

WOMAN'S REALM

Finnish Women Spin.
Every cottage woman of Finland knows how to spin and weave. These accomplishments are matters of national pride, because the women of the Kalevala, the great national epic, wove and spun, and as well, indeed, embroidered, and worked in silver and bronze.—Indianapolis News.

Watch Attached to Purse.
Instead of carrying her timepiece in a leather bracelet on her wrist, as the English girl does, Miss New York carries hers mounted on the outside of her purse. The watch in set in the centre of the side of the purse; encircled by a jeweled rim. It can be removed for winding or adjustment. The prettiest are of suede, intended for carrying with the tailored suit. The bag is mounted in dull gold or silver.—New York Journal.

Artifice Condemned.
If women only knew how much better looking they are without artificial aid they would save themselves a good deal of trouble, time and expense. Young girls, especially of the high school age, detract rather than add to their good looks when they arrange their hair in any way except the simplest style or when they tamper with dyes or cosmetics.—Editorial in the New York World.

A Nap After Dinner.
Complete relaxation after eating—a suspension of mental and physical activity—will favor the processes of natural digestion, not only because of its tranquillizing effect upon the nerves but because the stomach may use the surplus unused energies of the body in the process of digestion. Happy the man or woman who can take an "after dinner nap." It means health, happiness and long life.—New York Journal.

Birds on Postal Cards.
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth has been sending to her old-fashioned beautiful postal cards showing birds in gorgeous natural plumage. Such feathered souvenirs are enjoying a vogue. The birds from Hawaii and the Southwest are exquisite in coloring, and a couple of dozen of them mounted on cards make a striking screen. Mrs. Longworth has almost two hundred specimens and she has been generous in dividing her spoils. The fad will not come under the ban of the Audubon Society, for the getting of the feathers entails no danger to the songsters. The pictured birds are much smaller than the real one and are made up of feathers obtained from fowl and colored skillfully.—New York Press.

Trouble Over a Hat.
"I wish you would stop hitting my hat!" snapped the girl in the end seat of an open car to the conductor.
"I can't help it, miss," replied the conductor. "Your hat is in the way. It is interfering with my work, that's what. Every time I have to walk past you on this footboard to collect a fare your hats spreads out like an umbrella and I have to run against it."
"Well, if you do it again I will take your number and report you at the office!" said the girl wrathfully.
"All right," answered the wrathful conductor; "report as soon as you please. You women ain't got no business to ride in cars with umbrellas on your heads."

At this point a little woman sitting next the girl with the exaggerated headgear joined in the discussion.
"I must enter my protest against your hat," said she quietly, "and request you to keep it off the top of my hat. It is crushing my feathers. I quite agree with the conductor that women with hats two yards and a half in circumference have no business riding in street cars."
And the girl said nothing.—New York Press.

Strange Wedding Account.
"I had a wedding account sent in to me," said a local society editor a day or two ago, "that was rather unusual in a way. It was an unusually elaborate account. The account went into a minute description of everything."
But elaborate though it was, it occurred to me that there was some detail missing. I read all through the aureate phrases again and was unable to detect just what it was that was missing. It told all about the bridal bouquet and the going away gown and hat to match—everything seemed to be there—but still I had a feeling that there was some slight detail that was not included. Well, I read the account over the third time and then at last it struck me that there was nothing in the account to lend any information as to the name of the bridegroom. He was absolutely not mentioned. I had known of plenty of cases where the best groom got was the conventional black, but that was the first account I ever saw in which he was ignored entirely.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Family of Swimmers.
The mother, seven daughters and one son, all expert swimmers, and many of them repeatedly prize winners—this is the record of the Berlo family of 804 East Sixth street, South Boston.
There is another daughter, too,

only three years old, and she is in a good way to be a swimmer before long, for she takes to the water like the proverbial duck, splashes about and tries hard to swim. The nine children and the mother are frequently to be seen in the waters of Dorchester Bay, particularly off the headhouse.

Although father and mother were born elsewhere, the children are all natives of the peninsula district, and it is but natural that they should have attained skill in swimming, especially as their mother is an expert. With the exception of the father, the entire family keep at the sport all summer and far into the cold season.

Few if any families possess such a collection of swimming prizes as the Berlos. No less than fifty trophies won in races adorn their home, and the gold and silver cups make a splendid display.—Boston Globe.

Confessions of a Professional Woman.
In Harper's Bazar Anne O'Hagan, who has been writing brilliantly of spinsters, now turns her attention to the spinster as a professional woman. Miss O'Hagan knows her sex and writes of it frankly and entertainingly. If she dispels some of our fondest illusions, she gives us in their place the sunny elements of humor and common sense. In the September Bazar she says:

"And there you have one great reward—perhaps the greatest—of a profession. It so molds its followers to its requirements that there is no room left in them for bemoaning the loss of the good things which it has cost them. That it does cost them good things is undeniable, and is perhaps the measure of its own value; those are trifling benefits for which we pay nothing. My career has doubtless cost me the realization of that house and garden—not, of course, that I ever held sonorous debate upon their respective claims, not that I ever crushed my natural instincts at the command of ambition, or subdued womanly longings for the sake of it—let us say a picture on the line. It is, I think, only in stories that things happen so crudely. In real life the matter is more subtly adjusted. We—professional women—are busy, we are interested in our work, we are profoundly interested in getting ahead. The atmosphere which surrounds us—our 'aura,' I suppose they call it in esoteric circles—partakes of the nature of our thoughts and ambitions. Ours is not the atmosphere of invitation. In the circle of our influence a man is not led inevitably to breathe an air impregnated with fancies of love, passion, marriage, as he is with those unmarried women from the immediate foreground of whose fancies the house and garden and the children have not been banished by other temporarily more insistent ideals. Therefore, men are not so likely to fall in love with us and we with them, and marriage is not so likely to come to pass as in those youthful circles surcharged with sentiment."

Happiness may be discovered in life's activities—in unremitting endeavor, not in the bluster and haste which enervate and defeat, but in the constant use of our capacities. Unrest and atrophy occur when energies are allowed to become stagnant. An aimless life is always an unhappy life. Leisure and rest have exquisite flavor where they are the punctuation points of duties faithfully discharged and ambitions steadily realized. Activity defies infirmity, and octogenarians like John Wesley and John Whittier, Gladstone and Pope Leo XIII hold old age at bay while they elaborate the closing achievements of eventful careers. The benevolently inclined young lady who cut off the tail of the pollywog to hasten the stages of its evolution wept in dismay when she found she had ended the life of the little dismembered creature. It needed the labor of getting rid of its tail to develop strength for the responsibilities of its promotion. If there are stunted growths and undeveloped faculties among the youth of these prosperous decades, may it not be that our educational and domestic methods are affording too much assistance, or ease, or luxury to these little human pollywogs? Every faculty of our being is made more robust by constant and sensible activity. To be able to bring things to pass conduces to true happiness.

What real joy is stored away in a good book! Study may be found an untiring source of pleasure. The culture of the mind brings forth the flower and the fragrance and the fruitage of our intellectual natures. Truth invigorates; it makes buoyant and youthful. Truth is never old, never discordant. Then, too, what perennial fountains of sparkling happiness are music and art and poetry. And what shall be said about nature? If people would be happy, they must get out of doors. God made the heavens, but man made the houses. Many houses are devices of Satan to shut man away from his God. All nature is redolent of divinity. It is hard for a naturalist to be an unbeliever. Some great nature students have despised creeds, but it was because their great God was too mighty to be bounded and measured by man's dialectical tape line or foot rule. Let us get out of doors. God, music, might and men are out of doors, and if we would be happy we must associate much with the world we live in, for we have a divine commission to subdue the earth. The "flower in the crumpled wall" has yet many beautiful lessons to the thoughtful visitor. Like the story of Edward Rowland Hill, let us fling open the windows of our grim towns and let in the "gust of sunshine and the summer scent of rose, and be sure that the window is always open and shall never be shut again!"

Equisite happiness is found in life's true friendships. The widow of Schumann says that whenever she was to play in public any of her husband's music, she would read over and over again the dear love letters he had written her during his life. All true love is divine, and what we call human love is really divine love, and is one of our earthly faculties which is the sure prophecy of the estate of infinity to which we are going, as it is the token of the infinite heart from which we have sprung. No man can be truly happy who does not love or is not truly loved. The greatest of these is love! Happiness is always found in service. He who would be "happy" among you, as well as "he who would be chief among you, must be the servant of all." When the old French nobility chose as their motto, "No-blesse Oblige," they simply accentuated one of the finest principles of the social organism, that "rank or privilege is obligation." Autocracies, feudal systems, wars and all selfish ambitions must gradually go down before such a sceptre. He who is not

capable of serving is not capable of joy. Any man who wears upon his helmet "Ich Dien" will soon have a crown and a kingdom.
Since all clouds have a silver lining and every dark shadow a bright side, for there would be no shadows if there were no sun, if any one would be happy, he must look for the bright side. It may be his duty, unlike the sun dial, to mark other than the bright hours, but he will not be wise unless he adopts the motto of a venerable English bishop, "Serve God and be cheerful." It is hard to persuade some people to be Christians when it is seen that occasionally the most unhappy and most disagreeable people pose in a community as Christians. One of the first things true religion does for people is to make it possible for people to live with them. It may be probable that fault-finding and complaining people will escape purgatory, but it is certain that those who have to live with them do not. I am sure God has a special crown of beauty in heaven for those people who are compelled to live on earth with disagreeable people.

In possessing Christ as our life and our truth and our way, we have a specific for the world's unrest and care and a sure prescription for happiness. He was a wise and skillful doctor who, when one of his patients described to him her symptoms, wrote this prescription for her: "Go home and read your Bible for an hour every day. I notice that somebody is proposing that the office of priest and physician be combined. I should have no objection if there could be a corresponding doubling of time and capacity. There is no doubt that soul sickness is the cause of much of the world's ailment. Christ came to heal the world's woes, and the burdens of humanity contemplate that men shall be wise enough to accept divine help in carrying the loads which would not have been laid upon the race without a Great Burden Bearer. It must be remembered that true happiness is a celestial exotic, as Sheridan sings:

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blossoms but in celestial air.
Sweet plant of paradise! Its seeds are sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mold,
It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was known
To blossom here—the climate is too cold.

And however Bobbie Burns may have failed to fulfill in his own pathetic career the theology of his songs, it was not because his lips or his pen lacked the true gospel of happy and useful living:
It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like London bank,
To purchase peace and rest.
It's no in making muckle mair,
It's no in books; it's no in lea,
To make us truly blest.
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great;
But never can we blest.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE.

Subject: Crime of Unhappiness.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dr. Charles E. Locke returned to his pulpit in the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday. Dr. Locke's subject was "The Crime of Unhappiness; or, Where Happiness May be Found." His text was Isaiah 55:1: "They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Dr. Locke said in the course of his sermon:

It is our duty to be happy, it is our right to be happy. The philosopher's stone, which can transform all the dross of life into purest joys, is hope. The fabled fountain which will insure eternal youth and beauty is contentment. True happiness is not only a duty and a right, but it is a possible possession; it is the sure prize of those who seek aright.

The rapt prophet Isaiah boldly foretells the time when the people "shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away," and "everlasting joy shall be upon their heads." There are promises of the word of God are not to torture and to tantalize mankind into woes and slaveries more abject, but are intended to awaken our lethargic natures and somnolent consciences that we may be aroused to claim our high and holy and happy estate. Unhappiness is a crime against God and our fellows, as well as against ourselves.

There is an intricate and exquisite conspiracy in the universe to make men happy. There are caravans of beauty, panoramas of splendor, oratorios of music, laughing waters, dancing sunbeams, singing birds, chanting seas, delicious fruits and enchanting flowers. Nature is not cruel, health is contagious, there is a survival of the fittest. "The common course of things is in favor of happiness; happiness is the rule, misery, the exception." As God made the sun to shine and the flowers to bloom and the seas to ebb and flow, so He made man to be happy. "If any man is unhappy," said a wise man, "this must be his own fault, for God made all men to be happy." The very law of our being is happiness. A crime is an offence against the laws of God and man; unhappiness is such an offence; hence a crime.

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Some noteworthy admissions were made by several speakers at the annual Convention of Spiritualists held in London recently. The secretary of the Union, in a speech of mediumship, warned his hearers that there were grave dangers attending the practice. Two city gentlemen who also gave their testimony, admitted that a "spirit" had grossly deceived them. By several professional Spiritualists it is freely admitted that lying spirits may deceive even the "elect." The history of Spiritualism leaves no doubt that these "lying spirits" have been very numerous. Then what can be the value of communications from the other side which are thus imperiled? What guarantee has any one that the truth is being told?
To certain people there is a great fascination in the idea of communicating directly with the "beyond." But what information has ever reached us from the other side that is really trustworthy, or of any practical use? From an intellectual and evidential point of view, there is nothing less said than the real and, according to Spiritualists themselves, there are grave dangers attending the medium.

The Bible, in forbidding mediumship is our friend. God does not wish His children to be at the disposal of lying spirits. He has told us all that but found that word, they will not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.—London Christian.

A Prayer.
O my God, Thou wert in my heart, and requir'dst nothing but a turning of my mind inward to Thee to make me feel Thy presence. O infinite Goodness, Thou wert so near, and I ran hither and thither to seek Thee, but found Thee not. My life was a burden, though my happiness was within me. I was poor in the midst of riches, and starving with hunger near a table spread with dainties and near a continual feast.—Mme. Guyon.

Peace, Quietness, Rest.
If you will be rich, you must be content to pay the price of falling into temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts; and if that price be too high to pay, then you must be content with the quiet valleys of existence, where alone it is well with us, having God for your portion; peace, quietness and rest with Christ.—F. W. Robertson.

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In the advent of the angel said he brought good tidings of great joy. But long ago, "Happy is that people whose god is the Lord!" The Christian religion has set the world to singing. Christianity is truth set to music. Sin and death go out of the world when Christ and life come in. A little boy understood his father to say that children should be brought up in the "fear and admonition" of the Lord. "There is an old classical adage that 'Every lover is a soldier.' Horace dedicated to his favorite deity his lyre, his torch and his bow. So if we would be happy we must be useful; knights of the Cross, armed with the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, and fight with the truth according to Jesus Christ!

"Lying Spirits."
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SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR NOV. 17 BY THE REV. L. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Gideon and His Three Hundred, Judges 7:9-23—Golden Text, Deut. 3:22—Memory Verses, 17, 18.

The lesson deals with one of the famous characters of Israelitic history. It exemplifies how powerful a few Spirit-filled souls may be in the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties. It shows how thoroughly God can help us, how thoroughly He keeps His word. It is a revelation of what we all might do if we so desired.

When the armies met Gideon was outnumbered. When the battle became imminent he was in a hopeless minority. It was a handful against a multitude. But the 300 were Spirit filled, divinely chosen, consecrated. They were without fear, they had courage. And because they had courage they had trust in Almighty God, because they had trust in the capacity of their God to deliver the Midianites into their hands they were victorious. And they won by the simplest and easiest of means. They didn't even have to use their weapons. Their bravery brought consternation to the hearts of the enemy and the rout became complete. They were stout-hearted and victorious because they were indwelt of the presence of God.

God had promised to deliver Midian into the hands of Israel. And He kept His word. Without His help the conflict might have resulted differently. But when God helped the victory was assured. It didn't make any difference whether or not the Midianites and Amalekites were like the grasshoppers for number and size. But as numerous as the sands of the sea when God gave promise and aid. In that contingency numbers were a secondary quantity and great supplies inconsequential. For their power was augmented by the personality of God. Their strength was in no sense dependent upon the commissariat.

Gideon earned a reputation for constancy and integrity that night. His 300 consecrated, divinely commissioned followers enshrined themselves for all time. Their dauntlessness has become historic. They are the epitome of daring. They are synonymous with surpassing fearlessness.

Now what Gideon did in his way any consecrated soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ may do according to his opportunity and his power. The trouble is that most of us are like the 20,000 and more who went back to their tents. We are without the necessary courage. We are too much consumed with fear. We don't dare to dare. And no man can do anything who lacks heart, who hasn't nerve. No man certainly can war against the principalities and powers of the empire of unrighteousness who has no faith in God, and who is lacking in a necessary trust in divinity. In putting our faith and trust in Jehovah we may do anything. For God trusts those who sincerely put their trust in Him. He has faith in the faithful. It could not be otherwise. And with Him with us we need fear no obstacles. Whatever may be the difficulties and oppositions that confront us He will guarantee us the victory if we will do His will. And we shall find that His methods are the simplest. We shall find how utterly cowardly and inefficient are the forces that oppose us and how little it takes to put them altogether to rout.

The lesson ought to be an inspiration to every man who in the name and for the glory of God and the continuity of the interests of humanity is war against wickedness in any place. It ought especially to be an inspiration to those who have banded themselves to fight the plunderers in every walk of life are laying plans to rob the people of their birthrights, as Midian attacked Israel, or who already have annexed to themselves the properties and the possessions of the people. For as sure as God lives if we do God's will we shall confront them all. And by the most unexpected and simple methods. And it will need but a few valiant souls to do it. A host is no more necessary to-day than it was that famous night when Gideon led the 300 against the multitude.

It is necessary that we shall have faith in God. That we shall band together the men whom God has called to do His holy work. It is necessary that we shall take our orders from that Spirit of truth who is the light of the world and the salvation thereof and do His bidding and remain steadfast. For God is helping us. God has promised us victory as truly as He promised victory to Gideon.

Whenever we get discouraged let us look at Gideon. When we are inclined to doubt God's capacity and promise fulfilling power let us read anew what He did for Israel and for the endless fame of Gideon. When we think we are few against the hosts of sin that are oppressing us let us receive courage from the victory He insured for Israel. For He is with us as He was with them. If we trust Him He will trust us. If we will have faith in Him He will glorify us. For the God of yesterday is the same to-day and forever.

An imperial edict issued at Peking provides for the creation of a "council of deliberation" to aid the government in considering State questions. Local self-government will be established, and when the people have become familiar with this delegates will probably be elected to a national convention with the purpose of founding a Parliament, prophesies the New York Herald. China has entered upon a new era, and her transformation will probably be the greatest event of the twentieth century.

You can stave off appendicitis by walking around on all-fours, like a donkey, but nobody minds appendicitis as bad as all that, suggests the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 17.

The Natural Method—John 1: 40-42, 45-46—Personal Evangelism.
Passages for reference: John 3: 1, etc.; 4: 7, etc.; 9: 35-38; Acts: 8: 26, etc.; 20: 20; Eccl. 11: 4-6; Matt. 6: 14-16.

Religion is normal to man. He needs it as the heart does oxygen. It is not a strange and strained thing. It develops with the years. It has to do with the deepest and most beautiful thoughts. It is related to all subjects. It unfolds and takes on new meaning under discussion and conversation. Men are gladdened and enlightened by its facts. Everyone is spontaneously and logically interested in it. Yet it is much misunderstood. Old notions hid it in the darkness of mysticism. Many miss its helpfulness. Each person grasps various phases of it. It is never exhausted. It fits every day and demand. It is entirely reasonable and can be handled by the fingers of the mind. It is subject to, built up by, and open to reason. It is therefore a subject for natural, thoughtful, common conversation. It is easier and more profitable to talk about it than politics, the weather, or the latest scandal. It makes friends, it draws companies close together, it starts all kinds and grades of minds. Bring religious conversation, interviews about Jesus, into the hearty, encouraging atmosphere of the welcome, value-giving, congenial talks between friends and about a friend. When we make our personal work plain, practical, purposeful, pointed, and profitable, people will listen with an open and a pliable mind.

Dwight L. Moody said a little before his death, "After all, the most effective and fruitful work of grace can only be secured by the consecration of the great masses of our membership to reach people one by one." Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman quotes a Methodist who gives these figures: "If Methodist pastors would win one soul a month, 460,000 would be reached in a year; if Baptists the same, 426,000; Presbyterians the same, 146,000. If every evangelical minister in the United States would win one a month, 1,620,000 would be added in a year." The "woman at the well," Mary Magdalene, the cemetery maniac, the man born blind, hand-touched, were Christ's loyal and useful followers.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH.

Wanted: men for Gideon's band! Judg. 7: 2-7.

Servants of sin. Judg. 6: 1-6. Promised deliverance. Judg. 6: 7-10.

The deliverer chosen. Judg. 6: 11-24.

Gideon prepared. Judg. 6: 25-32. A sign given. Judg. 6: 33-40. A splendid victory. Judg. 7: 8-25. Sometimes a man's resources of wealth, health, and other blessings are bridged, God knowing that there is no other way to abridge his pride.

"Whosoever is fearful and trembling" never has his part in God's actual army, though his name may stand on the muster roll. God is continually testing men, and some of your least considered deeds may decide your fitness for your most glorious opportunity.

One of the finest indications of fitness for a task is eagerness to be about it.

Suggestions.
Whoever belongs to God's army must want to. No one is pressed into that service.

Though God can accomplish His work with many men or few, how about the men that stay at home?

All work best worth doing in the world is done with "remnants"—remnants of money, of time, of strength, of men.

There is nothing to fear in joining Gideon's band; the really terrible thing is not to join it.

Illustrations
It is the sharp points that make the best weapons; and so God whittles down His forces to a few.

In a yacht race the captain does not care how many pleasure boats are speeding with him; what he cares for is the wind.

If you see a soldier polishing his musket, you may know that the battle has not begun.

Incidentally the soldiers that tossed the water into their mouths did not get too much of it.

Alaska's Need of Railroads.
The gold in Alaska is gradually making of an Arctic wilderness a civilized country. But Alaska's growth is slow outside the mining camps because of its lack of railway facilities.

This lack retards the mining operations and all forms of trade. At the present time there is only one railroad that penetrates to the interior of Alaska and of that only thirty miles are on American soil. This road runs from Skagway, at the head of Lynn Canal, and connects "dewater with the Yukon river. Except during the four months that navigation is open—from June to October—this railroad controls the trade of the Yukon valley. It is as if the only railroad that penetrates to the interior of Mississippi were from Albany to Troy.—New York World.

Having installed elevators and roof gardens in their latest ships the managers of the transatlantic liners insist on making New Yorkers feel still more at home, observes the New York Press, by adding a rogues' gallery, made up of the photographs of card sharpers, to the adornments of the smoking rooms.