

1928	JANUARY 1928											
Sat.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

YOUR MISSION

If you come on ocean
Sail among the swift fleet,
Roar like the tempest's billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet—
You can stand among the sailors,
And when the tempest comes,
You can lend a hand to help them,
When they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand with your friends,
While the mountaineers go by;
You can chant in happy measures
As the steady pines along;

Then sing the minstrel singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot toward the needy,
Booths and hospitals attend;
You can visit the afflicted,

Over the cairn you can weep;

You can bid the stricken feet.

If you cannot, in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true;
When the fire and smoke are thick
With smoke and fire are thick.

There is no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with earnest tread,
With heart and soul unshamed;
You can cover up the dead.

If you are in the harvest,
Gather up the richest sheaves;
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Whose stalks are stately and tall;
You can glean among the briers.

Growing rank against the wall,
It may be their shadow hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess;—she
Will never come to you.

Go out and do your duty;

Do not fear to do or dare;

If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

53 YEARS IN THE MINISTRY
(Dr. Rogers)

A change at the calendar reminds me
that on January 10th, 1928, I closed a period of
53 years in the ministry of the church. By common rule, ten years
of ministry, the ninth year, and the calendar, one might become dis-
couraged. Although the calendar has its
uses, good and true, it is not for the
measurement of the spirit. Men think women grow
old when the men think women grow
old. They are another, often interesting
to put out to sea again. They close
the doors and put up the shutters. They refuse to see new faces or foster
fresh happenings.

The years go by, and I am glad I was born young. If the passing
of youth deprives us of some things, the coming of maturity brings
other treasures that the young can
give, and experience can give, and
the richness of brain and heart. It is
tragic, therefore, if not cruel, to con-
sign a man to the seafarers' barge just
because the almanac says "he is past
the prime of life."

Wendell Holmes said, "To be seventy
years young, is sometimes more
cheerful and helpful than to be
seventy years old." John Adams
was a man who could not afford
to be old. He was weak and bald
in most of his ways, but John Adams is
very well, very well, I thank you.
And that reminds me of a poem of six
verses (two of which I recently) written
by an aged Christian on the occasion
of his 80th birthday:

Nature and reason tell us all
That this scattered frame is long must
fall.

When, where, or how is all unknown,
We trust the Lord, and wait and trust
And trust His wisdom to direct
And taking of it down.

And when you see it protrude ill,
Let not a tear bedim the eye,
The teacher is not here to teach
But the teacher is the little space
I find some quiet resting place,
No more to date my year.

It is most delightful to recall the
early brick house, with "1849" chiseled
over the front door, when the
days of my childhood and youth in a
Christian home and in God's great out-
of-doors, where the "Sunday School"
lasted the full year round; where the
children were cast in the mould
where the dust was not allowed to
accumulate on the Bible and where
my religious life and experience began,
with the longing for baptism, which
I found, and used their facilities
and when I entered the ministry 53 years
ago. It seems so long past, that
simple yet ecstatic hours, when those
godly fathers who had no cars and
no telephones and who were Christians
sang and prayed with fervor in our
many revival services.

I am in looking over a fairly acci-
dental record, for 63 years, of
630 sermons, held in hundreds of
revival, missionary, temperance and
other addresses, baptised 825 children and adults
and in the course of my pastoral work
had the privilege of personally acknowledging
that my personal record is blotted
and marred with many imperfections
and blunders, but God's love is
an ample sufficiency. "Having
obtained help of God" I have kept the
faith with which I started out, and
as the years have gone by have made
my ministry more successful, and
endow us with everlasting youth. I
anticipate with an indestructible
light the reversion over the river with
the coming of my earthly home.
I hope to have gathered to them
more now and I see their familiar faces
and hear their triumphant songs in
the life to come.

It is a pleasant thought that I have
lived beyond the three score and ten
years, and while one is liable to go at
any time, I am grateful my powers
have been well preserved that I
may assist you in your efforts. If so,
I shall continue to believe in and
to preach full salvation from sin
through the atoning sacrifice of the
Lord Jesus Christ.

The day's work is well-nigh done,
and the sky is hanging low in the
heavens, but the sky is cloudless and
the home-going full of interest and
delight, to be welcomed by old com-
panions and by angels now unknown.

St. Thomas, Ont.,
January 2, 1928.

The Family Physician.—The good
doctor always wins his fee
it is not always possible to get a doctor
when you want him. In such
cases, common sense suggests the use
of reliable home remedies, such as
Dr. Thompson's Electric oil, which is
wonderfully effective in curing inflam-
matory pains and healing cuts,
scratches, burns and sprains. The
presence of this remedy in the family
medicine chest saves many a fee.

The Free Press' Short Story

A BREAK IN THE SHAFT.

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN

JANG! Chang! The long bugle
blared behind the beam-thrown-in
graph did in the engine-room
of the Atlantic Barge. Trapped
inside, the iron-bound, half-speed
indicates stopped at "full speed." Donald
Munro, the heavy-shouldered
deutch engineer, spun the starting
wheel. Resounding from the hull
came from the boiler under which
the fire had been kindled twelve hours
before, the ponderous machinery woke
to life; and the hot, oily steam air was
brought by the sweep of mighty arms
of wheels. Against the piping, the
steam and hot, damp, steaming tape
not far away. The barrier could not
very well at the top. He must force
a way through it. In this lay his
shoulders on the position and
size of the rent through which the
steam had entered the tunnel. If it
were in the middle of the roof and
very large, there was no possibility
of getting out.

Sandy McAttee, the youngest "engineer,"
was busy here and there, trickling
off from his long, noisy, noisy
ghastly-horn, he had spent the working
portion of his twenty-one years
in the shipyards of the Trinidad city.
It was his ambition to become
engineer. Although he had made six
trips on the Trinidad, the novelty and
fascination of his duties had not yet
worn off.

Chang! Chang! Again the brass
gunned out. "Full speed ahead!"
Munro gave the wheel another turn.
The boat was forging through the
outer channel, and already her plan-
form, beginning to curve under
the sea-wall. Her name was Munro,
and the starboard foot of the
steamer.

"It's time for me to take the
propeller-shaft," said Sandy to
himself. Then he pulled out the
shaft, and the hull split again.
The water was cut out, and a couple
of broken timbers were all that
was left.

It was the entrance to the "tunnel"
fire test in progress and about fifty
feet from running back over the keel
to the stern of the liner, through
which ran the rapidly revolving shaft
of the propeller.

Sandy closed the door behind him.
The water was up to his waist, so far
below the surface of the water, so far
below the deck, and somewhat closer
to the Trinidad than to the sea.

He forced his way through the
water, and, pushing himself along,
he hauled his way up through the
mass, which allowed him to pro-
gress by inches but closed round him
again.

As he pushed himself along, keeping
a few air-spaces beneath his face and
working the grates behind him, he fell
on his left side the steamer, impelled
by the current, his hands clutching
the mass, which allowed him to pro-
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THE FARM AUCTION

The scattered groups of men
sat in the shade of trees, and
about over them were the sounds
they could hear.

A crash of laughter now and then,
and a shout of "bid up" was given.

Along the dusty road the auctioneer
had caused the horses to walk.

She did not sit and weep.

At such a time it seemed she
would sit well.

Each waiting time each lonely

How much it seemed to her when
How little she had to keep.

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