for us by giving Himself to die on the cross; and in return for such unmeasured love should we not give him our best—pressed down and shaken together, and running over?—K.M.M.

The Story of Owen Kildare

Young man:

If you think you have not had a fair chance in life, read this brief sketch of the rise of Owen Kildare of New York City.

Think of it! This young man at 30 years of age was unable to read or write. To-day he supports himself by writing.

Kildare was a member of a tough Bowery gang. He was rough, uncouth, ignorant. He had been orphaned at the age of seven years and cast into the streets. Living the precarious life of a bootblack and newsboy, he slept in doorways, alleys, in barrels. He had but one ambition. He dearly loved a fight, and wanted to be a prize fighter. For several years he made his living as a saloon bouncer.

Can any good come out of the Bowery?

Yes. At 30 years of age Kildare came into contact with a gentle girl, who was a school teacher—a sweet, affectionate, wise young woman, pure as a pearl. The association

changed the whole current of his life. The young woman helped Kildare to the rudiments of an education. As he studied his ideals of life were changed. He had a hard struggle to let go of the old wild ways. Finally he got employment in the circulation department of a newspaper. He studied every spare moment.

One could well wish, in reading the story of Owen Kildare, that he might have married his Mamie Rose, the girl with whom he fell in love and who wrought so great a change in him. But fate was unkind—or was it unkind?—and his idol died.

To make a long story short: Owen Kildare began to write stories, submitting them to the editor of the newspaper where he worked for criticism. He persevered until his sketches possessed value. They were heart to heart stories from real life. Owen Kildare was well known in journalistic circles. In newspaper parlance his stories of slum life are esteemed "good stuff."

Young man:

Fate is feminine. She is capricious. If you are afraid of her, you would better not woo her. She will turn you down.

But—

If you will look her boldly in the face and smile at her, she will smile back at you and shower her grifts upon you.—Western Farmer.



Always the cookbook says: "Sift Your Flour."

No lumps, you see. *Aerates* the flour, making it lighter.

Put FIVE ROSES in your sifter.

Never soft and sticky—never lumpy, musty, woolly.

Never coarse.

Milled superfine from Manitoba's grandest wheat.

Fine, granular, very dry.

Nothing remains in the sifter—FIVE ROSES is free, heavy.

And your bread is more porous, more yielding, more appetizing.

And more Digestible.

Because the particles are finer, easier to get at by the stomach juices.

Use this very fine flour—superfine. FIVE ROSES.

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Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended