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The Game I Didn't Play

The Binding Power of the Covenant Made at Time of Baptism

By J. J. Cornish

I WISH to relate an experience. When about eighteen years of age I took a lay-off from work in London, Ontario, and came over to Michigan to try to find my father and stepmother. (My own mother died when I was very young.) I found and got acquainted with them. I had no knowledge of ever seeing them before. As my employer in London and I were in the habit of playing cards a great deal (we dared any two in the city to meet us) on my way to Michigan I was hoping they played cards. We met, and after supper four chairs were placed around the table, and a pack of cards placed thereon. Now, "Come on, Johnny." I was in the ring, and in the height of my glory.

Father and Johnny were partners. We usually came out ahead. Then they changed partners; father and mother, hired man and Johnny. We generally came out best. Then the general excuse: "Oh, well, your mother can't play good!"

Again a change was made. Mother and Johnny, father and his man. But we usually came out about two in every three games played.

It was fall, not much to do, and this continued every day for a week when I returned home.

About five years later I again visited my people in Michigan, but in the meantime I had made a covenant to serve God to the best of my ability while I lived. And on the way to Michigan the thought came, Now, what about playing cards? The first thing my "covenant" came up. Two powers

were now at work: "No fun if you don't play; they'll call you a coward," etc. Yes, but I made that covenant. And before I left that boat I clinched my teeth and resolved, "I'll keep that covenant; I will not play!"

We met; found all well. The same three were there. Supper being over, table being cleared off, the pack of cards put on, four chairs placed, and now, "Come on, Johnny, you cannot beat us as you did before!"

I said, "No, I do not play any more."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"No."

They carried me and put me in the chair, shuffled and placed the hand before me, but I would not play.

They parleyed. "What's the matter!" Ah, you are afraid, you know we can beat you. Did you join some church?"

"Yes, I have made a covenant with God to serve him while I live," I said, "and excuse me, but I will not play!"

I overcame. If I had not made that covenant I know I would have played cards then, and it would be no trouble to do so later, and a hundred other evil things.

The third time I visited father I had been ordained to the office of priest, and preached six discourses in their schoolhouse. Father questioned me, "Johnny, did you belong to that church when you came over the first time?"

"No."

"But you did when you came over the second." How glad I was that when I came over the second time I made that

covenant, and kept it. Father obeyed; he knew there was more in it than in anything he had seen. He said, "If you had been a Methodist you would have played cards that time." So I would when a Saint, only for that covenant before me!

And so with hundreds of others of my brothers and sisters, how often have I heard them say, "But when I remembered

lighted up, and we all were encircled in a shaft of light from heaven, brighter than the sun in noonday in all its splendor in a clear atmosphere, which encircled all of the people (about thirty; ten outside people and twenty members) and that part of the river where we baptized, which light remained until both were baptized, and we came out of the water. Brother William Clow only heard the voice, which said: "These are my people; you must not laugh at them!" Then the light did not go out, but went up slowly until we could see it no more.

I never shall forget it! Neither will anyone who witnessed that sight. Those who were there and not members of the church then, all came in soon afterwards.



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my covenant," etc., they took fresh courage, and went on.

When those two sisters were baptized in London, Ontario, on one very dark and cloudy night in December, 1876, when administering that covenant, under the power of that Spirit that has led me all my life unto this day, immediately there came a great sound from heaven like the rumbling of a great train of cars coming down a railroad track, until it fell right where we stood, and at that instant the place was

Success Depends On the Man

There are two kinds of men in the world: those who sail and those who drift; those who choose the ports to which they will go, and skillfully and boldly shape their course across the seas with the wind or against it, and those who let winds and tides carry them where they will. The men who sail, in due time arrive; those who drift, often cover greater distances and face greater perils, but they never make port. The men who sail know where they want to go and what they want to do; they do not wait on luck or fortune or favorable currents; they depend on themselves and expect no help from circumstances. Success of the real kind is always in the man who wins it, not in conditions. No man becomes great by accident. A man gets what he pays for, in character, in work, and in energy.

There are few really fine things which he cannot get if he is willing to pay the price. Men fail, as a rule, because they are not willing to pay the price of the things they want. They are not willing to work hard enough to prepare thoroughly enough to put themselves heartily into what they are doing.—Hamilton W. Mabie.