

A MOTHER'S LOVE.
When a boy is far away from home,
What pleases him the most?
Why, it's when a letter comes to him
From mother's hand!
No matter if the silver hair
Appear upon the mother's brow,
It's still the mother's boy as when
His hair was curly red!

The thirty years have left their marks
And scathed his curly hair,
In mother's eyes he's yet a lad,
Without time's little trace!
Her letter thus begins: "Dear boy,"
It sets his heart a thrill
To think that mother knows him
As a little shaver still!

A mother's love is as a charm
The essence of youth;
One feels that age has naught to do
With love or life or truth,
When'er he gets a letter from
His mother far away.
Who sees naught but the guileless child,
Behind the man grown gray.
—Boston Journal.

“WOMAN.”
By Sara Moore.

“A MAN should love his equal
always,” said Dent
“Oh, I don't know!”
disputed Will Burgess.
“Sometimes he falls in love with his inferior.”
“Not really,” declared Dent.
“Yes, really. A shallow brained,
heartless woman who is handsome
and sparkling frequently wins the
admiration of an intelligent, good
man.”
“Admiration, yes,” admitted Dent.
“That sort of woman might win
admiration, but love, never. A good
man's heart will turn instinctively to
the right woman.”
“Maybe you will have a chance to
prove that. You are supposed to be
the intelligent, Dent, and some day
you will be a man.”
“Some sweet day,” laughed the
colleague of twenty. “And when I meet
the divinity who is to shape my
course, Willie, you shall know her.”
Five years later, as Will Burgess sat
in his office, saying with a note which
he had just received from his friend,
that conversation on the college campus
drifted back to him.

“He ready at six,” the note read. “I'm
coming round for you. We're to dine
with a friend of mine, and you will
meet Miss Wynne whom I spoke of to
the other evening. You will be sure to
like her, Will. She is above all others
of her sex adorable.”
“Dear old Dent!” said Will, with a
smile. “Still sticks to his notion of
feminine perfection.”
“That evening, as he sat looking
across the table at Clarice Wynne, his
thoughts echoed his friend's words:
“She is adorable.” Indeed, she looked
so. She was exquisitely dressed in
some soft pink stuff which set off her
rich complexion to advantage, and her
dark eyes shone lustroously as she
talked.

“She was a good talker, and she had
a charming manner of listening that
drew one on, heedless of everything
but the interest in her face. As Dent
Lenox watched the color come and
go on her soft cheek, and the smile
play around the sensitive mouth, he
thought he had never beheld a picture
so entrancing. He had not talked
with her long ere he were telling her
his trials, his hopes, and his ambitions.

“He was a rising young artist, with
his soul in his work. The few pictures
which he had offered for sale
found purchasers. He was working
now at what he termed his masterpiece,
through which he hoped to make
his name. He had told this to no one,
not even Will, but he told it now to
Clarice Wynne—why, he could not
have said. But he met with a ready
sympathy of voice and eye which
completely won his heart.

“Miss Wynne is charming,” he
commented enthusiastically, as he and
Will walked home together. “I have
never met any one like her.”
“Success, old boy!” he said. “It is
easy to meet between the lines.”
“Oh, yes!”
“But that is a long way off,” Miss
Wynne is wealthy, while I—”
“Will be,” supplemented Will.
“Possibly,” said Dent, as his mind
reverted to the “masterpiece.”
“Sure!” said Will, conclusively. He
had perfect faith in his friend's ability,
and not without cause.

As the days swept by the masterpiece
grew under Dent's loving fingers.
Next to his sweetheart he loved his
art. Sweetheart? Yes, she was that
now.

She was very dear to him. He had
told her so and she had listened. So
he spent his evenings with her, and his
days over his picture.

The subject was a face, a beautiful,
sweet face with a sensitive mouth,
and wonderful loving eyes that looked
into one's soul. Gazing at that face,
one thought of mother and wife, and
the gentler, better feelings of the heart
seemed to leap forth in a question that
found answer in the tender eyes. Underneath
was the one word, “Woman.”

When the picture was exhibited,
people surged round it, critics praised
it, and buyers were quick to send in
their bids. It was a success.
“I congratulate you, my dear
fellow,” said Will Burgess, as he leaned
over Dent's shoulder and found him
smilingly contemplating the result of
the sale. “Not so much because of the
banknotes—there will be plenty now—
but because this proves that you have
triumphed which you had not.”
“And best of all,” said Dent, softly,
“it removes the last obstacle between
me and happiness.”
“Yes,” said Will, comprehendingly.
Two months later, Will received a
wedding card with a note from Dent
enclosed, begging him to be his best
man. He called on his friend immediately
to accept the honor, and found
him in a transport of joy.
“I am the happiest fellow in the
world!” he cried, wringing Will's
hand. “She is an angel!”
“She is a woman,” answered Will,
with a smile, “and human. Don't
forget that, dear boy, and fly too high.”
“You were always a raven,” laughed
Dent, too happy to resent the warning.
“But I have no fears.”
The wedding was set for Wednesday.
On Monday morning, as Dent
was settling the bill for his room,

preparatory to giving them up, the
hall boy brought him a note.
It was from Clarice, asking him to
see her immediately. He hurried to
her home, and found her in the parlor,
pale and nervous, talking to a young
man whom he had never seen before.
The stranger bowed and withdrew as
Dent entered. Clarice gave him her
hand, but drew back as he attempted
to kiss her.

“No,” she said hurriedly, “don't. I
have something to say to you. Please
listen until I have finished, and if you
care for me—that is if you have cared
for me—try not to do so now.”
“Not care for you, Clarice? My life
girl, what are you saying? You
know I love you—”
“No, no,” she interrupted. “You
will not love me when you hear what
I have to say. I hope you will not—
oh, I hope you will not!”
“Clarice, you are ill,” exclaimed
Dent, now thoroughly alarmed, and
taking her hands in his own.

“No, not ill,” she said, drawing
back, and composing herself with an
effort. “I'll tell you all about it,” she
added, looking through her tears into
his startled eyes. “You saw that gentleman?”
“Yes.”
“Well,” went on Clarice, in a choked
voice, “four years ago I was engaged
to him.”
“Engaged to him?” echoed Dent,
growing perceptibly paler. “You told
me I was your first—”
“Yes, yes. But listen. He went away
a violent man, and he went away
vowing never to return. I put him
from my mind and resolved that I
would forget him. When you came I
thought he was a memory. He was to
be as one dead, and so I never told
you of him. I had not heard from him
for years. And you were so kind and
good that I believed I could love you
as a husband. I was sure I could
make you a good wife. But this morn-
ing he came back, and I find I love
him still. I cannot give him up now
that he is here. Dent, can't you see?
I could not be true to you. Knowing
he loved me, I should only make you
miserable. Be kind to me—be kind to
yourself—and help me.”

Dent had risen from his chair and
stood looking at her with a colorless
face.
“Help—help you?” he stammered.
“Yes, Clarice, I will. What do you
want me to do?”
The hand that rested on the chair
was clenched, and all the light had
faded from the handsome eyes, but
his voice was almost steady.

“Oh, I don't know!” she moaned.
“Say we have put the wedding off—
that you are called away on business—
something, anything! Oh, what will
people say?”
She was thinking of herself and
“people.” She gave no thought of
him.

He steadied himself forcibly and
when he spoke his voice was hard.
“People need not say anything at
present,” he said. “I will go away to-
morrow. Our engagement can be
broken afterward.”
That evening Will Burgess stepped
into his friend's room and found him
standing before his masterpiece,
which had been sent back to be prop-
erly framed.

“Hello!” called Will. “Got the won-
derful woman back again?”
Dent turned with a start. His face
was white and drawn.
“Yes,” he said, with a harsh laugh,
“but she has changed her name.”
“Will's startled eyes traveled from
his friend's changed face to the title
of the picture. It was “Ardisce”—
Waverley Magazine.

He Got the Business.
“There are tricks even in our trade,”
said the old life-insurance man. “About
ten years ago a couple of respectable
old parties, man and wife, came to
town with \$100,000 or so that they
wanted to put into an annuity. They
had neither chick nor child, kill nor
kin, and they wanted to finish their
lives in as much ease and comfort as
could be bought. So they made the
contract of the life-insurance company,
getting their annuity figures and
had all the actuaries in town making
calculations in the case.”
The head mathematician of the
Blank Dash Company was a little bet-
ter than a mere figure. He happened
to hear what town the old parties came
from, and he suddenly remembered
that he had an old friend, a doctor,
who lived there, whom he hadn't seen
for years. He invited the medicine man
down at once, took him out and gave
him a really good decent time. Then
he edged around to the annuity hunt-
ers, and lo! and behold the doctor was
their family physician. Without ap-
pearing to pump him, the actuary
learned enough about the old couple
to enable him to make a most glitter-
ing inducement to the pair, and they
bought their annuity of his concern.
They were both dead inside of two
years. I forgot just how much the
company netted. I think it had paid
out about one-tenth of what the old
folks had paid in. The company was a
gainer, and there were no losers ex-
cept the other companies as a result of
the actuary's shrewd move.”—New
York Sun.

His Good Story.
“This young man has a good place
with a Wall street firm, and is anxious
to get along.” He also likes to shine
as a raconteur, but he has a very bad
memory as to details. However, the
germ of the story sticks in his mind,
and he is able to make a good bluff at
telling it. Recently he heard a funny
“Wall street story.” Nothing but the
story end of it stuck to him. A week
or so later the junior partner in his
good humor because of a certain suc-
cessful manipulation, in which the
young man had been concerned in
small degree, magnanimously invited
him to luncheon. The young man
strove to be agreeable, and told a
number of stories over the coffee
which seemed to amuse his employer.
Then he told in elaboration his latest
Wall street yarn. There was no re-
sponse.

“I thought that was very funny—
did the bloke get rich,” said the young
man. “Perhaps you've heard it be-
fore.”
“No,” said the junior partner slowly.
“I don't think I ever heard it before,
but I know something about it. I was
the bloke.”
The young man is now cultivating
the study of mnemonics.—New York
Sun.

WOMEN OF THE FAR EAST
THEIR SEX IS THEIR HANDICAP IN
THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

**Disappointments at Birth, Slaves in Mar-
riage, But Bachelors After They Become
Mothers—One Rarely Sees a Face
That Betrays Unhappiness.**

Woman in China enjoys the distinc-
tion of having escaped the admiration
of foreigners. Her praises are un-
sung in the verses of other lands; she
is not enshrined on the canvas of those
whose ideals of outward being the
world has adopted; she has flashed no
wit upon the page of romance or daz-
zled it with her beauty. Everybody
has agreed in letting her alone from
the ankles up, as though her only pos-
sible claim to consideration lay in her
cramped and tortured feet, which
everybody pities, and about which
nobody ever does anything except to
pass resolutions.

Even at home she is under initial
disadvantage. She starts life handi-
capped by her sex. No family ever
wants a girl baby. When the women
go to the temples they always pray
for boys and buy boy images in the
hope that the gods will remember and
favor them. If a girl results, she is
tolerated, rather than enjoyed. While
hardly out of her babyhood her feet
must be swathed, if she belongs to
a proper family. As she grows her
liberty is restrained. She knows noth-
ing of life outside the walls of her
home, except such glimpses as she
may catch from a window, or from a
covered chair in which she may occa-
sionally be carried to visit families
in which there are other unfortunates
like herself.

Thus she remains a prisoner until
ready for delivery to a husband she
has never seen, henceforth becoming
the slave of that husband and his par-
ents. A brood of her own springs up
about her quickly enough and by the
time that process ends she is a grand-
mother. Life becomes easier for her
as the children mature, for the wives
of her sons must be her handmaids,
and the children are bound to provide
for her comfort as the most sacred of
their obligations, and to respect her
authority as long as she lives.

Modern credulity is taxed to recon-
cile a life so circumscribed with a con-
ception of happiness as free agents
understand it. The difficulty lies in
the appreciation of environment. A
Chinese woman knows no life but
this. Her aspirations are restricted
to it by traditions and customs that
seem to her as immovable and as im-
penetrable as the walls that bedge in
and defend her city. There is no one
to suggest other thoughts to her. The
minds against which her mind brushes
have limitations as narrow as her
own. She usually makes the best of
her lot cheerfully and turns out a fond
wife and devoted mother. Of her
wifely duty she is rarely forgetful. A
womanly instinct to please prompts
her to make herself attractive to her
husband.

Heartbreakings may not always be
violent when the man strays abroad
and returns with other women for his
household, but they are often pathetic.
Yet custom permits and the wife must
bow, whatever her feelings. Her main
comfort is that additional woman can-
not be wives. She is alone in that re-
lation. Secure in her place she has
an innate sense of its superiority and
of the dignity that befits it. Hence it
happens that wives are tolerant of the
others, and often provide for them
when husbands die, and rear the chil-
dren they have borne.

This sketch of life, as found among
those of good estate, in character as
well as means, is analogous to a sum-
mary applying in Western homes
where conscience joins with custom in
regulating social and domestic con-
duct. Chinese woman may be, and dif-
fering so sharply in detail from ac-
cepted standards elsewhere as to make
it seem almost intolerable, it has
compensations of some weight. The
privation, drudgery, and subordinations
to which a Chinese woman is sub-
ject come when she has youth and
strength and buoyant vigor. As these
depart and she needs relief, social and
family customs provides it, and with
advancing years her cares lighten, her
comforts increase, and her afternoon
is allowed for her.

In spite of limitations Chinese woman
is quite human. By foregoing the
pleasures of courtship and selection,
she does not, as a matter of course,
shut her heart to romance. When at
her marriage the gates of the world
open a little wider to her than before,
she puts her sharp little eyes to the
uses for which they were intended. If
they are looking for a Prince Charming
and they fall and linger on the
husband to whom she is introduced,
there is occasion for thanksgiving.
It happens also that mild and yielding
disposition in a newly wedded pair is
not invariably more pronounced in
the woman. When one of that sex
is assertive, the imagination is taxed
to believe that she is the subject party.
Man is, of course, supreme, but he not
infrequently finds it politic to declare
himself only in a figurative way and
for practical purposes appear to be
submissive. The national costume,
which puts the trousers on women and
the frocks on men in China, does not
always seem displaced.

The Chinese do not think it worth
while to name a girl. She is sister, and
her name by number. If her mother gives
her a pet appellation, that is her own
dear secret. To the husband never learns
of it. To him she is the Chinese
equivalent for “Miss Mary,” or “Oh,
sister,” until the babies arrive, when she
becomes “Chang's mother,” or is other-
wise indirectly designated. That
does not bother her, for she knows no
other girl except as the owner of a
certain number in some man's home.
Yet mother is a term of love and
power. A man may do as much as he
likes in regard to his wife, but though
he may be gray and bent he cannot embark
in any enterprise or undertake a jour-
ney, if his mother is living, without
her consent. Sons will once in a while
get a refractory Western notion into
their heads, and imagine that since
they are middle-aged, and have for
many years kept the pot boiling for a
large domestic establishment, they
need consult no wishes but their own.
It is in the power of a mother to
cause the arrest of such a son for dis-
obedience and to indicate the number

of bamboo blows he should receive in
punishment; and the Magistrate must
give the order that she prescribes.
If civilized woman were always
kindly treated, it might be worth
pointing out instances in which that
lot has not uniformly fallen to her
Chinese sister; but everywhere faces are
pale in China, and one of the most
common sights is that of women
trudging about with quiet habes slung
in strap cradles across their backs,
or at play with their chubby, laugh-
ing, beauteous offspring. Foreign fam-
ilies who employ Chinese nurses find
them tender and faithful. They think
themselves of a family when they
join it, and the children love and trust
them.

Higher in the social scale, where
women are kept from the gaze, not
only of visitors but also of all natives
except the closest friends or relatives,
there is no reason to suppose that they
are less blessed than the lower orders
with the essential of happiness in their
station. One may get glimpses of the
tiny feet that charm a native hus-
band, of silks, velvets, and embroider-
ies with which their garments are
adorned, and of gleaming hair, orna-
mented with pearls, beads, jade and
gold—a setting so ornate that one can-
not doubt the quality of the jewel.
Chinese history is not minute enough
to tell how far she has shaped national
character and destiny. In the two
instances in which she has so far
risen above the plane set for her as
to become the ruler of the vast empire,
her talents have not suffered by com-
parison with those of the Emperors.
The Empress Wu, 1400 years ago, in-
trigued her way to the throne, but
she ruled ably and did as much for
China as any other ruler of the Tang
dynasty. To-day an Empress is a
refugee, but under her rule the trade
and prosperity of China have assumed
proportions never before contemplated,
and when the history of the foreign
troubles may be impartially written,
in the light of all the facts it may
not be unlikely appear that they
swayed their first impulse, not to the
Emperors, but, perhaps, in spite of her;
to the intriguer and adviser and re-
sistible pressure of her superior
council of men.—Frederick W. Eddy
in the New York Times.

INTERIOR OF EARTH RIGID.
Important Discovery Through Vibrations
From Earthquakes.

John Milne, or “Earthquake” Milne,
as the public know him, the principal
member of the seismic section of the
British Royal Society, has made a dis-
covery of great importance to the
scientific world. He has succeeded in
demonstrating beyond peradventure
that the interior of the earth is neither
hollow, like a gourd, nor liquid, like a
raw egg, but is, on the contrary, mar-
velously rigid—more rigid than cast
steel or the finest glass.

He has done this by means of sev-
eral simple instruments he has invent-
ed, which he calls horizontal pendu-
lums. He uses them for detecting and
registering various vibrations and un-
dulations occurring almost constantly
in the earth's crust. At his station in
Shide, Newport, Isle of Wight, where
he has arranged his instruments so
that they work automatically, he has
records of vibrations that have travel-
led through the very centre of the
earth, and at a rate far higher than if
the earth's inside had been of the
densest and most rigid minerals known.

Vibrations do not travel rapidly
through gases nor through fluids; they
travel through glass along a glass rod,
for instance, as quickly as through
any substance scientists know of, but
through the earth's interior they travel
two and one-half times as fast as
through a glass.

Studying the rhythm of these earth-
quake vibrations has given Professor
Milne their frequency or pitch, and
now he can lay down rules for build-
ing in earthquake countries, like Ja-
pan, so that the structures will be out
of tune with the earthquake, and will
not vibrate readily. He has found out
how chimneys and bridge piers should
be strengthened, and has shown how
dangerous it is for a house and a chim-
ney to be at discord. If the chimney
is pitched too high it will fall and the
house will be flat. There are sharp
and flat in earthquake countries.

Among other Milne rules are: Have
strong door posts and lintels; avoid
perpendicular rows of windows as much
as possible; dig a six-foot trench
round the house to cut off the ripples
along the earth's surface; have light
roofs, and blind beams and rafters
rather than mortise them. If the cable
companies had had the Professor's
danger charts of the ocean bot-
toms they could have saved themselves
a large amount of money in the past
fifteen years.

Professor Milne has found that the
earth's crust heaves up with a ponder-
ous sigh about three feet twice every
week on the average, and that the
whole earth heaves every fifteen sec-
onds.—New York Press.

Victor Hugo's Confession of Love.
Victor Hugo and Adele Foucher were
children together; their families even
had been intimate before their birth.
As they grew older there came a time
when the camaraderie of playfellows
was supplanted by the companionship
of lovers. Just when their hearts were
revealed to each other a letter written
in 1821 relates. It was April 26, 1819.
Victor was then seventeen years of
age, and Adele was sixteen. The nat-
ural revelation was brought about in
this way. She said: “I am sure you
have secrets. Have you not one secret
greater than all?” The youth acknowl-
edged that he had. “Just like me,” she
exclaimed, and then: “Well, come now,
tell me your greatest secret and I will
tell you mine.” “My great secret,”
Victor replied, “is that I love you.”
“And my great secret is that I love
you,” she echoed. They were married
October 12, 1822, two years and a half
from the day they had confessed their
love.—New York Times.

Indian Girls and White Husbands.
The South McAlester Tribune ex-
plodes the popular notion that Indian
maiden fancy white men, and that a
“squawman” can have his pick. “The
average Indian girl,” says the Tribune,
“would not give twenty-five cents for
a white husband. It was Pocahontas
who is responsible for the erroneous
belief.”

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.
International Lesson Comments For
April 21.

**Subject: The Walk to Emmaus, Luke xxiv,
13-35—Golden Text, Luke xxiv, 32—Mem-
ory Verses, 25-27—Commentary on
the Day's Lesson.**

13. “Two of them.” In verse 33 it is
implied that they were not apostles. One
was Cleopas, with whom we know; the
other is unknown. “Emmaus.” The
word means “hot springs,” and was prob-
ably a place where there were hot springs.
“Threescore and one.” About seven and
one-half miles. The site of the city is
somewhat uncertain.

14. They talked together. Their conver-
sation naturally turned on the all-ab-
sorbing question of the hour—the resur-
rection of Jesus and the reports which he
had heard of his resurrection.

15. “Communed together.” Probably
consulted together what to expect, or to
do, in such perplexing circumstances. They
exchanged views and feelings, and weighed
the facts before them concerning the prob-
ability of Christ being the Messiah.
“Drew near.” Coming up behind them as
from Jerusalem.

16. “Eyes were holden.” Purposely as-
suming a different form than usual, and
supernaturally influencing their sight that
they might not know Him. See Mark
16: 12.

17. “Said unto them.” As a good teach-
er, in order to be heard, he begins by get-
ting them to speak first. What solemn
questions! What the nature of your
talk which so absorbs you? By this ques-
tion Jesus introduces Himself into the
conversation. “As you walk and talk,
the hearts lead them to open their
hearts to Him. He would have them re-
late to Him what He already knows.”

18. “A statement.” He would have them
relate the events that had been so awful,
and so universally known. He must be a
mere sojourner; if he did, how could he
suppose they would be talking about any
thing else? Cleopas appears astonished
at His question.

19. “What things?” He evades an an-
swer by another question. He wants to
hear from their own lips their exact feel-
ings. “Concerning Jesus of Nazareth.”
As He was commonly called. They are
full of things concerning Him, and give
a summary of Christ's life. Now the stream
of their lamentations are over their disap-
pointed expectations break loose. A
good prophet. “The Lord is with us, an
excellent doctrine, which had its rise from
and its tendency toward heaven; He con-
firmed it by many glorious miracles of
power.”

20. “Cruelty.” Our rulers treated
Him as a malefactor and not as a prophet,
and have crucified Him. They speak care-
fully with regard to their own sins, be-
cause they are speaking to a supposed stranger.

21. “But we hoped” (R. V.) Here is
an intimation of their disappointment as
a result of their question. “We had
deceived Israel.” They had confidently
believed Him to be the promised Messiah,
who had so long been predicted, and was
expected. “The things which we believed
refer either to the length of time as tend-
ing to extinguish hope, or to the promise
of Jesus that He would rise on the third
day, and hence the reports may be true
and there is hope.”

22. “Amazed us” (R. V.) The origi-
nal verb means “to drive out of his
senses.” In the verses we are given a brief
review of our last two lessons. Cleopas
also speaks of his doubts, since only the
women had seen Him. They had spoken
of Him as the living God with more
reverence, now He would speak. They had
poored out their grief and opened their
hearts, now was His time to fill them
with new things and firm by way of re-
sult. “O fools.” The word is equivalent
to dull of perception, and refers to their
understanding. “Slow of heart.” If they
had embraced the living God with more
 fervent faith, the fact of the resurrection
would not have been so strange to their
hopes. “To believe all.” The emphasis
is laid on “all.” They believed many
things that the prophets had spoken,
but some things which seemed un-
pleasant to them they failed to notice.

23. “Our hearts were kindled.” These
things a necessary mark of the Messiah,
without which the world could not have
been saved and the Messiah's kingdom es-
tablished.

24. “Beginning at Moses.” The promise
to Eve (Gen. 3: 15); to Abraham (Gen.
22: 18); the paschal lamb (Ex. 12); the
scapegoat (Lev. 16: 8-10); the seven-
sept (Num. 21: 9); the greater prophet
(Deut. 18: 15); the star and scepter (Num.
24: 17); the smitten rock (Num. 20: 11);
1: 10; 4: 10; the prophet like unto
9: 6; 7: 49; 11: 50; 8: 53; 4: 9; 23:
3; 13: 14; 15; Ezek. 34: 23; Mic. 5: 2;
Zech. 6: 12; 9: 9; 12: 10; 13: 7; Mal. 3:
1; 4: 2. “Expounded.” He would hear
their hearts burned within them while
hearing such a sermon from such a preacher.
We naturally suppose that our Lord ex-
plained and applied to Himself these prop-
hecies.

25. “Made as though.” He would have
fully gone on but for that sort of con-
stant which they were in. He is even
more like an ordinary man.

26. “Abide with us.” But for this
the whole design of the interview had
been lost; but it was not to be lost, for
He who only wished to be contented
had kindled a longing in the hearts of
His traveling companions which was not
to be so easily put off. This was a
common meal, but Jesus acted as Master,
as He was accustomed to do, and this
pleased them, and brought back a rush
of associations.

EPWORTH LEAGUE MEETING TOPICS.
April 21—“Walking With Jesus.” Col. II,
6-7; Gal. vi, 16-26.

It is recorded that after the resurrec-
tion two of the disciples who did not
know that their Lord had risen were
on their way to Emmaus, a small vil-
lage near Jerusalem. While they were
on their journey Jesus himself
drew near and went with them. But
they did not know it was the Lord.
Their eyes were not opened to discern
him. Thus it is with many if not with
most of us. Christ appears, but we
do not see him. He comes to walk
with us. His promise is that he will
never leave us but will go with us
through the whole journey, however
lonely or rugged the way.

The Christian life may well be rep-
resented as a walking with Jesus. And
we may assure ourselves that if we
belong to Christ we shall walk with
him. His was a life of constant ac-
tivity. We remember his saying to
the wise men in the temple, “I must
be about my Father's business.” Dur-
ing his whole life his only thought was
how he might help to bring in the
kingdom of God. In walking with
Jesus we should understand that we
must have his purpose to save men
and be filled with his spirit. Other-
wise our activity will degenerate into
mere fussiness, and that nervous
scurrying about which always does
more harm than good.

It seems to be the thought of the
apostle that if we walk with Jesus we
shall be “rooted and built up in him
and established in the faith.” In the
reference from Galatians, Paul, in-
stead of exhorting us to walk with
Christ, says, “Walk in the Spirit,” of
course to walk with the Spirit is to
walk with Christ.

The best evidence anyone can have
that he is walking with Christ is that
his life is a positive one. It is not
content not to do wrong, but to do
right in order not to do wrong, do what is
good.

The evidence then that we are walk-
ing with Christ, or walking in the
Spirit, is that we daily experience the
overcoming life. We are doing such
positive good that we have no time for
the time nor the inclination, to do evil.
This reminds us again of the saying of
Jesus, “By their fruits ye shall know
them.”

There is also a reward. In sub-
stance this reward is the character
which we form, a character made up
of “love, joy, peace, long-suffering,
gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness,
and temperance.” The apostle goes
on to say that they that are Christ's
have crucified the flesh with the affec-
tions and lusts, and walking with
Jesus, we not only have the overcom-
ing life, but gradually we begin to see
and to experience the fruit of that life.
It is a life of growing joy and of peace.
We not only have the power to give
up things that are not for us, but we
part with them without a pang. The
road that was once so rugged is be-
ginning to reveal strange beauties.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.
April 21—“Walking With Jesus.” Col. II,
6-7; Gal. vi, 16-26.

Scripture Verses—Eph. ii, 19-22; xii,
14, 21; Phil. ii, 9-11; 11, 12-14; Col. i, 9,
11, 25; 2 Tim. ii, 15; 1 Pet. ii, 2; Heb. vi,
1; xiii, 20, 21; 2 Pet. iii, 18.

Lesson Thoughts—“Walking With
God implies talking with God. You
would not call a man your companion
if you never spoke to him. That is a
good old phrase, ‘Our walk and con-
versation.’”

“When two walk together, one is
always the leader, the other the fol-
lower. There is no walking with God
if you want to choose the way.”

Getting near to Christ is not all on
our own side; we draw near to him,
but he draws near to us. He is ever
more willing to receive us than we are
to come unto him, and all are heartily
welcome with him.

Selections—If through the communi-
cation of the Holy Spirit the life of
Christ is constantly imparted to us,
that life will prevail in us.

In proportion to the closeness of our
abiding in him will be the completen-
ess of our deliverance from sinning.

A. J. Gordon, D. D.

To be a public representative of
Christianity is a mockery and hypocr-
isy unless it is accompanied with
growing faith in Jesus and fellowship
with him. Those who teach must
not only have learned, but they must
not only be learning. The power of public
testimony depends on intimacy with
Jesus.

We sometimes seem to forget that
spiritual nearness to God is a moral and
truthfulness. . . . There were
those in the time of Christ who were
near him, but were not helped by him.
“The multitude through those, and press
themselves in, to get near to Christ,”
said Peter once; but only one
poor woman was near in her sense of
need. . . . Spiritual distances are
not thus measured.

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