

The Young People

the stairs. He entered her mother's room, leaving the door ajar, and said:

"I think, Mary, there is no way but to get a house-keeper. With such good help in the kitchen one would think Helen might take the direction of affairs, but I suppose that is too much to expect."

"Now that it is vacation she has time and could do it if she were willing, but I fear I have neglected my duty to Helen. She has seemed, for a year or two, so apathetic that I have left her to herself hoping that she would wake up to the fact that life holds some responsibility for her, but I am afraid that I have waited too long."

"Never mind, Mary, I cannot have you worry over it now. I believe Helen has capability, and I know she is too much her mother's daughter not to have a good heart. Let us hope she will soon wake up."

Helen rose and walked impatiently about the room. "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!" repeated she. "One would think I had taken a narcotic and that everybody is anxious for the drug to spend itself. What do they want me to do? There is Stebbins in the kitchen and even mamma never gives her any directions; then the second girl is expected to keep the house neat, and Miss Green always does the sewing and mending. As for Ralph and Amy they are not babies, and I don't see what I am needed to do. Of course things are a little irregular since mamma is confined to her room, but I dare say everything will be all right before her sprained ankle gets well."

With this comforting assurance Helen thought to dismiss the subject, but the subject would not be dismissed. "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!" seemed to be ringing in her ears, and the words spread themselves over the printed page. She closed her book and thought she would go down and amuse herself at the piano, when she noticed a Browning calendar, and the sentence for the day caught her eye. It was "Be sure they sleep not whom God needs."

It would be impossible to describe Helen's thoughts for the next few minutes. For an idler and a dreamer she had an active and a receptive mind; and surprise, incredulity and bewilderment chased each other through her brain. She rose and prepared to go out and presently was seated face to face with Miss Lee, the leader of a circle of King's Daughters who she respected and loved, but whom, alas, she seldom saw, for she rarely attended the circle meetings.

Helen poured out the story of her morning's experiences and ended saying, "Browning says, 'Be sure they sleep not whom God needs.' It must be that God needs me and is making it plain to me that I must 'wake up!' Now how am I to do it, and what does it all mean?"

A glad light shone in Miss Lee's eyes as she answered: "It means, dear, that you have been too long occupied only with yourself, looking in as it were, and the call has come for you to 'Look out! Look up! And Lend a Hand!' This is all, and if you obey this call you will find plenty to do."

Helen's stay was brief, but she went home animated for once by a purpose. It gave a spring to her step and a light to her face. First she went to her mother and put herself in sympathy with that dear one by learning her wishes concerning the household and promising to carry them out, not forgetting meanwhile to "do the nexte things" as Miss Lee had advised. She put fresh water in the vases, turned the cards of the "Daily Food" to the proper date, shook up the cushions, looped back the curtains and gave the numberless dainty touches to the invalid's room that cannot be expected of a housemaid.

Downstairs she saw so much to do she scarcely knew where to begin. The bird had her first attention and Dick was so grateful he seemed ready to burst his pretty throat in song. Then the plants were given a drink and the withered leaves were removed; the books on the library shelves were put in order; her father's writing table was arranged to his liking; the bric-a-brac in the parlor dusted and her scattered music neatly piled in the cabinet.

When the luncheon hour arrived she was punctual at table, and seated in her mother's place to pour her father's tea; she did not know whether there was more surprise or gladness in his face to see her there so full of helpfulness and animation. She carried the tray, spread daintily by her own hands, to her mother's room, and later called the children to the nursery where she showed them how to "make things." Ralph was to construct a footstool for Stebbins of a bit of carpet-covered board, with coat-hooks for legs, and Amy was allowed to cut prints from a pile of miscellany for the making of a picture scrap-book for a Children's Hospital; then her piano practice must not be neglected and so the day passed and bedtime came finding the young girl only tired enough to enjoy rest.

Other days came and went, and oh, how the duties called her, but the wonder was that she found so much pleasure in answering the calls. Even if it had been otherwise the generous appreciation of her efforts by those she loved would have repaid her. Her mother's eyes followed her lovingly and her father came to trust her and depend upon her in many ways.

One afternoon when sitting with her mother, who was now almost well, she said: "Mamma, sleeping and dreaming were well enough in their way, but I like being broad awake much better. I have come to enjoy being in the thick of things."

Her mother quoted, "I aleep and dreamed that life was beauty; I waked to find that life was duty."

"Yes, mamma, life is duty, but duty is beauty."

Interior.

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Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands on the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Honoring the Lord's Day, Exodus 20:8-11; Revelation 1:10.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, July 24.—Matthew 23:13; 24:14. A storm of woes of evil-doers. Compare Isa. 5:8-24. Tuesday, July 25.—Matthew 24:15-51. Warnings for the future. Compare Eph 5:6-13. Wednesday, July 26.—Matthew 25. Law for sins of omission, (vss. 45, 46). Compare 1 Sam. 15:3, 13, 14, 22, 23. Thursday, July 27.—Matthew 26:1-35. The Lord's memorial. Compare 1 Cor. 11:23-26. Friday, July 28.—Matthew 26:36-75. Peter's dangerous drifting, (vss. 69-75). Compare Acts 3:13, 14. Saturday, July 29.—Matthew 27:1-56. Securely anchored in faith. Compare Matt. 16:16.

Praying Meeting Topic, July 23.

"Honoring the Lord's Day," Exodus 20:8-11; Revelation 1:10.

Not 'eas't among our loving Father's blessings is the gift of the Sabbath. The law of the Sabbath is of perpetual obligation. For the need of it is incorporated into the very framework of our nature. If it were not for the Sabbath the race would perish. It is centuries older than Moses. It will be honored so long as man exists. And when this earth is cold and dead it will still be honored in the eternal rest of heaven of which the Sabbath is the type and the foretaste.

In the Bible account of creation we find God's idea of the Sabbath. Nothing can be more fascinating and stimulating to the imagination than the sublime yet simple story of Deity's six days' labor. At his word, light springs out of darkness; the dome of heaven over-spreads the earth; continents rise from the sea; the new-formed earth puts on its first mantle of springtime verdure; the heavens become spangled with starry gems; sun and moon assume their royal sway; sea and land teem with myriad forms of life; and, greatest of all, man, walking upright on the earth, made in his Creator's image assumes "dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." But when all is done, while yet the morning stars sang together, "God rested on the seventh day from all the work which he had made. And he blessed the seventh day and hallowed it."

The Lord's Day is the memorial of Deity's rest. To honor that day is to show it proper reverence. But this we can do only as we treat it according to its true dignity and nature. It is his day—not ours. True, "The Sabbath was made for man," God gave this day for a purpose. And we honor God and his day only as in the day we seek his purpose. He rested on the seventh day. So must we. But before we think we have fulfilled his plan let us ask what his rest was. When creation was complete did God withdraw from the world saying: "My task is done and I can idle away the rest of eternity?" God's rest is not idleness. It is the very highest form of his Divine activity. The "work which God created and made" and from which he "rested" was the work of physical creation. With the advent of man this task was essentially complete. Henceforth the Divine activity was to be employed in the spiritual development of the final product of its own creation. To save, train and educate man into his own likeness is the purpose to which God devotes his Sabbath. God's rest is that activity which requires the whole Bible for its record and to which the first chapter of Genesis is but the preface.

The relation of God's work to God's rest teaches us how best to "honor the Lord's day." To be "in the Spirit" on this day is to use this hallowed time as God has been using all time since. "He rested from all his work which he had made." As God worked so must we also work. As God rests so must we also rest. We have two natures, the lower and the higher, the physical and the spiritual. Our bodies must be fed, clothed, housed. And the great bulk of our time must be spent in ministering to the body. The "bread and butter" labors by which the physical needs are supplied take most of our time. But a merciful God has put the Sabbath law into the very constitution of man. Our rest is the high activity of cultivating the spiritual nature. This day of days is holy, sacred, separate to the highest uses, the uses of the spirit. Dr. Lyman Abbott in a recent sermon says: "Prayer is not always asking for things—it is sometimes listening." To which somebody adds: "I understand this to mean listening to God's voice—giving God a chance to speak to us." In our materialistic, driving,

grinding, competing, fighting work-world the conditions are not favorable to spiritual calm during the six days. But God has given us the seventh day that the Divine Father may have a chance to talk with his family. God's Sabbath is in order that he may fit his children for heaven.

The Lord's day is God's promise of heaven. And a man's idea of heaven is shown not by the trade which gives him daily bread. That is too often a matter of accident. The thing that is put into our hands we must do. But when the bow is unbent the arrow flies to its mark. So one's heaven is revealed by the way he spends the small portion of time which is really his. As eternity embraces time so is character included in destiny.

Scripture references: Genesis 2:2, 3; Exodus 31:13-17; Deuteronomy 5:12; Mark 2:22-28; Luke 13:14-16; Acts 20:7; 1 Corinthians 16:2.

HERBERT B. HUTCHINS, in Baptist Union.

Now for the last of this annual report. Christian Endeavor has in more ways than those already referred to, borne fruit, and is to-day one of many other agencies for increasing the membership of the churches of Christ. During the last ten years over one million and one half of our members have joined the church. Over one million and one half church members from the ranks of Christian Endeavor in the ten years. Behold what God hath wrought.—Christian Endeavor lives!

Since last we met, Russia, at that time the only country in the world without its Christian Endeavor society, has welcomed our principles and methods, and to-day our international fellowship is complete and world-wide. Great Britain has over six thousand societies, and a royal welcome awaits us next July in London. Australia has over two thousand societies and is represented in this convention by two delegates that have travelled over six thousand miles to bring greetings from our brothers and sisters under the Southern Cross. India has 454, China 148, Africa 136, Mexico 108, West Indies 103, Germany 101, Madagascar 93, Japan 73 and on through a long list, which I must omit at this time, but cannot pass by Spain, the country with whom we were at war last year. Spain, rent with war and turmoil, has more than held its own, for she has thirty-six societies.

I verily believe we have not begun to appreciate what a great international peace and arbitration society ours is. This development is not man-made, it is of God.—John Willis Baer's address at Detroit.

The Mole and the Bird.

There is a fable, written by an American naturalist, of which I am very fond, and I believe it beautifully illustrates the Ecclesiastes. One beautiful spring morning, according to the fable, there came a songster, and perched himself on the branch of a tree, and swung himself backward and forward, and poured out his heart in a glad song. There was a mole working under the sod just below, and he heard the song of this bird, and pushing his nose up through the turf he called out: "O bird, why are you making such a noise?" And the bird made answer: "O Mr. Mole, the sunlight is so beautiful, and the air is so refreshing, and the world is so lovely that my heart is filled with gladness, and I cannot but sing." "The world full of beauty!" said the mole, "there is no beauty in it at all. Everything in the earth is absolutely worthless. I have lived under its soil all my life; I have dug holes in it, and tunneled it in every direction, and I know the earth thoroughly, and know there are only two things in the entire earth—grass roots, and fish-worms; nothing more." Said the bird, "Come up, Mr. Mole, out from under the sod, into the light, into the presence of the sun, and you will find that you must sing; you cannot do otherwise." That is Ecclesiastes—live under the sun, with the face towards the earth; live beneath the sod, like that mole, and there is nothing in it. It is vanity and vexation of spirit. Come up above the earth into the light and the presence of God, and all will be well, and your mouth will be filled with a song.—Dr. Moorehead, in Record of Christian Work.

"Mizpah."

Go thou thy way and I go mine; Apart, yet not afar; Only, when evil hangs between The pathways where we are, May God keep watch 'tween thee and me, This is my prayer; He looketh thy way, He looketh mine, And keeps us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face, But since this may not be, I'll leave thee to the care of Him Who cares for thee and me. "I'll keep you both beneath my wings," This comforts, dear; One wing o'er thee and one o'er me, So we are near.

And though our paths be separate, And thy way is not mine, Yet, coming to the mercy-seat, My soul will meet with thine. And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me," I'll whisper there: He blesseth thee, He blesseth me, And we are near.

—Julia A. Baker in The Westminster.