

SAMUEL IN THE TEMPLE

A STORY OF THE PERIOD OF THE JUDGES IN ISRAEL

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

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Scripture Authority.—I Sam. chapter 3. Also verses 18 and 19 of chapter 2.

SERMONETTE.

"The word of the Lord was precious in those days."—Not to the people of Israel, but to God. Spiritual life was at such a low ebb in the nation that the precious things of God were withheld because God could not give what the people were not ready to receive. God never wastes his revelation. He never casts his pearls before swine. Sad, is it not, to think that there is only too often a condition of life and heart which shuts tight the windows of heaven and prevents the Divine blessing from descending? The word of the Lord is precious—how precious we shall not fully realize until we come into his presence and the full knowledge of eternity. What poverty of soul is that which feels no desire for the Divine message! What fatal deadness to know not or care not for God's word!

"Speak; for thy servant heareth."—What if with every whispering of the Divine voice in our souls there would be the quick, glad, eager response of Samuel? Many, many times a day come the gentle promptings to think of God and to obey his will, but as often they go unheeded, or with the promise to listen when a more convenient season has come. But man's convenience is not the time of God's revelation. God does not deal in futures. It is a present relationship which he would bear to the human life. And when he stoops to speak, the soul must stop to listen. If it does not it is at its peril. God may not speak again. Certain it is, that the message and the blessing lost can never be regained. Other blessing and other message may come from God as in mercy and love God deals patiently with the indifferent soul, but there is a distinct and positive loss to that soul for all time which fails to take when God holds out to give. Whether during the busy rush of the day, or during the still watches of the night, let us be eager to say when God's voice is heard speaking in the soul: "Speak; for thy servant heareth."

"And Samuel told him every whit."—It is hard to "tell the truth to our friends, sometimes. It is easy to say the flattering word, but it is quite another thing to be frank and honest and say the word which shall point the error, and sound the warning. But is this not really the test of true friendship? It may seemingly strain our relations with those whom we love and hold in special esteem, but in the end it will work to their good and to the strengthening of the ties of friendship. Deal faithfully. Give God's revelation to the heart of another, even though it is a message of condemnation and warning.

THE STORY.

SAMUEL watched with more than usual interest the preparations which were going forward for the solemn celebration of the Passover feast, for not only was he to have a part

in the celebration but he knew his mother would come. It had been a long year to the young boy. His brave little heart had found comfort in the thought that he belonged to the Lord and that he was in the temple to serve him, but at times there was the hungering in his heart for the love and comfort which only a mother knows how to bestow. But she had faithfully prepared him for the separation, for from his earliest recollection she had filled his heart and thought with the place he was to take in the temple service, and when at last the time had come that he was to go up with her to Shiloh, a childish sense of the dignity and importance made him brave and willing to remain behind while his mother returned home. As she had embraced him and pressed a warm, tender kiss upon his brow at parting she had said:

"Remember, son, against another year I will come hither to see thee. See how much of good thou canst have to tell me concerning thy service in the Lord's house."

He had often thought of the words, and they had comforted him in the lonely hours and encouraged him when his heart had grown faint and weary with the monotonous routine of the simple daily tasks. He had been brave and steadfast and so apt and faithful a student had he proved that at last he had been included among those who played upon the musical instruments in the temple service, and his first thought had been of his mother and how proud and pleased she would be on her return at the time of the feast now near at hand to find him filling such a place.

So impatiently he had counted the days until the first day of the feast. He well knew that his mother would come then and scarcely did sleep come to his eyes the night before, because of the happy expectation which filled his heart. Before the light had begun to break in the east he had left his couch in the little tent which adjoined that occupied by the high priest Eli, and was waiting to extinguish the lights in the temple.

As he stood there with eyes turned towards the east watching eagerly for the coming of the day, his mind went back over the experiences of the year. He recalled his first day in the temple service; of how strange and big it seemed, and he had wondered whether God knew he was there, and that he was just a wee bit lonely since his mother had gone. He had recalled the stories which his mother had told him of how Moses had been taken by his mother to the palace of the daughter of Pharaoh when he was just about his age, and he had wondered whether he had felt as forlorn and lonely as he. And then he had comforted himself with the thought that he was better off than Moses had been for he was in God's dwelling place and Moses had been among a people who did not know or care for his God.

"And I'll try and be as faithful as Moses was and learn all I can so as to be fitted for God's service," he had thought to himself with a wisdom far beyond his years. And often since that first definite experience in the temple this thought had come to him to quicken him in his studies and duties. Each day he had had his task to do and his lessons to learn, and eagerly he listened as the aged priest Eli had gone over the history of Israel and had told of God's dealings with Israel. He had been deeply interested in those parts of the stories where it was told that God had spoken to his people and their leaders, and had asked Eli, with childish eagerness:

"Does God speak to you?"

And then when the aged priest had hesitated in evident confusion and embarrassment, he had followed up his first question with:

"How can we hear God speak?"

But he had had no satisfactory response from Eli, and this was one of the questions which he was anxious to ask his mother when she should come.

of Wales to London 44 years ago to meet his bride, Princess Alexandra of Denmark, was credited with a similar record.—Tit-Bits.

Saint of Elba.

On the island of Elba there lately died a man named Melani, who, although a millionaire, had for many years lived as a guest in a peasant's family.

He had, it seems, completely lost his memory, and had certainly forgotten that he was so rich. He always lived as a poor man, passing his time in meditation and prayer, so that the fishers of the island regarded him as a saint.

M. Melani bequeathed everything he had to his kindhearted hosts, who, as can easily be understood, were surprised beyond measure when they heard how rich their former guest had been.

At Pistoja, in Tuscany, M. Melani owned a magnificent mansion, which had been kept closed since 1856. On opening the house after the owner's death it was found that all the furni-

HOME TRADE NOTES

LITTLE GLEAMINGS THAT POINT MANY MORALS FOR ALL.

A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS

Carefully Revised by the Catalogue Houses—Mail-Order Houses and Pure Foods—The Local Dealer.

The ten commandments as revised to fit the mail order catalogue house plan:

First—You shall sell your farm products for cash whenever you can, but not to us; we do not buy from you.

Second—You shall believe our statements and buy all you need from us because we want to be good to you, although we are not personally acquainted with you.

Third—You shall send the money in advance to give us the chance to get the goods from the factory with your money; meanwhile you will have to wait patiently a few weeks because that is our business method.

Fourth—You shall apply to your nearest city to aid you in building good roads so you may conveniently get the goods from the depot which you buy from us, for we do not build country roads.

Fifth—You shall buy church bells and interior fixtures from us and forward the money in advance, for that is our business method, and you shall collect from the business men in your vicinity as much money as you can for the benefit of your churches. Although we get more money from you than they do, still it is against our rules to donate money for building country churches.

Sixth—You shall buy your tools from us and be your own mechanic, in order to drive the mechanics from your vicinity, for we wish it so.

Seventh—You shall induce your neighbor to buy everything from us, as we have room for more money—the less money there is left in your community the sooner we can put your local merchants out of business and charge you any price we please.

Eighth—You shall look often upon the beautiful pictures in our catalogue, so your wishes will increase, although you are not in immediate need of the goods, otherwise you might have some money left to buy necessary goods of your local merchants.

Ninth—You shall have the mechanics who repair the goods you buy from us book the bill so you can send the money for his labor to us for new goods, otherwise he will not notice our influence.

Tenth—You shall, in case of accident, sickness or need, apply to your local dealers for aid and credit, as we do not know you.

The secret of how it has been that some of the eastern mail order houses which have done business in Montana and elsewhere were able to undersell local merchants on some lines of groceries has been revealed. The revelation has come about through the operation of the national pure food law.

One of the big mail order concerns, which has done a great business in Montana, makes the announcement that it has closed its grocery department, giving in a circular its reason for doing so "because its maintenance has been made impracticable by the pure food laws just passed by congress."

If that is not an acknowledgment that the consumers have been furnished with adulterated food stuffs when they ordered groceries, then the English language is not understandable. By selling the stuff that has been put under the ban because of its impurity, the mail order concerns have been able to undersell the local merchants living hundreds of miles

TEN GOOD REASONS.

Read Them and Patronize the Merchants of This Town.

Here are ten good reasons for trading with your home business people, as given by an exchange.

Because: You examine your purchase and are assured of satisfaction before investing your money.

Because: Your home merchant is always ready and willing to make right any error or any defective article purchased of him.

Because: When you are sick or for any reason it is necessary for you to ask for credit, you can go to the local merchant. Could you ask it of a mail order house?

Because: If a merchant is willing to extend you credit you should give him the benefit of your cash trade.

Because: Your home merchant pays local taxes and exerts every effort to build and better your market, thus increasing both the value of city and country property.

Because: The mail order merchant

away from the great centers of supply.

In carrying on this trade in impure goods, the mail order houses have done the greatest injury to the consumer. While the local merchant has lost some trade, he has had at least a part of the business of the ranchman and miner in his vicinity, but the consumer, who has been caught by the "cheap" prices offered, has not got what he has been paying for by a long way, and there is no way for him to get even.

As it has proved with the groceries sent out by the eastern mail order houses, so it is with the other lines they work off in Montana. The sad-

him with your eyes shut. He can meet the best price ever made by a mail order house if you will plank down the money and accept what he gives you without question and without recourse—but you must not expect him to be in his place of business every day in the year ready and willing to furnish expert help when you are in trouble, ready and willing to stand back of everything he sells with his own reputation and the warranty of a responsible company.

Honest, now, don't you really pat yourself on the back when you spend your money in such a way that in supplying your own wants you help build up the neighborhood in which you



Send the lifeline of home trade to your local merchants. When you do so you are not only helping him, but you help your community and yourself. If you permit the competition of the mail-order houses to engulf him, his destruction means the destruction of your town and your interests. Keep your dollars at home.

dies and harness offered at phenomenally low prices, the buggies and wagons, at prices which seem almost like giving the vehicles away, the kitchen utensils which are priced in the voluminous catalogues at figures that indicate the local merchants are highway robbers, the dry goods that are offered at such infinitesimal cost as to compel the ordinary woman to believe the mail order man is a public benefactor, all of these eastern mail order house offerings are on a par with the proved quality of the groceries they have been selling—fraudulent and put out to sell and not for service. The confession on the groceries should make the eastern mail order house patrons think before they send off another order for "cheap goods."—Helena Record.

Your local dealer stands ready to duplicate every offer so seductively set forth in the catalogues of mail order houses and more, says an exchange. He will trump the best trick the mail order house ever played if you will put down the spot cash and accept from him a class of goods devoid of respectable ancestry, and upon which no reputable manufacturer will place his name. He can sell cheap goods, too, if you will buy them from

live? Of course you do, and you act on that idea yourself, but the trouble is that you don't talk it enough to your friends.—Streator (Ill.) Press.

Tree Planting by Squirrels.

Those who have argued that instinct which lead a squirrel to bury a nut for winter use will lead him to find it when the winter comes may find some facts in the Statehouse yard that will cause his faith in this statement to shake a little.

Let him examine the lawn on each side of the walk leading from the gate at the northwest corner of the grounds, where most of the visitors feed the squirrels, and he will see that the grass is thickly studded with the shoots of many kinds of nut trees and bushes, each one springing from a buried nut that the squirrel which buried it did not dig up. One who sees this must credit the squirrel with having much to do with the planting of our forests.

As a promoter of forestry the squirrel is entitled to first place among the animals.—Columbus Dispatch.

When Heavy Drinking is Healthy.

Heavy drinkers are almost always healthy—so long as they confine their heavy drinking to water.—W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

Niagara river. Mr. White's house was a splendid affair for its day, and the material for the interior decoration was brought from Boston. In the absence of railroads the lumber was shipped by vessel to New York, and thence by the Hudson river and the Erie canal. Stephen White was a lavish entertainer, and Daniel Webster, who was his guest on several occasions, spent his honeymoon in Mr. White's summer residence.—Exchange.

Still Mourn Gen. Wolfe.

One British regiment has been in mourning for nearly a century and a half. This is the old forty-seventh, the Loyal North Lancashire regiment. The officers wear black blended with the gold braid in memory of Gen. Wolfe, who was killed at Quebec.

Oldest British Holiday.

The Saturday afternoon is the oldest British holiday. It originated in the eleventh century, when an edict of King Canute enacted that "every Sunday be kept from Saturday noon to Monday's dawn."

AMAZING LIFE JOURNEY.

Champion Long Distance Traveler an English Engine Driver.

Between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 miles is the amazing distance said to have been traveled by Mr. James Guest, the doyen of Great Northern express drivers, who has just retired after half a century of honorable service. If this estimate is at all accurate, Mr. Guest is probably entitled to rank as the champion long-distance traveler of the world, although he has had a formidable rival in Mr. Benjamin Jeans, who, during his 54 years' service as guard on the London & Birkenhead express, is credited with having traveled 4,000,000 miles, or more than the equivalent of 160 journeys round the equator.

Mr. John Higginbottom, a veteran engine driver on the Midland railway, completed 2,000,000 miles on the footplate a few years ago; and Mr. Robert Maybank, who served 50 years as engine driver on the London & South-western railway, and who was fireman on the train which brought the prince