

ened about his work. As I stepped upon the platform of the car, he stood at the crossing waving his signal flag, his white hair floating in the wind. And I said as the train moved out, "Be sure and find out what the next station is before you reach the end." And I heard the reply falling, rather hesitatingly on my ear, "I will try, sir."—Sel.

LOP-SIDED RELIGION

By E. E. Shelhamer

Ever since the fall, man is more or less lop-sided. They say one shoulder is a little higher than the other, one foot a little larger than the other, and one side of the brain a little heavier than the other; hence we wobble when we walk.

It is the same when it comes to seeing truth. We see and stress one phase of truth out of proportion to another truth of equal importance.

For instance: Brother A—— is a fine, liberal man. If others gave as freely as he, there would be no lack, or pull for finances. But his example is hurtful in that he and his family are so worldly in their dress and home furnishings.

Brother B—— is different. He is radical and straight on the dress, diet and Sunday street car question, but he is stingy and contrary around home and on the official board. These things hurt his good qualities.

Sister C—— is a power in prayer and exhortation, but would wield a much greater influence were she more careful about repeating what she hears, especially concerning ministers and their wives. Sometimes she prays at people publicly without having first spoken to the parties privately. This is unwise, unkind and unscriptural.

Sister D—— is more conscientious in speaking about other people. She is a pattern in neatness and plainness; she is a fine solicitor and Sabbath School worker. But all this is forgotten when she gets one of those pouting spells, because she has been "hurt" or "slighted." Oh, that she could get saved from her touchiness and sensitiveness.

Brother E—— is a mighty man in the pulpit, but it is very unfortunate that when out of it he can stoop to do little, unbrotherly tricks; he is easily biased and is quick to pass sentence before he has heard both sides. This belittles him and greatly cripples his usefulness.

Brother F—— is not much of an orator, but he is a good pastor, calling and praying with the people continually. However, there are things that hurt him. First, he is careless about keeping his word and paying little bills. Second, he has no family government; the children do about as they please. This is a great pity.

Sister G—— is a good singer and excellent altar worker, but is too masculine and lacks humility. If you doubt this, just cross her opinion and there will be either resentment, or a multitude of words explaining her position.

Sister H—— is a rebuke to many when it comes to enduring hardships and being self-forgetful for others. But unfortunately she is so changeable and full of impressions that she lacks poise and

THE TRUTH.

Men like Plato and Aristotle sought and found many truths. Since that period philosophers and scientists have plunged out into the seemingly unknown realms and returned each with a new discovery or invention. One truth will never contradict another truth. Many theories labelled truth are filled with error, disguised in enough truth to deceive many honest people. We admit that many truths have been discovered, but we are sorry to say that very few in their quest of truths have found the Truth. What is the Truth? Jesus Christ answered the question when He said, "I am the Truth." Allow me to illustrate by using a wheel. The main part of the wheel is the center, the hub. The spokes of the wheel are related to each other because they are properly related to the hub. Truths do not find their proper relation to one another until they become related to the Great Truth, Jesus Christ. Men have not reached the highest plane of knowledge until they have met the Christ, the Truth. As the spokes go out from the hub to touch the rim, so can truths go out from Christ, the Truth, to touch a world that is searching for truths.

GEORGE A. ROGERS.

Benton, N. B.

forcefulness. Hence, nothing abides.

We might go on to the end of the alphabet and notice the "little foxes that spoil the vines." But a hint to the wise is sufficient. God grant that we may all straighten up and walk uprightly so that others seeing our good works may be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven.—Los Angeles, Calif.

REPRESENTING

He stepped briskly into the office and laid his card down on the desk before me. Idly, I took it up, at the same time motioning to a seat.

"Representing Blank and Company, Novelties, New York," I read. The firm was known to me by reputation only, but I had always regarded them as honorable and handling a good line of goods. So I looked at their representative with interest. An instant sufficed for me to size him up. Shabby, worn clothing, slightly soiled linen, ruffled hair, carelessly arranged tie—these things I took in at a glance. The thing that surprised me the most, however, was the timid, apologetic manner in which he began to present his claims. He acted as if he were afraid of being caught at it by somebody.

Of course, I lost whatever desire I might have to look at his samples. Be they ever so worthy or useful to me, I knew that this fellow could never convince me of it, no matter how hard he tried. So I quickly told him I was well satisfied with the line of goods I was carrying, and had no desire to make any change. After a word or two more he departed, evidently glad that the ordeal was over.

After he had left the room, I sat there and wondered why a firm of such reputation as Blank and Company allowed a shabby, apologetic salesman like that to represent them.

"Why," I declared aloud, "he ought to be proud to represent such a firm as that. I know I would be."

"Then why aren't you?" said a voice.

I looked around in astonishment. There was no one in the room.

"Why aren't you?" the quiet voice repeated.

"Why, I am, or I would be in that case," I insisted.

"Oh, no you wouldn't. You are representing a firm that is infinitely better than Blank and Company, and yet you're ashamed of it."

"You're certainly mistaken," I persisted.

"No, I'm not. Stop and think a minute. There was yesterday morning when you started to the supply house, and were so ashamed to be seen with your books of samples under your arm that you left it at home."

Suddenly I remembered. Yes, I had left my Bible at home for fear that some of my friends would see me with it on my way to church.

The voice went on.

"Then don't you remember how you undertook to interest somebody in your firm's line of goods because the local agent told you it was your duty? And surely you haven't forgotten how shamefacedly you went about it, how you hurried to get it over with and spoke low for fear you would be overheard? No wonder the prospect turned away, convinced that the firm couldn't be as represented if you acted as ashamed as all that about speaking of it."

I hung my head in silence. Yes, it was all true. The minister had told us Sunday evening that we ought to be getting recruits for the Lord's army, and so the next morning I saw Lew Wilkes and invited him to come to church with me the next Sunday. I did certainly go to him half-heartedly, fearing his ridicule, and he laughed quite a bit too when he refused.

"Then," continued the voice, "have you forgotten that day down in the office when somebody slandered and sneered at the senior partner of your firm in your presence and you never said a word in protest, but laughed with the rest?"

I had forgotten, but it all came back to me with a rush—how Dick Wendel had joked and intermingled the name of God in a disrespectful manner in the joke. I did laugh at the joke, albeit half-heartedly. I bowed my head on the desk.

"Yes," I murmured contritely, "It's all true. I have been the advertised representative of the most wonderful and fairest firm in the universe and I have been ashamed of it. Help me from this time forth to be a loyal and wholehearted ambassador of the firm of God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son."—Albert A. Rand, in Sunday School Times.

Do not trouble yourself with trying to make a good impression. Content yourself with being true and good. The rest will take care of itself.

"To love God supremely, to honor men, to live righteously, to know sympathy, to be true to home and loved ones, to be humble and brave, these things represent and suggest the biggest values in life."—Selected.