

THE GOLDEN RULE

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Thursday, January 28, 1897



REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK,
President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union.

See the article by John Willis Baer, on page 368.

Vol. XI.

BOSTON & CHICAGO

No. 18

THE GOLDEN RULE

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MRS. F. E. CLARK

Vol. XI. No. 18

Boston and Chicago

January 28, 1897

Golden Rule Proverbs.

Purity is power.
Better upright than tall.
Godliness need not advertise.
A family altar, an altered family.
Faith is not only a staff, but a sword.
Better a keen sword than a costly scabbard.
Christ's "blessed" is greater reward than earth's gold.
There is always strength from Christ to serve for Christ.

AS WE SEE THINGS.

SIXTEEN years old!

MANY blessed returns of the day, Christian Endeavor!

NOT how long we live, though, but how much we are alive.

IT is stated that an Italian doctor has discovered the germ of yellow fever. If so, this is a long step toward the conquest of that scourge.

"DAYS of grace," except in the case of sight drafts, are at an end in Massachusetts. Indeed, there has never been any reason why, when a man knew just when his money was due, he should pay it three days later.

IF Guatemala and Costa Rica come into the Central American republic, as they should, that confederation will still have only 3,500,000 inhabitants, or about the population to be governed by the mayor of Greater New York.

THE elevator staircase in use at the Brooklyn Bridge is the forerunner of still another aid to the lazy man that will probably be universally introduced. These modern conveniences are glorious—till we come to the inevitable paying for them.

WILLIAM MORRIS, the dead poet, was a famous socialist, but just the same he became, through his successful business, quite a capitalist, and left to his widow by will the very unsocialistic sum of \$275,000. But then, poets must be allowed some poetic license.

DR. CLARK being at the other end of the earth's diameter, we venture to print in this number an article concerning our honored editor-in-chief that his modesty would not suffer us to publish, if he knew about it. But our readers will thank us, though he does n't.

THE Smithsonian Institution is preparing a magnificent life-size figure of a Sioux chief in full regalia, and this, in return for kindness shown officials of the Institution when on a visit to Turkey, is to be sent as a present to the Sultan. If our government must make the Sultan a present, we can conceive of none more fitting. Paint the tomahawk red, gentlemen.

THE courageous reform mayor of Baltimore did a noteworthy bit of work for better citizenship when he removed from office the entire old board of school commissioners and put in their place some of the best people of the city, headed by President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University. This action takes the public schools out of politics, and the appointment of teachers out of the hands of machine politicians.

OUR overflowing Open Meeting of this week will be of especial assistance to our readers in the prayer meeting of February 14. One contribution that could not be used there may not be out of place here, because of its peculiar significance and suggestiveness. The "denomination" to which the writer refers is, of course, the great mass of the unconverted. Here is the letter in full: "Our denomination is doing more than all others can do in revivals. We furnish all the recruits. Don't neglect us in your prayers.—AN OUTSIDER."

Our Great Celebration.—Praise God for sixteen years of Christian Endeavor! The very angels in heaven must rejoice with us over this birthday of the God-given, soul-winning, Christ-witnessing, world-exalting Society of Christian Endeavor. We come with especial gladness to this celebration of another year, in which, by God's providence, our Society has been telling, the world around, the story of a fuller life in Christ, and larger work in behalf of Christ for all young people. Let us make this Christian Endeavor Day a memorial feast. Remember what the Lord has done for us. Forget the glories of Christian Endeavor, except as they reflect glory upon God. As our anniversary is celebrated everywhere within the next few days, let it be with thanksgiving to Him who has wrought all these wonders. As you review the past, let it be for the sake of the future. Look back only that you may look ahead. Consider how better you may serve Christ and his church. Study to fulfil more closely the Christian Endeavor ideal. Show alike your gratitude and your purpose by making a generous birthday gift to your denominational board. Let February 2 be supremely a missionary day. This is a good time to get out of yourself, and to remember that Christian Endeavor fellowship is as wide-spread as the sunlight. Read the splendid greetings that our leaders in several lands and many States have sent through this week's GOLDEN RULE. A better exhibition of the breadth of our fellowship has never been made. Heed the messages they speak. And let the voice of this Christian Endeavor Day be to you the Master's own command—"GO FORWARD!"

An Ambassador to Turkey.—It is important that this country and its interests be represented in Turkey not by a minister, as at present, but by an ambassador. The minister from the United States, seeking an audience with the Sultan, has to wait until the ambassadors of a dozen petty states are through with their business. Out-ranked by the representatives of many other nations, he is not taken into their confidence or admitted to their councils. The salary and honor of the post of minister do not command the service of as able a man as could be sent as ambassador. In the Sultan's domains live over two hundred American citizens. Our vested interests there amount to several millions of dollars, and we spend there each year more than half a million. Of what country could the same thing be said? Our present rule is that we will send an ambassador to each nation that sends an ambassador to us, but Turkey will not raise the rank of her representative at Washington, because she does not want American interests better represented in Turkey. A special law is needed, therefore, for the proposed change, and we hope our readers will urge it upon their Congressmen at once, so that the new administration may be able to send to Turkey a man of the very first rank, such as the situation certainly demands.

An Opportunity To Improve.—A letter from Congressman Morse urges us to present strongly to the Christian Endeavorers of the country the need of vigorous action, if we are to hope for success in the abolition of the disgraceful bars in our national Capitol. "There is no opinion," says he, "that has so much influence with members of Congress and Senators as home opinion. There are but forty-five days more of this session, and this bill must be passed by the Senate before March 4, or it is lost for this Congress." The chairman of the Senate committee on buildings and grounds, to which this important bill was referred, is Senator Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania. The other members of the committee are: J. S. Morrill, of Vermont; W. C. Squire, of Washington (State); L. Mantle, of Montana; F. E. Warren, of Wyoming; J. H. Gear, of Iowa; G. G. Vest, of Missouri; J. W. Daniel, of Virginia; J. B. Gordon, of Georgia; N. C. Blanchard, of Louisiana; E. Murphy, Jr., of New York. These are the men that will be responsible, if the bill is killed in committee. These are the men to whom all friends of temperance and all patriotic citizens to

whom our national honor is dear should send urgent letters, and send them at once. If the bill is reported from the committee, without doubt the Senate will pass it. New Zealand and Canada have recently passed such a law. Can the United States afford to linger behind?

Mr. Meyer's Visit.—No devotional writers of the times, probably, have been more helpful than Andrew Murray and F. B. Meyer. Hardly any feature of THE GOLDEN RULE during the past year has been more valuable than Mr. Meyer's regular contributions. Many, under a great debt to him for spiritual quickening gained through his words, have wished that they might look on his face and hear his voice. One could not read Dr. Clark's account of the man himself without having this wish greatly strengthened. Mr. Meyer has himself lately told in these pages how he had been drawn to Mr. Moody, and had been associated with him in conferences at Northfield. Those conferences have brought blessing to many, but Mr. Moody has wished very strongly to have the help of his English friend in the larger work that he is now doing in Boston and New York. So next week Mr. Meyer is to reach this country for a stay of ten days, and the Endeavorers of Boston will have the privilege of hearing him at their Christian Endeavor Day rally on February 4. May his coming be marked by a great demonstration of the power of the Spirit, and may his presence be used to deepen in the hearts of thousands the impressions already made by his writings.

No Sunday Paper for Them.—The Boston ministers were in conference with Mr. Moody the other day, when a newspaper representative asked permission to photograph the company. With natural courtesy the clergymen consented, and all was in readiness for the exposure when one pastor bethought him to ask if the photograph was for a Sunday paper. The operator nodded assent. Then ensued a scene of lively confusion. The ministers promptly arose in disorder, turning their backs upon the camera, and declaring that the picture should not be taken. As soon as the photographer recovered his wits he made the exposure, but it was a bit of chaos that imprinted itself upon the negative. We saw the photograph afterwards in the operator's studio, and its most striking feature was an excellent likeness of the back of Mr. Moody's head! This rebuke to the Sunday newspaper was timely and appropriate, and will have a wholesome effect. It is well for publishers and the public to understand that the representatives of the great body of church-going people thoroughly discountenance the Sunday newspaper, and that they will not in the slightest degree approve, encourage, or support it.

Prayer for Colleges.—The day of the date of this issue of THE GOLDEN RULE, January 28, is the day appointed to be observed as a time of special prayer for young people in institutions of learning. The last Thursday in January has come to be generally recognized as a day of prayer for students and colleges everywhere, and the cause is one that appeals strongly to all Christian hearts. The leaders of to-morrow are the students of today. Win the learning of the world for Christ, and the world itself will soon be his. Especial earnestness should be added to our prayers by the knowledge that in the colleges and universities of this country alone there are about sixty thousand students, and that for most of these the question of accepting Christ is to be settled before they leave the halls of learning. Consider also the tens and hundreds of thousands of young people in other institutions and the thousands of teachers who may become teachers of the Truth. Should not our souls be deeply moved to prayer for them? Throughout the whole world, and particularly throughout our own great Society of Christian Endeavor, may there ascend to heaven the sweet incense of prayer in behalf of pupils, teachers, and schools, that they all may sit at the feet of the great Teacher, who "spake as never man spake," and that they may fully learn of him.

young people in every State, Territory, and Province in the United States and Canada, but he has made several trips to Great Britain and Continental Europe, and has also made a complete circuit of the globe, meeting with and addressing thousands in all foreign and missionary lands. It is easy to believe that a leader with his opportunities and successes must have great executive ability. He has it, and has it to almost a wonderful degree. Dr. Clark has surrounded himself with associates whom he delights to trust, and, like General Grant, he delegates certain departments of work and lines of policy to his subordinates; while still guiding with a master hand, he expects these associates to direct affairs in their departments, and places much of the burden of responsibility for success or failure upon their shoulders.

Dr. Clark's home is in Auburndale, one of the suburbs of Boston. It is here, free from interruptions and callers, that he does much of his editorial and other literary work. When not called away to meet appointments at conventions, — and

he has many such engagements, — he divides his days equally between his study in his home and his office at headquarters, 646 Washington Street, Boston.

Any sketch of Dr. Clark's life would be incomplete without generous mention of his wife and family and his home life. Max Müller has said that "all really great and honest men may be said to live three lives: there is one life which is seen and accepted by the world at large, — a man's outward life; there is a second life which is seen by a man's intimate friends, — his household life; and there is a third life, seen only by the man himself and by those who searcheth the heart, which may be called the inner or heavenly life." Dr. Clark's public life is fairly known the world around. It must be so, naturally, and we need no longer dwell upon it. If you want to see the best side of this man whose name is a household word in many countries, look in with me upon his home life. Step with me to the door of his hospitable home. Even before you receive a hearty and affectionate greeting from the man, you will have received a generous welcome if you glance up at the main girders of the porch, for here, in a dozen different languages, the word "welcome" is beautifully carved. You will be at once invited into his library, which is also the "family" room, for this is a typical American home. It is here more often than at public functions that you will meet Dr. Clark's "better seven-

eighths" and their four children. Mrs. Clark is beloved by a great host of people, for not only did she make deservedly loyal friends in both Dr. Clark's parishes, as she has in their present home, but she has been his travelling companion upon many of his pilgrimages in this and other lands. She has much of her husband's executive ability, and is the originator of many methods of Christian Endeavor and other church work. She is especially qualified in every way to be the wife of the leader of two million and a half young people. Let me say of her what Rev. Charles Perry Mills of Newburyport, Mass., the pastor who organized the second Christian Endeavor society, once said of Dr. Clark, — "Some men are gentle without strength, some are strong without gentleness; he has both gentleness and strength." All who know Mrs. Clark will say that she has both gentleness and strength. Personal knowledge from several years of intimacy convinces me that a peep into the home life of the family would give the same uplift that the personality of the two heads of the family has given to thousands outside of the home, whose contact has been only with their outward lives.



FRANCIS E. CLARK, D. D.
(1892.)

Then, lastly, there is a third life — that seen only by God and the man himself. I cannot trust myself to speak of that. My privileges have been many, in that my associations with Dr. Clark have been intimate and affectionate, and I think I know something, too, of the deep spiritual life that is his. There have been experiences that have been confidential, that have given me inlets into his very heart-life, yet with Müller let me say, "It is seldom that we catch a glimpse of those deep springs of human character which cannot come to the surface even in the most confidential intercourse, which in every-day life are hidden from a man's own sight, but which break forth when he is alone with God in secret prayer, — ay, in prayer without words."

For The Golden Rule.

DAILY PISGAHS.

By Mary F. Butts.

RISE daily to some heavenly height
Apart from grief and care;
Hold converse with thy nobler self,
And God will meet thee there.

Thus comes the wisdom to direct
Through dim and tangled ways;
Thence comes the joy that lights and warms
Life's chill and cloudy days.

Johnson, Vt.

For The Golden Rule.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

By Eben E. Rexford.

WITHOUT, the night is dark and cold;
Within, the fire is warm and bright,
And sheltered by home's happy fold
We dread no storm to-night.

We see the white snow whirling past
As winds about the dwelling shriek,
But spite of storm or mournful blast
A smile is on each cheek.

Do we forget, this bitter night,
How many weary wanderers roam
With happy hearthstone fires in sight,
But O, so far from home?

Remembering Christ who had not where
To lay his head, to those who roam
Fling wide the doors, and bid them share
With us love, rest, and home!

Shiocton, Wis.

For The Golden Rule.

BELONGING TO GOD.

By Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.,

Author of "Things To Live For," etc.



T. PAUL packs in a terse sentence a whole volume of heroic teaching when he says, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God." It is hard to confess that we are not our own. We like to assert our independence. We are loath to call any one our master. We even resent God's claim to ownership in us, and deny his right to command us.

But the first principle of true religion declares that we belong to God, that his right over us is absolute. It is nothing unreasonable that is thus required of us. We rightfully belong to God. The authority he claims over us is not arbitrary nor despotic. God made us, and has the Creator's right over us his creatures. He is our Father, and as his children we owe him all homage, obedience, submission, and love. He is our Lord and King, and we ought to recognize his authority, and without question submit ourselves to him, bringing every thought, feeling, disposition, and affection into subjection to him.

Then there is a yet higher ground on which this ownership rests. "Ye are bought with a price." We know well what this price was. There are things which can be bought with money, but there also are things which money cannot purchase. With money a man may build a house and adorn and furnish it, but money will not buy home happiness and the sweetness, comfort, and refinement which make true home life. With money we may buy bread and raiment, coal for the fire, and luxuries for physical enjoyment; but money will not purchase fine character, moral beauty, a gentle spirit, peace in the heart, or any of the elements which make up a noble personality. Money ransomed many a slave from captivity in ancient times, but human redemption was not obtained at any money price. The Son of God gave his life a ransom for souls. Thus our belonging to God is confirmed and sealed by the holiest sanctions.

Yet, while the authority of God over us and his right to us are unquestioned, the relation is one which we as moral creatures must voluntarily accept and acknowledge. God never compels us to be his. We are sovereigns over our own lives; this is part of the likeness of God in us. We can do as we will. We can resist even God's authority. Our puny will can shut omnipotence out of our life. We can proudly say, "Our lips are our own; who is lord over us?"

The truth that we are not our own must be acknowledged by ourselves. We must make our life God's by an act of devotion. Tennyson puts this clearly in two lines in the prologue of "In Memoriam," —

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

It requires a personal giving of ourselves to God to make us really his. No one can make the devotion for us. No mother can make her child God's. She may dedicate it to him in its infancy, and bring it up for him along the years; but the child is not truly God's until for itself it makes the personal devotion.

It is with this great act that a Christian life really begins. What we call faith in Christ is nothing less than a committal of our whole life to Christ. It is related of Wendell Phillips that when in the valley of shadows he was asked by a friend who sat beside him, "Did you ever make a personal consecration of yourself to God?" The great man answered: "Yes; when I was a boy fourteen years of age I heard Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, 'You belong



DR. CLARK AT HIS OFFICE DESK.

to God.' I went home after hearing that sermon, threw myself on the floor of my room, with the door locked, and said: 'God, I belong to you; take what is thine own. I ask but this, that whenever a thing be right it take no courage to do it; that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me.'

A like recognition of God's right over us every one must make if he would put himself in right relations with God. Our will is our own, and it is ours to make it God's. No one can do it for us, and God will never take it until we freely give it to him. Jesus Christ is our rightful king, and is worthy to receive all homage, love, and obedience; and we cannot be right until we have confessed that we are his.

"Therefore glorify God." That is what we must do with the life that belongs to God and which he recommends to us. How can we add to God's glory? We cannot add a single beam to the splendor of the noonday sun; we cannot make the evening star more brilliant, and God's name is infinitely beyond our poor glorifying. Yet we may glorify God among men. You travel abroad, and meet in a foreign land a man who is noble, gifted, and worthy. Here at home he is not known at all, or at the best his name is known only vaguely. You return home, and begin at once to speak of this man to your friends, telling them of his life, his work, his charming personality. You pass among your friends the books he has written, which contain his helpful, inspiring words. His name is no longer unknown in your community; it becomes familiar to many people. His influence begins to be felt in many lives. His books are read, and do good. You have glorified him.

In the same way we may make God glorious. We know his name, his character, his works, and we have his word, which is full of divine revealings. We can speak of the mercy, love, and goodness of God. We can tell what we know of him, what he has been to us and has done for us. We can show others the words he has spoken, full of comfort, inspiration, and cheer. Where God was scarcely known before, he becomes well known, and many begin to love him and trust him. We have glorified God.

Not only by telling others of God may we glorify him, but also in our own life. Being is more than speaking. In the Palazzo Rospiglioso in Rome is the great picture of the Aurora. It is on the ceiling, and can be studied only with much difficulty from the floor. But a mirror is so placed on a table that it reflects the picture, and one can study it there with ease and pleasure. God is a spirit; and he is in heaven, "dwelling in light unapproachable." The incarnation was the bringing of the reflection of the glorious person of God down to earth in a human life. Men looked at Jesus, and saw in him the very image of God. Jesus is no longer here in the flesh to reveal the unseen God; but we are here for him, and it is ours, if we are truly Christians, to be mirrors, reflecting in our own character the beauty of the Lord, and thus glorifying him. It is of the utmost importance that those who look into the mirror of our life may see a faithful revealing of God. How else shall they learn what God is like? It would be a sad thing if we should misrepresent him, giving to any one a wrong thought of his character.

A little child one day asked her mother, after reading in the New Testament, "Is Jesus like anybody we know?" The child was eager to find out just what were the elements of the character of Christ, his disposition, his spirit, the mind that was in him. The mother ought to have been able to answer, "Yes, I am trying to be like Jesus; if you will look at my life and study my character, you will see a little of what Jesus was like." Every follower of Christ should be able to say the same to all who know him. The likeness is imperfect, for in many things we come short; but, if we are truly Christians, we must be trying to live as he would if he were in our place. Unless we live thus we are not glorifying God.

But doing is as important as being. Jesus glorified God by a life of divine love among men. At every step he wrought deeds of mercy. There is a legend which says that, as Jesus walked away from his grave, sweet flowers grew in his path. It was true in every path on which those blessed feet trod; flowers of kindness blossomed wherever he went. He did the works of his Father, and thus glorified him. If we belong to God, we must glorify him in the same way: we must continue the ministry of love which our Master began. It is the divine will that we carry blessing and help to every one we meet. If we fail to be loving, we disappoint God.

Philadelphia, Penn.



PRAYER should be just what one feels, just what one thinks, just what one needs; and it should stop the moment it ceases to be the real expression of the need, the thought, and the feeling.—H. W. Beecher.



CHAPTER IV.

THE BEE HAS A RED-HOT STING.

ELIJAH was filled with astonishment and disgust. This, then, was the efficient foreman he had been promised! His face must have expressed something of his feelings, for the dwarf, looking knowingly up at him, said, "You think I am no good? Well, you just try me once. That's all I've got to ask."

"O, you certainly know your business," said Elijah, hastily; "that is, if you have been trained in the printing-office of the Milton Orphans' Home."

"Been there all my life," sadly replied the little fellow; "that is, except lately, when they have been sending me off on jobs like this. Good thing for them!"

"And for you, too, is n't it?"

"Why, no. I don't get nothing out of it—not even as good board an' lodging as I get at the Home."

That put a new thought in Elijah's head.

"Where did Mr. Hackerman arrange for you to stay?"

"Mr. Hackerman? Who's he?"

"Did n't Mr. Hackerman employ you?"

"Course not. Nobody hires me. The Home just rents me out; an' will, till I'm of age. He saw Cap'n Bulfinch, I s'pose."

"Well, Mr. Hackerman should have attended to that matter," said Elijah, greatly annoyed.

"Guess I'm on your hands," muttered the dwarf, bitterly. "Always am on somebody's hands."

Elijah shook off his displeasure, and addressed the newcomer more cordially.

"Well, it is n't your fault, anyway, Mr. —, Mr. —, what is your name?"

"My name? O, Phillips. P. T. Phillips."

"But your first name? I ought to call you by your first name."

"Have n't any first name. Just 'P. T.'"

"Just 'P. T.'?"

"Yes, just 'P. T.' Looks as if my parents, when they had n't anything else to give me, might as well have given me a name; but they did n't, because they could n't think of any except 'P. T.' an' they said I could fill it up for myself. But it never got filled up."

"Well, 'P. T.," said Elijah, laughing, "I don't know about you, but I am hungry. Let's go out to supper."

At the supper-table P. T. was plainly ill at ease. His fine white hands quivered in their nervousness. Mr. and Mrs. Tone had given him a cold and entirely disapproving reception, and though Florence greeted him with all the kindness of her beautiful soul, the dwarf was ill at ease. No wonder that, when the discussion turned on the disposal of him for the night, he proposed that he should sleep in the office.

He had heard of the "stacking." "If I had been sleeping there," said he, "it would n't have happened."

"But would n't you be afraid?" asked Florence.

"Afraid?" and the dwarf turned on her a mournful pair of eyes that spoke of a life so gloomy that it was past fear for itself. "And yet," thought Florence, "I don't believe he is more than sixteen years old."

And finally, after much discussion, and strong declarations from P. T. that this was just what he would prefer, it was settled that the office should be his home,—for the present, at least; a decision from which came important results.

After supper Elijah and the dwarf wheeled a barrow full of bedclothes over to the office, which was only two squares away. They carried also a small mattress, and whatever Florence could think of as necessary for the little fellow's comfort. "You are taking lots of trouble, Miss Tone," said P. T., gratefully.

It was dark when they arrived, but Elijah lighted the small lamp he had brought, pulled down the curtains, and showed his foreman what ruin had been wrought the night before.

P. T. was full of indignation.

"The mean sneaks!" cried he. "I'd like to make them eat that type, every letter of it."

"And wash it down with the printer's ink they put on the wall!" added Elijah, laughing.

The mattress was spread, and the bed neatly made,

with the help of P. T., who had learned to make beds well under the strict training of the Orphans' Home.

"Good night, P. T.," said Elijah, when all was done. "Good night, and I hope *The Bee* won't sting to-night."

"I hope he will try to," answered P. T., fiercely; "I just do."

But for that night the wrecked establishment was left alone, and P. T. appeared at Elijah's breakfast-table with no news to tell.

The next day was a busy one; and in its business P. T. was a lively factor. His delicate hands darted above the type-cases like swallows, and the types fell in a continuous patter into their proper receptacles. Surrounded by an array of cases, he sat cross-legged on the floor, and it was wonderful to see him distribute from the complex pile, turning in a flash from an italic case to one of fancy type, then to one of Roman, to "caps," to brevier, to long primer, to agate, making no mistake, never getting flurried, but with the quiet ease of a master who knows his skill and rejoices in it.

Away from his work P. T. was gloomy, taciturn, and shrinking. At his task, however, he was a different being. His eye sparkled, his face grew animated, and he began to whistle like a mocking-bird. Elijah, who was engaged in the heavier work of putting together the wrecked frame and other office furniture, often stopped his labor to gaze at the dwarf, to admire his skill, and inwardly to resolve that he himself would become equally master of his own branch of the business—the editing.

Something of that editing had to be done at once, if Elijah was to be in time with his next week's copy. Our college graduate had not been very proud of his first work on *The Citizen*, when he came to read it over. It sounded heavy and dull. It was respectable enough; there was no bad grammar; but Elijah was enough of a journalist to know that, unless writing is attractive, it matters not how respectable it is. The *highest* characteristic of a good writer is to write what people *ought* to read; but his *first* characteristic must be to write what they will *want* to read. Then let him put the two together.

Elijah tried to apply this truth.

In his first number, for instance, he had written:—

"While playing with the family hatchet last Wednesday, Charles, the eight-year-old son of Mr. Samuel Fanshaw, had the misfortune to bring it down upon his thumb in such a way as to cut off the nail, inflicting a painful, though happily not a serious, wound, which was dressed by Dr. Aldrich."

"Now, that will never do," declared Elijah, in self-contempt, when he read this in merciless type. "All in one sentence! And *such* a sentence! *The Citizen* will never oust *The Bee* after that fashion."

As it happened, our editor had to chronicle this week another juvenile accident, but this time he wrote it up in the following way:—

"Friday was indeed an unlucky day for Archie Kingman. He was coasting down Colton Hill on his new Columbia, when a puppy, as yet untaught in the matter of bicycles, disputed his right of way. Archie, who is a very polite little fellow, turned out; but he also turned over. Reuben Jameson patched up the wheel, and Dr. Seaver patched up Archie."

"That is too long," said Elijah, on reading it over, "but it is better."

Here, too, is one of the Colestone College items that Elijah had inserted in the first number of *The Citizen*:— "The learned and deservedly popular head of the department of physics and chemistry, Professor Barton, has just received a new spectroscope, which will add greatly to the efficiency of his already efficient courses. The instrument is of the very best make and was imported from Germany."

"Now how many readers of *The Citizen*," asked Elijah, criticising his work to himself, "will know what a spectroscope is? Probably not one in ten. Another journalistic error."

So he went to work and wrote a second item for the next week's paper:—

"A spectroscope is a set of lenses so placed as to separate white light into the colors that make it up. It sorts