

I Never Knew.

never knew, before, the world
So beautiful could be
As I have found it since I learned
All care to cast on Thee;
The scales have fallen from mine eyes,
And now the light I see.

never knew how very dear
My fellow-men could be,
Until I learned to help them with
A ready sympathy;
Their inner lives have made me know
A broader charity.

I never knew how little things
As greater ones could be,
When sanctified by love for One
Who doth each effort see;
But now a daily round of care
May win a victory.

I never knew; and still dear Lord,
As through a glass I see,
And perfect light can only come
When I shall dwell with Thee;
When, in Thy likeness, I awake,
For all eternity.

—Living Church.

An Experiment in Mile Street Church.

Leaving all disputations aside and taking Christ's own teachings for our standard, how many here in Coaticook are leading Christian lives? Who of us love our neighbor as ourselves? My friends, the preacher's voice thrilled with intense earnestness, if one-half, aye, one-fourth of those who call themselves Christians would for one year actually think of their neighbor's welfare as their own, it would Christianize the world. If one hundred, aye, ten men here in Coaticook would for one week take Christ's words as their guide in business and pleasure, the result would forever silence caviling tongues. Will not some of you try it? Just rise a moment, all who are willing to follow the Golden Rule for one week.

There was a long silence, then slowly, deliberately, as if weighing the cost, Joseph Barkely, the wealthy mill owner, arose. A moment later, another, a laboring man in the back seat, jumped up.

Only these two, yet Mr. Clives bowed his head in thanksgiving. Few of the congregation realized the significance of the pledges thus publicly given. Mr. Barkely the mill owner, they all knew to be one of the wealthy men of the church, rather haughty and exclusive. Of Laurence Hutton they knew even less. Had he ever been in the Mile street church before? He certainly was not a regular worshipper there.

Only Mr. Clives recognized him as the leader of a turbulent faction at the mills. Even he did not know that this same Laurence Hutton had his plans perfected for a strike on the morrow. Not that the men had any cause for complaint other than the hard times and a reduction of wages. They could not support their families comfortably, and they thought it not fair for Mr. Barkely to be living in luxury from the profit of their labor while they had hardly the necessities of life.

The final arrangements had been completed. When the bell sounded on the morrow a committee would wait upon their employer and then—Meantime, for lack of something better to do that Sabbath evening, Hutton had strayed into the Mile street church to enjoy the music. The sermon had impressed him, but who would be willing to take such a pledge he asked himself cynically. He stared in blank amazement when Mr. Barkely arose.

A strike is no time to begin such an experiment, he said to himself. Besides if he keeps his promise, mayhap it'll be better nor a strike. Anyhow, he shall have fair play. I'll help him out on't and, without further deliberation he too arose.

After the benediction, Mr. Barkely made his way to the pastor and asked for a few minutes' conversation with him. Thus it happened that Laurence Hutton slipped out unnoticed. He felt the need of haste. If the strike was to be averted, he must see every one of the workmen before they could possibly hear of the occurrences of the evening.

Harrying down Glen street he found, as he expected, a company of the morrow. They turned to their leader with some question.

Hutton knew he must be outspoken with them if he expected their cooperation.

B-y-s, I has a favour to ask of ye. Put off the strike for a week, and go to work as usual in the morning.

They stared at him as if he had taken leave of his senses. Not three nones before, he had been arguing that they make no delay. Why this sudden change? Had Mr. Barkely threatened or bribed him?

He seemed to read their very thoughts. No, Mr. Barkely hasn't said one word to me. Nobody asked me to call off the strike. I don't ask ye to give it up, mind.

Just put it off for a week. I'll tell ye why, a week from tonight; and if ye say the word, I'll lead the strike next Monday week I was going to tomorrow. One week's wait won't make much difference, will it?

Well, if he was so set upon it, what difference did it make, a week more or less? Hutton was not apt to be erratic. He doubtless has some good reason.

Leaving them to their surprise and their cigars, Hutton went on, finding some of the men in one place, some in another. More or less reluctantly they all acceded to his request. When he reached his room, and threw himself wearily upon his bed, it was near dawn, but he had kept his pledge. Every man would be at his post when the bell stopped ringing that morning.

Mr. Barkely had a no less restless night. Conscience, given a chance to speak, made many accusations that were difficult to refute in the light of Christ's command. An honorable business man, he yet had come far from keeping the spirit of the Golden Rule. But where should he begin? And there was the strike on the morrow to complicate matters. He had received notice the night before that a committee would call upon him that morning, and unless their demands were complied with, not a man would lift his finger again. All night he paced to and fro in his library, and it was not until day dawned that he threw himself upon his couch, exhausted, but with his course of action settled.

Mr. Clives had not mentioned the fact that Laurence had taken the same pledge. Therefore Mr. Barkely waited impatiently for the strikers to appear. But when the bell struck, the men went directly to their places, quiet and orderly as usual.

Mr. Barkely gave a sigh of relief. Now he could take the initiative. He lost no time in beginning his investigations, in acquainting himself with his employees who, heretofore, had simply been so many hands. He interested himself in their families. One mother was sent to the country with her sick child. A sewing machine went to one home, a wheeled chair to another, an organ to a music-loving girl, a course of lecture tickets to a tired teacher. In fact each one of his hundreds of employees received some token of his remembrance, expressing, the new relations which were henceforward to exist between them.

Saturday night Mr. Barkely called the men together and told them that their wages were increased five per cent. and that when the time came again for profits a certain portion should be divided among them.

As they looked up in surprise, he added:

I am only trying to follow the Golden Rule: Do to others as we would that they should do to us.

As he finished speaking, Laurence Hutton came forward and stood beside his employer.

I told ye I would tell ye why I wanted the strike postponed. We've got better nor a strike now, and I reckon ye're all satisfied. I thought so. Well, I was in Mile Street church last Sunday night when their preacher asked all who would try to follow the Golden Rule for one week to rise. Mr. Barkely rose up. He was the only one. I determined he should have fair play, so I asked ye to wait.

Mr. Barkely grasped Hutton's hand and shook it violently. He had not known before how his path had been smoothed for him by his co-worker.

The church was crowded the next Sabbath evening. Not its own people alone, but rich and poor from all parts of the city had been attracted by the rumor of the experiment which was being tried, for the papers had not hesitated to comment freely upon it. The large audience was restless during the opening service. Even the choir was out of tune. Mr. Clives motioned them to stop.

I see we are all thinking of the same thing—the experiment that has been tried in our midst the past week. You have all seen more or less of its effects. A strike has been averted, many people have been made happy, more cordial relations between capital and labor have been effected. Yet we could not hope in one short week that two men however earnest they might be, could correct all the errors of years of a city of this size. We need more workers. But first I wish to ask our brethren if they regret the pledge they gave here last Sabbath evening? No? I thought you would not. Are you willing to renew it?

Mr. Barkely and Laurence Hutton, friends now, and sitting together in Mr. Barkely's central pew, bowed assent.

Now who will join them? Surely there are others in the audience who are willing to ask if they are doing as they would like to be done by. Who will pledge themselves to take the Golden Rule to live by for one week?

There was a quick response. A

man in the farther corner of the room arose as if he had been waiting for the chance. Then, one after another, they arose all over the church—men, women and children. Mr. Barkely looked with interest at the first few, then covered his eyes with his hand. Nearly all were his employees or members of their families.

Then, ashamed by the readiness of the workmen to take such a pledge, others arose—merchants, lawyers, business men of all kinds and professions.—Evangelist.

A Mortgage on Manhood.

Every sin carries its own penalty. A false step is a small space apart from truth, and an incline toward the precipice overlooking the region of death. Every tear is not born of repentance. The warrior may weep over his ill-fated plans, as well as the saint at the follies of sinners. Fellowship is a curse when the outlook is for evil. The heart of the bandit may be soft, but the trade of stealing does not commend itself to the good judgment of men. The slave ship may rescue the sailors on a drifting vessel, and still keep fast in the hold its living freight. Knowledge is power for evil, as well as good. There are many things it would be best for you never to know, and it would be a good confession for you to make, that there were some places you had never seen, and had no desire to visit. Hell may be very interesting to explore, but you had better leave the zest of discovery to poets and painters as the creations of the imagination. There is no necessity for you to scan the dark recesses of an extinct volcano, and for the sake of a morbid ambition you may dare to enter, but the loss may be greater than the gain. If you are not a soldier, you have no business in the ranks when the brave men are making a final dash. You will not increase your reputation by being able to say that you know the difference of the various brands of liquors which intoxicate. The confession that you were familiar with certain books would debar you from good society and keep the doors of some homes closed against you. It will be for your eternal welfare if you never see inside of some houses which are not homes, and if you ever wear the badge of purity as a protest against any desire to pry into the dark chambers of vice. Every mistake bears interest. The mistake may be forgiven, but the interest remains. The heart has running sores which waste away life. One mistake may banish a man so far from home that he must ever remain an exile in his own city. There are men with masks walking our streets, and they dare not tear them off. You have met them daily for some years, but the real men you have never seen. They would fain be rid of the mortgage of their follies, but there is a leper hidden under the garment of flesh. Shirts of hair would be simple penance for their transgressions. They have tasted the poison of sin, and their blood is at fault. You may write letters of fire upon your soul, and the mercy and love of God will forgive you, but conscience reads the inscription on the darkest night. Memory! The peace of childishness would be sought by many as a happy release from the memory of misspent years. Sin places a mortgage upon manhood. The debt can never be fully discharged on the time-side of life. The hand stained with blood cannot be sweetened with all the spices of Arabia. The scar made upon the heart of another can never be removed by the surgeon's skill. The stinging phrase which fell carelessly from your lips may be forgiven by the friend you hurt, but the wound will take years to heal, and the scar will remain. Some saints are compelled to limp wearily all their days, because they made a mistake in youth. Close your eyes when the devil is passing, and give him no salute. Count yourself noble, and live a royal life. Strain every nerve for your highest duty, and save your strength for a worthy foe. Lose all for God, and in that day when you see him face to face, you will be surprised to find among the treasures of heaven your own lost treasures, with an increase earth never could give, and with a beauty born of the better world.—Chris. Guardian.

The Crimes of the Tongue.

The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun—the first is the human tongue. The gun merely kills bodies; the tongue kills reputations, and oftentimes ruins character. Each gun works alone; each loaded tongue has a hundred accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once. The fall evil of the tongue lives through all the years; even the eye of Omnipotence might grow tired in tracing it to its finality.

The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying, and scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in a single year the aggregate sorrow, pain, and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue. Place in one of the scale-pans of justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will start back in amazement as you see the scale you thought the heavier shoot high in air.

At the hands of thief or murderer few of us suffer, even indirectly. But from the careless tongue of friend, the cruel tongue of enemy, who is free? No human being can live a life so true, so fair, so pure as to be beyond the reach of malice, or immune from the poison of insinuations of envy. The insidious attacks against one's reputation, the loathsome innuendoes, slurs, half lies, by which jealous mediocrity seeks to ruin its superiors, are like those insect parasites that kill the heart and life of a mighty oak. So cowardly is the method, so stealthy the shooting of the poisoned thorns, so insignificant the separate acts in their seeming, that one is not on guard against them. It is easier to dodge an elephant than a microbe.—From "The Kingship of Self-Control."

The Sheep That Was Lost

On the Aletsch Glacier I saw a strange, beautiful sight—the parable of the Ninety and nine, repeated to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherd over the intricate windings between crevasses, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told. But on the way one sheep got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field-glass. With its aid we discovered it up amid a tangle of brush-wood, on the rock mountain side.

It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep out in the glacier waste, knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe, and went clambering back after the lost sheep until he found it. And he actually put it on his shoulders and returned rejoicing. Here was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconscious of it. And it brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident.—Selected.

A dying judge, the day before his departure to be with Christ, said to his caller, Do you know enough about law to understand what is meant by joint-tenancy?

No, was the reply. I know nothing about law; I know a little about grace, and that satisfies me.

Well, he said, if you and I were joint tenants on a farm I could not say to you that is your hill of corn and this is mine; that is your blade of grass, and this is mine; but we would share and share alike in everything on the place. I have just been lying here, and thinking with unspeakable joy that Jesus Christ has nothing apart from me, and everything he has is mine.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood-vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

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The Baked Bible.

Once a Bible was baked in a loaf of bread. That was in a far away country called Austria. Some wicked men came into the house to find the Bible and burn it up, but the woman who owned it was just going to bake bread: so she rolled her Bible up in a big loaf and put it in the oven. When the men went away she took out the loaf and it was not hurt a bit. That was a good place to hide a Bible wasn't it? But I'll tell you a better place still. David knew of that place when he said, Thy Word have I hid in mine heart.—Rays of Light.

Don't let your politeness be a ways for the visitor. An agreeable speech, a tender word, a compliment now and then, is much appreciated, even by your own family, softening the roughroads in life and making an encouragement when needed.—Virginia Baptist.



Mirth is an almost infallible sign of good health. A sick woman may force a smile or at times be moved to laughter. But when a woman is bubbling over with mirth and merriment she is surely a well woman.

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