

The train stopped at a junction in the mountains and took on several passengers. Among the number was a little old woman who took the seat just inside the door. She was very small, and could not have weighed more than a hundred pounds. She must have been at least eighty years of age. Her face was deeply wrinkled, but it was beautiful. Her eyes seemed very bright as she looked out through her glasses.

"Tickets," called the conductor.

The new passenger looked into her little hand bag for her ticket, and with smiles all over her face handed it up to the conductor. Instantly a frown came over his face, and in a course, loud voice he said: "What are you doing on this train. No stops till we get to Scranton. Guess you haven't traveled much, old woman. Next time you go away from home you had better have someone along to take care of you. We will take you on to Scranton, and you can get back tonight sometime."

Just then a young fellow, who was sitting down the aisle, got up and crossed to where the unhappy woman was. He asked permission to sit down beside her. The old woman was somewhat deaf, and, sitting in the seat directly behind them, I could overhear the conversation

"It is not so bad as the conductor says," I heard him explain. "People often get on the wrong train. I'm not very old, but have gotten on the wrong train twice myself. But I got home all right. You will get home all right. I live in Scranton, and I know that just about an hour after this train arrives, another train—a local one—will go back, and it will surely stop at your town. Your folks will wonder why you did not come at the promised time; and when you arrive they will be all the more glad to see you. They will be more pleased than if you had come at the right time; for they will be afraid you are lost, or that something else had happened, and when you step off the train they will be ever so relieved and happy."

The frightened look began to fade from the little woman's face and she did not rub her hands so nervously. Then, to take her mind away from her painful situation, he began to talk about other things. Presently I heard him telling her, with much dramatic action, some of the funniest happenings I have ever heard.

After a time the boy rose and returned to his seat. I was now intensely interested in the lad, and in a few minutes I sat down beside him. Putting my hand familiarly upon his knee, I remarked: "The little woman over there is a relative of yours?"

Now it was the boy's turn to feel confused. He turned red and stammered out, "Why, no, sir, she is not a relative of mine."

"Well, one of your friends?"

"No, sir, I never seen her before."

"Never saw her before? Why, then, did you go over there and take such special pains to comfort her?"

Modestly and hesitantly he told me this:

"I was glad of the chance to cheer her up. My life up to about eight months ago was a very selfish life. My ambition was simply to have a good time. But my Master showed me that it was a small, mean way to live, and I promised Him that if He would help me, I would never again let a day pass that I did not try to do at least one little service for Him. I'm glad to say that I haven't missed a day

The King's Highway

(An Efficiency test for Pastors who care)

Every live-wire pastor wants his Sunday school to be a success. He would like to lead the community in the Sunday school field. He'll never give up, until his school is built up. He wants to be a sparkplug, the key to the situation, the master of his school. The following Sunday school Quiz will help the pastor to get on his toes:

The Pastor Looks at the Sunday School

1. Have I seriously considered the Sunday school as my field, my job? How does it rate with Missions, Preaching, Visitation, Funerals, or Weddings?

2. Have I acquainted myself with the Sunday school: its history, purpose, organization, and value?

3. What relation do I as the pastor sustain towards the Sunday school: inspirational, friend, counsellor, guide, spiritual advisor, or hidden power?

4. What influence do I, as a pastor, exert upon my school: apathetic, indifferent, hostile, officious, sympathetic and co-operative?

5. Do I ever mention the Sunday school from the pulpit, or by announcements encourage the congregation to attend special occasions?—Wesleyan Methodist.

IT TAKES COURAGE

- * To refrain from gossip when others about you delight in it.
- * To stand up for an absent person who is being abused.
- * To live honestly within your means and not dishonestly on the means of others.
- * To be a real man, a true woman, by holding fast to your ideals when it causes you to be looked upon as strange and peculiar.
- * To be talked about and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.
- * To refuse to do a thing which is wrong though others do it.
- * To live always according to your convictions.
- * To dress according to your income and to deny yourself what you cannot afford to buy.—The Trumpeter.

yet. But I was afraid about today. I have been traveling since early morning, and everything has been strange to me. When I heard the conductor talking so roughly to the poor old soul, and saw how frightened and worried she was, I said to myself: 'Good enough! There's my chance.' So I just went over and smoothed her all down for Jesus' sake."

I have heard many sermons on Christian consecration and Christian service, but I never heard such a sermon as that preached to me by the lad on the railroad train that day. It was not an act prompted by mere pity. It was not a service that had its limits in humanitarian endeavor. No, no. "I went over and smoothed her down for Jesus' sake."

When we all get such a motive as that behind our sacrifice and service, how it will exalt and glorify the smallest things we do! And what a passion will be born within us to help every one we can! For His sake? When we really learn to do things for Him, how light the hardest tasks become—Gospel Herald.

To pray successfully is the first lesson the preacher must learn if he is to preach fruitfully; yet prayer is the hardest thing he will ever be called upon to do; and being human, it is the one act he will be tempted to do less frequently than any other. He must set his heart to conquer by prayer, and that will mean that he must first conquer his own flesh; for it is the flesh that hinders prayer always.

Almost anything associated with the ministry may be learned with an average amount of intelligent application. It is not hard to preach or manage church affairs or pay a social call; weddings and funerals may be conducted smoothly with a little help from Emily Post and the Minister's Manual. Sermon making can be learned as easily as shoemaking, introduction, conclusion and all. And so with the whole work of the ministry as it is carried on in the average church today. But prayer—that is another matter. There Mrs. Post is helpless and the Minister's Manual can offer no assistance. There the lonely man of God must wrestle it out alone, sometimes in fastings and tears and weariness untold. There every man must be an original, for true prayer cannot be imitated, nor can it be learned from someone else. Every one must pray as if he alone could pray, and his approach must be individual and independent; independent, that is, of everyone but the Holy Ghost.—Alliance Weekly.

GUILTY? NOT GUILTY?

Not a few preachers have fallen into a "talkative" habit. They seem to think that they must "add a word" to almost every announcement. By the time they get through, most of the audience are worn to a frazzle and a lot of precious time has been wasted.

A wise and observant editor calls attention to those preachers who think they must make "appropriate" remarks.

"Recently," says the editor, "we attended a church service at which the pastor introduced every hymn, every Scripture reading, every anthem and every other part of the service with 'appropriate' remarks. The consequence was that an hour was used up, and the people, too, before he reached his sermon. Evidently that pastor thinks that he is paid for his much speaking. We are certain that his people would let him off with less. The truth is that he spoiled a beautiful service because everybody was fidgety to get home to dinner by the time the sermon was begun. What a pity it is that man cannot understand the value of time and has not learned not to fritter it away! We are making no plea for short services or short sermons, although we might make a plea for both of them. We are simply pleading that pastors will conduct the service of worship in a dignified and straightforward way without interpolating too many of their own side remarks. When these side remarks are unusual, they are sometimes very delightful. When they are continuous they are nerve-racking."—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate.

"The men with the smallest stock of religion are likely to put out the biggest sign."

"God allows His children to suffer pain in order to fit them for the highest employment."