

The Sunday School Times.

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There is a lesson for the present, and for all times, in the sketch of "Rosalie's Way" by Meade Middleton. That lesson is in the pregnant statement: "One duty of my Christian life is to do, moment by moment, the work that God gives me—not the work that he gives some one else." It is a great thing to accept one's God-given duty, and to attend to it.

Not even the apostles themselves, chosen, instructed, trained by Christ, could hope to perform their mission of witnessing for their Master until they had received power from on high. Who, then, can hope to teach or preach, without a like endowment? Good Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, speaks to our readers this week of this only source of power to the follower of Christ in the work of Christ.

One of the old English worthies said that a great many sermons were like carefully written letters dropped into the post-office without any address written upon them. They were not intended for any one in particular, and they never reached anybody. Our friend, the Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, emphasizes this truth to our readers; and he calls upon teachers not only to have a knowledge of the lesson truths, but to have a purpose of applying them to their scholars.

No little breeze has been stirred in the theological world by the declaration of Professor Warfield, in our columns, that in his opinion the disputed twelve verses at the close of Mark's Gospel form "no part

of the Word of God." It has even been claimed that in this statement he would throw doubt on the inspiration or the canonicity of an important portion of the Holy Scriptures. But there is no cause for worry. It was clear to every intelligent and fair-minded reader of that article, that Professor Warfield was zealous for the integrity and the purity of the inspired and canonical Scriptures; and that his only aim was to ascertain if any unauthorized additions to the inspired text had been made after that text was completed and given to the Christian Church. Opinions may, indeed, differ as to the correctness of Professor Warfield's conclusion from the evidence available; but there ought to be no difference of opinion among Protestant Christians as to the correctness of an endeavor like his to ascertain what is the original text of our Holy Scriptures. To make his meaning plain beyond a peradventure, Professor Warfield now supplements his original statement with a fuller explanation, in view of recent comments on it in our columns by Professor Wheeler, of Lawrence University.

If any eminent contributor to The Sunday School Times has his utterances questioned, by an outside critic, on the score of their ethical or theological soundness, he may be reasonably sure of a patronizing word from The Independent; for if there is one thing above another which delights that paper, it is a smack of heresy, or a suspicion of laxity, in a religious teacher. It has patted President Woolsey approvingly on the back, because one of his modest confessions, in our columns, of inability to comprehend the infinite was pointed at, with surprise, by a paper which may be supposed to know all things. And now that Professor Warfield's expressions of opinion, in our pages, concerning the closing verses of Mark's Gospel, have subjected him to criticism, The Independent wants to dismiss Rahab and her practices with "Peace, peace," that it may have more space for a championship of any "Alleghany" or "Princeton" professor who will so express himself as to come under suspicion. The Independent starts off on this new tack with nearly three columns of contributed matter, and two editorial notes. With the list of eminent contributors to our columns announced for the current six months, The Independent will need to add to its pages, if it undertakes the defense of them all against all their critics; but, at the least, its philanthropic endeavors will secure entertaining reading to the subscribers of The Independent.

What you say or do while you are angry, is a truer measure of your real spirit and of your inner self, than what you say or do while you retain your "self-control." And, again, the treatment which you receive from another person who is angry shows better than anything else the true estimate of you by that person. It is not that we *feel* always, just that which we express when we are angry; but it is that we cannot at any time, even under any pressure of feeling, speak or act contrary to our inner nature. If we can say or do a mean thing while we are angry, it is because of the essential meanness which is a part of our very being. And if, on the other hand, we carefully weigh the words that were spoken to us, or of us, by an angry acquaintance, we can see whether they showed merely the surface heat of excited feeling, or

the harsh judgment and the bitter hostility of an ungenerous spirit and an ignoble nature; or, again, whether they show that we are looked upon by that person not only as at variance and in opposition for the moment, but as, at all times, ungenerous and not worthy of real confidence; whether, in fact, the difference between us and that person is a difference of the occasion merely, with its peculiar and exceptional phases of *feeling*, or is a radical difference of natures which must in the course of things be permanent. If indeed it is evident that we are deemed truly unworthy by one who is angry with us, it behooves us to consider carefully the possible ground for such an estimate of us. Beware, then, of being what you would not wish to show yourself to be, under a loss of self-control—under a fit of self-disclosure. And look well to the true estimate of you which comes from the mind of an angry companion.

THE DUTY OF ENTHUSIASM. ✓

Enthusiasm is not a mere matter of temperament or of situation; it is a duty resting upon all. To some it appears a fortunate inheritance, like physical beauty or muscular strength; to others it seems a personal eccentricity, worthy of admiration or of compassion, according to circumstances. "He is so enthusiastic about all his undertakings"—is used now as praise and now as pity, but seldom with reference to any recognized duty on the speaker's part.

That the world's best work has always been done by men and women of faith, of enthusiasm, of belief in God and duty, is a statement so axiomatic as to deserve a place in a school-girl's composition; but, like most axioms, it is more easily said than remembered, and more easily remembered than applied to one's self. We are all willing to admit that the Teuton surpasses the Turk by reason of his greater enthusiasm; and we are proud to remember that Americans have been called a "driving" or "go-ahead" people. But when it comes to the personal question whether we ourselves are as enthusiastic as we ought to be, the truism is not quite so pleasant.

The advance of the critical spirit, as distinct from the creative, is not one of the best signs of the times, either in England or in America. To criticize is as legitimate as to create, but there is altogether more danger of a lack in the ranks of the builders than in that of the pullers-down. Too many of our young men are growing up with the idea that they have a right to patronize the pyramids, to pat the back of the Rocky Mountains, to vote Shakespeare and Milton bores, and to declare republicanism a failure. The prevailing tone of the editorials of many American newspapers is that of a pessimism too shallow to deserve the name of despair. After the great sneerers come the little ones, and after the little ones the least. Carlyle's roar is weakly echoed in Matthew Arnold's falsetto; after Arnold comes the Pall Mall Gazette; and after the Pall Mall, its American imitators. Even the college press follows the fashion, and some young men who do not know the difference between a pentameter and a prism set up *nil admirari* (enthusiasm in nothing) as their motto, and secretly determine to establish a new "critical weekly" when they grow up. The battle of life, it would seem from their talk, must soon become a matter of a couple of

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if the power of applying were yet much more tenderly, earnestly, and skilfully employed with reference to immediate spiritual results. There are, doubtless, great difficulties in the matter. The personal application of religious truth is, in its very nature, a difficult and delicate task. To be successfully done, it must be done with tact, and lovingly—in the sweet and winning manner which is expressive of a really warm Christian heart. The time allotted for the whole service is short: allowing room but for comparatively few words on the lesson. Instead of talking in a vague and general way, therefore, the superintendent or teacher must come to the point at once; yet so as not, by unpleasant abruptness, to repel. Then, too, the very abundance of helps and illustrations at hand creates a temptation to give an undue share of attention to what is purely intellectual,—to facts of geography, history, archæology, or some difficult question of philology or ethics. To consume the time of the lesson in some such manner is often much easier to the teacher than to make his way to the sensibilities and the conscience; and the class may be interested, perhaps greatly so, and yet return home, from Sabbath to Sabbath, without any spiritual quickening, or any increased sense of their need of Christ as a personal Saviour, and of their obligation to surrender to him their hearts. No thoughtful person can fail to see that so far as the teaching in any school or class is conducted in this manner, it fails to accomplish its most distinctive and important end.

It may, perhaps, be said that the merely intellectual acquisitions so made, though for the time unconnected with any manifest spiritual and saving benefit, are still valuable, and may at some future period of life lead to a truer knowledge of Christ. We doubt that this is so. In some instances, the slight impressions of spiritual truth made by studies in which attention is confined chiefly to the letter, may subsequently be effectually deepened and made to issue in the turning of the soul to God. We may well rejoice in this. But this possibility cannot change the fact that, as in the family, the period of childhood and early youth is the time when the fresh affections are most easily won by a father's or a mother's tenderness, and a right foundation of character is laid for riper years. So in the Sunday-school, the same period is the pre-eminently favorable time in which the heart may be won to Christ, and Christian life may be decisively begun. To suffer this period to pass without distinct and earnest efforts to secure this result, is plainly a very sad mistake,—a loss of most precious opportunities. No knowledge of the letter of the Bible, however rich and varied, yet lodged only in the understanding, can compensate for such a failure.

The truth obviously is, that in the Sunday-school, as in the pulpit, the heart must be touched and moved, or the desired end will not be reached; and it is surely a great pity to perform so much laborious preparatory work in the right direction, only to see at last that it proves in so large a measure labor lost. It is just here that the work of both superintendent and teacher is seen in its true magnitude and interest. The old adage, "If you would move me to tears, you must be moved to tears yourself," applies to them in all its force. If they do not profoundly feel the worth of every soul, the misery and danger of a state of sin, the need of renewing grace, the infinite love of God in Christ, and the urgency of his call to repent and be forgiven; if they are not so tenderly affected, in view of the spiritual need of their pupils, that their hearts habitually yearn over them, and they are led to plead with God in prayers for their conversion so that nothing short of this will satisfy; ought they not to be sensible that they are not meeting their just responsibility? Can they reasonably expect that their classes will, by their teachings, be moved to anxiety, to tears of true contrition, to a trustful looking up to the dying Lamb of God? There are, happily, superintendents whose presence in their schools is habitually like a heavenly influence falling on them; a radiant sweetness, and lustre, like that on the face of Moses, which tells of communion with God, and suggests the image and beauty of the loving Saviour himself. There are teachers whose whole spirit and manner have the same effect upon their classes. A tear of manifestly tender solicitude for the soul of the scholar, trembling in the eye of the teacher, in the act of endeavoring to win the heart to Christ by faithful application of the truth embodied in or suggested by the lesson, is often far more effective than the most carefully worded didactic and merely intellectual statements. Sympathy is electric. Heart answers to heart, like the quickly returning echo; or as when one chord of the harp is struck the harmonizing chord too vibrates. Happy the preacher in the pulpit, happy the superintendent in his responsible position, happy the teacher in

the class, who is mindful of this inward law of the human soul. Some are so, instinctively almost; some only as the result of the special preparation of spirit which comes by meditation and prayer. In either case such have a great advantage in the matter of applying the saving Christian truths to those whom they seek to move. They find open hearts and ready access; at least comparatively so. But are there not too many Christian teachers, in our pulpits, in our homes, and in our Sunday-schools, whose teachings are, if not cold, at least cool and unemotional; rarely, if ever, moistened with tears, or made sweetly persuasive by the sympathetic tones of a deep and tender earnestness that will be content with nothing short of actually winning souls to Christ? May it not be well worth while to inquire whether the preparation now ordinarily made for the Sunday-school is not too exclusively intellectual? Is it not a fact that there may be, both on the part of the teacher and the taught, an intelligent understanding of the lesson as a piece of literature, and yet the teacher fail to impress upon the scholar the spiritual contents of the lesson and his duties and responsibilities in view of these? Are there not teachers who forget what the primary aim of Sunday-school teaching really is. It used to be the case that special and united prayer for the speedy conversion of the pupils was made to hold a prominent place in teachers' meetings. Has this idea, or has it not, in connection with such meetings, come to be, in part at least, dropped out? If careful study, with reference to the right exposition and forcible illustration of the text of the Scriptures, is highly important, as all believe it is, is it of less importance that special pains be taken to keep ever fresh the apprehension of their spiritual significance and power, and to apply them faithfully to the heart, lest the grand end in view should be left in the background while giving disproportionate attention to the means?

As was said in the beginning of this paper, our wish has been to speak to our honored brethren and fellow-workers for Christ mainly in the way of suggestion, and with a view to awaken attention and thought in relation to the best method of accomplishing the object at which we aim. If the preachers who have been most successful in bringing souls to Christ have been those who have been most eminent in the power of applying, in speaking so as to reach and move the heart, will not those be found to have been most successful in the Sunday-school who shall have most earnestly and lovingly striven to attain and to exercise the same inestimable gift?

INSPIRATION, AND THE SPURIOUS VERSES AT THE END OF MARK.

BY PROFESSOR BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, D.D.

Professor N. M. Wheeler broaches a subject in The Sunday School Times for January 6, on which I was prevented from dwelling in my paper on Mark 16: 9-20 only by sheer lack of space,—“Why does the proof of the spuriousness of that section force us not only to cut it away from Mark's Gospel, but also to exclude it entirely from God's word?” Perhaps I may be permitted now to point out the grounds of my statement of the fact.

It is to be frankly admitted at the outset (1) that our present “Word of God” does not necessarily include every inspired writing; (2) that known authorship is not essential to inspiration or canonicity; and (3) that there seems to be no good reason to suspect either the truthfulness or the truth of the narrative contained in Mark 16: 9-20. I have never been able to discover that any one has ever found the slightest trace of an inspired uncanonical writing; but I can conceive of such a thing, and gladly admit that, while inspiration is essential to canonicity, canonicity is not essential to inspiration. The fact that the authorship of Hebrews or of Second or Third John is in dispute, does not at all justify us in doubting that any one of them is a part of “God's Word.” I, for one, cannot see that the last verses of Mark either bear a palpably mythological appearance or are hopelessly inconsistent with Scripture statements, and have, therefore, not urged such points against their genuineness.

On the other hand, however, I see equally clearly the following facts: (1.) The evidence that proves the spuriousness of these verses proves that they were not originally a part of Mark's Gospel, but were added to it subsequent to the giving of that Gospel to the Church by the apostolical circle; and added, moreover, by hands (the scribes of the “Western” text) which exhibit themselves everywhere else as untrustworthy and licentious

in the extreme. Perhaps much more may follow from this; but this certainly follows: The evidence (which is ample) of the canonicity and inspiration of Mark's Gospel does not apply to these verses. They must stand on separate evidence for themselves, or fall. (2.) There is no separate evidence either of their inspiration or canonicity. It is very apparent that the early Church writers who accepted them as Scripture did so only because they found them a part of Mark, and so applied the evidence for Mark to them. The verses themselves make no claim to inspiration, assume no tone of authority, and present no phenomena (if that were possible) which will force us to assume inspiration at their base. Perhaps Professor Wheeler and I are using the term “inspiration” in different senses,—he in a sense which would make it include all or most of the divine influences at work in the origin of Scripture; I in a sense which would confine it to the specific superintendence by God of the act of writing, designed to secure accuracy of record. In the absence of external evidence of inspiration, and of expressed or implied claim to inspiration in its own bosom, the only phenomenon in a writing which could be claimed as proof of inspiration would thus be its absolute truth to fact in its every statement. But not only is this test not thoroughly applicable in the present case, but, since absolute accuracy might be attained apart from inspiration, it can never, standing alone, prove inspiration. If our present section be inspired, therefore, we at least can never know it,—and that is the same to us as if it were not inspired. Certainly, the subjective test of inspiration, which, if I do not misunderstand him, Professor Wheeler puts forward, may avail to prove a divine truth and power in the words here recorded,—a supernatural origin for the declarations here made,—but not a specific divine superintendence of the act of writing. (3.) The lack of all external evidence of the existence, in the apostolic or sub-apostolic age, of any inspired gospel or evangelical writing other than our four, as well as the absolute denial of the existence of such a writing from at least 175 A. D. (Irenæus), seems to me valid proof that none such existed, and therefore will force us to declare of any evangelical fragment proved not to be a part of one of our Gospels that it is not inspired and no part of God's word. This does not deny that such a fragment may contain truth, or may be of unspeakable historical value, or may preserve to us inspired as well as revealed words otherwise lost to us; but it does deny that the record of these words, which we have, was given under the seal of God's superintending inspiration, and thus comes to us *divinely* counter-signed as accurate. It does not deny the profitableness of the record for reading and meditating upon,—all truth is thus profitable; but it does deny that it is part of the rule of faith and practice given by God to his Church,—part of the *corpus juris* [body of law] of Christians. So far, therefore, as the last verses of Mark may be shown to contain a true record of any command of Christ, they will be gladly obeyed by all Christian hearts (and so would the same kind of record preserved by Josephus or Tacitus); but, though they may thus contain words of Christ, they are not themselves, in all their parts, a word of God,—they cannot have assigned to them the significant title of “The Oracles.”

These considerations have lain so much on the surface that pretty nearly all critics of all schools have yielded to them, and either accept the verses as part of Mark's Gospel or reject them from “God's Word.” Tregelles stands alone among well-known names in attempting to occupy the middle ground. And he has been literally scourged from it by Dean Burgon, whose success in opposing Tregelles on this point is the more striking on account of his failure elsewhere. Professor Wheeler justly insists that the right of private judgment must be vindicated for every Christian in determining what is Scripture, as well as in determining what Scripture teaches; and he as justly insists that this right involves a duty and a heavy responsibility. Let no man, then, deceive himself by imagining that he can exercise the right or perform the duty by any short and easy method,—by any method, indeed, which does not involve a patient and careful sifting of the evidence. What is Scripture cannot be determined by the simple test: “Does this strike me as true? does this truth ‘find me’?” Our “full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth and divine authority” of Scripture is indeed “from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the word in our hearts.” It is by his work alone that we are enabled to practically rest on Scripture as God's word to us. But the *proof* of inspiration is elsewhere, and in the case of a New Testament book must begin with this query: “Is there valid reason for believing that the apostles gave this book to the Church as

authoritative?" I can find no such reason for believing this of the last twelve verses of Mark.

Western Theological Seminary.

FOR CHILDREN AT HOME.

ROSALIE'S WAY.

BY MEADE MIDDLETON.

Rosalie was a tall girl of sixteen. She was an energetic girl, also, and, withal, unselfish, willing to be useful to others, even during the summer holidays.

A talk with her mother, one evening, resulted in plans for the coming weeks,—plans which included work as well as play.

Rosalie was charmed! "I am having such a good time, mother," she said one morning, after a very busy hour. "I enjoy my reading, and lawn tennis, and boating as much again after I have helped you around the house! I don't know what people mean by complaining of work! I just despise lazy people, mother!"

When, a few days afterward, the doctor said, very gravely, that Mrs. Lawrence must go to the White Mountains for change of air, Rosalie was earnest in her assurances that she could take charge of home matters, and make her father and brothers quite comfortable.

Left thus, Rosalie began her work with great glee. She was up early in the morning, busy as a bee, and happy as a bird all day long. She sent the cheeriest sort of letters to her mother, and did her utmost for those at home. Every one called her a "wonderful girl," a "heartease," a "sunbeam," a "jewel." Dick declared that he'd rather have her for a sister than any woman in history, ancient or modern,—which remark, coming from Dick, Rosalie enjoyed as a high compliment.

Everything went on so smoothly that Rosalie was puzzled, more than ever, over those who get tired sometimes, and want to run away from work. "Nonsense!" she said, "one will be happy always, if one is only busy."

If this state of affairs had continued, she would never have known what it is to sympathize with those who are sometimes weak and down-hearted. It was high time, you see, that Rosalie should learn that it is not always sunshine, even along the path of duty!

Her trouble came in the form of a visitor to Dick. She was busy dusting the sitting-room one morning, when Dick looked in to say that he had just received a letter from his special friend, Frank Leighton, and that Frank was coming to see him; he would be there by the next evening, perhaps.

"Dick Lawrence! You don't mean to say that one of your college friends is coming to make a visit while mother is away?"

"Why, yes, Rosalie; here is the letter."

"Telegraph him not to come!" said Rosalie.

"I cannot, Rosalie! He is on his way now. He will be here by tea-time to-morrow."

"And I shall have to sit at the head of the table and make the coffee!" cried Rosalie, covering her face with her hands. "I wish that I could run away and hide. If it were not for father and Joe, I would go over to cousin Nell's, and let you and your friend keep house."

"I dare say that we should get along somehow," said Dick, very much surprised at his sister's mood. "Nonsense, Rosalie;" he continued, "Frank is the best fellow in the class. He's just splendid. He won't eat you, child,—I dare say he'll not notice you."

"I dare say not," replied Rosalie, flushing. "I suppose he'll be little enough of a gentleman to act just so."

"Why, what do you want?" Dick asked. "I thought that he would please you best that way. Girls are queer."

"So are boys; college boys especially. Besides, I hate to have visitors while mother is away."

"But what can I do?" exclaimed Dick. "Mother told me to invite Frank—that was before she knew about going to the mountains. I know somebody, though, who said that none of the plans must be changed. The same person, too, said that every one should be made just as comfortable as if mother were at home. Easy enough to make promises, but not so easy to keep them."

So saying, Dick walked away very much offended.

Rosalie threw herself on the lounge, and indulged in a long fit of weeping. At last, though, she roused herself, and began again to dust tables, chairs, and books. Afterward she went up to her own room. In passing her toilet-table she noticed that she had not turned over the leaf of her daily tablet. She did it at once, curious to see the text for the day. It was: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." The very

verse that they had talked about in prayer-meeting the night before. Rosalie repeated it slowly, going to the window, and looking out over the beautiful hills and fields of her country home.

"The 'race' here means the Christian life," she said; "and one duty of my Christian life is to do, moment by moment, the work that God gives me,—not the work that he gives some one else. At least, that is the way Dr. Roland explained it in prayer-meeting last night. He says that it often seems easier to run somebody else's race than to run one's own. But that is not the word of command for us. Now think of this particular verse being my text for to-day. That is what I call strange. It seems like a message to me. I wonder if it is to make my work seem easier, or to keep me from wishing myself with mother among the White Mountains? Oh, dear! think of that strange boy coming here. There are ever so many extra things to do, but I don't mind that part. There is Dick, though, to make friends with; poor Dick! How helpless boys are! It depends upon me now whether or not his friend has a nice time. If mother were here, how lovely she would make everything for them. I suppose that I ought to try my best. It is part of my 'race.' Why, certainly! If only I could make up my mind to run it 'with patience.' But hark! that is ten o'clock; I must not stop here another moment."

Rosalie did stop, however. The last part of the text took hold upon her heart just then. She repeated it very softly—"Looking unto Jesus." "I am glad that I know what that means," she said tenderly. "I couldn't run a step of the 'race' if I didn't know."

A few moments afterward, Dick, who was sitting on the piazza in rather a disconsolate mood, felt two arms thrown around his neck; turning, he saw Rosalie, with a very penitent look upon her face.

"I am so sorry for being cross, Dick," she said. "I'll do the best that I can to give your friend a good time."

Before he could answer, she was off to give directions for dinner, and to consult with Jane as to preparations for the coming visitor.

"I will help you all that I can, Miss Rosalie," Jane said—which promise made things look much brighter to Rosalie. "There isn't so very much to do," Jane went on in a business-like way. "We'll get up a company supper the first night; the young gentleman will be hungry, after his long journey and the drive from the station. We'll have spring chickens, and muffins, and coffee, and a sponge cake, and"—

"Oh! we'll have some cut peaches, Jane," interrupted Rosalie. "I have been watching the peaches on that tree at the end of the yard, they are just ripe."

"And I'll see that we have good, rich cream," said Jane nodding confidentially. "We'll not let Mr. Dick miss his mother,—except, of course, for her merry way with his friends; he couldn't help missing that."

"No," Rosalie said, certain that she should stand too much in awe of Dick's friend to feel merry!

In the course of the day, Dick stopped at the sitting-room door a second time.

"Hallo, Rosalie!" he said, "cannot you hang some more pictures in my room? You ought to see Frank's room. There isn't a bare place on the wall, scarcely."

"But where shall I get the pictures?" Rosalie asked.

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe you could spare some out of the parlor."

"Why, Dick Lawrence, how you talk!"

"Oh, well, never mind! I thought that you might scare some up somewhere. I want my room to look as fine as possible, you know."

"I don't believe that there is a room in the house to suit your friend," she said impatiently.

"Yes, now, *your* room is just splendid!" said Dick mischievously, making his escape to the piazza.

"What does he mean?" thought Rosalie. "Does he want me to give up my room? He is very much mistaken if he expects that. No, indeed!" she said to herself, running up and down stairs half a dozen times within the next hour, trying her best to forget all about Dick and his friend and the arrangement of the room.

She had come to it again, however, and her thoughts seemed to affect her in a curious way. She would peep into Dick's room for a moment, and look at each piece of furniture as though she had never seen it before. Then she would go across the hall to her own room, and act in exactly the same way. At last she said so low that you must have been very close to have heard, "I will do it!" Then, pressing her lips together tight, as though she were afraid to trust herself to say anything more, she thought: "I will not tell Dick till the last moment. I will let it be a surprise!"

Then she remembered something that some one had said about its making people selfish to let them have

their own way always. This troubled her. "I do not want to make Dick selfish," she thought; "but there is something that I do wish for him, oh, so much!"

And that wish for Dick, whatever it was, made her fingers wonderfully skillful, just then, in the arrangement of her pretty room. She had an odd little way of talking to herself.

"I dare say that this fine Mr. Frank will laugh at my pictures. I suppose that in his home are none but the very best paintings and engravings. He cannot laugh at my books, though,—even he cannot have any better authors than Milton and Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor. I don't suppose that there is anything in our house grand enough for him. Oh, well! he can look out on the beautiful hills and fields, no one can help thinking that they are lovely."

Five o'clock Wednesday afternoon! The carriage that had been sent to the station to meet the visitor was in sight at the turn of the road, by the school-house; just at that turn, the family at the farm always caught the first glimpse of their visitors from the city.

Joe was on the fence, with his spy-glass. "He has come!" he exclaimed. "I can see him as plain as the nose on your face! He is riding in front, with Dick."

Rosalie ran up stairs to open the shutters that had been closed all day against the sun; then into the parlor, a moment for the same purpose, and afterward into the tea-room, to make sure that all was right about the table. By this time, the carriage was at the door, and, as her mother's representative, she must go forward to welcome Dick's friend. She felt awkward and diffident. But, the next moment, she felt like laughing at herself.

"After all," she thought, "he is just a real, polite, warm-hearted boy,—even if Dick does call him a college man! I shall not be the least bit afraid of him."

"Come, old fellow!" said Dick, preparing to lead the way upstairs to his own room, waiting a moment, to hear what Rosalie would say to him. She whispered a word or two. "To please you, Dick," she said in a low tone.

"Your room? Is that so?" he exclaimed, with a pleased smile. "Why, that is splendid! Thank you."

Rosalie felt very happy. She did not regret having given up her room, even though she had to go to a smaller one in the third story. She did not once think of herself at the tea-table. The chickens and coffee and muffins were a success, and Jane waited even better than usual.

Frank fell right in with the family ways. He seemed so much pleased with everything that nobody could help feeling pleased with him. They enjoyed the holidays all the more for his presence among them.

Yet there were times when Rosalie felt out of heart, and almost ready to give up the "race." Things seemed so tiresome, and she could see no good coming from all her self-denial; sometimes she was afraid that her wish for Dick would never come true. He was so anxious to have a good time himself, that he appeared quite forgetful about the comfort of others.

"Dick never seems to think that I get tired, or that I have given up a great deal to please him," she thought. But Dick did think, although he appeared so careless and selfish. I really believe that he began to feel just the least bit ashamed of himself. "What makes you so good, Rosalie?" he asked, one day.

One Sunday afternoon Rosalie did not feel like walking up the hill to the old school-house, to teach her class. She wondered if some one else could not take it for that day. Then, like a flash, came the thought of "running the race,"—doing one's own work! She put on her hat, and, taking an umbrella, went out of the gate up the hill.

Dick and Frank were on the fence, making plans for the future, when they should have become great men.

Rosalie invited them to go to Sunday-school, but they laughed, said that it was too warm, and begged to be excused. Each was busy with his own thoughts after that, till Frank looked up and said, in his bright, quick way: "Dick, what makes your sister so unselfish?"

"Just what makes some other persons so, I suppose," Dick replied after a moment's hesitation. "Don't you know, Frank?"

"Yes," said Frank, decidedly. "Now, why do not you and I try the same way? With all our fine talk, I do not believe we shall amount to much till we enlist."

Dick knew that Frank meant enlist as a soldier of Jesus Christ.

"I've been thinking a good deal about it lately," he said.

"So have I," said Frank. "Do you know what set me to thinking?—it was just that kind, unselfish way that your sister has!"

Dick grasped Frank's hand warmly, exclaiming, "Why, old fellow, that is just the way it has been with me!"

How do you suppose Rosalie felt, some time afterward, when she found that her wish had been granted?