

GOING TO JOHN.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I never was on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas."

"I'm going to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the lady who asked these questions as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked head. She wanted to hear her story, and to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my clock."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school—John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, too, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them and he went west to begin for himself. He said he had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now."

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines of her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested carelessly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter for me to come right to him. I should always have a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there

and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her cheek and waited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it never can shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out as if to look for the train. The stranger's fingers stroked the gray locks while the tears of sorrow and of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me some time."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her long before she learned with a broken heart that some day she would, homeless in the world, go to John.

REWARD OF FAITH.

No deed done in faith will go unrewarded. Rewards do not always—do not often—come in dollars and cents, but in something better. Our real treasures cannot be valued in coin of this world. It would be sacrilegious to attempt to place a money value upon them. The friendships that come through being a friend; the love that comes into our lives because we love; the strength of character we gain through our endeavors to do our duty; the increased faith that results from being faithful—all these are among the rewards of the righteous. The person is indeed to be pitied who would sacrifice even the least of them for any of the transient things of this world.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Several of our State universities, some of our denominational schools, and even a few of our theological seminaries furnish arenas in which young Christians, not so firmly rooted in their faith as Paul, have to fight for their spiritual lives against a brute doctrine that is quite popular among some teachers. It is the doctrine to which Darwin's name is attached that links man in blood relationship with the beasts of the jungle.

Christian parents may not be aware of the extent to which the religious faith of their children is being undermined by an hypothesis—a guess—without a fact in the Bible or in nature to support it. It rests wholly upon imagination and is defended with fiction that surpasses the wildest flights of the Arabian Nights.—William Jennings Bryan.

THE RISING TIDE AGAINST TOBACCO

While it is true that the use of tobacco is more prevalent than it has ever been, it is also true that the sentiment against its use is becoming greater all the time. The utter indifference of smokers to the feelings and rights of others is responsible for much of the unfavorable sentiment against the unclean habit. Will H. Brown, superintendent of the press bureau of the No-Tobacco League of America, wrote the following on this subject:

Suppose some one had predicted even two or three years ago that by 1922 a governor of one of our states would officially set apart a day for the special purpose of calling attention to the tobacco evil, would the average person have believed the prophet to be sane? And yet that very thing has happened.

The Governor of Arkansas issued an official proclamation designating March 17, 1922, as "No-Tobacco Day," for the entire state. In his proclamation the governor characterizes tobacco as "a slow and insidious destroyer of the race," and declares that "its general use by men and women from their youth up, generation after generation, is contributing to unmistakable and certain degeneracy."

A law banning cigarettes as "a national curse" was urged by the master of the New Hampshire State Grange as the annual meeting recently held in Concord.

Some of the leading cafeterias in Los Angeles where smoking was formerly permitted, have decided to respect the comfort of non-smokers and have posted "No Smoking" signs. One smoker protested in a letter to the Daily Times, threatening to take his crackers and cheese to the park where he could eat and smoke at the same time. It is this impudence of smokers all over the country, insisting upon smoking in eating places, street cars, elevators and other public places, that is helping greatly in the campaign against tobacco. Verily, many surprises are evidently in store for the tobacco interests in the near years to come.—Free Methodist.

The Great Commoner on a recent Sunday at Taylor University where he spoke before two great audiences, and could not then accommodate all who had thronged the campus to hear him, said:

"Parents all over this nation are asking me where they can send their sons and daughters to school knowing that their faith in God and immortality will not be destroyed. I find that this is a College where they teach the Bible instead of apologizing for it and I shall for this reason recommend Taylor University to inquiring Christian parents. I feel that it is time for the Christian church to quit apologizing and begin to fight."—William Jennings Bryan.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if on brass, time will affect it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal spirits, imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.