



## MEASURING DAY

I dreamed I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd upon the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:

"Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day."

"Measuring Day!" said I; "measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing," and I began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

There in the center, on a kind of throne under the green elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were of shining white, and he had the kindest yet most serious face I ever beheld. By his side was a tall golden rod, fastened upright in the ground, with curious marks at regular intervals from the top to the bottom. Over it, in a golden scroll, were the words, "The measure of a perfect man." The angel held in his hand a large book, in which he wrote the measurements as the people came up at the calling of their names in regular turns. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul-growth which was shown in this mysterious way.

The first few who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon the name of Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the president of the Aid for the Destitute Society, and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought, "Surely Elizabeth Darrow's measure will be very high indeed."

But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said: "This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lowly secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth."

I pitied Elizabeth Darrow as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before, and her face shone so I thought it must have caught its light from the angel, who smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsy, whom before I had rather looked down upon. And as the angel wrote in the book he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The next was Lillian Edgar, who dresses so beautifully that I have often wished I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low—so low that Lillian turned pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel said in a solemn tone: "O child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning be not that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can you grow like the Master."

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, old, clumsy Jerry. But as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod; and behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

And then, oh, my name came next! And I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lillian's mark—Lillian's, the lowest of all, and I a member of the church for two years!

I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: "Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book as low as this. Tell me how to grow. I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!"

The angel shook his head sadly. "The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I come next. This rule will help you, 'Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily as to the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ.'"

And with that I burst into tears, and suddenly awakened to find myself crying. But, oh, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark.—Measuring Rod.

## SHE WANTED TO KNOW

A little American lady was "doing" Westminster Abbey one afternoon in the last tourist season, but doing it with a difference that slightly nonplussed her guide, who thought he knew all the kinds of tourists there are. She was interested in everything, appeared anxious to miss nothing, but kept a lively silence as if waiting for something he did not say. When at last his long recitative was coming to an end she raised her hand, looked round and with a quick gesture that included everything, the tombs of kings, the monuments of poets and statesmen, and "the storied windows richly dight," she spoke: "Young man, stop your chatter and tell me, has anyone been saved here lately?"

—Congregational Quarterly, April, 1953

## DIVINE BOLDNESS

No adverse circumstances deter the Spirit-filled man. No difficulties discourage him. He is pre-occupied with God's claim. He heeds neither the praise nor blame of man. Like Moses he endures as seeing Him who is invisible. His steady gaze is upon the eternal scene. The world is nothing to him. He is oblivious to all else save the glory of God and the salvation of man.—Philip G. Smith.

## OBITUARY

Mr. George Leavitt, a life time resident of L'Etang, died at the Memorial Hospital, Black's Harbour, in his 77th year. He leaves to mourn, his wife, eight daughters and one son. The funeral service was held at his late home, conducted by Rev. Corey, pastor of the United Baptist church, St. George, assisted by the writer. To his bereaved wife and family we extend sympathies.

Fraser A. Dunlop

## WEDDINGS

**Flinn-Estabrooks**—Pearl Estabrooks, of Coldstream, N. B., and John Flinn, of Marysville, N. B., were united in marriage on October 24th at the United Baptist Church, Coldstream, N. B. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. R. Ingersoll.

**Trenholm-Harris**—Miss Dorothy Harris, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Harris, of Amherst, N. S., and Mr. Harold Trenholm were united in marriage at the Salvation Army Citadel, Amherst, N. S. The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. R. T. Benson.

**Trecartin-Graham**—A very pretty wedding took place at the Hartland Reformed Baptist Church on October 24th, when Ferne, daughter of Nellie and the late Burwell Graham, was united in marriage to Walter Trecartin, of this town. A reception was held at the home of the bride's sister, after which the happy young couple left on a motor trip. They will reside in Ontario.

## THAT IS REVIVAL

It is revival when men in the streets are afraid to open their lips and give vent to blasphemy that may be in their hearts because of the Spirit and the atmosphere around them. It is revival when sinners fall down at the street corner; when the whole town is overawed by the presence of God; when every shop becomes a pulpit, and every home becomes a sanctuary, and every heart becomes an altar, and every lip is touched by the flame of God's presence.

And that is how it was in Wales. Whosoever spoke, spoke in bated breath. It was as if men were waiting in the corridors of the heavenly city, as if they were conscious of the presence of the omnipotent God, and walking softly and humbly before Him.—John C. Williams in Herald of His Coming.

## A CELESTIAL COURAGE

The courage that can stand alone with God, that not only can face numberless foes, but endure patiently the desertion of friends, the misunderstandings and criticisms of other Christians, to take up a task that all others regard as hopeless, to take a stand that is denounced as insane delusion, to discern victory through dark, dense battle clouds, where all others see nothing but defeat, to work patiently without one word of bragging on the work, to pray on, press on, weep on, fight on, day and night, whether encouraged or denounced, requires celestial courage that is born out of the heart of Jesus, and clad in that shining armor which he brought down from the bosom of the Father into His human life.—Penial Herald.