

THE GREAT GUEST COMES

At Ingleburg where the Danube flows. Before the cathedral in grandeur rose. On the very site where the altar was laid, Conrad, the cobbler, piled his trade, Spinning and sewing, and driving pegs home.

Till the shoe was fit for the Pope of Rome. And he sang as the thread piled to and fro. Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show, Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know.

Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin. And a full moon showed where the hair had been. His eyes peered out, intent and far. As if looking behind the things that are. Only half of him cobbled shoes.

The rest was away, seeking heavenly news. Indeed, so thin was the mystic screen, That parted the unseen from the seen. He seemed to dwell in a world of dream.

It happened one day, at the year's white end. The neighbors called on their old-time friend. And found the shop, once meagre and mean. Made gay with a hundred-boughs of green.

Conrad as stitching... his eyes a-shine, "Good news," he cried, "old friends of mine. At dawn to-day when I scarce could see, The Lord appeared in a dream to me. And said, 'I am coming, your guest to be.'"

"So I have been since dawn astir, Strewing the floor with boughs of fir. The walls are washed, the shelf is shined. He comes to-day and the table is spread, With honey and milk and wheat and bread."

His friends went home and his face grew still. As he watched for the shadow across the sill. He lived all the moments, o'er and o'er. When the Lord should enter his lowly door.

The knock, the call, the latch pulled up. The lighted face, the proffered cup. He would wash His feet, where the spikes had been. He would kiss the hands where the nails went in. And then at last would sit with Him: And break the bread as the day grows dim.

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane. A beggar, drenched by the driving rain, He called him in from the stony street, And gave him shoes for his bruised feet. The beggar went and there came a crouse. Her face with wrinkles of sorrow shown. A bundle of faggots bowed her back. And she was spent with the wrench and wrack.

He gave her his loaf, and steadied her load. And she took her way on the wondrous road. Then to his door came a little child. Lost and afraid in the world so wild. In the big dark world... Catching it up. He gave it milk in the waiting cup. And led it home to its mother's arms. Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west. And with it the hope of the blessed guest. And Conrad sighed as the world turned grey. Why is it, Lord; that your feet feel dry. Did you forget that this was the day? Then, soft in the silence, a voice he heard: "Lift up your heart, for I kept my word. Three times I came to your friendly door. Three times my shadow was on your floor: I was the beggar with bruised feet, I was the woman you gave to eat, I was the child on the homeless street."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 13

HANNAH

Golden Text.—A woman feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised.—Proverbs 31: 30. Lesson Text.—1 Sam. 1: 9-11, 24-28; 2: 1, 2. Time.—1170 B. C. Place.—Shiloh. Exposition.—I. Remembered of the Lord, 9-11. Smarting under the reproaches of her rival (v. 6), poor Hannah lingers in the tabernacle behind the rest, and there, alone, as she supposed, pours out her tears and prayers before the Lord.

The high priest Eli, his eyes dim and his hair grey with years, seeing her, and thinking her to be suffering from the effects of wine, reproves her sharply—"How long wilt thou be drunken?" (v. 14). But Hannah, although having every right to resent the old priest's unjust accusation, answers without heat, evincing a lovely example of how meekly to suffer wrong (vs. 15, 16). No wonder that Eli perceiving the wrong he had done her, and touched by her grief, answered Hannah and said: "Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee the petition that thou hast asked of him" (v. 17). "And the Lord remembered her" (v. 19). The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ does not laugh any human hope or grief to scorn. This earnestness, this agony of desire in Hannah comes up acceptable in His sight, and He grants to His handmaid the desire of her heart. This bitterness of a woman's grief is transmuted into earnest, believing importunate prayer, and this prayer returns to her in a precious gift. This gift so earnestly sought, causes in its receiver a deep sense of gratitude; this gratitude leads to the willing consecration of the divine gift to the Giver; this sacrifice of Hannah's son is transformed into a great national blessing. Thus out of a lonely woman's sorrow, comes a nation's redemption and salvation. History's pages are plentifully strewn with instances of the glorious part borne in the story of Christian warfare by consecrated women. The great evangelical waves which, under Dwight L. Moody, swept across two continents, had their genesis in a lonely woman's fervent prayers.

II. The Virtue of a Mother's Prayers, 24-27; 2: 1, 2. Hannah's prayer was a heart-prayer. Moreover, it was based on a new name for God. Hannah appealed to God under a new title—"Jehovah of hosts" (v. 11), as though it were nothing to Him to summon into existence an infant spirit. Hannah's prayer was a very definite prayer: "Give unto thine handmaid a man child" (v. 11). "For this child I prayed" (v. 27). So many of our prayers miscarry because they are aimed at no special goal. It was prayer without reserve. "I have Poured out my soul before the Lord" (v. 12). It was persevering prayer. "It came to pass as she continued praying before the Lord" (v. 12). It was prayer that received its coveted boon. "She bare a son and called his name Samuel, saying, Because I have asked him of the Lord" (v. 20). In this prayer, too, we can trace the harvest of seed sown in years of suffering. Only one who had greatly sorrowed could have an instance of God's forerunning grace—the grace that blesses us in our ancestry, in our homes and kindred, in our father and mother—the grace that blesses us by a mother's piety, and by the prayers she offered, in our behalf, even before she knows a mother's joy. It would seem, as one turns the pages of history, that God's best men and women have come from and out of godly mothers' prayers and vows and fathers' solemn consecrations. Blessed unspokenly is, or ought to be, that life of man or woman, boy or girl, that has been heralded into this world not only by pain but by prayer, and had its advent prefaced by the hand of father or mother laying hold on God. God's forerunning, preparing, grace is the loving, gentle touch of a Father who takes a woman's longings or a man's joys and hopes, and by the longing and the hope, by the tears and mother prepares greatly consecrated and manly and saintly women of God. So was it with Hannah, and with her child, the asked and heard of God (vs. 21, 27). Thus was it with Jeremiah and with Timothy, and many another in centuries following. Hannah poured out her heart to the Lord. He heard her cry. He granted her request and, as He is given to do, granted her, at the proper time, something even better than her prayers. Thus it came about that Samuel, who was asked of the Lord (v. 20), was, in later days, known as the "heard of the Lord." Hannah having had her prayer answered and her request granted of the Lord, makes good her own promise. Prior to his birth, she had vowed that her lad should be given "unto the Lord all the days of his life" (v. 11), and after he was born she declared that "as long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord," and so it came to pass. The last glimpse our lesson affords us of Hannah and Samuel is a lovely little human touch (ch. 2: 19): "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." Here we have exhibited the tender affection of the mother, together with the firmness of a woman who intends to keep her word to the Lord. While she brings her lad "a little coat" of her own making, as a token of her love, she expresses no desire to take the loan which she had lent unto the Lord (ch. 1: 28), the loan of her only child, but cheerfully leaves him, time after

RECORD BREAKING

The last year or two has been a period of making records and breaking them. Look at the endurance records in aviation, for example. A record is hardly established before somebody breaks it. (What do you think of having the same idea in character building? As a rule, you know, there is no idea of breaking records where character is concerned. Many a young man, if remonstrated with because of some line of action he is following, will tell you rather indignantly that he is not any worse than the other fellows in his set. Not much thought of breaking records there, is there? It is rather appalling how many people are content to be average in matters that are of paramount importance. It is a good thing to find out what the aeroplane can do—how long it can stay in the air, how far it can fly without refueling. It is a far more necessary matter however, to learn what a youth can make of himself by steadfastly resisting temptation and being true to his best self. It is time that some character records are broken.

GASSING

"You look tired." "No wonder. I've just been gassed for forty-five minutes." "You don't say so! Who did it?" "A politician."

THE DIFFERENCE

What happens to us matters less than how it happens. The youth who drowns, trying to save some one, goes out of life gloriously. Another who is drowned because in a fit of depression he jumps off a bridge, dies a coward's death. Both are drowned, but how vast is the difference. Some young men and women are inclined to be cynical over the fact that right-doing does not protect them against hard experiences. Good men lose their money. Good women lose their children. An epidemic sweeping through a city does not spare the devout. Death is the universal lot; but though these experiences come to all, good and bad alike, there is a tremendous difference in the way they come. The Christian with his money gone and his faith intact, still feels rich. The mother who trusts her little ones to the arms of the Good Shepherd, sees a rainbow against the cloud. Death comes to all but it makes a tremendous difference whether one cries, "I am taking a leap into the dark," or says as Stephen did, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Being a sincere Christian is not an assurance of escape from the ills of life. Grief and loss, sickness and death are inevitable. It does not matter so much what happens to us, as how it happens.

DO SOMETHING AT ONCE

It has been said that we cannot do everything at once, but we can do something at once. We are often confused by the realization that there is much to be done. When the moving vans rattle off, leaving the furniture dumped all over the new house, pictures, books, chairs, bedding all in a huddle, our first feeling is that it is impossible to evolve any order out of this chaos. Instead of wringing our hands because we cannot do everything at once, we start at once to do something. Putting shoes in the closet, putting books in the bookcase, putting the dishes in the china cabinet are small tasks, but by keeping at them, the disorder disappears, and the new house becomes habitable. Sometimes as we look around on the world we are overwhelmed by the number of conditions that are wrong. Lawlessness is rampant and many men and women seem to regard it as a joke. The old standards of right and wrong are questioned. Liberty has degenerated into license. Even those who are most anxious to be helpful are likely to be overwhelmed when they contrast the enormous need with that which they have to offer. You cannot do everything at once, that is sure; yet this is no reason for standing idle. You can do something at once, you can attack some problem somewhere. You can improve something to some extent. Do not confuse yourself by emphasizing the vastness of the need. Concentrate on something that comes within the measure of your ability and tackle it without delay. If everybody started at once to do something, in time everything would be done.

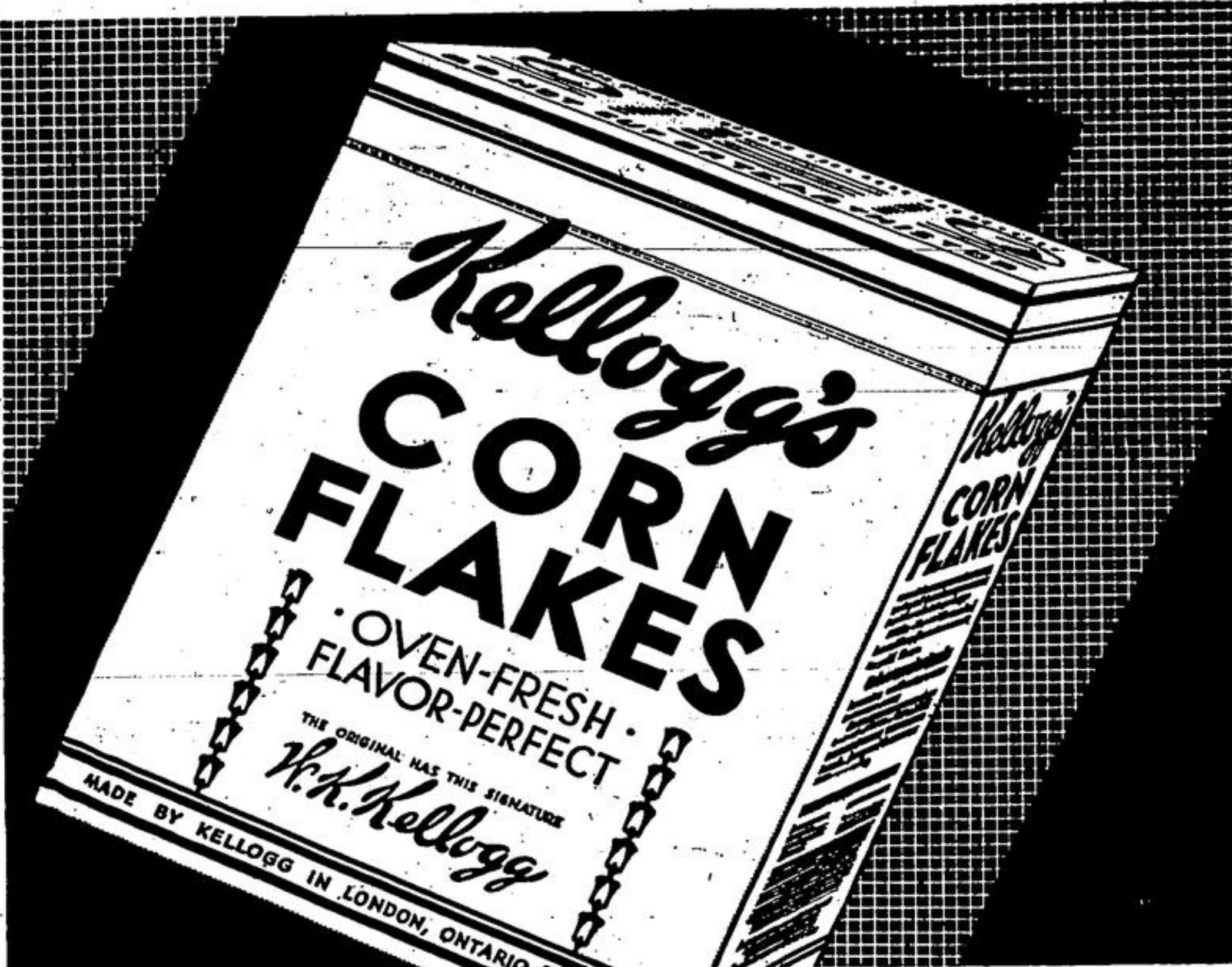
Miller's Worm Powders are a prompt relief from the attacks of worms in children. They are powerful in their action and, while leaving nothing to be desired as a worm expellant, have an invigorating effect upon the youthful system, remedying fever, biliousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and other ailments that follow disorders caused by worms in the stomach and bowels.

time, and returns to her home, where she had not a child to receive or to cheer her. But who was ever a loser by lending unto the Lord? Whatsoever he layeth out in cheerful, humble confidence, it shall be restored a hundredfold unto his bosom. For all the little coats Hannah made for young Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, she received abundant compensation in his piety, usefulness and eminence of her son. The prayers and unceasing devotion of pious mothers cannot be overpraised, nor their splendid results overstated. Men whose lives have been a benediction to the entire world, were set in motion, first, by women such as Hannah is shown in the Scriptural record to be. Thank God, the type has not become extinct, and the world will have occasion, to the end of time, to thank God for praying mothers.

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Just as Good

ASK YOURSELF IS IT?

When you ask for a certain line of goods, a line which you have seen advertised in newspapers --- and you are told "Here is something just as good and cheaper," it is time to do some thinking. If there is more profit in selling goods not advertised, and you are buying at a saving, there must be something wrong somewhere---and usually that is loss of quality ---something left out that is THERE in the advertised commodity you originally asked for.

It is well to remember that a manufacturer invests his good dollars in advertising space because he knows his product is right. The fact that he advertises in newspapers so that "he who runs may read" is evidence that he knows his claims are right, and that he is ready to stand behind his merchandise and the stores that sell it.

Ask For and Get Nationally Advertised Goods!

TIME TABLES

AT ACTON

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Table with columns for Going East and Going West, listing train numbers and times for various routes.

TRAVEL BY BUS

Table showing bus routes and times for Eastbound and Westbound services, including Arrow brand.

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CLOSE

"Do you mean to say your husband beat you when he arrived home after midnight?" "Yes—but only by twenty minutes!"