The BALL of & GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER. and LILLIAN CHESTER

SOFT THE RED BOOK ILLUSTRATED BY C.D.RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

At a vestry meeting of the Market puare church Gail Sargent listens to a scussion about the sale of the church nements to Edward E. Allson, local action kine and when n king, and when asked a king, and when asked the church by Rev. Sm ion of the church by Rev. Smith Boyd, says It is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Alliano takes Gail riding in his motor car. When he suggests he is entitled to rest on the laurels of his achievaments, she asks the disturbing question: "Why?" Gail, returning to her lucks flux home from her drive with Alquestion: "Why?" Gall, returning to her Uncle Jim's home from her drive with Allson, finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Hoyd, who is calling there At a behaled party Gall finds the world uncomfortably full of men, and Allson tells Jim Sargent that his new ambition is to conquer the world. Allson starts a campaign for conquering the configuration of t entire transportation system of the

CHAPTER V-Continued.

He allowed himself four hours for sleep that night, and the next afternoon headed for Denver. On the way he studied maps again, but the one to which he paid most attention was a new one drawn by himself, on which the various ranges of the Rocky Mountains were represented by scrawled, lead-penciled spirals. Right where his thin line crossed these spirals at a converging point, was Yando chasm, a pass created by nature, which was the proud possession of the Inland Pacific, now the most prosperous and direct of all the Pacific systems, and the Inland, with an insolent pride in the natural fortune which had been found for it by the cleverest of all engineers, guarded its precious right of way as no jewel was ever protected. Just east of Yando chasm there crossed a little "one-horse" railroad, which, starting at the important city of Silverknob, served some good mining towns below the inland's line, and on the north side curved up and around through the mountains, ram bling wherever there was freight or passengers to be carried, and ending on the other side of the range at Nugget City, only twenty miles north of the Inland's main line, and a hundred miles west, into the fair country which sloped down to the Pacific. This road. which had its headquarters in Denver, was called the Silverknob and Nugget City; and into its meeting walked Allison, with control.

His course here was different from that in Jersey City. He ousted every director on the board, and elected men



"Couldn't Think of it," Declared Wilcox, Looking at the Map.

of his own. Immediately after, in the president, and, kindly consenting to talk with the reporters of the Denver newspapers, hurried back to Chicago, where he drove directly to the head offices of the Inland Pacific.

"I've just secured control of the Silverknob and Nugget City," he informed the general manager of the in-

"So I soticed," returned Wilcox, who was a young man of fifty and wore picturesque velvet hats. "The papers here made guite a sensation of your going into railroading."

"They're welcome," grinned Allison. "Say Wilcox, if you'll build a branch | had seen that change in the smile. "It of step, sparkling of eye, firm of jaw, from Pines to Nugget City, we'll give is so rare to find a perfect speaking and ruddy from the night wind. Smilyou our Nugget City freight where we cross, at Copperville, east of the voice," she rattled on. "Here's that came eagerly up to Gail, and took her range."

Wilcox headed for the map. "What's the distance?" he inquired

OLD AS THE ETERNAL HILLS extreme.

R. E. Morse, the Outlaw, Lurked In Shadows in Garden of Eden, and

Is Still With Us.

If Adam were still alive he would be about the same age as R. E. Morse Adam met him after be was banished from the garden of Eden. Eve also knew him after she ate the forbidden fruit. Pharaoh must have been well acquainted with him, as he met him repeatedly. He was with Joseph's brethren a long time after they sold Joseph into Egypt. Saul, David, Solomon and all the kings of old knew him well. And in the New Testament we find men who also know him. Judas, killed himself: Peter, who denied his

"Twenty-two miles; fairly level grade, and one bridge.

"Couldn't think of it," decided Wilbranch ?"

grades are steep, the local traffic is at "Sweet and Low." light, and the roadbed is in a rotten condition. It needs rebuilding throughout. I'll make you another proposition. I'll build the line from Pines to Nugget City myself, if you'll give us track connection at Copperville and at Pines, and will give us a traffic contract for our rolling stock on a reasonable basis.

The Silverknob and Nugget City road place. began nowhere and ran nowhere, so far as the larger transportation world was concerned, and it could never figure as a competitor. The hundred miles through the precious natural pass known as the Yando chasm was not so busy a stretch of road as it was important, and the revenue from the passage of the Silverknob and Nugget City's trains would deduct considerably from the expense of maintaining that much-prized key to

the golden West. "I'll take it up with Priestly and Gorman," promised Wilcox.

"How soon can you let me know?" "Monday."

That afternoon saw Allison headed back for New York, and the next morning he popped into the offices of the Pacific Slope and Puget Sound, where he secured a rental privilege to run the trains of the Orange Valley road Into San Francisco, and down to Los Angeles, over the tracks of the P. S. and P. S. The Orange Valley was a little, blind pocket of a road, which made a juncture with the P. S. and P. S. just a short haul above San Francisco, and it ran up into a rich fruit country, but its terminus was far. far away from any possible connection with a northwestern competitor, and that bargain was easy.

That night Allison, glowing with an exultation which erased his fatigue. for the next recl." dressed to call on Gail Sargent.

CHAPTER VI.

Had They Spoiled Her?

Music resounded in the parlors of Jim Sargent's house: music so sweet tache and his black goatee, his pink and compelling in its harmony that cheeks and his white teeth; Gail, Aunt Grace slipped to the head of the gracefully erect, her head thrown vice is just to the contrary. You he stopped by the big globe and gave stairs to listen in mingled ecstasy and back, her brown hair waving and her should delay until you have had a it a contemplative whiri. On the day same cry. Now (v. 8) the appeal is to a clear, mellow soprano and a rich, deep baritone, blended so perfectly that they seemed twin tones. Aunt Grace, drawn by a fascination she dog back where you found it." could not resist, crept down to where she could see the source of the mel-drawled Ted. "Dick, put back that Gail, exceptionally pretty to dog." ody. night in her simple dove-colored gown with its one pink rose, sat at the the heavier voice of young Van Ploon. piano, while towering above her, with his chest expanded and a look of perfect peace on his face, stood Rev. Smith Boyd.

Enraptured, Aunt Grace stood and Leafing through her music for the next treat, Gall looked up at the young doctor, and made some smiling remark Her shining brown hair, waving about | Gail! her forehead, was caught up in a cate color of her cheeks was like the pened to find himself gazing deep into her own room, where she took a book. bearing tonight! and held it in her lap, upside down, The ramark which Gail had made was and the front door opened.

this:

professionally." The reply of the rector was:

"I do." simple little 'May Song.' Just harmony, that's all."

Once more their voices rose in that

Experience! If our conscience were not hardened, and we would listen to its dictates oftener, we might become less familiar with R. E. Morse. Looking back is the time we see him. R. E. Morse is always right there, behind us. If he would only come out into the open, so we could see him as he is, we might avoid his acquaintance-the outlaw, Remorse.-Christian Herald.

Chios is the most probable birthplace of Homer, and shows the blind bard's cradle, school, house and tomb. Near the poet's alleged "school," says the Pall Mall Gazette, is a little wine shop bearing across the front the who betrayed the Lord and afterward | coaxing saying of Hecuba to Hector: "Wine doth vastly increase the Master, and so on all the way through strength of a weary man." Although the Bible and up to the present time. almost exterminated by the terrible We all know him or have met him. massacre of 1822, the people of Chios Could we by any power annihilate are the most prosperous in the Levant. R. E. Morse, how happy we should Nearly all leading Greek bankers and make the world! But no one caren to merchants hall from this island and profit by the experience of others, and | the families of Raili and Rodocanachi therefore all must learn by the one are of Chiot origin.

delicate of all exhibarations. In the again. melody itself there was an appealing sympathy, and, in that moment, these two were in as perfect accord as their voices. There is something in the the help of her maid, performed all a magnetic attraction like no other in away of her clothing. Then, in a perthe world; which breaks down the barriers of antagonism, which sweeps away the walls of self-entrenchment, hand, which attracts and draws, which explains and does away with explanation. This was the first hour they had spent without a clash, and Rev. Smith Boyd, his eyes quite blue tonight, brought another stack of music from the rack.

The butler, an aggravating image with only one joint in his body, paraded solemnly through the hall, and cox, looking at the map. "We'd like back again with the card tray, while to have your freight, for there's a lot Gail and the rector sang "Juanita" of traffic between Silverknob and Nug- from an old college songbook, which get City, but it's not our territory. The the Reverend Boyd had discovered in smelters are at Silverknob, and they high glee. Aunt Grace came down the ship east over the White Range line, stairs and out past the doors of the Anyway, why do you want to take music salon. There were voices of away the haulage from your northern animated greeting in the hall, and Aunty returned to the door just as the the brown head on her shoulder. "Figure on discontinuing it. The rector was spreading open the book

> "Pardon me," beamed aunty. "There's a little surprise out here for

A rush of noise filled the hall. Lucile and Ted Teasdale, handsome Dick Rodley and Arly Fosland and Houston Van Ploon, had come clattering in as an escort for Mrs. Davies, whose pet fad was to have as many young people Again Wilcox looked at the map, as possible bring her home from any

> "Where's the baby?" demanded handsome Dick Dodley, heading for the stairs.

"Silly, you mustn't!" cried Lucile, and started after him. "Flakes should be asleep at this hour." "I came in for the sole purpose of

teaching Flakes the turkey trot," declared handsome Dick, and ran away, followed by Lucile.

"Lucile's becoming passe," criticized Ted. "She's flirting with Rodney for the second time."

"Can you blame her?" defended Arly Fosland. She was sitting in the deep corner of her favorite couch, nursing a slender ankle, and even her shining black hair, to say nothing of her shining black eyes, seemed to be enapping with wicked delight.

Lucile and handsome Dick came struggling down the stairway with Flakes betwen them, and Gail sprang instantly to take the bewildered puppy from them both. Little blonde Lucile gave up her interest to the prior right. but Rodley pretended to be obstinate about it. His deep eyes burned down into Gail's, as he stood bending above her, and his smile, to Howard's concentrated gaze, had in it that dangerous fascination which few women could resist! Gail was positively smiling up into his eyes!

"Tableau!" called Ted. "All ready

"Hold it a while," begged Arly, and even Rev. Smith Boyd was forced to admit that the picture was handsome enough to be retained. The Adonis-like Dick, with his black hair and black eyes, his curly black musfluffy white Flakes between them: was painfully beautiful.

"Children, go home," suddenly com manded Mrs. Davies. "Dick, put the

"I suppose we'll have to go home,"

"Put away the dog. Dick," ordered

"Come along, Gall, I'll put him away." At his approach, Dick placed the puppy, with great care, in Gail's charge, and took her arm. Van Ploon took her other arm, and together the listened until the close of the ballad. trio, laughing, went away to return Flakes to his bed. They clung to her most affectionately, bending over her on either side; and they called her

The others were ready to go when simple knot at the back, and the deli- they returned from the collie nursery. and the three young men stood for a fresh glow of dawn. Hev. Smith Boyd | moment in a row near the door. Gail bent slightly to answer, and he, too, looked them over with a puzzled exdirector's meeting, he elected himself smiled as he spoke; but as he hap pression. What was there about them which was so attractive? Was it polse, the brown eyes of Gall, the smile be sureness, polish, breeding, experience, gan to fade, and Aunt Grace Sargent, insolence, grooming-what? Even the scared, ran back up the stairs and into stiff Van Ploon seemed smooth of

They still were standing in the hall

"Brought you a prodigal," halled pocket as he held the door open for the prodigal in question.

Gall was watching the doorway "I didn't mean oratorically," she Someone outside was vigorously laughed, then returned nervously to stamping his feet. The prodigal came her search for the next selection. She in, and proved to be Allison, buoyant voice coupled with a perfect singing ing with the sureness of welcome, he hand, retaining it until she felt compelled to withdraw it, recognizing again that thrill. The barest trace of lamp, but turned it out immediately:

teacher, whose lesson is bitter in the LAUGHING AT SERIOUS THINGS Attitude of the World Has Long Been

> the Realists. Many creative dramatists seek to draw men and women with remorse less realism. Now, it is exactly this remorselessness of the artist which gets him into trouble with a number of different sections of our world. He

is unflinching in his portrayal, and

men do not like unflinching portrait

a Matter of Complaint Among

painters. They want the picture touched up by some indulgent and benevolent philanthropist. The realist refuses to play with what he deems to be the truth. At the Ume when the younger Dumas was writing extremely interesting though not altogether persuasive prefaces to his plays and was particularly occupied with some of the destructive activities of modern woman he made some remarks about the things we ought to laugh at and the

things we ought not to laugh at. "It is our common habit in France."

. .

Gail changed her garments and let down her waving hair and, disdaining music of the human tone which exerts | the little nightly duties, to the putting fectly neat and orderly boudoir, she tallized. Whatever this crystallization sat down to take herself seriously in

> There was a knock at the door and, on invitation, the tall and stately Mrs. Helen Davies came in, frilled and rufdainty, little guest boudoir in green tinted dimness. Gail had turned down all the lights in the room except the green lamps under the canopy, and she sat on the divan, with her brown hair rippling about her shoulders, her knees clasped in her arms, and her from her flowing pink negligee, while the dim green light, suited to her present reflections, only enhanced the clear pink of her complexion. Mrs. Davies moved over to the other side of Gail, where she could surround her, and laid

Gail, whose quick intelligence no Aunt Helen's shoulder, and a clear laugh rippled out. She could not see the smile of satisfaction and relief with which Aunt Helen Davies received that laugh.

"My dear," I am quite well pleased liant future before you."

Gail's evelids closed; the long, brown lashes curved down on her Why, this was a new Gail, a more po her lips.

"If you were an ordinary girl, I would urge you, tonight, to make a selection among the exceptionally ex-



She Sat With Her Brown Hair Rip-

pling Around Her Shoulders. cellent matrimonial material of which you have a choice, but, with your extraordinary talents and beauty, my adwider opportunity for judgment. You have not as yet shown any marked little marks by bridging three small preference, I hope."

Gail's quite unreasoning impulse was to giggle, but she clothed her voice demurely.

"No, Aunt Helen." "You are remarkably wise," complimented Aunt Helen, a bit of appreciation which quite checked Gail's im pulse to giggle. "In the meantime, it is just as well to study your opportunities. Of course there's Dick Rodley whom no one considers seriously, and Willis Cunningham, whose one and only drawback is such questionable health that he might persistently in terfere with your social activities. Houston Van Ploon, I am frank to say, is the most eligible of all, and to have attracted his attention is a distinct tri umph, Mr. Allison, while rather ad-

vanced in years-" "Please!" cried Gail. "You'd think

"I know just how you feel," stated Aunt Helen, entirely unruffled; "but you have your future to consider, and much concern.

"Thank you, Aunt Helen," said Gall, realizing the sincerity of the older woman's intentions, and, putting her "You should have used your voice Uncle Jim, slipping his latchkey in his arms around Mrs. Davies' neck, she kissed her. "It is dear of you to take

so much interest." "I think it's pride," confessed Mrs Davies, naively. "I won't keep you up a minute longer, Gail. Go to bed, and get all the sleep you can. Only sleep will keep those roses in your cheeks Good-night," and with a parting caress she went to her own room, with a sense of a duty well performed.

Gail smiled retrospectively, and tried the blue light under the canopy

he wrote, "to laugh at serious things." It is often our habit-especially in mu- those long, stifling, faintly-lighted tunsical comedies-to laugh at serious things

But, according to Dumas, the only right attitude is to laugh at things which are not serious, and which make no pretension of being serious. When we are face to face with a grave social danger it is a very curious sort of wisdom which dismisses

such subjects with a laugh. There is, of course, a touch of pedantry in an observation like this, rug look old. and there was certainly a good deal of pedantry in Dumas' didactic attitude. Nevertheless, there is solid truth beneath, which is very applicable to our modern audiences.

Making a Rug "Antique." How "genuine antique rugs" are manufactured and prepared for Euroean and American markets is told by a writer in the National Geographic

Magazine, who visited Bagdad. The shopping streets seem like tun-nels, he writes. They are arched overhead with brick to keep out the heat; thus they run, like subways, up and

perfect blending which is the most a flush came into her cheeks, and paled The green gave a much better effect

of mounlight on the floor. She called berself back out of the mists of her previous thought. Who was this Gail, and what was she? There had come a new need in her, a new awakening. Something seemed to have changed in her, to have crys was, it had made her know that marriage was not to be looked upon as a mere inevitable social episode. Her thoughts flew back to Aunt Helen. Her eyelashes brushed her cheeks, fled for the night. She found the and the little smile of sarcasm twitched the corners of her lips.

Aunt Helen's list of eligibles. Gail reviewed them now deliberately; not with the thought of the social advantages they might offer her, but as men She reviewed others whom she had met. For the first time in her life, dainty little boudoir slippers peeping she was frankly and self-consciously interested in men; curious about them. She had reached her third stage of development; the fairy prince age. the "I suppose I shall have to be married one day" age, and now the age of conscious awakening. She won dered, in some perplexity, as to what had brought about her nasence; rath movement escaped, lay comfortably on er, and she knitted her pretty brows, who had brought it about?

The library clock chimed the hour and startled her out of her reverie She turned on the lights, and sat in front of her mirror to give her hair one of those extra brushings for which with you," she said. "You have a bril- it was so grateful, and which it repaid with so much beauty. She paused de liberately to study herself in the glass cheeks, revealing just a sparkle of tent Gall. What was it Allison had brightness, while the mischievous said about her potentialities? Allison. little smile twitched at the corners of Strong, forceful, aggressive Allison. He was potence itself. A thrill of his handclasp clung with her yet, and a slight flush crept into her cheeks.

Aunt Grace had worried about Jim's little cold, and the distant mouse she thought she heard, and the silver chest, and Lucile's dangerous-looking new horse, until all these topics had failed, when she detected the unmistakable click of a switch button near by. It must be in Gail's suite. Hadn't the child retired yet? She lay quite still pondering that mighty question for ten minutes, and then, unable to rest any longer, she slipped out of bed and across the hall. There was no light coming from under the doors of either the boudoir or the bedroom, so Aunt Grace peeped into the latter apartment, then she tiptoed softly away. Gail, in her cascade of pink flufferies, was at the north window. kneeling, with her earnest face upturned to one bright, pale star.

CHAPTER VII. " ..

Still Piecing Out the World. The map of the United States in Edward E. Allison's library began, now, to develop little streaks, but they were holdly marked, and they hugged, with extraordinary closeness, the penell mark which Allison had drawn from New York to Chicago and from Chicago to San Francisco. There were long gaps between them, but these did not seem to worry him very much. It was the little stretches sometimes scarcely over an inch which he drew with such evident pleasure from day to day, and now, occasionally, as he passed in and out, he joined his far west gaps, he received a caller in the per son of a short, well-dressed old man who walked with a cane and looked half asleep, by reason of the many puffs which had piled up under his eyes and nearly closed them.

"I'm ready to wind up, Tim." marked Allison, offering his caller a cigar, and lighting one himself, "When can we have that Vedder Court prop-

erty condemned?"

"Whenever you give the word," re ported Tim Corman, who spoke with an asthmatic voice, and with the quiet dignity of a man who had borne grave business responsibilities, and had borne them well. Allison nodded his head in satisfac

"You're sure there can't be any hitch

in 1t?"

"Not if I say it's all right," and the words were Tim's only reproof. His tone was perfectly level, and there was no glint in his eyes. Offended dignity had nothing to do with business. "Give me one week's notice, and the Ved-I wish to invite your confidence," and der Court property will be condemned in her voice there was the quaver of for the city terminal of the Municipal Transportation company. Appraisement, thirty-one million."

"I only wanted to be reassured," apologized Allison. "I took your word that you could swing it when I made my own gamble, but now I have to drag other people into it."

"That's right," agreed Tim. never get offended over straight busi-In other times Tim Corman ness." would have said "get sore," but, as he neared the end of his years of useful activity, he was making quite a specialty of refinement, and stocking a picture gallery, and becoming a con noisseur collector of rare old jewels He dressed three times a day, CTO BE CONTINUEDO

down the bazaar quarter. Through nels throngs the eternal crowd of men. mules and camels.

Often you will see a fine rug lying flat in the filth of a parrow street. ground beneath the tramp of men and beasts; but there is method in this. Foreigners make Oriental rugs, bright and new, in Persia, and sell them through Bagdad. Since an "old rug" is worth more, wily brokers have hit on this shameful way to make a new

The Trouble With Art. Men are without great dreams in

these days, and art is elaborate and fussy and self-conscious. The technical part of the work is predominant. One sees the artist holding up a mir ror to himself as he works. Pygmalion congratulates the statue upon the fact that he carved it, instead of being lost in the love of creating. It is as though a lover should sing of himself instead of singing of his lady. The subtle poison of self-advertisement has crept in and peers like a satyr from the picture and from the statue

INTERNATIONAL

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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 28

AMOS, THE FEARLESS PROPHET.

LESSON TEXT-Ames 5:I-15. GOLDEN TEXT - He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully.-

Among the prophets Amos bulks large. His message (B. C. 787 ?) is most thoroughly modern and its application to our present day problems deserves careful consideration. Read the entire book prayerfully. Chapters 1 and 2 enumerate the sins of the nation and of Israel: 3-6 contain addresses of the prophet: 7:1-9, 10 records his visions and the conclusion. 9:11-15 is a Messianic prophecy. The

modern prophet of social service and

those who neglect a proper consider-

ation of "applied Christianity," both

ought to ponder well this passage. I. Jehovah's Lamentation, vv. 1-3. The words of this lesson are those of Jehovah spoken to the house of Isreal but apply to all people of all ages. Verse one is a prophecy of the master's grief over the holy city (Luke 13:34: 19:41). Outwardly rich and opulent, in Jehovah's sight the nation had already fallen (v. 2 R. V.) and there "is none (present tense) to raise her up." Israel is personified as a maiden sorely wounded. Spoken decades before, Isrnel did fall and has risen no more. But there is a possibility of mercy. There is here a command and a promise and those who obey the command will obtain the promise of life.

To "seek ye me" (v. 4) is to turn the face to him rather than to turn the back. It implies the forsaking of all evil thoughts, yea, our own thoughts and ways and to turn unto him who will abundantly pardon (Isa. 55:6-7; Dent. 30:28). There is life for the most outbreaking and outrageous sinner if he will seek the Lord. II. The Prophet's Exhortation, vv. 4-9.

The places mentioned in verse five had each been made sacred by God's presence and subsequently degraded by idolatry. Bethel especially so. (Gen. 12:8; 28:10-18; I Kings 12:29-29). These new religions and the false worshiping were beguiling even the sincere and unwary, hence the warning. We need to beware of the mant fold "new cults" lest we depart from the faith of our fathers. America is today standing upon a social and religious crater in many ways similar to ancient Israel. God is either a consuming fire (Heb. 15:28-29: Mark 9:43-49) to the impenitent or else a minister of grace to those who repent. Verse seven is a suggestion regarding the rulers of that day and finds far too many counterparts in our own times. In verse 4 Jehovah exhorts the people to "seek him and live." In verse 6 the prophet utters the (a) It is he "that maketh the stars," the earth, yea, everything, and it is well to be on his side (Ps. 19). (b) He "turneth the shadow of death into morning" (R. V.) (see Ps. 30:5), Who can comprehend the vast host of his saints for whom this has been done? (c) He "maketh the day dark with the night" (R. V.). This he is doing repeatedly. The God who set the day in its turn can also turn it aside; he has done it both past and present (d) He "calleth for the waters-and poureth them out upon the face of the earth." This is both poetical and scientific. God delivers the rain and upon him we all depend. It is the part of wisdom as well as of life to be on the side of the self-existent, eternal Jehovah against whom man's strength

is as nothing (v. 9). What man creates, man can destroy, witness Liege and Louvain-and is God any less able?

III. The Word of Application, vv.

10-15. Sinners always hate the man who rebukes their sin. Scripture is not needed to prove this fact, for we see it today. We are specifically warned against the praise of the wicked (Luke 6:26) and any true and upright witness for Christ knows that he is abhorred by those whose lives are crooked. (John 3:18, 20). Verse 11 (A. V.) sounds very much like many of the strictures that are being made regarding the acts of some of the rich of today. How frequently we behold mansions built from the proceeds of oppression deserted by the ones who anticipated their occupancy. How few fortunes are really expended and enjoyed by those who make the accumulation. The manner by which we accumulate, our conduct towards the just (Acts 7:52), our acceptance of bribes, and our neglect of the needy and the poor is all known to God, (v. 12). "Therefore," even as today it is difficult and costly to get justice in our courts, even as iniquity is rapidly growing in the earth, about all the prudent man can do is to hold his peace, to wait upon God and watch for him. He it is who must call with trumpet voice (Isa. 58:1) even though he does now speak with human lips. The fourth exhortation to "seek" (v. 14) is to search after the good, though the time be an "evil one."

The individual is to seek good, to hate evil, and do all in his power to "establish justice in the gate," viz; so far as in his power lies, exalt to the positions of rulers and governors those who also "seek good, not evil."

The result will be that Jehovah, the God of hosts, "will be with us" even in this evil time (See Gen. 39:2, 3, 23; Phi. 14:8-9).

True goodness is to "hate evil and love the good" (Ps. 97:10; Rom. 10:9). By this test we may know if we really hate sin, if we are truly righteous. This is the path of blessedness

(Heb. 1:6). Our nation needs the Jebovah of Amos, a sense of sin and a realization that sinners are lost.

***************** Daily Bible Reading

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE Evangelist and Bible Teacher, Extension Depart ment, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

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TEXT-Give attention to reading. How one shall read the Bible de-



the constant vibration in playing, relaxes the strings so that they need to be retuned very often. matter how good the violin is, it needs to be tuned every day, and

often many times a day. Man is like a violin. He soon gets out of tune with God. The wear and tear of life, and the demoralizing atmosphere which sin creates, so atfects his disposition that he needs to be brought into harmony with God every morning. It is not surprising, when we consider the subtlety of sin, and the weakness of the flesh, rather it is

Strange that a harp of a thousand strings, Should keep in tune so long.

Nothing will bring the believer into touch with God so soon as a little taste of the Divine Word. For devetional purposes the Psalms are perhaps the best, because they cover so wide a range of experience. Here we find aspiration and confession, joy and sorrow, adoration and praise. Here we behold the calm confidence which grows out of a sublime faith. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Again we meet the bitter anguish which comes from ingratitude, or unrequited love, or the sestasy of sin forgiven as in Psalm 32, or the passionate plea for mercy in Psalm 51, or the shout of triumph in Psalm 68. It is doubtful if there is any experience in life for which we cannot find a duplicate in the peakter, and, noting how the man after God's own heart behaved in similar emergencies, we are unconsciously led into the same feeling,

In the morning read Psalm 19, and at even Psalm 8. If you are going on a journey, Psalm 121 is appropriate. If it be Sunday, 122. If in perplexity, read Psalm 37. If you are grateful, choose, 105, or 106, or 107. If your heart needs searching, Psalm 139 will accomplish "O, Lord, thou hast searched me scription of God's omniscience, closing with the prayer which only an honest heart can utter; "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." If it is comfort you need, you will find it in

abundance in either of the following

Psalms, 34, 91 or 103. The gospels are also excellent for devotional reading because there we come in contact with the words and works of Jesus. We see how he lived in the home and by the wayside, in the carpenter's shop, and by the open grave. We see him in public life and in private ministry always the same never hurried, nor worried, always thinking of others and never of himself. We see him playing with the children, watching the hens in the door yard, and the birds on the trees, the growing grains and fading flowers. In everything he saw God's love and care, and from all things natural he drew some spiritual lesson for his own and others' comfort. The epistles are especially helpful to mature Christians as revealing the relation of the believer to his fellow man; to the

church, and state, and the perishing world. If it be asked how much one should read at a time for devotional purposes, let me answer with an illustration. I once saw a picture of the disciples on the way to Emmaus. The master has just left them and the two are looking at each other in glad astonishment. One of them is holding both hands over his heart as he says with rapture. 'Did not our heart burn within es. while he talked with us by the way. and while he opened to us the scriptures?" He can almost feel his heart burn still as he recalls the memory

of that blessed walk. If you ask how long one shall read his Bible for devotional purposes, I answer, read until your heart burns, until your soul thrills with the consciousness of God's approval. You may read a chapter or a book or a single verse, no matter how much or how little, but read if you can, until you are consciously in touch with God, and then, with the father's morning kiss upon your lips, you are ready to meet

the outside world. Some people feel that they cannot spare the time for the morning watch. but I question whether any child of God can afford to do without it. Our souls need to be fed daily as well as our bodies, and the Bible is the soul's proper food. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Good From Common Things.

It was out of the common thing that the precious thing was brought; and it is out of the common things of daily life, presented obediently to Jesus and laid at his feet, that he brings his own glorious gifts, so that our whole lives become one great sacrament.-Hay Altken.