

Life of Samuel Rutherford

BY HENRIETTA MATSON

Rutherford did not remain long in the professorship of Edinburgh College, but when about twenty-seven years of age was settled at Anworth, a parish in the South of Scotland. The Episcopacy had already gained a foothold in Scotland, and many faithful ministers were suffering on account of their resistance to its ceremonies and services. Rutherford, however, appears to have been allowed to enter on his charge without any compliance being demanded, though he afterwards felt the heavy hand of persecution, in being driven from his church.

Anworth had no large village near the church; the people were scattered all over the hilly district, and to reach them there was many a hill to climb, but it is said of him that he went on his way, always "with his face upward," as if gazing into heaven, though his quick eyes seemed to discern every object about him, and he had a kind word for every one he chanced to meet. The church at Anworth was an old barn-like structure, never having possessed any outward beauty, and gray with age and the rains and storms that had beaten upon it. The oak pulpit out of which he preached is still preserved. Those old pulpits were so very high, that the preacher seemed perched far above the heads of the people, but in this instance God's messages did not fail to reach hearts.

People came from great distances to hear him preach, and he yearned over the unsaved most tenderly. At one time, he says: "I would lay my dearest joys in the gap between you and eternal destruction," and again, "My witness is in heaven, your heaven would be two heavens to me, and your salvation, two salvations."

He appealed to his people, "My day-thoughts and my night-thoughts are of you;" and he appealed to God, "O my Lord, judge if my ministry be not dear to me, but not so dear by many degrees as Christ, my Lord."

He always preached Jesus, and it was said, that "though his elocution was not good, and his voice rather shrill, yet he was one of the most moving preachers of his time, or perhaps of any age in the church." He lived in a time of controversy, not only in his own parish, for all Scotland was convulsed with the religious upheaval of affairs, but he had no time for side-issues; what the people needed most was Christ, for with Him in their hearts, other things would adjust themselves.

An Englishman, passing through that part of the country, visited the church of St. Andrews, where he said he heard "A sweet, majestic looking man, and he showed me the majesty of God. After him, I went to hear a fair little man, (Rutherford) and he showed me the loveliness of Christ." At one time, he

says: "Our love for Him should begin on earth, as it shall be in heaven. For, as the bride, taketh not by a thousand degrees so much delight in her wedding garments as she doth in her bridegroom, so we, in the life to come, though clothed with glory as with a robe, shall not be so much affected with the the glory all about us, as with the Bridegroom's face and presence." Again he writes, "These rumbling wheels of Scotland's tribulation are under His look, who hath seven eyes. Slip yourself by faith under Christ's wings till the storm be over. This is your glory that Christ hath put you into the list with Himself, and the rest of the witnesses, who are come out of great tribulations and have washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Our Lord pareth not all the bitterness from the cross for us, nor does He take the sharp edge quite from it; in that case, it would have little profit for us, but He commandeth you to believe, cast anchor in the dark night, and climb up the mountain. He who hath called you will establish you and confirm you to the end."

During the first years of his ministry in Anworth, he was heavily afflicted in the long and sore illness of his wife, which was a bitter grief to him. He says: "Her distress is very great and continual. She is sore tomented day and night; she sleeps none and cries in bitterness. My life is bitter and wearisome unto me."

She continued in this state for more than a year, and then God took her to Himself. Then his two little children died, and he was himself ill for a long time. This was a part of the discipline which he received in the school of Christ; the chastening of the Lord, by which he came to understand so well what the fierce furnace fires meant. God was separating him unto Himself, so that when shut out from the joy of preaching, which was his delight, his heart would be opened to the wonderful revelations of Christ, which are often much like Paul's when he was "caught up to the third heaven, where he heard unspeakable things."

The God of all comfort was his and Rutherford could write to one also in sorrow—"The place whither our Lord Jesus cometh to woo His bride, is ever in the furnace: for if ye be one of Zion's daughters, which I put beyond question, the Lord who hath His fire in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem is purifying you in His own furnace. Therefore be content to live in it, and every day be adding new beauty to your wedding garment, that ye may be arrayed as a bride for Christ, beautified in the hidden man of the heart, forgetting your father's house; so shall the King greatly desire your beauty.

"There are some special chapters in the Word of God, some particular promises, which have never been yours as they are now, and which could not be, when you had your portion in this life as others have. Ye are indeed, in this, like people of another world, and in this, ye are rather to be envied, than pitied, for God honors you above many of His dear children. Let it be no small comfort that He hath written some scriptures to you, which He hath not written to others, for all the comforts, promises and mercies which God offers to the afflicted, are so many love-letters written to you; take them as your own, claim your right to them and be not robbed.

"I confess that we get but tastings of our Lord's comforts, but the reason is not that Jesus is narrow-hearted toward us, but that we are so little able to receive of His bounty. The great feast is coming, when our hearts shall be enlarged, and the chambers of them made fair and wide to take Him in. Come in Lord Jesus to hungry souls! Your body is the dwelling-house of the Spirit, and therefore for the love ye bear to Him, give due regard to His house of clay. When He looseth the walls, why not? but it is a fearful sin in us, by hurting the body, to loose one stone or displace the least piece of timber in it, for the house is not your own, it is His and the Bridegroom dwelleth with you in it.

"It is well not to publish our griefs to those who cannot heal them, nor let us complain of Him who lays His hand upon us. As there are some worldly friends of whom we will not entertain an ill thought, far more ought we to believe good evermore of our dear Lord. The thorn is one of the most cursed and crabbed weeds that the earth yields, and yet out of it, springs the rose, one of the sweetest flowers that the earth hath. Our Lord will make joy and gladness out of our afflictions, for all His roses have a fragrant smell. If ye would have comfort under the cross, be much in prayer, for there faith meeteth Christ.

"We know not how soon the sky above our heads will part, and the Son of man be seen in the clouds of heaven. Then shall we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

There always are those who wrap their talent for service in the napkin of not-worth-while. They feel that they could not do much because their ability is so small, and therefore they do not try to do anything. They suppose that they are practicing the much praised virtue of humility, while really they are evading duty and responsibility and thus incurring blame and guilt. The truth is, no one, however small his ability, need live uselessly. God bestows no talents which He means to be wrapped up in napkins of any kind. Of course we cannot give what we have not. But we should give always what we have. We are never to say: "There is no use in my giving, for I have so little. It can do no one any good." We have nothing to do with the matter of larger or smaller. We are responsible only for what we have. If it is but one little talent, one little talent is all we shall have to answer for. But we must answer for that, and if we fail to use it we shall not only lose in the end, but also shall incur the penalty of uselessness.

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

LIVING WATER

(Formerly known as Zion's Outlook.)

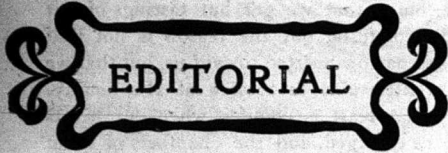
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EDITORIAL

Not many lives, but only one, have we—
Frail, fleeting man!
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

H. BONAR.

Camp-meeting Notes.

The Carvosso camp-meeting is nearing the close. We have had an excellent meeting, full particulars of which we defer till our next issue. We expect to go from here to Springfield, Tenn., beginning Tuesday night Aug. 23rd. Pray for a great victory there.

Postponed.

The Annual Convention of the Pentecostal Mission is to meet in this city Wednesday at 10 a. m. Oct. 19, and continue till the following Sabbath night. We had announced the Convention to meet Oct. 6th., but after prayerful thought it was decided best to postpone a few days. We hope a large number of the friends of the work will plan to attend. Come and be with us. Reduced railroad fare and free entertainment.

Gone Home.

Last week two of the young men engaged in Pentecostal Mission work laid their armor down and ascended to be with the Lord, Jas. A. Hughes, of Clarksville, Tenn., and Emory Tickner, of Decatur, Ala. They both died of Typhoid fever. Bro. Hughes was in charge of the Mission at Clarksville, Tenn. He leaves a wife and five children. Bro. Tickner had gone to Waynesboro, Tenn., to nurse Bro. Chas. A. Shreve who had the fever and while there contracted the disease and died. They were both devout men. Bro. Tickner was a student in the Bible School last winter and endeared himself to us by his meek, humble, devout life. He fell at his post in the front of the battle. We expect to meet him in the land of the blest. A more extended notice will (D. V.) appear later.

Our Premium Offer.

We are very much pleased with the number of subscribers received in response to our trial proposition. We are now going to offer our readers special inducements to secure yearly subscribers for us. A list of attractive premiums will be found on the sixteenth page of this issue.

The time of the five months trial subscriptions will expire during October and November. If any of this number desire to take advantage of our premium offer to become yearly subscribers, we will accept them on the same terms as new subscribers. Remember this does not apply to our regular list but only to trial subscribers.

Gems from a Worker's Cabinet

Among the first, if not the first, sermon preached by Charles H. Spurgeon was from I Pet. 2: 7, "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

We heard J. Wilbur Chapman give a tender, beautiful message from Psalm 45: 8, "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad."

We have seen more than one unclean mouth purged by a faithful use of Psalm 19: 14, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."

William Corley preached his memorable sermon on Missions from Isa. 54: 2, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes."

The late Charles M. Cullis, of Boston, tells us in one of his books how the light on sanctification flashed into his heart through 2 Thes. 2: 13, "God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth."

A young woman, who became a successful soul-winner, after having finished her education, attached herself to a fashionable church in New York for the purpose of getting into good society, as she expressed it. Some time afterward she dropped into one of A. B. Simpson's meetings. She soon saw that she was not converted, and went to the altar and accepted Christ as her personal Savior. She said she had no emotion or feeling specially, but that all the next day this Scripture kept ringing in her ears; "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," (John 20: 29). The following night, as she dropped on her knees, the Spirit came on her in great power, clearly witnessing to her salvation.

When but a mere youth, we heard Rev.

Wm. Cooley preach an effective discourse from Malachi 3: 8-11, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it, and I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts."

I Pet. 1: 8 is beautifully illustrated in the following incident, clipped from Living Truths:

"Henry Drummond tells of a Scotch girl whose life had been one of fashion and frivolity until one day all was changed and she became serious and earnest, and the leader in all unselfish work for God as she had once been in all the follies of fashion. Her friends were surprised and questioned what could be the cause. It was generally believed that this was due to some tender passion that had been awakened in her heart toward some noble Christian man. This was the more believed because she always carried a locket on her bosom which no one was permitted to see. For a little while the flame of her devotion burned with a bright and heavenly flame, and then it burned out her frail young life and it was known that the end was near. Her most intimate companion, a young lady whom she fondly loved, was with her to the last, and just before she died she took from her bosom the locket and, handing it to her, said: "No one has ever looked within this sacred clasp but me, but I want you to take it and to open it after you have come back from my funeral and then carry it upon your breast; and my last prayer is that it may be as great a blessing to you as it has been to me." Sorrowfully and tenderly was the sacred trust fulfilled, and when the last clod had fallen upon the coffin and the last touch had been given to the little hillock above her head her friend threw herself upon her face in passionate tears, and when she grew calm enough she took out the sacred treasure and opened the clasp, and through her tears tried to gaze upon the sacred enclosure. There was no human photograph, there was no earthly face or name, but just this little verse printed on a satin ribbon: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory." That was the Hero that had won her love, that was the heart that set her on fire, that was the passion that had wakened all her being into life and love and transformed her life from selfishness to service."

SHORT DEVOTIONS

REV. E. M. BOUNDS IN PLAIN TRUTH.

Our devotions are not measured by the clock, but time is of their essence. The ability to wait and stay and press, belongs essentially to our intercourse with God. Hurry, everywhere unseemingly and damaging, is so to an alarming extent in the great business of communion with God. Short devotions are the bane of deep piety. Calmness, grasp, strength, are never the companions of hurry. Short devotions deplete spiritual vigor, arrest spiritual progress, sap spiritual foundations, blight the root and bloom of spiritual life. They are the prolific source of backsliding, the sure indication of a superficial piety: they deceive, blight, rot the seed and impoverish the soil.

It is true that Bible prayers in word and print are short, but the praying men of the Bible were with God through many a sweet and holy wrestling hour. They won by few words but long waiting. The prayers Moses records may be short, but Moses prayed to God with fastings and mighty cryings forty days and nights.

The statement of Elijah's praying may be condensed to a few brief paragraphs, but, doubtless, Elijah, who when "praying he prayed," spent many hours of fiery struggle, and lofty intercourse with God, before he could, with assured boldness, say to Ahab, "There shall not be dew nor rain these years according to my word." The verbal brief of Paul's prayers is short, but Paul "prayed night and day exceedingly." The "Lord's Prayer" is divine epitome for infant lips, but the man Christ Jesus prayed many an all-night ere his work was done; and his all-night and long-sustained devotions gave to His work its finish and perfection, and to His character the fullness and glory of its divinity.

Spiritual work is taxing work, and men are loth to do it. Praying, true praying costs an outlay of serious attention and of time, which flesh and blood do not relish. Few persons are made of such strong fiber that they will make a costly outlay when surface work will pass as well in the market. We can habituate ourselves to our beggarly praying until it looks well to us, at least it keeps up a decent form and quiets conscience,—the deadliest of opiates! We can slight our praying and not realize the peril, till the foundations are gone. Hurried devotions make weak faith, feeble convictions, questionable piety. To be little with God is to be little for God. To cut short the praying makes the whole religious fit short, scrimp, niggardly and slovenly.

It takes good time for the full flow of God into the spirit. Short devotions cut the pipe of God's full flow. It takes time in the secret places to get the full revelation of God. Little

time and hurry mar the picture.

Henry Martyn laments that "want of private devotional reading and shortness of prayer through incessant sermon-making had produced much strangeness between God and his soul." Said William Wilberforce, the peer of kings, "I have been keeping too late hours, and hence have but a hurried half-hour of a morning to myself." Again he records, "I suspect I have been allotting too little time habitually to religious meditation, etc., hence I am lean and cold and hard. I had better allot more time, say two hours or an hour and a half daily to religious exercises." Of a failure in parliament, he says, "Let me record my grief and shame, and all, probably, from private devotions having been contracted, and so God let me stumble." More solitude and earlier hours was his remedy.

More time and early hours for prayer would act like magic to revive and invigorate many a decaying spiritual life. More time and early hours for prayer would be manifest in holy living. A holy life would not be so rare or so difficult a thing, if our devotions were not so short and hurried. A Christly temper in its sweet and passionless fragrance, would not be so alien and hopeless a heritage if our closet stay were lengthened and intensified. We live shabbily because we pray meanly. Plenty of time to feast in our closets, will bring marrow and fatness to our lives. Our ability to stay with God in our closet measures our ability to stay with God out of the closet. Hasty closet visits are deceptive, defaulting. We are not only deluded by them but we are losers by them in many ways, and in many rich legacies. Tarrying in the closet instructs and wins. We are taught by it, and the greatest victories are often the results of great waiting—waiting till words and plans are exhausted, and silent and patient waiting gains the crown. Jesus Christ asks with an affronted emphasis, "Shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him?"

To pray is the greatest thing we can do; and to do it well there must be calmness, time and deliberation; otherwise it is degraded into the littlest and meanest of things. True praying has the largest results for good, and poor praying, the least. We cannot do too much of real praying; we cannot do too little of the sham. We must learn anew the worth of prayer; enter anew the school of prayer. There is nothing which it takes more time to learn. And if we would learn the wondrous art we must not give a fragment here and there,—a little talk with Jesus" as the tiny saintlets sing, but we must demand and hold with iron grasp the best hours of the day for

God and prayer, or there will be no praying worth the name.

This, however, is not a day of prayer. Few men there are who pray. Prayer is defamed by preacher and priest. In these days of hurry and bustle, of electricity and steam, men will not take time to pray. Preachers there are who "say prayers" as a part of their programme on regular or state occasions, but who "stirs himself up to take hold upon God?" Who prays as Jacob prayed, till he is crowned as a prevailing, princely intercessor? Who prays as Elijah prayed till all the locked-up forces of nature were unsealed, and a famine stricken land bloomed as the garden of God? Who prays as Jesus Christ prayed with "strong cryings and tears"—out upon the mountain he "continued all night in prayer to God." The Apostles "gave themselves to prayer"—the most difficult thing to get men or even the preachers to do. Laymen there are who will give their money—some of them in rich abundance but they will not "give themselves" to prayer without which their money is but a curse. Plenty of preachers who will preach and deliver great and eloquent addresses on the need of revival and the spread of the kingdom of God, but not many there are who will do that without which all preaching and organizing are worse than vain—pray. It is out of date. Almost a lost art, and the greatest benefactor this age could have is the man who will bring the preachers—the church back to prayer.

How Did He Live?

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died.
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt;

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led,
Never mind how he died.—Sel.

Shame On Us.

A Japanese mother, on hearing that her son was exempted from military service on the ground that she was dependent upon his earnings, took a dagger and plunged it into her own heart, and, giving the dagger to her son, told him that now he was free to fight for the fatherland. He immediately volunteered for the service. Parents who stand in the way of their children going into the mission field may learn a lesson from this woman. Her love of country did for her what the love of Christ has not done for them.—Ex

OUR Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me"—Prov. 8:17

Address all communications for this Department to Mrs. John F. Benson, Eastland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Dear children:—

Cousin Eva has decided to give you some selections this week. I trust they will help you, and that our little letter-writers will not get impatient.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

Of course, a boy's religion is not really different from any one else's. We must all serve God, love Jesus Christ and take Him as our Master, and try to be pure and clean and unselfish. But in trying to do these things, a boy will act in a very different way from a man, because his daily life is so different. A boy's religion will show itself in the home and the school in faithfulness to daily duties and obedience to parents and teachers. It will show itself in a mastery of the tongue and a fight against being selfish. It will show itself in a love for the Bible and for church and Sunday-school. But it will not make a boy less jolly in heart, less active in play, or less companionable. Certainly a boy will not try to be smart or presumptuous to those who are older than he is. A boy's religion will be to live as Jesus would live if He was a boy and lived in your town. To live a boy's life, but to live it as the servant of Jesus Christ, and with the expectation of being a Christian man—that is a boy's religion.—Sel.

God does not expect a boy to be a man, but He does want him to be manly. Our Father has His idea of what a boy ought to be. How precious to be the kind of boy that pleases God. Such a boy will be truthful, honest, upright, truly brave, strong and yet tender. Can he be this if he wants to? Not in his own strength. Jesus can work it out in his heart and life. O boys, won't you let Jesus do this? He alone can make real, true, manly boys of you.

WHAT A GIRL CAN DO.

A girl is a most useful member of the family—that is, the right kind of a girl. She can help mother better than the boys, although the boys can do a great deal when they start out to. Still, mother always feels a little more sympathy with the girls. Does it seem a little thing to be able to help mother? Well, if your home is like mine, the mother is the most important person in it, and surely to be able to help that most important person better than any one else is to do a great deal. But how much a girl can do for her brothers!

So many little things there are that boys can't do! Why not do them for them? Then, do you know that every boy is helped in his ambitions by what his mother and sisters expect of him? You can make your brothers have high ambitions and aspirations. As for father, well, he knows that his girl is worth a great deal, and all he asks is a little love and attention. Be sure you are never too busy to give it to him.—Sel.

The Lord has His idea of what a girl ought to be, too. The girl who truly belongs to Jesus will not be rude, pert, loud, unwomanly. I believe Jesus is just as much interested in making His girls what girls ought to be, as He is in working in any grown person's heart. I do bless His dear name that He loves girls and boys, and will just as truly guide and help them as He will the men and women. Do you really believe this, cousins?

"While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come sinner, haste, Oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Soon borne on time's most rapid wing
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirit bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies."

If you are not saved, dear reader, may the Lord help you to seek salvation now, while you have time and opportunity, ere the day of mercy is forever past and you numbered with the lost in eternity.—Selected.

Today my cousins are divided into two classes—those who have listened to God's voice, and those who have not. Have you felt God knocking at the door of your heart? Oh, it is indeed a blessed time when the Lord invites us to come. Hasten then and open the door, and let Him in.

A MANLY BOY.

It was a crowded railway station, and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd. All hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box, or bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the center of the room. A small boy called, "Tillygram and Broken Needle," which last meant the "Brooklyn Eagle." Another boy shouted, "Cough candy and lozenges, five cents a paper."

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through a door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York!"

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old

Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her, could not seem to get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old, wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys, whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

See there, Harry; see, Fred, that's what he dashed back for!"

"No; you don't say so? I thought he went for peanuts."

"No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?"

"Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her budget? I gave it a good kick."

"Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?" And they pounded the window, and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

"Come along, Fred. Come along! You'll be left again."

"Never mind, boys; off with you; I'm going to see her through."

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train. "Isn't he a goose?"

"No," was the indignant answer; "he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"Pooh; you didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push."

"I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train whirled away. The next one came. "Rapid transit for East New York; all aboard!" shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown his own mother, he "saw her through." And when the gate shut I turned to my book with grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning chain of a manly boy.—Silver Cross.