

will. We are determined to stand for truth and righteousness and this glorious gospel of full salvation which destroys carnality and fills with all the fullness of His blessed presence. Our battle is for Holiness here just as it is in America. Must close now.

Yours in Him,

D. M. MacDONALD

"REWARD OF MERIT"

"And you worked a whole year for this, grandmother!" exclaimed Marcia, incredulously, as she examined an old-fashioned "Reward of Merit," which set forth in careful, faded characters that the possessor had once received it for "Proficiency in Spelling," in a certain district school. "I am working for a prize myself this term—the Powers Prize—in English, but that is \$100 in gold. If I win, father has promised me a watch, and Aunt Julia her pearls. So you see I'm working for something worth while. When I go in for honors, I want something substantial.

As the young lady complacently settled herself to her task, the older Marcia sat musing over the "Reward of Merit." Even in the days when that sort of certificate of scholarship was most popular, it could not have cost more than a few cents; but all the years since the last day of school in the little red schoolhouse it had been a cherished treasure, and even now it had the power to bring a flush of joy to the withered cheek of the possessor. In fond memory she went back to the hours spent in spelling words to her ambitious mother.

The lesson was usually conned over some homely task, the little girl washing dishes and her mother holding the latest baby with one arm and the calico-covered speller shifted from hand to hand as the infant grew heavy. Often, when one of the younger children was ill, the little girl sat by her mother in the lonely night vigils, and in hushed voices they went over the hard words. Then came the spelling-bee, when the little girl stood unafraid among the giants from her own and other districts and calmly tackled one puzzling word after another. Gradually the ranks melted, till only she faced the spectacled personage back of the open book. The champion could still hear the cheers that greeted her victorious stand, and feel the glow that followed when, on the last day of school, the coveted reward was laid in her hand. Could \$100 in gold, a handful of pearls, and all the other things the up-to-date contestant catalogued so glibly, bring more joy than that written "Reward of Merit" had brought? The old lady thought not.

Before many days the old lady discovered that the anxiety to win the prize that had brought such keen interest and joy to every member of the family in the little old house at the edge of the woods had an echo in the beautiful modern home of her children. This younger contestant was using the work needed to win the prize as a talisman to free her from all home duties. She was going to win, but at the expense of others. Help was hard to obtain, yet the overworked mother never dreamed of looking for assistance from ambitious daughter. The girl must have her rest, if she hoped to be prepared for the coming examination. And, most serious of all, she seemed to put more value on the prize itself than on the knowledge which it represented.

When at last Marcia came home with the coveted honors, she shared her gifts with no one, contending that she had won by her own

tireless efforts. The family seemed perfectly indifferent to her success. Her keen-brained grandmother reflected that if she considered the reward worth all the unpleasantness and shirking she had indulged in, then her own little old "Reward of Merit" was still worth more than gold or pearls.

Occasionally some young person reads in amazement about the Athenian youths who contended for honors in athletics before vast audiences, and received in return a perishing wreath of wild olive or some woods plant. It was unbelievable that any one should voluntarily spend weeks in training, with only a wreath to look forward to.

Only those who do not know the value of the real things measure everything in terms of money. The hero who receives the medal for bravery never thinks of the medal as he risks his life to save a comrade, or to perform some other deed of daring. True, he cherishes the medal when it comes; but it is never a bit of bronze or gold that he is working for. It is enough for him to know that he had grasped the opportunity to do a man's work when he could. The truth is, the real reward is in the act itself. To work for the joy of working, to act nobly whether appreciation is shown or not, to seek knowledge because it increases one's usefulness, rather than because of some monetary reward—these are marks of the truly great.—Forward.

WHO CARRIES ON SATAN'S BUSINESS?

Men don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven feet or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found on earth or in air today, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land today with the fiery darts of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was; won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows His wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told that he doesn't go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in church, in home, and state, to earth's remotest bounds;
If the Devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow, and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the Devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on!

—Selected

A RECKONING WITH RUM

A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my accounts with old alcohol, to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he made me go staggering around, and threw me into the ditch. He said I must to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me 'sick as a dog.'"

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage."

"Then what happened?"

"Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little sick child. He said he would brighten my wits, but instead he made me act like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made a tramp."—Publisher Unknown.

CAMP MEETING

This form of general gathering was first established in America by the Presbyterian church. The first meeting, we understand, was held at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, 1801. The power of God was poured out in an extraordinary degree. Twenty thousand people, moved by the mighty power of God, swayed like corn in the wind. Sometimes as many as seven preachers would be preaching at once to listening thousands from different stands. Preachers of different denominations joined in preaching repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. About fifteen hundred were powerfully converted and went home to spread the fire for many miles around.

May God visit our Camp meetings this year in a like manner. Some are getting out of the way of attending these meetings. **Beware of settling down.** Plan today to attend your Camp Meeting. Let all the pilgrims pray fervently for a revival of God's work. Brethren, we need a mighty baptism throughout our church.

Prayer is the most potential, and the most neglected, of all the forces at the disposal of the Christian . . . It is encouraged by promises more numerous and more absolute than attach to any other one act and privilege of the believer's life.—A. T. Pierson.

Eternity has no gray hairs! The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.
—Bishop Heber.