

## IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

By James Anderson.

## Chapter III.

"Oh, Betty, Syne ye'll never think o' me. Ye'll be a heathen," and Don was quite alarmed.

Just then a wagon came along and Betty shouted, "Faither, take wi' ye."

"Betty, I thoct ye were at hame. It's over late for ye twa tae be oot here," said James Brcan.

"Maister Brcan," began Don, "we got speakin' about wagons, an' spirits, an' stars, an' I'm laving the morn, an—What do ye mean when ye say, 'Hitch yer wagon to a star?'"

"Hae a purpose in life, laddie, an' keep it as high as a star. Ye're gaen an' noble purpose say? Then aye hae a high an' noble purpose tae carry ye through life, an', laddie, aye mind tae set yer affections, as the gude buke says, on things above. But, laddie, there are mony wagons—purposes—wi' squeaky wheels, broken spokes, bent axles, an' even rotten bodies, gaen about this world, an' we hae some specimens in Rossie. Men wha hinna learned the purpose for which they were sent into this world. An' ye'll notice that the mair ramshackle the wagon is the mair din it makes. Puir worthless fellows wha gang about a' day wi' their hands in their pooches, if their nae in mischief. Weel, here we're hame. I'll be ower afore ye lave, in the mornin', tae bid ye gude bye. Gude nicht, Don," and James drove around to the stable. At the door Don said, "Betty, lat's think a lot about ane anither, an' maybe oor spirits will find a wy o' meetin'."

"A richt," said Betty. "An' when ye crawl into a bonnie doggie's body, like Sheppy, maybe I'll love ye," and she ran laughing into the house.

Next morning there was quite a commotion in Janet Scott's little cottage. The uncle had arrived on the morning train, and he and Don were making preparations to depart on the afternoon train. The utmost stillness prevailed, except for the voice of William who was working in the yard. As Janet packed a few things in a carpet bag and Don moved about excitedly, while the uncle was smoking his pipe on the front porch, a sacredness and solemnity seemed to affect mother and son. Hearts about to be separated for the first time were too full for expression. Don saw his mother's hands several times go up to her eyes, and his own eyes kept him busy. The parting moment approached. The gig was at the door. The uncle took hold of the bag and started off in front, Don and his mother following. As they neared the gate Janet caught her son's arm, stood still and said, "Listen." William's song floated to them:

"It was gude enough for mother,  
It was gude enough for mother,  
It was gude enough for mother,  
And it's gude enough for me."

Putting her hands on his shoulders, she gazed into his face for a moment and said, "My laddie, whaever ye gang, an' whatever ye dae, never forget thae words. The auld time religion is the only kind that's worth while. Stick tae it, laddie, an' a mother's prayers will follow ye."

The rattle of wheels soon died away, and the lone mother went for solace to her little attic.

Don took readily to his new duties. At his

mother's request he joined the church and a few months later was made a deacon. A country lad set down in the midst of a city bunch, must necessarily find himself somewhat out of joint. Don was adjusting himself to his new environments successfully, until it became known that he had been made a church official. Then he was assailed on all hands with ridicule. The chief clerk, who himself had drifted from orthodoxy, became interested in Don's religious proclivities, and loaned him a book written by a Hindu. This Don read and re-read. It made a great impression and set his mind working in a new line of thought. He spent much of his spare time in the Free Library studying new theories, and was soon adrift from his spiritual moorings.

One afternoon when the chief clerk had stepped out, a wag who had been the most prominent of Don's tormentors, placed on his head along silk hat and mounted a stool. Assuming a ministerial attitude he said, "Men and brethren, there is a backslider in our midst; one who lived in the earth of the earthy as we do now, but who has removed to the heavens of the heavenly where we cannot follow. Let us pray that he may be soon restored to the dust of the dusty again." He folded his hands and raised his eyes in a sanctimonious manner just as an ink bottle hit the hat, spraying him liberally with its contents, and continued on its way through a glass door, ignoring the word PRIVATE painted thereon.

The principals were summarily discharged, and Don, squirming under the ignominy of his dismissal, sauntered to the Calton Hill, where he spent a few hours in sober reflection.

During the following days he pursued his studies of the mysticism of the Orient, giving special attention to the doctrine of reincarnation. All sentiment was now shelved, and the Betty of his school days became only a dim shadow. His mother died six months after he left Rossie, and he arranged for the sale of the cottage. The financial situation had to be taken care of, so, while he had his ear to the ground listening for a call to another position, he conserved his resources and kept a lookout for a good investment for the proceeds of the sale of the old home and his meagre savings. An American oil company at this time issued its prospectus on which Don saw his uncle's name as director, so he put the whole of his capital in this enterprise. In three months the shares had trebled in value, and Don sold out at the top of the market.

By this time Don had procured a position with a steamship company in Liverpool trading with India, and was making good. One afternoon an elderly gentleman stepped up to the counter and said, "Can I make reservation now for the boat sailing on the twenty-third of next month? I understand it is one of your best."

"Certainly," said Don, issuing the ticket.

"Would it be too much trouble for you to keep a lookout for a young man capable of acting as my secretary while I am abroad?"

"No trouble whatever," replied Don. "Leave your address, and if some one turns up I will communicate with you," and the passenger left.

The day of sailing arrived, and Don's duties called him to the pier. While watching the passengers he caught sight of the old gentleman crossing the gangway. He was alone,

and the idea seized Don that Opportunity, with great possibilities, now knocked at his door. Should he not take a risk and open the door? India, the center of his thoughts for the past months, opened her arms to him. Surely there, in the home of the new doctrines, he could learn the truth.

He hurried to the passenger and enquired if any of the men he had sent had been engaged. "No, sir," was the reply. "They all wanted more money than I was willing to pay."

"What about me?" Don asked, rather abruptly. "I would go for two hundred a year and expenses."

"That I consider reasonable," he answered, "but I am going on this boat."

Don rushed away, wrote a letter to the company, turned over the shipping papers to his assistant, and reported to his new employer just as the boat was being cut loose from the pier.

(To be continued.)

### THE \$250 PRIZE CONTEST PROLONGED TO SEPTEMBER 14, 1921.

The \$250 Prize Contest conducted by the Executive Committee of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief will not close until September 14, 1921.

Thirteen prizes of \$10 each, thirteen of \$5 each, and twelve of \$2.50 each are offered for the best programs, blackboard talks, playlets, pageants, poems, posters, or clippings on various departments of the work of Education and Ministerial Relief. A prize of \$25 is offered for the best help for all the departments.

In addition to the above, a generous layman offers a cash prize of \$10 for "the best suggestion by a layman on what the laymen of the Church can do for the work of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief."

Each contestant may enter for any number of prizes.

Sample leaflets and programs will be sent, free of cost, to any one desiring to enter the contest.

Write at once for full directions to Rev. Henry H. Sweets, Secretary, 410 Urban Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(Totally Unselfish.)

*Thou canst not say the Lord's prayer,  
And make one selfish plea;  
Thou canst not pray the Lord's Prayer,  
And even once say "ME."  
For it's "OUR," "OUR," "OUR,"  
And it's "US," "US," "US,"  
And a fourth time it says "OUR,"  
And a fourth time it says "US."*

*Thou canst not say the Lord's Prayer,  
And even once say "I,"  
Nor canst thou say the Lord's Prayer,  
And even once say "MY."  
Nor canst thou say the Lord's Prayer,  
And pray not for another,  
For when thou askest daily bread,  
Thou must include thy brother!*

*For it's "US," "US," "US,"  
And it's "OUR," "OUR," "OUR,"  
As free from selfish motive  
As the fragrance of a flower.  
For others are included  
In each and every plea,  
For from beginning through to end,  
It does not once say "ME!"*

—By C. D. Meigs.

Every man has some string in him which does not tremble at the touch of money. comfortable, instead of watching and praying

If you sleep during the sermon the preacher needs waking up.