

THE TWO WAYS

Rev. H. C. Sanders

Chapter I.

As I was travelling along the road of time, I came upon a great company of people of all nations, seeking goodly pearls and gold and all manner of precious stones. Among the crowd there were many agents and ambassadors advocating the advantages of the companies they represented. Some were eloquent concerning the goldfields of fame, where, for a small deposit, claims could be staked and worked that were sure to yield rich returns of tinsel. The diamond fields of wealth had many advocates, men of brain and integrity who all worshipped with the gentiles, at the shrine of mammon. The most taking of all was the illustrated lectures and magic lantern talks given by men and women from Vanity Fair, where all manner of pleasures were exchanged for souls of men.

Looking upward, towards the hill, Calvary, I discerned a luminous cross whose radiance was the chief light, for darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people. Near this cross was a small company of people, also luminous, reflecting its glory. Looking still higher there was a star standing above a lowly manger, where three wise men had come from the East, to worship the newly born King. The angelic host filled the region above, singing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will to men." But only a few shepherds seemed to hear these sweet strains, as the din of earth filled all ears except those near the cross. In the dim distance shone, like a mirage, a city with streets of gold, gates of pearl, and foundations of precious stones; the very essence of what all nations were seeking.

Not until now had I noticed a narrow gate, near the cross, above which was written in letters of blood, "Strive to enter in." Ambassadors, with beautifully shod feet and clad in shining armour, were constantly sent among the throngs, calling them to look away towards the cross and the narrow way, that lead to the City of Heart's Desire. They carried samples of gold tried in the fire, pearls of great price, all manner of precious stones and crowns of glory that fade not away.

The lack of response was puzzling until I observed a silent form, going in and out among the crowd, blinding the minds of them that believe not. The Jews especially stumbled at the cross because blindness in part had happened unto them. Three of the Greeks spoke to Philip saying, "we would see Jesus," but to most of them the placing of the cross so near the gate of the King's Highway seemed foolish.

It was pitiful to see the blind multitudes trying to find their way about in the semi-darkness. They used such poor lights that they could not see the pitfalls that lay thick along the way. Blind guides were continually leading them into ditches where they fell never to rise. The road was so broad and the gate so wide that they were mostly unaware of having entered. The way seemed right unto them but the end thereof are the ways of death. So blind were they that the sign over the gate was often unnoticed. "Thir soad leads to Destruction." Because the way was down

grade and so accessible and because the other way was up grade and so very narrow, therefore the majority chose the way of death. They were doomed to disappointment, though starting with bright hopes. They were poor, miserable, naked and too blind to be aware of their own wretchedness. Their buildings were of wood, hay and stubble, erected upon the sands, and without foundation. For food they ate sour grapes, the apples of Sodom, and fain would have filled themselves with husks such as the swine did eat, but no man gave them suitable food. They spent their money for that which was not bread, and their labor for that which satisfied not.

Many came to themselves, like people awakening out of sleep, and said, "I will arise and return to seek the narrow way." For all the while there went in and out among the ambassadors of the cross, radiant with light and fragrant with the sweet savour of the cross.

These carried samples of the best of food; honey out of the rock, milk and manna, twelve manner of ripe fruits, and the water of life. They urged the wretched ones to forsake all and come with them. To stop and reason together, to taste and see what the food of the kingdom was like. But more of this kind of rescue work we will see farther on.

(To be continued)

WHAT WAS DONE WITH A PENNY.

What good would a penny do?" Richard was always asking. "I'll just spend this one for candy, and maybe the next one I'll put in the mite box. If I had lots of money, I'd like to give big, shining dollars; but a penny doesn't count. When I'm a man, I'll give lots of money."

"But if all the boys spend their pennies, where will the offering be?" asked his mother. "Somebody must save, and you should be willing to do your part."

"I would like to, mamma, but a penny isn't anything," said Richard. "I want one of those pretty red candies awful bad."

"Richard, I wish you would take this penny and run over to Mrs. Gray for one of those slips she promised me," said Mrs. Snow, seeming to forget all about the mite box. "She sells them for a penny apiece, and I want to start one."

Richard was very glad to have his mother forget about the mite box, and he could buy the red candy on his way for the plant, so he ran whistling down the street. "Now get one of those old tomato cans in the back yard and punch three holes in the bottom of it with a nail," said his mother, when he came back with the geranium branch and his mouth full of candy.

It was a short task to plant and water the slip, as she directed him, and very soon Richard was out at play and had forgotten all about the plant. He did not think of it again until his mother asked him, some weeks later, to hunt up a cracked stone jar in which to transplant it; and then he only noticed that it was growing rapidly.

"Today's the date the Juniors take

where you put it when your teacher gave it to you."

Richard brought out the dusty thing and shook it hard; but it was empty. "I declare, I forgot all about it," he said. "Mamma, won't you please lend me a quarter to put into it?"

"No, Richard; you know papa doesn't allow borrowing."

"But I'll have to go with an empty box, mamma, and all the others will have money. I wish I hadn't spent everything for candy. I will do better next time. But I never had more than a penny at a time, and a penny doesn't count."

"Richard, do you remember that penny slip you bought from Mrs. Gray last spring? That was your penny that you lost, and I wanted to show you what could be done with it. Bring me that little red box in my sewing basket."

Richard brought out the red box, and when it was opened, a number of silver and copper coins rolled out. "Do you remember that all summer you have been pitting little slips and selling them when they grow strong and thrifty? This money is all yours for the mite box, and the plant is still left."

"Forty-three cents!" exclaimed Richard, counting the money. "And all from one penny! I'll never say again, mamma, that a penny doesn't amount to anything."—Sunday School Times.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.

The Wesleyan Methodist commenting upon a crime committed recently in one of our large cities by the well-educated sons of wealthy people, says:

"In the public schools of our great cities, there is practically no normal instruction. Not only can a boy enter the school and pass through it without even knowing there is such a book as the Bible, but he can too often complete his school course without having been definitely impressed by any ideals of morality, honesty, responsibility or duty. If the Bible is to be barred from our schools and Christian instruction is to be taboo, there seems to be at least no reason why there should not be frequent assemblies for the purpose of instilling into these young people some conceptions of duty to the country, of the advantages of morality, of a pride in industry and honesty. It may even be that a few things said in favor of that much ridiculed thing, 'chivalry,' will not be out of place. Our girls should be taught to respect and honor themselves, for when they once learn this they will demand respect and honor from others.

"Too many of the younger generation have been inoculated with a contempt for religion and the churches, due to the constant pressure of rationalistic comment. They have succeeded in losing all faith, but are neither sufficiently intelligent nor informed to substitute a faith of their own. They are unable to see through the mist of criticism to the truths which no criticism can touch."—Selected.

We have more power than will; and it is often by way of excuse to ourselves that we fancy things are impossible.—Rochefoucauld.